

STYLISH LADIES GARMENTS

Our Spring Showing of Ladies Suits and Coats are creating a feeling of gladness never shown before by a home merchant. Why? Because our selection of Ladies Goods are just what you find in big cities well-known Ladies Shops.

We invite your inspection J. LEVITT

Where Jack and Jim Met.



The Woman in the Case—I would not object to getting a divorce in Reno if it were not for the publicity. Lawyer—Have no fears. The biggest scandal ever uncovered wouldn't stir a leaf in Reno now.

LOCAL BRIEFS

J. E. Malloy, of Hood River, was in Oregon City Sunday. Elmer Deetz, of Aurora, was in this city Saturday and Sunday. F. C. Perry and daughter, of Molalla, were in this city Saturday. Otto Layman, of Beaver Creek, was in Oregon City Sunday. William Davis, of Carus, was in Oregon City Sunday. William Daniels, of Beaver Creek, was in this city Monday. Herman Schmid of Carus, was among the Oregon City visitors Monday. Hearty and Herman Pipka, of Eldorado, were in this city Monday. Mr. and Mrs. Otto Weismann, of Clackamas, were Oregon City visitors Monday. Harry Kirbyso, of Shubel, and sister, Miss Lila, of Shubel, were in this city Sunday. Mrs. Roy Martin, of Portland, is in this city visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. F. J. Miles. Carl Lucke, of Canby, was in this city on business Monday. Mr. Lucke is a young business man of that city. Israel Putnam, formerly of Oregon City but now residing near Vancouver, Wash., is in Oregon City on business. W. H. Jesse, one of the well known residents of Barlow, was in Oregon City on business Monday. Mrs. Quinn left Monday evening for Idaho, where she will visit for two months with her daughter. R. W. Perry, of Hood River, was in this city on business Saturday and Sunday, registering at the Electric Hotel. Robert Schuebel and Mr. Fisher, of Carus, will soon leave for Mexico, where they will go for the purpose of locating land. George Brown, of New Era, one of the prominent potato growers of the county, was in this city on Sunday visiting friends. Miss Mina Blum, who resides near Maple Lane, has accepted a clerical position in the confectionery store of W. L. Little on Seventh street. Mr. and Mrs. Millard and little daughter, of Springwater, were in this city on business Monday, returning to their home Monday evening. C. M. Abbott, editor of the Western Stock Journal, with headquarters in Oregon City, went to Vancouver, Wash., on business Sunday. George Gregory, the teasel grower of Molalla, was in Oregon City Monday, on his way home from Portland, where he had been for several days on business. Mr. and Mrs. F. S. Kelly and daughter, Elizabeth, of Portland, were in Oregon City Sunday visiting the former's parents, Mr. and Mrs. H. L. Kelly. Lloyd Harding, who has been in this city visiting his parents, Mr. and Mrs. George A. Harding, returned to Eugene Monday evening to resume his studies at the University of Oregon. Mrs. Essign, of Ritzville, Wash., who has been visiting her brothers and sisters at Beaver Creek, arrived in Oregon City Monday, and will visit her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Steiner. Enos Cahill, one of the members of the G. A. R. and whose home is at New Era, was in Oregon City on Monday, having come to this city to attend the meeting of the G. A. R. held in the Willamette Hall. Mrs. J. B. Robinson and two sons, Kenneth and Don, Mrs. J. P. Keating and two children, Rodney and Virginia, were in this city Sunday visiting Mrs. Rodney and Mrs. Keating, sister of Miss Cochran. The time to read the Morning Enterprise is at the breakfast table or a little before.

Phone A 1512 Main 3030 COLUMBIA STABLES LIVERY, FEED, BOARDING AND SALES STABLES Horses bought and sold at all times on commission. Best accommodations for transients in the city. 302 Front St. Corner Columbia PORTLAND, OREGON.

Mrs. Elmer Linkins, formerly of this city but now of Hubbard, who has been in this city visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Alex Simmons, returned to her home Saturday evening.

