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SOCIETY NOTICES.

OREGON LODGE NO. 3, I. O. O. F.

Meets every Thursday evening at 7 o'clock, in the Odd Fellows' Hall, Main street. Members of the Order are invited to attend. By order, N. G.

REBECCA DEGREE LODGE NO. 2, I. O. O. F.

Meets on the second and fourth Tuesday evenings each month, at 7 o'clock, in the Odd Fellows' Hall. Members of the Degree are invited to attend.

MULTIPLUM LODGE NO. 1, A. F. & A. M.

Holds its regular communications on the first and third Saturdays in each month, at 7 o'clock, in the Odd Fellows' Hall. Members of the Order are invited to attend.

FAIRBANKS LODGE NO. 1, I. O. O. F.

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J. W. NORRIS, M. D., PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON, OREGON CITY, OREGON.

Office—Up stairs in Charming's brick, Main street.

W. H. WATKINS, M. D., SURGEON.

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

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Office—Charman's brick, Main street, 2nd floor.

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Office—Charman's brick, Main street, 2nd floor.

JOHNSON & McCOWN, ATTORNEYS AND COUNSELORS AT-LAW, Oregon City, Oregon.

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ICE-CREAM SALOON AND RESTAURANT! LOUIS SAAL, Proprietor.

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ICE CREAM WILL BE SERVED FROM 10 o'clock in the day during the summer season. The best qualities of FRENCH AND AMERICAN CANDIES, for sale in quantities to suit.

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NOTARY PUBLIC. Loans negotiated, Collections attended to, and a general brokerage business carried on.

JOHN M. BACON, IMPORTER AND DEALER in Books, Stationery, Perfumery, etc., etc.

Oregon City, Oregon.

At Charman & Warner's old stand, lately occupied by S. Ackman, Main st.

HOMAGE.

White daisies on the meadow green
Present thy beautiful form to me;
Peaceful and joyful these are seen
I watch them where they dance and
And love them for their beauty's
And love them for their beauty's
And love them for their beauty's

Red roses of the woodland brook
Remember me thy lovely face;
So blushing and so fresh its look,
So wild and shy its radiant grace,
I kiss them in their coy retreat,
And think of lips more soft and sweet.

Gold arrows of the merry morn
Shot swiftly over the eastern seas,
Gild tassels of the leading corn
That ripple in the August breeze.
Thy wilder smile, thy glorious hair,
And all thy power and state declare.

White, red and gold—the awful crown
Of virtue and of beauty too!
From what a height those eyes look
On him who proudly dares to sue,
Yet, free from self as God from sin,
His love that loves not asks to win.

Let me but love thee in the flower,
The waving grass, the dancing wave,
The fragrant incense of the clover,
The violet on the nameless grave,
Sweet strains by night, sweet thoughts
And time shall tire thee love decay.

Let me but love thee in the glow
When morning on the ocean shines,
Or in the mighty winds that blow,
Snow-fading through the mountain
In all that's fair, or grand or dread—
And all shall die ere love be dead.

How to Make the Mischief.

Keep your eye on your neighbors.
Take care of them. Do not let them
stare without watching. They may
do something wrong if you do. To
be sure, you never knew them to do
anything very bad, but it might be
on your account that they have not.
Perhaps if it had not been for your
kind care they might have disgraced
themselves a long time ago. There-
fore, do not make an effort to keep
them where they ought to be. Never
mind your own business—that will
take care of itself. There is a man
passing along—he is looking over
the fence—he is suspicious of him;
perhaps he contemplates stealing
some dark night, there is no know-
ing what queer fancies he may have
got in his head.

If there is any symptoms of any
one passing out of the path of duty,
tell every one else that you see, and
be particular to see a great many. It
is a good way to circulate such things,
it may not benefit yourself or any
one else particularly. Do keep some-
thing going—silence is a dreadful
thing; though it is said there was
silence in Heaven for the space of
half an hour, after such a silence,
it would be too much for the
mundane sphere.

