

OREGON CITY COURIER.

21st YEAR

OREGON CITY, OREGON, FRIDAY, AUGUST 28 1903

NO. 16

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JARBOUR'S BIG SHOW.

Will Be One of the Features of Portland's Big Fall Carnival.

Eastern newspapers of recent date are loud in their praise of Jarboeur's big show, which will be one of the features of Portland's big Fall Carnival, September 14 to 26 inclusive. Mr. Jarboeur brings to the coast almost an entirely new attraction, and those who have seen his aggregation in the past will hardly recognize it. It is admitted to be one of the best Carnival attractions on the road today and Mr. Jarboeur prides himself on giving value received everywhere he appears.

SUMMONS.

In the Circuit Court of the State of Oregon, for Clackamas county.

In and against the parties of the above entitled court, on or before the 29th day of October 1903, to-wit: on or before six weeks after August 28 1903, the date ordered by the County Judge of the County of Clackamas, Oregon, for the first publication of this summons herein, and if you fail to appear and answer the plaintiff will apply to the court for the relief prayed in the complaint to-wit: For a decree dissolving the bonds of matrimony existing between plaintiff and defendant, and awarding plaintiff the custody of the said child, the minor child of plaintiff and defendant.

This summons is published for six consecutive weeks by order of Thos. F. Ryan County Judge of the County of Clackamas, State of Oregon, made this 27th day of August 1903.

WALTER G. HAYES,
Attorney for Plaintiff,
315 Chamber Commerce,
Portland, Oregon.

TO CURE A COLD IN ONE DAY

Take Lavative Bromo Quinine Tablets. All druggists return the money if it fails to cure. E. W. Grove's signature in each box. 25c.

Ogle Creek

Likely to Become a Great Mining Region.

The Courier Man Pays the Country a Visit.

The Courier representative spent nearly all of last week in the mountains about Ogle Creek, looking over the lay of the land and breathing the pure, fresh mountain air and drinking the cold water from the crystal streams gurgling down the mountain sides.

He was accompanied on the trip by John Fairclough and G. W. Grace, of Oregon City, Mr. Kepker, of Portland, and Uncle Jacob Harless, of Molalla.

The party went to Molalla in buggies, and at Joe Harless' place exchanged their luggies for a two-horse wagon and pack horses. The wagon was left at the end of the wagon road, where the party camped at night under the giant firs.

Monday morning at 6 o'clock the party of five started with the two pack horses and two saddle horses into the fastnesses of the Cascade mountains. There being only two saddle horses three of the party were compelled to walk. The distance to the Wall street mines in which the Harless' and Faircloughs hold the controlling interest, is fifty miles from Oregon City and about fifteen miles from the end of the wagon road and was covered by noon Monday.

At the camp we found George Ogle and Tom Fairclough, who served us with a luncheon of venison and other dainties. The deer had been killed several days previous by Ogle.

The mine is situated near the summit of Ogle mountain and is nearly 5000 feet above the sea level. The trail to within a mile of the mine is good, but the last mile is rough and dangerous.

The prospects for gold at this mine look good. The lead has broadened out until it is five feet in width. The ore that is being taken out assays about forty dollars to the ton. It continues to hold out the boys have a fortune in their hands.

For the past thirty years this mountain and the adjoining mountains have been favorite stamping grounds for prospectors. One cannot walk any distance in any direction without running across a prospect hole, many of which have been abandoned. Since the recent strike of gold many of these old prospect holes are being restaked, as well as many additional claims. Numerous miller's cabins have been built through these mountains. Very few of them are occupied at the present time, save by prospecting parties who pay the mountains a visit.

In all the thirty years that prospecting has been going on in the Ogle Creek country, very few prospectors have found gold in anything like paying quantities. A number of years ago Tom Hawkins staked a claim near the twin lakes at the base of the mountain. He burned his ore and after crushing it washed out enough to make good wages so it is said. Hawkins, like many others, abandoned his claim and went to Idaho, where he was killed. A few weeks since his old mine was restaked by a man named Morris and christened the Myrtle. The indications of the gold at this point is very good.

The Russell mine, in which O. D. Latourette of this city, and Rosekranz, or Canby, are the chief owners, is one in which work has been going on for a number of years and it is believed that it will prove a paying investment eventually.

O. W. Kelly, Linn E. Jones and John Hu rth, of this city, all staked claims while in the mountains last week. In order to hold a mineral claim, which consists of 20 acres, one must do \$100 assessments work annually.

