A. L. Bancroft & Co.

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.

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BUSINESS CARDS.

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Attorney at Law,

Oregon City, Oregon.

Sept.16:1y.

JOHN FLEMING,

DEALER IN

BOOKS AND STATIONERY,

IN MYERS' FIRE-PROOF BRICK,

MAIN STREET, OREGON CITY, OREGON.

MACK & WELCH,

DENTISTS.

OFFICE—In Odd Fellows' Temple, corner of First and Alder Streets, Portland.

The patronage of those desiring superior operations is in special request. Nitrous oxide for the painless extraction of teeth.

☞ Artificial teeth "better than the best," and *as cheap as the cheapest.*

Dec. 25tf

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Satisfaction in all cases guaranteed.

N. B.—*Nitrous Oxyde* administered for the Painless Extraction of Teeth.

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Physician and Surgeon,

☞ Office on Main Street, opposite Masonic Hall, Oregon City. 15tf

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☞ At the old stand of Wortman & Fields 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,

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Practices in State and U. S. Courts.

Office No. 108 Front Street, Portland, Oregon,

Opposite McCormick's Book Store.

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,

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.

NEW YORK HOTEL,

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H. ROTHFOS, J. J. WILKENS,

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Board per Week	$5 00
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" " Day.....	1 00

A. NOLTNER,

NOTARY PUBLIC, ENTERPRISE OFFICE

Oregon City, Jan. 13:tf

BLANKS.—All kinds of blanks can be had at this office Job Printing of every description neatly executed, at short notice.

MEMORIES OF ME.

When other smiles shall woo thee,
And pleasures still pursue thee;
When hope's bright dreams have vanished
Across life's marshy lea—
Like strains of music stealing,
Unto thy soul appealing
With every tender feeling,
Will be memories of me.

And when at eve thou rovest
With some one whom thou loveest,
Perchance there'll come a moment,
When thy heart will yearn to be
With her who once carressed thee.
Ah! truer love ne'er blessed thee,
Nor fonder arms e'er pressed thee;
So give one tear to me.

Yet not in grief nor anguish,
Would I, love, have thee languish,
But kindly, and with pleasure,
Think of all our happy days—
Of hours that fled so gladly,
Enjoyed by us so madly,
That e'en their memory sadly
Brings thoughts of love and me.

Oh! wilt thou then remember
As fades the dying ember,
When life no longer lingers
In the once bright, sparkling fame,
That none e'er loved so dearly,
And clung to thee so nearly,
As she, whose name has merely
Become a memory?

—*Literary Companion.*

Woman Unsexed.

Steadily the domain of private life contracts, the sphere of public action enlarges, the rostrum gains on the fireside, and for promises that may be disappointed, we are called to abjure fruitions whose sweetness we have tasted. It was a woman who listened to all that enthusiasm could paint of the exaltation and the evangelization which are to reform civil society after the experiment of female suffrage, and then put the question with powerful simplicity: "But if it should fail, how would you bring us back to our present sphere?"

There is a resident committee of women in Washington, charged with the work of pressing legislation upon Congress, appointed by the female suffrage convention now sitting here. This is not altogether unprecedented in kind, but it may well serve the occasion for a few reflections. No person will question the contrast between the offices and influence of the domestic sphere and those about the public halls of legislation. Whatever may be thought of the relative dignity of the two spheres, their inconsistency is indisputable. The ladies who have accepted a post of duty in the lobby cannot ask to be treated as exceptional without denying their representative character altogether. Can we, then, applaud the transfer from homes, that cannot receive compensating influences, to public life, of agencies and energies undeniably essential to society?

Men have hitherto made the laws and women have made the homes. If the former are imperfect, what shall befall us if the latter become so too. It is trite to say that civilization revolves on the pivot of the family. Public abuses are never fatal while the hearth stone is a refuge for sentiment. But concede for its unutterable sacraments the jurisdiction of public opinion, and the fabric of order must fall to ruin. And who is so unacquainted with human nature as to expect that woman may pass from sphere to sphere—that she can bring domestic purity to the help of the State without bringing back the State into irresistible contact with the home?

Perhaps the most melancholy truth of the times is, that abuses and perversions of the dominant political party have brought about so alarming a movement. For ages, notwithstanding the earnest repetition of all abstract theories that have ever been proposed, the healthy instincts of both sexes continued to divide the work assigned to them by Providence, the holier to the beautiful, the ruder to the strong. But now, a new argument is advanced.

