

A. L. Bancroft

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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.

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TERMS OF ADVERTISING: Transient advertisements, including all legal notices, 25 cts. per line, 1 w. 50 cts.

BOOK AND JOB PRINTING. The Enterprise office is supplied with beautiful, approved styles of type, and modern MACHINERY, which will enable us to execute all Job Printing at all times.

AUTUMN. BY A. O. Y.

Who comes thou? stern sister Autumn! Blighting summer's genial rays; Bringing with thee nought but coldness— Chilling nature's sunniest days;

Every leaf that from its tissues, Sees the forest leaf and flowers; See the leaves all piling yellow— Swirl around the fairy bowers.

Mark that tree! that oak—so noble— Proud and haughty, stands he near; Yet he bows his head in sorrow; Now, unrobed, he sheds a tear.

See them with thy stern displeasure, Bode him cast his crown away; Heedless of leaves that have fallen— Sought not to heed his story.

Look around thee—mark the changes; Where the step, thy breath has been— Birds and insects, all departed; Sought not to heed his story.

Wives and Money. Of all the little fates that help to destroy the domestic virtues, no one is more omnipotent, or lays, than that small pest which infests like the houses of rich and poor, which makes it necessary for the wife to ask her husband for money to supply the daily necessities of her own.

It inevitably creates discontent, a sense of humiliation, degradation, and separation. The woman who had married, and been free to use her weekly wages, or yearly salary, or larger income, before her marriage, and after that event, though her time is more fully occupied than ever has no money except at her asking—and not always then—feels just as a man would who should be placed in the same circumstances.

She gave up her opportunity to acquire money by the usual methods, for the sake of the home and the family.

To this end she devoted her time, thoughts, and efforts every day, and all the year, without cessation or vacation.

But custom everywhere, and law in many places puts all the money of the family in the hands of the husband. The wife lives as a dependent. She has what is given her, cheerfully or grudgingly, as the case may be, but inevitably learns to hate her position, and to grow away from the man who gives only when he is asked. It may be more thoughtlessness on his part, but the result with the wife is the same.

One of the most fruitful sources of discontent in the home is a too dependent position of the wife.

If husbands would consider what it would be to them to be situated precisely in the same way, so far as money is concerned, every just and generous man among them would see to it at once, that his house should not hold so fruitful a source of unhappiness.

Many years ago an excellent man told me his experience in this particular. He had not been married a year, but he noticed a change in the look and manner of his wife.

She seemed less cheerful, less happy. The old glad welcome at his daily return from business had ceased. He knew no reason for the change. He sincerely loved her, and was miserable when he saw that he was not even comfortable as his wife. This state of things must not be endured if it could be cured. So he asked her frankly what was the matter, at the same time telling her that above all things he wished to promote her happiness.

Then she answered frankly: "You know that before our marriage I collected my own dividends, and the money I had was my own, so as I choose, and it was all I

needed. Since we were married you collect my income, and I never have a cent for any purpose, except when I ask you for it. It seems to me that if you cared for me in the least, you could not subject me to such humiliation. Look at all these shippers; I have worn beyond all decent use, because I could not ask for the money necessary to buy new ones. I feel it a degradation, just as you would, if you were in my place.

Could you endure it, if I had the money and you had none, only as you got it by asking me for it? I used to teach six hours, and had the whole remaining day for my pleasure. Now all my time is occupied; I have neither money nor leisure, and I feel just like a beggar or pauper and I wished I were dead." Then she burst into tears, and cried as though her heart would break.

With an immense sense of relief, he asked: "Is that all?" "All," said she. "It is enough to kill any woman."

The dreadful fear that she had ceased to love him, or that she loved some one else, fled. The whole matter was talked over with the largest freedom, until the husband said he seemed to himself to have been unexpectably mean.