If, after all your watchful care,
you cannot see anything out of the
way in any one, you may be sure it
is not because they have not done
anything bad, just in an innocent
way, but that they have lost sight of them—
throw out hints that they are no bet-
ter than they should be, that you
should not wonder if the people
found out what they were, after a
while, then they would not hold their
heads high. Keep it going, and some-
may take the hint, and begin to help
you along after a while, and there
will be music, and everything will
work to a charm.—Ed.

Charming is that faculty of the
human mind which enables us to
drop into poetry like Mr. Weese typ-
ing on our occasions, no matter how prosaic,
which throws a soft light of ro-
mance around bread and cheese, and
irradiates the commonplace soul with
beauty! Such is the faculty possessed
by a noble poet of Chicago, who
was recently informed that Madam
Wilson had thoughtfully built a shelter
for her cows on her land at Peoria.
Mindful of the catastrophe which led
to the destruction of his native city,
he immediately burst into this
will and beautiful frenzy of verse:
Christine, Christine, thy milking
In the morn and eve between, and not
by the dim, religious light of the fit-
ful kerosene. For the cow may
plunge, and the lamp explode, and
the fire find ride the gale, and
strike the knell of the burning town
in the flow of the molten pall!

The old question, "Does lager
intoxicate?" came before a court in
Dayton, Ohio, a day or two ago. A
German testified: "If you drink five
or six glasses of lager in a little
while you feel more pleasant as if you
drink five or six glasses of water in
the same time, and if you drink five
or six glasses of water in a little
while you will feel more disappointed
as if you drink five or six glasses of
lager in the same time." The jury
were out four hours and stood seven
times.

ASTONISHED.—A young lady who
came to a Broadway mill store, and
asked the young man in attendance,
"Have you 'Happy Dreams?'" was
astonished when he replied, "No
man; I am mostly troubled with
the nightmare." He didn't know
why she went out so hurriedly and
slammed the store-door after her.

"Henry" said one Quaker to an-
other, "thou know I never call any-
body names; but, Henry, if the gov-
ernor of the State should come to me
and say, 'Joshua, I want thee to
find me the biggest liar in the State
of New York.' I would come to thee
and say, 'Henry, the governor wants
to see thee particularly.'"

AN ECTIPSE.—The Virginia Crow-
ler marks that the following
epithil will some day adorn a tomb-
stone not a thousand miles away:
Here lies old thirty-five per cent;
The more he made the more he lent;
The more he got the more he craved;
The more he made the more he shaved;
Great God! can such a soul be saved?

DR. FOSTER'S FEE.

A Story of the Late Southern Epi-
demie.

BY MRS. EMILY R. SWANDER.

From the St. Louis Republican.

"Well?"

Dr. Foster's sister was not given
to expletives, and the significant "well"
saved breath, and answered the pur-
pose of a dozen questions.

The doctor showed his apprecia-
tion by a prompt response, but ab-
breviated in the same degree.

"Spasms?"

Miss Foster gazed at her brother
with comprehensive scrutiny, and
with the wisdom for which women
are remarkable, she silently awaited
the volubility consequent upon this
course.

She brought him his slippers—
not one of the one hundred and fifty
pairs annually sent him by the grate-
ful young lady patients and widows
whose lives he had saved so fre-
quently during the year—but a pair
presented by herself; his dressing
gown, also her own loving work,
then she resumed her seat opposite
him at the table and looked at
him from under her half-closed
eyelids. She detected something
unusual in his manner, and she knew
the least curiosity she exhibited the
sooner would his anxiety to unbo-
somed himself be gratified.

"What a desirable physician's wife
you would make," he said, after a
pause.

"Why?"

"You never ask questions!"

A peculiar smile passed over her
face, but she made no answer.

Another long silence; then he said,
impatiently, knocking the ashes from
his cigar.

