THE WEEKLY ENTERPRISE.

VOL. 4. OREGON CITY, OREGON, SATURDAY, JANUARY 22, 1870. NO. 11

THE WEEKLY ENTERPRISE.

A DEMOCRATIC PAPER,

FOR THE

Business Man, the Farmer

And the FAMILY CIRCLE.

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY

AT THE

OFFICE—Corner of FIFTH and Main streets Oregon City, Oregon.

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TERMS of SUBSCRIPTION:

Single Copy one year, in advance,.....$3 00

TERMS of ADVERTISING:

Transient advertisements, including all legal notices, ₱ sq. of 12 lines, 1 w.	$ 2 50
For each subsequent insertion.....	1 00
One Column, one year.....	$120 00
Half " "	60
Quarter " "	40
Business Card, 1 square one year.....	12

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BOOK AND JOB PRINTING.

☞ The Enterprise office is supplied with beautiful, approved styles of type, and modern MACHINE PRESSES, which will enable the Proprietor to do Job Printing at all times

Neat, Quick and Cheap!

☞ Work solicited.

All Business transactions upon a Specie basis.

JOHN MYERS, Financial Agent.

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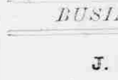

DENTIST.

Permanently Located at Oregon City, Oregon

ROOMS—With Dr. Saffarrans, on Main st.

W. H. WATKINS, M. D.,

SURGEON, PORTLAND, OREGON.

OFFICE—95 Front street—Residence corner of Main and Seventh streets.

ALBERT H. KALIENBERG,

Chemist and Druggist,

No 74 FIRST STREET,

Bet. Stark and Washington.

PORTLAND, OREGON.

☞ Physicians' Prescriptions Carefully prepared, at reduced Prices. A complete assortment of Patent Medicines, Perfumeries, Toilet Articles, Fancy Soaps, etc., on hand and for sale at lowest prices. n6tf

A. H. BELL. E. A. PARKER.

BELL & PARKER.

DRUGGISTS,

AND DEALERS IN

Chemicals, Patent Medicines, Paints, Perfumery, Oils, Varnishes,

And every article kept in a Drug Store. Main Street, Oregon City.

W. F. HIGHFIELD,

Established since 1849, at the old stand,

Main Street, Oregon City, Oregon.

An Assortment of Watches, Jewelry, and Seth Thomas weight Clocks, all of which are warranted to be as represented.

Repairings done on short notice, and thankfu for past favors.

CLARK GREENMAN,

City Drayman,

OREGON CITY.

☞ All orders for the delivery of merchandise or packages and freight of whatever description, to any part of the city, will be executed promptly and with care.

JOHN H. SCHRAM.

Manufacturer and Dealer in

SADDLES, HARNESS, etc., etc.,

Main Street, Oregon City,

☞ Wishes to represent that he is now as well prepared to furnish any article in his line as the largest establishment in the State. He particularly requests that an examination of his stock be made before buying elsewhere.

JOHN F. MILLER,

Successor to J. F. MILLER & Co.,

MANUFACTURER OF AND DEALER IN

Boots and Shoes!

At the Oregon City Boot and Shoe Store, Main street.

THE BEST SELECTION

Of Ladies', Gents', Boys', and Children's Boots and Shoes, on hand or made to order.

CRAM, WILLIS & Co.,

LIVERY, FEED AND SALE

STABLE.

OREGON CITY, OREGON.

—o—

Having recently added to the Livery Stock new Carriages, Buggies and Horses, are now prepared at all times to let the same, at reasonable rates. Horses bought and sold, or kept by the day or week.

IMPERIAL MILLS.

Savier, LaRoque & Co.,

OREGON CITY.

☞ Keep constantly on hand for sale, flour Midlings, Bran and Chicken Feed. Parties purching feed must furnish the sacks.

ISAAC FARR. P. D. MORRISS.

FARR & MORRISS,

BUTCHERS,

FOR OREGON CITY AND VICINITY.

—o—

☞ Will deliver to their patrons all the best qualities of Stall Fed Beef, also Mutton, Pork, Poultry etc., as usual twice a week, on

Tuesdays and Saturdays!

