

CORRESPONDENCE

Our correspondents will please send in articles before Wednesdays of each week, otherwise it reaches us too late for publication.

Mr. Scott.

Mr. Scott, Jan. 12.—As it has been some time since you have heard from this place I will send you a few notes to let you know we are still on deck.

The people here were glad to see the snow disappear.

Zinser Bros. traded one of their teams to John Hartung for a span of colts, that he brought from Eastern Oregon, last fall.

The Mt. Scott motor has been discontinued, which will discommodate quite a number of the people from here and Lents.

The members of the Zion church, of the Evangelical association, met at the church here last Wednesday evening and held their annual election of officers under the supervision of their pastor, Rev. Hornscomb, as follows: H. C. Ulrich, trustee, for three years; J. W. Zinser, superintendent, C. F. Zinser Jr., vice superintendent, Mrs. H. C. Ulrich, treasurer; Miss Lydia Held, secretary; Willie Ulrich, librarian; Mrs. C. F. Zinser, organist.

Shubel.

SHUBEL, Jan. 14.—Hello! six inches of snow. Sleighbirding and snow-bailing was the event of the week.

Miss Mary Hornscomb, our primary teacher, has returned after a long illness. We are all glad to see her back again.

County Superintendent J. C. Zinser visited the Shubel school, giving the scholars and teachers some valuable instruction. Call again Professor.

We extend our sympathy to Mr. and Mrs. Emil Hornscomb, in their bereavement in losing last their only son, Lester Reuten, who died on Wednesday morning, January 9, of membranous croup, and was buried January 11 at 1 p. m., aged 2 years 8 months. Quite a concourse of friends and relatives gathered to see the last remains laid to rest in the Shubel cemetery.

Albert Hornscomb, who of late has been employed in the Troy Laundry at Portland, has returned home for a few weeks' vacation on account of ill health.

Gertie Schubel is on the sick list.

Needy News.

NEEDY, Jan. 16.—As our late correspondent has left the pages vacant for some time, I will try and fill them, for I think our little town is worthy of interesting with the outer world.

The new sawmill being erected on Mr. Coburn's farm is nearly completed.

Mr. Frank Fish had his hand badly cut with a butcher knife, but it is improving.

The debating society is improving each meeting under the skillful management of President George Marrock.

Fighting is the principal occupation now. The new year's dance Ellis Kidings and Chas. Birchet had a skirmish, which ended in Mr. Birchet's favor.

Chas. Spagale's smiling face can be seen now-a-days behind the counter in C. C. Molson's store.

Clackamas.

CLACKAMAS, Jan. 14.—It seems strange that the citizens of Clackamas wish to incorporate our little town merely to drive away a couple of powder magazines. A few years ago some of the best citizens wanted to incorporate for the purpose of establishing a good school and building a large, comfortable house for the same. The principal advocates of incorporation now are the ones who most strongly opposed it heretofore. They were the victors then. Will they be now? This is yet a question.

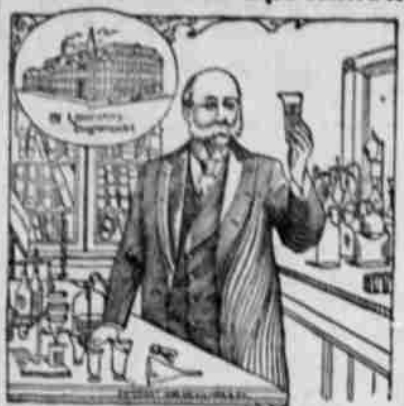
They said they had no use for a better school and had no money to give for the education of others. The men living in safe distance from the magazines, but whom they want to throw the incorporation lines around, surely have no money to spend or labor to give for the comfort of those who opposed incorporation when it was for the promotion of education.

Miss Anna Mooney, who has been sick for about eight weeks, is improving slowly. Mrs. Ryckman and Mr. McFarland's family are also among the sick of Clackamas.

A telephone has recently been put in at the new Clackamas fish hatchery.

Miss S. F. Moore and her father have sold their place here and are going to

The Eminent Kidney and Bladder Specialist.



The Discoverer of Swamp-Root at Work in His Laboratory.

There is a disease prevailing in this country most dangerous because so deceptive. Many sudden deaths are caused by it—heart disease, pneumonia, heart failure or apoplexy are often the result of kidney disease. If kidney trouble is allowed to advance the kidney-poisoned blood will attack the vital organs, or the kidneys themselves break down and waste away cell by cell. Then the richness of the blood—the albumen—leaks out and the sufferer has Bright's Disease, the worst form of kidney trouble. Dr. Kilmor's Swamp-Root, the new discoverer is the true specific for kidney, bladder and urinary troubles. It has cured thousands of apparently hopeless cases, after all other efforts have failed. At druggists in fifty-cent and dollar sizes. A sample bottle sent free by mail, also a book telling about Swamp-Root and its wonderful cures. Address Dr. Kilmor & Co., Binghamton, N. Y., and mention this paper.

remove to Idaho. Mr. Youman has also made a sale of 25 acres.