"Horrible night out!"

"It is, indeed, I hope you will not
be called out again. What a dis-
agreeable profession yours is, omitting
the danger surrounding it."

"With all its dangers and unpleas-
antness it has a charm for me above
every other. Saving souls is grand,
but saving a life, using nature's secrets
to conquer her enemy is a power
so beautiful, that the petty incon-
veniences only enhance the fascina-
tion."

"Fine theory for a young enthu-
siast, but for a man who has prac-
ticed so long as you have, I don't
think the glory were pretty well
worn off. You didn't seem to bring
any of it back with you from your
last visit."

"Oh! you practical female! while
I admire the rainbow, you measure
the depths of the mud. You women
always are in the extremes. It is a
happy thing that we are not so sin-
gularly constituted—we, who buffet
so many disappointments, or life's
treadmill would be run by a set of
misanthropes."

Miss Foster did not appear hurt
at his views. As she knew he had
labored and suffered to gain the foot-
hold that led him to his present
prosperity, and how, in this posi-
tion alone, but the real ideal of his
profession had given him courage to
struggle and conquer. You women
always are in the extremes. It is a
happy thing that we are not so sin-
gularly constituted—we, who buffet
so many disappointments, or life's
treadmill would be run by a set of
misanthropes."

"I confess I did clutch my cane
with a firmer grasp as I neared the
neighborhood. It was a villainous
location, but if you think a moment,
you can recall few, if any, instances
of attack or threatened danger to one
of us."

"They surely seem to hold you
sacred, or possibly they know you
have your valuables at home."

"In nine cases out of ten, the doc-
tor who accepts a call from such a
quarter has no valuables to lose,"
answered the brother.

"Ah! you see, my brother, pros-
perity has wiped out all ideas of
your laborious glory," quickly an-
swered Miss Foster.

"There you are again," ready to
accept, without question, the dis-
agreeable and condemn the whole as
a matter of course. I wish some-
body, just about half good enough
for you, would gobble you up mat-
rimonially and teach you the good
is in us."

"Thank you!" replied Miss Foster,
dryly.

"Come, sis, now don't be sarca-
stical, and I'll tell you—or rather, I
want your advice."

If there is one thing more than
another that pleases and flatters a
woman, it is to have the "mighty
man" come down from his exalted
estate in the realms of masculine con-
ceit and call her into counsel.

"You know I am always ready to
advise you," replied Miss Foster
with pleasing dignity.

"As I was hurrying along this
evening to the child to whom I was
called, I was turning over in my
mind whether it would not be a
clarity to let the child die."

"What a hideous thought!"

"Oh, I did not slacken my pace
in the least, during the undecided
state of my mind. I was merely re-
volving the idea for future consid-
eration."

"Is this the subject that requires
my advice?"

"Do be patient—I'll get to that by
and by. As I was saying, I expected
to find the child in a state of stran-
gulation, by the frantic endeavors of
two or three dozen tender-hearted
neighbors, as is generally the case
with that class of people, each close
around the poor thing to prevent
a breath of air reaching the sufferer;
one holding it by the feet, head
downward, another beating it on the
back, another throwing hot water on
its head, while still another applied
cold water to its feet, the rest vis-

ing with each other as to who should
get her finger down its throat far-
thest to superinduce the well de-
sired stomachic reaction, so indis-
pensable to their own well-being
after certain spiritual consolations."

"Poor little creature!" exclaimed
the sister.

"Those children invariably sur-
vive, however, unhappily for the state
of society, and themselves, if they
ever realize their condition on this
earth. I was prepared to scatter
such a mob when I entered the
wretched tenement, following my di-
rections. I knocked at the door,
rather surprised at the silence with-
in. It was opened by a young
woman."

The doctor stopped short here,
and seemed to be lost in a vision
presented to his mind's eye.

"Was she white? and did she have
a clean face?"