Thankful for past favors of the public would respectfully asks a continuance of the same.

Who Will Care?

Who will care?
When we lay beneath the daisies,
Underneath the churchyard mold,
And the long grasses o'er our faces
Lay their fingers damp and cold;
When we sleep from care and sorrow,
And the ills of earthly life—
Sleep, to know no sad to-morrow,
With the bitterness of strife—
Who will care?

Who will care?
Who will come to weep above us,
Lying, oh! so white and still,
Underneath the skies of summer,
When all nature's pulses thrill
To a new life, glad and tender,
Full of beauty, rich and sweet,
And the world is clad in splendor
That the years shall e'er repeat—
Who will care?

Who will care?
Who will think of white hands lying
On a still and silent breast,
Nevermore to know of sighing,
Evermore to know of rest?
Who will care? No one can tell us,
But if rest and peace befall,
Will it matter if they miss us,
Or they miss us not at all?
Not at all!

STATISTICS OF OREGON.

BY A. J. DUFUR.

NO. 10.

BAKER COUNTY.

This county, lying east of the Cascade mountains, and about 250 miles from Portland, by the usual traveled route, is the extreme south-eastern county in the State. Bounded north by Union county, east by Idaho Territory, south by the State of Nevada, and west by Grant county, it is contained within that region lying between the Cascade and the Rocky mountains; the western portion of which is now known as Eastern Oregon; and of which Gen. Fremont in the official report of his Exploration says: "Approaching the Burnt river country from the east, we now come into a mountainous region, where the soil is good, and in which the face of the country is covered with nutritive grass and dense forests; land embracing many varieties of trees peculiar to the country, and on which the timber exhibits a luxuriance of growth unknown to the eastern part of the continent and to Europe."

"This mountainous region," he continues, "connects itself in the southward and westward with the elevated country belonging to the California or Cascade range, and forms the eastern limit of the fertile and timbered lands along the desert and mountainous region included within the great Utah Basin."

This county offers good inducements for the immigrant or settler wishing to locate in, and develop a new country capable of furnishing thousands of families with the blessings of independent and happy homes. The honest miner, whose industry, perseverance and daring—with pick, pan and shovel, has for so many years sustained the credit of the nation by furnishing to the financial world the base of all their circulating medium—can find remunerative employment in developing the auriferous mountains, canons and gulches of this county for centuries to come. The farmer wishing to locate in a country of mineral wealth, where products of all kinds will command the highest price in gold, will find in the fertile valleys of Baker county the natural elements by which perseverance and industry will in a few short years bring peace and plenty smiling around the doors of a happy home. The herdsman or grazier wishing to engage extensively in stock and cattle raising, can from many a grass crowned summit and detached spur of the Blue mountains, see beautiful plateaux of bunch grass, stretching for scores of miles in a south-westerly direction unoccupied and unclaimed, and capable of pasturing flocks and herds that would put Lot and Abraham of old to the blush, or turning in a north and easterly direction can view the smooth green surface of fertile valleys intersected with bold streams lying seemingly a thousand cubits beneath his feet. This county, although formerly considered a wilderness covered with sage and grease-wood, with here and there a barren desert of alkali, is found to contain numerous small rivers and crecks, with fertile valleys capable of settlement, and plains of grass of almost unlimited extent.

Crooked river rises in the northern part of Nevada and enters Baker county in the extreme south-west corner, runs in a northerly direction near the west line of the county a distance of about twenty miles, when it makes a short turn to the east and continues its course in that direction almost to the east line of the county, a distance of sixty miles, and unites with the east fork of the Owyhee and Jordan creek and forms the Owyhee river. The different meanderings of this river justly entitle it to the name of Crooked river, and with its tributaries furnishes water to numerous small valleys through the entire southern portion of the county. But this part of the county is but little known, being traversed by bands of hostile Indians, and seldom approached except by the hunter and trapper, and the daring miner in search of gold. Owyhee river, formed by the junction of Crooked river and Jordan Creek, in the southern part of the county, runs almost north, parallel with the east line of the county, a distance of 100 miles, and empties into the Snake river.

