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THE WEEKLY ENTERPRISE.

A DEMOCRATIC PAPER,

FOR THE

Business Man, the Farmer

And the FAMILY CIRCLE.

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MY LITTLE WIFE.

The following exquisite love story is from the July number of Blackwood. It is by a new poet, David Wingate, a collier from his ninth year:

My little wife often round the church hill,
Sweet little, dear little, neat-footed Jane,
Walked slowly and lonely; and thoughtful until
The afternoon bell chimed its call o'er the plain;
And nothing seemed sweeter
To me than to meet her
And tell her what weather 'twas likely to be,
My heart the while glowing,
The selfish wish growing,
That all her affections were centered in me.

My life once—'tis strange, but 'tis true,—
Sweet little, dear little, love-troubled Jane,
So deeply absorbed in her day-dreaming grew,
The chimed and ceased, though she heard not
Its strain;
And I walking near her,
—May love ever cheer her
Who thinks all such wandering of sin void and free,—
Strove hard to persuade her
That He who made her
Had destined her heart-love for no one but me.

My little wife—well, perhaps this was wrong—
Sweet little, dear little, warm-hearted Jane,
Sat on the hill-side till her shadow grew long,
Nor tired of the preacher that thus could detain.
I argued so neatly,
And proved so completely,
That none but poor Andrew her husband could be,
She smiled when I blessed her,
And blushed when I kissed her,
And owned that she loved and would wed none but me.

ANCIENT RUINS IN NEVADA.

A correspondent of the N. York Tribune, in an account of the Morgan Exploring Expedition to south eastern Nevada and Utah, says:

"Fifty miles from Reese River we found the country well timbered, and in some places the valleys were susceptible of irrigation. A few enterprising farmers had already settled in one of the largest of these, which they had named Cedar Canon. Snipe, plover and quail were abundant, and our mess table was well supplied with them. At this point we bad adieu to civilization. Timber trees entirely disappeared, and we entered then large sandy valleys covered with sage, stunted bush, and a variety of sand-plants. One of these, the *mezquite*, is a shrub belonging to the family of the *mimosa*. It resembles in appearance our locust tree, is very thorny, bears yellow flowers and long pods which have a pleasant sour taste. On October 15th, in the centre of a large valley, we discovered some Indian salt works, but there were no signs of their having been lately used. In the southern section of the same valley was a curious collection of rocks, mounds and pillars, covering several acres in extent, and resembling the ruins of an ancient city.

We saw some remnants of what had once been arched with keystones still perfect, and a number of small stone pillars constructed with a peculiar kind of red mortar or cement, set upright about 20 feet apart, as if they had been used to support an aqueduct for conveying water from a large stream half a mile distant, into the outskirts of the city. In some places the lines of streets were made distinctly visible by the great regularity of the stones. These streets were now covered with sand many feet deep, and seemed to run at right angles to each other. Some of the stones had evidently been cut into squares with hard tools, although their forms had been nearly destroyed by centuries of time. The impression forced upon our minds was that the place had been once inhabited by human beings somewhat advanced in civilization.—Many traders noticed the existence of similar ruins in other sections of the country between the Rocky and Sierra Nevada Mountains.—They may probably be the sites of once flourishing fields and habitations of the ancient Aztecs."

Professer Hayden, who is prosecuting a geological survey of New Mexico, is pleased with the Spanish girls. He says that their eyes are brighter than diamonds, their voices sweeter than the sound of phonolithe, and that they can make pumpkin pies almost, if not quite as good as the New England girls.

The Fond du Lac (Wis.) *Reporter* says the present wet season has produced many curiosities in vegetation. In one garden there is a good crop of black raspberries, second crop, ripening on the bushes. School Commissioner Rapp has one wild crab-apple tree in full blossom, and another with young fruit on it, which blossomed two weeks ago.

THE PURSE OF GOLD.