Mr. G. R. Dedman, of Skagway, Alaska, is visiting relatives here.

J. A. Talbert, representative from Clackamas county, went to Salem last week.

Graeme.

GRAEME, Jan. 14.—A surprise party was given at Elmer Jones' Saturday, January 11, in honor of Mr. Jones' birthday. Those present were: Miss Nettie Wood, Inza Thompson, Miss Bell Jones, Ambrey Wood and Wm. Chivlis.

Wilsonville will soon be brought in communication with the outside world by a telephone line. Baker Bros. are sawing out the posts.

Joseph Epler is home from Portland for an indefinite time.

Henry Baker, who has been seriously ill for the past two weeks, is slowly improving at this writing.

Arthur Bell, formerly of Sherwood, who now resides at New Whatcomb, Wash., was a visitor at Graeme Monday.

Dan Sahlnecker is working for H. Gondling this winter.

Jessie George and wife, of Salem, were calling on friends in this vicinity last week. Mr. George expects to leave for Cape Nome in the near future.

Correll Creek school district No. 82 is progressing nicely under the management of Miss Helen Murray.

Will Yeager, one of Baker Bros., employees, who got his hand badly cut in the cut-off saw some time ago, is able to be at work again.

Damascus.

DAMASCUS, Jan. 15.—G. W. Feathers was at home from Portland, visiting his friends last week.

Edward Froelich, of Portland, is visiting his parents.

Miss Delsie Newell has gone back to Portland to resume her work.

Mrs. Hazel Wood and two daughters were visiting Mrs. Hall lately.

Miss Lavina Steel visited her mother during the holidays.

The Rock Creek school will soon give a social to obtain money for finishing the school house.

Miss Rosie Feathers gave a party to her many young friends last Monday. The Damascus correspondent wishes the many readers of the Enterprise a happy new year.

George Notes.

GEORGE, Jan. 12.—We had quite a little snowstorm last week and the young people had a good time sleighing, even if the track was a little muddy.

A surprise party was given Miss Anna Sins in honor of her birthday, January 8th. Dancing and games playing were the amusements of the evening. Quite a number of young people were present and all reported a pleasant time.

Mr. and Mrs. Wismer of Washington county were the guests of Mrs. Wismer's parents, of this place, where they spent their Christmas and New Year and also visited some of their friends.

Some of the people here had a very bad cold; some think it is the la grippe, but are all over it now.

D. W. Robertson and his two sons are busy making roads this winter between their respective places, and it will be a connection between two county roads. It will be a good improvement to that part of the county.

Miss Emma Flemming, of Lents, is teaching our school, with good success.

Wilhoit.

WILHOIT, Jan. 15.—The snow has gone and the sunshine is once more welcomed.

A. Wade, of Scotts Mills, was seen passing through this section last week. Born to Mr. and Mrs. C. A. Ryan on Jan. 5, a girl.

Mr. Miltstead is going to move to Portland.

Fall grain is looking well. Grandpa Slaughter's smiling face is seen in this burg each Sunday.

Mrs. Margaret Slaughter, of Missouri Ridge, is visiting her daughter on Rock Creek this week.

Raymond Wyland went to Scotts Mills Wednesday last.

C. D. Slaughter, of Scotts Mills, was visiting relatives in this section Sunday last.

James Holt has returned home from Eastern Oregon, where he has been working for the past six months.

C. B. Wade, of Scotts Mills, was seen passing through this neighborhood a few days ago.

Bird Thomas was visiting her parents at Scotts Mills last week.

John Ferguson, of Missouri Ridge was doing business in this community last Friday.

Persons desiring announcements of parties, socials, etc., must send them to this office.

ABOUT A MINX.

How She Shocked the People of Lindenthorpe.

Miss Betty Mayne had been back in Lindenthorpe for a week, and for a week Lindenthorpe had been shocked. Miss Mayne felt hurt. When she returned, she had been homesick for the sea and the seaboard folks, left behind when her aunt carried her up to town years before, and friendliness was in her heart toward them. Instead of receiving the same, she had been met with envy and jealousy and all uncharitableness. Partly is was her fault, partly theirs. They only remembered her as the imp and scapegoat of the village, who played on the rocks all day long with bare feet, and they resented her grown up fashionability. She could not help realizing that she was better dressed, knew more of the world and was in many ways a hundred years ahead of Lindenthorpe. Then, again, Mr. Silas Attenborough, who always did the right thing, and whose actions, accordingly, were viewed with an indulgent eye, had seemed in danger of doing the wrong thing. "Moonstruck," Miss Griggs declared him to be. And the minx was not even flattered.