It ought to burn the dishonest cheek of the political impostors who, under color of doctrines they never believed in, having degraded suffrage in this country. In the convention, on Thursday—

Miss Adele Hazlett drew a harrowing picture of the injustice of men towards women, and scornfully informed the male portion of the audience that while they had infranchised the ignorant Chinaman and negro, *for their own selfish ends*, they kept their mothers, wifes, daughters, and sisters crouching at their feet in a degraded serfdom.

This, then, is the whole secret and spring of the threatened innovation, and, as presented, it logically compels those who have degraded and outraged the high privilege of suffrage, to accept the argument or confess their hppocrisy.

—*Patriot.*

GOV. HOLDEN reports the expenditures of North Carolina for the year just ended, $700,000. Before the war, under the government of its own people, these expenses did not exceed $100,000 on an average.

A Projected Paper Monopoly.

It is known to all consumers of paper, that within the last few years important discoveries have been made in connection with the manufacture of that important article, by which straw and wood now enter largely into its composition, and that at present a large majority of all the papers in this country are printed on paper manufactured in the proportion of forty to seventy-five per cent. of rags. This has the affect to keep the prices down to figures considerably below what they inevitably would be were the manufacture of paper still limited to rags—the supply of which would fall short of the present requirements of the paper market. Still it is averred that straw paper is to-day thirty-three per cent. higher than rag paper was in 1860, which would seem to leave no doubt that the manufacturers of straw are obtaining a good profit. Some recent developments, however, indicate that they are not satisfied with their profits, and that they are projecting a grand monopoly with the view to advancing the price. The principal facts in connection with this movement are stated as follows: A company of eastern capitalists was formed about eighteen months ago, who bought up a number of patents under which paper is manufactured from wood and straw. The principal patent upon which, it is alleged, all others hinge, was about to expire, and the first step was to secure a renewal of this. This was accomplished and the patent extended. Thereupon a circular was issued to manufacturers of paper using straw or wood in any way in the production of paper, notifying them of the combination and of the extension of the patent, and demanding that they should agree (first) to pay a royalty of *one per cent per pound*, and second to bind themselves to run on short time whenever requested so to do by the managers of the monopoly—the object, as stated, being to reduce the supply of paper, and advance the price permanently to *fifteen cents per pound*. It was argued that this would greatly benefit the manufacturers of paper, as it would insure large profits on the products of their mills, and place the whole business practically under one head. Paper manufacturers generally, however, did not approve of the scheme, and for the time it failed. As a final effort, therfore, the would-be monopolists have resorted to legal proceedings, and the manufacturers are as a consequence somewhat uneasy, though it would seem that there should be but one result to the issue, and that the overthrow of the men who are seeking to establish the monopoly. A convention of paper manufacturers was recently held at Cincinnati, at which this matter was considered, and it is intended to make an effort to procure from Congress an investigation of the proceedings by which the straw patent was extended, and if possible, have it overturned. Undoubtedly the matter is one which deserves the attention of the press of the country, in the interest alike of publisherers and the public.—*Printing Gazette.*

Governor Baker, of Indiana, recognizing the fact that much of the notoriety attached to that State by reason of its loose divorce laws is due to the facility with which people from other States may obtain a divorce after a pretended residence in the Indiana, makes grave mention of this evil, in the way of a protest against its continuance, in his message to the Legislature. He also recommends a repeal of the statute which authorizes divorce for any cause that the court may deem sufficient, and recommends a limitation to such cases of cruel treatment as are proved to have been heartless and inhaman. He makes other suggestion for the improvement of the present divorce laws which, if adopted, will certainly do much to remove from Indiana the odium which now attaches to her statutes on this subject.

A stranger observing, an ordinary roller-rule on the table took it up, and on inquiring its use, was answered: "It is a rule for counting-houses." Too well bred, as he construed politeness, to ask unnecessary questions, he turned it over and over, up and down, repeatedly, and at last in a paroxysm of baffled curiosity, inquired, "How in the name of wonder do they count houses with this?"

The Indiana Legislature is in sore travail again. A couple of Republican Senators have deserted their standard and joined the Democracy bag and baggage. This gives the Damocracy a working majority in the Senate. Of course the Republican Senators are threatening to resign and go home.

Editorial Life and Dissipation.