Sarah Goodwin was the name of a poor seamstress residing in a large city. She was not wholly friendless, but those whom she knew, and who would have aided in her struggles, were very poor, and could not. So she, a widow, with four boys, from the ages of four to nine years, struggled through Winter's cold and Summer's heat, providing for her little family with bread; and that was all. Her boys were good children, always in their home after nightfall, and giving their mother every half-penny of their little earnings, as often as they found work to do. At last the mother fell sick, and through a weary illness she had no other attendance save the occasional help of a poor neighbor, and the constant aid of her little boys. It was touching to behold their kind ways, and to hear their gentle words. Everybody said that they would be blessed in coming years for their thoughtful love.

Morning and night they read together the Bible, and there they found a Savior—even Him who had loved them, and given Himself for them. The widow was an humble believer, and rejoiced in hope that her sins were forgiven her through the merits of Jesus, whom she truly loved, and in whom was all her hope.

The widow recovered; but it was now the middle of a bitter Winter, and their little stock of fuel was nearly gone. As soon as her strength permitted, she walked through the cold of a cheerless day to the shop of her employer, and told his manager her sad story. But he said it was hard times; her illness had made room for others as badly off as herself, and they had not one stitch of work to give her. With a sinking heart, but praying, to keep her courage up, the poor woman toiled on from shop to shop, until it became late; and what with tears and the darkness, she could hardly see her way home.

"If Mr. Hart had himself been there," she said to herself, bending to the strong wind, and drawing her scanty shawl closer about her form, "I know he would have given me work."

As she whispered thus through her chattering teeth, a tall gentleman passed by her, and as he did so, something fell to the ground, and lay upon the crusted snow.—Sarah paused: she had heard the noise made by the little packet, and a strange feeling led her to search for it. Oh joy! it was a purse, heavy, and lined to the brim; yellow and shining lay the gold within as she carried it toward a lighted window.

"My poor boys, they shall want for food no more!" she cried; "this is gold. I think that God must have put it in my way, for He saw I was in despair."

Suddenly, like a flash of lightning, the thought occurred to Sarah that not one half-penny of the treasure was honestly hers. But a moment she lingered, pressing the money with her numbed fingers, the sorrowful tears chasing down her thin cheeks; then, starting forward to find the owner of the purse, she walked hurriedly up the street, fearful that the temptation, should she arrive at her poor room and see her hungry children, might prove too strong for her honesty.

Opposite a great hotel, as she stood, thinking which way to take, she saw the stranger enter. She knew him by the long hair which curled to his shoulders, and, timidly crossing the street, she made her way into the hall, and there, bewildered by the light, she knew not what to say, till twice asked by a servant what she wanted.—Of course, she could do no more than describe the stranger by his tall stature and flowing hair. But he had already gone out again; she must call on the morrow, they said, and ask for Mr. Ashcraft.

The next mornig, having eaten nothing—for she could not touch a farthing of the money—she was admitted into the room where sat the stranger. He arose as she entered, and gazed with a curious air till she presented the purse. Then he started with a please surprise, laid down his paper, took the gold, and carefully counted it over.

"It is all safe," he said, "you have not taken———"

"Not one piece, sir," she cried eagerly, trembling as she spoke.

"You seem poor," remarked the stranger.

"I am poor," she replied.

"Got a family I suppose?"

"Four little boys, sir; I am a widow."

"Hump! so I suppose; that's the old story."

"Ask Mr. Hart, the tailor," cried the widow, stepping forward a little; "he knows me well; he knows that though I am poor I am honest."

A bright spot burned on her cheeks as she spoke, and she forced back the tears.

"Now confess," said the stranger, rising, and walking to and fro before the fire, "tell me, did you not expect a large reward for this?"

"I did think, perhaps——" and she turned with quivering lips to the door.

"Stop, stop!" cried the stranger; "you know you would never have returned the purse had you not expected to be well paid for it"

"Sir!" said the widow, her voice rising beyond its usual tone, and her thin form erect.

The stranger paused, holding the purse in his hand; then drawing forth a small coin, offered it to her.

For a moment she drew back; but then, remembering that her poor boys were hungry at home, and in bed because there was no fire, she burst into tears as she took it, saying, "This will buy bread for my poor children," and hurrying away, she buried the bitterness of that morning in her own heart.

It was four o'clock on the same day. Sarah Goodwin sat by a scanty fire, busy in sewing patches on the very poor clothes of her four boys.

"Run to the door, Jimmy," she said to the eldest, as a loud knock was heard.

