

# OREGON CITY ENTERPRISE.

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Office next to Oregon City bank on 6th street.

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A good line of business, residence and suburban Property.

Farm Property in tracts to suit on easy terms.

Correspondence promptly answered. Office, one door south of Methodist church.

**THE COMMERCIAL BANK,**  
OF OREGON CITY.

Capital, \$100,000

TRANSACTS A GENERAL BANKING BUSINESS. Loans made. Bills discounted. Makes collections. Buys and sells exchange on all points in the United States, Europe and Hong Kong. Deposits received subject to check. Bank open from 9 A. M. to 4 P. M.

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**BANK OF OREGON CITY,**

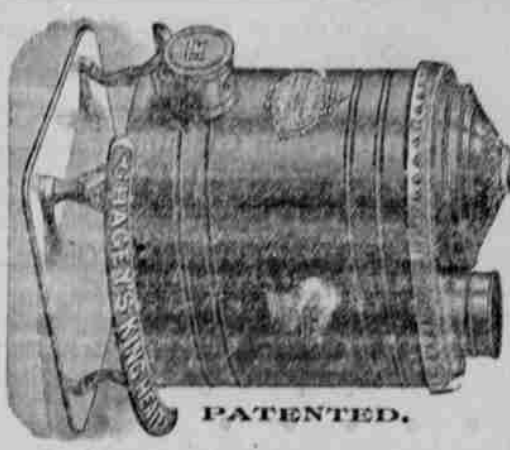
Oldest Banking House in the City.

Paid up Capital, \$50,000. Surplus, \$25,000.

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A general banking business transacted. Deposits received subject to check. Approved bills and notes discounted. County and city warrants bought. Loans made on available security. Exchange bought and sold. Collections made promptly. Drafts sold available in any part of the world. Telegraphic exchanges sold on Portland, San Francisco, Chicago and New York. Interest paid on time deposits.

**Economy and Extravagance**  
Combined in our Air Tight Heaters. Economical in labor, in fuel, in the care of the heater. EXTRAORDINARY in results, as it gives more comfort to the smoker than any other heater. It is the standard for the amount of fuel consumed. It is the standard for the amount of heat given. It is the standard for the amount of time it takes to heat a room. It is the standard for the most economical of these statements. Prices from \$3.75 up.



**Fresh Fruit—Best Quality**

**Fine Table Groceries**

None better in the city. A splendid selection and all fresh. Prices as low as to be had in the city.

**FREYTAG'S GROCERY,**  
Corner Main and Fourteenth Sts.

**Air-Tight Heaters.** We are headquarters for Air-Tight Heaters—largest stock, lowest prices.

We are also agents for the celebrated Canton Clipper Plows, Harrows and Cultivators. Also for the Simonds Saws.

**Steel Ranges**  
**Cast Ranges**  
**Stoves**  
all prices.

**POPE & CO.**  
Corner 4th and Main Streets, - Oregon City.

**...REPAIRING...**

Having secured the services of a first-class workman we are prepared to do mending and repairing of all kinds at reasonable rates.

**KRAUSSE BROS.**  
The Shoe dealers.

**BARGAINS**

**In Summer Goods**  
To make room for a large and complete stock of

**Fall Goods** . . .  
from the East, soon to be in at

**Thos. Charman & Son's**  
**The Pioneer Store.**

**DO YOU NEED ANY**  
**Doors, Windows,**  
**Moulding,**  
**Window Glass,**  
**OR OTHER BUILDING MATERIAL?**

— GO TO —  
**C. H. BESTOW & CO.**  
Low Prices. First-class Goods.  
Corner 11th and Main Streets, Oregon City, Oregon.

