THE WEEKLY ENTERPRISE.

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THE WEEKLY ENTERPRISE.

A DEMOCRATIC 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.

—o—

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Single Copy one year, in advance,.....$3 00

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Transient advertisements, including all legal notices, 1 sq. of 12 lines, 1 w.$	2 50
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One Column, one year.....$120	00
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Physician and Surgeon,

☞ Office on Main Street, opposite Masonic Hall, Oregon City. 13tf

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PROVISIONS, GROCERIES,
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☞ At the old stand of Wortman & Fields Oregon City, Oregon. 13tf

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KENT & PLUMEY,
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Choice Wines, Liquors & Cigars,
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LEON DELOUEY, PROPRIETOR
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☞ 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.

THERE IS NO DEATH.

There is no death! The stars go down
To shine upon some fairer shore;
And bright in Heaven's jeweled crown
They shine forever more.

There is no death! The dust we tread
Shall change beneath the Summer showers,
To golden grain, or mellow fruit,
Or rain-bow tinted flowers.

The granite rocks disorganize
To feed the hungry moss they bear,
The forest leaves drink daily life
From out the viewless air.

There is no death! The leaves may fall,
The flowers may fade and pass away—
They only wait through wintry hours
The coming of the May.

There is no death! An angel form
Walks o'er the earth with silent tread—
He bears our best loved things away,
And then we call them "dead."

He leaves our hearts all desolate—
Plucking our fairest, sweetest flowers;
Transplanted into bliss, they now
Adorn immortal bowers.

The bird-like voice, whose joyous tones
Made glad this scene of sin and strife,
Sings now in everlasting song,
Amid the tree of life.

And where he sees a smile too bright,
Or heart too pure for taint and vice,
He bears it to that world of light,
To dwell in Paradise.

Born into that undying life,
They leave us but to come again;
With joy we welcome them—the same—
Except in sin and pain.

And ever near us, though unseen,
The dear immortal spirits tread!
For all the boundless Universe
Is life: there are no dead.

STATISTICS OF OREGON.

BY A. J. DUFUR.

NO. 16.

BENTON COUNTY.

Benton county is bounded on the north by Polk, east by the Willamette river, which separates it from Linn, south by Lane and Douglas, and west by the Pacific ocean. Its eastern portion lying in the heart of the Willamette valley, on the upper Willamette river, about 35 miles south from the city of Salem, with its western border indented with bays and inlets along the Pacific coast, its excellent prairie, grass, and grain lands, in the eastern portion, with valuable forests of timber, good bays and harbors, fertile valleys, and valuable banks for fisheries, along its entire western boundary, and with good mill sites and water power for all kinds of manufactories, Benton has natural sources of great wealth still undeveloped, and in soil, price, climate, or adaptation to any department of industry, or any avocation in life, cannot fail to furnish the most fastidious with a satisfactory location and a desirable home. This county covers an area of 995,840 acres of land, with 3,500 inhabitants, and an assessable property of $1,500,000. The soil of this county may be considered as consisting of three varieties. An alluvial deposit of vegetable mold along the bottoms of the Willamette and Mary's rivers and their branches. This land is very rich, and when brought under cultivation will produce grass, grain, and vegetables of the most luxuriant growth. Leaving the river bottoms, the soil of the prairies and the land along the base of the foothills, although perhaps, properly speaking, alluvial, has a base of clay, with a liberal mixture of silica, lime, protoxide of iron, ammonia, and sand loam, with many other ingredients favorable to the production of wheat, oats, barley, buckwheat, potatoes, turnips, and all the different varieties of garden vegetables.

The different kinds of fruit generally raised in this climate do well here, and all kinds of small fruits may be produced in abundance. The peach, Indian corn, and tobacco can be raised successfully in many localities in this county, when properly cultivated and well cared for. Grass, of the most luxuriant growth, both of the tame and native varieties, is produced in abundance, making the county well adapted to the raising of cattle, sheep, and horses, and it is but just to say here that some of the finest stock that ever honored the fair grounds of the Agricultural Society of Oregon were raised in King's Valley, Benton county. The various kinds of timber previously described and known to the State of Oregon exist in sufficient quantities in the eastern part of the county to more than supply the home demand for all kinds of lumber and fuel, while along the coast range and western portions of the county, the timber land largely predominates. The quality of water in this county, like most all other portions of Oregon, is soft and pure, and for general domestic and mechanical purposes is abundant, being supplied by springs, brooks and running streams from the hills and Coast Range mountains, and can also be obtained by digging wells of moderate depth where not existing in living springs.

