

### CANBY PHARMACY...

A full line of Patent Medicines, Choice Cigars and Toilet Articles. The Most Select Stock of

### PERFUMES

In Clackamas County.

W. H. EVANS, Prop.

CANBY, OREGON

### A JUDGE'S STORY.

"Should a lawyer defend a man charged with murder when he knows the man to be guilty?" This question led to an animated discussion, which, after some two hours, was brought to an end by the judge suddenly exclaiming: "Do you see that man?"

The benches turned their faces in the direction indicated by the speaker just in time to see a tall, lank man in shabby attire leave the building.

Before a word was spoken by any of the curious benches the judge said, as though musing to himself, though in a tone loud enough for the others to hear: "Strange that I should see that man just at this moment and when we were discussing a question that he could have answered. His life, like mine, has been a failure; but, thank God, my regrets, though many, can never be as bitter as his are. He ruined his career as a lawyer by defending a man who had confessed that he was guilty of murder."

"Tell us the story," exclaimed the one known as the proctor.

"He was ruined," began the judge, "by his ambition."

"Ambition," suggested the solicitor, "with a genial smile on his kindly, clean shaven face, 'is responsible for much good and much evil. It is ambition that has made wrecks, legal driftwood, of many of us. We have dreamed of great deeds in our profession; we have builded fairy castles in the air, while others have by hard work succeeded. I for one—"

"The story, the story!" exclaimed several of the benches.

The judge, thus urged, told his story: "Some 40 years ago it was that I entered the small courthouse in a small town in the western section of New York. Court was in session, and the hush that had fallen upon the crowd in the room was oppressive. Nothing was heard at that time but the ticking of the clock and the breathing of the spectators. The presiding judge was looking up some legal question in the law books before him. The rapt attention of the jurors and the eagerness of the counsel caused me to realize that a trial of more than ordinary interest and importance was in progress. I asked a bystander what the case on trial was. He gazed at me in surprise for a moment and then exclaimed, 'You must be a stranger in these parts?'"

"I am," I replied. "I have just come here from New York city to file a complaint in an action of ejectment."

"This," replied my informant, "is a murder trial, and there," he pointed in the direction I was to look, "is the man who will certainly hang."

"I looked at the prisoner at the bar. He was a good looking young fellow about 25 years of age. There was something in the expression of his pale face that convinced me of his guilt."

"While the trial judge turned over page after page of the law books I learned the details of the crime."

Here the story teller took a nip from the flask the proctor handed to him and then resumed:

"I learned that in his house on the outskirts of the town, one morning two months before the day of the trial, John Peterkin, a wealthy old man, who had been, it was said, in the habit of keeping large sums of money in his house, was found murdered, shot in the back. The murdered man had been seated when he was shot, for his chair was overturned just as he had fallen from it. Peterkin, who was about 67 years old, lived alone with his niece, a pretty girl about 18 years old. She it was who discovered the murder. When she had sufficiently recovered from her alarm, the niece, Mary Peterkin, aroused the neighbors."

"At first it was thought that the motive of the crime had been robbery, but when the police discovered that the safe, the door of which was unlocked and half way open, contained \$1,750, and that the old man's watch had not been taken, that theory had to be abandoned. For several days the case was a mystery. Then it came to the knowledge of the chief of police that Hascall Renider, the only son of a widow, whose father had been postmaster of the little town, had been seen around the house and had spoken unkindly of old Peterkin. Renider was put under arrest."

"When I had learned this much," said the judge, "the trial judge, whom we will call Blank, looked up from the legal books and said, 'I will admit the testimony objected to.'"

"While Judge Blank was reviewing the law questions I looked at Mary Peterkin. She was seated in the rear of the courtroom and was an exceedingly pretty young woman, the pallor of her refined face illumined by large blue eyes. She was in deep mourning, which but enhanced her beauty."

"Proceed," exclaimed Judge Blank.

"The witness on the stand—a police officer—then testified that he had found a small revolver with an ivory handle in some bushes just outside of the window of the room where the crime had been committed."

"Were there any marks on that revolver?" asked Horace Dash, counsel for the prisoner, the man I just pointed out to you.

