

Oregon City Enterprise

DEVOTED TO NEWS, LITERATURE, AND THE BEST INTERESTS OF OREGON.

VOL. 11.

OREGON CITY, OREGON, THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 15, 1877.

NO. 17.

THE ENTERPRISE.

A LOCAL NEWSPAPER

FOR THE

Farmer, Business Man, and Family Circle.

ISSUED EVERY THURSDAY.

FRANK S. DEMENT, PROPRIETOR AND PUBLISHER.

OFFICIAL PAPER FOR CLACKAMAS COUNTY.

OFFICE—In Enterprise Building, one door south of Masonic Building, Main street.

Terms of Subscription: Single copy, one year, in advance, \$2.50; Single copy, six months, in advance, \$1.50.

Terms of Advertising: Transient advertisements, including all legal notices, per square of twelve lines for the first insertion, \$1.00; For each subsequent insertion, 50 cents.

Half a year, one year, one square, one year, 12.00.

Business Card, one square, one year, 12.00.

SOCIETY NOTICES.

OREGON LODGE, No. 3, I. O. O. F., meets every Thursday evening, at 7 1/2 o'clock, in the Odd Fellows Hall, Main street. Members of the Order are invited to attend.

By order of N. G.

REBECCA DEGREE LODGE, No. 2, I. O. O. F., meets on the second and fourth Tuesday evenings of each month, at 7 1/2 o'clock, in the Odd Fellows Hall, Main street. Members of the Degree are invited to attend.

MULTNOMAH LODGE, No. 1, A. F. & M. holds its regular communications on the first and third Saturdays in each month, at 7 o'clock from the 20th of September to the 20th of March, and on the 20th of September. Brethren in good standing are invited to attend.

FALLS ENCAMPMENT, No. 4, I. O. O. F., meets at Odd Fellows Hall on the first and third Tuesday of each month. Patriarchs in good standing are invited to attend.

BUSINESS CARDS.

J. W. NORRIS, Physician and Surgeon.

Office and Residence: On Fourth Street, at foot of Cliff Stairway.

CHAS. KNIGHT, CANNING, - - OREGON, Physician and Druggist.

Prescriptions carefully filled at short notice.

PAUL BOYCE, M. D., Physician and Surgeon.

Office hours: day and night; always ready when duty calls.

DR. JOHN WELCH, DENTIST.

Highest cash price paid for County orders.

JOHNSON & McCOWN, Attorneys and Counselors at Law.

Will practice in all the Courts of the State. Special attention given to cases in the U. S. Land Office at Oregon City.

L. T. BARIN, ATTORNEY AT LAW.

Will practice in all the Courts of the State.

W. H. HIGHFIELD, Established since '49.

One door North of Pope's Hall, Main St., OREGON CITY, OREGON.

DEALER IN Books, Stationery, PICTURE FRAMES, MOLDINGS, AND MISCELLANEOUS GOODS.

FRAMES MADE TO ORDER.

JOHN M. BACON, DEALER IN Books, Stationery, PICTURE FRAMES, MOLDINGS, AND MISCELLANEOUS GOODS.

FRAMES MADE TO ORDER.

IMPERIAL MILLS, LaRoque, Savier & Co., OREGON CITY.

Keep constantly on hand for sale Flour, Middlings, Bran and Chicken Feed. Parties purchasing feed must furnish the sack.

J. H. SHEPARD, Boot and Shoe Store.

Boots and Shoes made and repaired as cheap as the cheapest.

MILLER, CHURCH & CO., PAY THE HIGHEST PRICE FOR WHEAT.

At all times, at OREGON CITY MILLS.

And have on hand FEED and FLOUR to sell, at market rates. Parties desiring feed must furnish sacks.

A. G. WALLING'S Pioneer Book Bindery.

Books, Stationery, and Printing.

Blank books ruled and bound to order.

