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THE WEEKLY ENTERPRISE. AN INDEPENDENT PAPER, FOR THE BUSINESS MAN, THE FARMER AND THE FAMILY CIRCLE.

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY. 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.

THE MARKETS will be watched carefully, and such information as we shall be able to compile will be published.

MANUFACTURERS are earnestly requested to inform us with respect to those various interests, to the end that we may be able to make the Enterprise as near an encyclopedia of the business of Oregon as can be.

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

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One Dollar and Twenty-Five Cents. Will be allowed as Commission on each additional five Subscribers.

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

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

IMPERIAL MILLS. Savier, LaRoque & Co., OREGON CITY. Keep constantly on hand for sale, four Millinery, Steam and Cotton Cloth.

WM. BRIGHTON, Contractor and Builder, Main st., OREGON CITY. Will attend to all work in his line, including the building of Churches and Jalous work.

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

KOSLAND BROTHERS, PORTLAND AUCTION STORE, 97 First st., Portland, Next Door to Post Office.

ARMES & DALLAM, Importers and Jobbers of Staple and Fancy Dry Goods, Grain bags, Burleys, farming Goods, etc.

W. F. HIGHFIELD, Established since 1844 at the old stand, Main Street, Oregon City, Oregon.

CLARK GREENMAN, City Drayman, OREGON CITY. All orders for the delivery of merchandise or packages and freight of whatever description, to any part of the city, will be executed promptly and with care.

HOME MANUFACTURE. J. E. PATTON, Successor to HIGGINS & COMPANY, No. 8 Front Street, Portland, Oregon.

Removal! THE JEWELRY Establishment of J. B. Miller has been removed to No. 101 Front st., corner of Allen Carter's New Building, Portland.

WILLIAMS & BROUGHTON, Wholesale and Retail Dealer in Garden and Field Seeds of all kinds. PRODUCE AND COMMISSION. First street, Portland Oregon, Near the Western Hotel.

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BUSINESS CARDS.

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

JOHNSON & McCOWN, 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, Late Mack & Hatch, DENTIST. The patronage of those desiring First Class Operations, is respectfully solicited.

DR. J. G. GLENN, Successor to Gordon & Co., MANUFACTURER OF Wagons & Carriages, 201 and 203 Front st., Portland, Oregon.

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THE BEST SELECTION OF Ladies', Gents', Boys', and Children's Boots and Shoes, on hand or made to order.

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

OREGON Seed Store! B. E. CHATFIELD, Wholesale and Retail Dealer in Garden and Field Seeds of all kinds. PRODUCE AND COMMISSION. First street, Portland Oregon, Near the Western Hotel.

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LOOKING OUT INTO THE NIGHT.

Looking out into the night, I beheld in space afar Yonder beaming, blazing star; And I marvel at the night, Of the Giver of the rays, And I worship as I gaze, Looking out into the night.

Looking out into the night, I spy two lovers near, And their happy words I hear, While their solemn troth they plight; And I bless the loving twain, Half in pleasure, half in pain— Looking out into the night.

Looking out into the night, Lo!—a woman passing by, Glancing round with anxious eye, Trembling—fearful of the light; And I think what might have been, But for treachery and sin— Looking out into the night.

Looking out into the night, I behold a distant sail, Roughly beaten by the gale, 'Till it vanishes from sight; And I ponder on the strife Of our dearest human life— Looking out into the night.

Looking out into the night, I bethinks me of the rest And rapture of the blest In the land where all is light; Sitting on the heavenly shore, Weeping never—never more, "Looking out into the night!"

A SEARCH FOR A VOCATION. I was dusting the parlor; and I don't remember that I ever dusted the parlor without bringing the furniture to grief in some way or other; and, indeed, if I have no other gift, I do possess a faculty, a genius, for destroying whatever I touch. I don't know that it has increased with years, though it should have been so, if practice makes perfect; I might better say that it was given to me all ready perfected, and has remained so ever since.