The Owyhee has numerous fertile valleys and tributaries, but is principally noted for its mineral indications and immense stock range through which it flows. Malheur river rises in the Malheur lake, in the center of Grant county, enters Baker from the west, crosses the entire county from west to east, and enters the Snake river on the eastern boundary of the county, Malheur passing through and watering the entire central portion of the county, has numerous cascades and waterfalls, capable of some day furnishing motive power for all the manufacturing purposes of extensive settlements. Has also extensive valleys of alluvial bottom lands, better adapted to settlement and cultivation than many portions of the Eastern and Middle States.

From the summit of a spur of the Blue mountains that divides these two rivers, the scenery, for beauty and grandeur, can scarcely be surpassed. To the south can be seen the Burnt river valley, above Clark's creek, stretching away in a westerly direction in one unbroken line of verdant beauty, its smooth green surface presenting a strong contrast with the undulating upland, alternating between grass-crowned hills and forests of gigantic pine. Turning to the north the valley of the Powder river lying in full view, far more extensive and equally as beautiful, can scarcely fail to strike the beholder with awe and admiration, and beget the wish for the mechanic, day-laborer and landless poor of the older countries to apply the magic touch of civilization to those rich gifts of nature and convert these extensive wilds into happy homes.

These valleys are well adapted to a system of general farming. Grain of all kinds matures well, and many farms have been opened and permanent settlements established. Fruits, vegetables, butter, cheese, and all kinds of farm productions are raised here and command the highest price at the various mining camps in this county.

The geological formation of this county gives unmistakable evidence of volcanic action, and the soil generally has less of decomposed vegetable and organic matter than that of eastern Oregon.

An analysis made by Fremont and given in his official report, shows the soil of Powder river valley to contain the following component parts:

Silica, 72.50; Alumina, 6.25; Carbonate of Lime, 6.86; Carbonate Magnesia, 4.62; Oxide of Iron, 1.20; Organic Matter, 4.50; Water and Loss, 4.72.

The climate of this county is peculiar to that of eastern Oregon, being hot and dry in summer and cold in winter, the thermometer sometimes indicating 15 deg. below zero in winter, and 105 deg. in summer, but these points are not often reached. Snow falls in the valley, but is of short duration, generally gone in a few days. The ground is free from frost and snow in March, and fit for cultivation, cattle wintering in these valleys with but little extra feed. The altitude and mountain air of this county render it healthy, ague and bilious diseases being almost entirely unknown. The water is pure, soft, and abundant. There are a number of warm springs in this county. Timber is sufficiently distributed through this county to supply all practical purposes and consists of fir, cedar, larch, mountain mahogany and mountain pine. Rich gold and silver quartz leads exist in this county, also rich placer diggings, among which are those at Mormon Basin, Rye Valley, Clark's Creek, Shasta and Auburn; new discoveries are being made every year. Coal, iron, lead and copper, are known to exist in this vicinity, but the precious metals have taken precedence and those have not been developed. It is asserted by good practical miners that the mineral resources of this county are almost inexhaustible, and that mining in this locality is but just in its infancy. This county proper covers an area of 4,600,000 acres of land, with about 5,000 acres under improvement; has a population of 3,700, and an assessed property valuation of $396,326. The stage road from the Dalles to Salt Lake passes through this county, also the old immigrant road from the plains. The stage road is supplied with good teams and coaches, and is kept in good repair for travel. Merchandise and supplies of all kinds are easily obtained from Portland by way of the Columbia river, where the O. S. N. Co. have a daily line of steamers running to all the different locations along the river, conveying freight and passengers in a safe and expeditious manner, at a very reasonable rate. There is a good wagon road established from the Columbia river to Baker county, also to all other points of importance in the eastern part of the State. There are several good lumbering mills in this county, and a flour mill will probably be erected in another year. Stores, merchants, schools, and places for religious worship, with the various professions, are better represented in this county than could be reasonably expected in so recently a settled county as this.

