A. L. Bancroft & Co.
Advertising Department

OREGON CITY ENTERPRISE.

VOL. 7. OREGON CITY, OREGON, FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 29, 1872. NO. 5.

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

TERMS of SUBSCRIPTION:

Single Copy one year, in advance,.....$2 50

TERMS of ADVERTISING:

Transient advertisements, including all legal notices, per sq. of 12 lines, 1 w.	$ 2 50
For each subsequent insertion.....	1 00
One Column, one year.....	$120 00
Half " "	60
Quarter " "	40
Business Card, 1 square one year.....	12

Remittances to be made at the risk of Subscribers, and at the expense of Agents.

BOOK AND JOB PRINTING.

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

Neat, Quick and Cheap!

Work solicited.
All Business transactions upon a Specie basis.

SMILE WHENE'ER YOU CAN.

When things don't suit you,
And the world seems upside down,
Don't waste your time in fretting,
But drive away that frown.

Since life is oft perplexing,
'Tis much the wisest plan,
To bear all things bravely,
And smile whene'er you can.

Why should you dread to morrow,
And thus despoil to day?
For when you borrow trouble,
You always have to pay.

It is a good old maxim,
That often should be preached—
Don't cross the bridge before you
Until the bridge is reached.

You might be spared much sighing
If you would keep in mind
The thought that good and evil
Are always here combined.

There must be something wanting;
And though you roll in wealth,
You may miss from your casket
That precious jewel, health.

And though you're strong and sturdy,
You may have an empty purse,
And earth has many trials,
Which I consider worse.

But whether joy or sorrow
Fill up your mortal span,
'Twill make your pathway br'ghter
To smile whene'er you can.

Why to Support a Local Newspaper.

The Cleaveland *Herald* makes the following truthful observation concerning country papers, and the duty of giving them wholesome support:

"The local paper is an absolute necessity to the country and community where it is published. All the city papers cannot supply the place of a home paper. That should be the first love of every man and women, with the paper they stand locally indentified. The paper gives the county and town where printed much of their importance in the world, and gives in detail the local news, which cannot be gained by any other source. Every day's issue of the paper is so much local history, and the rise, growth and development of the town and county can be measured and recorded only by the local newspaper that constantly is gathering its items. People do not properly appreciate these home newspapers. They measure the value of a paper too much by the number of columns it contains. The home paper at any price is the cheapest paper one can take, for in it is found the information to be obtained from no other source. Another thing to be taken into consideration: Every county has one or more newspapers. Hence, the circulation must be limited. There is therefore the greatest need of activity and interest on the part of the people to give their own good paper, vigorous and substantial support."

Mrs. Gardiner, wife of a farmer living near Eastmanville, Ottawa county, Ill., died recently under circum-tances most extraordinary. Two of the sisters were dead, one but recently, only a few weeks ago. The cause of Mrs. Gard'ner's death was congestive chill, and after she had been considered dead for six hours, and was being prepared for the grave, she returned to consciousness, and talked freely with her attendants. She stated to those around her that she had been to the better land, and had seen both of her departed sisters, with other friends; that it was a most beautiful land—beyond all description! She said that she had peranission to return to tell living friends of what she had seen, but that she was anxious again to return. She passed away soon after making her statement, and seemingly overflowing with joy and happiness. There can be no question as to the circumstances above stated.

An Arkansas Letter.

DOVER, Oct. 3d, 1872.

MY DEAR BOY—The double-barrel that you sent came safely to hand, and I was only shot at once while I was carrying it home. B. Silvers popped at me from behind the fence, as I was passing his house, but I had loaded the two shooter as soon as I got it, and he didn't jump up from behind the fence but once.

I am glad that one of the barrels is a rifle, as I need it for long range practice. The other I can fill with buckshot, and can riddle a man nicely at close quarters. I mean to try both barrels on those Jetts when I meet them. You see old man Jett stole a mule from us in the war, and when it was over pap laid for him and killed him. Then nigger Tom Jett, as we call him—the black faced one—he laid for pap and plugged him. Then I picked a foss with Tom, and cut him into giblets, and since that time his brother Sam has been laying for me. I know it is his turn, but I think my double barrel will prove too much for him.