The Ogle Creek mines are only ten miles from the Ogle Creek mining country. The mountain sides are covered by forests of giant fir, hemlock and larch. The Northern Pacific Railroad Company owns much of the land on which the mineral deposits are said to be located. In the event that ore in paying quantities should be found the railroad company will be forced to relinquish their claim to the land. The section of land on which the Wall Street mine is located has already been released by the railroad company. A party brought suit to compel them to release the land some years ago, in the land office at this place. Rather than fight the case they relinquished their rights to it.

The owners of the Wall street mine have been offered a considerable sum for their property by capitalists who have had experts in that part of country looking around, but have declined to sell, saying that if there is a good thing there they want it themselves. Much expense will necessarily be entailed in getting the proper appliances for separating the gold from the quartz in the Ogle Creek mining district. A stamp mill will be necessary, and the task of getting the machinery over the mountains will be no light one. Yet if the output justifies the machinery will be put in.

In the winter time the snow falls in these mountains to a depth of several feet and it is almost impossible to get in save by means of snow shoes. At the present time a trip to the mountains is one of the unqualified delight. When the mercury was signaling around the nineties in Oregon City last week, the temperature in the mountains was quite delightful.

On our way out from the mountains we met several parties going in, each one with picks and shovels, indicating that they were going prospecting. It is very likely that more prospecting will be done during the next six weeks in these mountains than was ever done before in a given time, and it is not improbable that some leads will be disclosed that will offer good results.

There is quite a good deal of wild game in the mountains around Ogle Creek, consisting of deer, bear, cougar and grouse, but there is a great deal more if one penetrates further into the fastnesses of the mountains.

STRUCK BY LIGHTNING.

Gresham Residence is Set on Fire by Electric Bolt.

Gresham, Or., Aug. 26.—During a severe thunder storm the residence of Johnson Cleveland at this place was struck by lightning and set on fire. The electric bolt struck the roof and went through into the parlor, where it shattered a studding between two windows and passed through the floor into the ground. The windows were not injured but the inside of the room was soon in flames, and considerable damage was done to the building and furniture before the fire was extinguished. Mrs. Cleveland was alone in another part of the house but was unaware that anything had happened until neighbors came to put out the fire. Such a small hole was made in the roof by the lightning that it could scarcely be found but the west wall of the building was badly damaged. The building was insured by the McManville Company, which promptly adjusted the loss and damages, although it does not insure against lightning. Such freaks of the elements are very rare here, this being the first of the kind ever known in this vicinity, although trees are sometimes struck by lightning during such electrical disturbances.

THINK THEY WERE SKINNED.

Oregon City Hose Team Up Against the Real Thing at Astoria.

Last week the Oregon City Hose team went to Astoria to attend the regatta and incidentally to participate in the various races. The boys went down in good shape and expected to carry off a large part of the prizes. But they didn't. A few measly prizes came this way all right, but the remainder went to Astoria and other teams that were in no ways entitled to them, according to story of the home team. The home boys claim that they were simply robbed out of several of the best prizes. They say that Astoria did not give them anything like a fair deal and to say the least, think their treatment was not what it should have been according to a visiting team. As a consequence the whole team is pretty "sore" over the matter. The team has accepted an invitation to go to Portland and participate in the hose races with the Multnomah Athletic Club, Sept. 18-19, and at that place they expect at least to get a "square deal."

Redland.

The Stork has made another visit to this place. Mr. Honney wanted a head sawyer but Mrs. wanted a dishwasher, the misses prevailed both doing well.

E. H. Morgan started up his threshing Saturday.

Farmers are all ready for threshing as soon as the effects of the late unlooked for rains leaves the grain dry enough again as there had been but a very little stacking done.

Mr. Scroggins is in this place with a small band of horses.

Some of our young folks went to the party at Viola paragonage the other night it being Mr. and Mrs. Dawson's first anniversary all report an enjoyable time.

Mr. and Mrs. Heinbothen went to Oregon City yesterday to consult a cancer specialist.

Mr. Hollinworth is looking for some friends of his from Nebraska, who intend to settle in Redland.

Gus Fisher has had a fish ladder but in at his claim.

Old binders are changing hands fast these days and there is a good out look for a junk man in this place in another year.

Miss A. I. Heinbothen went to Gardfield to attend the Grange Saturday.