The climate in the eastern portion of the county is of about the same temperature as other parts of the Willamette Valley. In the western portion of the county the weather is not as warm in summer, or as cold in winter, the climate being tempered in a great degree by the mild sea breeze from the Pacific ocean.

The conveniences for immigrants and new settlers to procure all kinds of supplies, such as the various kinds of agricultural implements, mechanics' tools, provisions, seeds, groceries, books, stationery, clothing, etc., is as good as any person can ask or reasonably expect in this new country, the stores through all the settlements in the different parts of the county being well supplied with these articles, at reasonable prices, and Oregon being able to boast of as extensive a supply of general merchandise, hardware and agricultural implements, in proportion to her number of inhabitants, as any State in the Union.

The facilities for marketing and converting the various industrial productions of this county into cash, are as good as could be expected in a new country like this, and far superior to the advantages enjoyed by almost any of the now thickly settled portions of the Mississippi valley, before railroad enterprise opened up the natural resources and agricultural wealth of these great States to the markets of the world. The Willamette river, forming the entire eastern boundary of this county, furnishes navigable water for river steamers more than half the year, by which means flour, wool, bacon, wheat, butter, and cheese can be shipped to Portland, a distance of about eighty-five miles, where all these articles find a ready market at remunerative prices.

The harbor on Yaquina Bay, is the second seaport of importance in the State, and furnishes a point where vessels and ocean steamers can transfer produce and lumber to San Francisco, Portland, or Victoria, the Sandwich Islands, and other ports. The inducements Benton county holds out to the industrious laboring man with small means and indomitable perseverance, who desires to place himself in the possession of a comfortable home at a cost of only a few years' labor, and a sacrifice of only a few social enjoyments in a crowded city, or town, where society too often rests on a money basis, where virtuous industry in rags is made to do penance to aristocratic vice in satin, are equal to almost any other location on this coast.

To the wool-grower, her green hills and mild climate, scarcely ever requiring grain or hay for sheep, afford a good opening for this department of industry. And to the manufacturer of that article, the ease with which the raw material may be obtained, and the increasing demand for blankets, flannels, tweeds, cassimeres, and all kinds of woolen goods, promise rich returns for all capital invested. The extensive valleys of grass, excellent stock range, and the ease with which cattle can be raised, promise a rich reward to the stock grower, for ordinary care.

The immigrant who wishes to engage in general farming, grain raising, or a system of mixed husbandry, will here find the rich soil of the Mississippi valley, impregnated with the various mineral salts, alkaline and marine deposits in soluble form, giving the soil of Oregon, and that of the Willamette valley in particular, its superior capacity for producing all kinds of grain, and especially the great staple of our country—wheat.

The lumberman can find openings for profitable investment in that great department of industry, in different localities scattered all over the county, and especially along the immense forests of cedar on the Alsea river and its tributaries, adjacent to the navigable waters of Alsea Bay, where lumber can be exported in sailing vessels to any part of the world.

The excellent coal banks recently discovered in the Yaquina valley, and within reach of the navigable waters of the Yaquina river and bay, need only capital, industry, and energy to develop them into resources of great wealth; while cod fisheries might be profitably established off the banks, and salmon and other fisheries on the rivers, inlets and bays.

Government land can be obtained in some parts of the county, but, as a matter of course, the best lands have been taken, and the best locations selected. In the western portions of the county, on the Alsea and Yaquina bays and rivers, there is yet Government land, well adapted to dairy purposes—the pure air and cool sea breeze being favorable to the preservation of all kinds of dairy productions in the most satisfactory manner. And the tide and overflowed lands, and also the valleys further up those streams, furnish the best of range for dairy cows, and all kinds of meat cattle.