Some months since the Rev. Henry Ward Beecher, in the course of a sermon at the funeral of a New York journalist, took occasion to reflect upon the editorial profession in general as given too much to habits of dissipation. We thought the indictment somewhat harsh, believing that when all the conditions surrounding the life of the average journalists are taken into account, editors are not as a class a worse, but rather better, than the mass of men; that there is really as great, if not greater, attention and regard paid to temperance in all things by the members of this as of any regular profession. We are still disposed to cherish this view, and yet it must be conceded that there is enough of dissipation in the ranks of journalists to awaken the liveliest regret among those who honor the calling, and to challenge the attention and effort of every well-wisher of the profession to the end that the evil may be brought fully into view, and, if possible, its progress stayed. Conceding to journalists no higher quality of moral discrimination, and no greater ability to resist the demands of appetite and the behests of passion, than are possessed by other men whose education and opportunities have been equally favorable, it is not difficult to understand why those engaged in newspaper work might be more given to sensual indulgences than men in any other calling of life. The temptations that wait upon every step of the journalist are greater in number and more urgently pressed than any other class of men are called upon to contend with. He is a public character whose company men seek, whose friendship and aid all men desire, and whose presence is always welcome. Thus at every turn he is brought into contact with some one who is anxions to manifest his good feeling or friendship, and the wine cup is brought into requisition. Furthermore, the general demands of journalism upon the vital forces of those engaged in it are to some extent responsible for this dissipation. The newspaper press of today is a treadmill, the ceaseless terrible toil of which exhausts the energies and grinds out the life of its victims with certainty and rapidity possible to no other calling, and under the enervating and deteriorating strain upon the mind and body that it imposes, the irregular and unsettled life that it inflicts, the call for some stimulant that will re-invigorate failing vitality is often imperatively called for, if not indeed necessary. Still the vice is one to be seriously and earnestly discorraged, for in its prevalence not alone are individuals, many of them men of splendid promise, dragged down to ruin, but the profession of journalism is lowered in the public estimation, and the title of editor is made a reproach rather than what it should be, a term of honorable distinction among men, and of social worth and influence to its possessors.—*Printing Gazette.*

A STORY WITH A MORAL.—A young man paying attention to a young lady, met with the following incidents during one of his visits:

Being invited into the parlor to await the lady's appearance, he entertained himself as best he might for some time, and was becoming weary, when a little girl about five years old slipped in and began to converse with him.

"I can always tell when you are coming to our house," she said. "Why, when you are going to be here sister begins to sing and get good; she gives me cake and pie, and everything I want, and she sings so sweetly when you are here, and when I speak to her she smiles so pleasantly. I wish you would stay here all the while, then I could have a good time. But when you go off sister is not good. She gets mad, and if I ask her for any thing she slaps and bangs me about."

"Fools and children tell the truth," he muttered and taking his hat he left and returned no more.

Moral.—Parents wishing their ill-natured daughters married, should keep their small children out of the parlor when strangers are there.

Kentucky, which was the ninth State in the Union, in point of population, is now the eighth. The glorious old State is more than holding her own in the race of national progress. Her advance in the last ten years has been greater than Ohio, notwithstanding that she has suffered so greatly by the civil war.

An Ohio girl has been widening her sphere in New Michigan, by acting as "first lieutenant of canal boat and second mate of a rake factory," in men's clothes.

A True Bill.

The following, among other resolutions, was offered in the New Hampshire Democratic Convention, and after being discussed, was submitted to the voters of that State for endorsement at the approaching election. It is a true bill:

Resolved, That nearly two years have tested the capacity of Gen. Grant for civil administration, they have shown him little in intellect, nothing in political virtue and alike unable to comprehend the duties, rise to the level of the responsibilities and insensible to the obligations of his exalted station. He first gave the country a gift enterprise Cabinet, roating with the ebb and flow of the donation. He has made merchandise of the appointing power, which the constitution placed in his hands to be exercised for the public good, until his great office has become a "bucksters' mart" and a pool for Wall street and other jobberies. He has billited an army of relatives upon the revenues wrung from the people, as if we were in the midst of war and they were public enemies. He has driven from his Cabinet those who would not make their trust subservient to his interest, public plunder and partisan ends. He has done his best to destroy the independence of, and to degrade that great tribunal, the Supreme Court of the United States. He has hawked about inferior Federal judgeships among the rable as the reward for personal and low partisan services. He has connived at the reign of speculation and fraud in several of the Southern States, and has attempted by intimidation and military interference to deprive them of any fair and legitimate exercise of the elective franchise. He has attempted, by an array of military force, to throttle the liberties of the great States of New York and Pennsylvania, and to deprive their people of a fair and honest election. He has purchased foreign territory and paid therefor the money of the people of the United States in defiance of law. Through most unworthy motives, and means as d sreputable, he has sought by a miscalled treaty, negotiated by his "military family" with a usurper, to introduce into this Union a population which would be a fostering curse to any republican government. And, finally, this mimic Cæsar now proposes to "crown the edifice" with a "sound empire" and to secure another four years, flow of gifts by overthrowing and again "reconstructing" the constitutions of the States with the aid of bayonet, until the people thereof vote according to the mandates of so-called "servant of the people" and the parasites and corruption which he has gathered around him.

