

Oregon City Interprise.

DEVOTED TO NEWS, LITERATURE, AND THE BEST INTERESTS OF OREGON.
OREGON CITY, OREGON, THURSDAY, MAY 24, 1877.

NO. 31.

VOL. 11.
THE ENTERPRISE.

A LOCAL NEWSPAPER
FOR THE
Farmer, Business Man and Family Circle

ISSUED EVERY THURSDAY.
FRANK S. DEMENT,
PROPRIETOR AND PUBLISHER.

Official Paper for Clackamas County.
Office: In Enterprise Building,
One door South of Masonic Building, Main Street.

Terms of Subscription:
Single Copy, one year, in advance, \$2.50
Single Copy, six months, in advance, 1.50

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TO
One word to thee I profaned
For me to lose it
One feeling too faintly disdained
For thee to disdain it
One hope is too like despair
To give thee white smears
And pity from thee more dear
Than love from another.

I may give not what men call love,
But will thou accept it?
The worship the heart lifts above
And the heaven's breath for the star,
Of the night for the morning,
From the sphere of our sorrow.

HOME-COMING.
BY E. B. B. B. B.

Home holds such tender memories
The wanderer dreams of it, and sees
The hearth round which, in other days,
The household gathered, and once more
He hears the old, familiar ways
And enters at the open door.

He sees the things he used to see
In one swift glance, but lingers not:
His boy's 'come back to you to-day'
And his girl's 'I'll be home to-night'
For him, of any earthly spot.

He turns to where his mother sits
Beside the window, as she knits
Her thoughts in with her stitches gray,
And "mother" cries the wanderer then,
"Your boy's 'come back to you to-day'
And his girl's 'I'll be home to-night'."

What rapture kindles in her eyes?
Her tender face is all aglow!
"Oh, how her boy has grown!" she cries,
"The boy that mother misses so."
Her kiss is on his lips again,
She folds him to her faithful breast:
"There's room for him and all the rest."

Oh, mother-love so true, so deep!
The hearts of mothers always keep
A watchful eye for each child whose eyes
Have made their dream of Paradise.
Goldlocks or brown hair hid in snow,
And cheeks as white as lilies, or as ruddy
As young and fair, or older grown
The mother in her heart will hold
A love that never can grow old.

[From the French of Henry Greville.]
NIKITA, THE MISER.

Nikita Vlassieff was born in the reign of Catherine of Russia, who died in 1796, but his memory went no further back than the war of 1812. The Russian peasant has very little memory for past events, unless indeed he gives up farm labor, and expands his intelligence by trading.

What possible reminiscences can a man have who never saw any change except the changes of the seasons, for whom all other things remain the same as they were? There are, however, two dates which have made a deep impression on the Russian peasant's mind; one is February 9, 19, 1861, the date of the emancipation of the serfs throughout the empire, the other is 1812, the date of the French invasion.

Nikita was a serf on a very large estate in the Government of Smolensk. His life till 1812 had been passed in the usual monotony. He had been married, had had a dozen children, had lost three of them; his standard form was getting somewhat bowed by scanty food, and by hard labor he paid his dues regularly to his master in days' work or in kind, and got tipsy no oftener than his neighbors.

The country wanted no defending now, but the French army was getting on its feet, and the route of the advancing host did not pass near Nikita's village, the inhabitants of which growled at the disappointment, and silently waited for their pickets, and scouts, and long for the day when the first snow came the French army was in full retreat from Moscow, and this time the line of march was not so well preserved. The main body indeed followed its route, but many a column lost its way, and so strictly as any party attempted a short cut it never rejoined its regiment.

The peasants had laid plans how they would hide in ambush, in woods, ravines, and brushwood, to defend their country. The country wanted no defending now, but they were eager to avenge her.

Forty years later Nikita, who had forgotten the incidents of his wedding, and the ages of his children, distinctly recollected all that happened that day. "I came down on them," he would growl under his breath, with his grey heavy eyes lighted up with the recollection, "the pagan dogs, who came to attack our country! But we got rid of them. We killed 'em and axes, but afterwards we finished them with their dead men's guns. I had never seen a gun till then, but I soon learnt how to shoot one, and when all who could run had run away, we buried the rest of them. I had out there lots of guns, and swords, and knapsacks, and everything! We loaded cars full of them. We sold them in the towns and shared the money. Hadn't I money at that time? Hadn't I money in the world as I saw them?"

