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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.

THE WEALTH OF OREGON shall at all times constitute the paramount interest to which our columns will be devoted.

POPULATION AND MONEY seeking profitable places, to that channel which is now making this the focus of the globe.

AGRICULTURE will continue to receive that attention which it merits, at the hands of every intelligent Journalist.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION: Single Copy for year, \$3.00. Six months, \$2.00. Three months, \$1.00.

CLUB RATES: Five Copies, 1 year, \$12.50 each. One copy, 1 year, \$3.00.

TERMS OF ADVERTISING: Transient advertisements, including all legal notices, 25 cts. per line, 1 w. \$ 2.50.

BOOK AND JOB PRINTING: The Enterprise office is supplied with beautiful, approved styles of type, and modern machinery.

BUSINESS CARDS: DR. F. BARCLAY, (Formerly Surgeon to the Hon. H. B. Co.) OFFICE—At Residence, Main Street Oregon City, Oregon.

W. H. WATKINS, M. D., SURGEON, PORTLAND, OREGON. OFFICE—25 Front Street—Residence corner of Main and Seventh streets.

IMPERIAL MILLS. Savier, LaRogue & Co., OREGON CITY. (Late Daly & Stevens.)

WM. BROUGHTON, Contractor and Builder, Main St., OREGON CITY. Will attend to all work in his line.

DAVID SMITH, Successor to SMITH & MARSHALL, Black-Smith and Wagon Maker, Corner of Main and Third streets, Oregon City, Oregon.

KOSI LAND BROTHERS, PORTLAND AUCTION STORE, 97 First St., Portland, Oregon. Next Door to Post Office.

ARMES & DALLAM, Importers and Sellers of Wood and Willow Ware, Brushes, Trunks, Corsets, etc., and all varieties of Goods.

W. F. HIGHFIELD, Established since 1849, at the old stand, Main Street, Oregon City, Oregon.

CLARK GREENMAN, City Drayman, OREGON CITY. All orders for the delivery of merchandise.

John Nestor, Architect, OFFICE IN CARTER'S BUILDING, Front St., Portland Oregon.

FIRST-CLASS RESIDENCES, Business Houses, Halls, Churches, Taverns, Cottages, Suburban Residences, and all descriptions of Brick and Frame Buildings Designed and Planned.

REMOVAL! THE JEWELRY Establishment of J. B. Miller HAS BEEN REMOVED To No. 101 Front St., corner of Alder Street's New Building, Portland, In Chas. Woodard's Drug Store.

Job Printing Neatly Executed at the ENTERPRISE OFFICE.

BUSINESS CARDS.

C. P. FERRY, BROKER, PORTLAND, OREGON. Care, Front and Washington Sts. Agent North British and Mercantile Insurance Company, and Manhattan Life Insurance Company.

JOHNSON & McCOWN, Notary Public, Oregon City, Oregon. Will attend to all business entrusted to our care in any of the Courts of the State.

Mitchell, Dolph & Smith, Attorneys and Counsellors at Law, Solicitors in Chancery, and Practitioners in Admiralty.

GIBBS & PARRISH, Attorneys and Counsellors at Law, Portland, Oregon. OFFICE—On Alder Street, in Carter's brick block.

JOHN M. BAGON, Justice of the Peace & City Recorder. Office—In the Court House and City Council Room, Oregon City.

Dr. J. H. HATCH, Dentist, 125 Main St., Oregon City. The patronage of those desiring First Class Operations, is respectfully solicited.

HOME AGAIN. During my four or two years in the Eastern States I have spent a great deal of money.

CHAUNCEY BELL, Successor to Gordon & Co., Manufacturers of Wagons and Carriages, 201 and 203 Front St., Portland, Oregon.

A LARGE INVOICE OF NEW Sunday School and Gift Books! From the AMERICAN TRACT SOCIETY.

JAMES L. DALY, (Late Daly & Stevens.) GENERAL AGENT, Office—No. 104 Front Street, Portland, Oregon.

BELL & PARKER, DRUGGISTS, Wholesale and Retail Dealers in Chemicals, Patent Medicines, Paints, Perfumery, Oils, Varnishes, etc.

MARBLE WORK. MONROE & MELLETT, Dealers in California, Vermont, and Italian Marbles, Obelisks, Monuments, Head and Foot Stones.

J. F. MILLER & Co., MANUFACTURERS OF AND DEALERS IN Boots and Shoes! At the Oregon City Boot and Shoe Store, Main Street.

WILLIS & BROUGHTON, Having purchased the interest of S. C. Grant in the well known LIVERY STABLE.

R. E. CHATFIELD, Wholesale and Retail Dealer in Garden and Field Seeds of all Kinds. PRODUCE AND COMMISSION.

OREGON Seed Store! R. E. CHATFIELD, Wholesale and Retail Dealer in Garden and Field Seeds of all Kinds.