THE DEMOCRATIC NOMINEE.—A New York paper says that the Democratic nomination for President will lay between Thurman of Ohio, Hendricks of Indiana, and Casserly of California. Either of these great statesmen would suit us to a dot, and particularly would we be gratified with the nomination of our old time friend, Casserly of California. We fear, however, that Senator Casserly is not elligible, being of foreign birth. But in this it is possible that we are mistaken, and if so, we second the proposition to nominate the distinguished California Senator for the highest office in the gift of the people. Our acquaintance with Mr. Casserly dates back many years, and we can vouch for it a truer friend or more ardent advocate of democratic principles is no where to be found. A gentleman of polished manners, and cultivated intellect, he would do much to redeem the Presidential office from the disgrace that has attached to it since the advent of radicalism. Not a buffoon like Lincoln, or a sot like Grant, Casserly would look and act the President, and Americans would no longer blush at the mention of the name of their Chief Magistrate.—*W. W. Statesman.*

An Irishman was traveling on his road to Manchester, N. H. He arrived at the forks of the road where there stood a sign-board, which read, Manchester four miles "Man chaised her four miles!" cried Paddy, be Saint Pathrick, I could have caught her meself in half the time."

KISSED.—A country girl coming from the field, was told by her cousin that she looked as fresh as a daisy kissed by the dew. "No, indeed," was her simply reply, "that wasn't his name."

COMPLAINS.—A farmer complains that when he takes his wheat to have it ground he finds a very large portion of it is subject to mill-dew.

Jim Wolf and the Tom Cats.

Mark Twain's Accsunt of a Tragical Affair.

I knew by the sympathetic glow upon his bald head—I knew by the thoughtful look upon his face—I knew by the emotional flush upon the strawberry on the end of the old free liver's nose, that Simon Wheeler's memory was busy with the olden times. And so I prepared to leave, because all these were symptoms of a reminiscence—signs that he was going to be delivered of another of his tiresome personal experiences; but I was too slow; he got the start of me. As nearly as I can recollect the infliction was couched in the following language:

We were all boys then and didn't care for nothing, and didn't worry about nothing, only to shirk school and keep up a revivin' state of divilment all the time. This yer Jim Wolf I was talking about was the prentice, and he was the best hearted feller, he was, and the most forgivin, and onselfish I ever see—well, there couldn't have been a bullier boy than he was take him hew you would, and sorry, sorry enough I was when I saw him for the last time.

Me and Harry was always pestering him and plastering hoss bills on his back, and putting bumble bees in his bed, and so on, and sometimes we'd crowd in and bunk with him. notwithstanding his growling, and we'd let on to get mad and fight across him, so as to keep him stirred up like. He was nineteen; he was long, and lank, and bashful; and we was fourteen and ten, tolerably worthless and lasy.

So that night, you know, that my sister Mary gave a candy pullin', they started us off to bed early, so as the company could have full swing, and we run into Jim to have some fun.

Our window looked out unto the roof of the ell, and about ten o'clock a couple of old tom cats got to rarin' and chargin' about it, and carrying on like sin. There was four inches of snow on the roof, and it was frozen so that there was a right smart crust of ice on it, and the moon was shining bright, and we could see them cats like daylight. First they'd stand off and e-you pow wow, just the same as if they were a cussin one another, you know, and bow up their backs and push up their tails, and swell round and spit, and then all of a sudden the gray cat he'd snatch a handful of fur out of the yaller cat's hams, and spin him round like the button on a barn door, but the yaller cat was game, and he'd come and clinch, and the way they'd gouge, and bite, and howl, and the way they'd make the fur fly was powerful.

Well, Jim he got disgusted with this row, and 'lowed he'd clime out there and shake 'em off'n the roof. He hadn't reely no notion of doin' it, but we everlastin'ly dogged him, and bullyragged him, and 'lowed he'd always bragged how he would not take a dare, and so on, till bimeby he histed up the winder, and lo and behold you, he went—went exactly as he was; nothing on but a shirt, and it was short. But you ought to a seen him creeping over the ice, and diggin' his toe-nails in to keep from slippin'; and, above all, you ought to a seen that shirt-tail flappin' in the wind, and them long, rediculous shanks of his glistening in the moonlight.

