A. L. Bancroft & Co.

Oregon City Enterprise.

VOL. 7. OREGON CITY, OREGON, FRIDAY, MAY 16, 1873. NO. 29.

THE ENTERPRISE.

A LOCAL DEMOCRATIC NEWSPAPER FOR THE Farmer, Business Man, & Family Circle.

ISSUED EVERY FRIDAY.

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SPRING.

Up from the glowing South—with azure eyes,
All sleepy with the flash of brilliant dyes
Or ruby-tinted bird, gleam-painted butterflies,
Gold-paven shore and lily-crested river,
Where gilded insects 'mongst lush emeralds quiver
And all the perfumes of spice Islands breathe,
And silver webs the waves round rocks of coral wreathe.

All gathered in the meshes of her rainbow net,
The gorgeous pearls with dimmer pearls beset,
She flings before her. Like reed tuned note,
Such as from the Shepherd's pipe o'er some lone mere may float,
So sounds the soft wind-whisper of her voice—
"Coming! O dull, dead earth arise! rejoice!
The Easter of the year is come—wake wake up to life!"

The challenge rings far to the snow-bound North
The Ice King trembles—"Up ye warriors—forth!
Hear ye the swift winged chargers cleave the air?
An army comes!" Nay, but a maiden fair,
Smiles on the Winter King in his dispair;
And he, his death-fraught sceptre throwing down,
Kisses her outstretched hands, and yields his crown.
And through the mountain gorges sounds her voice—
"Coming! O death-chained waters—live! rejoice!
The Easter of the year is come—wake up to life!"

A liquid murmur, like the west wind stroke
Of Eolus on the silver lute-strings, broke
The silence; then a cadence wild and sharp;
Like to mad, fitful chords on untuned harp;
And with a passionate and thundering roar,
From thousand rocks the swelling waters pour—
Till, turned to melody, they sweep along,
And in the smiling vales lift up their Easter song.

Awake ye buds and blossoms! Perfume swoet
Steals through the air her dainty steps to greet.
Bursts for the dappled bloom from orchards gay,
Earth's primrose stars shine out. The clustering May
Frosts o'er the green-grown hedge with sudden white—
Pure Easter-garb after the long death night.

Lo! at her voice fair nature bursts the tomb,
And rises glorious in fresh beauty's bloom,
Type of a fairer Spring-time yet to be,
When mortal shall wake up to immortality.
Go, all ye living ones lift up your voice—
Coming! O dull, dead hearts arise! rejoice!
The Easter of the year is come—Wake up to life."

Grant's Oliver.

Louis XI, King of France, is depicted by Sir Walter Scott in one of his remarkable works, as a silent, cunning monarch, with remarkable taste for low favorites, among whom *primus inter paves* stood his barber, Oliver, *le diable*. Our Ulysses seems to be a humble imitator of the French King, and Tom Murphy is his Oliver. This special favorite of Ulysses is described as a coarse red-faced, snub-nosed, dull-eyed, thick set man of fifty, ignorant and stolid, low in his morals, without intellect, and guiltless of ordinary decency of manners. He has control of the republican party in the State of New York. He is "boss" now, since Tweed has been forced to abdicate, and "runs" the Legislature at his pleasure. The best men in the party are powerless with Grant when they move contrary to red-faced Tom's orders, and Curtis has been compelled to abandon his Civil Service Reform in utter disgust and despair. Murphy was one of the shoddy contractors in the Army of the Potomac, and became then and there a great favorite with the General-in-Chief, and when he became President, the shoddy man got the fattest office in the country—Collector of the Port of New York: this place he held a couple of years, but was compelled to resign for sheer absence of capacity to do anything but run the politics of the city, and getting a charter, (from which our own new charter is said to be copied) which will enable him to rob the people *ad libitum*. Grant is choice in his selection of intimates.—*Post.*

A subscriber of the Lyons (N. Y.) *Republican*, who cut of his patronage because the paper did not suit his views, and was surprised that the paper was published, notwitstanding, was thus addressed by the editor:

It was pretty close work for awhile we confess but, by omitting to put sugar in our tea and buying a cheaper grade of paper collars, and reversing them for the second and third time, we managed to rub along until a new subscriber came and took the place of our respected disgruntled friend—and then Richard was himself again. Nothing but rigid economy will carry one safely over such a calamity as the loss of a subscriber."

