Oregon City Enterprise.

L. P. FISHER'S ADVERTISING AGENCY Room 21 Merchants' Exchange, SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

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

VOL. 11. OREGON CITY, OREGON, THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 22, 1877. NO. 18.

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, one week	$ 2 50
For each subsequent insertion	1 00
One column, one year	120 00
Half " "	60 00
Quarter " "	40 00
Business Card, one square, one year	12 00

SOCIETY NOTICES.

OREGON LODGE, No. 3, I. I.
O. F., meets every Thursday evening, at 7½ 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 7½ 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 from the 20th of September to the 20th of March; and 7½ o'clock from the 20th of March to the 20th of September. Brethren in good standing are invited to attend.
By order of W. M.

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 tf

CHAS. KNIGHT,
CANBY, - - - OREGON.
Physician and Druggist.
☞ Prescriptions carefully filled at short notice. ja7-tf

PAUL BOYCE, M. D.,
Physician and Surgeon,
OREGON CITY, OREGON.
Chronic Diseases and Diseases of Women and Children a specialty.
Office hours day and night; always ready when duty calls. Aug.25,'76-tf

DR. JOHN WELCH,
DENTIST.
OFFICE IN
OREGON CITY, OREGON.
Highest cash price paid for County orders

JOHNSON & McCOWN,
Attorneys and Counselors at Law,
OREGON CITY, OREGON.
Will practice in all the Courts of the State. Special attention given to cases in the U. S. Land Office at Oregon City. 5apr1872-tf

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

W. H. HIGHFIELD,
Established since '49.
One door North of Pope's Hall,
MAIN ST., OREGON, CITY OREGON.
An assortment of watches, Jewelry, and Seth Thomas' Weight Clocks, all of which are warranted to be as represented. ☞ Repairing done on short notice; and thankful for past patronage.
Cash paid for County Orders.

JOHN M. BACON,
DEALER IN
Books, Stationery,
PICTURE FRAMES, MOULDINGS AND MISCELLANEOUS GOODS.
FRAMES MADE TO ORDER.
OREGON CITY, OREGON.
☞ At the Post Office, Main Street, west side. nov1-75-tf

IMPERIAL MILLS.
LaRocque, 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,
One door north of Ackerman Bros.
☞ Boots and Shoes made and repaired as cheap as the cheapest.
Nov. 1, 1875-tf

MILLER, CHURCH & CO.
PAY THE HIGHEST PRICE FOR
WHEAT,
At all times, at the
OREGON CITY MILLS,
And have on hand FEED and FLOUR to sell, at market rates. Parties desiring Feed must furnish sacks. nov12-tf

A. G. WALLING'S
Pioneer Book Bindery,
Pittock's Building, cor. of Stark and Front sts.,
PORTLAND, OREGON.
BLANK BOOKS RULED AND BOUND to any desired pattern. Music books, Magazines, Newspapers, etc., bound in every variety of style known to the trade. Orders from the country promptly attended to. nov1-75-tf

OREGON CITY BREWERY.
HENRY HUMBEL,
HAVING purchased the above Brewery, wishes to inform the public that he is now prepared to manufacture a No 1 quality of
LAGER BEER.
A good as can be obtained anywhere in the State. Orders solicited and promptly filled.

Inn at Henley.

'Tis here with boundless power I reign;
And every health which I begin
Converts dull port to bright champagne;
Such freedom crowns it at an Inn.

I fly from pomp, I fly from plate;
I fly from Falsehood's specious grin!
Freedom I love and form I hate,
And choose my lodgings at an Inn.

Here, waiter, take my sordid ore,
Which lackeys else might hope to win;
It buys what courts have not in store,
It buys me freedom at an Inn.

Whoe'er has traveled life's dull round,
Where'er his stages may have been,
May sigh to think he still has found
The warmest welcome at an Inn.

SHENSTONE.

The Lucky Call.

A country curate, visiting his flock,
At old Rebecca's cottage gave a knock,
"Good morrow, dame—I mean no libel,
But in your dwelling have you got a Bible?"