If you want to see fun come down for awhile and bring a rile. It don't make any difference which side you belong to, and it isn't even necessary to join the militia. It is easy to get up a grudge against somebody, and all you have to do is to lay for your man and knock him over. Behind my pig pen is one of the sweetest hiding places I know of, and it is so handy! A good many people come within range within the course of a week, and a man can pass his time right pleasantly.

I wish you would send me a catalogue of Sunday school books, with the prices, if there are any in St. Louis. If we can get them on time we will get a big lot of books. I am superintendent of the Sunday school now, and I am running it under full head of steam. Old man Byers who was turned out, is right mad about it and swears that he will chaw me up; but he will chaw lead if he don't keep clear of me.

My wife wants to know if you can't send her a set of teeth without her getting measured for them. Her twenty-five dollar set was busted all to flinders by a pistol shot that went through her mouth; but it didn't hurt her tongue.

Write soon to

Your friend and pard, ———.

P. S.—That sneaking, ornery, cuss, Sam Jett, crept up last night and fired at me through the window, but he didn't happen to kill anybody except a nigger girl. I mean to go for him to-day, and will be glad of a chance to try the double barrel.

Not Generaly Known.

Martin Van Buren is the only man who held the offices of President, Vice President, Minister to England, Governor of his own State and member of both Houses of Congress.

Thomas H. Benton is the only man who held a position in the United States Senate for thirty consecutive years.

The only instance of father and son in the United States Senate, at the same time, is that of Hon. Henry Dodge, Senator from Wisconsin, and his son, Augustus C. Dodge, Senator from Iowa.

Gen. James Shields is the only man who ever represented two States in the United States Senate. At one time he was Senator from Illinois, and subsequently Senator from Minnesota.

John Quincy Adams held position under the government during every Administration from that of Washington to that of Polk—during which he died. He had been Minister to England, member of both Houses of Congress, Secretary of State and President of the United States. He died while a member of the House of Representatives.

The only instance where three brothers occupied seats in the lower House at the same time, was when Elihu B. Washburne represented the First District of Illinois, Israel Washburne, jr., the Third District in Maine, and Cadwallader C. Washburne the Third District to Wisconsin.

BROUGHT HIM.—The most striking illustration of the "power of advertising" that we ever heard of, or read of, is the case of an exchange, which kept the following conspicuously at the head of its local column: "A boy wanted at this office." In a few days the editor's wife presented him with "a boy," which, in a highly significant manner, shows the value of advertising.

A new Albany (Indiana) man is blessed with fifteen daughters, and he is looking around for fifteen likely young men to bless each of them with a wife.

An Oregonian In Trouble.

HE LEAVES HIS WIFE AND ELOPES WITH ANOTHER WOMAN—THE INJURED WIFE "SPOTS" HER TRUANT LORD ON AN EAST-WARD BOUND TTAIN—LIVELY SCENE IN THE CARS.

From the Sacramento Record, Nov. 15.

A rich occurrence took place at the depot yesterday afternoon, which was highly enjoyed by those who witnessed it. It came about in this wise: On Friday last a

PORTLAND (OREGON) MAN

Left his wife and child in that city and eloped with another woman, on board the steamer for San Francisco. The wife on Sunday, set out overland for this city, and traveled by stage and rail without stopping until she arrived here yesterday at one o'clock. She employed Charles A. McMahon, the hackman, to drive her up town and then back to the depot, showing him

A PICTURE OF HER HUSBAND

And telling him that she wanted to see if he was on the train. When the regular train from San Francisco arrived, McMahon passed along by the car windows and discovered the truant husband and his female companion cosily seated in one of the cars. He pointed him out to the wife, and she made a rush for him. Lifting the little boy in her arms she threw him into the car window, and he called out "Papa" lustily. The truant husband and his companion attempted to run out of one end of the car as

THE PURSUING WIFE

Entered the other, but the door being locked they sought refuge in the closet. The wife came out bought a ticket for the East,

KEEPING HER EYE ON THE CAR,

And telling McMahon that she would go along with her husband. Finally the hunted man and woman emerged from the closet, and his wife exclaimed: "Oh, John! there you are with that bad woman. If you are going off with her, I am going too." And she did, for the train started off, carrying the whole of

THE UNHAPPY GROUP—

The wife and child crying, the other woman sitting back in the corner of the car, armed with a knife and the husband with a look like a

DESERTED CHICKEN THIEF.