INDIA.—In a recent number of the *Pall Mall Gazette* it is stated that one-third of the whole number of European children in India die under six months old; that eighty-five per cent. perish before they reach two years; and that out of one hundred infants born only eleven attain maturity.

A paper recently alluded to a man as a "battle-scared veteran." The compositor was so agitated when the editor made him correct it that he changed it to "battle-scarred veteran." And still veteran in question was not satisfied.

It Should Not Be So.

From the Ottumwa Democrat.

It is a fact, not however very pleasant to state, that a large proportion of those who are associated with the I. O. O. F., are very tardy in making themselves as perfectly acquainted with the principles of the same as they should, and as for the general laws and rules which govern the proceedings of a lodge, they are almost as ignorant oftentimes as persons who have never passed the threshold of the temple devoted to F. L. and T. This neglect hinders the progress and prosperity of the order. It is more or less on account of this that we so often hear of uninteresting lodge meetings, and too frequently out of this grow those things which blight and ruin the organization. It is an acknowledged fact, that our order contains within itself principles and laws, and usages, which, if practiced, would give to manhood sublime and beautiful appearing.

Odd Fellowship as we have it in this country, is calculated by its ablest advocates, and most intelligent adherents to enlarge the firmer sensiblities of our nature, and to bring the great family of men into close sympathy one with another. There is too much selfishness in the world, and any effort to get rid of this and cultivate in its stead more of the humane, is an effort in the right direction.

To this end Odd Fellowship is exerting its influence; to this end must continue to make in order to maintain its present proud position. The fruits of its labor must ever be Benevolence and Charity, and to an intelligent cultivation of those qualities those who are engaged in the work must labor not like the beast of burden "but like men." Its fundamental doctrines must be sustained; its laws must be better understood and all its workings must of need have the brain, as well as heart of its members enlisted in its favor.

To become associated with this great brotherhood merely for the benefits which it extends when sorrow looms up in our ranks, is carrying selfishness where it does not belong and where it can find no abiding place, and men who are Odd Fellows from this consideration alone, are a disgrace to themselves and are a stupendous fraud upon an order which mistaking them for men of a nobler stamp conferred upon them in their initiation greater honor than they have ever deserved.

Men should learn that ours is not a society simply to extend relief in the hour of need. It is an organization that is intended to benefit us every day we live in prosperity, as well as adversity, and this benefit is not to emenate merely from mercenary dollras and cents; it is to come as well in the elevation of our characters in the happiness that is produced from our enlarged social feeling in the growing kindness one towards another in the disposition that is every day made stronger to help one another over the *rough places*, formed along the journey of life.

It is an organization free from the corruptions and heartlessnes of partisanship, nor does it enter the field to interfere with and thwart the views of religion. It has a work of its own—peculiarly its own—which is grand and noble, and higher than politicians have ever dared to reach—a work which is very near neighbor to the Church.

Then, those who are its members should make themselves better acquainted with it than many of them seem to be. To realize this importance, to comprehend its beauty, one must give it thought, time and attention, and as its beauties are made manifest through this study, the heart becomes more attached to the Order, one sees more in it to admire than first conceptions ever dreamed of, and thus advocates are made who will be its adherents through life, and in death will leave behind them characters that a faithful practice of the principles of the Order have made worthy and honorable.

We should therefore make the principles of the Order our careful study, and above all, practice them and let them be our guide through life and our solace in retirement. For merely to associate ourselves with its members, and ever attend the meetings of the Lodge occasionally, and to pay our dues does not "fill the bill." We must understand what is in the Order that gives it position and standing among men, and then, getting a correct conception of this, we must make our intercourse with the world at large, conform the teachings of the Order, and the obligations we voluntarily assumed when our names were placed on the roll of membership of the Lodge. We must not be Odd Fellows merely in name but in spirit and truth.

THE LAST WORD.—The last word is dangerous to contend for. Husband and wife should no more strive to get it than they should struggle for the possession of a lighted bombshell. Married people should study each other's weak points as skaters look after the weak parts of the ice in order to keep off them. Ladies who marry for love should remember that the union of angels with women has been forbidden since the flood. The wife is the sun of the social system. Unless she attracts there is nothing to keep heavy bodies, like husbands, from flying off into space. The wife who properly discharges her duties must never have a soul "above buttons." Don't trust too much to good temper when you get into an argument. Sugar is the substance most universally diffused through all natural products. Let married people take the hint from this provision of nature.