I was so well known to possess this power that it was like signing the death warrant of crockery to let me put my foot in the kitchen; for, figuratively, as well as literally, I always "put my foot in it."

Now that it is slung; but in my opinion slung is superior to elegance, because it is terse and vigorous, and always comes straight to the point; while, if you want to be smooth, you may go round Robin Hood's barn and have your labor for your pains.

Let it stand either way: I was always multiplying adverse situations; I was always putting my foot in it; the fact remains the same. This morning I did my duty as usual, and overturned a pot of verbenas on the carpet.

"Well, Jane," said my mother's voice, in the next room; "what now?" She spoke resignedly, having anticipated some catastrophe.

My sister Sue put her head in the door and surveyed the ruins. "She has only tipped over my verbenas, mamma," was her ironical remark. "I'm glad it's no worse. I'll have it brushed up in a minute."

She had the dusting pan and brush in a miraculously short time, and was removing the traces of the disaster, while I stood and watched her, helplessly.

"I didn't dare to go off to school," she said, glancing up at me mischievously. "Bridget said you had the duster, and I knew there'd be something to pay. Do you know, Jane, I always want to run for a pail of water when I see you approach the stove; and I think whether I've seventy-five cents change when you go near a window?"

"Very good of you," said I, shortly. "It's an affectionate desire I feel to save you from yourself, my dear. I'll do the dusting. Please finish giving baby his breakfast."

Long misfortune had made me meek, and I went without a word. I think I displayed quite as much heroism in my unhesitating obedience as did the Six Hundred riding into the valley of death; for I was sure of another blunder.

The baby appeared lamb-like and sleepy. The prospect was good. I did my best; but, dear me, how easily a child gets choked! and when a child is taken up to be slapped on the shoulders for its easement, who could calculate on its wanting to attach itself to the table cloth and refusing to "leave go?"

This baby refused to let go, and dragged the cloth persistently, notwithstanding its strangled condition, until it had accomplished the downfall of its bread and milk, and the utter destruction of two or three glasses.

My mother and Sue both rushed to the rescue, and the first exclaimed, "Well, I did not care about going on. It was apparent that I had the gift of verse; but this was a youthful effort. I could improve upon it. Let's see: I had rhymed noon, soon, spoon, spoon, noon, and face

with moon. Showed considerable versatility of expression, I had the moon watching the sea, that looked like a silver spoon. I had her weaving herself a cloud cooing, listening to my croon, and finally singing a tone with all the stars.

To think of it! I, Jane Spinney, a poetess! Why, I should give the name distinction, and the family would be proud of me. I was a duck among chickens, and I had found the water. I had found my vocation. I had only to go to work and astonish the world!

There was the L—— magazine. I could make a very nice debut on its aristocratic pages; besides, we had it. Wouldn't it be fun to see folks reading my verses—under a nom de plume, of course?

A nom de plume. "Lina Lawton" No; something original was better. "Blinkerton Bass"? That was rather coarse, and my initials wouldn't attract notice. After all, nothing could be better than that wonderful fancy of mine about the "Spinning Jenny." Capital. "Twenty Years Ago, by Spinning Jenny."

I was looking for my inkstand in order to commence at once, when my mother opened the door: "Oh, Jane, haven't you your dress changed? Your aunt and the children are down stairs; can't you go and amuse them?"

Here was injustice! It was a poetess to amuse children! I was all of a piece. The world would never appreciate me if I didn't find time to make it.

I will not describe the fiery trials through which I passed before I had a chance to commence the poem which was to make me immortal. All that day I was a martyr—the slave of Alvina Matilda Jenks, Lucretia Ann Jenks, and Conrad Wallace Jenks. When I passed the hall clock in the evening it seemed to tick mournfully and monotonously, "Dime—per-die-dime—per die-die!"

The next morning, before Sue had her eyes fairly open, I was dressed and sitting at the window in a meditative and inspired state. I was quoting some "lines" which every one quotes who quotes at all—the usual fandango about the "rosy morning," when Sue rather brought me out of my glorified condition by audibly expressing the opinion that I was either crazy or fast becoming so.