We imagine that their trip overland to the East will be anything but a blissful one, if we may judge by the actions of

THE INJURED WIFE

When she caught sight of the runaways. She was much the better looking of the two women, and we can scarcely account for the husband's taste.

THE CONTENTED MAN.—A wealthy epicure applied to an Arabian doctor for a prescription that would restore his body to health, and give happiness to his mind. The physician advised him to exchange shirts with a man who was perfectly contented with his lot, upon which the patient set out upon his journey in pursuit of such a person. After many months spent without accomplishing his object, he was told of a certain cobbler of whom every one had spoken as a model of contentment and happiness. Pursuing the direction given, the traveller was pleased with the sight of the cobbler enjoying a comfortable nap on a board. Without ceremony he was aroused from his slumbers, and the important interrogatory, whether he was contented with his lot, was answered in the affirmative.

"Then," said the seeker after happiness, "I have one small boon to ask at your hands. It is that you exchange shirts with me, that by this means I also become contented and happy."

"Most gladly would I accede to your request," replied the cobbler, "but——"

"Nay, refuse me not," interrupted the man of wealth; "any sum thou mayest name shall be thine."

"I seek not thy wealth," said the cobble; "but—but——"

"But what?"

"The truth is—I have no shirt."

One day at the Navy Yard, the sentinel had positive orders to admit no one. During the day, the wife of one of the officers came to the gate, but the sentinel, obeying orders, cried out:

"Karn't pass, marm."

"But sir," replied she, "I must pass. I am Captain W's lady."

"Karn't help it, marm. Couldn't let you in, if you was his wife, marm."

A man lately made a wager that he had seen a horse going at his greatest speed and a dog sitting on his tail, and, strange as it may seem, he won, but the dog sat on his own tail.

Pat and the Pig.

A countryman having killed a pig and not wishing to divide with his neighbors, as was the custom in that country, said to his man (who by the way, was a son of the Emerald Isle:)

"Pat, if I give to the neighbors who have given to me, a piece of pork, I'll have none myself. Can you tell me what I am to do?

"Be dad, sir," said Pat, "it's my self that can do that same thing."

"Good," said the countryman, rubbing his hands and looking at Pat. "Now tell me what I can do."

"Faith, sir," said Pat, "sure and when the cravthur is cleaned, just be after hanging it against the door where every mither's son of them will see it; and early in the morning, before one is about get up and take in your pig, and hide it away. Then, when your neighbors come, just be aither telling them the pig was stole."

"Capital idea, Pat," exclaimed the countryman; "I'll do it, by St. George!"

So, when the pig was cleaned, it was hung up outside the door, so that the neighbors might see it. The countryman anxiously awaited the approaching night, and at last retired to bed, but not to sleep. Pat, under cover of the darkness of night, crept round the house and stole the pig.

What was the astonishment of the countryman, when at early dawn he arose to hide the pig, but found no pig there, can be better imagined than described. In the midst of his bewilderment, Pat came in with his usual "Top 'o the morning to ye, sir,' and giving him a knowing wink, said:

"Masther, how about the pig?"

"Well, Pat, the pig was stolen in reality."

"Faith and that sounds just as natural as if you'd lost your pig."

"But, you blockhead, I tell you the pig was stolen."

"Faith and begorry, master, the divil a bit 'o me thought you could do so well. Just stick to that; it's as natural as life."

"By St. George," roared the now irritated countryman, "I tell you the pig was stolen."

"Och! be jabers," says Pat, "stick to it and yer neighbors will believe you, and divil a bit of it will they get. Faith, I did't think you could do so well."