"To think," said he, "that I had ever offered her just the twenty which she said she needed to buy pins, or the six cents necessary for shoe-strings, and had not once thought she must need more for other things, while all her time was devoted to make a comfortable home for me!" As a result of the explanation, the husband every week put a sum of money double what his wife thought she would need, where she could get it without asking.

The young wife's face grew glad again. The feeling of paper and beggar vanished. The end of the year showed a bank account of seven hundred dollars in the name of the wife, saved carefully from the husband's pocket.

There are plenty of spendthrift wives and husbands, who waste the common substance, and that of each other. They must always suffer loss. But the great majority of married couples bear each their natural share of the family burden, care and toil, and they should be alike independent in money matters.—Woman's Journal.

The cost of reporting the testimony embodied in the Congressional Ku-Klux report amounted to some \$28,000, while the printing, stereotyping, and binding of the immense edition of the report ordered for circulation for partisan purposes must have carried the total cost of publication up to some- where in the neighborhood of \$200,000.

As an evidence of the value of this book, it is said that there is not a copy of it to be found in the Congressional library, the Senate library, or elsewhere in the Capitol; but it has been sold by the wagon load as waste paper to the junk dealers in Washington. This is one way in which the taxes go under this Administration.

The Calusa (Cal.) Sun publishes a rather romantic story concerning an emigrant gal from Oregon. She, with her father and family, camped near Colusa one evening, and were visited by a resident of the town, a bachelor, who was a violinist, and brought his violin with him.

He played upon the instrument so sweetly that he captivated the gal's affections, and when the old man hitched up the team and drove off the next morning he kissed his married daughter and shook hands with the fiddler, whom one night's energetic courting had transformed into his son-in-law. The old man remarked as he cracked his whip over his jaded beasts: "This country is too fast for me; and I'll be darned if I don't git out of it."

FLURRIED.—"Does the court understand you to say, Mr. Jones, asked a judge, "that you saw the editor of the *Angus of Freedom* intoxicated?" "Not at all, sir. I merely said that I had seen him frequently so flurried in his mind that he would undertake to cut out copy with the snuffers—that's all."

Who is the first boy mentioned in the Bible? Chap. 1.

A Story of New York.

The New York correspondent of the Chicago Tribune tells this story of life in New York, which may or may not be true, but there is reason to believe that it is a type of a peculiar phase of our fashionable society:

"About forty years ago a young man came to this city without education, money, or friends, his sole capital being a ragged constitution, large industry, and a hopeful organization. He was not long in obtaining a situation as porter in a shipping house on South street, and he showed so much industry and intelligence and general capacity, that before twelve months had passed, he was promoted. In ten years he had an interest in the firm; in twenty he was at the head of the house, and possessor of a liberal fortune. Meanwhile, he had married a young woman greatly his superior in position and culture, who would not have affected him naturally, had she not been so poor that she had to teach for a livelihood. She had suffered much from indigence, and the consequence was, that she regarded want of money and wretchedness as cause and effect. After marriage, her circumstances were all affluent, even luxurious; and yet, when her two daughters, near the same age, had arrived at maturity, she was never willing that any man, however deserving, should be the suitor of either, unless he was rich. The girls were comely, amiable, and quite agreeable, and might have been the wives of worthy and clever gentlemen in independent positions, but for the opposition of their mother.

Again and again Mrs. — declared she would never consent to receiving as a son-in-law any candidate for the poor-house, and averring that he who aspired to such a position must possess property valued at half a million.

Just before the war, a young Frenchman came here with letters of introduction, claiming to be the son of a wealthy wine dealer of Bordeaux. Among other houses he visited was that of the now retired South street merchant. He paid court to the elder daughter (we will call her Ellen), assumed to be violently in love with her, and in less than six months they were both married. The bridegroom was anxious to take his wife to France, that his father might see what charming woman America contained.

They went abroad, a gay party seeing them off and dismissing them to a happy honeymoon. The bride, after reaching Europe very frequently wrote to her father for money, though he had liberally supplied her on setting out, always giving special reasons why she was in need. She had been wedded but little more than twelve months, when the whole truth came out in her letters written home.