The Fight at Colfax Louisiana.

The circumstances that led to hostilities between the whites and blacks at Colfax, Louisiana, culminating in the killing of a hundred negroes, are stated as follows:

Grant parish is situated on Red River and has a population—white and black—of about 4,500, nearly equally divided. In the late election the returns showed that nearly all the fusion candidates were elected in the parish.

Governor Kellogg, however, undertook to appoint men to what he called vacancies, but they did not qualify according to law, and allowed the time stipulated by law to pass. Governor Kellogg, then commissioned the officers who had really been elected—both Republican and Fusion, white and colored, except the parish Judge, a Republican, who had already qualified. This did not satisfy the negro member for Grant Parish in the Kellogg Legislature, and with other Republicans who were dissatisfied at not getting all the offices, he went to New Orleans to remonstrate with Kellogg, but to no purpose. Returning home they organized a company of negroes, and took forcible possession of the Court house at Colfax, a small village on the river, and the county seat of Grant Parish. The Sheriff then attempted to collect a *posse comitatus* to recover possession of the public building thus lawlessly seized. A meeting of white people was proposed to express their condemnation, but in consequence of the demonstrations of armed negroes, under Captain Ward the assembly was given up. The posse under the Sheriff failed to take the building or disperse the mob. The party had a short time before killed two of their own color with small provocation. Having occupied the village as a military post they began to threaten the lives of their political opponents and gave some a short time to leave the place on pain of death. They broke open and gutted dwellinghouses, robbed female school-teachers, and even rifled the coffin of Judge Rutland's dead body, and flinging the body into the stream. They picketed the country for miles, seizing horses and firearms. They sought to inaugurate a reign of terror and drove out their political opponents. While they became masters of the place for a time, they had matters all their own way, and the white people who had been menaced and attacked escaped. The Sheriff got together a posse of armed men numbering 150, and returned to Colfax. The negroes, meanwhile, had fortified their ground with breast works and prepared the Court-house for defense. They were called on last Sunday to surrender the Court-house and disperse. They refused and the fight followed.

WHY CURTIS IS DISGUSTED.—Geo. William Curtis, the efficient reformer of the civil service has dealt the President a most effectual blow for the farcial comedy he has been playing with the rules of the commission for reforming the civil service. In resigning his place on the board, Mr. Curtis very pointedly states that he "regards several important appointments recently made as a virtual abandonment of civil service reform." These are his words. Their import is obvious. Possessing still some degree of integrity and fairness, he beholds the President purposely disregard the rules of the commission and set at nought the qualifications of honesty, competency and fidelity for an appointment under the government. Mr. Curtis does not possess any special alacrity to be thus placed in a false position before the country. He does not covet the name of devising regulations for the improvement of civil service, while the President constantly selects whom he pleases, regardless of fitness or character. And we can readily conceive why the author of this reform should resign on account of "a virtual abandonment of civil service reform." Grant never meant to obey them, for he is wholly wanting in all those qualities which constitute a reformer. Avaricious, partisan and corrupt himself, how can he possibly submit to such a benificent and wholesome reform. Hence the excellent propriety of the resignment of Mr. Curtis is apparent.

A St. Louis Divorce Court has furnished an important addition to the romance of marriage. A modest young husband insisted upon a divorce, for the reason that he had been married much against his will. He had been subjected to a warm courtship from the lady in question, and when he tried to escape her was threatened with immediate demolition by her father and brother. He was informed that he must marry or be buried, and the ceremony was pronounced by an obliging minister, the groom all the time protesting that he married to save his life. Divorce was granted despite the plea of the bride that the Court should respect the rights of woman.

Iowa has a five-legged mule, and its owner did not know what the fifth foot was for until the other day, when he attempted to tighten up the breeching before going down hill. The doctors who patched him up said they never saw three prettier line shots in all their army experience. The mule can stand on his two fore feet and kick with all three of his hind feet; and to see him when he is in motion reminds the spectator of a buzz-saw.

Never read by twilight, nor before breakfast in the morning. The little you gain in time will be doubly lost by a failing eyesight long before life's sundown.

Divorces in Different Countries.