"A Bible, sir!" exclaimed she in a rage;
"D'ye think I've turned a Pagan in my age?
Here, Judith, haste, and run up stairs, my dear;
'Tis in the drawer, be quick and bring it here."

The girl returned with Bible in a minute,
Not dreaming for a moment what was in it;
When lo! on opening it at the parlor door,
Down fell her spectacles upon the floor.

Amazed she started, was a moment dumb,
But quick exclaimed, "Oh, sir, I'm glad you've come,
'Tis six years since these glasses first were lost,
And I have missed 'em to my poor eyes' cost!"
Then, as the glasses to her nose she raised,
She closed the Bible, saying, "God be praised."

Haddad-Ben-Ahab the Traveler.

BY JOHN GALT.

Haddad-Ben-Ahab was a very wise man, and he had several friends, men of discernment and partakers of the wisdom of ages; but they were not all so wise as Haddad-Ben-Ahab. His sentences were short, but his knowledge was long, and what he predicted generally came to pass, for he did not pretend to the gift of prophecy. The utmost he ever said in that way was, that he expected the sun to rise to-morrow, and that old age was the shadow of youth.

Besides being of a grave temperament, Haddad-Ben-Ahab was inclined to obesity; he was kindly and good-natured to the whole human race; he even carried his benevolence to the inferior creation, and often patted his dogs on the head and gave them bones; but cats he could not abide. Had he been a rat he could not have regarded them with more antipathy; and yet Haddad-Ben-Ahab was an excellent man, who smoked his chibouque with occasional cups of coffee and sherbet, interspersed with profound aphorisms on the condition of man, and conjectures on the delights of paradise.

With his friends he passed many sunbright hours; and if much talk was not heard among them on these occasions, be it remembered that silence is often wisdom. The scene of their social resort was a little kiosk in front of one of the coffee-houses on the bank of the Tigris. No place in all Bagdad is so pleasantly situated. There the mighty river rolls in all the affluence of its waters, pure as the unclouded sky, and speckled with innumerable boats, while the rippling waves, tickled, as it were, by the summer breezes, gambol and sparkle around.

The kiosk was raised two steps from the ground; the interior was painted with all the most splendid colors. The roof was covered with tiles that glittered like the skin of the Arabian serpent, and was surmounted with a green dragon, which was painted of that imperial hue, because Haddad-Ben-Ahab was descended from the sacred progeny of Fatima, of whom green is the everlasting badge, as it is of nature. Time cannot change it, nor can it be impaired by the degrees of tyranny or of justice.

One beautiful day Haddad-Ben-Ahab and his friends had met in this kiosk of dreams and were sociably enjoying the fragrant smoke of their pipes, and listening to the refreshing undulations of the river as the boats softly glided along—for the waters lay in glassy stillness—the winds were asleep—even the sunbeams seemed to rest in a slumber on all things. The smoke stood on the chimney-tops as if a tall visionary tree grew out of each; and the many colored cloths in the yard of Orooblis, the Armenian dyer, hung unmolested by a breath. Orooblis himself was the only thing, in that soft and bright noon, which appeared on the land to be animated with any purpose.

Orooblis was preparing a boat to descend the Tigris, and his servants were loading it with bales of apparel and baskets of provisions, while he himself was in a great bustle, going often between his dwelling-house and the boat, talking loud and giving orders, and ever and anon wiping his forehead, for he was a man that delighted in having an ado.

Haddad Ben-Ahab, seeing Orooblis so active, looked at him for some time; and it so happened that all the friends at the same moment took their amber-headed pipes from their lips, and said—

"Where can Orooblis, the Armenian dyer, be going?"

Such a simultaneous interjection naturally surprised them all, and Haddad-Ben-Ahab added—

"I should like to go with him, and see strange things, for I have never been out of the city of Bagdad, save once to pluck pomegranates in the garden of Beys-Addy-Boolk." And he then rose and went to the boat which Orooblis was loading, and spoke to him; and when it was ready they seated themselves on board and sailed down the Tigris, having much pleasant discourse concerning distant lands and hills whose tops pierced the clouds, and were supposed to be the pillars that upheld the crystal dome of the heavens.

