

Oregon City Enterprise.



DEVOTED TO NEWS, LITERATURE, AND THE BEST INTERESTS OF OREGON.
OREGON CITY, OREGON, FRIDAY, JUNE 16, 1876.

VOL. 10.

NO. 34.

THE ENTERPRISE.

A LOCAL NEWSPAPER FOR THE Farmer, Business Man, & Family Circle.

ISSUED EVERY FRIDAY.
FRANK S. DEMENT, PROPRIETOR AND PUBLISHER.

OFFICIAL PAPER FOR CLACKAMAS CO.
OFFICE: IN ENTERPRISE BUILDING, ONE CORNER SOUTH OF MASSIE BUILDING, MAIN ST.

Terms of Subscription: Single Copy One Year, In Advance, \$2.50. Six Months, \$1.50.

Transient advertisements, including all legal notices, \$ square of twelve lines one week, \$2.50. For each subsequent insertion, 100.00. One Column, one year, 40.00. Half, 20.00. Quarter, 10.00. Witness Card, 1 square, one year, 12.00.

SOCIETY NOTICES.

OREGON LODGE NO. 3, I. O. F.
Meets every Thursday evening at 7 o'clock, in the Odd Fellows' Hall, Main street. Members of the Order are invited to attend. By order, N. G.

REBECCA DEGREE LODGE NO. 2, I. O. F.
Meets on the Second and Fourth Tuesday evenings each month, at 7 o'clock, in the Odd Fellows' Hall. Members of the Degree are invited to attend.

MULTNOMAH LODGE NO. 1, A. F. & A. M.
Holds its regular communications on the First and Third Saturdays in each month, at 7 o'clock, in the Odd Fellows' Hall. Members of the Order are invited to attend.

FALLS ENCAMPMENT NO. 4, I. O. F.
O. F. Meets at Odd Fellows' Hall on the First and Third Tuesdays of each month. Patriarchs in good standing are invited to attend.

BUSINESS CARDS.

J. W. NORRIS,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON.
Office: Up-stairs in Charman's Brick, Main Street.

H. W. ROSS, M. D., WARREN S. DAVIS, M. D.
ROSS & DAVIS,
PHYSICIANS AND SURGEONS.
Oregon City, Oregon.
Office: at the City Dispensary, corner of Main and Fourth sts.

DR. JOHN WELCH,
DENTIST.
OFFICE IN OREGON CITY, OREGON.
Highest Cash Price Paid for County Orders.

HUELAT & EASTHAM,
ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW.
PORTLAND—In Opitz's new brick, 30 First street.

JOHNSON & McCOWN,
ATTORNEYS AND COUNSELORS AT-LAW.
Oregon City, Oregon.

L. T. BARIN,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
OREGON CITY, OREGON.
Will practice in all the Courts of the State. Nov. 1, 1875, if.

JOHN M. BACON,
IMPORTER AND DEALER
In Books, Stationery, Perfumery, etc., etc.
Oregon City, Oregon.

W. H. HIGHFIELD,
Established since '49.
One door north of Pope's Hall, Main Street, Oregon City, Oregon.

An assortment of Watches, Jewelry, and Sewing Machines, etc., etc., all of which are warranted to be as represented.

J. H. SHEPARD,
Boot and Shoe Store.
One door north of Ackerman Bros.

Boots and shoes made and repaired as cheap as the cheapest.
Nov. 1, 1875, if.

CHAS. KNIGHT,
CANDY, OREGON.
PHYSICIAN AND DRUGGIST.
Prescriptions carefully filled at short notice.

STOCKHOLDERS' MEETING.
NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN THAT the stockholders of the Oregon City Manufacturing Company will hold their Annual Meeting for the election of Directors at their office in Oregon City on Saturday, July 8th 1876. R. JACOB, Pres. June 7th, 1876. M. A. STRATTON, Sec.