"Yes," replied the witness.

"What were the marks?"

"The initials M. P.," replied the witness.

"Did you ascertain who owned that pistol?" asked Lawyer Dash.

"Yes," said Mary Peterkin.

"An exclamation of surprise went around that little courtroom. Mary Peterkin started up in bewilderment and then fell back into her chair."

"Silence in the courtroom!" exclaimed Judge Blank.

"With a face paler than that of either the prisoner or the niece of the murdered man, Lawyer Horace Dash, counsel for the prisoner, said to the witness, 'Step down.'"

"The next witness called was a woman who had formerly been employed by old Peterkin as a housekeeper. She was exceedingly nervous, and her voice trembled when she swore to tell the truth. There was a malignant expression on the face of the counsel for the prisoner when he asked the witness: 'Do you know Mary Peterkin?'"

"I do," was the reply.

"She is the niece of the murdered man?"

"Yes," replied the woman in a whisper.

"You once lived with the dead man and his niece?"

"I did."

"Did uncle and niece ever quarrel?"

"Must I answer that?" asked the old woman, turning toward Judge Blank.

"You must," sternly replied the judge.

"Yes. They quarreled," faltered the witness.

"What about?" asked the counsel for the prisoner.

"She—Mary—wanted to marry a man her uncle did not approve of."

"All eyes were turned toward Mary Peterkin, who, with an expression of horror on her face, sat crouched up in her chair. Every one in that courtroom seemed to realize that the testimony already adduced against the prisoner at the bar was as nothing compared with that just brought out against the girl. The prisoner at the bar was pale and trembling and, I thought, an object of abject misery. Then the thought flashed across my mind that he might be innocent. It was evident that Lawyer Dash was struggling with himself when he asked the next question."

"Did you ever hear Miss Peterkin threaten her uncle?"

"I heard her say once that she wished he was dead," replied the witness.

"With a moan of anguish Mary Peterkin fainted. The prisoner started forward and, despite the efforts of the bailiffs to restrain him, exclaimed: 'This is a shame. I am guilty, and that man—pointing his finger at Lawyer Horace Dash—'knows that I am.'"

"What does this mean?" asked Judge Blank, addressing the prisoner's counsel, who was leaning on the table and seemed about to faint.

"I don't know, your honor," replied the lawyer, who was seen to press his hand to his heart.

"Let the trial proceed," said Judge Blank, "and don't let that woman," indicating Mary Peterkin, "leave this room."

"Stop!" exclaimed the prisoner. "I withdraw my plea of not guilty. I am guilty!"

"For a moment silence, oppressive silence, reigned supreme. Finally the judge said, 'Do you appreciate your position—that I can pass sentence of death on you?'"

"I do," replied the prisoner, with a defiant look at his counsel, "but I would like to say a few words."

"Proceed, sir," said Judge Blank.

"I committed the crime, your honor, but not from desire for gain. It was done in a moment of anger, just anger, and for the sake of my dear old mother. Years ago my mother, so that she might pay some debts I contracted while in college, mortgaged her farm—the home where she was born, the home that she went to as a happy wife, the home where I was born—to old Peterkin. Each year since then she paid to him unreasoning interest. Finally there came a day when he would not renew the mortgage. That was the day I killed him. I pleaded with him, but in vain. He insisted he would foreclose the mortgage. He called my mother a vile name. I saw the revolver on his desk, picked it up and aimed at him. He wheeled around in his chair toward his desk, and the bullet entered his back."

"While he was telling this story the prisoner several times pressed his hand to his left side and moaned as if in pain."

"Have you anything else to say?" asked Judge Blank.

"Yes; I want to say," explained the prisoner in gasping tones, "that after I had retained that lawyer—pointing to Horace Dash—I told him I was guilty; that I wanted to plead guilty. He forbade my doing so. Said it was a splendid case. He would acquit me and cover himself with glory. He said he would ask no fee. I urged that I was guilty, but he said he could clear me. I consented to the plea of not guilty."

"Again the prisoner placed his hand to his heart and with an effort said: 'I could not save my life at the expense of an innocent person, and that person a woman. I am guilty.'"