Haddad-Ben-Ahab rejoiced greatly as they sailed along, and at last they came to a little town, where Orooblis, having business in dyestuffs to transact, went on shore, leaving his friend. But in what corner of the earth this little town stood Haddad-Ben-Ahab knew not; for, like other travelers, he was not provided with much geographical knowledge.

But soon after the departure of Orooblis he thought he would also land and inquire. Accordingly, taking his pipe in his hand, he stepped out of the boat and went about the town, looking at many things, till he came to a wharf where a large ship was taking merchandise on board; and her sailors were men of a different complexion from that of the watermen who plied on the Tigris at Bagdad.

Haddad-Ben-Ahab looked at them, and as he was standing near to where they were at work, he thought that this ship afforded a better opportunity than he had enjoyed with Orooblis to see foreign countries. He accordingly went up to the captain and held out a handful of money, and indicated that he was desirous to sail away with the ship.

When the captain saw the gold he was mightily civil, and spoke to Haddad-Ben-Ahab with a loud voice, perhaps thinking to make him hear was the way to make him understand. But Haddad-Ben-Ahab only held up the forefinger of the right hand and shook it to and fro. In the end, however, he was taken on board the ship, and no sooner was he there than he sat down on a sofa, and drawing his legs up under him, kindled his pipe and began to smoke, much at his ease, making observations with his eyes as he did so.

The first observation Haddad-Ben-Ahab made was, that the sofa on which he had taken his place was not at all like the sofas at Bagdad, and therefore when he returned he would show that he had not traveled without profit by having one made exactly similar for his best chamber, with hens and ducks under it, pleasantly feeding and joyously cackling and quacking. And he also observed a remarkable sagacity in the ducks, for when they saw he was a stranger they turned up the sides of their heads and eyed him in a most curious and inquisitive manner—very different, indeed, from the ducks of Bagdad.

When the ship had taken on board her cargo she spread her sails, and Haddad-Ben-Ahab felt himself in a new situation; for presently she began to lie over, and to plunge and revel among the waves like a glad creature. But Haddad-Ben-Ahab became sick, and the captain showed him the way down into the inside of the vessel, where he went into a dark bed and was charitably tended by one of the sailors for many days.

After a season there was much shouting on the deck of the ship, and Haddad-Ben-Ahab crawled out of his bed and went to the sofa, and saw that the ship was near the end of her voyage.

When she had come to a bank where those on board could step out, Haddad-Ben-Ahab did so; and after he had seen all the strange things which were in the town where he had thus landed, he went into a baker's shop—for they eat bread in that town as they do in Bagdad—and bought a loaf, which having eaten, he quenched his thirst at a fountain hard by, in his ordinary manner of drinking, at which he wondered exceedingly.

When he had solaced himself with all the wonders of that foreign city, he went to a fakir, who was holding two horses ready saddled; beautiful they were, and, as the fakir signified by signs, their hoofs were so fleet that they left the wind behind them. Haddad-Ben-Ahab then showed the fakir his gold, and mounted one of the horses, pointing with the shaft of his pipe to the fakir to mount the other; and then they both rode away into the country, and they found that the wind blew in their faces.

At last they came to a caravansary, where the fakir bought a cooked hen and two onions, of which they both partook, and stretching themselves before the fire which they had lighted in their chamber, they fell asleep and slept until the dawn of day, when they resumed their journey into remote parts and nearer to the wall of the world, which Haddad-Ben-Ahab conjectures they must soon reach. They had not, however, journeyed many days in the usual manner when they came to the banks of a large river, and the fakir would go no farther with his swift horses. Haddad-Ben-Ahab was in consequence constrained to pay and part from him, and to embark in a ferry boat to convey him over the stream, where he found a strange vehicle with four horses standing ready to carry him on towards the wall of the world, "which surely," said he to himself, "ought not to be now far off."