**COOLCA'S PILLAR.**  
A Romantic Indian Legend Connected With This Wonderful Rock.

Few of the people of the Northwest in the hurry and rush incident to life in a new country, ever take time to view and admire the many wonders which nature has so lavishly bestowed upon this section of the United States. Strangers coming here cannot say enough in praise of our snow-capped mountains, majestic waterfalls, grand rivers and the many wonderful and strange works of nature to be seen in almost every locality, while to the average Oregonian these grand and awe-inspiring beauties of nature are of little interest and are passed unnoticed, or if observed at all, it is to estimate the number of horsepower in the waterfall, the amount of timber per acre, or to deplore the mountains as a useless pile of rocks.

Only three miles south of Oregon City, on a high cliff overlooking the Willamette river, is, from a geologist's point of view, one of the most wonderful rock formations on the Pacific coast. It is a pillar of basalt rock some 20 feet high. The first eight feet of it from the ground is only about 35 inches in diameter, while the remaining 12 feet of the top is over eight feet in diameter and it stands as perfect and erect as an Egyptian monument. The upper part is estimated to weigh at least 60 tons and so delicately poised is this monster load upon its slender base that it looks as though a strong man might push it over and send the mass with a crash to the bottom of the cliff, some 200 feet below. It rests on the very edge of the cliff and the rock surface back of it is quite level, giving no indication that this pillar was once a part of a dyke, and how it came to be formed is a puzzle, even to a geologist. The erosive effects of wind, water and frosts have probably, in the ages past, cut away the surrounding rock and left this point, which happened to be harder than the balance, to stand out as a sample of the wonderful work performed by nature.

This cliff juts out boldly toward the Willamette river and from its crest a splendid view of the river for a mile each way up and down can be had. It has a surface of about five acres, back of it rising the main bluff of this range of hills some 50 feet higher, so that its top is a plateau as though leveled off by some giant hand. To reach this plateau there is but a single trail up the steep sides of the cliff, which is as rough and hard to climb as the celebrated Chilkoot pass. Travelers passing on the boats on the river, and on the trains of the Southern Pacific railroad which runs along the river bank at this point, have a splendid view of this picturesque cliff and the wonderful pillar which crowns its crest and it has become one of the scenic attractions of the Willamette valley.

Another strange feature in the formation of this cliff is that some time in the past there were three other pillars along its crest. They being about equal distances apart along the semi-circular front of the bluff, which has about a quarter of a mile frontage. But these pillars long since succumbed to the erosion of the weather and nothing but a small portion of their bases now remain. So far as known this strange freak of nature has never been photographed, so recently Photographer Cheney, accompanied by the editor of the Enterprise, made the ascent of the cliff with the result that Mr. Cheney secured three fine negatives showing the pillar from three points of view. The pictures of it, he has on exhibition in his show window, being very clear as to detail, showing the rock with its coating of moss and lichens in all its beauty and grandeur. Another freak of nature connected with the rock is two fir trees not over 20 inches high, which are growing on its summit. These little trees are evidently as old as the surrounding forests, whose trees tower up 200 feet high, for they at the time of the visit were loaded with tin cones not larger than a baby's finger. It was plain that the little cleft in the rock had furnished them so little sustenance as to effectually dwarf them, as though grown under the care of a Japanese gardener.

**A ROMANTIC INDIAN LEGEND.**  
As was the custom with the Indians of this Coast when any phenomenon of nature could not be accounted for, the tribes of the Willamette valley had a legend connected with this pillar that was both romantic and pathetic. It was, in brief, that in the good old times, many colds ago (the Indian term for winter,) before the coming of the white man, there dwelt at the great tum-water (the Willamette falls) an old chief by the name of Chelko, who was one of the most renowned chiefs of the Clackamas tribe, the Indians who once possessed the lands in and about where Oregon City now stands. This chief Chelko had a beautiful daughter by the name of Nawalla. Now Nawalla was just like the pale-face girl of today, whose father is rich and influential, she had suitors

without number. Among those ardent youths was Coolca, a young chief of the Molalla Indians, whose territory adjoined on the south that of the Clackamas tribe and whose lands embraced the region drained by the river now bearing their tribal name.

