



THE WEEKLY ENTERPRISE

A DEMOCRATIC PAPER. FOR THE Business Man, the Farmer And the FAMILY CIRCLE. ISSUED EVERY FRIDAY BY A. HOLTNER, EDITOR AND PUBLISHER.

BOOK AND JOB PRINTING.

The Enterprise office is supplied with beautiful, approved styles of type, and modern MACHINERY PRESSSES, which will enable the Proprietor to do Job Printing at all times.

BUSINESS CARDS.

CHARLES E. WARREN, Attorney at Law, Oregon City, Oregon. JOHN M. BACON, Importer and Dealer in STATIONERY, PERFUMERY, &c., &c.

JOHN FLEMING, DEALER IN BOOKS AND STATIONERY, IN MYERS' FIRE-PROOF BRICK.

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

Dr. J. H. HATCH, DENTIST. The patronage of those desiring First Class Operations, is respectfully solicited.

H. W. ROSS, M. D., Physician and Surgeon. Office on Main Street, opposite Masonic Hall, Oregon City.

W. H. WATKINS, M. D., SURGEON, PORTLAND, OREGON. OFFICE—043 Ebbetts' 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.

W. F. HIGHFIELD, Established since 1839, at the old stand, Main Street, Oregon City, Oregon.

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

NEW YORK HOTEL. (Danzon's Buildings). No. 17 Front Street, opposite the Mail Steamship Landing, Portland, Oregon.

H. ROTHFOS, J. J. WILKENS, PROPRIETORS. Board per Week \$5.00 with Lodging \$6.00 Day \$1.00

ANGRY WORDS.

Angry words are lightly spoken, In a rash and thoughtless hour; Brightest links in life are broken; By their deep insidious power;

Don't Piatt.

MRS. WOODHULL CATCHES GEN. PLEASANTON IN A DELICATE POSITION. [From the Cincinnati Commercial.] This other day, General Pleasanton, a delicate, sensitive little gentleman, was

NOT IN A CONDITION

TO SEE ANY ONE ON BUSINESS JUST NOW, AND I BEG OF YOU TO DESIST AND COME TO THE BUREAU. "I don't care anything about your condition, General Pleasanton; but it is a matter of some importance that I wish to see you upon, and this is as good an opportunity as any."

VANDERBILT CASE?

That Vanderbilt case is a great outrage, sir, and I can see that somebody is to be swindled out of half a million of dollars, and here followed a statement of the Vanderbilt case, that occupied just twenty minutes by the clock, and was very forcible and emphatic.

NOT ENOUGH.

Henry A. Wise said many good things in his memorable campaign of 1853, when he "met the black knight with his visor down" and defeated him, but the following related in the S. F. Examiner is a little the best:

A DISAPPOINTED MINISTER.

A laughable thing took place at a revival meeting somewhere in Mississippi not long since. The minister noticed a steady looking chap in one of the seats, looking as though he needed religion or a good square meal.

A Few "Contingent."

Says the N. Y. Herald: A statement of the expenditures of the War Department for contingent expenses during the year 1870 shows that about half a million of dollars were expended in paying some of the gristliest bills of the late glorious war—bills that for common decency's sake should long ere this have been pigeonholed in some obscure nook of the War Office.

THE CARNIVAL.

A venerable and highly educated lady, says the Delta Democrat, living at Alexandria, Virginia, speaking of the carnival at Washington in a letter to her son in this city says: "All the world to-day has gone to the grand carnival at the National Capital. The wheels of government stop to see the performance of a nation's buffoonery."

AN IMMENSE BRIDGE.

The great iron bridge now being constructed over the Mississippi, at Hannibal (Mo.), is one of the great works of the present day. The length between the abutments is 1,580 feet. It will be eighteen feet wide in the clear, and is intended for both railway and highway travel.

USEFUL INVENTION.

Mr. Jacob Zuckerman, of San Francisco, has invented a motive power for sewing machines. The Bulletin gives the following description of it: Under the table of the sewing machine are a number of upright spiral steel springs, which being compressed, their expansive force is communicated, by means of a chain and some simple "clock work" placed on the table, to the sewing machine.

DISGUSTED GERMANS.

