THE WEEKLY ENTERPRISE.

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THE WEEKLY ENTERPRISE.

A DEMOCRATIC PAPER,

FOR THE

Business Man, the Farmer

And the FAMILY CIRCLE.

ISSUED EVERY FRIDAY BY

A. NOLTNER,

EDITOR AND PUBLISHER.

OFFICE—In Dr. Thessing's Brick Building.

—o—

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☞ Work solicited.

All Business transactions upon a Specie basis.

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CHARLES E. WARREN,

Attorney at Law,

Oregon City, Oregon.

Sept.16:1y.

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Cor. FRONT and WASHINGTON Sts.,

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Physician and Surgeon,

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

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☞ Office at his Drug Store, near Post Office, Oregon City, Oregon. 13tf

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SURGEON, PORTLAND, OREGON.

OFFICE—Odd Fellows' Temple, corner First and Alder streets—Residence corner of Main and Seventh streets.

ALANSON SMITH,

Attorney and Counselor at Law,

PROCTOR AND SOLICITOR.

AVOCAT.

Practices in State and U. S. Courts.

Office No. 108 Front Street, Portland, Oregon,

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W. F. HIGHFIELD,

Established since 1849, at the old stand, *Main Street, Oregon City, Oregon.*

An Assortment of Watches, Jewelry, and Seth Thomas' weight Clocks, all of which are warranted to be as represented.

Repairings done on short notice, and thankful for past favors.

CLARK GREENMAN,

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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.

NEW YORK HOTEL,

(Deutsches Gasthaus,)

No. 17 Front Street, opposite the Mail steamship landing, Portland, Oregon,

H. ROTHFOS, J. J. WILKENS, PROPRIETORS.

—o—

Board per Week	$5 00
" " " with Lodging.....	6 00
" " Day.....	1 00

ONE YEAR AGO.

One year ago! how many a change
Methought old Time would bring;
As Hope, in gayest, wildest range,
Went forth on Fancy's wing.

Visions and dreams, as bright and fair
As Morpheus could bestow,
And smiles as sweet as Angels wear,
Were mine one year ago.

One year ago! the future bore
No shadow on its brow:
But ah! like grass that went before,
'Tis closed in darkness now.

Hope ever smiles on coming time,
While shadows dark and low
Hang o'er the hopes that had their birth
One little year ago.

Children's books should be selected with great care, and, at least, the story-books should be carefully perused by either father or mother, before being put into their hands. Parents are too apt to take advantage of the deluge of modern story-books, to pamper their children's taste for reading with stories gushing and overabundant sentiment. The result is that the children, perceiving the vast difference between their own life and that of which they read, come to think of the latter as the real, and spend much time in vain longings for a condition which they never will attain. There is a great plenty of excellant books for children. Stories abound of *natural* life, and books of a more substantial character; but to choose well requirs good judgment, the judgment of intellect and high-toned moral and religious feeling. Some children very easily manifest a taste for reading books commonly supposed to be the food of older people. This is well enough, if they are only *entirely* kept from novels, and made to read slowly the works which are allowed them. There are novels which contain absolutely no mawkishness of sentiment, and these it would be safe to put into a child's hands; but they are so few in number, and so much discretion is requisite in their selection, that it is better to make the rule with *no* exception, until the child has attained the stature of a man, and such a healthy knowledge of life and character and sentiments, that he can choose for himself between the gold and the dross.

Children should be taught to think little of dress; but a mother should dress them well. To do this, it is not necessary to have any great variety of dress; but the clothes should be of good quality, of becoming styles and colors, and never loaded with the burden of ornamentation, in providing with so many foolishly-fond mothers wear out their strength and drain their purse. Children should be taught neatness in the first place, by always clothing them according to their occupation. When they are very young, not beyond the mud-pie stage, they should be made clean every day when through with their fancy cookery. When older, they should be taught to play and work in such a manner as to keep clean; but they should never be fretted at nor scolded for soiling or tearing their clothes, or anything else, in fact. A pleasant, quiet word of reproof is more effectual than a hundred words of fretfulness.