Mr. and Mrs. Anderson, of Eldorado, were transacting business in Oregon Sunday, being accompanied by their daughter, Mrs. Ema Lowry, who is very ill.

Prof. Ringler of Portland has opened a new dancing school at Busch's hall; meets every Thursday eve. A class of 40 is enrolled. Full course \$50.00. Beginners and advanced class in latest society dances. Come next time.

Caylor Godfrey, who is taking a course in medicine at the Oregon Agricultural College, at Corvallis, arrived in Oregon City Friday afternoon, remaining in this city with his father, W. H. Godfrey until Sunday evening when he returned to Corvallis.

O. A. Cheney, formerly a well known resident of Oregon City, but now of Portland was in this city Monday, having attended the meeting of the G. A. R. Mr. Cheney is one of the old settlers who fought for his country during the Civil war.

The Morning Enterprise is the best breakfast food you can have. Alfa Schrum, of Hood River, was the guest of Vera Howell Sunday. This young miss is a musician of Hood River, and some of her playing will be heard in this city before her return to Hood River.

Mr. and Mrs. Clarence Aldredge, of Portland, were in this city Saturday, the guests of the former's parents, Mr. and Mrs. A. O. Aldredge, and Sunday were the guests of the former's sister, Mrs. G. J. Howell and family, of Kansas City addition.

Mr. and Mrs. Francis Quinn and children, of New Era, who have been visiting with Mrs. Quinn near Mountain View, have returned to their home, and were accompanied by Mrs. William Quinn, who will visit at New Era for several weeks.

J. B. Carter, who has been in the Oregon City hospital for the past ten days suffering from an attack of pneumonia, is so improved that he was able to leave the institution on Monday evening, and will soon be able to be at his post of duty in the C. C. Store.

Gustav Fletcher has purchased two acres of land on Nob Hill from Charles Terrill an will make his home here. Mr. Fletcher recently arrived here from the Philippine Islands, and will be greatly appreciated in Oregon City musical circles, having had a great deal of experience in that line. Misses Mary and Maude Dolan, formerly of this city, but now of Portland, accompanied by their cousin Roy van Fleet, of Eastern Oregon, were visiting their uncle, Frank Albright, of this city, and the Misses Baker, of Gladstone. Miss Mary Dolan is one of the teachers in the Glencoe school, Portland.

Mrs. M. Hulras, of New Era, was in this city Monday and while here visited relatives. Mrs. Hulras accompanied her husband, M. Hulras, as far as Oregon City, he leaving with Max Bowman, and Mike Bowman for Goble Oregon, where they will remain several months and possibly during the summer, where they will be engaged in building.

Dr. J. A. Van Brakle, licensed osteopathic physician, 806 Washington street. Edward Dowling, of South Omaha, Nebraska, will arrive in this city May 15, and will visit his sisters, Mrs. Helen Smith, and Mrs. A. T. Marshall whom he has not seen for sixteen years. Mr. Dowling will be accompanied here by his wife, and may decide to locate in Oregon City.

Information was received in this city Monday by Mr. and Mrs. John Gillett from their son, Millard, giving the information that he will leave with nine other apprentices of the hospital corps of the United States Navy stationed at San Francisco, and with a company of seamen for the Philippine islands, Tuesday, March 5 at 12 o'clock. It is probable that Gillett will be located at Manila, either in the hospital or on a hospital ship. Gillett entered the United States Navy last October, and had planned visiting his parents here in April. He has already had one promotion since enlisting.

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The Argonauts

A Tale of the Late California Gold Seekers

By JOHN L. TIBBITS

In the spring of 1849 a train of wagons outfitting at St. Joseph, Mo., crossed the Missouri and set out across the plains for Denver. One of these wagons contained the wife and two little children—a boy and a girl—besides the belongings, of Edward Starkweather. At that time the native inhabitants of the plains—the Indians, the buffalo and the prairie dog—were in possession. The Indians were ready to rob and murder those weaker than themselves, and this necessitated immigrants going in company.