"He sank back into a chair, and Judge Blank turned to Horace Dash, the prisoner's counsel, and asked: 'What have you to say for yourself?'"

"I did my duty—my plain duty," said the lawyer. "As I understand it, it is a lawyer's duty to defend his client and to acquit him as best he can—"

"Not at the expense of an innocent person," remarked Judge Blank.

"I maintain it is," replied the lawyer. "Although a prisoner may confess guilt, he may be innocent. He might be actuated by a desire to save at the expense of his life a guilty person. He might—"

"I am guilty!" shouted the prisoner. "I did it. I did it. I—"

"He fell backward on the counsel's table, gasped, and after a few convulsive movements attempted to rise, fell back, twisted half around, and his soul passed to a higher tribunal. Judge Blank, after ascertaining that the prisoner at the bar was dead, said, 'I accept his plea of guilty.'"

The teller of this story then added: "The man who so strangely pressed before me today was the prisoner's lawyer. He never prospered at the bar. His career was ruined with the case which he hoped would earn him fame."

—New York Sun.

### He Worked the Grocer.

A true story of a dog found guilty of obtaining goods under false pretenses has been recently told. The animal is very fond of crackers, and has been taught by his owner to go after them himself, carrying a written order in his mouth. Day after day he appeared at the grocer's, bringing his master's orders for crackers until the clerks became careless about reading the document. One day the man came in and complained that he had been charged for much more crackers than he had ordered. There was quite a dispute over it, and the next time the dog came in the grocer took the trouble to look at the paper. It was blank; and further investigation showed that whenever the dog felt a craving for crackers he hunted up a piece of paper and trotted off to the grocery store.—Atlanta Constitution.

### Begging Letters For the Rich.

A lady living less than a day's journey from New York had the curiosity the other day to make certain calculations in order to see how large a part of her property she would have had to sacrifice had she granted all the requests made for money within a period of 42 days. She kept all the begging letters received during that time, added together the amounts they asked for and then discovered that had she granted each individual request for money she would have disbursed \$1,000,000. And this, be it remembered, in a short period of six weeks.—Harper's Bazar.

### Our Big Guns.

The largest projectile for the 13 inch largest gun mounted on the warships of the United States navy, is 3 1/2 feet long and weighs 1,100 pounds. The projectile travels 30 feet before it leaves the muzzle of the gun, and in that distance is set revolving at the speed of 75 revolutions per second. The rifling inside of the gun consists of 52 spiral grooves, cut one-twentieth of an inch deep at the bore.

### Punctured.

Sprocket—Had my tire punctured this morning.  
Croquet—You don't say so? How did it happen?  
Sprocket—Riding in a strange country and ran against the forks of a road.—Toronto World.

### A Mother Tells How She Saved Her Little Daughter's Life.

I am the mother of eight children and have had a great deal of experience with medicines. Last summer my little daughter had the dysentery in its worst form. We thought she would die. I tried everything I could think of, but nothing seemed to do her any good. I saw by an advertisement in our paper that Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy was highly recommended and sent and got a bottle at once. It proved to be one of the very best medicines we ever had in the house. It saved my little daughter's life. I am anxious for every mother to know what an excellent medicine it is. Had I known it at first it would have saved me a great deal of anxiety and my little daughter much suffering.—Yours truly, Mrs. Geo. F. Burkhead, Liberty, R. I. For sale by G. A. Harding, Druggist.

### Horses for Sale.

I have for sale twelve mules and fifty horses. These are Eastern Oregon horses and weigh from 1100 to 1500 pounds. All young and some of them broken to work. These horses can be seen at Robert Brown's one mile east of New Era. For sale cheap and on time if desired.  
WILLIAM W. BROWN.

The soothing and healing properties of Chamberlain's Cough Remedy, its pleasant taste and prompt and permanent cures, have made it a great favorite with the people everywhere. For sale by G. A. Harding, Druggist.

### 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.



PARKER'S HAIR-BALSAM  
Promotes a luxuriant growth, Never Falls to Restore Gray Hair to its Youthful Color. Cures scalp diseases & hair falling. 50c and \$1.00 per Bottle.