The Siletz valley, in this part of the county, is said to be one of the finest portions, and capable of furnishing good homes for more than three hundred families. But this valley is yet occupied as an Indian reservation, and cannot be settled by whites until the Government sees fit to open it to enterprise and industry, which will probably be before many years.

The invigorating sea breeze in this portion of country furnishes a desirable retreat for the invalid in search of health; while those who wish a few months' reprieve from the feverish excitements of city life, may here find sports fit for the pen of Genio C. Scott, for rivers, creeks and mountain streams are alive with—

"The speckled trout, in springing pride,
The salmon, monarch of the tide;
The ruthless pike, intent on war;
The silver eel, and mottled par."

While elk, bear, deer, beaver, otter, mink, and a great variety of water fowls and small game, are abundant in the mountains, valleys, bays and rivers.

The advantages for schooling and religious worship in this county and in part through all the settlements in Oregon, are far superior to what might reasonably be expected in so recently and sparsely a settled country as this. There are school districts organized and schools kept a part of the time during the year in all the settlements in this county; while the different religious denominations of almost every persuasion exert their influence to preserve good morals and give tone to society.

There are also seminaries and academies in this county for teaching the higher branches, among which we notice the college at Corvallis, one of the most prosperous schools in the State, where the student can obtain an academic or collegiate education of the highest order.

Corvallis, the shire town of this county, is a place of considerable trade, and is located on the Willamette river, and occupies one of the handsomest town sites in the State. Her numerous stores, busy workshops, excellent schools, and three neat little churches, her citizens, noted for enterprise, industry, refinement and good taste, make it a place worthy the careful attention of the man of business seeking profitable investment for capital in this State.

A GRAND SUBMARINE EXPLOSION.—The San Francisco *Atta* thus tells how Blossom Rock is to be got out of the way:

When the entire mass of rock shall have been excavated, leaving only a shell six or eight feet in thickness, the works will be in readiness to receive the powder, of which about twenty tons will be placed in sheet-iron cylinders in the various galleries, and connected by means of wires leading up through wrought-iron tubes, with a galvanic battery in a vessel anchored some distance off. The chambers will be filled with water (which will act as tamping) and the torpedoes fired simultaneously. By the explosion the mass will be broken into fragments, and the shell of the rock thrown outwards into the deep water alongside. The turret and wooden framework will of course be blown up together with the rock, it being necessary to leave them standing, as in case the torpedoes, from any cause, should fail to explode at the first attempt, it would be necessary to descend through the turret to examine and readjust matters.

A HOSPITAL STORY.

BY CHRISTINE.

The neighbors who had befriended me during the illness of my mother told me that work would greatly tend to divert my mind from the last sad loss which I had experienced—the death of my widowed parent.

Just twenty-one, with no relative but a brother six years my Junior. I looked round to where he was sitting—at the table. I could just see the outline of his head, and knew it was bent foward in the attitude which he never assumed but when he was in trouble. No one else was in the room, and the tears which I had suppressed for the last few minutes came afresh, as I realized our utter loneliness. He heard me sobbing, and called in the growing darkness,—

"Martene!"

I went to him, wound my arms about him, and for minutes we cried together; he raised his face then from my breast, and even in the darkness I saw its ghastly paleness.

"Martene, you must not grieve so. We are left to love each other yet. Mother is gone; but—"

He broke down again, and once more broke forth in a passion of tears, while my grief also burst out afresh. We grew calm at length and I made a motion to light the lamp.

"No," he said; and I felt him shudder. "Stay with me a little while—I feel weird now."

The latter was an expression I had often heard him use in the evening just before the lamp would be lit, and once I remembered him screaming out on a stormy night from the little room where he slept, and answering to our frightened questions, when mother and I had hastened to him, that he felt "weird." Mother remained with him that night, and she was always more tender to him at those times; but the only explanation she ever gave me was that he might be laboring under a superstitious fancy which he inherited from my father.

For mother's and his own sake now I strove to be more tender and loving, whispering, as I drew him to me in closer embrace,—

"What is it, Amien? What do you mean by weird?

