

THE WEEKLY ENTERPRISE. AN INDEPENDENT PAPER. FOR THE Business Man, the Farmer and the FAMILY CIRCLE. PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY AT THE OFFICE—Corner of Fifth and Main streets Oregon City, Oregon. D.C. IRELAND, Proprietor.

BUSINESS CARDS. LADD & TILTON, BANKERS, PORTLAND, OREGON. Will give prompt attention to collections, and other business pertaining to Banking, Sight and Telegraphic Exchange On San Francisco and the Atlantic States for sale. Government Securities bought and sold.

THE WOODMAN'S REPLY. "Oh, woodman, spare that tree." No, mum; this 'ere tree, Can't be no longer spared, It ain't no odds to me— If Muster Brown was spared, But Muster Brown sez: 'I Green, And what he say he mean, Sure-ly; do; Muster Brown.

WHAT CONSTITUTES A LOTTERY. The law imposing this tax is found in subdivision 6 of section 79 of the Internal Revenue act of June 30, 1864, as amended by the act of July 13, 1866, (14 Stat. at large 116) which reads as follows: "Lottery ticket dealers shall pay one hundred dollars. Every person, association, firm or corporation, which shall make, sell, or offer to sell lottery tickets or fractional parts thereof, or any token, certificate or device representing or intending to represent a lottery ticket or any fractional part thereof, or any policy of numbers in any lottery, or shall manage any lottery, or superintend the drawing of any lottery, shall be deemed a lottery ticket dealer."

THE DECAY OF MEMORY. In old age, the brain loses its power to receive new images, to restore bygone impressions, to connect different images, or to apply general laws to specific instances. That which ennobles the man has passed away; the outward form remains, but the inward structure has lost its power to act. Childhood again ensues—not to acquire new ideas, but to forget those before implanted. All that is beautiful and desirable in this world has passed away—the brain has lost its power—the mind ceases—the very existence of the man is unknown to himself till death gives rise to a new life, and discloses that new and glorious state in which our organization teaches us that man will be immortal and immortal.

How RAMSAY PAID HIS RENT.—Wit is sometimes worse money, but then it is quite essential to have a good-natured customer to deal with. When Allen Ramsay, a well known Scotch poet, began life, he was so poor that he could not meet his first year's rent. After it became due he met his landlord and explained his circumstances, and expressed his distress at his failure to meet his obligations. The jolly landlord was quite kind to him, and said that as he was a lad of some genius he would give him a chance to cancel his debt without paying a shilling. "If," said the creditor, "you'll give me a rhymer answer to four questions in as many minutes, I'll quit you the rent altogether." Allen said he would try. The questions were: "What does God love? What does the Devil love? What does I love?" Ramsay wrote:

God loves me when he favors from sin; The Devil loves me when he persists therein; The world loves me when riches on him flow; And you'd love me when riches on him flow. "The rent is paid," said the farmer, giving his ingenious tenant a hearty slap on the shoulder.

The London correspondent of the New York News says the Abyssinian expedition was costing England \$25,000,000 per annum, for freight alone, and the liberated prisoners have cost Great Britain \$14,500,000 each. English tax payers do not like the figures, but the dishonor of the nation is not threatened by repudiation. We Americans have a debt of \$71 of every head; England has a debt of \$140 on every head. We acquired our fighting for liberty and the nation's life; they for conquest, and the release of subjects. We talk of repudiation and chicanery; they pay. If England can pay her debt honestly, why shall we not pay ours?