FIRST AND LAST.
"But tell me, dear," she said—
And coaxingly the soft eyes shone
And shyly dropped the modest head
Beside his own—
"But tell me, have you loved before?
Or one, or more?"
The eager, sparkling face
Was full of tender, trusting grace;
She did not fear his answer then,
Her king of men!
"But tell me, dear, the best and worst,
Or am I the first?"
He turned his eyes away;
Yet closer still her hand he pressed,
Nor answered, "No, nor may,
A blush confessed
All in one huzzing word,
Unsaid, unheard!"
Quick came a burst of tears—
A tempest from an April sky—
And then "Forgive me, please, and fears,"
He heard her sigh,
"Why should I care what loves are past,
So mine be last?"

Why He Didn't Propose.

"Why did you never think of marrying?" asked I of my old friend Robbins, who is some ten years older than myself, and a confirmed bachelor.
"I have thought of it," said he.
"Well, why didn't you marry, then?" I inquired.
"I will tell you," he replied.
"You know Frank Palmer, don't you?"
"Yes," said I; "he failed last week, to the tune of twenty thousand dollars. But what has that to do with your story?"
"Something, as you will see," replied Robbins. "I was never suitably tempted to make proposal, but once, and that was to Frank's wife—before she was married—do you understand?"
"O," said I, growing interested.
"And why didn't you?"
"You shall know," he continued.
"I was young and romantic at that time—she was beautiful and accomplished. We were thrown together in society, and I was just at an age to yield to her fascinations. Though I had never expressed my love in words, I suppose my looks betrayed me, and I am quite sure she was aware of my feelings toward her. Our families being somewhat intimate, we were on the same footing; and she treated me much in the same confidential manner as she would a favorite cousin."
"Do you think," I inquired, "that she was in love with you?"
"No," said he, "I never thought that. I presume however, she would like to have lured me on to a declaration, and then would have acted as I act now. One day when I had made a morning call, and was retiring, she told me she was going out shopping, and laughingly proposed to me to go with her. Having nothing of importance to take up my time, and not being adverse to the proposal, partly on account of its novelty, and considerably, I suspect, on account of the agreeable character of the company I should have, I consented in the same spirit, and in a few minutes we were fairly en route."
"I have but little to buy," said my companion; "you may congratulate yourself upon that, as you will have the less to carry."
"We made our first visit to a ladies' furnishing establishment."
"Have you any lace collars?" inquired Caroline.
"A large quantity were displayed, but they were too cheap. At length one was found at three dollars, which being declared the best in the store, my companion at length professed herself satisfied, and decided to take it."
"I suppose," said she on going out, "I don't really need it, but it was beautiful and I could not resist the temptation."
"A beautiful shawl in the window of another store next caught Caroline's observation."
"I must certainly go in and look at those shawls," said she, "I never saw any precisely like them. New kind?" said she to the storekeeper.
"Yes, miss," he replied, "just imported from France, warranted to surpass in fineness and durability any now extant. Will you have one?"
"The price?" she inquired.
"Twenty-five dollars," was the reply, "and cheap at that."
"I suppose," said she at this announcement, "that is high," said she.
"Not for the quality," said the storekeeper, "just feel it—see how soft it is, and you will not call it expensive."
"I did not think of purchasing one to-day," said Caroline, "however I must. You may charge it to my father."
"The shawl was folded, enveloped and handed to me by the storekeeper."
"I suppose father will scold," said Caroline; "but it is such a beauty."
"We reached, ere long, another store, the placard of which 'Selling off at prime cost,' proved so seductive that we at once staved our steps and entered. Caroline desired to examine the silks. The first specimen offered, which to my unpracticed eyes seemed superior quality, were cast contemptuously aside, and they had in the very best they were shown here at one dollar per yard. After a while she ordered twelve yards to be cut off for her. This was done and the parcel handed to me. The bill was, of course, sent in to her father.

The Liberty Statue.

