R. L. HOLMAN......

UNDERTAKER

....AND....

EMBALMER

Carries a complete line of Caskets, Coffins, Robes and Linings of superior quality and most moderate prices.

Do You Know the News ?

You can have it all for

Per Month 50c Per Month

in the Evening Telegram, of Portland, Oregon. It is the largest evening newspaper published in Oregon; it contains all the news of the State and of the Nation. Try it for a month. A sample copy will be mailed to you free. Address

The Telegram,

Portland, Or.

Established 1865.

C. N. Greenman,

PIONEER

Transfer and Express,

Freight and parcels delivered to all parts of the city.

RATES - REASONABLE

Hark! We have renewed the DRUG WAR on Cut Prices.

	Regular price	Our price
Red Line Sarsaparilla........	$1 00	60c
Plasters	25	10c
Celery Comp.	1 00	75c

Everything else in proportion.

CHARMAN & CO.

THE CUT, CUT RATE DRUGGISTS

A Mason and Hamlin Organ in excellent condition, for sale at the Oregon City Auction House. tf

A fine parlor organ for sale on easy terms at the Oregon City Auction House.

For Young Men and Young Women.

There is nothing that will arouse the ire of a young man or woman so quick as to have inferior laundry work put off on them. They may dress ever so well, but if their shirt front or shirt waist is mussy their neat appearance is spoiled. The Troy laundry makes a specialty of ladies' and gentlemen's fine work. There can be no better work than is done at the Troy. Leave your orders at Johnson's barber shop.

Daniel Williams, at the northeast corner of Center and Seventh streets, has a choice and well selected stock of family groceries which he is selling at very reasonable rates. His motto is "live and let live, with honest weights and measures". Goods delivered to any part of the city.

The Homeliest Man in Oregon City.

As well as the handsomest, and others are invited to call on any druggist and get free a trial bottle of Kemp's Balsam for the Throat and Lungs, a remedy that is guaranteed to cure and relieve all Chronic and Acute Coughs, Asthma, Bronchitis and Consumption. Price 25c and 50c.

ACTIVE SOLICITORS WANTED everywhere for "The Story of the Philippines" by Murat Halstead, commissioned by the Government as Official Historian to the War Department. The book was written in army camps at San Francisco, on the Pacific with General Merritt, in the Hospitals at Honolulu, in Hong Kong, in the American trenches at Manila, in the insurgent camps with Aguinaldo, on the deck of the Olympia with Dewey, and in the roar of battle at the fall of Manila. Bonanza for agents. Brimful of original pictures taken by government photographers on the spot. Large book. Low prices. Big profits. Freight paid. Credit given. Drop all trashy unofficial war books. Outfit free. Address, F. T. Barber, Sec'y., Star Insurance Bldg., Chicago.

SICK HEADACHES.

The curse of overworked womankind are quickly and surely cured by Karl's Clover Root Tea, the great blood purifier and tissue builder. Money refunded if not satisfactory. Price 25 cts., and 50 cts. C. G. Huntley, the Druggist.

A Personal Matter

A well painted house is like a neatly dressed person—always attractive and pleasant to look upon.

YOUR HOUSE

Can be repainted and freshened up at a very reasonable price—paints are very cheap now. Don't leave it until the sun makes any more marks and cracks in it.

Leave Orders at Ely's Store... MURROW The Painter.

William's Kidney Pills

Has no equal in diseases of the Kidneys and Urinary Organs. Have you neglected your Kidneys? Have you overworked your nervous system and caused trouble with your Kidneys and Bladder? Have you pains in the loins, side, back, groins and bladder? Have you a flabby appearance of the face, especially under the eyes? Too frequent desire pass urine? William's Kidney Pills will impart new life to the diseased organs, tone up the system and make a new man of you. By mail 50 cents per box.

WILLIAMS MFG. CO., Props., Cleveland, O.

For sale by C. G. Huntley

HELLO!

1800 miles of long distance telephone wire in Oregon and Washington now in operation by the Oregon Telephone and Telegraph company.

Portland, Seattle, Spokane, Tacoma, Salem Walla Walla, Pendleton, Albany and 96 other towns in the two states on the line.

Quick, accurate, cheap. All the satisfaction of a personal communication. Distance no effect to a clear understanding. Spokane as easily heard as Portland.