Auburn, the county seat, is a thriving little mining town situated on Powder river, has stores, hotels, machine-shops, post-office, and various kinds of business establishments necessary to supply the wants of the surrounding country. The other towns with stores and post-offices are Baker City, Express Ranch and Farewell Bend.

Be Polite, Boys.

All the boys and girls have read the story of Sir Walter Raleigh, who laid his cloak in the mud for Queen Elizabeth to step upon. The act of gallantry passed into history and is remembered wherever Sir Walter's name is mentioned. But, Sir Walter's act had a little grain of selfishness about it, as he knew that it would "pay," as we say now-a-days; and so it did. Now, I know a little story which never has been known, save to the actors in it, which I think fully equal to that about Sir Walter.

A lady was visiting some friends near Norfolk, Va., and one fine day concluded to walk to the city to make some purchases. It had rained the previous day, and, by and by, she came to a place where a sort of muddy quagmire extended across the road. It was too wide to step or jump across, and she saw no way of reaching the dry ground beyond. While pondering upon the difficulty, up came a bright-eyed, rosy-checked boy; a little bit of a fellow, on his way to school. He comprehended the situation at a glance; and a quick examination also showed him that there was a place where a crossing might be effected if there was something to step upon. In a moment his cap was off, and with a polite bow to the lady, he sprang into the mud, reached out his hand, and said—"Step on my foot, miss; it won't hurt me a bit, and you'll get over dry." The lady hesitated a moment, then took the little hand, sprang across to the dry ground; whither the boy followed and immediately set about cleaning the mud from his shoes.

I presume that a boy bred to be polite and gallant as that boy was soon forgot the affair, but the lady never did. And not long ago she told it to me, and I tell it to you that you may learn a little lesson in politeness, an accomplishment which every boy and girl should possess.

No person ever got stung by hornets who kept away from where they were. It is just so with bad habits.

A negro recently stole the altar chairs from a Columbus, Ohio, Church, but returned them because they didn't match the furniture.

A German astronomer has just written a "pamphlet" of 2,000 pages to prove that we shall shortly have a second moon.

Called Back to Life.

From the Buffalo Express, December 11.

Messner, the Rochester wife-murderer, narrowly escaped hanging yesterday, and, even with the respite, it is altogether probable that he will at no distant time be executed.

About 11 o'clock the Sheriff, with members of the press, and a few friends of the prisoner, went to the cell in which he is confined. He was being dressed for execution by one of the turnkeys of the jail, and as the party entered, was assisting the turnkey to button his vest; his coat was laid across the back of a chair near by, and on the window ledge lay an open book of devotion, printed in German, and a photograph from a picture of the virgin Mary. The unlocking of the door did not appear to attract his attention, but the tramping of many feet caused him to turn around with a quick, spasmodic motion; his eyes were fixed on the floor, and his teeth firm set; he evidently thought they had come to lead him to his death. He held out his hand to the Sheriff without a word, but expressing by his manner that he recognized the duty imposed upon that official. The Sheriff, almost too much affected to speak aloud, whispered in his ear: "A respite has come; a stay of proceedings has been granted." Messner replied with a puzzled look, as though he did not understand, upon which Sheriff Sutherland said to him, "You still live. You will not be hanged to-day." Like an electric flash the looks, manner and bearing of the man changed; the firm set teeth relaxed; the eye, schooled to hardiness, betrayed his emotions, and the blood receded from his cheeks. His whole system seemed to droop; and slowly turning away, he dropped into a chair, with his back to the bystanders. Presently he roused himself, and, while shaking hands with the people surrounding him with congratulations, he said that he did not expect the respite; that he was prepared to die; and that he was even anxious, for in two or three months, if it was decided that he must be hanged, he might not be so ready. When Ripson, the lawyer who had fought the case through, came forward to shake hands with his client, the tears came to his eyes, his voice faltered, and he could not control himself to introduce Proctor and Chesbro, who had been with him to secure the writ. There were few in that cell who could control their feelings, for solemn thoughts will come as one stands in the presence of a man around whom the black pall of death has been folding, and whose life had only been saved by a few, a very few, minutes. After some conversation in German with one or two of the people present, he was left alone with the Rev. Mr. Bayer, his spiritual adviser.