He shuddered again.

"Only a fancy, Martene," and he shuddered again; then adding in a lower tone, "but it's so real while it lasts!"

"Tell of it," I pleaded.

"No, no, it could do no good!" he spoke quickly, and sighed heavily, in a moment resuming, in a changed voice: "I am going to be very good now, Martene. I will never give you any trouble—I swear it."

"There was no need of an oath," I said.

"No; but to think I have given one may help me in the future when I'm tempted."

He disengaged himself from my clasp, and rose to light the lamp and make the fire burn brightly, for it was very cold.

Well, I went to teaching as soon as I had arranged the affairs of our little household, and Amien returned to the establishment where he had been employed for the past year.

Life was very monotonous; our only comfort, in the evening, when our simple supper had been taken sitting close together, while we talked of mother.

One night a gentleman—a dear friend of mother's—who had been absent for some some time before her death, now, on his return, hastened to see us, unconscious of the sad news awaiting him.

His sorrow was great, his sympathy for us deep; and when Mr. Metarche left us that night, he seemed to leave behind him some of his bright, genial presence.

He came regularly every week, and I discovered what I had never done during my mother's lifetime—Teole Metarche was educated, gentlemanly, handsome. His being ten years my senior, seemed, in my eyes, to add to his attractions; so I grew to love him, but Amien did not know it.

A year passed. Amien had risen rapidly in the estimation of his employers, and was earning a very fair salary which, with mine, maintained us quite comfortably.

Possessing, as I knew I did, Metarche's love, I would have been happy but for one terrible thing that had crept into our household within a few weeks—my brother drank. His employers as yet were unaware of it, for thus far he had only indulged when in company with his companions. But I fancied that the apetite for strong liquors was growing upon him, and night after night, as he came in from some convivial party, his gait staggering, and his eyes—his handsome dark eyes—rolling in their sockets I felt my heart grow sick with fear and anguish.

One evening Metarche came with strange news. The large house by which he was employed had offered to settle him abroad, in order that he might there execute the commissions he had so faithfully done here. The offer as they made it was munificent, and he had come to ask me to marry him, and go abroad with him.

I did not reply and he continued:—

"You are thinking of your brother; in a few months I will be in a condition to have him join us; and until then he will not be very unhappy without you."

I shook my head; my lover was not aware of my brother's growing fault, nor could I tell him.

"I cannot!" I replied, and then my fortitude vanished, and burrying my face in my hands, I cried as a child might have done. He drew me to him gently, tenderly, and for one moment I experiensed upon his breast the most perfect happiness my sad life ever knew.

It was only for a minute; then I heard Amien's drunken step upon the stairs, and a terror seized me lest Metarche should see him thus.

I rushed to the door and opened it. Amien might escape. I rushed back to Metarche, and seizing his hands, gasped,—

"I cannot marry you, and I cannot tell you why; but for God's sake go!"

I think he could not resist the pleading look that I felt was in my eyes, for he took his hat, saying, at the door,—

"I am obliged to leave the city to-morrow for a few days, but on my return you must explain all this."

The door of the front room closed on him as Amien entered the kitchen.

He staggered toward me singing some bacchanalian song: his face, usually so pale, was deeply flushed, and his eyes had a wild light in them. Mother's picture was hanging opposite, and something within me impelled me to raise my arm in an appeasing manner, and say,—

"Look here!"

He did look and instantly a change came over him; he trembled, and had I not rushed to his support, he would have fallen; he seemed to have become sober, for after a few minutes he turned to me saying,—

"Hold me tightly, Martene—I feel so weird now."

I did hold him firmly, and observed with fear how the wild look in his eyes deepened; he was gazing directly before him, and seemed to see something in the dim space which was not visible to me. At last his right senses seemed to return, and he dropped his head upon his breast, wailing,—

"Mother! mother!"

What a wretched night that was! For hours I could not calm or comfort him. At last when I was beginning to grow faint and ill, he burst out suddenly with,—

"I have been very wicked, Martene, but I will never be guilty again—only you must not leave me—must not marry while I live—swear you will not!"

