



The Weekly Enterprise.

A DEMOCRATIC PAPER, FOR THE Business Man, the Farmer And the FAMILY CIRCLE.

PUBLISHED EVERY FRIDAY BY A. NOLTNER.

EDITOR AND PUBLISHER. OFFICE—In Dr. Theisinger's Brick Building.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION: Single Copy one year, in advance, \$2.50

TERMS OF ADVERTISING: Transient advertisements, including all legal notices, 7 sq. of 12 lines, 1 w. \$ 2.50

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Christian Way to Kill an Enemy.

"That man will be the death of me yet," said Paul Levering. He looked worried out, not angry. "That means Dick Hardy."

"What has he been doing to thee now?" asked the questioner, a friend named Isaac Martin, a neighbor. "He's always doing something, friend Martin. Scarcely a day passes that I don't have complaint of him. Yesterday one of the boys came and told me he saw him throw a stone at my new Durham cow, and strike her on the head."

"That's very bad friend Levering. Does thee know why he did this? Was thy Durham cow trespassing on his grounds?" "No, she was only looking over the fence. He has a spite at me and mine, and does all he can to injure me. You know the fine Bartlett pear-tree that stands in corner of my lot adjoining his property?"

"Two large limbs stretched over his side. You would hardly believe it, but it is true; I was out there, just now, and discovered that he had sawed off these two large limbs that hung over on his side. They lay down on the ground and the pigs were eating the fruit."

"Why is Dick so spiteful to thee, friend Levering? He doesn't annoy me. What has thee done to him?" "Nothing of any consequence. 'Thee must have done something, try and remember.' 'I know what first put him out: I kicked an ugly dog of his once. The beast, half starved at home, I suppose, was all the while prowling about here, and snatched up everything that came in his way. One day I came upon him suddenly, and gave him a tremendous kick that sent him howling through the gate. Unfortunately as it has turned out, the dog's master happened to be passing along the road. The way he swore at me was dreadful. I never saw a more vindictive face. The next morning a splendid Newfoundland, that I had raised from a pup, met me shivering at the door with his tail out off. I don't know when I have felt so badly. Poor fellow! his piteous looks haunt me now. I had no proof against Dick but have never doubted as to his agency in the matter. In my grief and indignation I shot the dog, and so put him out of my sight."

"That was hasty in that, friend Levering," said the Quaker. "Perhaps I was, though I never regretted the act. I met Dick a few days afterwards. The grin of satisfaction on his face I accepted as an acknowledgment of his mean and cruel revenge. Within a week from that time one of my cows had a horn knocked off."

'The spirit of the devil,' was answered with feeling.

"He is thy enemy assuredly; and if thee does not get rid of him, he will do thee great harm. Thee must if thee would dwell in safety friend Levering."

"The Quakers face growing serious, and he spoke in a lowered voice and bent towards his neighbor in a confidential manner. 'Thee must put him out of the way.' 'Friend Martin? Thee surprise of Paul was unfeigned. The countenance of Levering grew black with astonishment. 'Kill him!' he ejaculated. 'If thee doesn't kill him he'll certainly kill thee, one of these days, friend Levering. And thee knows what is said about self-preservation being the first law of nature.'

"And get hung?" "I don't think they'll hang thee, anyway," coolly returned the Quaker. "Thee can go over to his place and get him all by thyself. Or thee can meet him in some by-road. Nobody need see thee, and when he is dead, I think people will be more glad than sorry."

"Do you think I'm no better than a murderer?" "I, Paul Levering, stain my hands with blood!" "Who said anything about staining thy hands with blood?" the Quaker said mildly. "Why, you?" "Thee's mistaken. I never used the word blood."

"But you meant it. You suggested murder." "No, friend Levering; I advised thee to kill thy enemy, lest some day he should kill thee." "Isn't killing murder, I should like to know?" demanded Levering. "There's more ways than one to kill an enemy," said the Quaker. "I've killed a good many in my time and no blood can be found on my garments. My way of killing enemies is to make them my friends. Kill neighbor Hardy with kindness, and thee'll have no more trouble with him."

"A sudden light gleamed over Mr. Levering's face, as if a cloud had passed. 'New way to kill people.' 'The surest way to kill enemies, as thee'll find if thee'll try.' 'Let me see. How shall we go about it?' said Paul Levering, taking at once with the idea. 'If thee has the will, friend Levering, it will not be long before thee finds the way.'

to accept a favor from the man he had hated for years and injured in so many ways.