DESCRIPTION OF A QUADRILLE.—It is described "thusly" by a young man who tried it:

"We both bowed to both of us, and t'other; then the fiddle tuned and the thing started. I grabbed her female hand; she squeezed mine, both slung each other, then changed base clear across the room, jumped up and down ever so many times, then my dear and me doseed-a-doe—scotched home again, (from a foreign shore;) then we two forwarded; four ladies change, we X over, backed over, turned around twice, shassayed sideways; I backed to place, she dittoed, side couples shuffle to the left, side couples turn gentlemen, side couples turn ladies, ladies turn side couples, head couples turn side couples, all hand around back again. First feller takes opposite gal, slings her around, take your own gal and t'other feller's gal forward and back, twist both gals two times, sling 'em to opposite feller, let him do the same as you and back again to the places; light gentleman to heavy lady, heavy lady duplicate, promenade, all gals to the center, fellers catch hold of each other's hands, bob up and down, arm over ladies, slop up and down, each feller takes his gal back to place. Right gentleman spin right lady, right lady spin left gentleman, all twist each other, do it again, over, repeat, once more, keep it up, all turn to t'other backwards, sideways, each couple swing t'other couple, cross over, back again to our seats."

Miss Harris, who shot the fickle Burroughs, has been transferred from the Insane Asylum to the Philadelphia Post Office, to the infinite terror of the male clerks in that establishment.

How to Make Village Loafers.

No parents probably suffer more than village parents over their great, stout, hearty boy, whose habitual round of idleness and dissipation is no less methodical than the work of a merchant prince or a city editor. He has his regular morning resort and his evening resort. He smokes here, drinks there, drops into the peanut shop and that other shop, no matter whose, for a vulgar story or the village gossip, with all the certainty of a letter carrier. He is punctual at dinner, punctually late at breakfast, punctually out till midnight. He is a vulgar gormandizer at the table, an idle lout about the house. He mortifies his sister, is a perpetual anxiety to his mother, who derives no comfort from him, and a trouble to his father, who gets no work from him, cannot keep him at school, and sees no prospect of making anything of him.

The blame for a loafing boy, who is anywhere more at home than in his own house, belongs in a great measure to his parents. Young people must have amusement; without it they can neither work nor study. Neither, when night comes after a hard day's work at books or at a trade, or behind a counter, can they sit down at home like quiet old men until bedtime. "Young America" must have vent. It must dance and laugh, crack jokes and make love. It has no idea of giving up the solid pleasures of sentiment and fiction, of amusement and recreation, while fresh blood courses in its veins. But parents appear to overlook this necessity of youth. If they have a fault, it is not understanding the fact that amusement stimulates a healthy mental activity, and that an abundance of new pleasure creates for young people a love and attachment for their homes, which no amount of parental preaching about staying at home and going away to spend the evenings, will ever succeed in bringing about. In village homes there is too much hard work and too little play; too little evening society; too little hospitality; too little provision for the entertainment of boys and girls. The parlor is hardly once warmed for the long winter, the tables never spread for a young company; the companions of the children are not made free to run in and spend the evening with games and music; there are no parties at seasonable hours, in the presence of parents and grandparents—a presence so sacred that it should regulate times, manners and habits.

Now, amusement young people will find out and have. Unless they can have amusements of innocent and child-like nature at their homes, they will have them elsewhere. They will go to disreputable places, mingle with exceptional company, carry their amusements to excess, and contract along with them vicious and degrading habits. Give the girls liberty to invite in their companions once a week, to spend an evening in singing and games. Let the boys have the same privilege. Smile upon them. Don't let them feel that you have a kind of holy horror of these things, but encourage them by providing a little entertainment. It will disturb the house, make work, be tiresome, perhaps, and add a trifle of expense. But which had you rather have, the noise and trouble of a party once a week, or night after night anxiety and watching and waiting for your boys to come home from the saloons and shops?

