

Oregon City Enterprise.

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NO. 22.

THE ENTERPRISE.

A LOCAL DEMOCRATIC NEWSPAPER FOR THE

FARMER, BUSINESS MAN, & Family Circle.

ISSUED EVERY FRIDAY.

A. NOLTNER, EDITOR AND PUBLISHER.

OFFICIAL PAPER FOR CLACKAMAS CO.

OFFICE—In Dr. Thessing's brick, next door to John Myers' store, up-stairs.

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Office Up-stairs in Charman's brick, Main Street.

W. H. WATKINS, M. D., Surgeon.

Portland, Oregon.

Office—Old Fellow's Temple, corner First and Alder streets, residence corner of Main and Seventh streets.

Dr. Welch & Thompson, DENTISTS, OFFICE IN ODD FELLOWS' TEMPLE.

Portland, Oregon.

Will be in Oregon City on Saturdays, Nov. 3 & 10.

Chas. E. Warren, HUELAT & WARREN, Attorneys-at-Law, Oregon City, Oregon.

Office—Charman's brick, Main St., 304-312-2-14.

Johnson & McCown, ATTORNEYS AND COUNSELORS AT-LAW, Oregon City, Oregon.

Will practice in all the Courts of the State. Special attention given to cases in the U. S. Land Office, Oregon City, Sept 1873-4.

L. T. BARIN, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, OREGON CITY, OREGON.

Office—Over Pope's Tin Store, Main Street, 21mar73-4.

J. T. APPERSON, OFFICE IN POSTOFFICE BUILDING.

BROKER.

Legal Tenders, Clackamas County Orders, and Oregon City Orders BOUGHT AND SOLD.

NOTARY PUBLIC.

Loans negotiated, Collections attended to, and a General Brokerage business carried on. Jan 6.

A. NOLTNER, NOTARY PUBLIC, ENTERPRISE OFFICE, OREGON CITY.

W. H. HIGHFIELD, Established since '49, 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, and repaired on short notice, and at a reasonable price.

A. G. WALLING'S, PIONEER BOOK BINDERY, Pittcock's Building Corner of Stark and Front Streets.

Portland, Oregon.

Blank books ruled and bound to any desired pattern. Music books, Magazines, Newspapers, etc., bound in every variety of style known to the trade. Orders from the country promptly attended to.

OREGON CITY BREWERY.

Henry Humbel, HAVING PURCHASED the above Brewery wishes to inform the public that he is now prepared to manufacture a No. 1 quality of LAGER BEER.

As good as can be obtained anywhere in the State. Orders solicited and promptly filled.

NEW YORK HOTEL, (Deutsches Gasthaus), No. 17 Front Street, Opposite the Mall Steamship Landing, PORTLAND, OREGON.

H. ROTHFOS, J. J. WILKENS, Proprietors.

Board & Week.....\$5.00

Board & Week with Lodging..... 6.00

Board & Day..... 1.00

My Game at Chess.

Oh, yes! I understand you, now, you ask me why, John, that cloud upon my brow? That brightness fled and gone.

Ah, well! to you I'll unfold the mystery that darkly grew O'er my mind so long and wild— Yields to friendship true.

It's just three weeks and a day, that has passed silently by since I met a lady fair and gay? No, the old man and I!

And as acquaintance slowly advanced in tones blandly and tame, He counselled me to take a chance At that old, old game.

And the game I anxiously began, And gazed upon my victim With the careless expression of one That is sure to win.

I paraded my castles and horses fine With pawns here and there be-tween, And with bishop solemn and divine, I sought to capture his queen.

But alas! for anticipation bright, In some dark mystery's way, He quickly put my horses to flight; And my castles lost in the fray.

A few more efforts, strong and wild, My loss over to regain; My bishop and his pawns mild, Were numbered with the slain.

Then my mind trembled to and fro, And filled my soul with regret To hear that low, painful echo Of "dat-ist chee!" —GREASEWOOD.

A Wronged and Deceived Wife—The Art of writing Love-Letters.

A tired husband went home from his work last night, and taking off his coat, requested his wife to mend a rent in the sleeve, then sank upon a sofa behind the evening paper.

Wife-like she divined the paper. From the inside pocket she drew forth a letter, directed, in delicate cigraphy, to her husband. With darkened brow, she took the suspicious looking missive from the envelope, and without noticing the date, began to read:

"DEAR GEORGE—I am lonely, oh, so lonely, since you left me last Thursday night."