It was on Sunday that the shock of shocks occurred. To begin with, several minutes after service had begun Miss Betty Mayne walked in—almost strolled in—as cool as a cucumber, and clad in the most outrageously fine dress, and stood in the entrance (instead of modestly finding herself a seat), poking away at the stones with a green parasol until Mr. Attenborough, who was churchwarden—the youngest churchwarden Lindenthorpe had ever had—rose in his Sunday best to show her to a place.

People were more disgusted than surprised when Miss Mayne, after fanning herself ostentatiously for some time, rose and strolled out of the church by the front door. Such behavior was to be expected from a minx. It was what followed that left Lindenthorpe resigned to anything short of an earthquake. Miss Mayne wandered down toward the beach in a pensive mood and took a seat on a bit of sandstone. She was a pretty sight in blue and gold, whatever Miss Griggs' opinion might be. A churchwarden is at liberty to differ from a Sunday school mistress on a question like this, and Mr. Silas Attenborough as he walked from church down to the sea and saw the minx on the rock differed in toto from Miss Griggs. He felt a desire to rebuke the minx for her conduct in church that morning, but it was wise to venture to the rocks? He was in his Sunday clothes and not very sure of foot among slippery weeds. Nevertheless, his sense of duty being strong, Mr. Attenborough crossed the Rubicon and at length reached the sandstone rock. The minx nodded to him. "I saw you in church this morning," she said.

"I see you," said Mr. Attenborough gravely. "It was very funny," she went on. "The very first thing I noticed was a chalk mark on your coat from leaning against the pillars, and I do believe you've got it on still."

This was hardly the conversation Mr. Attenborough had pictured to himself, and he rubbed the chalk away before replying. "It seemed you left church avore t' sermon?"

"Dreadfully ventilated, isn't it?" she said, nodding. "I really wonder people don't get suffocated sometimes."

"It was a powerful sermon."

"Short ones always are, I think. Or did you come after me before it was finished?"

"Come after"—Mr. Attenborough was taken aback. He had hurried certainly, but he hardly expected the minx to notice that.

"Coom after avore t' sermon was finished?" He recovered himself indignantly. "I shouldn't think of it. But"—"You didn't expect to see me here?"

Since the minx sat on a rock in full view of the shore, Mr. Attenborough evaded what seemed a fruitless question.

"It's agreeable by t' sea here avore dinner," he remarked.

"The same as ever," she said—"all Lindenthorpe's the same as ever—the sea, and the village, and the folks. They might have slept and never waked since the day I left, seven years ago. Oh"—she roused herself to sudden animation—"but I'd like to shock them!"

"Shock 'em!" said Mr. Attenborough, aghast.

"Shock you all, because I detest peo-

ple who can be shocked, and if I knew for certain that I detested Lindenthorpe I'd be content to leave it and never see it again." She sank back against the rock.

"Would yew now?" said Mr. Attenborough, astonished.

She nodded. "It's quite true," she said.

"I don't think I'm easy to shock," he said guilelessly.

"You?" She shook with laughter. "You? Why, you were shocked in church this morning. You'd be shocked if I were to push you into that pool. You're shocked now at hearing me suggest such a thing."

"T' church is different," remarked he, hastily edging from the pool. "But out of t' church I'm not easy to shock."

"You think so?"

"Solemn truth," said Mr. Attenborough decidedly.

"Perhaps you're right," she said. "But"—she pointed a finger toward the shore—"is that Miss Griggs over there?"

He followed the direction of her finger and saw that most of the congregation were assembled in groups about the shore.

"Tis, indeed!" he groaned. "An Miss Griffin an t' whole Sunday school watching us. I think that we shud be getting back."

"Don't let me keep you," she said. "It is not keeping me. 'Tis only"—He looked about him for an excuse. "Zip me! T' sea!"

"What do you mean?"

"T' sea!" said Mr. Attenborough. "T' sea!"

She sprang to her feet in great indignation.

"This comes of your talking. Why couldn't you keep your eyes open—what is to be done?"

"Could yew wade?" suggested Mr. Attenborough apologetically. He knew nothing of the rocks and what depths hid him off from the shore. Only he remembered that in old days the imp of the village knew every inch—

"Wade? In my best things?" Her scornful tone made him feel more at fault than ever.

"Praps they'll send us a boat," he said.

"After we're drowned?"

"Praps I could—take yew over to t' shore?"

"See how deep it is first," she said imperiously.

He let himself down gingerly and the water closed over the knees of his best trousers.

"Think yew would loike to be carried?" he asked dolefully, stretching out his arms for her to bury. But she kept him there while she struggled to hide her laughter, and then said threateningly:

"If you drop me, I shall never forgive you!"

"And if I don't drop yew?" said he. "Lindenthorpe never will."