General Logan's election to the Senate, from Illinois, says the Dayton Ohio Ledger, does not please the German wing of the Radical party in that State. They wanted Lieutenant-Ledger, does not please the German wing of the Radical party in that State.

Indemnity School Lands.

A goodly number of the people of the State feel a lively interest in the early settlement of the indemnity school land question. In the act organizing the Territory, and in the one admitting Oregon into the Union, it was provided among other things, that sections sixteen and thirty-six in every township should be granted to the State for the use of schools, and it was further provided that in the event said sections or any part thereof had been disposed of, other lands equivalent thereto, and as contiguous as possible, should be taken to fill up the measure of the grant.

General Blair and Henry Wilson.

Thus speaks the New York correspondent of the Boston Courier, a Democratic paper, edited by Hon. George Lunt, with marked ability. The letter is dated 25th of January, ult.:

The Coming Man.

There is no doubt, now, of the distinction in store for us, the fortunate denizens of the Golden State. He's a coming. Shoddy-ites, liek-pittles and parasites, prepare for action; for the Washington correspondent of the Chicago Evening Post says "it is now settled that the President will take an overland trip to California in the Spring, after Congress adjourns."

WOMAN'S RIGHTS.

Blair is a man of extreme personal courage and vast energy, and why not publish his Broadhead letter, for you find that he believes in it as firmly now as when it was written. That letter was a bold assertion at the time, but events have fulfilled in part its prophecies.

THE STORM OF REPROACH.

They could not avoid, but hearing no noise after the old lady entered, they went to see what had become of the gallants. Two pair of boots and a foot or so of pantaloons were visible from the door, and the girls, making some common-place remarks to their mother, went away laughing loudly. "Phancy the peelings" of the chaps behind the lounge. But in a few seconds there came a shout from the woodshed, where the girls then were, saying that their lamp had blown out, and asking "mother" to come with hers. The boys heard them plainly, and even smothering Dick stopped his muttering and threatening. The good old lady rose, wiped her specks and folded them away, and bidding the girls not to be frightened, went off with the lamp to their aid. It would be superfluous to say that the lounging boys didn't lounge just there any longer. They unlocked the front door as quickly as they could and

SLID OUT.

Without even bidding the young ladies good night. It was well for them that they did, for in less than three minutes the old lady was seated on the lounge again, perusing her book.

Girls' Wit Enough for a Tight Place.

(From the Saginaw Courier.) The following good story is vouched for to us by one of the participants in the affair. Two friends—we'll call them TOM AND DICK,

DEAF OLD LADY.

went a few nights since to call upon a couple of damsels, who reside with their mother in the eastern portion of the city. The old lady is somewhat deaf, and the girls somewhat roguish. The girls were graciously received by the old lady, who formed a fifth in the social circle. Ordinary bed time came, and the gentlemen professed to leave, the girls showing them to the door. But this was only a ruse to get the old lady to bed. The front door was opened and shut, and the girls returned to the dining-room; the two beaux having been slipped into the front parlor and left there in the dark. It was supposed, of course, that the slight-

THE SNEE YOUNG MEN.

behind the lounge may be better imagined than described. Tom was in dread of immediate detection, while Dick dreaded smothering. He was so frightfully cramped that he was getting reckless as to consequences, and in a muffled voice that only the old lady's deafness prevented her from noticing, mumbled to Tom: "Kick the lounge over, blow the lamp out and let's jump through the window."

THE STORM OF REPROACH.

As Dick was squirming in a way that boded a sudden expose for Tom, it is probable that the latter would have taken his advice to the letter, but for the interposition of the quick-witted girls. At first, expecting the cat was out of the bag, they had kept back, ready to take

DOUBLE ADVANTAGE GAINED.

The carpet-baggers and schlawags of the South, remarks an exchange, have a chronic affection for visiting Washington during the session of Congress. This, of course, costs money. Honest men pay their own bills when they travel, but not so with these chaps. They have a contrivance to get us, the people, to meet their expense. Their friends always keep a committee on reconstruction or on southern outrages on hand, with a view of accommodating these gentlemen by summoning them as witnesses. A double advantage is thus gained. The carpet-baggers and schlawags get their expenses paid by Congress, and the committee have always an expert set of witnesses on hand.