"Ah, ha! that was lodge night he told me," said she now thoroughly interested woman, as she glanced viciously at her husband, who appeared to be just falling asleep.

"Oh, how can you sleep with the weight of this deep sin upon you? But I'll see that more the brazen sword, which it kills me."

With one hand pressed to her throbbing heart she read on:

"I know I am foolish, darling, but when you are away there seems to be a barrier between us and all that is bright and lovely. The sun does not shine half so bright; the moon is but a white spot in the sky, and the stars stare coldly down when you are not with me, lord of my life and heart."

"What is it for this? was it for this?" moaned the unhappy wife.

"Fortune speed the day when we may be united in those indissoluble bonds that are sacred in the eyes of Heaven and earth."

"What matters! Does he or she consider that his vows made to me are not sacred? What are they going to do with me, anyway, I wonder? Poison, perhaps. Oh, false, false, perfidious man, oh, wicked, hell-hound, designing wretch! Still the suffering woman read the letter, though each word burned to ashes a thousand hopes and joys; when we need no more meet clandestine, and tremble in each others' embrace."

"I'd make you tremble, if I had you in my embrace a minute!" when my head may be pillowed in safety upon your breast—

"The fiendish!" "and your arms twine in loving pressure around me—"

"Fufies!" "and our lips smother the tender words that would escape between them."

"Oh, the siren she devil!" hissed the woman as she tried to keep down the boiling rage within her. She crushed the letter in her hands, then threw it upon the floor and sprang upon it with her heels, as though it were a snake, and ground it into the carpet. Then with clenched hands and compressed lips, she strode rapidly back and forth across the room, ever and anon making a noise as if to spring a fury upon her husband who with a paper over his face was apparently sound asleep dreaming perhaps, of the wicked temptress that had come between him and his fond wife. Presently a reaction took place and the wretched woman sank into a chair and found relief in that blessed panacea for female ills—a flood of tears.

Grown calmer after awhile, she picked up the crumpled letter, smoothed out the creases and with an air of mingled despair and resignation looked for the signature.

"Your ever loving and devoted, but poor apprehensive—"

"What's this! Eli—flut—tering birdie! Ah, why, bless me! this is one of my own letters to George. What a fool I—"

A sound from the sofa, first like escaping steam and then like a car rattling over the stony street assured her that her ridiculous actions had been witnessed by her husband.

Burning with shame, the foolish woman flew into her room and locked herself in, and she is almost as miserable now as when she felt that she was a wronged and deceived wife.

Selection of Candidates.

From the Salem Mercury.

On Wednesday last past, the selection of candidates for State officers was made by the Democracy at Albany. Those who were nominated received that honor because they came up to that standard of efficiency and honesty which is now, as it ought to be, more rigidly exacted by the people than ever heretofore.

The work of reform as efficiently in the ranks of his party, as in a separate organization. And in the Convention just held the scrutiny into the character of the candidates was as searching, and the selection as careful, as any professional reform party could have desired, and much more so than is likely to be initiated. Although it is true that local circumstances sometimes go far to justify a departure from party ties, even as events sometimes palliate the adoption of such law, other means having failed, yet for one successful reform thus achieved, a dozen have been accomplished by the reforming element working within and purifying the party. Every honest Democrat who breaks ranks not only numerically weakens the party by his defection, but lowers its moral tone by the abstraction of his influence for good. One half of the activity displayed at the proper time by the members of our party within its organization, which is shown in getting up divisive parties which, meaning well and honestly enough, perhaps, at their inception, almost invariably collapse in failure to defeat every dishonest scheme, displace every unprincipled leader, rectify each inconsiderate step, and keep the party on the highest plane of morality and efficiency. The errors and crimes of unworthy individual Democrats have been punished most certainly by the Democracy. Tweed was brought to justice by the organizer Democracy of New York. No hope exists of reform from the multitude who control these so-called independent movements. The honest men in them are outnumbered and outgeneraled by those who like the crowd that flocked to David in the cave of Adullam, join them because they have no where else to go, and are equally bankrupt in moral and political character.

Reward for a Life and Cruel Death.