Australians.—Divorces have never been sanctioned in Austria.

Jews.—In olden times the Jews had a discretionary power of divorcing their wives.

Javans.—If a wife be dissatisfied, she can obtain a divorce by paying a certain sum.

Thibetans.—Divorces are seldom allowed unless with the consent of both parties—neither of whom can afterwards remarry.

Moors.—If the wife does not become the mother of a boy, she may be divorced by consent of the tribe, and she can marry again.

South Sea Islands.—The connection hardly deserves the name of marriage as it is dissolved whenever the husband desires a change.

Abyssinians.—No form of marriage is necessary. The connection may be dissolved and renewed as often as the parties think proper.

Siberians.—If a man be dissatisfied with the most trifling act of his wife, he tears the cap or veil from her head and this constitutes a divorce.

Corean.—The husband can divorce his wife at pleasure, and leave her the charge of maintaining the children. If she proves unfaithful he can put her to death.

Siamese.—The first wife may be divorced, but not sold, as the others may be. She then may claim the first, third, and fifth child, and the alternate children are yielded to the husband.

Artic Regions.—When a man desires a divorce he leaves the house in anger, and does not return for several days. The wife understands the hint, packs her clothes and leaves.

Druse and Turkomans.—Among these people, if a wife seeks her husband's permission to go out, and he says "Go," without adding "but come back again," she is divorced. Though both parties desire it, they cannot live together without being remarried.

Cochin Chinese.—If the parties choose to separate, they break a pair of chop sticks or copper coin in the presence of a witness, by which action the union is dissolved. The husband must restore to the wife the property belonging to her prior to her marriage.

American Indians.—Among some of the tribes the pieces of stick given to the witnesses of the marriage are burned as a sign of divorce. Usually new connections are formed without the old one being dissolved. A man never divorces his wife if she has borne him sons.

Tartars.—The husband may put away his partner and seek another whenever it pleases him, and his wife may do the same. If she be ill-treated she complains to the magistrate, who, attended by some of the principal people, accompany her to the house, and pronounce a formal divorce.

Chinese.—Divorces are allowed in cases of criminality, mutual dislike, jealousy, incompatibility of temper, or too much loquacity on the part of the wife. The husband cannot sell his wife until she leaves him and becomes a slave to him by action of law for desertion. A son is bound to divorce his wife if she displeases his parents

Circassians.—Two kinds of divorce are granted in Circassia, one total, the other provisional. Where the first is allowed the parties can immediately marry again; where the second exists, the couple agree to separate for a year, and if, at the expiration of that time, the husband does not send for his wife, her relations may compel him to a total divorce.

Grecians.—A settlement was usually given to the wife at marriage for her support, in case of a divorce. The wife's portion was then restored to her, and the husband required to pay monthly interest for its use during the time he detained it from her. Usually the men could put their wives away for slight occasions. Even the fear of having too large family sufficed. Divorces scarcely ever occur in Modern Greece.

Hindoos.—Either party for a slight cause, may leave the other and marry again. Where both desire it, there is not the least trouble. If a man calls his wife "mother" it is considered indelicate to live with her again. Among one tribe the "Garos," if the wife be unfaithful, the husband cannot obtain a divorce unless he gives her all the property and the children. A woman, on the contrary, may leave when she pleases, and marry another man, and convey him to the entire property of her former husband.

Romans.—In olden times a man might divorce his wife if she was unfaithful, if she counterfeited his private keys, or drank wine without his knowledge. They would divorce their wives when they pleased. Notwithstanding this, five hundred and twenty-one years elapsed without one divorce. Afterward a law was passed allowing either sex to make the application. Divorces then became frequent on the slightest pretexts. Seneca says that some women no longer reckoned the years by the consuls, but by the number of their husbands. St. Jerome speaks of a man who buried twenty wives, and of a woman who buried twenty-two husbands. The Emperor Augustus endeavored to restrain this license by penalties.

Miss Sadie F. Wilkinson, of Bridgeport, Ct, has gained a verdict of $25,000 damages against "Brick" Pomeroy, for breach of promise.

The Mysterious Organist.