The monumental statue of Liberty to be presented by Republican France to Republican America, and to be erected in the harbor of New York, is (says the Paris correspondent of the Boston Post) far advancing toward completion. The artist, M. Bartholdi, is enthusiastic about his work, and is interested in all classes of a society by the movement really a strong proof of the brotherly feeling which is felt here towards the great Republic of the New World. The subscription list headed by Marshal MacMahon and his Ministers bears the name of the humble overrier, who has furnished his hard-earned franc to the national offering of one great nation to another. Some months ago, when the project was spoken of, a wealthy manufacturer of Paris called on M. Laboulaye, President of the Executive Committee and inquired the name as one of the subscribers, without specifying the amount of his contribution. M. Bartholdi, who was present at the time, and who knew the liberality of the subscriber, jokingly remarked that "as he knew M. Laboulaye, he would like to see a great admirer of America, the amount of his subscription would certainly be very large, if it was in proportion to his admiration for the Great Republic."
"Let it be so, then," answered the manufacturer; "and I engage myself to furnish all the bronze necessary for the casting of the statue."
"But you are aware," answered M. Bartholdi, "that your subscription will then reach the enormous sum of 100,000 francs?"
"Very well, sir; let that be the amount of my subscription, and I shall impose only one condition: I desire my name to be kept secret in relation to this affair, and you can draw on my banker as soon as you please for the amount."
Is not this a proof of great friendship and admiration for the people of the United States, from one who has never yet crossed the Atlantic on a visit to America? It has been decided by the committee that the cornerstone of the base of the monument shall be laid in New York, on the 4th day of July next, with great ceremonies. A number of distinguished French statesmen and writers, among whom M. E. Laboulaye and the Comte de Tocqueville, will be present on the occasion. We understand that an appeal is to be made to the American public for a subscription to cover the expense of the base of the monument, as it would be the property of the people. The French committee, who are almost all members of the Senate and of the Chamber of Deputies, to superintend the details of preparing the foundation in New York.

The Maid of Orleans.

Few persons about whom so little is known, says the London News, have been written about so much as the heroic maiden of Orleans, whom M. Mermet has once brought upon the stage. We do not even know whether Joan was Joan of Arc or Joan Darc. Her fate has been made almost as problematic as her name; an English poet has written an idyll on the theory that Joan was not burned by the English at Rouen, as Villon declares, but survived to be married, to live in the country, and to be a good deal beloved in that condition of existence. It is just as hard to say what the person of the real Joan was like. She is a figure as misty as she is the lady and the lover in Mr. Calverley's verses, concerning whom the bard says that he knows not "what he thought, what he did there, and what it was all about." In 1430 there was an authentic portrait of Joan on glass in the Church of St. Paul, in Paris, but the work has long been lost. Her monument the bridge of Orleans, erected in 1452, was broken up, and the statue destroyed again in 1745. The daughter of Louis Philippe erected another statue to the maiden, who has also sat to Ingres, De la Roche and Ary Cheffer. The common type of her is derived from a drawing of the sixteenth century, preserved in the Hotel de Ville, at Orleans. Poets have always delighted to do her honor. Sainte Beuve analyzed a long mystery play on her history, acted in the fifteenth century. There is a Spanish chronicle of Joan, which inspired the ridiculous epic of Chaptain, and the infamous one of Voltaire. Shiller and Alexandre Dumas have tried their hands on her adventures, and M. Wallon, the historian of slavery, has written a monograph on the virgin martyr of France. Some of the impression remains that the mystic of Domremy has never yet found the artist who was equal to her pure and perfect fame, and the Maid of Orleans still awaits the ennobling which, of all honors, would have been most to her mind.

Morals in Business.