Under the above head the San Francisco *Alert* truthfully says:

"Congress has performed an act which is but a sad commentary upon the value of patriotism and fidelity to orders and duty, as viewed by the eyes of Members of Congress. There was a man in the Army of the United States who had served his country well and faithfully through many a year's campaigning, through wars of civil and foreign wars, who had never failed in the performance of duty, never turned back from the front of war, nor from the face of an enemy. He had grown old in the service. He was and always had been a true soldier, a true patriot, a true man, and he had no trading politician, no speculator in land, or scrip, or mines, but had contrived to live on the small salary received through years of service in an inferior grade, and had served by merit alone to the position of Brigadier General. He was sent to make peace with the Modoc Indians. He was named with a peace Commission to try and negotiate a peace with them. He knew his danger, but also knew his duty, and like a true soldier, whose years of youth and manhood had been given to his country, he would not fail her in his old age, although he well knew the danger of the mission on which he entered. He attempted to do it, and sealed the service with his blood. He had accumulated no fortune. His pay was all the fortune he possessed. On that he lived and supported a wife, to whom he was tenderly attached. But when the bullet of the murdering savage crashed through his brain that salary ceased, and she, whom he had left at the command of his country, was destitute, her husband slain, while performing a duty, fulfilling an order which never should have been imposed upon him, because it was not legitimately a part of a soldier's duty. And now, widowed and poor, some friend on her behalf asks Congress, in consideration of her wants, and her late husband's faithful services, to grant her some allowance in consideration of her necessities and his unselfish and gallant services. And that body, which votes millions for this, that, and everything, which is ready to squander any amount of millions upon Indian Agents and contractors of all kinds, votes an insignificant pittance of fifty dollars a month, only, to the needy widow of the gallant, generous, brave and unselfish General Canby! We do not remember ever to have felt more ashamed on any occasion, than when reading the telegram announcing this most ignominious and unworthy specimen of parsimony."

AN APPEAL.—O, woman! in our hours of ease, you know we'll do whatever you please. We'll promise to renounce the sin, and go so far as to refrain (except when tempted) from champagne; but have some mercy, do, my dear, and leave, oh leave us lager-beer.

A California paper says: "Inefficient fish-hallers around mill-dams, filling the river with saw dust, using seines and grab-hooks, etc., are bad enough, but grab powder, as a medium for fish murder, must not be tolerated. All such offenders must be prosecuted."

—An He Played on a Harp of a Thousand Strings.

A curious sermon of a hard-shell minister, which appeared in the *Register*, dated July, 1859, at a town not far from Brandon:

"I may say to you, my brethren, that I am not an educated man, an I am not one of them as believes that education is necessary for a Gospel minister, for I believe the Lord edifies his preachers just as he will send it to be educated; an, although I say it that oughtn't to say it, yet in the State of Injanny, whar I live, there's no man get's a bigger congregation nor what I soms."

"Then may I come here to-day, my brethren, an I don't know your persuasion I am uv. Well, I may say to you, my brethren, that I'm a hard-shell Baptist, but I'd rather heva hard-shell as no shell at all. You see me here to-day, my brethren, dressed up in fine clothes; you must think I was proud. But I am not proud, my brethren; and although I've been a preacher uv the Gospel fur twenty year, an' although I'm the captin uv that flatboat that lays at your landing, I'm not proud, my brethren."

"I'm a gwine to tell you ezactly whar my text may be found; suffice it to say it's in the led's of the Bible, and you'll find it somewhere 'tween the first chapter of the book of Generations and the last chapter of the Book of Revelations; an' if you'll go an' search the Scriptures, you'll not only find my text, but a great many other texts as will do you good to read; an' my text, when you shall find it, you shall find it to read thus:

"An' he played on a harp uv a thousand strings—spirits uv just men made perfect."

"My text, brethren, leads me to speak with spirit. Now, there's a great many kinds of spirits in the world. In the first place, there's the spirits as some folks call ghosts, an' then there's the spirits of turpentine, and then there's the spirits as some folks call liquor—and I've got as good an article as ever was felled down the Mississippi river; but the text says: 'He played on a harp of a thousand strings, spirits uv just men made perfect.'"

"But I'll tell you the kind uv spirits as I mean in the text, my brethren. It's fire. That's the kind of spirits as is ment in the text, my brethren. Now, there's a grate many kinds of fire in this world. In the first place, there's the common sort of fire, that's ment in the text, an' then there's the fire, fire before you are red-dy, and fall back and fire, and many other kinds of fire; fur the text says,

"An' he played on a harp uv a thousand strings, spirits uv just men made perfect."