50 YEARS' EXPERIENCE  
**PATENTS**  
TRADE MARKS, DESIGNS, COPYRIGHTS & C.  
Anyone sending a sketch and description may quickly ascertain our opinion free whether an invention is probably patentable. Communications strictly confidential. Handbook on Patents sent free. Oldest agency for securing patents. Patents taken through Mason & Co. receive special notice, without charge, in the  
**Scientific American.**  
A handsomely illustrated weekly. Largest circulation of any scientific journal. Terms, \$3 a year; four months, \$1. Sold by all news-dealers.  
**MUNN & Co., 351 Broadway, New York**  
Branch Office, 625 F St., Washington, D. C.



One Bottle Makes You Lively and continued doses will completely drive away that tired feeling.

Our Red Line Sarsaparilla is not a specific for every disease under the sun but is wonderfully efficacious in all cases of BLOOD and SKIN DISEASES. It has proved beneficial to thousands and effected cures where other medicines have failed. Price \$1.00 per bottle, our cut price only 60c.

Your doctor's Prescriptions will receive careful attention here.

**CHARMAN & CO.,** Cut Price Druggists

**JOHN YOUNGER, JEWELER,**  
Opp. Huntley's Drug Store.

FORTY YEARS EXPERIENCE IN Great Britain and America.

### 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.

### BETTER THAN EVER

## Special Offer.

Special arrangements have been made whereby we can

### For a Limited Time

Offer free to all new subscribers and who pay up and renew their subscriptions to the Enterprise at \$1.50 per annum.

### The Farm Journal

Devoted to the Farm, Orchard, Garden, Poultry and Household

### As a Premium.

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

HASTEN TO IMPROVE THIS OPPORTUNITY.

### Get our Prices on Job Printing

### AURORA HOTEL AND RESTAURANT



JACOB GIESY, PROPRIETOR  
Rates \$1 Per Day and Upwards.  
Livery and Feed Stable in Connection with the House. Horses and Buggies to Let at Reasonable Rates.  
Bar supplied with the finest wines, liquors and cigars. Weibhard's Beer on draught.

AURORA, - OREGON.

### W. S. HURST

Notary Public and Broker  
Dealer in Real Estate and  
Fire Insurance Writing  
A General Office Business  
Transacted. Choice Farms  
and City Property for Sale.  
Loans Negotiated.

### W. S. HURST & CO.

Produce & Commission Merchants.

Highest market price paid for  
WHEAT, OATS, POTATOES, WOOL, ONIONS,  
GREEN AND DRIED FRUITS.  
P. O. Box 38. Aurora, Ore.

### Aurora Harness Shop

We Make a Specialty of low prices.  
Our Leader is TEAM HARNESS.  
Our Stock includes Everything Worn by a Horse.  
We Buy Hides for Cash.  
Keep Leather For Sale. Do All Kinds Repairs.

R. W. Zimmerman, Proprietor

## ...GREAT REDUCTION SALE...

WE OFFER A REDUCTION ON ALL.

LADIES SHIRT WAISTS SUMMER DRESS GOODS  
WRAPPERS AND UNDERWEAR.  
MEN'S, BOYS' AND CHILDREN'S CRASH HATS ARE ALSO GREATLY REDUCED.  
COME AND SEE OUR BARGAIN COUNTER.

Ladies Shirt Waists, good value at \$1.00. Sale Price... 69c  
Ladies Summer Underwear, good value at 25c. Sale Price... 19c  
Ladies Shirt Waists, good value at 50c. Sale Price... 38c  
Ladies Summer Underwear, good value at 20c. Sale Price... 15c

### SPECIAL ON SUMMER DRESS GOODS.

Organdies, former price 25c. yd. Special price 18c. yd.  
Dimities, former price 35c. yd. Special price 25c. yd.  
Challies, former price 3c. yd. Special price 4c. yd.  
Piques, former price 12 1/2c. yd. Special price 10c. yd.  
Lawn, former price 5c. yd. Special price 4c. yd.  
Men's and Boys' Summer Hats 25 per cent off.

We want your butter, eggs, chickens or anything you have in the produce line. Will pay you cash or trade.  
Will Bros. Bazaar, Aurora