Haddad-Ben-Ahab showed his gold again, and was permitted to take a seat in the vehicle, which soon after drove away; and he remarked, in a most sagacious manner, that nothing in that country was like the things in his own; for the houses and trees and all things ran away as the vehicle came up to them; and when it gave a jostle, they gave a jump; which he noted as one of the most extraordinary things he had seen since he left Bagdad.

At last Haddad-Ben-Ahad came to the foot of a lofty green mountain, with groves and jocund villages, which studdied it, as it were, with gems and shining ornaments, and he said, "This must be the wall of the world, for surely nothing can exist on the other side of these hills! but I will ascend them and look over, for I should like to tell my friends in Bagdad what is to be seen on the outside of the earth." Accordingly he ascended the green mountain and he came to a thick forest of stabby trees: "This is surprising," said Haddad-Ben-Ahab, "but higher I will yet go." And he passed through that forest of trees and came to a steep moorland part of the hill, where no living thing could be seen, but a solitude without limit, and the living world all glittering at the foot of the mountain.

"This is a high place," said Haddad-Ben-Ahab, "but I will yet go higher," and he began to climb with his hands. After an upward journey of great toil he came to a frozen region, and the top of the wall of the world was still far above him. He was, however, none daunted by the distance, but boldly held on in the ascent, and at last he reached the top of the wall. But when he got there, instead of a region of fog and chaos, he only beheld another world much like our own, and he was greatly amazed, and exclaimed with a loud voice, "Will my friends in Bagdad believe this? but it is true, and I will so tell them." So he hastened down the mountain, and went with all the speed he could back to Bagdad; saying, "Bagdad," and giving gold every man he met, until he reached the kiosk of dreams, where his friends were looking at the gambols of the Tigris.

When the friends of Haddad Ben Ahab saw him approach they respectfully took their pipes from their mouths and held them in their left hands, while they pressed their bosoms with their right, and received him with a solemn salaam, for he had been long absent, and all they in the meantime had heard concerning him was only what Orooblis, the Armenian dyer, on his return told them: namely, that he was gone to the wall of the world, which limits the travels of man. No wonder then that they rejoiced with an exceeding gladness to see him return and take his place in the kiosk among them as if he had never been a day's journey away from Bagdad.

They then questioned him about his adventures, and he faithfully related to them all the wonders which have been set forth in our account of the journey; upon which they declared he had made himself one of the sages of the earth.

Afterward they each made a feast, to which they invited all the philosophers in Bagdad, and Haddad Ben Ahab was placed in the seat of honor, and being courteously solicited, told them of his travels, and every one cried aloud, "God is great, and Mahomet is his prophet!"

When they had in this manner banqueted, Haddad-Ben-Ahab fell sick, and there was a great talk concerning the same. Some said he was very ill; others shook their heads and spoke not; but the world is full of envy and hard-heartedness, and those who were spiteful because of the renown which Haddad-Ben Ahab, as a traveler who had visited the top of the wall of the world with so much courage, had acquired, jeered at his malady, saying he had been only feasted overmuch. Nevertheless, Haddad-Ben-Ahab died; and never was such a funeral seen in all Bagdad, save that of the caliph Mahoud, commonly called the Magnificent. Such was the admiration in which the memory of the traveler was held, the poets made dirges on the occasion, and mournful songs were heard in the twilight from the windows of every harem. Nor did the generation of the time content itself with the ceremonies of lamentation; they caused a fountain to be erected, which they named the Fountain of Haddad-Ben-Ahab, the traveler; and when the slaves go to fetch water, they speak of the wonderful things he did, and how he was on the top of the wall of the world, and saw outside of the earth; so that his memory lives forever among them as one of the greatest, the wisest, and the bravest of men.—*From "Little Classics."*

What Depends on Knowing the Sun's Distance.

The problem of finding this distance of the sun is one of the most important and difficult presented by astronomy. Its importance lies in this, that this distance—the radius of the earth's orbit—is the base-line by means of which we measure every other celestial distance, excepting only that of the moon; so that error in this base propagates itself in all directions through all space, affecting with a corresponding proportion of falsehood every measured line—the distance of every star, the radius of every orbit, the diameter of every planet.