Another fault of morals in business, is taking advantage in mistakes. For example, change is being made, and the man gives you back not only all you give him, but a little more, as well as the article you have taken. You pocket the money, and say, "I am not bound to do business for him and myself, too. It is his lookout. I am not responsible for his blunders." Now I want to know if that is honest? And yet there are not some men here who have done it, and have never made reparations? I know men, who, I suppose, you could not bribe to join a band of counterfeiters, and make plates, and produce bogus money, and circulate it, but who, if they are riding down town at night, and have a bad bill put on them, say, "I can't afford to have it on my hands," and shove it along, having no conscience in the matter. How many men are there that, when they get hold of a bad bill, do not have a sort of impulse to get rid of it, without stopping to consider what the moral character of such an act is? Because you have a bad bill put on you is no reason why you should put it on somebody else. And though a man does not make bad bills, if he lets one go out of his hands deliberately, he is a counterfeiter in the sight of God. Some men say, "I was very uncertain about it; some days I thought it was counterfeit and other days I thought it was not; and on one of those days when I thought it was not, counterfeited it." Now, if it was a mere question of a dollar, or five dollars, or ten dollars, it might be a matter of amusement; but it is a question of manhood. Back of all that money, is your truth, your fidelity, your morality, your honor, and trustworthiness, and that ought to be a matter above dollars and cents to you.

The inhabitants of South San Francisco have shut down entirely on Chinese laundries, and fish and vegetable peddlers, in consequence of the present anti-coolie movement. The last Chinese laundry in that suburb closed on Tuesday of last week.

PHILADELPHIA LETTER.

PHILADELPHIA, May 22, 1876.
Since our opening day the prospect at the Centennial has been gradually unfolding itself, and though bewildering in its vastness, is being resolved into detail. Upon entering the main building one continuous line of compartments may be seen down the main aisle, in the infinite variety of style of the nation represented in each. The fantastic shape of the Japanese front is relieved by the beauty of the Italian, or the massive Egyptian is contrasted with the light open pavilion of the South American department—the Chinese, Spanish, Chilean, French, Norwegian, and Russian, each representing in coloring or architecture the taste of its people. Foreigners in their national dress mingle with the crowd, and on every side may be heard the unintelligible sounds of their language. In a cursory view we take in first the Italian exhibit. Exquisite mosaic table slabs, the contribution of the Pope, Byzantine, Florentine and Roman mosaic jewelry, the delicate silver fibre sets from Venice and the Milanese workmanship in gold and silver, rivaling the Etruscan of old,—each excites our admiration. Carved bedsteads, cabinets inlaid with silver and mounted with golden figures of celebrated Italians, curious chairs of the Medieval age, beautifully carved pulpits and one of black marble inlaid with mosaic of the Florentine pattern, attract the curious. The products of the country in the background we omit to see with these trifling first glances. Opposite the Italian is the Japanese department, rivaling its more civilized neighbor in the carvings exhibited. One set of furniture here attracts more than admiration, wonder superseding the feeling. Groups of warriors on foot and horseback apparently skirmish from the opposite bedposts with each other. Each figure is perfect in itself even to the expression of the face, which is decidedly Japanese, and yet two inches and a half is about the height of the contestants. Dragons rising out of flame support the keystones of the arched head and foot boards and the front of the cabinets, and no spot on the whole set is without its figure or scroll mark. Carved boxes, picture frames, tea chests, cabinets and chairs, in its profusion abound. Guarding all this is a handsome Japanese in a sky blue dress and a pigtail down his back, making one wonder if the dragons carved around are not the portraits perhaps of some of his ancestors. Through Norwegian workmanship we see the specimens of tin ore and silver, and hurry to look into the luxuriant Egyptian section. Here all is oriental splendor. Horse trappings mounted with gold, with gold bolsters and pommel on the saddle, a sword of the highest value, which is covered with precious stones, jewelled pendants, and gold mounted pistols are a specimen of property of the Khedive. Velvet covers and costumes with flourishes, wonderfully worked in gold or silver, a sword of immense value, stuffed crocodiles 15 feet long, neerschams in oriental lavishness of carving bewilder the astonished spectator. Hurrying to the Austrian department one is lost for an hour at the cases of pipes so wonderfully worked in every variety of shape, size or design, and then for a time the weariness of such constrained attention is overpowering and one wanders to the centre of the building to yield another hour to the wondrous strains rendered by Gilmore's band, while a sense of rest once more returns. For a change one then visits another building, say the U. S. The display offered by the Navy Department in the United States building is comprised under nine heads, namely, ordnance and torpedoes, equipment, navigation, construction, yards and docks, medicine and surgery, provisions and clothing, steam engineering, and naval observatory and Arctic relics. From the roof above the department is hung a profusion of flags and mottoed banners, and the pillars are decorated with large gilded-framed paintings of all the Secretaries of the Navy and naval heroes from the beginning of Washington's administration down to the present time.