—Oregon City office at—

Huntley's Drug Store.

J. H. THATCHER, MANAGER,

Portland, - - - Oregon.

JOHN YOUNGER,

JEWELER,

Opp. Huntley's Drug Store,

FORTY YEARS EXPERIENCE IN Great Britain and America.

IN A MUSIC SHOP.

In a dim corner of the shop,
With none but mice to mark,
The weary old toy zither hung,
Forgotten by the dark.

The cobweb hid its outworn case,
Dimmed with the anxious years;
The strings that little hands had pricked
To laughter more than tears.

(And didst thou hope, a music toy,
For slumber? Nay, awake!
The heart of music has no rest
Until its cords must break.)

Without, among the violins
That master hands had wrought,
It heard the master music voice
Its own unuttered thought:

Like some poor bird of halting song
Wayworn, with broken wing,
Watching the lark fly up through heaven,
Ever to fly—and sing.

To little old toy instruments
Nor rest nor sleep belong;
Only to feel with helpless strings
Eternal stress of song.

And even there, adaze with dust,
Too old and worn to sing,
The message of the viols set
Its voice a-quivering.

Thou weary little zither,
Long days and years shall come
Before thy heart of song may break,
Thy weary strings be dumb.

—Josephine Peabody in Youth's Companion.

THE CONSPIRATORS.

Captain Hanson, having returned from a long voyage to find himself a widower, had sacrificed his fondness for a seafaring life to the needs of his only daughter, Lucy, and had settled in a thriving coast city, where he could live comfortably upon the modest fortune he had accumulated.

A good man was the captain, rough in his ways, but tender hearted, irascible, but forgiving, and deeply devoted to his "little girl," as he continued to call Lucy even after she took to long gowns and began to receive calls from eligible young men.

It was rather slow in dawning upon the captain's mind that Lucy might some day like to marry. He never took her "company" seriously, for most of the young men who called and whom he admitted, for he habitually answered the doorbell, were of a type with which to put it mildly, he was not familiar. That Lucy should cherish a genuine interest in a young man who knew nothing of the sea never occurred to him until a son of one of his former shipmates proposed for Lucy's hand. Then there was a rude awakening.

The suitor, Jack Darrow, was himself a sailor, and the old captain had found great comfort in his calls. In fact, the ancient mariner had entertained the notion that Jack called to see him, and it was quite a shock when Jack, finding the captain alone one evening, made his purpose clear.

"Have ye signaled her, Jack?" he asked.

"Haven't hoisted a rag," replied the young sailor sheepishly. "If it's all right, cap, you speak to her. She'll do anything you say."

"Dunno, dunno," returned the captain dubiously, "but I'll heave the lead, Jack, and let you know if the channel's clear."

That satisfied Jack, and, true to his word, the captain "heaved the lead" that very night.

"Lucy," he said, "Jack Darrow wants to splice with ye."

"Can't be done, papa," she answered at once. "Jack's a good fellow, but I don't love him."

The captain knew not whether to rejoice or regret. He was sorry for Jack, but glad for himself.

"All's well," he said after a moment. "I'm not asking ye to love him, Lucy. You shan't marry anybody ye don't love."

"I knew you'd say so, papa, just as I knew you won't object to my marrying the man I do love."

"Eh? Steady there! Do ye mean ye've got somebody in mind?"

Lucy blushed and looked at the floor.

"Who is he?" asked the captain anxiously.

"It's Henry Whitman, papa. He asked me this evening."

"What! That dude?"

"Papa!"

Lucy's eyes blazed as she addressed her father in sharper tones than she had ever used. She looked at him steadily for a moment and then went to her room.

The captain drew a long breath, sank into a chair and fumbled for his pipe. Under its soothing influence he became comforted. Whitman dressed stylishly, but that might not be against him. He could afford his apparent extravagance, for he was a clerk in a bank. Everybody spoke well of him too. Poor Jack Darrow!

After a time the captain knocked the ashes from his pipe and, going to Lucy's room, spoke to her through the closed door.

"It's all right, little girl," he said in a shaking voice. "If ye want young Whitman, ye shall have him, and God bless ye both."

Whereupon Lucy arose, went to the door, opened it and threw her arms around her father's neck.