When children have acquired some knowledge of work, they should begin to learn something of the value of money, and that it can be obtained by the employment of that knowledge of work. Their duties to their parents and friends should be as carefully performed as ever without a thought of pay, but there are many other means for an active boy or girl to earn money which every parent can think of for himself. After the money is obtained, it is important that it should be invested well. Parents approving their children for hoarding all they get, are as much mistaken as those who admire their children's generosity in lavishing all their little store upon their little friends. Some part of their money they should lay away for the future, where it will gain some interest; a certain definite portion of it they should, of their own free will, give to some charity of which they have a personal knowledge; some they should, without fear of parental frown, spend for their own pleasure. If children are not taught even before they can talk, that the legitimate use of a penny is to buy a stick of candy, it will not be difficult to guide their taste to the selection of more worthy objects.

We will furnish the ENTERPRISE and Stock Journal at $3 per year, in advance.

M. Quad's Experience with a Buckeye Editor.

A weekly contributor of humorous sketches to the Detroit Free Press under the *non de plume* of "M Quad." (he is doubtless a printer) gets off the following:

"I don't suppose that another man ever lived like that Ohio editor, who lifted me out of the back end of an omnibus one night, led me up five pair of stairs, and undertook to tell me how I was to assist in running the local department of the paper. 'You see,' said he jabbing a cock-roach with a pair of shears, 'you want to be positive in what you say; folks here won't believe any of your "suppose sos" and allegations. Say what you say in words that can't be disputed, if they are disputed, send the fellow into the next room, and I'll fix him.' He was a great man for fun; he never laughed himself, but he had a high appreciation of humor. He was always wanting me to get off something sharp on some one, no matter who, and he run me so much that I had to quit. For instance, he came down one morning and said: Now Charles, get off a local hit on Julius Cæsar." 'Why, sir, the old man died years ago.' "No matter—no matter," he went on, "get off something or I'll discharge you." As seventy five dollars a year was an object to me then, I handed in a pretty biting item. "That's good, that's positive," he replied, and it went in. The paper hadn't been out an hour before a dozen were crowding in after an explanation. "Is your name Cæsar?" asked the old man of each in turn. "No" "Well, then, who's running this Cæsar business? Ain't I here to disseminate knowledge? Don't I do her? And he finally threw another sheet on the "points."

"Now, Charles," said he again, "get off a lick at George Washington—something under a lively head line." "But he's been written up" I replied. "No matter—get up something, or here's my note of hand for the ballance due you." As the note of hand was rather a good thing to keep, I dug out a severe thing under the head of "Brutal Outrage." There was a Washington society in town, and half its members were rushing up stairs before the edition was half off. "Base wretch," shouted the president. "Calmuniator of genius," squeaked the old maid secretary. "Vile rascal," hissed a young man, with his hair behind his ears. "Gentleman and old maid," began the editor, as he rolled back his sleeves, "why am I here? If any of you know more about George Washington than I do, just take and run this office." And they had to go away with their minds in an unsatisfied state.

Another time, when he had run over a whole volume of ancient history without finding one to hit, says he: "Get off something on *me*." That's just what I wanted and I wrote: "We want wood on subscription to this paper. Some of our subscribers promised to pay for their paper in wood more than ten years ago, and its about time they brought it in. We want wood—wood wood." It was in July, and there were thirteen loads of wood in front of the office before noon. They got there about the same time, and thirteen farmers came up in a body. "Gentlemen," said the old man, after they had stated their errands, "wood is wood; wood is a noun; "is" is a verb, and wood is a noun again. The objective case governs the requirements of the adverb, which is the possitive of thirteen loads, according to chapter seventy-one, rule three." And every time they went to say anything about wood, he got off that at them, until they all went down in a body, threatening to vampire him at the first opportunity.

"The last thing I have any distinct recollection of was, getting off somethig on the mayor of the town. He went by old Sykes one evening without nodding, and I had no sooner entered the office than I heard, "Go for Muggs, give it to him hot; yank him all to pieces and leave his shattered soul hanging to the steeple of the court house." "But, he"—I began, when Sykes came close up to me, breathing hard, and says he: "Young man, go for Muggs. I hate to part with you, but Smith offers to fill your occupation for a dollar less." So I sat down to do up Muggs. Sykes was going away and he left me to my judgement. I wrote an article that I thought would please the old man for positiveness, and it went under a triple heading.