"FATHER COME HOME."

Music has drawn many a heart back from yielding to a temptation it was upon the point of doing, and binds the world together in stronger bonds of brotherhood than anything else of humanizing tendency. But how much more effective when aided by a little dramatic effect. A London correspondent gives an affecting description of the singing of the pathetic ballad of "Father come home," in one of the London theatres, which left but a few dry eyes in the house, and almost have nerved the stronger resolution of any present who were in the habit of giving away to the weakness and wickedness of intoxicating drinks to excess.

This correspondent, describing the scene, says that the lady singer came in front of the curtain, amidst great applause, and commenced "Father dear father," &c. Every word was distinct, and she sang the ballad with great feeling. In order, however, to fully describe the scene which follows each verse, it is necessary to give little Mary's song:

Father, dear father, come home with me now, The clock in the steeple strikes one; [gong] You said you was coming right home from the shop, As soon as your day's work was done, The fire has gone out—our house is all dark, And mother's been watching since tea, With poor little Benny so sick in her arms, And no one to help her but me.

Come home, come home, come home, Please, father, dear father, come home— At the conclusion of the last line the drop scene drew up, disclosing the father sitting at the door of a public house, in a drunken bemuddled state, with pipe and pot before him. Little Mary was trying to drag him from his seat, at the same time pointing to a curtain behind her, as she took up the refrain from the lady and touchingly sang, "Come home," etc. This other curtain was now drawn aside, disclosing a wretched room, the poor mother sitting on the ground with a sickly-looking boy in her lap, and in the act of feeding him with a spoon. Simultaneously with the drawing of the curtain, the limelight was brought to bear upon the tableau, giving them a truly startling effect. After a moment or two the act drop came down, and the lady proceeded:

Father, dear father, come home with me now, The clock in the steeple strikes two; [gong] The night has grown colder, and Benny is worse, But he has been calling for you: Indeed he is worse—another says he will die, Perhaps before morning shall dawn, And this was the message she sent me to bring— Come quickly or he will be gone.

Come home, come home, come home, Please, father, dear father, come home. The act drop rises again, and now the child has hold of the pewter pot, trying to take it from the drunken parent, and she continues the last two lines, "Come home," etc., the other curtain is drawn aside, and we next see the child stretched out on its mother's lap, and as it just rises its little head and falls back with a gasp, with the lime light reflecting strongly upon it, there was a reality about the whole terrible to view. Sobs were heard from all parts of the hall, coming from the female portion of the audience, while tears trickled down many a male cheek. We have seen "Susan Hopely," "The Stranger," "Jane Shore," "East Lynn," and other affective pieces played, but never before did we witness such a scene of general crying. The principal feature called to mind the picture of the "Sister of Mercy," with a dying child in her lap, and the death was fearfully natural. Even the lady who sang the song was affected, and could scarcely proceed with the third verse:

Father, dear father, come home with me now, The clock in the steeple strikes three; [gong] The house is so lonely—the hours are so long, For poor weeping mother and me. Yes, we are alone—poor Benny is dead! And gone with the angels of light! And these were the very last words that she said: "I want to kiss papa good night."

Come home, come home, come home, Please, father, dear father, come home. Again the drop arose, disclosing little Mary on her knees appealing to her father, who, with pot elevated, in the act of striking her with it, as she sings, "Come home," and then the back curtain draws aside, showing the mother praying over a child's coffin. But now the sobs burst out still more freely, and two females were carried out fainting. The scene was truly harrowing, and we gladly turned our eyes away.

An additional verse was sung, about "Poor Benny" being with the angels above. The father, sober and beautiful as of old, is weeping over the coffin with his mother.

"Mother," said a little boy the other day, "why are orphans the happiest children on the earth?" "They are not—why do you ask?" "Cause they have no mothers to whip them?"

THE CHEMISTRY OF A TEAR.