Years ago, at a grand old cathedral that overlooked the Rhine, there appeared a mysterious organist. The great composer who had played the organ so long had suddenly died, and everybody, from the king to the peasant, was wondering who could be found to take his place; when, one bright Sabbath morn, as the sexton entered the church, he saw a stranger sitting at the crape-shrouded organ. He was a tall graceful man, with a pale but strikingly handsome face; great, black, melancholly eyes, and hair like the raven's wing for gloss and color, sweeping in dark waves over his shoulders. He did not seem to notice the sexton, but went on playing; and such music as he drew from the instrument no words of mine can describe. The astonished listener declared that the organ seemed to have grown human—that it wailed and sighed and clamored as if a tortured human heart were throbbing through its pipes. When the music at length ceased, the sexton hastened to the stranger and said:

"Pray, who are you, sir?"

"Do not ask my name," he replied. "I have heard that you are in want of an organist, and have come here on trial."

"You'll be sure and get the place," exclaimed the sexton. "Why you surpass him that's dead and gone, sir."

"No, no; you overrate me," resumed the stranger, with a sad smile. And then, as if disinclined to conversation, he turned from old Hans, and began to play again. And now the music changed from a sorrowful strain to a grand old pæn, and the mysterious organist—

"Looking upward, full of grace,
Played, till from a happy place
God's glory smote him on the face,"

and his countenance seemed not unlike that of St. Michael, as portrayed by Guido.

Lost in the harmonies which swelled around him, he sat with his "far-seeing" gaze fixed on the distant sky, a glimpse of which he caught through an open winow, when there was a stir about the church door, and a royal party came swarming in. Among them might be seen a young girl, with a wealth of golden hair, eyes of violet hue, and lips like wild cherries. This was the Princess Elizabeth; and all eyes turned to her as she seated herself in the velvet-cushioned pew appropriated to the court. The mysterious organist fixed his gaze upon her and went on playing. No sooner had the music reached her ears than she started as if a ghost had crossed her path. The bloom faded from her cheeks, her lips quivered, her whole frame grew tremulous. At last her eyes met those of the organist in a long, yearning look, and then the melody lost its joyous notes, and once more wailed and sighed and clamored.

"By my faith," whispered the king to his daughter, "this organist has a master hand! Hark ye! he shall play at your wedding."

The pale lips of the Princess parted, but she could not speak; she was dumb with grief. Like one in a painful dream, she saw the pale man at the organ, and heard the melody which filled the vast edifice. Aye! full well she knew who he was, and why the instrument seemed breathing out the agony of a tortured heart.

When the service was over and the royal party had left the cathedral he stole away as mysteriously as he had come. He was not seen again by the sexton till the vesper hour, and then he appeared in the organ loft and commenced his task. While he played a veiled figure glided in and knelt near a side shrine. There she remained till the worshipers dispersed, when the sexton touched her on the shoulder and said:

"Madam, everybody has gone out but you and me, and I wish to close the doors."

"I am not ready to go yet," was the reply. "Leave me!—leave me!"

The sexton drew back into a shady niche, and watched and listened. The mysterious organist still kept his post; but his head was bowed upon the instrument, and he could not see the lone devotee. At length she rose from the aisle, and, moving to the organ-loft, she paused beside the musician.

"Bertram!" she murmured.

Quick as thought the organist raised his head. There, with the light of a lamp suspended to the arch above falling upon her, stood the princess who had graced the royal pew that day.

The court-dress of velvet, with its, soft ermine trimmings; the tiara, the necklace, the bracelets, had been exchanged for a gray serge robe and a long, thick veil, which was now pushed back from the fair, girlish face.

"Oh, Elizabeth! Elizabeth!" exclaimed the organist; and he sank at her feet and gazed wistfully into her eyes.

"Why are you here, Bertram?" asked the princess.

"I came to bid you farewell; and, as I dared not venture into the palace, I gained access to the cathedral by bribing the bell-ringer, and taking the vacant seat of the dead organist. Let my music breathe out the adieu that I could not trust my lips to utter!"

A low moan was the only answer, and he continued:

"You are to be married to-morrow?"

"Yes!" sobbed the girl. "Oh, Bertram!—what a trial it will be to stand at yonder alter and take upon me the vows which will doom me to a living death!"

"Think of me," rejoined the organist. "Your royal father has requested me to play at your wedding, and I have promised to be here. If I were your equal I could be the bridegroom instead of the organist; but a poor musician must give you up."