Zeal in Mohammedanism.

A letter from Alexandria, says the Pall Mall Gazette, says that never has a pilgrimage to Mecca and Medina been so numerously attended as the one which was concluded at the beginning of the present year. There is now at Mecca a celebrated virgin martyr of Arabia, who has extended through the whole of Arabia. He is regarded as a saint and a prophet, and people from Turkey, Northern Africa, the Soudan, Arabia and India assembled in crowds to listen to him. Among the pilgrims were several princes, such as the ruler of the Shah of Persia and some Arabian and African Sultans. All strictly fulfilling the rules observed by the pilgrims, and even the Shah's uncle, who is a man advanced in years, entered Mecca with only a cloth round his loins. An old man, feeling his end approaching, traveled all the way from Kurrachee, and died at Mecca shortly after his arrival. The correspondent also describes some sermons which were addressed to the assembled pilgrims, apparently with considerable effect. In one the preacher urged his hearers to have as little intercourse as possible with Christians and to abstain entirely from drinking wine, and his words produced so much remorse in some of the pilgrims that they resolved that they threw themselves under his horse's hoofs. Another predicted that within the next ten years the whole of Europe would be under the rule of the crescent, and that the Sultan of Constantinople would conquer the Eastern portion of the continent, including Rome.

ADVERTISING.

Men, apparently useless and purposeless, have, when placed in positions of difficulty and responsibility, exhibited powers of character before unsuspected. Some of the greatest minds that have existed upon the earth would never have made their rare gifts of benefit to others had they not been driven out and purified by adversity. The poets, whose sublime strains have cheered so many hearts, have learned in suffering what they have thought in song. Had their path been strewn with roses, had they been wafted onward by the favoring gale of prosperity, the multitudes would have missed the grand grand inspiring words that have so helped them in the weary battle of life.

STRENGTHEN YOUR VOTE.

"I went," said Mr. Spurgeon, "to vote at the last election for a Liberal. I was met by a brother who said that he was astonished that I, who professed to be a citizen of Heaven, should go to vote. I said, 'Well, you know, I have got an old man and he is a citizen of this earth.' 'Yes,' he said, 'but you ought to mortify him.' I said, 'That is what I do, for he is a Tory.'"

England is preparing for war.

The Democratic State Convention of Georgia is called for August 2d.

All Sorts.