The proverb says, "ill-gotten gains will never prosper." Nikita prospered however in a small way, and it may be questioned whether arms and munitions stolen from invaders on their retreat were justly considered "ill-gotten." This is a matter that we leave to moralists—perhaps it will be solved only at the Last Judgment.

Nikita's fortune, however, was not that of a millionaire. He bought two cows, and with the money made by butter, introduced into his village the use of pins, and tiny locking glasses, and other similar wares. Peddling these knickknacks from town to hamlet, and from hamlet to town, he accumulated a good deal of latent rheumatism, brought on a slight

stroke of paralysis, and scraped together in all about twenty-five silver roubles; the silver rouble being equal to one dollar.

A commercial crisis swept over Russia in those days, taking its revenge on capital and accumulation, but it did no damage to the capital of Nikita, for his was in hard cash and not in paper.

When he found himself possessed of twenty-five silver roubles, all in small silver or copper coins, which he had tied in an old rag, and hid in a hole in the wall, he grew full of anxiety about their future safety.

A peasant family in Russia lives like the Esquimaux, in one hut, containing only one large room, sometimes divided by a thin partition. Generation after generation inhabits the same cabin, grandparents, uncles, aunts, fathers, mothers, brothers, sisters, infants and little children sleep at night on top of the enormous stove, which occupies the centre of the room, enclosed in a brick-work, and standing a couple of feet or so from the ground. In summer they repose on wooden benches which stand round the chamber. Occasionally on very hot nights some of them go and sleep upon the haymow; but this is a rare piece of self-indulgence. In the day the Russian peasant always dreads a draught; in the next the haylofts are filled full after hay-harvest, besides which animals always dislike hay that a man has lain upon, and a merchantable crop is too precious for anything subtracted from its value.

So Nikita did not feel comfortable about his roubles. The two sons and the daughter who lived with him had a whole hive of children. It was probable, he thought, that some of them might one day come upon his hidden pile, and then small copper coins would disappear, and after that some of the silver, and by-and-by he might come to look for it and find it gone.

The old man at last resolved to make one more journey to the nearest city. He borrowed the cart and horse of his oldest son, put on his Sunday sheepskin, was absent all one night, and the next day returned home again with a pair of horses, and a little tipsy, with his hand pressed tight against his chest, an attitude unusual with him before.

"Ah, my little chicks," he cried, "my twenty-five roubles have all turned into a bit of paper! A beautiful bit of paper, sewed up in a little paper. Granddaddy means to sleep with it every night, look you! and you know he always sleeps with one eye open. Ah, you young rogues, it is all safe! No more picking and stealing of them might be!"

The little ones who were probably had found out his old rag, and may have lunched an occasional copper from his store, did not appear to share his extreme hilarity, whereupon he kicked several of them, pulled the two youngsters out of his bosom, and laid them on the stove to sleep off both his liquor and his excitement on the occasion.

From that time forth the old man never did a stroke of work, but sat fawning at the stove, and while everybody round him toiled from morning to night.

"It's your turn now," he said between his teeth, when he saw his household growl forth to labor for their master, "I've paid all of me. I've made my fortune. I've brought you into the world, and fed you till you grew to be men and women. Now take care of the old man. When you are old your children will have to look after you."

When they were gone, the old fellow would draw out of his bosom the little bag which contained the bank-note. He would turn it over and over, smell it, make the paper crackle between his fingers and thumbs.

One day a sudden terror seized upon him. He ran and got a sharp-pointed knife, came back into the sun before the cabin, and began to cut the stitches of his little parcel. A dreadful apprehension had arisen in his mind.

Suppose that by witchcraft the lilac paper should have lost its value? Suppose somebody had changed it for a piece of plain, white, vulgar, useless paper?

His hands trembled so much that he could not manage the knife properly. He cut himself and threw it down, and used his teeth to tear away the paper. His eyes glistened with excitement he nudged the precious folds. There it lay. It was still lilac—still his bank note. It was worth twenty-five silver roubles still.