IT IS STATED THAT THE CELEBRATED TROTTER HORSE BLACKWOOD, OF SCOTT COUNTY (Ky.), HAS BEEN SOLD TO A COMPANY OF NEW YORKERS.

The price said to have been paid is \$62,500, more, in long odds, than was ever given before for anything in the shape of horseflesh. How fast Blackwood can trot is not known. He made one race in public as a three-year-old, and scored 2:31. Some of the knowing ones think his trainers have since gotten him down to Dexter's time.

THE SWEETEST OF STRAINS—Trying to lift a pretty heavy girl on a horse.

"Little children loved him," is the only epitaph I care about.

COLD BUSINESS.

Going to law is mighty cold business, for the very best you can hope is just-ice, and often you can't get that.

Don't Marry for Money.

EMMA J. OPPENHEIMER. Girls, never marry old men—when I say old, I mean a man twenty or twenty-five years older than you are; rest assured you will feel sorry afterward.

Don't take him because he is nice, so "stylish looking," and every time he comes to see you wears a different pair of gloves and a new necktie; and then because his newstache is waxed just so, and his hair is smooth and not a single hair is out of place, and all that kind of nonsense.

Take my word for it, girls he will not make a good husband; he thinks too much of himself for that.

Don't except Maurice because you like him, but only feel a simpering liking, and think and argue to yourself that love will come after marriage—that's nonsense, too.

Rather marry a man with a plain face, and good steady ways, even if he is not very stylish, and love him. Suppose his circumstances are only so so, as long as he can support you decently and is a good husband, what do you care for style?

You will be far happier than your sister Annette, or your cousin Julia, who married the elegant and wealthy Mr. Winters, who is out half the night playing cards, with his friends; of course the fashionables do not call it gambling, but what else is it, when a man neglects his wife and family and loses half his fortune in one night?

And then after coming home late, he sleeps late, and when he gets up is cross because he lost ten thousand at euchre, and goes out again to the trotting course, and don't come in until another half night has passed. What of a life is that?

And yet you must expect it, if you link your life to a man you do not love.

Of course you have your round of pleasure, too; but you don't care for him, only for his money, and his passing infatuation for your pretty face or graceful figure has passed off, so you each go your own way, each on the road to ruin.

Of course, when he finds out that you have flirted and even allowed Ormond Woodfield to kiss you, he storms and says he won't allow his name to be disgraced, &c., and then you get indignant, and tell him it's none of his business to interfere with you, as you married his money, not him, and that you love Ormond, and when he (your husband) dies, you intend marrying him.

Then he storms and swears and sues for a divorce, and you and your children are disgraced, for lawyers and reporters search and pick and exaggerate every little innocent action of yours as wrong, and the world knows all your secrets during your life, and all your letters and every little word is construed and misconstrued until they make "mountains out of mole-hills."

And then when the case is completed and the evidence summed up, you will feel like burying your face in the earth from very shame of the publicity of the thing.

You can avoid this, girls, by thinking less of wealth and brown stone front houses, and more of true love and sterling worth.

DOUBLE ADVANTAGE GAINED.—The carpet-baggers and schlawags of the South, remarks an exchange, have a chronic affection for visiting Washington during the session of Congress. This, of course, costs money. Honest men pay their own bills when they travel, but not so with these chaps. They have a contrivance to get us, the people, to meet their expense. Their friends always keep a committee on reconstruction or on southern outrages on hand, with a view of accommodating these gentlemen by summoning them as witnesses. A double advantage is thus gained. The carpet-baggers and schlawags get their expenses paid by Congress, and the committee have always an expert set of witnesses on hand.

IT IS STATED THAT THE CELEBRATED TROTTER HORSE BLACKWOOD, OF SCOTT COUNTY (Ky.), HAS BEEN SOLD TO A COMPANY OF NEW YORKERS.

The price said to have been paid is \$62,500, more, in long odds, than was ever given before for anything in the shape of horseflesh. How fast Blackwood can trot is not known. He made one race in public as a three-year-old, and scored 2:31. Some of the knowing ones think his trainers have since gotten him down to Dexter's time.

THE SWEETEST OF STRAINS—Trying to lift a pretty heavy girl on a horse.

"Little children loved him," is the only epitaph I care about.

COLD BUSINESS.

Going to law is mighty cold business, for the very best you can hope is just-ice, and often you can't get that.