"Oh, mother!" the boy cried, returning, "a big bundle for us! What is it? What can it be?"

"Work for me, perhaps," said the widow, untying the large package, when suddenly there came to light four suits of gray clothes, with four neat, black, shining caps, each exactly fitting to the heads of the boys. Almost overcome with wonder, the widow fell on her knees, her eyes fixed on the words, "A present for the fatherless;" while the boys, laying hold of their suits of clothes, jumped about the floor; shouting with glee.

"What's in the pocket here? what's in the pocket?" cried Jimmy, thrusting his hands into that place, when lo! out came the very purse the widow had returned that morning, with five pieces of gold still in it!

A scene of joyous confusion followed, and the voice of prayer ascended from Sarah Goodwin's full heart. Again and again she looked at the glittering treasure. It seemed a fortune to her. How her heart ran over with gratitude to God and the stranger!

She could not rest till, throwing on her bonnet, with cheeks glowing now with hope and happiness, she ran back to the hotel to pour forth her thanks.

A carriage stood at the door, laden with trunks behind. The driver mounted the seat as she reached the steps, and, turning her head, there within sat the stranger. She had not time to speak; but he nodded his head as he saw her with clasped hands standing there, and a prayer on her lips. Sarah never saw the stranger again.—She took a little shop and stocked it well, and put her boys to school. To-day she is the owner of a respectable shop. Of her four boys, two are ministers, one is a doctor, and the other is a thriving tradesman.

Nobody knows where the man with the flowing hair has gone; but if he is living, and should ever hear of Widow Goodwin, he will have the joy of knowing the noble results of his generous deed towards the worthy woman and her four boys. [Christain Observer.

FOUL WATER AND DISEASE.—It has been long known to intelligent persons that foul water is one of the agents for the diffusion of disease; but even these will be astonished to be assured, as Sir William Jenner positively assured the last meeting of the British Medical Association, at Leeds, that two of the most fearful diseases, cholera and typhoid fever, are mainly if not entirely propagated by the drinking of contaminated water. No individual can take too much care to keep their drinking water free from impurity, and it is of the highest importance that large communities should be supplied with water uncontaminated by any refuse or sewerage. At any rate, where this is not done, there ought to be an end of the impertinence of ascribing diseases to the "mysterious dispensation of Providence."

THE SOLITARY GRAVE.

A correspondent of the Chicago *Tribune* writing from the Wind River Valley on the Plains, describes a bivouac of the soldiers stationed on that post, and relates the following incident:

At the further side of a meadow stood a log hut, and near it stood a solitary grave. Here, all alone, had lived an old man named Frenchy until last May, when the Sioux murdered him. He was a queer case, and came from Canada, where he has a brother living who is wealthy. Old Frenchy, as he was called, kept no arms, and did not believe the Indians would harm him. The frontiersmen remonstrated with him and an officer passing one day with troops, not long before he was killed, offered to lend him a gun and some ammunition, assuring him he would be killed; but Frenchy declined, saying, "I have never done them any harm, why should the Indians wish to hurt me?" In the East Frenchy would have been called a Quaker but out here everybody called him a crazy-headed old fool. One day last May, while he was planting potatoes, a party of Sioux rushed down from the hills upon him, and after shooting him through the body, stuck a pick through his temples so the point stuck in the ground, and so left him, after stripping off his clothes. Major Baldwin, with a party of citizens from South Pass, found him next day and buried him.

His real name was La Cour, and and he persistently claimed that his father had served as a brigadier general under Napoleon, and that he had great relatives in France. Old Frenchy's house was a curious structure, and worthy of a sketch in *Harper*. Near where he lived the timber was very large, and as the poor old man had no horses and no one to help him he had to cut the thick logs in short pieces so as to be able to drag and lift them. With a rope he had hauled some of these logs more than a mile, and it was incredible to see what heavy ones he had lifted on his house, and how nicely he had joined the ends together, it taking two and sometimes three lengths to reach along one side of the building. He had made an old-fashioned shaving-horse, and with a rusty shaving-knife had hewn down poles and made chairs, tables, and bunks. Inside he had an extra bed nicely fitted up; and to sleep here and partake of whatever he had to eat in his cabin, all white men and Indians were welcome. He never refused to divide what he had with whoever came, and was the friend of all alike.