Coolca had met the fair maiden many times in the trips he had made to the great tum-water to spear the fat and luscious salmon, whose numbers were so great at that time that the Indians are said to have crossed the river on their backs, as on a bridge of pontoons, and the more he saw of her, the more he determined to possess her for his bride. But with the perverseness that so often controls her pale-face sister, Nawalla would have nothing to do with the young Molalla chief, and to add to Coolca's difficulties in love making, the old man displayed an equal aversion to him, in fact so great was his dislike to this intrepid youth that he turned the dogs upon him every time he came near the paternal tepee.

Coolca, as became his position as a rising young chief in his tribe, was a young man not to be balked by so trifling difficulties as these, so he determined to gain possession of the fair Nawalla, even though he had to resort to kidnapping to secure her. So one dark night while old Chelko and his men were away spearing salmon, Coolca with three trusted companions stole into the Clackamas village and seized Nawalla and carried her off to his home on the Molalla river.

In the Molalla village there was great rejoicing over the daring achievement of their young chief, but in the Clackamas village the tom-tom of war was sounded and Chelko with all his braves set out to rescue his daughter from the bold marauder who had dared invade his home and deprive him of the joy and comfort of his declining years, and to punish the tribe who had abetted him in the terrible outrage upon his family. A long and bloody war followed, during which poor Nawalla pined away and died of homesickness and a broken heart, the closing act of the war being the death of Coolca at the bluff, where now stands the pillar bearing his name. Coolca and a band of his braves had set out on an expedition against the Clackamas and reaching a point on the trail abreast of this cliff, and determining to camp for the night, he and his men ascended the steep bluff to the top of this cliff, where they fancied they would be safe from surprise. But they had not counted on the tireless vengeance of the wily old Clackamas chief, for just at dawn Chelko and his warriors fell upon Coolca and his followers with such fierceness that the Molallas were driven over the face of the cliff and dashed to death on the rocks below.

This tragedy ended the war. The Great Spirit had been deeply grieved at the sad death of the young Clackamas girl and he determined to meet out a punishment upon Coolca and his three guilty companions, as severe as their crime had been atrocious, and at the same time make of them a warning to other youths who might be tempted to commit so dastardly a deed. So the Great Spirit turned the spirits of the four Molalla warriors into pillars of stone to endure the cold rains of winter and the burning suns of summer until such time as he decided that they had been punished sufficiently. The pillars he placed upon the brow of the cliff, from whence Coolca and his companions had taken their fatal leap, so they were in plain view from the river as well as the trail along its bank. And for ages after that fateful day, when the Indians of the Willamette valley passed that gruesome spot and saw those pillars of stone, they hurried past with averted faces, thinking of the awful punishment which the Great Spirit had placed upon these transgressors of his law.

But the Great Spirit is a forgiving being and as time rolled on his heart melted in compassion for the three unfortunate Molalla braves, who had been led by the rashness of their chief, into the trouble which cost them their lives, so he released their spirits and allowed them to go to the happy hunting grounds to join their relatives gone before, and the three pillars were tumbled to the bottom of the cliff and are a part of the broken rocks now found there. With all the mercy continually shown by the Great Spirit, yet so great was the crime of Coolca that his spirit will yet have to endure ages of torture before he is forgiven and his spirit released and this last pillar be broken and thrown to the bottom of the cliff to mingle its fragments with those sent before.

Of the two mighty Indian tribes concerned in this sad legend, the Molallas have faded from the face of the earth not one being left, and Chief George, who now wanders about the streets of Oregon City begging a crust of bread or a cast-off garment, so aged and infirm as to scarcely be able to walk, is the one last person left of the people over whom the great Chelko ruled in the time before

the white man's sins and curses had come to destroy a once happy nation. Coolca's pillar, as it stands in its loneliness and awe-inspiring grandeur on the cliff overlooking the blue waters of the placid Willamette, is idly gazed upon each day by the pale-face travelers who pass upon the trains and boats with little thought of the sorrow and heart-aches for which it stands a silent memento.