Tu Ne Quaesieris.
Ask not, my queen, my beauty,
What end the gods may give;
Love is its own sweet duty;
Be still, and let us live.
Bright youth is lord of pleasure,
Glad hours are round us now;
I weave their choicest treasure
A garland for thy brow.
Glad hours and sad go by me,
And, as we drift along,
All things of love shall fly me,
Even now that dark to-morrow
Overshadows all my way.
I turn from coming sorrow
To sun me in to-day.
What more, my queen? Hereafter,
When you have long forgot
Our pleasant days and laughter,
And youth and joy are not,
Lone Memory's sad, sweet pleasure
Shall charm as thou dost now,
And weave her choicest treasure
A garland for thy brow.

Sympathy.
Oh, mothers, whose children are sleeping,
Thank God for thy pillows to-night,
And pray for thy mothers now weeping
O'er the pillows so smooth and so white;
Where bright little heads do lie in vain,
And soft little cheeks have been pressed;
Oh, mothers, who know not this pain,
Take courage to bear all the rest.
For the somber-winged angel is going
With pitiless flight o'er the land,
And we know not the hour, nor knowing
What he ere the night may demand.
Yes, to-night, while our darlings are sleeping
There's many a soft little bed
Whose pillows are moistened with weeping
For the loss of one dear little head.
There are hearts on whose innermost altar
There is nothing but ashes to-night,
There are voices whose notes sadly falter,
And dim eyes that shrink from the light.
Oh, mothers, whose children are sleeping,
Pray, pray for thy mothers now weeping
O'er pitiful, smooth little beds.

Jupiter and Saturn.
PROFESSOR ORTON'S LECTURE ON THE GIANT PLANETS.
The second of a series of lectures in connection with the Glasgow Science Lecture Association was delivered last night in the hall by Mr. R. A. Proctor, whose subject was the "Giant Planets." There was a large attendance, and Lord Provost presided, and introduced the lecturer. Mr. Proctor said the subject of the planets would really occupy, if properly dealt with, a course of lectures rather than a single lecture, and he therefore proposed to allude to a portion only of that subject; and to bring before them ideas, which are not, strictly speaking, new, but which were not in accordance with the generally accepted opinion. But before entering on a discussion of these new views, it was desirable to touch on the consideration of the evidence which was to guide them. There was a prejudice, or rather a feeling, against new ideas, and a very proper feeling, too; because, although it was not to be taken as a guiding principle in science; although he shared very much in the feeling that Professor Huxley had expressed when he said that, instead of being regarded as faults, should be placed in the seat of honor by all students of science, yet there could be no question that authority in certain matters should be regarded with respect. Mr. Proctor proceeded to give a series of admirable views, the different stages through which the planets Jupiter and Saturn had passed, pointed out the arguments in support of the theory that the former of these planets was a sphere-shouldered instead of a proper oval shape, explained the nature and extent of the deep banks of clouds which surrounded the planet, and which, he held, caused this peculiarity of shape. Mr. Proctor, in his explanation, was illustrated by the aid of a graphic illustration brought before his audience many cogent reasons why nature should not be charged with wasting the vast masses of the universe's material, a charge which he said that many of us upheld the doctrine of the plurality of inhabited worlds.—North British Mail.

FAMILIARIZING WITH THE JURY.—A man, who is one of the most prominent lawyers of one of the New England States, has some very good remarks on the reputation among his brother lawyers, of familiarizing himself with the jury-men by a personal intercourse. In a recent law term a case came up in which he was for the prosecution. L—, who was for the defense, was being ready for trial, asked for a delay or continuance of the case. This was strongly opposed by A—; but after a somewhat sharp and lengthy debate, in which it appeared that he might win, L—, gravely rose and said: "There is one more reason, your Honor, which delicacy has prevented me from mentioning, and which I think you will consider sufficient to warrant a delay. Since coming into court I have been informed that there is one of the jury-men to whom my brother A— has never been introduced. I therefore move that the case be continued so brother A— can have an opportunity to make his personal acquaintance." At this a ripple of good humor spread over the room, but the case came to trial.