Savage, indeed, must have been the nature, and hard the hearts, of those who, in cold blood, could murder such a poor old man. We felt, as we looked at his lonely grave that if we had his murderers in our power they soon should pay the forfeit of their crime; but some frontiersmen seem to have already settled poor Frenchy's case, for on a log near the door of his cabin is nailed an Indian scalp, and underneath, on a little bare place are written three words in rude letters, that notwithstanding the misspelling, have caused more than one heart to feel glad of their justice. They are: "*Venjence for Frenchy.*"

Brigham Young on Polygamy.

Brigham Young claims that polygamy is not peculiar to Mormonism. In a sermon recently he said that Father Abraham had many wives, and he quoted many others. He said God had never forbidden polygamy. The Saviour never rebuked it, though surrounded by it. It was a new invention to rule out this practice of the olden time.—"But," said he, "we are not polygamists exactly." (He has children by nine wives.) "But we are sealed for eternity, as it is revealed to us." He then spoke of the dreary life that must be passed through the untold and incomprehensible period of eternity by those who have congenial spirits "sealed" to them. These sealed companions, beautiful angels in eternity, will make us happy in the presence of God. But Brigham didn't explain the effect upon the women. While a man has twenty wives or angels to make him happy, the poor women have only one-twentieth part of a man each to attract their attention.

A wealthy fool in New York has been presenting a Tammany actress with a two thousand five hundred dollar diamond set.

AN INCOMPLETE EDUCATION.

From the San Francisco Occident.

Physical development and intellectual culture are not in themselves a complete education. It is invariably admitted in this country, and throughout the civilized world that moral training is the important part of education. But this is too often practically ignored both by parents and teachers, in view of what they suppose as the more brilliant results of intellectual cultivation; and the teacher whose pupils are furthest advanced in intellectual development, is generally most commended. This is not as it should be. Giants in mere intellectual cultivation devoid of moral culture, too often prove a curse to society and the world, rather than a blessing. The development of the physical and intellectual, without the salutary influence of religious principles, is too frequently a stimulus to, rather than a preventive of crime. Institutions of learning without moral culture, are a practical failure; and so long as this continues, we need not expect a scholastic education to be a barrier against crime. Just so long as the Bible is practically excluded in the education of youth, and prizes awarded without reference to moral rectitude, we shall have an incomplete system of education.

The development of the physical nature is most indubitably defective. How few do we meet with well developed bodies. Most persons entering into manhood or womanhood, in this age, are but great babies in regard to their physical development. And why should this be the case in this age of the world's progress? We often see small children who should be engaged in those amusements best calculated to develop their physical nature, set to master intellectual school-tasks of science, far beyond the capacity even of minds of considerable culture, the results of all which will be, from the very nature of the case, permanent physical infirmity and premature death. The unnatural and unhealthful posture in which many children are required to sit during the long routine of school exercises, day after day, and week after week, is most injurious to a well developed physical organization. He whose intellect has been thoroughly developed, and whose moral nature has been judiciously educated, may do much good while he lives in the world; but it cannot be said of him in truth, that his education is complete.

In the development of the intellect, also, we feel confident that the system now in practice might be greatly improved. The development of thought should be the aim of all intellectual discipline.—Simply storing the mind with formulas and theories of the world's great thinkers, whose gigantic intellects have spanned the heavens in their immense sweep after knowledge, and plunged deep into the earth after her hidden treasures of intellectual endowment—unfolding the laws which govern this planet on which we live, not only in regard to itself, but in reference to the universe of God—falls far short of what we understand by the term education; for all formulas and theories are but the symbols of the mighty undertone of thought. To develop thinkers, therefore, should be the object of all teaching. Let all instructors of youth impress upon the minds of those committed to their discipline, the importance of continuous reflection. There is still in our education too much of the parrot system, which, perhaps, nothing but time, whose magic touch cures so many evils and also solves so many problems, will ever eradicate.