The principal element, the primo ingredient, so to say, of a tear is water; this water, upon dissolution, contains a few hundredth parts of the substance called mucus, and a small portion of salt, of soda, of phosphate of lime, and of phosphate of soda. It is the salt and the soda that give to tears that peculiar savor which earned for tears the epithet of "salt" at the hand of Greek poets, and that of "bitter" at that of ours; "salt" is however, the more correct term of the two. When a tear dries the water evaporates and leaves behind it a deposit of the saline ingredients; these amalgamate, and, as seen through the microscope, array themselves in long crossed lines, which look like diminutive fish-bones.

Tears are secreted by a gland called the "lachrymal gland," which is situated above the eye ball, and underneath the upper eyelid on the side nearest the temple. Six or seven exceedingly fine channels flow from it along and under the surface of the eyelid, discharging their contents a little above the delicate cartilage which supports the lid. It is these channels or canals that carry the tears into the eye. But tears do not flow only at certain moments and under certain circumstances, as might be supposed; their flow is continuous all day and all night (although less abundantly during sleep) they trickle softly from their slender sluices, and spread glistening over the surface of the pupil and eyeball, giving them that bright, enamel, and limpid look which is one of the characteristic signs of health. It is the ceaseless movement and contraction of the eyelids that effect the regular spreading of the tears; and the flow of these has need to be constantly renewed in the way just mentioned, because tears not only evaporate after a few seconds, but also are carried away through two little drains, called "lachrymal points," and situated in the corner of the eye near the nose. Thus, all tears, after leaving the eyelids, flow into the nostrils, and if the reader will assure himself of this, he has only to notice, unpoetical as the fact may be, that a person after crying much is always obliged to make a twofold use of his or her pocket-handkerchief.

The utility of tears to animals in general, and in particular to those who are exposed much to the dust, such as birds who live amidst the winds, is easy to understand; for the eye would soon be dirtied and blocked up, like an uncleaned window-pane, had not nature provided this friendly ever-flowing stream to wash and refresh it. A very little fluid is necessary to keep the eye always clear and clean; but here again we must admire the wonderful mechanism which works the human body, for it is to be observed that when, through some accident or hurt, the eyeball has need of more water than usual to cleanse it, nature at once turns on a more abundant supply of tears. Thus, for instance, when a grain of dust, or an insect creeps into the eye, the eyelids at once fill and run over with tears, and these not only alleviate the pain, but also, when the object is small enough, carry it away down the two small conduits already noticed. The same things occur when either smoke, too vivid light, or too intense cold obscures the sight—tears at once come to our relief, and protect the eye from harm.

With regard to other than physical tears the explanation to be given of them is a very material one. Tears are caused both by the sudden and rapid flow of blood to the head and by excessive nervous excitement. They are most frequent with women and children, whose nervous organization is less strong than that of men. Among men, it is those of sanguine or nervous temperaments who weep most often. Lymphatic natures, on the contrary, and people of bilious temperament, rarely weep at all; the former because they have commonly but little sensibility, and the latter because they have usually a firm control over their feelings. When, therefore, a man of lymphatic-bilious temperament is seen to shed tears under emotion, one may feel sure that the innermost nerves of his heart have been wrong, and one must bow one's head in respect before a man whose pangs must be intense.

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THE POETRY OF DEATH.

A short time ago a benevolent man in San Francisco, took an invalid man in the hospital, and had him cared for and restored to health in his own house. The good man had a beautiful daughter, of some fourteen years, and the invalid having been much in her society and under her gentle care, fell unaccountably in love. But the young girl meant but the kindness of humanity, and could make no return of his passion. His attentions were forbidden, and, as the tragic sequel proved, the young man's reason was overthrown. Having first attempted to poison the whole family, he crept to the girl's room in the night, and having murdered the object of his idolatry, blew out his own brains.

It is, of course, impossible to think that Laurentz Jacobson was in his right senses when the terrible crime was committed, and it would require the analytical genius of the opium-eating author of "Murder as a Fine Art," to follow the operations of his mind from the inception of the dreadful purpose to its tragic and appalling consummation. Suffice it to say that we have never read, either of reality or romance, anything more shocking to human sensibilities, or more deeply melancholy in his associations. It seems that that which at first may have been pure and fervent love, became transformed to ghastly murder in the horrid laboratory of despair.