It seems unfortunate that the Centennial could not have extended over the first of January. This leaves a man no resort but to the jury-men to whom my brother A— has never been introduced, and leaving word that he has been called away to attend the funeral of a rich uncle out west. This does pretty well, as we all know, but it is only generous to the collector that he should have a little novelty now and then.

The Washington Star is down on American enthusiasm, and says it is about time to stop the clapping of hands and cheering now so frequently indulged in in the House.

There was no help for it. Daisy must be drowned—little, gentle, two-months-old Daisy, that was always so good and kind, and yet so full of life and feeling. Little Katie's heart was quite broken thinking about it. But mamma, who knew best, had said so, and there was no help for it. Three cats took so much milk. And there were so many little human mouths to feed. And milk at ten cents a quart. Poor little Katie. She saw it was best, but it brought grief to her heart.

"If some one would only buy Daisy," she said, clinging to her mother's dress. "People don't buy kittens," said her mother, stooping to kiss the little, flushed, tearful face lifted to hers; "but I wish some one would take her as a gift. You wouldn't mind giving Daisy away, would you, Katie? That would be better than drowning her."

"Yes, indeed; a hundred times better!" answered the child, her face lighting up. That night a little tear-wet face pressed Katie's pillow. The child was offering up her evening prayer. "Dear Father," she said, "please send the bag in which you want a kitty. It is so awful to have Daisy drowned, and it hurts so! Please, dear Father, be good to Daisy, and don't let her be drowned"—and here the little voice grew choked, and great tears fell upon the little pillow. Soon, however, she fell asleep; her prayer had quieted her.

"Good-by, Daisy. O! I wish God had thought it best. But he didn't, and you must go with Katie turned from her brother Reuben, who held Daisy in his strong arms.

"Don't cry, Katie," said the boy, pausing a moment; "I'll do it real quick; she won't suffer but a minute. I'll tie a big stone to the bag, and it'll be all over in a jiffy."

Reuben walked along far from comfortable. He didn't like to have his little sister cry, and he didn't like to have his face look like that. He didn't like to have his face look like that. He didn't like to have his face look like that.

Drowning Kitty.
There was no help for it. Daisy must be drowned—little, gentle, two-months-old Daisy, that was always so good and kind, and yet so full of life and feeling. Little Katie's heart was quite broken thinking about it. But mamma, who knew best, had said so, and there was no help for it. Three cats took so much milk. And there were so many little human mouths to feed. And milk at ten cents a quart. Poor little Katie. She saw it was best, but it brought grief to her heart.

"If some one would only buy Daisy," she said, clinging to her mother's dress. "People don't buy kittens," said her mother, stooping to kiss the little, flushed, tearful face lifted to hers; "but I wish some one would take her as a gift. You wouldn't mind giving Daisy away, would you, Katie? That would be better than drowning her."

"Yes, indeed; a hundred times better!" answered the child, her face lighting up. That night a little tear-wet face pressed Katie's pillow. The child was offering up her evening prayer. "Dear Father," she said, "please send the bag in which you want a kitty. It is so awful to have Daisy drowned, and it hurts so! Please, dear Father, be good to Daisy, and don't let her be drowned"—and here the little voice grew choked, and great tears fell upon the little pillow. Soon, however, she fell asleep; her prayer had quieted her.

"Good-by, Daisy. O! I wish God had thought it best. But he didn't, and you must go with Katie turned from her brother Reuben, who held Daisy in his strong arms.

"Don't cry, Katie," said the boy, pausing a moment; "I'll do it real quick; she won't suffer but a minute. I'll tie a big stone to the bag, and it'll be all over in a jiffy."

Reuben walked along far from comfortable. He didn't like to have his little sister cry, and he didn't like to have his face look like that. He didn't like to have his face look like that. He didn't like to have his face look like that.