The Farm.

We often hear it remarked that any person can be a farmer; that to be a farmer a man does not need to know anything of books or to have any knowledge of the sciences; that the unlettered and uneducated make as successful farmers as the best scholar; that it is bone and muscle, not brain and education, that are indispensable to the good farmer. The most common and unlettered ignoramus that can be found in the whole catalogue of trade, vocations or professions, is by the great public placed upon the list as fit only to be a farmer; and even the American girls seem to shun the manly farmer-boys, and court the favor of the city snob, and thus the errors of public opinion, or, more correctly, public consent, by ignoring the true nobility of labor, the heroic, manly tiller of the soil, crowds the roads with farmer boys impatient for the town. The ambitious, energetic, intelligent young men of the country leave the farm where they are so much needed, and where happiness and fortune awaits them, and flock in crowds to the bustling city, where they are not required, and where temptation, failure and ruin, at last overtake them. These things should be corrected, and these too common errors righted; and this can only be done by placing the farmer where he rightly belongs—on a level with the other trades and professions; make it a profession to be studied and honored; create for it a scientific department.

A fellow thought he would be smart, and just have a little fun with a young lady whom he had visited two or three times. He asked her what she would do if a nice-looking young fellow asked her to marry him. She smiled so gushingly, and looked—well, good enough to eat, but said nothing. Then he inquired what she would say if he asked her to marry him. She threw her arms around him, and rushed out of the room for her hat and shawl to go to the lawyers, and in two days after the poor fellow said he never was married so suddenly in his life. Probably that was the nearest she ever came to being asked, and she thought fooling around with sentiment would be dangerous.

An Indianapolis clergyman who discovered a clear case of kissing during the evening worship, recently, stopped his sermon and offered prayer for the osculators.

A Man who has No Use for Lightning Rods.

From the Topeka (Kan.) News, Nov. 1.

H. C. Beard, Esq., a farmer, aged about 29 years, and living in Monmouth township, about nine miles from the city, hitched up his team on Monday last and started for Topeka. It was then raining, and he hoisted his umbrella. When about one mile from home he was struck by a hot, sharp, terrible stroke of lightning. He wore a steel truss, and the lightning penetrated his pantaloons and shirt, and took up its line of travels on the circuit round his body. Part of the charge left the truss at his side and passed down his right side into the spring seat, tearing it to pieces and knocking down both his horses. His hip to-day was bruised, and the skin lacerated badly for about a foot in length by three inches in width, and is very sore. The balance of the charge left the truss and climbed up his left side, blazing its way as it went, and part of it forced a passage through his shirt and overcoat at the shoulder, and the balance trailed its way leisurely down his arm, scorching and singing a wide swath as it went, until it struck the umbrella handle, when he at last got rid of his meddlesome visitor. He was benumbed and somewhat paralyzed, but succeeded in reaching home by himself, although he had to be helped out of the wagon.

Mr. Beard gave us a call this morning, and showed us the numerous rents made in his clothes, and also the extent of his injuries. Several gentlemen who heard him tell his story, and saw the amount of injury received by him, were of the unanimous opinion that it was marvelous. The lightning will leave him alone after this.

Old Practical Joke.

A Swiss Court has had before it a case originating from a practical joke of an equally daring and ridiculous nature. A sapper, with a bushy head, who was returning to his native village from his military duty, staid at night in the chief town of the canton. He was found drunk in a ditch on the roadside. Two wags passing by, according to the *Swiss Times*, took the drunken man first to the house of one of them, who owned an old monk's cowl and a tonsure, shaved all the hair off his face and dressed him in the habit of a monk. They then took him to the nearest convent, and said they had found him lying drunk on the roadside, and had brought him there in order to avoid the scandal which might ensue if he were found outside. On awaking the sapper was not a little astonished to find himself in the cell of a convent, with a monk's cowl on, and that he had no hair left on his head. To his protestations the fathers replied that he must be still laboring under the effects of drink, and advised him to go to sleep once more. At length they consented to send for the priest of the parish where he said he resided, in order to clear up the mystery. On the priest arriving, he recognized in the pseudo monk his parishoner, whereupon he was permitted to depart. Means were found to discover the two wags, and the sapper, thus extemporized into a monk, as well as the brotherhood, who were so fooled, intend to bring an action against them. As in religious matters the canton of Friburg is very strict, and is not likely to see the point of the joke, the two wags will probably get the worst of it.