Her husband was an adventurer; he had lived in Bordeaux, but his father was not a wine merchant, nor, indeed, did he know who his father was. His letters of introduction had been forged, and, in truth, forgery was his only profession, having been several times arrested, and narrowly escaped imprisonment for that crime.

As soon as he had reached the Continent, he had gambled away whatever money his wife had, and then compelled her to write home for more. He not only neglected and was disloyal to her, but he abused her savagely, and even beat her, all of which she bore without the least complaint.

At last he deserted her, leaving her, almost penniless in Paris. Then she disclosed what I have related, and returned to New York, a miserable and broken-hearted woman, dying two years after her desertion.

There is a man living in Waco, Texas, who has been married five times, and is the father of fifty legitimate children—thirteen boys by his first wife; eighteen children, boys and girls, by his second wife; ten by his third wife; six by his fourth and three by his fifth wife. Twenty of his sons served in the Confederate army, eight of whom were killed; seven died natural deaths; and the remainder are still living.

"Ma, why don't you speak?" asked little Jake; "why don't you say suthin' funny?" "What can I say? Don't you see I'm busy frying doughnuts? Say suthin' funny, indeed!" "Wol, yer might say, 'Jake, won't yer have a cake?' That 'ud be funny for you."

To take down the gridiron from the wall where it is hanging with the left hand is a sign that there will be a broil in the kitchen.

Among business men, those who are most sharp generally get most blunt.

A Gifted Memphis Lawyer Who Edited Two Papers, Both Daily.

An antiquated writer in the Memphis Appeal has dug up out of his memory the following rich story. The young lawyer referred to is still flourishing in Memphis: "There never was greater local excitement than that which grew out of this infernal navy-yard business. Half the people were in favor of accepting the property, and half or more opposed to it, the latter thinking that the Government might be induced even yet to make liberal appropriations and perfect the navy-yard, and build ships and steamers here. There were two newspapers published here—one a morning publication, edited by a gentleman of no ordinary ability named Bankhead, who was tragically and mysteriously assassinated some six years ago. There was another, an afternoon paper, called the News, (I believe that was its name), edited by a man named Yancey. These editors opposed one another on the navy-yard question, and their discussion had gotten a good deal of excitement, when both went away for the summer, and each without the other's knowledge employed the same man, this young lawyer, to conduct his paper in his absence. The young limb of the law naturally enough took to both sides of the question. He made the controversy between the two papers hotter and hotter on each successive day. Crowds gathered each afternoon about the News office, and some body expected that the two furious editors would shed blood. The coming duel in Arkansas was confidently anticipated, and the ferocity of the two papers was marvellous. Popular excitement was intense when Bankhead came hurrying home from Virginia and Yancey from Alabama, each thinking the other was about to nutter his own substitute. Such was the fervor of popular feeling and exasperation that the story was necessarily kept quiet. If the mischievous fraud upon the public passion had been exposed at the time, the deceiving editor would have been hanged to a lamp-post.

The famous Philadelphia lawyer, David Paul Brown, wound up a temperance discourse lately delivered by him with the following eloquent truths:

"In approaching the conclusion of this imperfect discourse, allow me to say, there is no greater safeguard to sobriety and general respectability, no stronger evidence of their existence than devotion to well regulated female society. I have yet to see the early devotee to such society who has ever proved a drunkard. But upon the other hand, an exclusive attachment, especially among the young, to their own sex, seems to be an almost inevitable ruin. They seem to lose their humanity. The eye of the world is no longer upon them; bewildered in their internal orgies, in the dark recesses of some temporal pandemonium they stimulate each other in their downward journey by mutual pledges and professions, forget a heart-broken mother, a deserted wife, a blighted sister, or tender children, doomed to worse than orphanage; they forget themselves. Indeed it would seem almost impossible for their intemperance to obtain access to highly cultivated female society; in order thereto refinement, intelligence and virtue are necessary, and if they even were not the sullying and chastening influence of such an association would soon impart them, and thereby teach men what may be called the pride of virtue, which is virtue's surest shield. The companionship of virtuous women is the best voucher for any man's sobriety and worth. In aristocratic countries, England, for instance, a duchess marries a plebeian; he is still a plebeian. A duke marries a dairy-maid, and she becomes a duchess. But we manage these affairs much better here. They hold the keys to the patent or herald office of nobility. While women, therefore possess such influence, let them use it wisely, and their constituents, too, that from their high decrees there is no appeal. Their smile is fortune, their will is power.