Nikita smoothed it lovingly. He held it up to the sun, looked at the light through it, marked out the outline of the water-mark (the double-headed eagle) with his finger, and then, as if intoxicated by the sight of his wealth, and moved to physical complacency by the warmth of the spring day, he went to whispering loving words on it, patting it and blessing it as if it were a child.

A shadow came between him and the sun. Nikita raised his head with a start of consternation, but when his angry eyes rested on the intruder, his expression became less fierce. He pulled off his cap, and rose to greet his pastor.

"Are you not ashamed, Nikita," said the priest, "to be so fond of money? Your children are working themselves to death for want of a second horse, and there you have, sewed up in a bag, much more than enough to buy one."

"My sons have got to work for their own horse, parson," replied Nikita, "and it is only right they should. I worked in my time and nobody gave me a horse. Besides a horse may die and then what becomes of my money?"

"Well, you might lay it out in something else," replied the pastor. "Father Jakim was an excellent man, rather given to speculative investigations and discoveries. He was very fond of making his parishioners talk to find out, as he said, 'what men had hidden in their souls.'"

"You never gave a taper to the Holy Virgin, nor to your patron saint," he said. "Do you expect them at the day of judgment to make intercession for you?"

"Plenty of time to provide for that," replied the priest.

"Time!" cried the priest, "what do you mean by time, you hoary sinner? You are on the verge of death. You are perfectly well at present," said Nikita.

"Old man, how old are you?" "I don't know, your reverence." "How old were you in 1812?" "About thirty."

"Well, then, you must be hard upon seventy years old, and you talk about having plenty of time before you! Repent of your sins now, while now God is pleased to spare you."

"All right. I will repent father." "And about those tapers?" "A right time, I'll attend to them. Please give me your blessing, father."

He knew the good priest's blessing would cost nothing, otherwise the old rascal would have dispensed with the benediction. The pastor gave it him, however, and standing a couple of feet or so from the ground, he looked at the queer weaknesses of human nature.

A fortnight after (Nikita had done nothing about the tapers) his son's horse justified the expression he had expressed concerning horseflesh as an investment, for it died, as it had lived, in the cart, engaged in its daily labor.

This was a great misfortune to the whole family. A horse is as important as the shirt on his back to the Russian serf. The fields in Russia lie fallow three years out of four, and the great distance things have to be carried upon these enormous farms make a horse absolutely necessary, even if the peasant and his family have to live on one meal a day for a year to pay for it.

Nikita's son determined to employ their father to lend them money enough to buy a horse. Horses are not dear in Russia. Before the Crimean war a very good little work-horse might be bought for twelve or fifteen rubles.

On Sunday when they all came home from church, before sitting down to table, the brothers threw themselves at their fathers feet, and holding up their hands, they both cried, "Give us a horse, father!"

Nikita quietly waited the request that would follow this preamble. "You know our horse is dead," said the older.

"I cannot afford to buy another," said the older.

"Yes," said Nikita. "Providence seems to have been very hard on you. We are told that the Lord chastens those he loves."

"I lend you the money to buy a horse," cried the older.

"We will all pray God to bless you, forever and ever!" cried the younger. The whole family, women, children and infants, who were standing by, now fell upon their knees before the head of the family.

The old man put his hand inside his shirt, and patted the little bag hung round his neck by a string.

"May the Lord take pity on you," he said, "and do nothing for you."

"Oh, father, don't refuse our benefactor, our dear father!" they all cried, in that note of supplication, which rises a full octave higher than the highest note of the greatest tenor, "help us; take pity on us!"

"With a genuine prayer they could all understand," Nikita stopped his ears. The supplication ceased.

"There are Jews," said the old man; "you must borrow."

"He sat down at the table; and no one else could do anything for you."

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Feeding Young Calves.

As we have seen, fresh milk is the best food for the young calf, and the most natural method of taking it is for the calf to draw it from the udder of its mother.

But there are many considerations that come in to prevent this natural method among the 500,000 dairymen of the United States. This natural method is only practicable among the breeders of pure-blooded and high-priced stock; and if such a breeder of high blood is located in a dairying district, where milk is valuable, it is quite unnecessary that he should feed new milk longer than two months.