Our estimates of the masses of the heavenly bodies also depend upon a knowledge of the sun's distance from the earth. The quantity of matter in a star or planet is determined by calculations whose fundamental data include the distance between the investigated body and some other body whose emotion is controlled or modified by it; and this distance generally enters into the computation by its cube, so that any error in it involves a more than threefold error in the resulting mass. An uncertainty of one per cent. in the sun's distance implies an uncertainty of more than three per cent. in every celestial mass and every cosmical force.

Error in this fundamental element propagates itself in time, also, as well as in space and mass. That is to say, our calculations of the mutual effects of the planets upon each other's motions depend upon an accurate knowledge of their masses and distances. By these calculations, were our data perfect, we could predict all futurity, or reproduce for any given epoch of the past the configurations of the planets and the conditions of their orbits, and many interesting problems in geology and natural history seem to require for their solution just such determinations of the form and position of the earth's orbit in by-gone ages.

ALONE.—Solitude, though silent as light, is, like the light, the mightiest of agencies; for solitude is essential to man. All men come into this world alone; all leave it alone. Even a little child has a dread, whispering consciousness that if he should be summoned into God's presence no gentle nurse will be allowed to lead him by the hand, nor mother to carry him in her arms, nor little sister to share his trepidations. King and priest, warrior and maiden, philosopher and child, all must walk those mighty galleries alone. The solitude, therefore, which in this world appeals or fascinates a child's heart, is but the echo of a far deeper solitude through which he has already passed, and of another solitude deeper still, through which he has to pass; reflex of one solitude—prefiguration of another.

A MAN who shows no defects is a fool or a hypocrite whom we should mistrust. There are defects so bound to the fine qualities that they announce them—defects which it is well not to correct.

The Artist-Soldier.

The story of André, as we commonly read it, tells little of André himself. It tells nothing of the manner of man he was, how he looked, how he dressed, and what he said and did.

We read of him as the spy. He was one at the time of his death, but that he believed to be his military duty; he tried to serve his king as well as he could, and perhaps we cannot blame him so very much, even if we did punish him so sadly. He was something else than a mere spy, and it is more agreeable to think of him as an artist than a soldier. He did not love war as some soldiers do, and while in this country he many times tried to soften the hardships and troubles of the times. Once he found a poor little boy who had been captured by the British soldiers in Westchester County, and brought to New York to be put into the dreadful prisons the British then kept in our city. Such a little fellow could do no harm, and André took him away from the soldiers and sent him back to his mother in safety.

Besides painting and drawing, André could sing, and make charming verses, and cut out portraits in silhouette. Many of his pictures and letters are still preserved, and could you read the letters, you would see that he was a genial, lively and entertaining man. While he was in this country, he kept a journal, and, it is said, it was full of pictures of plants and insects and animals, people and places, bits of scenery and plans of cities and towns. He used often to give pictures away as presents to his friends; and once, when he was a prisoner in our hands, and was sent to Lancaster, Pennsylvania, for safety, he taught the children in the village to draw. One of the Lancaster boys pleased him so much, and displayed so much talent, that André offered to make an artist of him, and take him to England when the war was at an end. The boy's father would not consent to this, though he was pleased to think the English officer should take so much interest in his son. The prisoners were afterward removed to Carlisle, and André had to leave his pupil. He did not forget him, for he afterward wrote a letter to the boy's father, in which he said the boy must take particular care in forming the features in faces, and in copying the hands exactly. He should now and then copy things from the life, and then compare their proportions with what prints he may have, or what rules he may remember."

All this was during the war, and André himself was an enemy; but we can hardly think of him in that way. He regretted all the troubles of the times, and, unlike his brother officers, he never called us "the rebels," but "the colonists." Even to this day, his letters and little pictures, his silhouette portraits, and sketches and verses, are preserved in some families in remembrance of the kind, merry, and cultivated English gentleman whom we now call Major André, the spy.