Them company folks were down there under the eaves, the whole squad of 'em, under that ornery shed of old Washington Bower vines—all settin' round about two dozen sassers of hot candy, which they'd set in the snow to cool. And they was laughin and talkin' lively; but bless you, they didn't know nothin, about the panorama that was goin' on over their heads. Well, Jim he went a sneaken' up unbeknown to them tom cats—they was a swishin' their tails, and threatenin' to clinch, you know and not payin' any attention—he went a sneakin' right to the comb of the roof, till he was within a foot and a half of 'em, and then all of a sudden he made a grab for the yallar cat. But, by gosh, he missed fire and slipped, his heels flew up, and he flopped on his back, and he went off'm that roof like a dart!—went a slashin' and a smashin' and a crashin' down through them old rusty vines, and landed in the centre of them comp'ny people!—sat down like a yarthquake in them two dozen sassers of red hot candy, and let off a howl which was hark from the tomb! Them gals—well, they looked, you know. They see he wasn't dressed for company, and so they left. All done in a second. It was just one little war-whoop and a whisk of their dresses, and blame the wrench of 'im was in sight anywhere.

Jim he was a sight. He was gormed with that bilin' ot molasses candy clean down to his heels, and had more busted sassers hanging to him than if he was an Injun princess—and he came a prancin' up stairs, just a floppin and a cussin', and every jump he made he shed some china, and every squirm he fetched he dropped some candy!

And blistered! Why, bless your soul, that poor creature couldn't really set down for as much as four weeks.

The Stevens Inventory.

It is far from plesant to meddle with dead men's affairs, and we never should have said a word about Mr. Thaddeus Stevens' assets had it not been that his friends introduced the subject to the public. The apology now made by accredited organs for the suppression of the inventory is that it was withheld because of "a claim against the estate by the colored woman," with whom, for a quarter of a century, Mr. Stevens lived, or who lived with Mr. Stevens, and another connected with a furnace in which the decedent has an interest. Not being skilled in Pennsylvania law, we may be in error: but it occurs to us, as matter of commonsense, that an inventory of an intestates' personal property has nothing to do with claims on the estate. An administrator's instinct and duty is to put on record, as soon as may be, for his own protection, a statement of whatever property, be it Pacific railroad stock or not, which comes into his hands. This is all that an inventory means.

To resist uniust claims, is a distinct and prosterior duty. Surely it is not meant by our negrophile friends who represent Mr. Stevens, that they suppressed the inventory in order, by a show of poverty, to discourage "the colored woman" from prosecuting her claim? And yet that inference is inevitable, or else there was a design in concealing the aggregate value of the estate, which can readily be imagined. Mr. Stevens, as has already been stated, was on the verge of bankruptcy only a few years ago. A portion of his property was destroyed when the Confederates invaded Pennsylvania. Still, in spite of these facts, and without its being pretended that he acquired wealth by legacy or donation, he died, as is admitted by parties interested in diminishing the value of the estate, possessed $146,000! How much more the public is not permitted to know, because his legal representatives refuse to conform to the accepted usage, and purposely withhold the information. In what manner was this fortune acquired in so short a time? is the inquiry which has not been answered. It is enough to make the great agitator turn in the grave which he prescribed for himself in the promiscuous cemetary. With all this, however, the public has no concern. All it has a right to know is, was Mr. Stevens, Radical leader and reformer, at his death owner of stocks or securities which had the car-mark of Congressional corruption? It is a very simple question.

A PERSUASIVE WIFE.—A correspondent of the Denton *Monitor* says a handsome, dashing woman, rode into a village in that region, a few days ago, and alighting from her horse, went rapidly to a drinking saloon, where a number of sovereigns were having a "high time." She singled out the finest looking man in the crowd, walked up to him, seized him by the arm and ordered him to put down the glass he was about to drain. He dashed down the glass and rushed away. The lady followed, and finally cornered him in the billiard-room. She told him, in a firm, determined voice, that the place he was in and the course he was pursuing would not answer for her husband; that he was wasting her property, and that she would no longer consent to be disgraced and impoverished by him. She demanded his pistol. He refused. She took it from him, cocked it, and presented it at him, and told him he must leave or die. He concluded to leave. She marched him out as a prisoner of war to where his horse was hitched, ordered him to mount, and in a few minutes the two were leaving town, the wife riding in the rear of her captured lord, with his six-shooter in her hand.

A little boy embodied his thoughts on theology in words, thus: "I don't see how the devil came to turn out so, when there was no other devil to put him up to it."

"Mammy"! said a precious little boy, who, against his will, was made to rock the cradle of his baby brother, "if the Lord has any more babies to give away don't you take 'em.

The man who tried to tan leather with the bark of a dog has gone into the sausage business.

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