On the following morning, Mr. Levering had a visit from Dick Hardy. It was raining fast. 'I've come,' said Dick, stammering and confused, and looking down on the ground instead of into Mr. Levering's face, 'to pay you for the use of your team yesterday in getting in my hay. I should have lost it if you hadn't sent your wagon, and it's only right that I should pay you for the use of it.'

"I should be very sorry," answered Paul Levering, cheerfully, 'if I couldn't do a neighborly turn without pay. You were right welcome, friend Hardy, to the wagon. I am more than paid in knowing that you saved that field of clover. How much did you get?' 'About three tons. But Mr. Levering, I must—'

"Not a word, if you don't want to offend me," interrupted Levering. 'I trust there is not a man around here that wouldn't do as much for a neighbor in time of need. Still, if you don't wish to stand my debtor—pay me in good will.' Dick Hardy raised his eyes slowly and looking in a strange way at Mr. Levering, said 'shall we not be friends?' Mr. Levering reached out his hand. Hardy grasped it with a quick short grip, and then, as if to hide his feelings that were becoming too strong, dropped it, and went off hastily.

"Thee's killed him!" said the Quaker, on his next meeting with Levering, 'thy enemy is dead.' 'Slain by kindness which you supplied.' "No, thee got it from God's armory where all men may equip themselves without charge and become invincible," replied the Quaker. "And I trust, for thy peace and safety, thee will never use any other weapons in fighting thy neighbors. They are sure to kill!"

"NOT THE LADY.—A well known minister, walking along the streets a few days since, met a lady for whom he had performed the marriage service. Desiring to renew the acquaintance, (for the lady had interested him greatly at the time), he accosted her with the remark: 'Madam, did I not have the pleasure of marrying you a few days ago?' 'I was married a few days since, sir.' 'Yes, I thought I was not mistaken. I married you.' 'Indeed! Well, I thought my husband was a much younger man than you are; but I have not seen enough of him to make his acquaintance thoroughly. By the way, my dear, my eldion is getting shabby; please give me some money to buy a waterfall.' Evidently this was more than the minister bargained for, and with a hasty bow, accompanied by the remark: 'No, you are not the lady—I'm mistaken,' he took his leave.—N. O. Peayene.

The number of distilleries in the United States, with their spirit-producing capacity, foot up a total of 180,839 gallons per day, or 54,000,000 of gallons annually, allowing 300 working days to the year. If we remember that the distilleries do not, as a rule, work so many as 300 days in each year, it will be apparent that 50,000,000 of gallons is a liberal estimate of annual production, based upon the returned working capacity. Inasmuch as the estimated annual consumption of the United States is about 80,000,000 of gallons, there is a rather startling discrepancy of 30,000,000, or 37 1/2 per cent, for which no figures yet received will account.

The Fortunate Kiss.

A PRETTY STORY BY FRERERICA BREMER.

In the great University of Upsala, in Sweden, lived a young student, a noble youth, with great love for studies, but without means for pursuing them. He was poor, without connections. Still he studied, lived in great poverty, but keeping a cheerful heart, and trying to look at the future which seemed so grim to him. His good humor and excellent qualities made him beloved by his comrades. One day he was standing in the square with some of them, prattling away an hour of leisure, when the attention of the young men became arrested by a young and elegant lady, who, by the side of an older one, was slowly walking over the place. It was the daughter of the Governor of Upsala, living in the city, and the lady was her governess. She was generally known for her goodness and gentleness of character, and looked at with admiration by all the students. As the young men stood gazing at her as she passed, like a graceful vision, one of them suddenly exclaimed: 'Well, it would be worth something to have a kiss from such lips.'

"The poor student, the hero of our story, who looked on that pure, angelic face, exclaimed, as if by inspiration: 'Well, I think I could have it.' 'Well!' cried his friends in a chorus, 'are you crazy? Do you know her?' 'Not at all,' he answered, 'but I think she would kiss me if I asked her.' 'What! in this place, and before all our eyes?' 'Yes.' 'Freely?' 'Well, if she would give you a kiss in that manner, I will promise to give you a thousand dollars?' exclaimed one of the party. 'And I! and I!' exclaimed three or four others, for it happened that several rich young men were in the group, and the bet ran high on so improbable an event. The challenge was given and received in less time than we take to tell it.