Next day Captain Hanson reported his soundings to Jack and told him plainly that he'd have to sheer off. Perhaps the captain failed to couch his information in terms that suggested his disappointment and kindly feelings.

Jack did not manifest his ill will then, but a little later he devised a way to wreak vengeance on his successful rival. He chanced to learn that Whitman was to take Lucy to a theater on a certain evening. It began to rain that afternoon, a depressing, ceaseless drizzle. This was Jack's opportunity, and he arranged his plot with great care. There was nothing he could do himself except supervise operations, but he found three loyal friends to whom he confided the situation and his purpose, and they agreed to look after details.

The curtain rises upon their little drama at exactly 7:15 in the evening. Scene, the front steps of Captain Hanson's house. A cold drizzle continues throughout. The first conspirator enters, trips up the steps and pulls the bell. After a slight pause the door opens and the old captain appears, looking out into the wet.

"Is Miss Hanson at home?" inquires the conspirator.

"Yes," replies the captain, trying to recognize the visitor. "Will ye walk in?"

"Thanks, no," is the reply. "I just called to say that it is a very uncomfortable night, moist and windy, and she really ought not to think of going out. Good evening!" And the first conspirator trots down, leaving the captain in open mouthed amazement.

Offended, but too surprised to do or say anything, he slams the door and retires.

Five or six minutes pass, and Conspirator No. 2 comes striding confidently along, mounts the high stoop and rings the bell.

"Is Miss Hanson at home?" asks the visitor of the old gentleman.

"Yes, she is," responds the captain. "What do ye want?"

"It's a very dirty night," remarks the conspirator with engaging frankness, "and she really ought not to venture out."

"Big seas and great gales!" roars the captain in a tremendous rage. "Ye get out of here!" And he makes a dash at the self appointed adviser, but the latter is on his guard and skips down the steps unharmed.

Ten minutes are then allowed to lapse before the third conspirator appears on the scene. He, too, trots up the high stoop and rings the bell, but, having rung, he prudently retreats half way down again and waits. Almost immediately the door swings open and the irate captain howls:

"Well? How is it?"

"Is Miss—" begins the third conspirator; but the captain waits for no more. He makes a mad rush down the steps, roaring savage imprecations and evidently bent upon violence, but the third conspirator, anticipating just this attack, nimbly jumps out of the way and flees. The captain, choking with unappeased rage, returns to his home and the three conspirators and the discarded lover gather under a convenient doorway across the street.

They had not long to wait. Henry Whitman, with commendable promptness, pattered up the steps at 7:45 and rang the bell. The captain was in waiting, for the accepted lover's hand had not left the bell pull when the door opened, the captain emerged like an ocean greyhound out of a fog bank and fell upon the caller before he could utter a word. It was hammer and tongs for about a second, and then such was the force of the captain's onslaught that both men rolled down the steps and came to a stop in a heap.

Whitman yelled, the captain bellowed, and Lucy, coming to the door, screamed. The conspirators across the way sneaked off in great delight at their success, and it was well they did so, for had they remained they would have witnessed an anticlimax that would have been unpleasant for them. Lucy, recognizing her lover's voice, promptly went to his relief and caressed his bruised face in a way that Jack Darrow would not have liked to see. The captain, too, though still mystified and wrathy, apologized handsomely, and when later the truth about the conspiracy became known to him he made full amends to Whitman by doing all he could to hasten the wedding.—Chicago News.

A Compliment For the Scots.

An old Scotch lady in Detroit is a little bit prouder of her nationality than of anything else to which she can lay claim and never misses a chance to boast of what her countrymen have accomplished. She never tires of telling what they have done, dwelling particularly upon Scott, Burns, Wallace, Bruce and Ian Maclaren.

"Mother," said her son, after she had been discoursing upon her favorite theme the other day, "you honestly seem to think that no good can come except out of Scotland. I fear it's becoming a sort of mania with you. You'll be claiming yet, mother, that Gladstone, Washington, Lincoln, Dewey and all the best of our greatest men in modern times were born in Scotland."

"Weel, I'm nae sae sure o' that Jamie, but there be ane thing I do ken o' the gude men ye name, laddie, a'most a' o' thim had intellect enuch to be Scotchmen."—Detroit Free Press.

The First Smokers.

