

Oregon City Enterprise

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

OREGON CITY, OREGON, THURSDAY SEPTEMBER 13, 1877.

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THE ENTERPRISE.

A LOCAL NEWSPAPER FOR THE Farmer, Business Man and Family Circle

SOCIETY NOTICES.

OREGON LODGE, No. 3, I. O. O. F. Meets every Thursday Evening at 7 1/2 o'clock.

REBECCA DEGREE LODGE, No. 2. Meets every Tuesday Evening at 7 o'clock.

FALLS ENCAMPMENT, No. 4. I. O. F. meets at Odd Fellows Hall on 2 1/2 o'clock.

MULTNOMAH LODGE, No. 1. I. O. F. M. holds its regular communications on the 1st and 3rd of each month.

BUSINESS CARDS. WARREN N. DAVIS, M. D., Physician and Surgeon.

CHARLES KNIGHT, CANBY, OREGON. Physician and Druggist.

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

DR. JOHN WELCH, DENTIST.

JOHNSON & McCOWN, ATTORNEYS AND COUNSELLORS AT LAW.

L. T. BARIN, ATTORNEY AT LAW.

W. H. HIGHFIELD, Established since 1849.

JOHN M. BACON, DEALER IN BOOKS, STATIONERY, PICTURE FRAMES, MOULDINGS AND MISCELLANEOUS.

J. R. GOLDSMITH, GENERAL NEWSPAPER Collector and Solicitor.

HARDWARE, IRON AND STEEL, Hubs, Spokes, Rims.

OAK, ASH AND HICKORY PLANK, NORTHROP & THOMPSON.

J. H. SHEPARD, BOOT AND SHOE STORE.

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

A. C. WALLING'S Pioneer Book Bindery.

OREGON CITY BREWERY, HUBBEL & MADDER.

OF LAGER BEER.

OZYMANDIAS.

I met a traveler from an antique land, Who said: Two vast and trunkless legs of stone Stand in the desert. Near them, on the sand, Half sunk, a shattered vision lies, whose frown, And wrinkled lip, and sneer of cold command,

THE MOSQUITO HUNT.

Not a sound was heard, but a horrible hum, As round our chamber we hurried, And in search of the insect whose trumpet and drum Our delicate slumbers had worried.

THE MUSIC OF THE WATERS.

And so all I had to do was to go into the country and enjoy myself for six weeks—that is what it came to.

I left Scaville row with scarce another word, convinced that for real, downy, unpractical men there were none to compare with doctores.

I was astonished at feeling neither dull nor lonely—for the tourist season had hardly set in, and I had the little inn well high to myself.

The weather hitherto had been superb midsummer sunshine, and not a drop of rain.

"Regular Welsh weather, sir," said a fresh-furred elderly gentlemanlike man in a tourist's suit, whom I found the next morning in the coffee room.

the weather enabled me to go down to my favorite rocky haunt, that there was very little perceptible difference in the volume of water coming over the fall.

So here I sat, I suppose, for more than an hour in my accustomed state of placid indolent enjoyment.

I had scarcely started after her, as with a firm, light step she sprang up the slope among the trees, when I heard from the top a cry of:

"I hope you are feeling better," I said. "I am afraid that what you have done for me has overtaxed your strength; I shall never forgive myself if it has made you seriously ill."

"Oh, no," she answered, "it was only a little out of breath with the running and the scrambling through the brush-wood and trees; but I was sure that if I looked down from amidst the leafy roof above me! Yes; my life must be passing away in a dream of beautiful sights and sounds.

To be very cautious," she says the voice once more. "Take great care, or it will snap. There, wait so, whilst I pull this strong one down, and that will hold your weight better; now, so;" and in another minute I have grasped this stronger one; manage to raise myself by it a little, and to put the tips of my toes into the fissure of the rock by which I had so long held with the tips of my fingers.

"Wait here," she said, "and I will run to the inn for help; I won't be long. There, lean against that tree trunk."

think we can get through the wood this way; follow me." I had scarcely started after her, as with a firm, light step she sprang up the slope among the trees, when I heard from the top a cry of:

"Hilly-oh! Lucy, hilly-oh! where are you?" "Here I am," she cried; "all right. Come down, papa, and give this gentleman a hand. I have just helped him out of the water—he was nearly drowned!"

"What? Eh, my dear? What are you talking about? Gentleman out of water—nearly drowned?" said a cherry voice; and looking up, I saw two or three figures coming against the sky over the crest of the hill.

"Oh, papa, do come up quick; Lucy has fainted. She was just beginning to tell us all about it, when in a moment she went quite off." I hastened up the remainder of the slope in company with my new friends, to find the brave girl quite insensible, her head resting on the lap of a lady, evidently her mother.

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not to be wished. We don't expect to become heroes of a domestic drama every day. Ha, ha, but by Jove, it was very lucky. Lucy saw you."

"After this evening followed a succession of the most delightful hours I had ever known; morning, evening and noon were spent in the company of my new acquaintances, and at the end of a very short time those acquaintances had become fast friends.

The Rev. W. R. Alger, in "Friendships of Women," says: "Still more costly honors than Artemis lavished on her mausoleum did the great Mogul, Shah Jahan, pay to his idolized wife, Mumtaz Mahal. She died in 1631 in giving birth to a daughter. Shah Jahan's love for this exquisite being appears to have been supreme and inflexible. After her death he at once set his architects to work with 20,000 laborers, to build a memorial worthy of her loveliness and of his grief.

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Ice Water.

The Cincinnati Commercial has recently published a series of articles pointing out the evil effects of ice water, and condemning its use in the strongest terms.

"Ice-water arrests digestion, if it does not absolutely drip out all animal heat, and it is not returned till the water is raised to the temperature required to carry it on."

But the ice water goes down all the same, and finally finally are called in to take a farewell look at one whom a mysterious Providence had called to a climate where, so far as its known, ice water is not used.

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Science and the Sea Serpent.

Professor Proctor, the well-known English astronomer, has an inclination toward a belief in the sea serpent which has taxed people's credulity for so long a time.

"I think it may interest your readers to jot down a few facts of which are not commonly known, I believe, while others are commonly overlooked or forgotten."

1. A great number of foolish stories have been told about the sea serpent by anonymous hoaxers, so that, 2. Persons of known name are apt to be ashamed, rather than otherwise, to describe any sea creature (or appearance) which they suppose to be the sea serpent.

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"Wait here," she said, "and I will run to the inn for help; I won't be long. There, lean against that thermometer we find that our endeavors notwithstanding, there is still no increase in the temperature. How shall we now proceed?"