Starkweather had some money which was concealed on his wife's person, for as yet there was no law west of



"ARE YOU READY?" ASKED STARKWEATHER.

the Missouri river except the revolver. His purpose was, having crossed the continent, to grubstake himself and his family on this money while he prospected for gold.

In the train was a man about Starkweather's age, Joel Bryant, who by his smooth way of talking gained his fellow adventurers' confidence. Men are gregarious and prefer to work—especially to take risks—in company, and when Bryant told Starkweather that he calculated to reach the gold ground with \$3,000 it occurred to the latter that they might pool their funds and buy property in which gold had been located, thereby greatly increasing their chances of success. Starkweather agreed to the proposition, and the Starkweathers toiled on over plain and mountain with brightened prospects.

On reaching their journey's end the Starkweather family lived in a tent while Starkweather and Bryant prospected and kept an eye open for localities where gold had been struck in paying quantities. At last they found an opportunity. Some men without means had secured a vein that promised well and, being operators rather than developers, were ready to sell. Bryant was anxious that he and Starkweather should buy them out, but he said his money had been sent round the Horn to a San Francisco bank, and it would require some time to get it. He begged Starkweather to put up the necessary funds, and he would produce his share as soon as possible. Fearing to lose the purchase, Starkweather bought the mine in behalf of Bryant and himself, share and share alike.

The mine looked well, but there was a hitch in the payment of Bryant's portion of the purchase money due to his partner. Bryant showed a good deal of impatience about its nonarrival and finally concluded to go to San Francisco to discover what was the trouble. Before leaving he spent some time with a shyster lawyer, though Starkweather knew nothing about this. While Bryant was away the vein in the mine began to produce gold in largely paying quantities. Bryant was absent several months, then returned with a story that struck his partner with consternation.

He had learned that the parties who had sold them the mine were not its legal owners. The real title to the property had been bought up by parties in San Francisco who had organized a company and appointed him (Bryant) their agent. He produced the papers. Starkweather showed them to a lawyer and was informed that, while they gave evidence of very sharp practice, Starkweather's interest in the property could only be substantiated (if at all) at the end of a long legal contest. The defrauded man was advised to accept his loss, for having paid all his money for the mine, he had none to carry on a suit which would probably go against him in the end. He surrendered to Bryant, who was really his own agent and owner of the property under the name of the Excelsior Gold Mining company.

Several years passed, during which the sufferings of the Starkweather family were in proportion to the increasing prosperity of the Excelsior Mining company. Bryant, who had used Starkweather's money—the story of his own funds was a myth—to buy the mine waxed fat and sleek. He was known and respected throughout the gold region as a man prominent in the development of the mining interests of California. Starkweather was pitted as a poor devil who had neither business capacity nor luck; but, encouraged by a plucky wife, he went to work on the margin of a creek washing for gold

self and his family alive.

But as he heard of the increasing volume of gold that was being taken out of the mine that was by rights his own his heart grew harder and harder toward the man who had swindled him. Time and again he determined to go and have it out with Bryant, but each time he was soothed and dissuaded by his wife, who argued that either he would kill Bryant or Bryant would kill him. If he killed Bryant he would be a murderer. He always gave way to her persuasions.

One day while Starkweather was out prospecting he found it necessary to pass around the side of a cliff where the trail was but from one to three feet wide. Looking ahead, he saw a man coming. Starkweather was in rags. The other man was dressed in an expensive mountain costume. A second glance told the former that the latter was the de facto owner of the Excelsior mine. He had grown important and about him was an air of importance begotten by prosperity.

The meeting was one of contentment and despair. Mrs. Starkweather was not there to caution her husband and a resolution flashed upon him to take at least a slight revenge. He would force the man who had ruined him and his family to give way before him. There was no part of the path between them more than twenty-four inches wide. Bryant, seeing a man such as he was used to commanding coming, did not change his gait, expecting to be permitted to pass without trouble. Starkweather stopped at the narrowest spot, standing square in the trail.