Our hero (my authority tells not whether he was plain or handsome; I have my peculiar reasons for believing that he was rather plain, but singularly good-looking at the same time), immediately walked up to the young lady and said: 'Mein fraulein, my fortune is in your hands.' She looked at him with astonishment, but arrested her steps. He proceeded to state his name and condition, his aspiration, and related what had passed between him and his companions. The young lady listened attentively, and at his ceasing to speak, she said, blushing, but with great sweetness: 'If by so little a thing so much good can be effected, it would be wicked in me to refuse your request, and publicly, in the open square, she kissed him. Next day the student was sent for by the Governor. He wanted to see the man who dared to seek a kiss from his daughter in that way, and whom she consented to kiss.

He received him with a scrutinizing bow, but after an hour's conversation was so well pleased with him that he asked him to dine at his table during his studies at the university. Our young friend pursued his studies in such a manner that he was soon regarded as the most promising student at the university. Three years are passed since the first kiss, when the young man was allowed to give a second kiss to the daughter of the Governor as his wife.

He became, late, one of the most noted scholars in Sweden, and was much respected for his character. His works will endure while time lasts among the works of science; and from this happy union sprang a family well known in Sweden at the present time, whose wealth and position in society are regarded as trifles in comparison with its goodness and love.

It is generally believed that the yield of gold in California, has been steadily decreasing; but the contrary seems to be the fact. The deposits at the San Francisco mint for the first eight months of 1870, were 719,211 ounces of gold, and 299,104 ounces of silver, against 532,656 ounces of gold in 1860, and 398,681 in 1867.

A Female Odd Fellow.

THE SECRETS OF THE ORDER OBTAINED WITHOUT "RIDING THE GOAT."

INDIANAPOLIS, July 15.—An old man 60 years of age, named Geo. Sears, who was janitor of the Odd Fellows' Hall, and had charge of the private books and work, as well as the keys, for some time past has been under the domination of a woman named Pillsbury, who acquired a fearful influence over him, and prevailed upon him to let her witness three initiations in Odd Fellowship while she was concealed from view. There is a room adjoining to the main hall of the building, designed for the reception of an organ, pending which it was curtained off, having been in this condition for some time. Entrance to this room can only be obtained from the outside, and thereto Mrs. Pillsbury was admitted by the janitor upon several different nights, and witnessed three if not five initiations. She was supplied with the private books and work of the order, keys of the room; and one of the stools were taken from her a day or two since by the Chief of Police. It is said that the janitor instructed the woman in three degrees of Masonry. She makes her boast that she is an Odd Fellow and a Free Mason, and has given evidence that she knows more than she ought to about Odd Fellowship.

Now for the reason for her seeking that which heretofore has been a sealed book to a woman. For some time past the janitor has paid \$12 per month for the woman's house. She wanted more money, and demanded \$1,000. This was refused, when she asked for \$500 and a mortgage on one of the janitor's houses. This was also refused, when she told what she had seen and learned. On Friday night the janitor was tried before a Committee of Odd Fellows and expelled from the order. He was defended by Hon. Wm. Wallace. He is now reported as keeping closely to his house.

True Flirts and False. The Home Journal has this story of "true flirts and false." When a clown follows the will-o'-the-wisp to the discomfiture, we blame the foolish man, and not the misleading light. And so, if men will be so vain and unthinking as to imagine that every pleasant beauty adores them because she does not snub them, and designs to marry them because she vociferates to chat, whose fault is it when the presumptuous lover is informed with cold politeness that his position is that of a friend only? The real mistake consists in conceiving nothing between the sexes but love. People rush into the error that a woman must be either discourteous to a man or in love with him; the possibility of her entertaining a proper and healthy friendship for fifty of the opposite sex never seems to strike the world. Now the so-called flirt is eminently free from all the charges that are usually alleged against her. She is open and undisguised. Her affability is known and commented on from the fact that she converses without hesitation, laughs without restraint; she wears her heart upon her sleeve; there is no concealment, no attempt at reservation, no affectation of reserve. The really designing woman is of another cast. Her plots are darkly laid and darkly carried out; her demeanor staid and style irreproachable.