A few days ago, a very starchily dressed individual called at an out-of-the-way shop on Howard street, New Orleans, over which swung the sign of "Dr. Jiffries." "Is the Doctor in?" he inquired of a dilapidated darkey who answered his summons. "He am dat, sar," was the smiling rejoinder. "Tell him I think I have symptoms of small pox, and wish to consult him." The whites of the darkey's eyes grew intense, and his dusky complexion assumed a creamy hue. "Golly, boss, what you say?" "Tell the Doctor I'm sick with the small pox, and wish to see him." The astonished African gave a wild leap, and darting through an inner door, slamming it in the visitor's face, cried out: "Leave dis yer house; I don't want no small pox!" "But the Doctor?" "Golly, boss, I'se de Doctor, but I ain't good at small pox."

Cigar stumps, collected from hotel floors, are manufactured into fancy brands of smoking tobacco.

How Mrs. G---. Got Well.

Tom Gordon's wife was a victim to imaginary ailments. Dr. Valentine, her physician, understands her whims and oddities so well, that he humors her in every caprice If she imagines rheumatism is her complaint, he agrees with her, and prescribes some harmless potion. If she thinks her appetite decreasing, some bread pills keep her in good spirits until the fancied symptoms of some other disease induce her to send again for him. About three months ago she complained of a pain in her side, and as usual, the doctor was summoned. After prescribing three or four bottles of different harmless compounds, he said:

"All you want, to assist medicine in effecting a cure, is a little rousing. Although your ailment is serious it is not dangerous. Just assume a little energy, and you will recover. Remember; rouse yourself."

After the Doctor had retired, the patient fancied that at last some serious disease was beginning to manifest itself, and like a fool, she went to bed in dispair.

Tom understood the case thoroughly, from long experience, and said to himself: "She wants a rousing, does she? Well, I'll give her a surprise that 'll startle 'er!" and a bright idea ran through his head.

Mrs. Hake, an attractive young widow, was engaged to act in the capacity of nurse to Mrs. G., and Tom thought her attractive qualities might be made available in giving the patient the necessary rousing.

A short consultation with the beautiful young widow, resulted in the arrangement of a plan, the execution of which was to influence Mrs. G. to ever after throw physic to the dogs.

Late the next evening Tom called Mrs Hake aside, and said to her—loud enough to be heard by the invalid: "Poor Fanny; she is sure to die at last, and you and I may begin to arrange for our marriage."

"'T will be a relief to her," continued Tom. "I, too, have suffered as well as she, but with you, the picture of health, my happiness will be complete."

The widow threw herself upon Tom's shoulders, her arm about his neck, and began to chew his vest in mouthfuls, to smother her laughter.

"How soon shall we get married after she is dead?" asked Tom.

"I suppose you will be willing to wait a week or two?" simpered Mrs. Hake, as she took another mouthful of vest.

The invalid uttered an exclamation and landed on the floor.

"You think I'm going to die, do you!" she exclaimed. "I'll live! to spite you both!" "As for you!" she continued, turning and grasping Mrs. Hake by the hair; "out of my house, you designing vixen! I will act as my own nurse hereafter."

From that day to this, Mrs. G. has enjoyed perfect health.

THE POWER OF MUSIC.—The effect of music on the senses was oddly and wonderfully verified during the mourning for the duke of Cumberland, uncle of George the Third. A tailor had an order for a great number of black suits, which were to be finished in a very short space of time. Among his workmen was a fellow who was always singing "Blue Britannia," and the rest of the journeymen joined in the chorus. The tailor made his observations, and found that the slow time of the tune retarded the work; in consequence, he engaged a blind fiddler, and, placing him near the workshop, made him play constantly the lively tune of "Nancy Dawson." The design had the desired effect; the tailors' elbows moved obedient to the melody, and the clothes were sent home within the prescribed period.

The maidens of Chicago have learned a trick or two from the married women as to the power of the courts. One of them kept her betrothed on his good behavior by threats of a suit for breach of promise. If he was absent from her for two days there came a note:

"DARLING:—If I do not see you in two hours I shall commence the suit. Thy adoring MARION."

Naturally he went. If she wished to go to a concert, and he did not profess a willingness to escort her, there came a note:

"MY OWN THORNLEY:—The papers are in the hands of a lawyer. Faithfully yours."