"Cooling his ear at a keyhole" is good.
It will soon be time to make hay while the sun shines.
There is nothing to be gained trying to look through a knot-hole with a glass eye.
An old-school lady says, that with the advent of the tied-back dresses, kneeling in church went out of style.
A kiss on the forehead means reverence; but there's no fun in it worth mentioning.
Silks are ruinously low in price, say the merchants; and still lower in the neck, say the modistes.
Mrs. Stowe says we never know how much we love until we try to unlove. To a man who has tried to quit smoking this needs no argument.
"Can there be anything brought into this House," asked a disgusted member, during the last session of the Legislature, "that will not be repealed sooner or later." One of the opposition suggested "a skinned orange."
At a medical examination a young aspirant for a physician's diploma was asked, "When does mortification ensue?" "When you propose and are rejected," was the reply that greeted the questioner.
When a brisk breeze is blowing about the coat-tails of pedestrians, it is rarely a man has sufficient nerve to preserve an unconcerned air under the consciousness that a new half sole has lately been put on the seat of his pantaloons.
The third visitor let into the Centennial was tight. Any fear that the exhibition wouldn't show every phase of human nature is now banished.
It seems strange, but it is true. When we spend a dollar on ourselves we soon forget it, but when we give a dime to another we remember it for a long time.
The heavy-sell Bostonian at the World's Fair is all plain suit and high hat; he says "earn't," "sharn't," "earn't," "you know" and "don't you know?" all day long.
A good authority says that ladies' spring bonnets will be followed by gentlemen's hats. The hats will be on the heads of the gentlemen when the "following" takes place.
A sewing circle is described to be a meeting of several ladies where they manufacture awarmanes worth of clothing for some poor family and ruin the reputation of another poor family for life.
Rose-leaf crumples.—Edith—"Oh dear, I am so tired!" Loving husband—"What has fatigued you, my Pippety-wippety Poppet?" Edith—"Oh, I have had to hold up my parasol all the time I was in the carriage!"
Shakespeare is to be translated into the Polish tongue, and Richard's rings will go from Pole to Pole.
A celebrated gourmand once said: "To enjoy a stuffed turkey thoroughly, there should be only two present—yourself and the turkey."
"What on earth made you get so drunk? and why—oh, why do you come to me in this dreadful state?" "Because, my darling, all the other places are shut up."
A moment of triumph. House-hunter who has just been shown the best furnished room in the house: "Ahem! I suppose you use this as a storage-room."
The thirteen girls who graduate at the Tilden (N. H.) Seminary next month will graduate in calico. It will look odd to see a girl in a \$5 dress picking up a \$12 bonnet.
"Ma, what is a lanker?" inquired a bright looking child, the other day. "I'm sure I don't know, my son; where did you hear the word?" "Why, at Sunday School. You know they sing, 'We'll stand the storm, it won't be long, we'll lanker by and by.'"
A little boy whose conduct made his mother say that she feared he did not pray, replied, "Yes, I do; I pray every night that God will make you and pa like my ways better."
A Down-East editor says: "The ladies' spring hats are pretty, and worn on the upper edge of the left ear, which makes one look arch and piquant, like a chicken looking through a crack in a fence."
A little fellow being told by a gentleman to get off his lap, that he was too heavy to hold, made quite a sensation among those present by yelling back: "Too heavy, hey! Sixty Sal weighs a hundred pounds more'n I do, and you held her on your lap for four hours, last night!"
Some old fraud says, "Get up with the sun if you want to be healthy and wise." It is easy enough to follow this advice in the winter, when the sun sets sensibly, and doesn't get up until seven o'clock; but when he commences to get up at four o'clock, we have observed that the wisest men give him about two hours start, and let their wives accumulate health and wisdom.
What can be more irresistible, asks the Providence Journal, than the charm of golden tresses and a fair complexion heightened by a costume composed of the delicate anemone-like wistaria blossoms, combined with the creamy tint so universally becoming and just now in such favor with those who rule the fashionable world? Give it up, unless it is two of 'em.

News Column.