The Condor.
Professor Orton gives some little space, in his recent volume on "The Andes and the Amazon," to an account of the Condor, of which he thinks, contrary to the general opinion of ornithologists, that there are two distinct species. The Great Condor is the largest of the birds of prey—full-sized males having a height of four feet, and an expanse of wings of about nine feet. It is now at Vassar College measures from tip to tip of the wings, nine feet. An old male in the Zoological Gardens, of London, has a stretch of eleven feet; but Humboldt never found one to exceed nine feet, nor Darwin exceeded eight and a half feet, and from his own observation, Professor Orton concludes that the largest Condors do not go beyond, if they even reach, a spread of twelve feet. The general color of the Condor is black, with white upon the wings and at the tip of the bill, and a ruff of downy white feathers encircling the neck. The young birds are dark brown, and do not assume the white fill and the white feathers in the wings until after the first molting.

Associated with the Great Condor is a smaller variety, having brown or ashen plumage, destitute of the white markings distinguishing the larger bird, and without the caruncle worn by the male Condor. This has been by some ornithologists treated as a distinct species, although the decision is now nearly universal that it is the young Condor. In his study of the Condor, during his travels in the Andes, Professor Orton was led to believe that the "Condor parva," and the "Condor negro," as the two species are called by the natives, are, in fact, distinct. They are so considered by several intelligent observers who have had the best opportunities in sojourn and travel in South America, for forming a correct judgment.

The Condor ranges along the west coast of South America, from the Straits of Magellan to about eight degrees north of the Equator. Darwin notes the fact that the bird is found only in the vicinity of perpendicular cliffs, and concludes that its habits require a steep and a safety of precipitous and lofty crags. During the greater part of the year the Condor frequents the lower country along the coast. It searches for prey at evening or morning rather than at mid-day; and is never seen in the open country, or on the same tree. In the breeding season, which in Chili is in November and December, and in the Valley of Quito several months later, the birds retire to inaccessible places in the mountains, and there, on the bare rock, with little or no preparation in the way of a nest, deposit two white eggs, three or four inches long. The period of incubation covers six or seven days. The young are covered with down, and are ready to leave the nest in a few days. During their first flight, Professor Orton states, the birds are in caves and are fed by their elders.

The ordinary habitat of the "Royal Condor," says Professor Orton, "is between the altitudes of 10,000 feet and 16,000 feet. The largest seem to make their home around the volcano of Cayambe, which stands exactly on the Equator. Flocks are never seen, except around a large crag, where they are seen to fly in a large circle at a great height in vast circles. Its flight is slow and majestic. Its head is constantly in motion, as if in search of food below; its mouth is kept open and its tail spread. To rise from the ground, it flaps its wings three or four times, and ascends at a low angle until it reaches a considerable elevation, when it seems to make a few leisurely strokes, as if to ease its wings, after which it leans forward upon the ground. In walking, the wings flap on the ground, and the head takes a crouching position. It has a very awkward, almost painful gait. From its inability to rise without running, a narrow path is often traced in the snow, and the movements of the neck, body and tail are slow. Near Lima, I watched several for nearly half an hour, without once taking off my eyes. They moved in large curves, sweeping in circles, descending and ascending without giving a single flap. As they glided close over my head, I intently watched, from an oblique position, the outlines of the separate and great terminal feathers of each wing; and these separate feathers, if there had been any appearance as if blended together; but they were seen distinct against the blue sky. The head and neck were moved frequently, and apparently with force; and the extended wings seemed to be in constant motion, as if the movements of the neck, body and tail acted. If the bird wished to descend, the wings were for a moment collapsed; and when again expanded, with an aerial inclination, the momentum gained by the rapid descent seemed to urge the bird upward with the even and steady movement of a paper kite. In the case of any bird soaring, its motion must be sufficiently rapid, so that the action of the inclined surface of its body on the atmosphere may counterbalance its gravity. The force to keep up the momentum of a body moving in a horizontal plane in the air (in which there is so little friction) cannot be great, and this force is all that is wanted. The movement of the neck and body of the Condor, we must suppose, is sufficient for this. However this may be, it is truly wonderful and beautiful, to see so great a bird, hour after hour, without apparent exertion, wheeling and gliding over mountain and river."