BUDS.—The difference between the expense necessary to promote health and comfort, and what people imagine they must have would support whole families.

Necessity brings out common sense ideas from heads, which in affluence would never be accused of harboring a practical thought.

Any good girl will work for a loved mother, but the girl who can without a murmur, go out to do menial service for those far beneath herself in education, for the sake of earning a few dollars to support her mother, shows a strength of character which will carry her successfully through life.

One of the most difficult things in the world, is to allow everybody to live and act according to the dictates of their own conscience. When one's own ideas of right and wrong are outraged, it is so natural to censure and meddle. One hour in the moring is worth two in the afternoon for work.—*Elin Orton.*

"Have you heard my last speech?" asked a political haranguer of a wit. "I sincerely hope so," was the reply.

"Man is a mystery," said a young lady to her beau.

"Yes, dear," said he, "and a girl is a miss-ery."

General Items.

A debating society has recently been formed in Boston, the members of which are deaf mutes.

A peculiar kind of gunpowder, which invariably misses fire, is sold for duelling purposes by a storekeeper at Brashear, Louisiana.

A Chicago police sergeant, who joined the force twelve years ago a poor man, has accumulated $100,000, and resigned to give another poor but honest man an opportunity.

A widower, who had never quarreled with his wife, said the last day of his marriage was as happy as the first. Another widower said the last day of his marriage was the happiest.

A Paris firm is largely engaged in manufacturing damaged china with the letter N upon it, and selling it as part of the Imperial dinner service saved from the ruins of the Tuilleries.

The money was recently collected at Kalamazoo, Michig. n, upon a note that had passed through the Chicago fire and was nothing but ashes, yet had been preserved natet between two sheets of cotton batting.

One of the novel features of the Vienna exposition will be a very complete collection of American newspapers, arranged according to States, with a catalogue giving full particulars with reference to each one represented.

A lady in Marseilles has sued a hairdresser for two thousand francs damages. He had offered to dye her brown hair red, and, in consequence of his operations, it turned violet. She was obliged to have her head shaved.

A North Carolinian, aged within four years of a century, is under indictment for killing his wife, a few years his senior, and the extenuating plea offered is that he was rendered insanely jealous by her flirting with other young fellows.

A man in Sprinfield, Mass., whose house was recently destroyed by fire, has announced that he does not intend to call on the insurance companies to make good his loss, because the fire was clearly owing to his own negligence.

The saddest instance of misplaced confidence on record is that of a Connecticat man who rescued another from a watery grave only to find that instead of his long lost brother, it was a person to whom he owed three dollars and a half for turnips.

A Terre Haute boy of tender years and heart, has drowned seventeen kittens, tied pans to the tails of nine dogs, brushed his father's new silk hat against the grain, and blown up a pet canary with a firecracker in the last month, and still his fond mother intends him for the pulpit.

It has been stated that the Prussian soldiers who fought at Sedan averaged three inches larger around the chest and two inches taller than the Prussian soldiers who fought at Waterloo. This astonishing development is ascribed to fifty years of stringent military training enforced upon the whole male population.

A gentleman of Centerville, Indiana, was recently lying very low, when, being a personal friend, an undertaker thought to call on the sick man and pay his respects, but to his great surprise and astonishment, as soon as he entered the sick room he was greeted with, "What in the h—ll do you want here? When I need you I will send for you."

A few days ago the committee to examine the Vermont Asylum for the Insane were conducted through the building by ex-Governor Holbrook, who is one of the trustees. One of the lady patients, who is extremely high toned, and dresses in the hight of fashion, yet is unmistakeably insane, was introduced to the bland ex-Governor, when she drew herself up and remarked: "Ah, I have the honor of knowing Governor Holbrook. Sir, I was at Montpelier several years ago, when you were sworn out as Governor, and Governor Smith sworn in; and," added, "all the people rejoiced." The Governor said good day to the lady, and passed on to the next patient.

