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AGENTS FOR THE ENTERPRISE.

- Beaver Creek, Dr. T. B. Thomas; Canby, Geo. Knight; Clackamas, A. Mather; Milwaukie, Oscar Wittinger; Union Mills, G. J. Trullinger; Meadow Brook, Chas. Holman; New Era, W. S. Newberry; Wilsonville, Henry Mile; Parkplace, F. L. Russell; Stafford, J. Q. Gage; Mulino, C. T. Howard; Oarus, R. M. Cooper; Marquam, Annie Stubbs; Butteville, E. B. Hartman; Aurora, H. B. Jennings; Eagle Creek, H. Wilber; Damascus, J. C. Elliott; Sandy, F. Gotsch; Orrville, Geo. J. Curran; Cherryville, Mrs. M. J. Hammer; Marmot, Adolph Aschoff.

HARMONY is increasing in the democratic party—fast.

It is said that the Chinese Empire expects to raise a large amount on the joint note of the powers.

GROVER CLEVELAND says he did not vote for McKinley. That probably accounts for the rise of the Woolley vote in New Jersey.

The fact that the bondsmen of an Ind-sheriff paid \$4000 damage to the widow of a man that was lynched, has set the sheriff of the country thinking.

MR. BRYAN has started talking again. We would call attention to what his talking has done in the past, not only from his standpoint but from that of the voter.

DREYFUS again agitates France by a demand for a new trial. France should accord this. Nearly all the chief conspirators against Dreyfus are dead or exiled.

ALTHOUGH the new century dawns darkly for the British in South Africa, the more hopeful of them expect that the war will be over before the century closes.

CHINA has signified her willingness to accept the terms of peace imposed by the powers, bitter as they must be. Think of a civilized nation submitting to demands.

KENTUCKY made a great mistake in not recording its vote correctly. Twenty-five new colonels are to be appointed under the provisions of the new army bill.

Now that it has been discovered that salt causes heart action, no doubt the scientists will discover that many cases of heart failure may be directly traced to the salt trust.

ALGER is out with a letter defending Egan and after Miles. Alger and Egan have what the American people believe they deserve unless they are the worst slandered men on earth.

The populists have decided not to fuse with any other party. If they had taken this stand some years ago and stuck to it they would have been more of a party today, but the democrats took them in.

CLEVELAND believes that the presidential term should be lengthened, as, at present constituted, the chief executive, for the first half of his term, is not acquainted with the needs of government and is burdened with all sorts of unfortunates, while the latter part of his term he has to contend with the impending election that is to follow.

Tax supreme court has held in a recent decision that the doctrine of estates by

the entirety is in force in this state. This means that a piece of land deeded to husband and wife, and one dies, the other takes the whole of the property and this clear of any incumbrances the other may put on it if the survivor does not join. Neither can convey the property during life to shut out the other. This is an important matter to be taken in consideration in the conveyances of real property.

EUROPE'S INDUSTRIAL CRISIS.

The state department at Washington is advised by its consuls at some of the European trade centers that an industrial and financial crisis is impending there, if indeed it has not actually begun. From Germany comes the assertion that "the wave of industrial prosperity in Europe, which has steadily risen since 1895, has taken a turn and begun to recede"; that all signs point to a crisis in industrial lines before two years have passed, and that any political disturbance might bring on the inevitable crash with extreme suddenness. In verification of these discouraging predictions it is pointed out that house rents and industrial stocks have begun to decline that factories are closing and that the shipping interests and war-material industries are making the most of the South African and Chinese disturbances. German students of economics analyze the situation as being the result of over-production.

In France there has been a collapse in the wool market that has carried down extensive business concerns. In England ship-owners are discouraged and find great difficulty in making even a meager profit. In Scotland the weaving trades are demoralized. Generally the shoe manufactures are being interfered with by the invasion of American goods. The outlook in all lines apparently is for worse instead of better times.