"But I'll tell you the kind uv fire as is ment in the text, my brethren. It's hell-fire! An' that's the kind uv fire a grate many uv you will come to in the world, an' that's the kind uv fire you've been a doin; fur 'he played on a harp uv a thousand strings—spirits uv just men made perfect.'"

"Now the different sorts of fire in the world may be likened unto the different professions of Christianty in the world. In the first place, we hev the Piskipolians; and they are a high sailin' and a bifalutin set; and they may be likened unto a turkey-buzzard, that flies up into the air, an' he goes up an' up, until he looks no more like a turkey-buzzard, but like a eagle; an' that's the kind uv fire you've been a doin; fur 'he played on a harp uv a thousand strings, spirits uv just men made perfect.'"

"An' then, there's the Methodists; and they may be likened unto the squirrel running up into the tree; for the Methodists believe in gwine from one degree of grace to another, and finally to perfection, and the squirrel goes up, and up, and up, and he jumps from lim to lim, and branch to branch, and the last thing you know he falls, and down he comes ke-tumax; and that's like the Methodists, for they always is fallin' from grace; an' that's the kind uv fire you've been a doin; fur 'he played on a harp uv a thousand strings, spirits uv just men made perfect.'"

"And then, my brethren, there's the Baptists—ah,—an' they hev been likened unto a possum in a tree, and the thunders may roll, and the earth may quake, but that possum clings that still! Ah, An' you may shake one foot loose, an' he laps his tail round the lim' and he clings forever; fur 'he played on a harp uv a thousand strings, spirits uv just men made perfect.'"

A FREIGHT AND FARE BILL IN IOWA. Both Houses of the Iowa Legislature have passed the railroad bill, which originated in the Senate. It divides the roads of the State into four classes, and acts directly, without the intervention of a board of Commissioners, as in Illinois, the rates that may be charged in each class for freight and passengers. These rates are three cents, three and one-half, and four cents, respectively, for passengers. A fund of \$10,000 is placed in the Governor's hands to defray the expenses of prosecuting railroads that infringe on the law. When damages are sustained by any one, he may receive five times their amount. The rates for freight are fixed at a low point, but the exact figures are not stated.

In San Francisco there are fifteen Masonic Lodges, with a membership of 2,125.

A San Diego, Cal., paper speaks of there being camellias in bloom in the open air in that city, and announces that it is a sight.

The Tariff Question.

An exchange truthfully says that at present the agricultural districts of the United States, and notably in the Western States, there is a loud outcry against the railroad companies for their high charges for carrying produce to market. It is just. Owing to the high freights charged, farmers reap little or no profits from their crops. Freights should be reduced so that the receipts would barely cover the cost of operating the roads, keep them in repair, and pay a moderate interest on the actual cost of their construction. Anything beyond this is a robbery of the producers. But while the farmers are demanding, and justly too, a reduction in the rate of freights, by which the price of every thing they eat and wear, and all their implements of husbandry—their wagons, their plows, their harrows, their cultivators, their mowers, their reapers, and their every implement or tool of whatever kind—is increased from twenty to one hundred per cent, shall be repeated. Even the cost of railroads is much in excess of what it would be if it were not for our robbing tariff, levied to add to the already plethoric wealth of the Farmers' Loan and Trust. Liable by them as the 'Iron Masters' of the whole country. In consequence of the tariff it costs the farmer at least 25 per cent. more to produce his crop, than it otherwise would; in consequence of the tariff, the farmer pays 25 per cent. more than they otherwise would. If the companies, therefore, wished to carry freight as low as possible, they would be compelled to charge 25 per cent. higher than they do now. If the tariff had not been added to the cost of their roads, this does high protective tariff, add 25 per cent. to the cost of producing a crop by the farmer, and 25 per cent. to the cost of moving it to market.

But it does not add one farthing to the amount he receives for it, for this is determined by the market in which he sells. What the farmer will receive for his wheat for example, is not determined by what it has cost him to raise it, and carry it to Liverpool, but what it will bring in Liverpool. The quotations of the Liverpool Grain Exchange determine the price of wheat throughout the United States, no matter what its production and transportation may cost. Let that tariff be taken off, while they abate not one jot nor tittle of their demands for low freights, demand also the abolition of the robbing protective tariff, that they may produce crops at light cost, as well as send them to market on low freights.