There's in them all that we believe of heaven; Amazing brightness, purity and truth, Untending joy and everlasting love.

An Irish housemaid who was sent to call a gentleman to dinner found him engaged in using a tooth-brush. "Well, is he coming?" asked the lady. "Yes, ma'am, directly; he's just sharpening his teeth."

A promising young man is all very well; better have a paying one.

Can an electric eel be said to lead a shocking life?

Do People Read Advertisements?

There is now and then a person so stupid as to believe that advertisements in the newspapers are not generally read, and that money expended in advertising is practically wasted. Even such will concede that if a hundred men of polite address, of fluent speech and ready wit were to call daily or weekly each upon a hundred others and get the ears of each long enough to say Jao, Smith, or Jones, or Thompson at such a place, has such and such goods at such prices, or would sell a farm, or house and lot, or had lost a horse or pocket-book, or would loan money, etc.—we say such men will concede that the services of this one hundred men would be of great value to Smith or Jones, and in some measure advantageous to the party to whom this statement was made. This hundred men cannot be employed to go from door to door and make this statement to ten thousand people at less than a cost of several hundred dollars each trip. All this is done by the newspapers at a cost of a few shillings, or a few dollars at most, and the visits are made week after week, day after day. The messenger who travels addresses himself to the ear and takes the party addressed when he may have his thoughts absorbed in business or other matters; but the newspaper reaches the party sought through the eye, when the reader has his thoughts solely fixed upon the paper before him.

But those who affect to believe that there is little use in advertising urge as an objection that advertisements are not read. They can be easily convinced of their error in this respect by making inquiry. Let them insert an advertisement offering to purchase some article that is tolerably plenty in the market, and they will be flooded with offers to sell before the ink of the advertisement is dry. An enterprising weekly that has a circulation of one, two or three thousand copies is in a position to do the village merchant great good, and for which, as a rule, the publisher does not get one-fourth of what he justly deserves. In its sphere the weekly is of quite as much service to the advertiser as is the daily, and oftentimes it enjoys the privilege of being the exclusive family visitor, a privilege the daily seldom has.—Union and Advertiser, Rochester, N. Y.

Good Advice.—President Porter, of Yale College, gave the following advice to the students of that institution, the other day: "Young men, you are the architects of your own fortunes. Rely upon your own strength of body and soul. Take, for your star, self-reliance, faith, honor and industry. Inscrib on your banner, 'Luck is a fool, pluck is a hero.' Don't take too much advice. Keep at your helm, and steer your own ship, and remember that the great art of commanding is to take a share of the work. Don't practice too much humanity. Think well of yourself. Strike out. Assume your own position. Put potatoes in your cart, over a rough road, and the small ones will go to the bottom. Rise above the envious and jealous. Fire above the mark you intend to hit. Energy, invincible determination, with a right motive, are the levers that move the world. Don't read novels. Don't drink. Don't chew. Don't smoke. Don't swear. Don't deceive. Don't marry until you can support a wife. Be in earnest. Be self-reliant. Be generous. Be civil. Read the papers. Advertise your business. Make money, and do good with it. Love God, and your fellow men. Love truth, and obey its laws." If this advice is strictly followed by the young men of the country, the millennium is at hand.