"Step aside, my man," said Bryant. "You don't recognize me?"

Bryant started. The voice first told him who opposed his passage. Then beneath a beard that had grown grizzly under trouble the face of his former partner revealed itself to his vision.

"Well!" said the mine owner, not knowing what was to follow. "Turn about and go back."

"Why should I do that?" "Because it is fitting that a rascal should give way before the man he has swindled."

Bryant was frightened at being caught with a precipice below him, his way stopped by the man he had defrauded, but made a desperate effort to appear calm.

"My old and esteemed friend," continued Starkweather, "I have often resolved to take out of your hide revenge for my ruin, but my patient wife has always dissuaded me on the ground that if I killed you I would be a murderer. Here is an opportunity for us to have it out together, neither surviving to pass into the hands of the hangman. I propose that at a given signal—you may give it if you like—we draw and begin firing."

"I am unarmed," replied Bryant, palling. "Having but a short distance to go, I left my revolver behind me." Starkweather took his weapon from its holster and threw it over the cliff. Some seconds after it reached the bottom the sound came up to them.

"Let it be a fight with fists," he said, "or a wrestle with arms and legs."

Bryant looked in Starkweather's eye and saw there a resolution to take his revenge at the expense of his own life.

"Are you ready?" asked Starkweather, advancing a step.

Had it not been for an immutable purpose, plainly written in Starkweather's eye, his opponent might have tried to argue with him or to deceive him by promises, but he saw certain death for himself and the man he had wronged.

"What do you wish me to do?" "Fight."

"I mean what recompense for any wrong I have done you do you wish?" "Oh, I never thought of that!"

"I will agree," Bryant proceeded, "to turn over to you some of my stock in the Excelsior Mining company."

"It is not your stock; it is mine. Come, let us begin the struggle. I don't wish to take any advantage of you while your mind is on another matter."

"For heaven's sake, man! At the slightest jaw we will both go over the cliff!"

"I have made up my mind to that."

"I will do anything you ask."

"You will never get out of this fight without acknowledging on paper how you swindled me."

Bryant hesitated, then resorted to a subterfuge. "I have neither pen nor paper," he said.

"I have both. In my pocket is a map of a region in which I am on the way to prospect, and I have a pencil. Taking both from his pocket, he added, "Write a confession, and I will let you pass without a fight."

Bryant knew that it was death or surrender, so he wrote the confession.

That night when Starkweather went home he showed the paper to his wife and they were happy for the first time since they had become argonauts. The Excelsior mine was reorganized with the controlling interest in the hands of its real owner.

An Ungratified Wish. "I've always had an ungratified ambition," remarked a well known local business man.

"Nonsense!" protested a friend. "Why, you are wealthy enough to maintain a steam yacht."

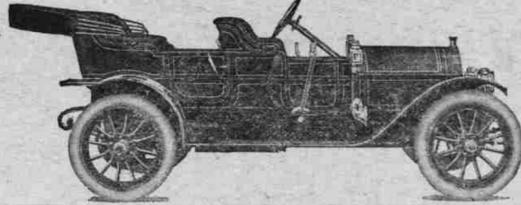
"Just the same, I have never had this wish gratified."

"And what is it?" "I have always wanted the magician who comes down among the audience to take his magic rabbit from my pocket. Sometimes he strikes a spectator near me, and I have always hoped that he would eventually choose me. But he never has."—Kansas City Journal.

How We Breathe. Men and women do not breathe alike. In a woman the breathing is from the thorax or chest, while in a man it is mainly from the diaphragm, which is lower down. This peculiar difference is so marked that it is possible to recognize by it a woman disguised as a man, although the disguise may be faultless in other respects. Most physiologists say that this difference is not due to sex, but owing to artificial conditions, such as the wearing of corsets.

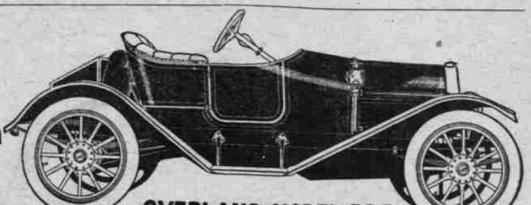
Naturally. "Has anybody really a natural bent for crime?" "Well, crooks ought to have."—Baltimore American.