**Resolutions of Respect.**

WHEREAS, It has pleased an all-wise God to remove from our midst our well-beloved brother, Nicholas O. Walden, who has long been a worthy member of our order and by us highly esteemed.

RESOLVED, That while we recognize this Divine dispensation as in accordance with the course of nature and the will of our Heavenly Father, and we bow in submission to his overruling Providence, yet a deep shadow covers our lives and our hearts are full of sadness because he is taken from us and we shall see his face no more, nor hear his voice at our councils.

RESOLVED, That we extend to his bereaved wife and daughters our fraternal sympathy and promise to extend our brotherly aid in their affliction.

RESOLVED, That we drape the charter of the lodge for thirty days in his memory and that these resolutions be given to the family of our deceased brother and to the local press for publication.

C. H. DYE,  
F. T. BARLOW,  
Geo. R. CALIFF,  
Committee.

To the commander and Comrades of Meade Post No. 2 G. A. R.

Your committee appointed to prepare a tribute of respect to the memory of our deceased comrade Hiram D. Johnson respectfully submit the following:

Hiram D. Johnson was born in Harrison county, Ohio in 1820 and died at Portland, Oregon on Sept. 14, 1897.

In Sept, 1846 he enlisted in Co. D. 1st Regiment U. S. Artillery, in which he served honorable during the war with Mexico, receiving his discharge in Sept. 1848 at the expiration of his term of enlistment.

Comrade Johnson enlisted early in the war for the Union being enrolled in Co. H. 14th Ind. volunteers on June 7, 1861, serving faithfully in that organization until Oct. 10th 1862, when he was transferred to Battery C. 4th U. S. Artillery, with which he was connected until the close of the war.

We his surviving comrades desire to put upon record our appreciation of our deceased comrade's loyalty to the cause of his country, his unfailing devotion to the great principals of the Grand Army and his faithfulness to all the duties of citizenship.

Let it be our endeavor to emulate his virtues and his fidelity to duty until we meet again "at the reassembling of the Grand Army above."

O. A. CHENEY,  
J. A. STUART,  
C. A. WILLIAMS,  
Committee.

**Congregational Church.**

The services at the Congregational church last Sabbath was of special interest and were largely attended, special interest will also characterize next Sabbath's services. At the evening service the pastor will preach the first sermon of the following series especially to young people:

Oct. 24—"Your Peligree, or Starting in Life."

Oct. 31—"How to Win; Elements of Success."

Nov. 7—"The choice of an Occupation, Your Calling in Life."

Nov. 14—"Habits."

Nov. 21—"Character Building."

Nov. 28—"Young People and Amusements."

Dec. 5—"Courtship and the Choice of a Wife."

Dec. 12—"Courtship and the Choice of a Husband."

Dec. 19—"Marriage and Matrimony; or what Marriage means."

You are cordially invited to listen to the series service at 7:30 sharp. Y. P. S. C. E. meeting at 6:30. Come.

LOCKHART, TEXAS, Oct. 15, 1889.  
Messrs. Paris Medicine Co.,  
Paris, Tenn.

Dear Sirs:—Ship us as soon as possible 2 gross Grove's Tasteless Chill Tonic and will not have any other. In our experience of over 20 years in the drug business, we have never sold any medicine which gives such universal satisfaction.

Yours respectfully,  
J. S. BROWN & Co.  
For sale by C. G. Huntley, druggist.

**Books Cheap.**  
Everything required in the school room, books, slates, tablets, sponges, ink, pens, pencils, etc. at Daniel Williams, corner Seventh and Center streets. Full stock of nuts, candies, notions etc., fresh and of good quality. Sold at reasonable prices.

Dr. Miles' Nerve Plaster, etc. at all druggists.