DIVORCE IN VIRGINIA.—The first divorce suit on record in Virginia was decided a short time ago, and the Judge, in delivering the opinion of the Court, referred to the extreme rarity of such cases in Virginia. He said: "Happily for the interests of society and the sanctity of marital rights and relations, suits of this character are not of frequent occurrence in this State. And in these modern days of so-called social reform, it is a fact worthy of record, and one which fitly illustrates the purity of social life and the inviolable sanctity of the marriage bond in this State, that there can be found but two reported cases in all its judicial history, from the foundation of the commonwealth down to the present time, touching questions arising out of the separation of husband and wife. And the two cases referred to were not suits for divorce, but for alimony, brought by the wife after desertion by the husband."

A lively Hoosier maiden wept when she read how Longfellow had cut his pattern so as to ruin him for life. She was so fond of his poetry, she said, as she snuffed the pearly tear-drops from her nose.

Some genius has been heard to say that pillows, though not belonging to the human species, come under the head of rational beings.

Pleasant Homes.

It is a long standing and fully acknowledged statement that the homes of the people of moderate means in some of the older countries are superior those of the same classes among us in every particular. We have not learned to pay that attention to little things, which add beauty and comfort at a trifling cost. Now and then a person of ingenuity and taste is found to do this, but they are uncommon. It would involve no waste of time, and but small expense to turn bare yards, unpainted boards and untended fences, into a pleasant sight to the traveler, and to every one of the habits and tastes of the owner. A few flowers, a day's whitewashing, repairs done at odd hours, would effect a perfect transformation, if the inclination be not wanting. We have some of as pretty workingmen's homes in America as can be seen anywhere—comfortable, clean, surrounded by flowers and trees, and displaying all the signs of comfort, and a desire for something beyond mere material satisfaction. On the other hand, we have many of these dirty and dilapidated, and looking upon all kinds of filth from their very front doors. We wish we had here in America the cottages described as observed in Scotland: "The tenant's house, too, is worthy of observation, showing at once the care and neatness of those who inhabited these ivy-clad cottages. The gardens in front are filled with a variety of flowers, sometimes intermingled with honeysuckle creeping over the fences and, like the ivy, sometimes hides the cottage known to be there by the curling smoke rising lazily into the air. Away on the hillside, the bluebells wave in the Summer breeze, and the heather, growing dark and rich in color as the summer wanes, with the variety of green colors that mingle together, form contrasts that are quiet and sober."

A fine graperly is attached to the Agricultural Department at Washington. It is 150 feet in length, 30 feet wide, with glass roof and sides, with ample ventilation by means of hinged sashes in the roof and sides, and so constructed as to exclude the rain. This building was erected for the purpose of cultivating and testing the most valuable varieties of foreign grapes, with the view of encouraging this industry, which is annually increasing throughout the country. The vines have been planted some three feet apart on the outside of the walls, and trained through openings in the brick walls and run up the inside on wire trellis work towards the center of the roof and very near to the glass. The heating in winter is by means of hot water circulated through iron pipes running lengthwise the building. By this arrangement the required temperature can always be preserved, the rain and dews excluded, the rays of the sun unobstructed, and the full benefit of the rains to the roots of the vines secured. The ground inside is kept covered with tan bark, and stands of various plants are placed around the interior, the whole forming a novel and pleasing scene. There are upwards of one hundred varieties now growing in this room, and bearing fruit for the first time. The dark colors seem to be arranged on one side and the light colors on the other.

TACT AND TALENT.—Talent is something, but tact is everything. Talent is serious, grave, and respectful—tact is all that, and more, too. It is not a sixth sense, but it is the life of all five. It is the open eye, the quick ear, the judging taste, the keen smell, and the lively touch; it is the interpreter of all riddles—the remover of all difficulties—the remover of all obstacles. It is useful in all places, and at all times; it is useful in solitude, for it shows a man his way into the world; it is useful in society, for it shows him his way through the world. Talent is power—tact is skill; talent is weight—tact is momentum; talent knows what to do—tact knows how to do it; talent makes a man respected; tact will make him ready money. For all the practical purposes of life, tact carries it against talent—ten to one.

