THE ENTERPRISE.

OREGON CITY, OREGON, MAY 21, 1875.

LIKE A CHILD.

BY LOUISA CHANDLER MOULTON.

Playing there in the sun,
Chasing the butterflies,
Catching his golden toy,
Holding it fast till it dies;
Singing to match the birds,
Calling the robins at will,
Glancing here and there,
Never a moment still—
Like a child.

Going to school, at last,
Learning to read and write,
Puzzled over his slate,
Busy from morn till night,
Striving to win a prize,
Careless when it was won,
Finding his joy in the strife,
Not in the thing that's done.

Busy in eager trade,
Buying and selling again,
Chasing a golden prize,
Glad of a transient gain;
Always beginning anew,
Never the long task o'er,
Just as it used to be—
The butterfly before.

Seeking a woman's heart,
Winning it for his own,
Then, too busy for love,
Letting it turn to stone.
Sure of his plighted truth,
What more had a wife to ask?
Is he not doing for her
Each day his daily task?

A child, to pine and complain!
A child, to grieve so sore!
For some foolish words
Shall a woman's faith fail?
Words! he said them once
What need of anything more?
Does one who has entered a room
Unlock and shut the door?

Baby Mine and Wife
Never can climb his knee;
Mother's arms are feeble—
"Father is busy, you see."
Too busy to stop to hear
A tangle or broken talk,
To mend the running jack,
Or look at the new doll walk.

So busy! when death comes
He stands for a little delay,
Then, to finish his work
As best he can, and to say—
Among his wife and child,
A sentence to tell the truth,
Turns for bress them now, at the least,
With the passionate heart of youth.

The kisses of Death are cold,
And they turn his lips to stone;
Out of the warm, bright world
The man goes all alone.
Dying gls wait for him there
Over the soundless sea?
How so, as he came, a helpless wight,
To a new world's mystery—
Like a child.

Mend the Toys, Mother:

BY MRS. B. C. BUDE.

"Mamma, mamma, fix my moosie-box, won't you?" And little four-year-old Ben trotted up and laid a dilapidated mouth-organ on my lap.

It was just before Christmas, and I was so busy, and I didn't want to stop sewing; but I did. I couldn't refuse—how could I—Ben looked at me so. Well, I worked at the thing twenty minutes, riveting on the sides and straightening them out, until at last it went as well as ever, and little Ben treated off tooting—or blowing, if that's any better—happy as a whole band.

Now, I took the shortest way to dispose of Ben. If I had grumbled out after this fashion, "You *know* I am busy and can't be bothered!" he would have pulled my apron, and fretted for at least twenty minutes; and at the end of which time I might have punished him, for aught I know. And, just think of it, I should have lost the sweet satisfaction of having him look up into my eyes with those pretty blue orbs of his and say: "I'm so glad, mamma—so glad you fixed my moosie—so glad! Toot, toot! I loves my mamma; and I sees little Beanie in mamma's eyes!"

O mothers! it isn't long that we can have them with us, they grow up so soon. They'll find life a hard road at best. Some of them will find it up-hill, and briars on either side. And many times they will sit down—oh, so weary!—and then they'll think back, farther and farther, until, perhaps, a vision of dear mamma mending a music-box will float before them, and in that moment they will *thrill* with a joy they have not known for years. It will all come back, the *gladness*, and it will *rest* them so.

Dear mothers, we are singing lullabies to our darlings to-day that will echo and re-echo, and lull and soothe as long as life lasts; and even in eternity they may sing because we sing to them to-day; or they may wail because we rave at them to-day.

Oh, *can* we remember this, I wonder? Yes, you say, but it sounds harsh, this last. You wish I hadn't said it. Why didn't I leave off with the lullaby? Why did I take up the wail?

"Why?" I ask.

"Oh, because it grates."

"It is the truth, is it not? You believe it?"

"Yes, it is the truth, but it stands out so bold and naked.

"You see it, then?"

"Yes."

"Well, my dear woman, that's just what I wanted."

WILSON!—Contemporaries who can afford the space will oblige us by copying the following:

In the year 1846 there lived near the city of Buffalo a family by the name of Wilson. During that year the mother died, leaving five children—two boys and three girls. The youngest, a mere infant, soon died. The second girl, Elizabeth, was adopted by a gentleman and his wife who immediately removed to the West. The eldest girl, Nancy, died in 1849, and soon afterward the father also died. The boys' names were William and Charles; their ages 8 and 10. Nothing is known of them after their mother's death, though it was supposed they had gone to their relatives, who were then living somewhere in the eastern part of New York. The mother's maiden name is unknown; her given name was Caroline. Any information concerning either of the boys will be most thankfully received by their sister, Elizabeth A. Wilson. Address care of Ogden Squires, Esq., Placerville, El Dorado county, Cal.—*Mountain Democrat.*

A theatrical company were dozing in a special car, in silence, when the train stopped and the brakeman yelled "Elizabeth!" A ballet girl sprang to her feet, half asleep and cried: "Where's Beecher?" and then hid her face amid the roars of laughter which followed the unfortunate association of names.

Administrator's Notice.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN THAT the County Court of Clackamas county, State of Oregon, has appointed the undersigned Administrators of the estate of W. W. Cooke, deceased; therefore all persons having claims against said estate will present them to the undersigned properly verified, at the office of Johnson & McCown, in Oregon City, within six months from date.
W. H. COOKE,
FRANK W. FOSTER,
2apr4w Administrators.

Town Lots for Sale.

NOTICE IS GIVEN TO ALL PERSONS desirous of purchasing Town Lots in the County addition to Oregon City, Clackamas county Oregon, that are now owned by Clackamas county, that application for the purchase will be received by the Clerk in vacation of the County Court, and acted upon by the County Court, and value placed on the lots to be sold.

J. M. FRAZER,
Jan. 12 1875. County Clerk.

AGENTS FOR THE ENTERPRISE.

The following persons are authorized to act as agents for the ENTERPRISE:

Geo. P. Rowell & Co., 40 Park Row, New York.

Coe, Wetherill & Co., 607 Chestnut street Philadelphia.

Abbott & Co., No. 82 and 84 Nassau street New York.

Portland, Oregon	L. Samuel
San Francisco	Thos. Boyce L. P. Fisher
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Astoria, Clatsop county	A. Van Dusen
Salem	L. Williams
Harrisburg	J. H. Smith
Lafayette, Yamhill county	J. L. Ferguson
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Jacksonville	R. K. Hanna
Benton county	W. A. Wells
Corvallis	Hon. John Burnett
Canyon City, Grant co	W. B. Laswell
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Dalles, Wasco county	N. H. Gates
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Eagle Creek	Frank W. Foster
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Milwaukie	John Hagenberger
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Upper Molalla	W. H. Vaughan