Unquestionably smoking had already been practiced by the Indians for centuries when Columbus first reached these shores. It was with them to a great extent a form of religious ceremonial. Dr. Daniel G. Brinton, the famous ethnologist, thinks that it had its beginning in the blowing tube of the medicine man. Ignorant savages are disposed to regard the human breath as possessing magical properties, and it may be supposed that burning leaves were introduced into the tube for the purpose of making the breathing visible. The Indians smoked many kinds of plants, such as sumac, red willow bark and the leaves of the kinnikinic or bearberry, and tobacco doubtless was a discovery resulting from a selection of the fittest.—Science Siftings.

Paine and Washington.

At the close of the American Revolution it became a proverb that independence had been achieved equally by the sword of Washington and the pen of Paine, writes Moncure D. Conway in The Arena. Up to January, 1776, Washington had protested his loyalty to the crown. On the 10th of that month Paine's "Common Sense" appeared; on the 31st of that month Washington wrote from Cambridge to Joseph Reed of the "sound doctrine and unanswerable reasoning contained in the pamphlet 'Common Sense.'" The die was cast.

Low Prices.

Do You Need Any

Doors, Windows, Glass, Moulding

Or Other Building Material.

GO TO C. H. Bestow & Co.

Corner 11th and Main Sts. Oregon City, Oregon.

BIGGLE BOOKS

A Farm Library of unequalled value—Practical, Up-to-date, Concise and Comprehensive—Handsomely Printed and Beautifully Illustrated.

By JACOB BIGGLE

No. 1—BIGGLE HORSE BOOK
All about Horses—a Common-Sense Treatise, with over 74 illustrations; a standard work. Price, 50 Cents.

No. 2—BIGGLE BERRY BOOK
All about growing Small Fruits—read and learn how; contains 43 colored life-like reproductions of all leading varieties and 100 other illustrations. Price, 50 Cents.

No. 3—BIGGLE POULTRY BOOK
All about Poultry; the best Poultry Book in existence; tells everything; with 23 colored life-like reproductions of all the principal breeds; with 103 other illustrations. Price, 50 Cents.

No. 4—BIGGLE COW BOOK
All about Cows and the Dairy Business; having a great sale; contains 8 colored life-like reproductions of each breed, with 132 other illustrations. Price, 50 Cents.

No. 5—BIGGLE SWINE BOOK
Just out. All about Hogs—Breeding, Feeding, Butchery, Diseases, etc. Contains over 80 beautiful half-tones and other engravings. Price, 50 Cents.

The BIGGLE BOOKS are unique, original, useful—you never saw anything like them—so practical, so sensible. They are having an enormous sale—East, West, North and South. Every one who keeps a Horse, Cow, Hog or Chicken, or grows Small Fruits, ought to send right away for the BIGGLE BOOKS. The

FARM JOURNAL

Is your paper, made for you and not a misfit. It is 22 years old; it is the great boiled-down, hit-the-nail-on-the-head,—quit-after-you-have-said-it, Farm and Household paper in the world—the biggest paper of its size in the United States of America—having over a million and a-half regular readers.

Any ONE of the BIGGLE BOOKS, and the FARM JOURNAL 5 YEARS (remainder of 1899, 1900, 1901, 1902 and 1903) will be sent by mail to any address for A DOLLAR BILL.

Sample of FARM JOURNAL and circular describing BIGGLE BOOKS free.

WILMER ATKINSON, CHAS. F. JENKINS. Address, FARM JOURNAL, PHILADELPHIA

SOUTH OREGON CITY

Has the greatest number of advantages to its c... of any of the suburbs of Oregon City. It will ... you to investigate this property. Good clear lo... reasonable prices on easy instalments. Call o... address

T. L. CHARMAN, Truste...

Charman Bro's. Block, - - Oregon Ci...

BETTER THAN EVER

Special Offer.

Special arrangements have been made whereby we can

For a Limited Time

Offer free to all new subscribers and a... who pay up and renew their subscriptio... to the Enterprise at $1,50 per annum.

The Farm Journal

Devoted to the Farm, Orchard, Garde... Poultry and Household

As a Premium,

For $2.

Better Yet!

We will send you the ENTERPRISE, The WEEKLY OREGONIAN and the FARM JOURNAL one year for $2, Cash in Advance.

For $2.

HASTEN TO IMPROVE THIS OPPORTUNITY.