Real estate is beginning to change hands at a lively rate here and the latest is the sale of the Shank place to a gentleman from Gresham. He intends to build this fall.

Some of our young folks attended the circus at Portland report a good time.

Mountain View.

Mr. and Mrs. Shepard, of Barlow, were visiting Mr. Ray and family last Sunday and Clare Ray went home with them to spend a week.

Ed Fredrick got badly bruised by a falling timber in the mill last week and was confined to his bed for three days. He started to the mountains Tuesday to rusticate a few days and grow fat on the wild game.

Mountain View Sunday school expects a grand time at Gladstone next Saturday, as it is to unite with Oregon City and Parkplace schools in a picnic. Let us all go and have a good time before hop picking.

The Salvation Army.

St. Col. Brengle and Ensign Maboe from New York City are holding meetings on the coast. Oregon City corps will be favored with a visit September 2nd and 3rd, Wednesday and Thursday in the Salvation Army hall. Col. Brengle has a national reputation as a very successful teacher and Ensign Maboe is a good singer. All who like singing should hear him. Major Dublin, our Divisional officer who has charge of the Salvation Army work throughout Oregon and Washington will also help to make the meetings interesting by being present on the above dates.

Do not fail to hear Col. Brengle as he is well worth hearing. All come praying.

ENSIGN CRABTUR.

MRS. DANIEL'S WAY

By Eper W. Sargent

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Carlisle said something about trains that could not possibly be construed as praise for the L. and G. The baggage master regarded him with sleepy amusement.

"You can't say anything that ain't been said before," he advised. "The train is five hours late and won't be in till 8 o'clock. Yesterday it was 9:20, and Monday it got in two hours after the local noon train left. Better go to sleep. I'll wake you when I hear the whistle."

Then the blue jumped figure turned over on the counter and presently his gentle snores were added to the monotonous ticking of the clock.

Carlisle was too nervous to heed the advice and sleep. He had driven seven miles across country to meet the over-

land that was to pass the junction at 8 o'clock in the morning. Now he was told that he might have had five hours more of the comfortable bed he had been forced to leave at midnight.

Presently there was the noise of sleigh bells, and a cutter drew up alongside of the platform. Carlisle glanced with interest at the slight figure that stepped out, and then, as the driver showed no disposition to aid her with a heavy satchel, he went out with a courteous offer of assistance.

"Has the overland gone through yet?" she inquired eagerly.

Carlisle gave a short laugh. "At last reports," he said easily, "the overland will pass through here about 8 o'clock, but my informant," with a nod in the direction of the snoring baggage master, "did not state whether it was last night or tonight's that was expected."

By this time she had removed her heavy wraps and veil, and Carlisle could see the look of disappointment that clouded her pretty face. "The Junction train was snowed in, and I hired a farmer to drive me over in his cutter."

"The Junction train," said Carlisle, "suffers from the same complaint as those on the main line. Since we are here until morning may I invite you to sup with me?"

He drew from his satchel two sandwiches and solemnly offered her one. "I can assure you," he said, "that one is eminently satisfying. They are a last tribute from the hotel keeper."

She laughed as she accepted the huge structure of bread and meat, and they were soon chatting like old friends.

She was going to Denver, she told him, to spend some weeks. He looked up with interest. "Do you know," he said, "that I am going to Denver—to be married?"

She gave a little laugh. "Do you know," she retorted, "that I may be married before I leave Denver?"

His face fell. She was a singularly pretty girl. "I hope not," he said slyly. "Unless—"

"Unless?" she repeated questioningly.

"Never mind—now," he said. "Let's talk of my troubles. I am to be married because I am told that I must. I have a friend who married and moved to Denver. His wife insisted that I should visit them, and assured me that she would marry me off before I came away."

"That does not necessarily indicate that you must be married, does it?" she asked.

He smiled faintly. "It is plain to be seen," he answered, "that you don't know Maude Daniels."

She was blushing very curiously, but her voice was even as she remarked: "Possibly the fate may not appear to be so appalling when you have met your—shall I say fiancée? Do you know anything about her?"

He shook his head. "Very little, Mrs. Daniels says she is a very lovely girl, amiable culture and all that sort of

thing. She's a cousin of Mrs. Daniels, named Standish—Helen Standish. Pretty name, and they say she's as pretty as her name. It's not that I'm afraid of her, but a fellow does hate to have it all cut and dried, don't you know?"