Scio will celebrate on the Fourth July.
Indians are murdering white men in Colorado.
The President has signed the Lick Observatory bill.
George Sand, the novel writer, died in Paris last week.
The Anti-Coolie excitement at Carson, Nev., ended in a fizzle.
\$175 have been raised to purchase instruments for the brass band at Hillsboro.
A man named John Ainsley was killed at Canyon City recently by Geo. Adams.
Wm. A. Herus, president of Amherst College, died at Springfield, Mass., on the 8th.
M. C. George, State Senator elect from Multnomah county, left last week for the East.
The Congregational Church at Bingen, N. H., has had but two pastoral changes 102 years.
The Senate has confirmed Sykes as consul at Cardiff, Rutan at Florence, and Bane as secretary of Utah.
Almost pure chalk exists in vast beds in Trego, Kansas, and a house has been built of sawed blocks of it.
Mr. Henry W. Longfellow has rented a cottage in Bryn Mawr, Pa. where he and his family will pass the summer.
Lady Smith, widow of the President of the British Linnean Society, has just celebrated her 104th year in perfect health.
Attendance at the Centennial is increasing daily; average amount taken in daily is fully \$11,000; expenses about \$8,000.
The Senate committee on Indian affairs has reported adversely on Mitchell's bill for the sale of the Umatilla reservation.
New Bedford gains two hundred houses by the Alabama, that being the number erected by seamen with money got from the awards.
The Indian trouble in Southern California has quieted down. The Mexicans and Indians, who had been stealing cattle, turned them loose and fled.
A gang of counterfeiters were captured at Mt. Vernon, Ill., last week. Several of them are connected with old respectable families in that place and vicinity.
The historic landmarks on Bunker Hill have been relocated, and marked, so that future generations will have no chance of quarreling over doubtful localities.
A duel was fought at River Bend, Col., on the 8th, between Alfred D. Jessup and a man named Davis. Jessup was killed at the second exchange of shots.
The Supreme Court of the Sandwich Islands has decided that the possession of opium or any preparation thereof, renders a person liable to imprisonment.
On the night of May 23d a Chinaman was murdered in Lewiston. Several Chinamen have been arrested on suspicion, but as yet no evidence of weight has been produced.
The town authorities of Chico, Cal., have passed an ordinance declaring that the use of any machine that is in constant motion, but without any visible motive power, in front of the instrument which in a front window, is a placard averring that perpetual motion is attained by the radiometer, the invention of Prof. Wm. Crookes, F. R. S., of London. The claim is an exaggeration, as the radiometer moves only when struck by rays of light and is therefore no more perpetual motion than is a windmill. The instrument moves by the attractive and repulsive power of light, and by means of a delicate scale can, it is said, be made to weigh light to the one-millionth part of a grain. The radiometer consists of four pith discs, black on one side and white on the other, fastened at the end of four arms that are connected with a metal or jewel point in the centre. This point spins in a glass cup at the top of a rod which is fastened in an upright position in what the maker says is a perfect vacuum. This vacuum is the interior of a glass vessel shaped like an inverted or very flat thermometer tube, the four discs revolving in the bulb at the top. The light striking on the white surfaces of the discs attracts them, and striking on the black sides repels them, so that the four discs revolve like the sails of a windmill. In the strong sunlight they move with such rapidity as to be undistinguishable; in reflected light their motion is much slower.

A Machine that Moves by Light.

From the multitudes that crowd the sidewalk of the west side of Union Square, New York City, many are attracted by a small machine that is in constant motion, but without any visible motive power. In front of the instrument which in a front window, is a placard averring that perpetual motion is attained by the radiometer, the invention of Prof. Wm. Crookes, F. R. S., of London. The claim is an exaggeration, as the radiometer moves only when struck by rays of light and is therefore no more perpetual motion than is a windmill. The instrument moves by the attractive and repulsive power of light, and by means of a delicate scale can, it is said, be made to weigh light to the one-millionth part of a grain. The radiometer consists of four pith discs, black on one side and white on the other, fastened at the end of four arms that are connected with a metal or jewel point in the centre. This point spins in a glass cup at the top of a rod which is fastened in an upright position in what the maker says is a perfect vacuum. This vacuum is the interior of a glass vessel shaped like an inverted or very flat thermometer tube, the four discs revolving in the bulb at the top. The light striking on the white surfaces of the discs attracts them, and striking on the black sides repels them, so that the four discs revolve like the sails of a windmill. In the strong sunlight they move with such rapidity as to be undistinguishable; in reflected light their motion is much slower.