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Conceited Little Grasshopper.

There was a little grasshopper, Forever on the jump— And as he never looked ahead, He often got a bump.

His mother said to him one day, As they were in the stubble, If you don't look before you leap, You'll get yourself in trouble.

This silly little grasshopper Despaired his wise old mother, And said he knew what to do, And bade her not to bother.

He hurried off across the fields— An unknown path he took— When, oh! he gave a heedless jump, And landed in a brook.

He struggled hard to reach the bank, A floating straw he seized— When, quick, a hungry trout darted out, And tears him all to pieces.

Good little boys and girls, heed well Your mother's wise advice: Before you move, look carefully— Before you speak, think twice.

Jessie's Dollar.

'Twas something to buy sugar-plums with, Uncle Mark said, with a good-bye to his little niece, Jessie.

She then kissed him and gave him a good hard hug, by way of showing her gratitude. After he had gone, she opened her hand and smoothed out the crumpled note. It was a dollar.

Jessie Marsh was used to having considerable spending money. Uncles, aunts and cousins kept her pretty well supplied.

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REVERDY JOHNSON.

The Sacramento Union gets after this old gentleman, in the following style: 'It would now appear that for all the bungling of Reverdy Johnson, we have him and not John Bull to blame.'

Jessie talked to Jamie and Charlie awhile, and listened to the praises of her own dear mamma, who was always doing a kind act for everybody.

A woman in a faded shawl was standing by the untidy corner. She had been binding some shoes, and brought them home.

'I can't give it to you, because I haven't a cent in the place,' Mr. Gregg was saying. 'People won't pay me, and I can not pay others.'

'But we actually haven't anything in the house—not a mouthful of dinner even!' and here the poor woman's tremulous voice broke down.

Jessie felt like crying, too, but she winked away the tears with a great effort. Then she asked Mr. Gregg about Clara's shoes.

'Then they are,' he said, and nodded his head toward a stout pair standing on a little shelf. 'Good, strong ones, too, and dirt cheap, and yet they can't pay for them. I'm done trusting; it's a poor plan, and it keeps me like a beggar.'

'Will you let me have them if I give you a dollar now, and promise to pay the rest if they can't?' Jessie asked bravely.

'Yes, Miss.' 'Out came Jessie's dollar! Spent for a pair of coarse shoes that had not a bit of beauty or grace, like the fairy of the doll, or twenty other things.'

The poor woman approached again: 'O Mr. Gregg!' 'Well, take it,' he said ungraciously.

'The thin fingers clattered nervously, and she almost started at Jessie. 'Will you send them down to Mrs. Adams to-night? I'll ask papa for the rest of the money. How much is it?'

'Only a dollar. Cheap enough, I must say; but I do my work for about nothing.'

When Jessie was in the fresh air, trying to breathe out the smell of wet leather and shoemaker's wax, a hand was laid upon her shoulder.

'Heaven bless you, child, a faint voice said. 'You have done a kind deed for a friend, and been the means of blessing a stranger. My poor old mother and I were absolutely at starvation point. God must have sent you a helper.'

Jessie's heart swelled to full utterance. The temptations in Warner's window were nothing to her then. She ran down the street with a light, happy heart.

'How late you are,' Mrs. Marsh said, as Jessie entered. 'It was dusk in the cosy sitting room.'

'Mamma,' she said presently, 'I must tell you; I have spent my dollar. And I have had such an odd time! I'm satisfied though.'

'Then Jessie told her mother the whole story. Mrs. Marsh kissed her tenderly.

But that was not the end of it. Jessie's dollar was likely to have quite a history of its own.

Some time after, on one Saturday, old Matt, who came up to the Marsh's to do chores and rough work, made his appearance in a good warm, woolen jacket.

'How nice and comfortable you are, Matt,' Mrs. Marsh said. 'I was thinking, a few days ago, how much you needed such a garment.'

'And it came to me most like a present; a queer sort of way that I wasn't counting on. There's a poor woman who does a little sewing, and binds shoes for Mr. Gregg. She came over to our house for leaves of bread, and she'd run up quite a bill when she stopped. For awhile I didn't hear anything of her. We'll never ask the poor creature for it; I said to mother: but Wednesday she brought a dollar to pay up the back and get some more bread. So says mother: 'Now, Matt, you must have a jacket right away, for I never expected to get this money at all. And I have fifty cents that I can put to it, and it will just do.' So now I shan't be so likely to get the rheumatism in my shoulders. The Lord sends everything round about right.'

Jessie glanced up at her mother. Her dollar had benefited even Matt. 'Will you tell me where this poor woman lives?' Mrs. Marsh asked, and that afternoon she and Jessie set out to find her, and were in time to rescue two human beings from starvation.

'What a wonderful dollar!' Uncle Mark said, as Jessie, sitting on the bed, recounted its adventures. 'I think I'll have to put some more out in the same fashion.'