A sort of frenzy seemed to seize him. I took the required oath under the influence of feelings I cannot describe; and when the early dawn was shining through the windows we retired.

Metarche came at the end of a week, and grew positively angry when I, acknowledging my love for him, yet persisted in refusing to explain why it was I might never be able to marry him He departed at length, dissatisfied and sorrowful, his last words being,—

"I will wait for you."

That night Amien came home intoxicated. I was pitiless at once—almost furious—and in an outburst of passion, I reproached him with the oath he had made me take, and how it had dashed from my life all its future happiness. He seemed to listen to me calmly, and the next morning he was gone.

I have never seen nor heard from him since and that was eighteen months ago. Letters came from Metarche, but self-reproach and remorse prevented my answering them.

Well, my health failed. I was obliged to resign my position, and at last was forced to enter this hospital. Now, kind lady you have my story.

The physician of the ward was coming toward us, accompanied by a young man, scarcely more than eighteen, and very handsome but with a fragile sort of beauty. The young girl to whose story I had been listening, saw them. A look of intense rapture spread over her countenance as she murmured:

"It is he! It is Amien!"

The doctor and I turned aside, while the passionate embrace of brother and sister was here given. I would have departed then, but the sick girl begged me to stay, saying to Amien:—

"She is our friend—she has been very kind."

And so I heard Amien's explanation of his absence, which I give in his own words;—.

"I went, Martene, that you might be released from that hasty vow, and marry Metarche. Oh! if you had but told me before that you loved him! I found employment miles away from you, and abstained from liquor, till the "weird" felling compelled me to it. I thought to drown in intoxication the apparitions I saw at such times; but they came the more, and I saw mother as I saw her on the night you pointed to her picture, in her grave clothes, and looking as if she were cursing me. Two nights ago"—his voice sank lower—"when I was reeling to my wretched boarding-place, the 'weird' feeling came on, and I saw her. I was sobered in an instant; and I don't know how, but I immediately felt you were ill. That very night I started for our old home, and found you had been conveyed to this hospital. So here I am, for your pardon, martene. I will find Metarche. You will recover and we will be happy once more."

He laid his head on the pillow beside hers.

"Never, Amien! I am dying now!"

The red blood crimsoned to her lips as she spoke. And that night, ere her lover arrived, she was dead.

But few mourners followed her to the grave, and as Metarche was forcing Amien away from the little mound, the latter said, suddenly:—

"I pity you, Teole; but for me Martene will come and see me. My father always saw the last member of his family that died, and so do I. I saw my father after his death many times, and when my mother died, I saw her instead, and now, I—"

He stopped, shuddered, and clung closely to Metarche, crying piteously:

"I see her now! O Martene! Martene!"

A burst of tears seemed to relieve him, while Metarche turned to me, and shook his head, as we left the cemetery.

The brother and lover dwell together, but the former is slowly dying, his 'weird' feelings, as he calls them, having undermined his health.

There, my friend, is what you have so often desired me to relate—one of my hospital stories.

SOLLUM THOUGHTS.—The fear ov God iz the philosophy ov religion; the lov ov God iz the charity ov religion.

Hope iz a hen that laze more egs than she can hatch out.

I honestly beleave it iz better to know nothing than to know what ain't so.

About the hardest work a phellow kan dew iz tew spark tew galls at onet, and preserve a good average.

Prudery iz one ov virtew's bastards.

A nick name will outlive enny man or thing; it iz like a crook in a dorg's tale; you may cut it oph, and throw it behind the barn, but the crook iz there yet, and the stump iz the epitaph.

If you annalize what most men call plezzure, you will find it composed ov one part humbug and 2 parts pain.

When you haint got nothing tew do, do it at onet; that iz the way tew learn tew be bizzy.

The art ov becoming ov importance in the eyes ov others, is not tew overrate ourselves, but tew cause them to dew it.

Whare religion is a trade morality iz a merchandize.

Going tew law, iz like skinning a new milch cow for the hide, and giving the meat tew the lawyers.

Deth, tew most ov us, iz a kind ov farewell benefit—positively our last appearance.

—JOSH BILLINGS.

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