"She gives a side glance and looks down." She encourages not with the open invitation of an assault, but with the covert affectation of a retreat. She leads on quietly, but without appearing to do so, and the world is kept in ignorance of her plans till her discretion is rewarded and a prize secured. So anglers catch fish—quietly, concealed, cautiously. But he who chatters on the bank, flatters his his rod and line, and flutters brilliant lures, fails if he thinks to net.

While there is a law in society which is the measure of virtue and vice, and in the State the measure of crime and innocence, there is also a divine law which extends over all society and over all States, and which is the only touchstone of moral rectitude.—Locke. A naughty little boy, blubbering because his mother wouldn't let him go to the river on Sunday, upon being admonished, said: "I don't want to go down and see the bad little boys down for going a swimming."

How to make time go fast—Use the spur of the moment. A girl may as well hang up her fiddle when she loses her bean.

Singular Confession—Blistering a Tongue for Lying.

One of the most remarkable letters in a certain way, that we have seen lately, is published in the Cleveland Herald, it being a denial by one Mrs. F. A. Carter of the truth of a story which had been published that she had blistered a young servant girl's tongue for lying. She says: "The threat to blister the tongue for lying, and doing it, though of course not to a degree that would be cruel, I had used before as punishment, preferring it to whipping. My husband had never protested, and it had never occurred to me as being any worse than any corporal punishment, which of course, should be avoided if possible. In this case the culprit was a large girl, who had been more than once returned to our County Infirmary as incorrigible. I had taken her on trial, as I had been moderately successful before with one of similar antecedents. She was not virtuous, was dishonest and untruthful. I vainly tried to reform her, and was obliged to resort to severe means. I said to a neighbor that I had burned her tongue for lying, and she had told no lies since, and from that remark, in the mouth of gossips, the 'horrible if true' story grew. I can prove in court if necessary, by persons in the house at the time, that the above is truth, and that I punished with a heated knife, first applying it to my own tongue, and then on hers, not even raising a blister, but frightened her much, which was what I intended, as any moral appeal was of no use whatever. I am a professed Christian woman, and did what I did conscientiously, feeling it a duty, by every available means, to prevent the girl's remaining a candidate for a part in the 'lake that burneth with fire.'"

Rev. J. P. Newman. The New York Sun, whose editor was Assistant Secretary of War under Mr. Stanton, and who enjoyed the confidence of Mr. Lincoln in an eminent degree, as he also did that of General Grant, whom he saved from dismissal by Stanton—indulges in the following comments, upon Mr. Newman's effort to re-elect Harlan to the Senate, by invoking the aid of a powerful church to sustain his notorious corruption and jobbery: "The letter of the Rev. J. P. Newman, of the Metropolitan Methodist Church in Washington, desiring all the Methodist ministers of Iowa to elector for Senator Harlan, has brought its author into a degree of notoriety that he evidently did not contemplate. It seems, however, that Mr. Newman is not an obscure man. He formerly held a prominent place in the management of the Freedmen's Bureau in Louisiana; but his administration did not render him popular, and he found it best to leave. Charges were made against him by the partisan press at that time, of his having misappropriated money belonging to the bureau and donated by private charity; but we have never seen the evidence by which these charges could be established. However, under the present circumstances, would it not be well for the Rev. Mr. Newman to cultivate a retiring modesty, and to confine himself to his ecclesiastical duties in Washington, leaving the politics of Iowa to take care of themselves?"—Exchange.

CLASSES OF READERS.—Coleridge, in a lecture twenty years ago, divided readers into four classes. The first he compared to the hour-glass, their reading being as the sand—it runs in and out, and leaves not a vestige behind. A second class, he said, resembled the sponge, which imbibes everything, and returns it nearly in the same state, only a little dirtier. A third class he likened to a jelly-bag, which allows all that is pure to pass away, and retains only the refuse and dregs. The fourth class, of which he trusted there were many among his auditors, he compared to the slaves in the diamond mines of Golconda, who, casting away all that is worthless, preserve only the pure gem.

"Where was I," said a little urchin to his mother, as he stood gazing at his drunken and prostrate father; "where was I when you married me? Why didn't you take me along; I could have picked out a better man than he is."

A western editor in response to a subscriber who grumbles that his paper is intolerably damp, says that it is because there is so much due on it.

Have the elements a right to brew a storm without a license?