To a considerable extent the disquieting conditions in Europe may be ascribed to the disturbing effects of American competition. Naturally the displacement of European by American manufactures must have a distinct effect in the industrial economies of European countries. Roughly speaking, for each American workman put to work on goods for the foreign market a European workman or two must be laid off. Nor can this condition be offset by European manufacturers cutting down wages and reducing prices of their manufactures, because to a great extent there is, in many lines, a decided preference for American articles, which also undersell the products of other nations. There is no good reason for supposing that conditions will change. On the other hand, the prospect is that the displacement of European manufactures by American goods will increase rather than diminish. The ultimate effect of the present trade tendencies is likely to be that the United States will become more and more before, the center of the world's industrial activity and development.—Chicago Record.

Nineteen Hundred and One.

The wheels go round and the scheme of things works smoothly still. By indefatigable and persevering effort, the venerable gentleman with the Ingersoll hourglass and the sythe, has managed to score another hundred years on his tally sheet. Pretty good, all-round years they were, too; well filled with credible achievements, and laudable deeds. Man, who (or which) is about the most important factor in that part of the universe which we call the world, has not been idle during these last hundred years. He—and his sons—and grandsons—have been really industrious. They have accomplished many things, which appeared as impossibilities to those who held office before their time. But the end is not yet. Science and invention are young giants. They have not yet attained their growth and maturity. As they go down the aisles of the coming years in their mighty car of progress, they will leave in their wake such stupendous marks of their advancement as will be the wonder of the worlds. The twentieth century comes to us fraught with magnificent promises and possibilities. Those of us who live to see the dawn of another century—probably there won't be many of us, as the good die young—will have seen more things on earth than were ever dreamed of in the philosophies of a thousand Horatios.

The Mother's Favorite.

Chamberlain's cough remedy is the mother's favorite. It is pleasant and safe for children to take and always cures. It is intended especially for coughs, colds, croup and whooping cough, and is the best medicine made for these diseases. There is not the least danger in giving it to children, for it contains no opium or other injurious drug, and may be given as confidently to a babe as to an adult. For sale by G. A. Harding, druggist.

THE OLD OAK TREE.

The sweetest thing of earth to me is the south wind in the old oak tree. It moves the branches to and fro; The shadows dance on the grass below. The leaves move lightly in the air; Their rustle seems a whispered prayer. Deep in the tangled grass I lie, Seeing but glimpses of the sky. So thick the green leaves are above, So light, so soft the breeze moves. I wonder not that men have stood Before some giant of the wood. And made it of their prayers a shrine, Deeming it held a soul divine. —NINETTE M. LOWATER in New York Sun.

THE WINDOWS OPPOSITE.

BY CHARLES B. LEWIS.

I had been knocked down by a cab on the streets of Paris and taken to a hospital. I was hurt about the head and shoulders, and, though I had no broken bones to mend, I was so badly bruised that the surgeon told me I wouldn't get out for a month. Hard up though I was in a financial sense, I had enough money in my pocket to get me into a pay ward, and they gave me one of the 14 cots on the third floor front. It was summer, and I was close to the seventh window, counting from the left.

The routine of a hospital for an injured man is a monotonous one. After the first three or four days they put me on full diet and gave me books to read, but I could not leave my bed, and it was against the rules to converse with the other patients. It was read, sleep, think and plan, with one visit a day from the surgeon. I could not see the street from my window as I sat propped up on my cot. The only sight to greet my vision was a quaint old house opposite. The structure was two stories high, and I could see the upper halves of four windows. The house looked to have been built 100 years ago and was in a sad state of neglect and untenant. I don't know why I should have been interested in that house except that a sick man will turn to the veriest trifle to make a diversion. I saw by the state of the windows that the house was tenanted, and yet I had the curiosity to question the nurse about it.