When he was exchanged he went back to the British army stationed at Philadelphia, and there he again displayed his many talents. He painted a drop-scene for the theatre that was thought to be very fine, and they said of it that "the foliage was uncommonly spirited and graceful." He also wrote verses to be recited in the theatre, and even took part in the plays. Once there was a grand pageant in Philadelphia—a water procession on the Delaware, with gaily trimmed boats, and bands of music, and ladies in fancy costumes—all ending in a grand ball. André took an active part in all these pleasurings, designed the costumes for ladies, wrote verses, and helped to put up the decorations.

All this happened when our poor and discouraged troops were having a sad time of it, waiting and watching for a chance to strike a blow for the country. At last, the British were obliged to leave Philadelphia. André went with them to New York, and it was there that he received the commission to treat with Arnold for the surrender of West Point, and that only ended in his capture and sad death.

On the last day of his life he drew his own portrait from memory with a pen—that is, without the aid of a mirror—and the picture is still in existence. While in New York, just before he went up to see General Arnold, he made several silhouette portraits of ladies who then lived there, and all were said to be remarkably correct likenesses, and were, of course, greatly prized afterward as the work of the young, genial, and light-hearted British officer.

Those Revolutionary days are now very old, and the handsome English gentleman has been dead long, long years. We can forgive his efforts against us now, and perhaps it will be more agreeable to think of him as the artist-soldier rather than the spy at West Point.—*St. Nicholas.*

EARTH MEDICINE.—Some very extraordinary properties have been discovered in the earths of New Jersey. It seems to be an infallible cure for chronic diseases, for rheumatism, wounds, bruises and corrupting sores. The application is very simple. The earth is bound on to the limb and changed once a day. Some very extraordinary cures have been performed, and people carry off quantities of the earth and apply it at home. It can be found, not only by the acre, but by the mile. It is as good for animals as it is for man. A farmer had a hog that was fearfully lacerated. Inflammation set in and the hog was turned out to die. He crawled to a hollow filled with swash. He laid himself down and continued to wallow. In three days the inflammation was gone. The animal began to eat, and in less than a week was perfectly cured. Whether the medical properties are chemical or mineral no one can tell as yet. The farm on which this remarkable earth is found is owned by a New York merchant. His friends already distinguish him as the Mud Doctor.

THERE are souls who do not need to live out, coarsely, in detail. Their inward conception transcends the visible form. Count it an assurance of more vital good when God denies you.

Imprisonment for Debt.

Sitting by our desk yesterday, an old merchant, chatting of the past, drew for us a picture of nearly forty years ago, just after the business world had been swept by the panic of 1837. Up to nearly that time the barbarous law of imprisonment for debt had disgraced the statute books of New York, but a milder rule had been sought to be adopted, when it was suddenly discovered that during the attempt to repeal the law some cunning representative of the creditor interest at Albany had so interfered that the new statute was only applicable to citizens of this State. A large class of debtors from other States, pouring into New York City under a supposed exemption, were pounced upon mercilessly and in large numbers. Nearly fifteen hundred unfortunates from outside this State were lodged in the Tombs. Every jail and every house of detention of all classes was full to overflowing. Great was the suffering, alarm and misery. Many of the prisoners were sensitive merchants, strangers never before in such stress. They were preyed upon by jailors and under keepers of all grades, and when they had nothing wherewith to meet rapacity they endured absolute want. The spectacle was a horrifying one and caused much public commotion. The press of New York forty years ago was not what it is to-day in breadth of views and pages, but we doubt if it had not more direct and pointed influence, derived from the sharp individuality of its representative men on the then lesser tides of what is now the great ungovernable metropolis. James Watson Webb, Major Noah, Col. Stone, the elder Bennett, and Hale of the *Journal of Commerce* each had his following, with lines sharply defined. The press took up and fought among themselves over the poor debtors, with a majority on the side of humanity. Bennett represented the harsh creditor class. Meanwhile large petitions were prepared for signatures to give weight at Albany and amend the law. As an instance of the sharpness of feeling that prevailed, it is told that one of these petitions was presented to a well-known merchant of the period, who refused his signature, saying: "No, sir; I have a fellow in there I will keep if I have to feed him through a grating on dead cats." "You have passed the amendment," said his interrogator, "for your words shall reach every ear in Albany." And they did. The amendment passed unanimously, and there has been since in New York State no imprisonment for debt. The news in those days, antecedent to the telegraph, came to New York by the slow channels of the time, and reached the city after midnight. But the friends of the prisoners were waiting, and took the news to them without delay. The scene in the Tombs was indescribable. Men wept and laughed and hugged each other. Prisoners who had been weeks and months shut up, some of them ashamed even to make known their sufferings, made such a jubilee in the jail wards as the Tombs never before or since has seen, for joy rarely arrives within its grim precincts. It was the last closing scene of incarceration of poor debtors in the metropolis. Numbers of the men who led in the humane movement are alive to-day, and possibly also the creditor who believed in dead cats and iron gratings as the muniments of trade. We do these things better now, and with all we find to grumble at in the present time, can find consolation in turning the pictures of the not remote past in the proofs that humanity has made advancement even within the memory of living men.—*Brooklyn Union.*