THE DISCOVERY OF AMERICA.

Baron Humboldt rightly assigns an earlier date than that of Columbus to the actual discovery of the American continent. Rejecting as exploded the tale of tribes speaking the Celtic dialect having been found on the coast of Virginia, we are bound by very sufficient proofs to admit that the coasts of Labrador and New England were known to the Icelanders and Norwegians, through their intervening settlements, more than eight centuries ago—that they partially settled Vineland—as they called the country forming the New England States—and that a Bishop went on a Christian mission to the colonies thus established. These narratives, hitherto known and accredited by a few only, have of late years received ample confirmation from the researches of Rafn, the greatest northern scholar of the times. The documents which he obtained and published, attest not only the act of discovery, but dictate by the course and length of the voyage, by the time of sunrise, and other curious particulars, the exact coasts discovered, including Newfoundland, Nova Scotia, Massachusetts, etc. Humboldt speaks of Lief as the discoverer of America; and perhaps he may be so regarded from the extent of his southern course—though we find reasons to believe that Labrador had already been visited in A. D. 1001, by Biorn Heriolfson, an Icelandic navigator. The records of this event, both numerous and authentic, come to us from that extraordinary island of Iceland, which during the eleventh, twelfth, and thirteenth centuries, created and maintained, amidst its snows and volcanic fires a literature which would have honored the happiest clime of Europe. Succeeding the period thus signalled to us, a series of physical and social calamities extinguished this great northern light, at which time, and in the same storm, we lose sight of the land of Vineland, and all traces of this remarkable discovery disappear. Should we ever regain them, it must probably be to the American coast itself. But the simple Norsemen left behind them no temples or palaces, like those of Nimrod, to be disintegrated for the admiration and instruction of distant ages and written records alone remain to attest this ancient discovery.

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Jessie felt like crying, too, but she winked away the tears with a great effort. Then she asked Mr. Gregg about Clara's shoes.

'Then they are,' he said, and nodded his head toward a stout pair standing on a little shelf. 'Good, strong ones, too, and dirt cheap, and yet they can't pay for them. I'm done trusting; it's a poor plan, and it keeps me like a beggar.'

'Will you let me have them if I give you a dollar now, and promise to pay the rest if they can't?' Jessie asked bravely.

'Yes, Miss.' 'Out came Jessie's dollar! Spent for a pair of coarse shoes that had not a bit of beauty or grace, like the fairy of the doll, or twenty other things.'

The poor woman approached again: 'O Mr. Gregg!' 'Well, take it,' he said ungraciously.

'The thin fingers clattered nervously, and she almost started at Jessie. 'Will you send them down to Mrs. Adams to-night? I'll ask papa for the rest of the money. How much is it?'

'Only a dollar. Cheap enough, I must say; but I do my work for about nothing.'

When Jessie was in the fresh air, trying to breathe out the smell of wet leather and shoemaker's wax, a hand was laid upon her shoulder.

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THE ELECTION OF GRANT.

The London Times has an American editor. This department has been added to its leading columns since the war. In a late issue, November 5th, it says: 'As was expected with all confidence beforehand, General Grant had been elected President of the United States. The Northern States generally have supported him. In New York, which contributes thirty-three votes to the Electoral College, it is probable that the Democratic candidate has the advantage by a small majority; but in the other important and populous States of Pennsylvania, Ohio, Illinois, Indiana, and Massachusetts, the vote for Grant and Colfax largely predominates. It is a wonderful result of science and general organization that the opinion of an immense population shall be taken in a single day over a territory as large as all Europe, and that in less than twenty-four hours after the close of the polls the issue of the contest, with the approximate number of votes given in each State, should be known in the capitals of the Old World. Such a triumph of civilization is more impressive than the event just recorded, and it causes us to remember how independent of political action are the forces which most impel the human race in the path of progress.'

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THE COLD EYE.

We read in an Eastern paper that a man recently hung, said on the scaffold: 'I am a sinner; I am guilty of the murder charged upon me. For one little error in my life my relatives and friends turned upon me a cold eye,' and he wept like a child. These few words told the man's life. He erred. No kindly words of forgiveness fell upon his ear. No soft looks of encouragement met his gaze. The cold eye met him in his path. He fell before it. He arose. But it still haunted him. It was photographed in his sleeping and waking hours. It stared at him from every corner of daily existence. It drove him from the altar of repentance, from the font of good resolves, from the fragrant vase of hope. He left the free and upright walks of life and sauntered in meditation, regrets and despondency, in the haunts of vice. The good turned against him. The bad invited him on. He was a poor, weak man. One kind look, one friendly look, might have snatched him from the sea of crime which led him to the gallows. Who may tell his struggles? Who may tell the conflict in his heart where vice triumphed? He was the victim of a cold eye. Every day repeats the story.

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