"That house has been empty for many years," she replied, "and as it is in law it will probably fall down before the heirs come into possession. You cannot see that far down, but the lower doors and windows are boarded up to keep tramps out. I have often wondered if the place has not a ghost." I fell into the habit of watching those four windows as closely as if I had been employed as a watchman. It seemed that if I waited long enough I should see a face at one of them. When evening came, there was an electric light somewhere which struck the front of the old house, and I would watch those windows until the nurse enjoined me to turn away and go to sleep. It got so at last that I felt certain of making a discovery, and one evening, when I had been in the hospital nine or ten days, the face I had looked for appeared at one of the middle windows. It was that of a man.

The window was 150 feet from me, but by the assistance of the electric light I made out the face very clearly. It came into view gradually, as if the man slowly advanced across the room, and it remained at the paneless sash for a full minute. It was the face of an evil man. It was dark and bearded, and the eyes traveled up and down and across the street as if looking for danger. Whoever the man was he was no tramp, nor had he a lawful right in that house. As he left the window I called to the nurse and told her of his presence, but she laughed and replied: "Ah, but we are not to concern ourselves about what goes on over there. If it is some prowler who has broken in, the police must take care of him."

I now had something to occupy my full attention, and I gave up everything to watch the windows opposite. Nothing appeared next day, but at about half past 8 o'clock in the evening I saw the same face again. There was more boldness in the way the man approached the window, and he seemed to feel himself more secure as he surveyed the street. If he were not a fugitive in hiding, why should he be taking peeps at the neighborhood? A vagabond, having entered to obtain shelter for the night, would keep clear of the windows. On this second night the man seemed to be looking intently at the sidewalk running in front of the hospital, and by and by he started and turned away as if he had received some signal. When the nurse came, I told her of the incident. She was as much amused as before.

"You certainly have a mind for mysteries," she laughed, "but if you become too interested you will develop a fever and have a pullback. When you are able to leave us, you can tell the police about the man, who will probably turn out to be a shadow."

I gave the windows but little attention in the daytime after that. The face appeared on the third evening at the same hour, and I felt so sure that a confederate made signals from the sidewalk that I took a convalescent into my confidence. He was an old soldier who was being treated for an old wound and was allowed the run of the place. I told him of the face and the confederate, and he was interested at once. It was arranged that he should be in front of the hospital at half past 8 and watch for the confederate, and I would attend him. He saw a well dressed but evil looking man make signals to the man at the window. The signals were made with a folded newspaper and would not have been noticed by any one not on the watch for them. "Now, then," said the old soldier as

he returned and reported, "we have a mystery on hand. Luck has thrown it in our way that we may make a few goldpieces. Let us work it out together and share the reward."

None of us in the ward had seen a newspaper for a week. They were not interdicted, but none of the patients seemed to care for outside news. Next morning the soldier went out and purchased the journals for the previous five or six days, and as we looked them over we struck a sensation. A boy 10 years old, the son of a rich iron founder, had been kidnaped and spirited away, and it was stated that the whole police force of Paris was on the quiver. The kidnaping had taken place three days before I saw the face at the window, and I was arguing that our mystery could have nothing to do with it when the soldier said:

"It is at least 12 miles from here where the lad was picked up. He was probably hidden somewhere else for a day or two, but the scout got so hot that he was moved. Don't you fear that he is not in the old house opposite at this very moment?"

"Then we should inform the police."

"Pooh! We must wait for a reward to be announced. Never snip luck in the face."

On the fourth night and fifth night the face appeared at the window at the usual hour, and the same man made the usual signals. As the police were yet at fault, those signals must have meant that things were all right for the kidnapers. It was now eight days since the boy was taken, and as no trace could be had of him it was believed that he had been killed or taken out of the country. The papers gave it to the police pretty hot, and it was intimated that the father was ready to pay almost any sum to have his child restored.

"Now we are coming nearer to it," said the old veteran. "What the kidnapers have been waiting for is the reward, but we must be ahead of them. You have some money, but I have none. You must give me enough to take me across Paris to the father."