The Distance of the Sun.

If some celestial railway could be imagined, the journey to the sun, even if our trains ran 60 miles an hour, day and night and without a stop, would require over 175 years. Sensation, even, would not travel so far in a human lifetime. To borrow the curious illustration of Prof. Mendenhall, if we could imagine an infant with an arm long enough to enable him to touch the sun and burn himself, he would die of old age before the pain could reach him, since, according to the experiments of Helmboltz and others, a nervous shock is communicated only at the rate about 100 feet per second, or 1,637 miles per day, and would need more than 150 years to make the journey. Sound would do it in about 14 years if it could be transmitted through celestial space, and a cannon ball in about 9, if it were to move uniformly with the same speed as when it left the muzzle of the gun. If the earth could be suddenly in her orbit, and allowed to fall unobstructed toward the sun under the accelerating influence of his attraction, she would reach the central fire in about four months. I have said that if she could be stopped, but such is the compass of her orbit that, to make its circuit in a year, she has to move nearly 19 miles a second, or more than fifty times faster than the swiftest rifle-ball; and in moving 20 miles her path deviates from perfect straightness by less than one-eighth of an inch. And yet, over all the circumference of this tremendous orbit, the sun exercises his dominion, and every pulsation of his surface receives its response from the subject earth.—*Prof. C. A. Young, in Popular Science Monthly.*

THERE are one or two proverbs that contain more truth than falsehood; and one of them, unhappily, is, that familiarity breeds contempt. Though mystery is a good key, it is a very bad lock; it does very well to open the door of the heart, but it is by no means well adapted to keep it safe and secure. This must be done by sheer strength; and of sheer strength, overmuch talk about love and art, and the youthful affectations of long locks and mild wickedness, are in no wise symptoms—at least not of the sort of strength that is required to hold forever a woman who has opened her eyes to the fact that the good things of the real world are by no means to be despised.

To think kindly of each other is good—but to act kindly toward one another is best of all.

Florence, the Actor.

A relative of the well-known comedian, William J. Florence, tells the following:

Many years ago, while Florence was under an engagement at the Winter Garden Theater, New York, he formed the acquaintance of a young girl who played in minor parts in the dramas then represented. One day after rehearsal he invited her to dinner at a Broadway restaurant. Both were hungry and they ordered a plentiful supply of food. When their appetites were satisfied, Florence called for the bill, and to his utter dismay discovered that he had no money. In changing his clothing in the morning, he neglected to take the money from his discarded pantaloons. He told the girl of the fix he was in and asked her for a loan. Mortified and chagrined, she answered that all she had was just sufficient to pay her fare home. Then the actor called the restaurant keeper and told him the truth about the money. The quickly excited man raved and stormed at Florence, saying that he had resolved not to be swindled by any one, and that he should send for the police.