Have You Seen These Three Beauties



The Mitchell \$1500. What more can we say.

The Classiest Roadster ever shown in Oregon City.



OVERLAND MODEL 59 R \$1,100 f. o. b., Oregon City



OVERLAND MODEL 59 T \$1,100 f. o. b., Oregon City

These cars are all fully equipped with top, windshield, speedometer, lamps, tools and horn. We have a complete line of all kinds of auto supplies. We are also prepared to do any and all kinds of altering at short notice. If your car is not giving you complete satisfaction come and see us.

C. G. MILLER, the Auto Man, 6th and Main Streets. OREGON CITY Phone Main 77.

SPUDS AND ONIONS ARE BEING SHIPPED

Buyers for the distant markets report a fairly satisfactory movement in both potatoes and onions, and barring a decided change of attitude on the part of producers the chances are that this will continue.

For good to fancy shipping potatoes dealers are said to be paying \$1.20 to \$1.50 a hundred at shipping points, and the growers, while not selling as freely as might be desired, are letting go sufficiently to about meet the demand. The bulk of the fancy stock is said still to be going to the San Francisco market.

At the last meeting of the Confederated Onion Growers' Association it was decided to continue sales this week at last week's selling price, \$2.50 a sack. Fifteen cars were said to have been shipped out last week, four of which went to Nebraska, Oklahoma and Texas points.

Prevailing Oregon City prices are as follows: DRIED FRUITS—(Buying)—Prunes on basis of 5 1/4 pounds for 45-50 c. Fruits, Vegetables. HIDES—(Buying)—Green hides, 7c to 9c; salted, 5to 6c; dry hides, 12c to 14c; sheep pelts, 25c to 75c each.

HAY, Grain, Feed. HAY—(Buying)—Timothy, \$12 to \$15; clover, \$8 to \$9; oat hay, best, \$9 to \$10; mixed, \$9 to \$12; alfalfa, \$15 to \$16.50. OATS—(Buying)—Gray \$30; wheat, \$28 to \$29; oil meal, selling \$53; Shady Brook dairy feed, selling \$125 100 pounds.

FEED—(Selling)—Shorts, \$26; bran \$25; rolling barley, \$39; process barley, \$40. FLOUR—\$4.50 to \$5.25. Butter, Poultry, Eggs. POULTRY—(Buying)—Hens 11c to 12c; spring, 10c to 11c, and roosters 8c.

Butter—(Buying)—Ordinary country butter, 25c to 30c; fancy dairy, 40c. EGGS—Oregon ranch eggs, 20c. SACK VEGETABLES—Carrots, \$1.25 to \$1.50 per sack; parsnips, \$1.25 to \$1.50; turnips, \$1.25 to \$1.50; beets, \$1.50. POTATOES—Best buying 85c to \$1.10 per hundred. ONIONS—Oregon, \$1.25 to \$1.50 per hundred; Australian, \$2 per hundred. Livestock, Meats.

BEEF—(Live weight)—Steers, 5c and 5 1/2c; cows, 4 1/2c; bulls, 3 1/2c. VEAL—Calves bring from 8c to 15c, according to grade. MUTTON—Sheep, 3c and 3 1/2c; lambs, 4c and 5c.

The Burden of Age. I know of little better worth remembering as we grow old than what pleased us while we were young. With the memory of the kind words once spoken come back the still kinder looks of those who spoke them; and, better than all, that early feeling of budding manhood, when there was neither fear nor distrust. Alas, these are the things, and not weak eyes and tottering limbs, which form the burden of old age. Oh, if we could only go on believing, go on trusting, go on hoping to the last, who would shed tears for the bygone feasts of his youthful days, when the spirit that evoked them lived young and vivid as before?—Charles Lever.

Heart to Heart Talks.