It had come to be understood in our corridor that we had some scheme, but we refused to answer any questions. The soldier started off one morning, and before noon he was holding an interview with the father of the abducted boy. The distracted man was willing to give his last franc, but the soldier stopped at 20,000. He got a promise in writing that he should be paid that sum when the boy was delivered up, and then he went to the police to find if there was a reward for any particularly desperate character. There was. It was believed in police circles that the kidnapers were two escaped convicts, and there was a reward of 10,000 francs on the head of either. When it had been agreed to give him half the reward, the veteran gave our mystery away. The police waited until evening and then caught the confederate on the street after he had signaled his "All right." Half an hour later they surrounded the old house, broke their way in and not only found the other convict, but found the kidnaped boy a prisoner in one of the rooms. The lad had been fairly well treated, but had been closely guarded every hour since he had come into the man's hands. He had seen only that one man and had been told that he would be set at liberty when his father had paid 250,000 francs as a reward.

The old soldier divided fairly with me, and we were not only enriched by the double reward, but were the means of returning to custody two as desperate criminals as ever broke bars. It was considered an incomprehensible thing around the hospital, and doctor, nurse and fellow patients were never tired of saying:

"How strange! You lie in your bed and look at the windows of an old house across the way, and lo, there come 15,000 francs rolling in to you!"

[Copyright, 1900, by C. B. Lewis.]

Riddle Solved.

First City Boy—Oh, see the cows eating shavings. Second City Boy—I suppose that's how we get chipped beef.—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

The Engineer

Leaning from the cab window does more with his ears than his eyes. The "rumble and grumble and roar" of his engine are to him articulate speech, and a false note in that jumble of sounds would catch his ear as quickly as a discord would strike the ear of the leader of an orchestra. He thinks more of his engine than himself. That is why he neglects to notice symptoms which are full of warning. The foul tongue, the bitter taste, the sour risings, and undue fullness after eating are but symptoms of dyspepsia or some form of disease involving the stomach and organs of digestion and nutrition. In time the heart, liver, lungs, or other organs are involved and the engineer has to lay off. Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery cures diseases of the stomach and organs of digestion and nutrition. It purifies the blood and builds up the body with sound healthy flesh.

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Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets cure constipation.

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I take a pleasant herb drink, the next morning I feel bright and my complexion is better. My doctor says it acts gently on the stomach, liver and kidneys, and is a pleasant laxative. It is made from herbs, and is prepared as easily as tea. It is called Lane's Medicine. All druggists sell it at 25c. and 50c. etc. Lane's Family Medicine moves the bowels each day. If you cannot get it, send for a free sample. Address, Orator F. Woodward, LeRoy, N. Y.

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The new route via the Oregon Short Line Railroad and Monida, Montana, enables you to make a delightful trip through the Yellowstone National Park, entering via Monida and coming out via Cinnabar, making it unnecessary to cover any portion of the route twice. For beautiful descriptive booklet, write or call at Oregon Short Line Ticket Office, 142 Third street, Portland, Or.

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A French Joke.

Two tramps on the banks of the Seine: "How can we raise the wind?" "I have it. You throw yourself in, and I'll jump in after you and take you out. Then I'll get the reward from the Humane society."

"Good! Here goes!" He jumped into the water, and after floundering about for some time he was getting tired out. "Well," he asked, "how long are you going to remain sitting there? Why don't you come in and take me out?" "Because I think I might make more out of you in the morgue."—Paris Journal.

From criminal statistics a German sociologist has deduced that property rights of all kinds are respected more generally by the married than by the single.

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Notice to Water Consumers and Property Owners

At a meeting of the Board of Water Commissioners on September 29th, ult., the following change in monthly water rates was made To take effect on and after January 1, 1901.

Automatic Closing Flush Tank Closets, private - - - 25c. Automatic Closing Flush Tank Closets, public - - - 50c. ALL OTHER CLOSETS - - - \$1.00.

These rates apply where water is used for other service.

In order to get the benefit of the above rates a change of fixture as indicated above must be made by the date mentioned.

By order of the board.

T. L. CHARMAN, Sec'y.

Oregon City, Or., Oct. 10, 1900.

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Prepared by E. C. DeWITT & CO., Chicago.