The Condor gorges itself with food until it is incapable of exertion, and then retires to its favorite perch, to remain in a state of stupor until the process of digestion is completed. Professor Orton testifies that "its gormandizing power has hardly been overrated. I have known a single Condor," he relates, "not of the largest size, to make away in one week, with a calf, a sheep and a dog. It preys upon sheep, deer, dogs, etc. The eye and tongue are the favorite parts, and first devoured; next, the intestines. I have never heard of one authenticated case of its carrying off children, nor of its attacking animals, unless in defense of its eggs."

In captivity, it will eat everything except pork and cooked meat. When full fed, it is exceedingly stupid, and may be caught by the hand; but, at other times, it is a match for the stoutest man. There has been much discussion as to the sense with which the Condor discovers its prey. Some experiments would seem to show that it is not so fully as is usually supposed, which enables it to detect from afar the occurrence of carrion; and, again, incidents appear to prove that the sense of smell serves as a guide. Darwin suspected several eagles Condors to test which afforded evidence that the sense of smell was less acute than in the case of the dog. The testimony for and against the acute smelling powers of the Condor is, as Darwin remarks, very evenly balanced.

Caught in a Frog.
Yesterday morning while two men, employees of the Union Pacific shops, says the Omaha Herald, were going about their work, and were walking on the Omaha & Northwestern track to their shops, their attention was attracted to a boot-stick in the "frog" of a switch, and a distance of about fifty feet they stopped to examine it, and found that it was wedged so tightly in the iron "frog" that it required a smart blow of a crutch (one of the men had lost a leg) to dislodge it. Long nails protruded from the frog, and the men, who had not had taken considerable force to tear it from the boot. "It appears to me," said one of them, "that some poor fellow has had a narrow escape from being run down by a train here last night, or else he got badly frightened, and wrenched his boot heel off when there was no occasion for it."

"It reminds me," said the other in a low tone, "of a little adventure which I had a few years ago with K. C. St. J. Road. I was then a young man, and I wasn't likely that I will ever forget it, and he cast a rueful look at the empty leg of his pants. "The story is soon told," he went on, turning the boot-heel over in his hand as if to show the mark. "I was walking on the track near St. Joe in Missouri. It was a terrible dark night in February, and a heavy snow storm was prevailing at the time. The snow and wind beating in my face, and the darkness so thick as to have blinded me even in midday. I was walking briskly along, not dreaming of any harm—in fact I was then returning from a visit to my sweetheart, who had that very evening promised to be my wife—when suddenly I found my boot-heel fastened in the 'frog' where a side track joined the main track just as this rail was fastened there between those rails. At that moment I heard the shrill whistle of an engine, and the train rushing through the blinding snow saw a light gleaming down upon me. It was an unusual hour for a train, and the idea of meeting one had not occurred to me. I did not trouble my long with the painful wretch my foot out of the vice-like grip of the rails, and the horror of my position was increased a hundred fold when I saw the light of the engine, and I was powerless to release me. The light was so closely upon me that its reflection upon the newly fallen snow blinded me. As a man will in such positions, I thought of nothing but to get away from the painful narrative. The head-light was blazing the fire of hell right in my face. It was this leg that was fastened," he said, swinging the stump back and forth.

"Yes, yes," interrupted his companion, "but I presume, came from a saw-mill not far away."

"But your leg—how came you to lose that?"

"As many another brave man has lost his," came the answer, with a heavy sigh, accompanied by a far-away look, as if to recall the scenes of the field. "I fell under a mowing machine and had it chopped off."

"Well, all I have to say is," returned the disgusted companion, "I hope the girl went back over to her old man, and made an ax-handle maker, or some one else who can make her happy."

"No, she stuck to me," said the romantic, sorrowfully; "she stuck to me through good and evil report, and married me one rapturous evening, and married an ax-handle maker, or some one else who can make her happy."