At this time a short, stout old gentleman stepped up to the proprietor, and firmly said:

"How dare you speak to a gentleman in the way you have done? His mistake is a perfectly natural one, and such as might occur to any man. I am ashamed of you! I'll dine no more in your house, nor permit my friends to do so in the future. Here, take this!" and the old gentleman took a fifty dollar note from a fat wallet and handed it to the discomfited landlord, saying, "Deduct the amount of the young man's bill and return me the change."

The proprietor's apologies were unheeded. He handed the old gentleman $47.50, and again essayed apologies.

When in the street Florence handed his benefactor his professional card and address, adding that he should certainly reimburse him. The old gentleman's indignation quickly passed away, and beginning to smile, he said:

"That's all right, young man; I've been trying to pass that counterfeit bank note all day."

Hippopotamie Dentistry.

The baby hippopotamus "Baba" has become the chief pet of the aquarium, much to the disgust of the trained seal and the learned otter. Baba is docile, and when not following his keeper lies quietly in a sunny spot near one of the windows on the Thirty-fifth street side, where, in lazy content, he submits to having his ears scratched by the children. Baba has his troubles, however, and for the past day or two has evidently been suffering from some derangement. "Doc," his keeper, finally decided that it was the toothache. An examination showed, in fact, that one of his milk-teeth was badly decayed. "Doc" said it must come out, and speedily improvised forceps out of a pair of gas nippers. Baba obediently opened his mouth and "Doc" laid hold of the tooth. Then the forceps slipped and the keeper sat down with a bump, amid the suppressed laughter and ironical applause of the spectators, while Baba looked lazily out of his half-closed eyes, as if to say, "What is all this fuss about?" When, with grim determination, "Doc" approached again, Baba uttered a rather dissatisfied grunt, but opened his mouth. This time the tongs held, and a strong pull proved too much for Baba's equanimity. He got to his legs with a 600-pound jump. "Doc" held on with all his might; there was a moment of breathless suspense, and then the keeper suddenly took a sitting posture, waving, however, with a triumphant air, the huge forceps, in the jaws of which glistened the large white molar. Baba trotted off a few steps, and stood for a moment gazing at his keeper. He shook his head to see if everything was all right, and then came and rubbed his head against his friend to express his thanks. A rinse of his mouth with a sponge, and Baba was himself again, and trotted contentedly after his keeper, the pair being followed by a crowd of admirers.—*Exchange.*

MEASURING THE CONTINENT.—Mr. George A. Fairchild, of the United States Coast Survey, is engaged in a transcontinental triangulation. The object of this survey is to determine the length of the thirty-ninth parallel from the Atlantic to the Pacific Coast, and which will connect the surveys of the two coast lines. It will also furnish additional data for determining the shape of the earth's surface, and then all these triangulation points will give accurate data for the surveys of the different States. This will be the longest triangulation ever made in any country, the distance being some three thousand miles. Eleven measurements of degrees for determination of the curvature of the earth's surface have been made by other countries, of which nine only belong to the present century. The present triangulation across the continent was commenced several years ago. On the Atlantic coast the starting point was on the Chesapeake, and the triangulation is completed to Harper's Ferry, and from the latter point a special reconnoisance has been made to the Ohio River, striking it on the thirty-ninth parallel. Coming east from the Pacific coast, Professor Davidson, of the Coast Survey, is in charge of the triangulation from a point above San Francisco to the Sierra Nevada. Some three or four years ago the survey was started at St. Louis, working both ways to join the work from East to West.

FRIVOLOUS TALK.—When a musician calls upon you to listen to his execution, or a painter voluntarily offers to exhibit the powers of his brush, you naturally expect to meet with a degree of excellence, at least; but the demands of frivolous talkers are of all others the most exorbitant; they claim your time and attention, tax your patience, and leave nothing behind that is worth retaining.

A COMMITTEE of physicians reports to the New York Board of Health that 200,000 gallons of water were sold as milk in 1874.

COURTESY OF BANCROFT LIBRARY,