Do not rub linseed oil on your fork, shovel and rake handles, do not paint your ploughs and reapers, do not use any rust preventative on the iron and steel parts; and above all, leave everything out of doors. You have no idea how soon you will possess a new set of tools, provided you have a balance at the bank.

What fruit is the most visionary? —The apple of the eye.

Natural Grumblers.

There is a class of men and women who are grumblers by nature; they have so long become accustomed to finding fault and talking in a discouraging manner that they can see nothing but the dark side to everything they look at. It is not that everything and every body is wrong with which they come in contact, but they are natural grumblers and being so cannot deviate from habit. The grumbler must be a tattler, for he cannot well be one without the other. To grumble and find fault, is to tattle and babble of the faults of those whom we meet and associate with.

It is amusing to sit in a railway street car and hear grumbling men or women make themselves conspicuous in their fault finding. It is too warm, cold, windy, sultry, rainy, dry, crowded, empty and stifling. The cars run so miserably slow; the road bed is rough; the cars are not first-class; some of the seats are turned the wrong way; there is dust and cinder coming in at the window that admits the air to keep the temperature below suffocation; the sun occasionally shines in. Why is there not some convenience arranged to keep out its brilliant rays? It now goes too fast; they stop too long for water; the infernal tunnel had no business to have been built, to coop them up for ten or twenty minutes in the smoke, and heat, and dirt. The best things, the greatest advantages, and the most politeness shown the grumbler, are courtesies thrown away. He will not admit anything he receives as good enough, or so good but it should have been better.

The grumbler is continually in trouble, and is never satisfied unless others look through the same diseased vision that he does. If you attempt to break through his natural routine of grumbling, by speaking encouragingly of his prospects, position or attainments, he even grumbles at the blessings he receives, because they did not come to his forefathers before he was born. The grumbler is never easy or satisfied, and tries to prevent others from being so; he is not a pleasant acquaintance, and a worse companion. He is always conspicuous, and never interesting: his remarks do not partake of interest to any one. He grumbles because he has learned to do it; it is habit, and one that is most difficult to shake off.—*Rural World.*

MR. HENRY.—At a political meeting, the speaker and audience were very much disturbed by a man who constantly called for Mr. Henry. Whenever a new speaker came on, this man bawled out "Mr. Henry! Henry! Henry! I call for Mr. Henry!

After several interruptions of this kind at each speech, a young man ascended the platform and was soon airing his eloquence in a magniloquent style, striking out powerfully in his gestures, when the outcry was heard for Mr. Henry.

Putting his hand to his mouth like a speaking trumpet, this man was bawling out at the top of his voice, "Mr. Henry! Henry! Henry I call for Mr. Henry to make a speech!"

The chairman now rose, and remarked that it would oblige the audience, if the gentleman would refrain from any further calling for Mr. Henry as that genteman is now speaking.

"Is that Mr. Henry?" said the disturber of the meeting. "Thunder! that can't be Mr. Henry! Why that's the little cuss that told me to hollar."

MEN OF FEW WORDS.—Some men use words as riflemen use bullets. They say but little. The few words used go right to the mark. They let you talk, and guide with their hands and face, on and on, till what you say can be answered in a word or two, and then they lance out a sentence, pierce the matter to the quick, and are done. Your conversation falls into their minds as a river into a deep chasm, and is lost from sight by its depth and darkness. They will sometimes surprise you with a few words that go to the mark like a slungshot, and then they are silent again, as if they were re-loading. Such men are safe counsellors, and true friends where they profess to be such. To them truth is more valuable than gold, while pretentions is too gauzy to deceive them. Words without point, to them, are like titles without merit, only betraying the weakness of the blinded dupes, who are ever used as promoters of other men's schemes.

Northern New Hampshire is the great hunting ground of the world. You may hunt all day there and get nothing.