And that the moral and religious culture of the youth of the present age, is incomplete, requires no extended argument to prove. Except we have given considerable attention to the subject, we can form no adepuate idea of the ignorance which prevails in Christian countries, in reference to the doctrines of the Bible, even among persons of adult years. This should not be the case in an enlightened age, and in a Christian land. What a momentous responsibility, therefore, rests on instructors of youth, whether as parents, guardians or professional teachers! That youth may become educated in the highest sense of the term, institutions of learning should be regarded only as co-workers with parents.—And just here we would remind parents that they have something to do in this matter, if they would have their sons and daughters well trained physically, intellectually and morally; that they have something to do in the education of their children, if they would have them qualified to fill honorable and useful positions in society in after life. When we see so many children whose moral training—if any—is so limited, we tremble for their future and for the future of society, in this our western home. But we are not discouraged, nor do we sit down in despair. If we cannot cure this error by one effort, in one hour, we will do what we can, and hope and toil on, for this is a work of time, and patient labor. We believe that when right principles are early implanted, vice is checked and crime prevented; that sorrow is very much diminished; that preventive is far better than cure.—That system of education which practically ignores correct moral culture in the training of youth, is certainly defective. But the exaltation of the intellect above religion and morality is the error of the nineteenth century. We believe, with a distinguished writer of our times, that "to neglect the moral powers in education, is to educate not quite half the man." If we could awake a deeper interest in this most important part of education. which is so much neglected both in family discipline and scholastic education, we would feel doubly rewarded for any time we have spent in writing these lines.

The Big Nugget 'Welcome Stranger.'

The "Welcome Stranger," says an Australian paper, was found by two men named John Deason and Richard Oates, on Friday, 5th February, 1869, near the Black Reef, Bulldog Gully, Moliagul, a short distance from Wayman's Reef, and only about one mile from the celebrated Gypsy diggings. Deason and his mate had been working in the ground for several years past, and, as is well known, had got in digging parlance, so 'hard-up' as to have been refused credit for a bag of flour a week or so ago, and we believe the very day before the discovery were reminded by a tradesman that they were indebted to him a few shillings. Still they persevered, until on the day named Deason, in working round the roots of a tree, at about two inches below the surface, struck something hard with the pick, and exclaimed. "D—n it, I wish it was a nugget and had broken the pick!" On stooping down to examine the obstacle he found that the object of his dearest wishes was lying at his feet and it seemed as if the monster was so large as to be almost immovable. It was, however, at length released from its virgin soil and carefully removed. The question then arose as to what was to be done with it, and the first intention was to convey it to Melbourne. When the men got to Dunnally with their prize they were advised to carry it to the bank, and forthwith carried it to the London Chartered. The weight in the gross was then found to be 210 pounds troy, and preparations were at once made to break the mass into pieces and smelt it.—The appearance of the 'welcome stranger' in this pristine state was something wonderful, and it seemed impossible to realize the fact that so large a mass of gold could be collected in one lump. But so it was. After no less than five hours hammering, the monster was pounded up and smelted, the result being 2268 ounces, 10 dwts. and 13 grains of solid gold, exclusive of at least one pound weight, which was given by the delighted finders to their numerous friends, who were each anxions to retain a piece of the largest mass of gold the world has yet seen. Over £9000 were advanced on the nugget by the bank, the final value awaiting the result of the assay.

UNIFORM TAXATION.—Radicals claim that the present system of taxation under the Internal Revenue laws is equal aud uniform, operating alike in all sections of the country, and not favoring one at the expense of the other, and yet a Radical Congress allows the Yankee fisherman to have his salt free of duty for packing his codfish and mackerel, while the western farmers and pork packers, who pack beef and pork, have to pay a duty of 110 per cent on that article. Still they say there is no favoritism or discrimination shown. The Constitution of the United States provides, in Sec. 8, Article I, that "The Congress shall have power to lay and collect taxes, duties, imposts and excises, to pay the debts and provide for the common defense and general welfare of the United States." Levying a tax on salt consumed in one section of the country, and relieving New England consumers of any tax on it, is the Radical theory of uniformity.

A gloomy octogenarian was complaining to Auber of the hard necessity of growing old. "Hard as it is," replied the veteran composer, "it seems to me the only means of enjoying a long life."

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