The Life of a Sponge.
Before they read this paper, I want my readers to procure a piece of sponge, and to hold it in their hands, and examine it well, as we try to find out some of the secrets of its history. No doubt you have handled it often before, and used it for many purposes, but perhaps you have not cared to ask its wonderful life-story. Once it was alive. What kind of life had it, do you think? Did it grow like a vegetable, always in the same place; or did it run about, like you? Well, it did neither, yet it had the same kind of life as you have. It was an animal. If you had seen it growing on its rock, you would certainly have thought it looked much more like a plant, and for many years it was thought to be so; but it has been discovered that it had three characteristics which no vegetable ever had. In the first place, it did not draw its food from the ground and through roots, but supplied itself through little mouths; then when it was young it could move about; and lastly, it showed a will of its own in taking in food of its own accord, just what it wanted. So, after that, naturalists thought it only fair to call it an animal.

Let us go back to the first birthday of the little creature you hold in your hand, and see how it came into the world. Look at that rock yonder out in the ocean; growing on it is a cluster of sponges from which face a tiny, pear-shaped jelly. That is the baby sponge. What a queer baby, without head or eyes, or ears or feet! Yet though it has none of these things it is happy, for it can feel and float. All over its body are tiny bristles, which it moves about in all directions, and with which it draws in food. In this state the sponge is called a gemmule; and the little bristles are called cilia or eyelashes.

Merrily the little gemmule floats along, until, far away from its birthplace, it finds some rock which is to be its future home. The narrow end of its body is fastened to the rock, but its cilia go on moving constantly, until its fixed position is secured. Then they lie down on the rock, and it never moves them again. Now, as we watch, we can see a great many dark spots beginning to float in its jelly-like body. These will some day become the cilia, which you see in it when it is seen on the rock. These cilia are made of substances which the cilia have drawn out of the water during the short time in which they had the power of motion. In a few days they have done something, the effects of which will last a lifetime. What a lesson for us all, to make the most of our time and opportunities while we have them!

The little spots of fibrous spongy join together into the beautiful network of holes which you can see in it now. Inside this framework the living jelly grows, filling all the holes, and covering the outside of the sponge. Through these holes the little creature sucks in the sea water on which it feeds, and when this has well acted, and even cilia are preserved in substances which the cilia have drawn out of the water during the short time in which they had the power of motion. In a few days they have done something, the effects of which will last a lifetime. What a lesson for us all, to make the most of our time and opportunities while we have them!

An Accommodating Hotel Clerk.—Scene I.—Hotel. Time, midday. Fat hotel clerk, smiling, and brushing his diamond stud with a feather. Enter young man in a hurry. He writes on the register "John Green, Harrisburg, Pa." "Young man—I shall take a room this evening. Some bundles may be sent here for me this afternoon. If the charges are not more than \$5, pay them."

Exit young man in a hurry. Clerk shifts bow and continues to brush his diamond stud with a feather. Enter a small boy with a heavy oblong package, and says: "A bundle for Mr. Green. The charges are \$3.50." Clerk drops his feather, and permits the diamond stud to dazzle the small boy's eyes. Then he takes the bundle and pays the small boy \$3.50. Scene III.—Time, following day. Fat clerk scratches his head with the feather and thinks of Mr. Green and the small boy and the \$3.50. Then he opened the oblong bundle and discovers a brickbat in a paper box, with an inscription: "This is the best Russian clay I could find." Clerk exclaims: "I shall take a room this evening of the hotel debts him with \$3.50."

A Book Worm.—Apropos of novel reading, we came across an instance where it was carried to excess. A wealthy inhabitant of a French provincial town recently died under singular circumstances. He lived alone in a secluded house, admitted no one to it but a charwoman who cooked for him, and a newspaper agent who sold him thirty or forty journals at a time. At length he did not appear to open the door to these habits when they sought entrance. They accordingly applied to the police, who, being armed with necessary powers, forced their way into the house of the eccentric owner, and broke in the door of his bedroom, and there they found the amount of literature which he had accumulated. The bed could only be reached from the door by passing through a ravine, the sides of which were composed of thousands of newspapers and novels, the perusal of which having formed his sole occupation and delight.

The duration of man's life should not be estimated by his years, but by what he has accomplished—by the uses which he has made of time and opportunity. The industrious man lives longer than the drone, and by hurrying our body and mind to exercise and activity, we shall more than double the years of our existence.