AN OLD-FASHIONED MOTHER AND A REFORMED BOY.—Some time ago a Mrs. Buckley, who lives over in Ferris county, Mich., directed her son Samuel, a lad of fourteen years, to take a turn at the churn. Now, as Samuel had set his heart on going a fishing at that very time, he got his back up, and flatly refused to agitate the cream of the milk. His mother promptly taken out of his spine by a shipper, and with tears in his eyes, he went on duty with the dasher. In about half-an hour, and during the brief absence of his mother, his eyes fell upon a plate of fly-poison, and a bright and thought struck him. Just before Mrs. Buckley came back, Samuel lifted the fatal plate to his lips, and just as she entered he exclaimed: "There, mother, I guess you won't lick me any more."

Now, what did this Spartan mother say? Why, she simply took Samuel by the nape of the neck, lifted him deftly into the pantry, beat the whites of six eggs together and told him to engulf the same instantaneously. He refused, and Samuel had to swallow the dose. Then his mother began preparing a mustard emetic. Seeing this the boy commenced begging, crying out, "I was only trying to keep you. But the mother would not be softened, and Samuel had to swallow a dose of pain-killer, had his back rubbed with the Vigor of Life and his stomach with the Oil of Gladness. At this stage he vomited up everything but his stockings. He was then made to take a dose of castor oil and seven of Ayer's pills. If you want to see a mad boy, just say 'fly-poison' to Sam Buckley."

"Buy me out, and I'll quit the business," is what some of the sagacious word the *Corier-Journal* has waited three weeks for the Boston *Post* to coin—say to the temperance women. But the women sell enough, for they are old enough to know, at any rate, every body else is—that if they were to abolish every drinking saloon and down every saloon-keeper in the United States to-day, and then abandon the movement, not one-tenth of the establishments would be left standing. It is again before to-morrow evening—*Examiner*.

According to the report of the Postmaster-General 392 persons were arrested during the past year for various offenses against postal laws and regulations. Of these, 93 have been convicted; 198 are awaiting trial, and 95 were discharged for want of proof. The number of missing letters during the year was 6,186, of which 3380 were registered. About \$500,000 was lost in these letters. These figures show that very nearly two registered letters were lost to one unregistered letter.

Dangers of a Rum Reaction.

The San Francisco *Examiner* has the following sensible article on the present praying excitement in the East, which meets our hearty endorsement. It says:

"We believe in using every legal means to resist the domination of rum. We are an earnest advocate of the sacred cause of temperance, not only in the use of alcoholic liquors, vinous stimulants, and all manner of intoxicating beverages, but also, in the use of tobacco, and every other article consumed by man that tends to debilitate his body, enfeeble his intellect, debase his moral sense, dull all his God-given faculties, and finally and forever ruin his immortal soul. Such being our sentiments, it is plain that we must sympathize with the cause of the woman's war on whiskey, but we do not approve of its policy, expediency, or wisdom, nor have we faith in its accomplishing any lasting reform. We believe in moral suasion. We believe in making a powerful appeal to the heads and hearts of rum sellers who retail their stock to the friends of their fellow man. But when bands of women combine to force the dealers in liquor to close their establishments, to their pecuniary detriment, we are tempted to ask of our women friends: Will the cause of temperance in the end not be weaker than before? As we see it, all these movements of the ladies of Ohio are unmistakably illegal, and would not stand a moment in a court of law. We do not believe in this method. Let the women appeal to the Legislatures of their States for laws which will promote the ends they are laboring for, and then let these laws be carried out. If, however, the statute-book does not forbid the retailing of intoxicating drinks, if in selling this sort of beverage the dealer is breaking no law, we fear a reaction will set in, and the return wave of public opinion will swamp the reformers, because of the injudicious method of inaugurating their reform."

A FEARFUL REVELATION.—From 1840 to 1850 the average annual expenditure on account of Indian Affairs, was \$1,373,643; from 1850 to 1866 it averaged \$3,221,754 annually; for the single year of 1873, under the present corrupt and extravagant Administration, it was \$7,951,705, or nearly eight millions in round numbers. The Indians are rapidly disappearing, but it seems the fewer there are the more it costs to provide for them. It is appalling to think what appropriations would be required for their support, supposing the disbursements on Indian Affairs to be continued through the hands of such officials as Secretary Delano and Commissioner Smith, if Indians in the far West should become scarce as they now are in tribes. The Indians are rapidly disappearing, but it seems the fewer there are the more it costs to provide for them. 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