The poor girl survived her assassin some twenty-four hours, and she spoke only once, saying, "Pa, I am cold." But amid all that had been so sorrowful, so heart-breaking, so unspeakably crashing in that household, there befel an incident, there came something memorably beautiful—hopes like the descent of angels to a vale of shadows. The school companions of the little sufferer gathered about the house, and the physicians not permitting them to enter the room where she was lying they remained outside all day, and some of them all night; and when she was dead, hundreds of sympathetic young friends accompanied her body to the grave. Such a mournful cortege of youth, beauty and purity had never been seen in that city of impulse and passion. And so, borne away to Lone Mountain, as it were in the white, round arms of girlish affection, and pressed in thought to snowy bosoms heaving impetuous sorrow for her misfortunes, the hopeless Miss McDonald was buried in the very Poetry of Death.

We are reminded of Colonel Baker's words at the dedication of Lone Mountain Cemetery, ringing like a silver trumpet in the Valley and Shadow of Death: "Hither shall come the pale maiden from the stricken homes of affection; hither shall come the grim warrior, all gory from the field of strife." Has it not been? And going before none of these melancholy processions, has there been any speechless traveler more beautiful than she who has so sadly fulfilled the prophesy, no warrior so glorious, so lamented and immortal as he who uttered it. But, solemn and dirge-like as the voices are that come up from the troubled ocean; ghostly and pall-like as the shadows are that overcast those sorrowful heights, all is not gloomy and hopeless and chilling to the heart. It cannot be that God had created one so beautiful, so innocent, so good, to be lost forever in the dreadful vortex of Annihilation? The gentlest flower that is cut down by the frost, the sweetest leaf that is whirled in the gales of Autumn, is restored at the next coronation of the year; and though this Scottish "Lass o' Gowrie" will be found no more among the heather-blossoms around her father's home, she will be found as radiant and expectant on the farther shore, not pale and disfigured by the cruel implements of murder, but glorious and exultant in the vigor and beauty of eternal life.

—The walls of Peking are 60 feet high and 40 feet wide at the top, forming a fine promenade of near 25 miles around the city. A partition wall divides the Tartar from the Chinese city, and four gates, at the north, south, east and west, afford the only means for passing the walls, and these are opened and closed with the sun.

—"Mother," said a little boy the other day, "why are orphans the happiest children on the earth?" "They are not—why do you ask?" "Cause they have no mothers to whip them?"

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With regard to other than physical tears the explanation to be given of them is a very material one. Tears are caused both by the sudden and rapid flow of blood to the head and by excessive nervous excitement. They are most frequent with women and children, whose nervous organization is less strong than that of men. Among men, it is those of sanguine or nervous temperaments who weep most often. Lymphatic natures, on the contrary, and people of bilious temperament, rarely weep at all; the former because they have commonly but little sensibility, and the latter because they have usually a firm control over their feelings. When, therefore, a man of lymphatic-bilious temperament is seen to shed tears under emotion, one may feel sure that the innermost nerves of his heart have been wrong, and one must bow one's head in respect before a man whose pangs must be intense.

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With regard to other than physical tears the explanation to be given of them is a very material one. Tears are caused both by the sudden and rapid flow of blood to the head and by excessive nervous excitement. They are most frequent with women and children, whose nervous organization is less strong than that of men. Among men, it is those of sanguine or nervous temperaments who weep most often. Lymphatic natures, on the contrary, and people of bilious temperament, rarely weep at all; the former because they have commonly but little sensibility, and the latter because they have usually a firm control over their feelings. When, therefore, a man of lymphatic-bilious temperament is seen to shed tears under emotion, one may feel sure that the innermost nerves of his heart have been wrong, and one must bow one's head in respect before a man whose pangs must be intense.

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