"Coom!" he said. And at that she let him take her in into his arms. The folk of Lindenthorpe on the beach were taking much interest in the proceedings. "The minx!" said Miss George. "Did you ever?" The churchwarden was splashing through pools of water, regardless of his appearance, and only careful to protect the affected burden in his arms. Most of Lindenthorpe was assembled on the shingle when he reached the uninvaded sand. Miss Betty Mayne made no motion of descent.

"Shall I set yew doon here?" he asked.

"No," she said. "It's damp, I should wet my shoes. Carry me right up to the shingle."

He breathed hard, not because of her weight, which was nothing, but because of the publicity of the thing.

"Whom be I carrying?" he asked. "Be I carrying ma sweetheart?"

"If you will," she said, stumped by his unexpected boldness. He put her down in the middle of the assembled folk, some of whom feigned to be watching the sea. Miss Griggs happened to be the nearest, and she shook her head archly at the churchwarden.

"I'm shocked," she said. "We're all shocked, Mr. Attenborough."

"Are yew?" said he. "I'm—I'm sweet-hearted."—King.

The Nurse.

The care of the sick can scarcely reach its highest ideal save where personal attachment supplements knowledge and skill. Therefore, it belongs to the life of every woman. There are few households indeed where any girl can grow up without some opportunities for this experience. Such opportunities may well be supplemented by lectures, courses of reading and well planned demonstrations. If every woman could (as she should) under ordinary circumstances undertake the care of the sick in her own home, this would but accentuate the value and raise the status of the "born nurses," who, never happy save in the special exercise of their gift, would then quite suffice for hospital cases and the grand occasions of major operations. The sight of the tap and veil of the broad trained nurse when imported into a household with women members scarcely raises one's idea of the family morale!—Chambers' Journal.

Terse and Gentle.

Most editors have their own special method of declining contributions, but for a terse and pointed rebuke we have heard of nothing better than the letter lately received by a well known author. As a rule, his stories are wholly unobjectionable, but in this particular case he gave himself a little more license than usual and produced a story which, though quite moral, was not altogether suitable for family reading. He sent it to a magazine editor with whom he was on friendly terms, and the manuscript was promptly returned with the following note:

My Dear Sir—Oh, my dear sir! Yours faithfully, Westminster Budget.

Dr. Fenner's PEOPLE'S REMEDIES FOR THE FAMILY.

Kidney and Backache CURE.

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FOR FULL INFORMATION of these medicines and also my ST. VITUS DANCE SPECIFIC, ask your druggist or send to DR. M. M. FENNER, Fredonia, N. Y., for pamphlets containing certificates of cures of the most remarkable character ever achieved by medicine.

For Sale by C. G. HUNTLEY, Druggist, Oregon City, Or.

OLIVE FURBACE, O., Nov. 30, 1899. Dr. M. M. Fenner, Dear Sir: I never desired my name published, but I am free to say that I fully believe your Kidney and Backache Cure was the cause of my being alive today. I weighed 135 pounds and now average 105. Yours truly, W. H. MOULGIN.

BROOKS LOCOMOTIVE WORKS, DUNKIRK, N. Y., Apr. 8, 1899. I had severe pains on my right leg, with six (6) ulcers extending to the bone. The leg swelling to twice its natural size. Was laid up nine (9) years. Many doctors and patent medicines were tried and failed. Finally secured a bottle of Dr. Fenner's Blood and Liver Remedy and Nerve Tonic produced a complete and permanent cure. FRANK NIEDERMEYER.

ESSEXVILLE, Tenn., Feb. 20, 1899. Dr. M. M. FENNER, Fredonia, N. Y.: Your DYSPEPSIA CURE has cured me of a distressing case of Dyspepsia. I had been trying all kinds of medicines for it, including the different forms of Pepsin and Lactopepsin without benefit. The first dose of your Dyspepsia Cure gave me immediate relief. I have taken two bottles and consider myself cured. J. H. STEVENS, Druggist.

Mr. Jewery, McKean Co., Pa., Mar. 27, 1899. I have used Dr. Fenner's GOLDEN RELIEF in my family for 15 years. It cured a running sore after the doctors said I would lose my leg. There is no medicine better for Grip, Croup, Croup, Bruises, Headaches, Toothaches or Neuralgia. SAMUEL T. JOHNSON.

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WANTED!

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Something New. Just published by the Southern Pacific Co. is a pamphlet upon the resources of Western Oregon, which includes an excellent map of the state, and contains information on climate, lands, education, etc., existing industries and their capabilities.

Attention is also directed to such new fields for energy or capital as promise fair return. This publication fills a need long experienced by Oregonians, in replying to inquiries of eastern friends. Copies may be had of local agent Southern Pacific Co., or from C. H. MARKHAM, G. F. A., Portland, Or.

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