I was just locking up the paste pot in the burglar proof safe, to keep it from the rats, and I heard a yelling it the streets, and the office door came in on me. I saw stars, comets, spots on the sun, new moons, and "came to" in the next town, when I sent the following dispatch to the old man: "If you can pay your board bill stay where you are. The press is ruined, the Long Primer is in Hardy's horse pond. The mailing table, the bank and that job rack went over the dam last evening. Things ain't as they was. We made a big hit on Muggs, and he retaliated powerfully. I have hired out to a quiet old farmer here, and I think I shan't pursue the "get off" business any farther. In about two months I got a reply. Here is all that was said: "Young man, always be positive in your assertions."

Truth Stranger than Fiction

A divorce case was ventilated in a New York court the other day, which as an exhibition of infamous baseness, involving all the parties to it, is unparalelled in our experience. The facts are thus nrrated by the New York *Tribune:*

It is known as the Peck divorce suit, and these are the incidents which follow: A scheming mother-in-law, offended at her daughter-in-law, offers a son $30,000 to divore his wife. The son, who seems worthy of such a mother, consents. The wife, deservedly bound to such a husband, secretly agrees to the separation on faith of his promise to marry her again as soon as the mother has been robbed of her $30,000. A rascally bookkeeper, worthy of such a master, swore to the commission of adultry with the wife, and the divorce is granted. Very naturally, such a husband refuses to remarry such a wife, and quite naturally the wife goes into court, exposes the conspiracy, and makes humanity blush at its baseness.

Had novillists introduced such a story to a work of fiction, there would have been a general protest raised against it as utterly improbable, unnatural, and monstrous. As it stands, however, a shameful record of facts, all that need be said is that the parties to the suit obtained their deserts.

Monopolies and Cheap Labor,

The *Examiner* shows up the inconsistency of the Sacramento *Union* in the following style.

"The Sacramento *Union* in its war against particular monopolies, includes among them, especially, a monopoly of land; and at the same time, with palpable inconsistency, advocates the introduction of cheap or Chinese labor into this State. If there is any one absolutely fixed principle in political economy, it is that cheap labor tends to concentrate landed property, or in other words, to admit of the ownership of monopoly of vast tracts of land by a few individuals. This was a standard ground of objection by the Abolistionists against the slave system of the South. They alleged that because of the cheapness of slave labor, the lands of the South monopolized by a few wealthy owners, and that such a condition was against public policy. It was not the fact of slavery: but the fact of cheap labor that led to the concentration in comparatively few hands of the lands of the South. The same result will follow the same cause here, for free labor, if it is cheap, as well as slave, is a necessary basis to maintain land monopolies. Monopolies are so evident a result of cheap labor that we wonder that an intelligent journal can oppose the one and advocate the policy of the other."

A DESIRABLE TRIO.—Some sensible person has given publicity to the following waif, which is certainly beautiful:

Three things to love—courage, gentleness and affection.

Three things to admire—intellectual powers, dignity and gracefulness.

Three things to hate—cruelty, arrogance and ingratitude.

Three things to delight in—beauty, frankness and freedom.

Three things to wish for—health, friends and a cheerful spirit.

Three things to avoid—idlness, loquacity and flippant jesting.

Three thinge to pray for—honor, country and friends.

Three things to govern—temper, tongue and coduct.

Three things to think about—life, death and eternity.

To bring up a child in the way he should go, travel that way yourself.

Facts for the People.

Alexander Delmar, Esq., late United States Commissioner of Statistics, delivered a speech at Columbus, Ohio, on the 25th ult., which is a telling and graphic exposure of the whole financial policy of the Racical party. Mr. Delmar dwells in facts and figures which cannot be contradicted, and inflicts hard blows upon the party, which, after robbing the people, attempts to cheat and deceive them. The first bubble which Mr. Delmar pricks is the claim put forth by the Radical orators and papers that the party in power at the present time have succeeded in paying off a portion of the public debt, and so reducing it; and that, too, in a manner as if it were the first administration to make payment and reduction. To this claim Mr. Delmar replies:

"As to its claim in respect to the payment of the public debt, I have to reply, in the first place, that a gradual reduction of the debt has been going on ever since the fiscal year 1865-6. At the close of that year (July, 1866) the public debt (and by this term I mean just what the Administration means, viz: the *written* debt of the government; the sum of bonds and treasury notes actually outstanding and unpaid,) amounted to $2,873,000,000, as is stated in the last annual report of the Secretary of the Treasury, (1869, p 317). On the 1st of July, 1870, this debt, calculated by the same method and upon the authority of the last (the July) monthly statement of the Secretary of the Treasury, was $2,544,000,000. This shows a reduction of $239,000,000. Of this amount there was paid off in 1866-7, the sum of $91,000,000, and in 1867-8, the further sum of $56,000,000; altogether, $147,000,000. This year 1867-8 was the last complete fiscal year of the Johnson-McCulloch Administration.