She nodded a grave assent. "I am very much in the same position," she began, but just then a whistle broke in on the conversation, and the sleepy baggage master rolled over. The train whistle was the one thing that would wake him.

"I forgot to tell you," he said to Carlisle, "that there was a Denver train through here about now. It's yesterday's train, but it will get in ahead of the other."

Twenty minutes later, Carlisle, lulled by the easy motion of the train, dropped off to sleep, his mind filled with visions of a petite figure crowned by a pretty oval face wreathed in golden hair. He had forgotten to ask her name, but he determined that her last name should be Carlisle in spite of Mrs. Daniels and Helen Standish.

The next morning his berth had been made up long before she made her appearance.

"I want to ask you something," he said as he dropped into the seat beside her, in answer to the invitation in her eyes. "Last night I was willing to go to Denver and be married, but now I am not. I want you to help me save myself from the fate that awaits me."

"There is a girl I love desperately," he hurried on, and he noted with joy that her face clouded. "I am not a person of impulse, but I love her devotedly and always shall. I want you to marry me before I get to Denver, and then I can face Mrs. Daniels. My old friend, Bishop Dayton, is on the train. He can vouch for me and will perform the service. Will you?"

"But how will my marrying you help you to win the girl you love?" she interposed.

"Because," he said impulsively, "you are the woman I love and shall love till death, God helping me." Then, somehow, he was holding her hand and looking very foolish, while in her eyes the love light glowed through a merry twinkle.

The marriage was not difficult to arrange. The bishop occupied the stateroom, and there they were married with the Pullman conductor and the train conductor for witnesses. Then the good old bishop got out his portfolio and prepared to fill out the marriage certificate.

"My child," he said kindly, "it is strange, but I do not know your last name. What name shall I fill in here?"

"A tiny smile flitted over her face. "Helen Standish," she said simply, and turned to her husband.

Carlisle looked aghast for a moment, then he broke into a hearty laugh. "I told you," he said, "that Maude Daniels always had her own way. I'm glad of it." And he kissed her.

Humanity's Defects.
"Men boast of their superiority," said a Chicago doctor who has a weakness for philosophizing, "taking it for granted that they are far in advance of all other things that live here on earth. It is true that they have some wonderful achievements to their credit, but did you ever see a horse, for instance, that was cross eyed? Compare the number of deformities among children with those of young animals, and you will find that among all the horses, cattle, sheep, hogs, dogs, cats and everything else belonging to the animal world there are nowhere near as many congenital deformities as among people. This undoubtedly is due to the fact that the animals live more nearly as nature intended them to than we do. But we mustn't find fault. Think of the specialists who would be working as day laborers if every child came into the world perfect, and our tailors and dressmakers would all be forced out of business if nobody had defects to hide. We must never lose sight of the fact that our shortcomings are our greatest stimulus."—Chicago Record-Herald.

Canby.

Clyde Evans, of Portland, was a Canby visitor this week.

A pleasant party was given at Mr. and Mrs. F. Zollner's last Tuesday evening. The evening was spent playing games. At midnight ice cream and cake was served.

The picnic at Canby was well attended considering that most people are busy harvesting. The music of the Aurora band was excellent. The dance was a complete success, a large crowd being present from all the neighboring towns.

Misses Lulu Hankins and Jeanette Wilkinson, of Oregon City, are visiting Miss Emma Evans, of Canby.

Ivan Dimick attended the dance at Canby Saturday.

John White and Willis Waker are camping at Willhot this week.

Miss Cora Blosser, of Hubbard, was in Canby this week.

Miss Ruth Simpson, of Portland, who has been visiting her sister, Mrs. Eckerson, returned home Saturday.

Mr. Grant White, of Marquam, visited Mrs. Howard Eckles last week.

Miss Roberts White, of Marquam, is visiting relatives at Canby this week.

R. M. Cox arrived from Seattle last week and will visit here for several weeks.

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Remedies that will positively cure any case of Rheumatism, no matter how severe or how long standing.

In case anyone is not cured, the California Co-Operative Medical Company, of Oakland, will refund the purchase price.

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In this line than all other stores in Oregon City combined.

Realizing that the success of this store is due to the interest taken by our many customers, we wish to thank you for your hearty co-operation, and pledge our earnest endeavor to so conduct our business, as to merit a continuance of your patronage.

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