By EDWIN A. NYE.

KEEP IT TO YOURSELF

Do not whine. Hold up your chin and keep your troubles to yourself.

Every one of us must carry his pack. And in the carrying of it come strength and self respect.

When you were a child you could go to mother for sympathy and help, but the time comes when you must shoulder your burden alone.

Does the harness gail? It is worse than folly to complain of it to your fellows. Each of them is bending his back to his own load. Can you expect any of them to lay down his load and listen to your whining?

If you go about retelling your griefs with expectation of sympathy you will experience only chagrin.

Of course if you fall down and really hurt yourself, if you are a genuine object of pity, the world's heart will be stirred in your behalf, and it will help you to the limit.

But— So long as the world sees that you are able to bear your pack it will expect you to get under it.

Stand up like a man. Some of us who are older can look back over the way and remember how we were tempted to "put up a poor mouth" because of some hard job. We buttoned up our white lips and shut the hard luck story back.

Pinck and persistence and sweat pulled us through. Do not whine.

It is useless. The whiner gets nowhere. And he becomes a nuisance. He saps his own strength by indulging his grouch, and he saps others of their strength because of his iterated grievance.

Hide your tale of woe. Endure in silence. Keep your own counsel. Lean on yourself. Gird up your loins and keep a stiff upper lip. There's heroism in doing that.

Oh, I know— Sometimes life looks like an unending and intricate tangle, and sometimes the pathway is dark and stony and steep. And there are thorns by the way. But, after all—

The world that we are living in is mighty hard to beat. With every rose you get a thorn. But isn't the rose sweet?

Picture in Duplicates. Many and some have been the vicissitudes of some of the world's greatest pictures, and a fine painting which is owned in England has an interesting history. This remarkable picture, which for some years consisted of a painting of flowers, was pronounced by an art dealer to be merely a mask for some other picture, and on his receiving permission he gradually cleaned off the flowers, discovering underneath a very fine portrait of Charles I. by Van Dyck. It is supposed that the portrait was thus disguised in order to save it from destruction by the Roundheads at the time of the Commonwealth.—London Standard.

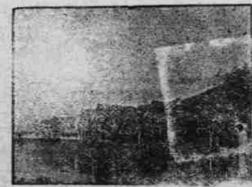
Incontestable. One evening a golfer sat in his grandfather's old armchair, eagerly scanning the news, when his little son came to him and proudly exhibited a brand new "colonel," which he said he had found over at the links. "Are you sure it was a lost ball, Davie?" cautiously inquired the golfing sire. "Lost?" said Davie. "Of course it was lost. I saw the man looking for it."—World of Golf.

A Man of Memory. Sir Thomas Lawrence, who afterward became president of the British Royal academy, was not only one of the greatest of English portrait painters, but was in addition the possessor of a marvelous memory. His father was the landlord of the Bear Inn, Devizes, which was on the coach road to Bath, and by the time "little Tommy" was five years old he would say to the ladies and gentlemen who stopped for their meals at his inn: "Here's my son. Will you have him recite from the poets or take your portraits?" This was no idle boast, for he could do either with equal facility and could roll off reams of Shakespeare, Milton and Pope with wonderful elocutionary effect.

NOT EXPENSIVE

Treatment at Hot Lake, including medical attention, board and baths, costs no more than you would pay to live at any first class hotel. Rooms can be had from 75 cents to \$2.50 per day. Meats in the cafeteria are served from 20 cents up and in the grill at the usual grill prices. Baths range from 50 cents to \$1.00.

We Do Cure Rheumatism



Hot Lake Mineral Baths and mud given under scientific direction have cured thousands. Write for illustrated booklet descriptive of Hot Lake Sanatorium and the methods employed. Hot Lake Sanatorium is accessible as it is located directly on the main line of the O. W. R. & N. railway, and special excursion rates are to be had at all times. Ask agents.

HOT LAKE SANATORIUM HOT LAKE, OREGON. WALTER M. PIERCE, Pres.-Mgr.