"During the following year 1868-9 there was no debt paid off, but on the contrary the debt was increased $20,000,000. Mr. Boutwell did indeed claim that he had reduced the debt somewhat; and he attempted to demonstrated it by means of an arithmetical comparison, in which the Pacific Railroad bonds, the accrued interest made on all the other bonds, and the cash in the Treasury, were so arrainged as to make it so appear, But it was not the fact, and the pretense set up afterwards dropped when his annual report on his finances was transmitted to Congress. The present method of preparing the monthly debt statements involves a similar reprehensible practice.

"During the fiscal year 1869-70, there was paid off the debt $112,000,000. Allowing for the increase of $20,000,000 during the previous year, the net result is $92,000,000 paid off under Grant-Boutwell, against $147,000,000 paid off under Johnson-McCulloch"

THAT WAS ME.—A Yankee having told an Englishman that he shot on one particular occasion, 999 snipe, his interlocutot asked him why he did not make it a thousand at once. "No, sir," said he "not likely I'm going to tell a lie for one snipe." Whereupon the Englishman, determined not to be outdone, began to tell a long story of a man having swam from Liverpool to Boston "did you see him yourself?" "Why, yes, of course I. did I was coming across, and our vessel passed him a mile out of Boston harbor." "Well I'm glad you saw him, stranger, 'cos yer a witness that I did it. That was me.

JOHN MITCHEL'S EULOGY UPON GEN. LEE.—The highest head, the noblest and grandest character of our continent, the most conscientious, humane and faithful soldier, the most chivalrous gentleman in this world, the most superb example of the Amerisan warrior, has fallen like a mighty tree in the forest; and men wonder, after the first shock of the news, to find that there is such a gap, such a blank in the world. What is there wanting in the name of this illustrious American?—*Irish Citizen.*

The Democracy of the Third District of Ohio invite, rather than fear, the contest for Hon. L. D. Campbell's seat proposed by the Schenck people. They desire an opportunity to bring out the fact, by proof, before a Committee of Congress, that the protection "Ring" at the East sent thirty thousand dollars into the District to carry Schenck's election by bribery and corruption.

The Democracy and Negro Suffrage.

The gains made by the Democracy in the late elections, notwithstanding the new element of political power they have to contend with in being opposed by the entire negro vote, significantly testify to the strong feeling prevailing among the white voters of the country against sharing the privilege of the suffrage with the negro. The large negro vote in Philadelphia and in other districts was completely offset by the share of the Mongrel vote which was lost to that party by reason of its position in favor of negro suffrage. Striking instances of the value of this element of strength to the Democracy, is found in glancing over the vote cast at the polls in Lancaster county. Columbia, for instance, which has a large negro population and wherein lies Two Hill, the celebrated negro headquarters, was carried by the Democracy for the first time in many years. In Drumore township also, where negroes abound, every Democratic candidate was elected, a thing which has not occurred before in our reccollection; indeed, we do not remember when we even elected a single candidate there.

Such votes as these, general as they have been over the State, significantly teach us that policy, no less than principle, requires our party to maintain its position in opposition to negro suffrage and to remain—where it was placed by Stephen A. Douglas—strong in the conviction that our government was made by white men for white men, to be preserved for them and their descendants forever.

Five Hundred Weddings a Day.

The London *News* says:

Marrying and giving in marriage are such characteristic occupations of society that they probably went on within the walls of starving Metz, and we know that they are going on within the walls of beleagured Paris. There is, however, a certain difinite relation between the number of marriages and the property of the people. Even Englishmen and women, as a rule, only marry when they have something to marry on, and in hard times they put off their marriages until they are better off. During the long depression of commerce the marriages declined, and it is one proof of reviving trade that during the spring of this year the number of marriages rose as nearly as possible to the usual average. During the quarter ending 30th June there were nearly 10,000 more persons married than in the first month of the year. The number of weddings in April, May, and June was 43,491—an average of a little more than 500 a day. Five hundred marriages a day, though they are scattered over the whole surface of England, gives us a tolerably large aggregate of social happiness and comfort. Five hundred new households set up every day gives us a vivid sense of the increase of the nation. Of course we should have to set over against these several hundred households dissolved every day by misfortune, death, emigration, and all the influence which disintegrate society.