"It is like rending body and soul asunder to part with you!" said the girl. "to-night I may tell you this—tell you how fondly I love you—but in a few hours it will be a sin. Go! go!—and God bless you!"

The next morning dawned in cloudless splendor. At an early hour the cathedral was thrown open, and the sexton began to prepare for the brilliant wedding. Flame colored-leaves came rushing down from the trees and lay in light heaps upon the ground; and the ripe wheat waved like a golden sea, and berries dropped in red and purple clusters over the rocks along the Rhine.

At length the palace gates were opened, and the royal party appeared, escorting the Princess Elizabeth to the cathedral, where her marriage was to be solemnized. It was a brave pageant—far brighter than the entwined foliage and blossoms were the tufts of plumes which floated from stately heads, and the festal robes which streamed down from the housings of the superb steeds.

But the princess, mounted on a snow-white palfrey, and clad in snow-white velvet, looked pale and sad; on nearing the church, she heard a gush of organ music, which, though jubilant in sound, struck on her ear a funeral knell, she trembled, and would have fallen to the earth had not a page supported her. A few moments afterwards she entered the cathedral. There, with his retinue, stood the royal bridegroom, whom she had never before seen. But her glance roved from him to the organ loft, where she had expected to see the mysterious organist. He was gone, and she was obliged to return the graceful bow of the king, to whom she had been betrothed from motives of policy. Mechanically she knelt at his side on the alar stone; mechanically she listened to the service and made responses. Then her husband drew her towards him in a convulsive embrace, and whispered: "Elizabeth, my queen, my wife, look up!" Trembling in every limb, she obeyed.

Why did those dark eyes thrill her so? Why did that smile bring a glow on her cheek? Ah! though the king wore the royal purple, and many a jeweled order glittered on his breast he seemed the same humble person who had been employed to teach organ music, and taught her the lore of love.

"Elizabeth!" murmured the monarch, "Bertram Hoffman, the mysterious organist, and King Oscar, are one! Forgive my strategem. I wished to marry you; but I would not drag to the altar an unwilling bride. Your father was in the secret."

While tears of joy rained from her blue eyes, the new-made queen returned her husband's fond kiss, and for once two hearts were made happy by a royal marriage.

"The fate of a young man" is the title of a new novel. We know it already. It is to wait on some young lady he thinks the acme of perfection, to spend all his spare cash—sometimes more than he can spare—on her, attend her to balls, theatres, parties, and church, and then find out, when he asks the question to which an answer in the affirmative will make him entirely happy, or depress him to the lowest depths of despair and deranged necktie, that she is already engaged to be married to the bald-headed wretch that wears eye-glasses, and talks science. It is pleasrnt just then to have the adored object remark, "If we cannot be more, we can at least be friends for life." If the youth isn't a fool he bears his fate with fortitude, and soon returns to his three square meals a day. If he is a fool he takes to telling all his friends about his unhappy condition, gets drunk, wares bad clothes, and—greatest folly of all—goes off and marries another woman who has played some other young man the same trick that was played on himself. If this isn't "the fate of a young man," then we've never been juvenile.

WOMEN AND DRESS.—Do women ever talk about anything but dress? Sometimes we doubt it. As you pass a pair of them in the street, you catch such bits of conversation as these:—"Hers had fringe." "They are worn longer than ever now." "Black silk is so genteel." "I know it was made at home. She may say it came from Paris, but I know better." "I'm going to have mine faced with velvet." You sit opposite them in the omnibus, and it is the same thing. In church two bonnets touch each other, and a soft whisper of "Pompadour style" reaches you. You go to a wedding, and is the brides dress that is discussed; and absolutely we have heard ladies who had just shed tears over the solemn burial-service of a friend allude to the width of a hem on a crape vail, or the cost of the stuff in a mourning dress. Dress, dress, dress! How we look not what we do—always; how we appear, not what we are! It is necessary to give some attention to these subjects, but it may be possible to fritter life away on them so entirely that there is nothing left for the better.

SCHOOL STATISTICS OF CALIFORNIA. The report of the State Superintendent of Public Instruction for 1872 gives the total number of children, between five and fifteen years of age, at 137,361. Boys, 70,037; girls, 67,324. The total number of those who attend public school is 92,794; number at private schools, 13,787. Number of schools in the State, 1,612. Number of teachers, 2,301. Of these, 881 are men, and 1,420 women.

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