After that period the calf may be fed upon the skim milk and linseed or flax seed gruel, with an excellent chance of growing a prize animal. In two months the calf will have made an excellent start and be ready for the modified diet.

And if the calf is to be brought to drink its mother to do her work ten days or two weeks old. It will learn easier at that age than later, and the cow will give more milk through the season than if the calf is permitted to suck longer.

The milk being fed warm from the mother, the calf will make a growth not perceptibly different from one that sucks. This blooded calf should have the free run of a dry yard, with a little hay or grass to eat, that it may early develop its first stomach and chew its cud.

A small field of grass in summer is still better. When the time comes for feeding the skim milk, the ration may be made about as nutritious as the new milk by adding to it flaxseed gruel, made by boiling a pint of oil meal in ten to twelve quarts of water. Mix this in equal parts with skim milk, and feed twice per day, at regular times, until six months old.

During this time teach it to eat a few oats, and in case of a tendency to scour, a quart of coarse wheat flour, sometimes called by farmers camel. It will be perceived that the oil of the flaxseed will make good the loss of the cream, it has proved an excellent combination.

Cor. National Live Stock Journal.

Horse Dentistry.

An inquirer asks advice about a young horse which froths at the mouth when driven, though apparently in good health and fed like the others not similarly affected.

There is doubtless some irritation connected with the mouth. The mouth should be opened with a balling-iron and the teeth examined with the hand, so that any irregularity in growth, any retention of milk teeth that should have been shed when the corresponding permanent teeth appear, or any undue prominence or sharpness of the edges of the teeth may be recognized.

Any such source of trouble must be removed with the forceps or rasp, and improvement may be expected. Sometimes there is great irritation attendant on the cutting of the tusks, and if they are found pushing up beneath the tense red and tender gums, they should be cut down upon freely with a sharp knife.

If there is only undecayed of the palate behind the upper front teeth, make a series of incisions at intervals of about three-quarters of an inch from side to side, and not extending further back than two thirds of an inch from the teeth.

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SLEEP THE BEST BRAIN STIMULANT.

The best possible thing for a man to do when he feels too weak to carry any thing through, is to go to bed and sleep as long as he can.

This is the only recuperation of brain power, the only actual recuperation of brain force; because during sleep the brain is in a state of rest, in a condition to receive and appropriate particles of nutriment from the blood, which take the place of those which have been consumed by previous labor, since the very act of thinking burns up the solid particles, as every particle of the wood or screw of the steamer is the result of consumption by the fuel in the furnace.

The supply of consumed brain substance can only be had from the nutritive particles in the blood, which were obtained from the food eaten previously; and the brain is so constituted that it can best receive and appropriate to itself those nutritive particles during a state of rest, of quiet and stillness of sleep.

Mere stimulants supply nothing in themselves; they good the brain and force it to a greater consumption of its substance until it is so exhausted that there is not power enough left to receive a supply.

POPPING IT "GRAVELY."—An Irish girl, who was very anxious that her scatter-brained brother should not be refused by the demure young English woman with whom he had fallen desperately in love, implored him to try to propose with the seriousness becoming the occasion. He vowed solemnly that he would behave as if he were acting as chief mourner at his father's funeral.

The demure young lady, in imitation of many of her countrywomen, graciously accepted her wild Irish lover. She, however, confided to her bosom friend that Edmund had proposed in rather an odd way. He had taken her after church to see the family vault, and had there, in a sepulchral voice, asked her if she would like to lay her bones beside his bones.

This he evidently thought was a proper way to fulfill the promise made to his sister of treating the matter with becoming seriousness.

TO GET EVEN WITH HIM.—They were husband and wife, and as they stood before the Capitol in Washington, she asked: "What's that figure on my hat?" "That's a goddess," he answered. "And what's her tongue?" "A woman. She looks at him sideways, and then began planning how to make peach pie with the stones in for the benefit of his sore tooth.—Erie Dispatch.

PARENTS who make their first boy an "idol son" generally have an idle son when he reaches man's estate.