But there would still remain a large margin, quite large enough to answer the question put every day in every growing city and town in the kingdom—"Where do the people come from to fill all the new houses?" It is these 500 marriages a day, forming 500 new households, which are at once the means and the sign of our national progress.

A singular incident of mistaken intentions occurred in Boston. A dentist made a set of false teeth for a minister and when the elder put them in his mouth he went to the looking-glass, and said, "Jesus Christ," in a loud voice. The discouraged dentist told him if he didn't like the teeth he needn't take them, but he would be deuced if he would have any profanity in his house, especially by a minister. Explanations followed when it proved that the pious gentleman had an impediment in his speech, and wanted to see if he could pronounce the name of the Savior with his new teeth. He laughed at the mistake, in spite of his teeth.

"Carrie," of the Boston Traveler, says, that if women were as particular in the choosing of a virtuous husbond as men are in the choosing of a virtuous wife, a moral reformation would be soon begun.

Sententious.

The wife of a manufacturer in an inland town, whose daughter was about to be married, sent notes to her friends requesting that if they intended to make wedding presents of silverware, they would send the money instead, as she was about to visit New York, and it "would be so nice to have the things match, you know."

The Homes family, in Michigan, has dissolved. Mrs. H. chopped the family wagon to pieces, split up all the sap troughs, and burned 10,000 shingles for her husband. He being a man of spirit, smashed the cook-stove, and destroyed the wife's trunk, full of her good clothes.

A blushing damsel called at one of our agencies the other day to buy a sewing machine. "Do you want a feller?" inquired the modest clerk in attendance. The ingenuous maid replied, with some asperity, "No, sir! I have one."

Boston directs the art instruction of six hundred teachers in the public schools to enable them, in turn, to teach the rudiments of art to their classes. Hereafter, some knowledge of drawing will be required of all who apply for situations as teachers in that city.

"I guess you mean to bring up that 'ere one to be pretty sharp at a bargain," said a fellow to a woman who was rocking and singing with all her might to a little responsibillity." "Why?" "Because you keep bawling, 'By low, baby, by low, baby,' into his ears all the time."

Plums are so plenty in Wisconsin that the farmers are making them into wine. Plum wine will certainly be a novelty. Much interest will be manifested to learn how much of it will be required to cause a man to lose his plumb.

During the earthquake excitement, when persons were running out of a high building, one cool man mounted to the roof, saying that if the structure was going down he preferred to be on the top.

A girl in Brown county, Indiana, has disreputed the matrimonial engagement because her lover, having a musical turn, desecrated his vocal powers by singing frivolous songs, and obstinately refuses to learn "psalm tunes."

A great many people of Boston, of all denominations, who are abundantly able to pay liberally for the support of public worship, attend free churches, where their benefactions are unknown.

A Boston store-keeper, the other day, stuck upon his door the laconic advertisement, "A boy wanted." The next morning on opening his store, he found a little urchin in a basket, labeled "Here he is."

Kindness should be stowed away in the heart like bags of levender in a drawer, and employed to sweeten every object around them.

Hobbs says that he has one of the most obedient boys in the world. He tells him to do as he pleases, and does it without murmuring.

Working and thinking should go together, the thinker working and the worker thinking.

We think a man carries the borrowing principle too far when he asks us to lend him our ears.

A Louisville dairyman has been fined $75 and costs for not putting enough milk in his water.

In marriage you tie a knot with your tongue that you cannot undo with your teeth.

Modesty in a woman is like color on her cheek, decidedly becoming if not "put on."

A Louisville girl sold her hair the other day in order to get money to go on a visit,

The Connecticut Quakers prefer to go to jail rather than pay their military taxes.

Not to enquire after each other's "chills," is considered the height of discourtesy in Indiana.

HEAVY ASSESSMENT.—The Chicago *Tribune* is responsible for the following: "A postmaster in Missouri, whose annual salary is $12, and who has been in office only three months, received a notice to pay 1 per cent. of his salary to help elect the McClurg ticket. The postmaster complied, inclosing three cents; and by putting a three-cent postage stamp on the letter, anticipating next year's contribution to be the same. Even with this contribution, McClurg was not elected.