"It's forty years, my old friend John, since we were boys together." "Is it? Well, don't speak so loud; there's that young widow in the next room."

"Arthur," said a good-natured father to his "young hopeful," "I did not know till to-day that you had been whipped last week." "Didn't you, pa?" replied hopeful; "why, I knew it at the time."

The Modern Press.

The Printer being asked what he printed? said that he printed thoughts. When asked, how can you print thoughts, which are invisible, intangible things? his answer was, that thoughts live and walk in things that make tracks, and with pieces of metal called types he could measure the track of any thought that ever made its burning footmarks along the pathway of ages. Thus, though when measured by types and touched by printer's ink, assumes form, takes on a body, and is clothed in garments of beauty, that make it a living, working, intellectual, moral and political force in the wide world. Thought first works through the machinery of the human body, and reveals itself in the flushed face, the flashing smile, the tender glance, the musical voice, the graceful movement, or the gentle pressure of the hand.

It next works through the machinery of the printing press, and by it is stamped with immortality, and in all the newspapers is scattered abroad as leaves of the "Tree of Life for the healing of the nations." In the newspapers of the present day, more than in books or periodicals, is the mind-food served up and distributed that is to satisfy the appetite and feed the strength of the teeming millions of the earth's rational population.

EFFECT OF COLORS UPON HEALTH.—A correspondent of the *Bullter* states that he had occasion for several years to examine rooms occupied by young women for manufacturing purposes, and he has observed that while the workers in one room would be very cheerful and healthy the occupants of a similar room, who were employed on the same kind of business, were all inclined to be melancholy, and complained of pain in the forehead and eyes, were often ill and unable to work. The only difference he could discover in the rooms was that the one occupied by the healthy workers was wholly whitewashed, and that occupied by the melancholy workers was colored with ochre. As soon as the difference struck him he had the yellow ochre washed off the walls and then whitened. At once an improvement took place in the health and spirits of the occupants.

"I've Got Man."—The Detroit *Free Press* relates an incident which occurred on the return of an excursion party from that city. Soon after the boat left Toledo the steward was approached by an excited individual who asked him if he was captain. The steward replied in the negative, at the same time giving his rank. "Have you the power to put a man out of the cabin?" inquired the stranger. "Well, yes, if he's disorderly I have," replied the steward. "Well, sir, look in here and see them, will you?" said the stranger, leading said official round to the door. The steward looked upon the motley group and replied that he saw nothing out of the way. "You don't, eh? Don't you see a man in there embracing a woman?" "Well, yes," replied the steward, "but what of that? Hasn't a fellow a right to embrace his wife?" "That's what I want you to run him out for," replied the stranger, dancing around; "that's my wife, and I've stood it so long that I've got mad!"

An Arkansas local soliloquizes thus: "Some of our exchanges are publishing as a curious item a statement to the effect that a horse in Iowa pulled the plug out of the bung-hole of a barrel for the purpose of slaking his thirst. We do not see anything extraordinary in the occurrence. Now, if the horse had pulled the barrel out of the bung-hole and slaked his thirst with the plug, or if the barrel had pulled the bung-hole out of the plug and slaked its thirst with the barrel, or if the barrel had pulled the horse out of the plug and slugged its thirst with a slake, it might be worth while to make some fuss over it."

The Methodists of Wisconsin, in convention at Madison, have expressed an affirmative opinion on the question of opening the pulpit to women, and one of the principal speakers, the Rev. Dr. Fellows, superintendent of public instruction, has advocated a modification of the system of itinerancy, so that the relations between the pastor and congregation may be continued as long as they are mutually satisfactory.

A Dutch judge, on conviction of a culprit for having four wives, decided: "He have punishment plenty; I lifts mit one."