"Very white! very clean, very!"

"Was she dressed clean and neat?"

"Scrupulously so!"

"Was she pretty?"

"That common term is not suited
to her at all. She had the most ex-
quisite face I ever saw. Her eyes,
without knowing their color, haunt
me with an angelic expression. I
cannot get rid of them. I cannot
account for it. They seemed to ap-
peal to me for help, and yet there
was nothing in her manner to indi-
cate anything of the kind."

Miss Foster sat thinking, and study-
ing her brother's face, then she
asked:

"What about the child; was it
hers?"

"Of course I did not think of ask-
ing her. She had done all that was
necessary; it had probably eaten
something indigestible and it result-
ed in a spasm. She said in her
first person she saw outside of her
door to run for a doctor, but regretted
it because she had no money to
pay me, and she knew very well how
to manage in such an emergency."

"Here the doctor, in a shame-faced
sort of way, drew from his vest pocket
a handkerchief, if the bit of lace
and fibres of linen may be named
such, and laid it on the table before
his sister.

"She examined it, and pro-
nounced it real."

"That has been stolen," she decid-
edly said, "it never cost less than fifty
dollars. Very likely it would have
been disposed of if the initials had not
been worked in."

"Where? let me see," exclaimed
the doctor in an excited yet un-
usual manner.

"F. T."

He gazed at the letters a long
while, then he folded the web of lace
into a minute package and placed it
in a special compartment of his pocket-
book.

"What are you going to do with
it?" his sister asked in profound as-
tonishment.

"Keep it until she comes for it."

Miss Foster went over to him, took
his hand, his hands, and sat
down again with a dark frown on
her face saying:

"If your confidence in this person
is not a feverish fancy, there must be
something else the matter with you.
Did she see a tender hand, while
undergoing a condemnation, and
loved in the same the young doc-
tor's study and redemption your handkerchief,
and ask him what he thinks about
your leaving. You had better fol-
low his advice."

Fannie knocked at the study door
and was invited to enter. She step-
ped inside, and hesitated—

"I came to redeem my lace hand-
kerchief."

"You will have to pay dear for it,"
said he coming toward her.

"Fannie!"

"That was all—but she looked
dreadful guilty when he led her to
his sister a little later, who simply
looked happy and said with quiet
meaning:

"As one longs for a touching mel-
ody or a beautiful picture."

A Georgia negro was riding a mule
along, and came to a bridge, when
the mule stopped. "I'll bet you a
quarter," said Jack, "I'll make you
go over the bridge, and with that
struck the mule over the head,
which made him nod suddenly.

"You take de bet den," said the
negro, and contrived to get the stub-
born mule over the bridge. "I won
dat quarter, anyhow," said Jack.

"But how will you get the mon-
ey?" asked a man who had been close
by, unperceived.

"To-morrow," said Jack, "massa
gib me a dollar to get oorn for the
mule, and I take de quarter on."

left; the others all died with the yel-
low fever at Memphis a few weeks ago.
A kind soul who used to wash and
help about the house brought us
with her to St. Louis, until the hor-
ror was over. This is her room and
the people you see around this place
are her friends. I am a perfect stran-
ger, not one dollar do we own;
grateful for even this shelter until
we can return and gather the remain-
s of my dead parents left in the
confusion and distress. Grief for
the dead and care for this little one
is all that is left me in the wide
world. You can well imagine I
thought of nothing but safety for
ourselves, when it was to be obtained,
and flight from the horrors I was
helpless to mitigate. Oh! shall I
ever, ever, be able to forget?"

"You are only one of many, poor
child, who must carry in their hearts
the memory of this terrible time. If
you are friendless, the God who per-
mitted your sorrow will also heal it,
and new friends will rise up to help
the worthy and protect the orphan.
We do nothing to forget a grief, dear,
but we know time will lighten it."

Miss Foster's voice had the true
ring of feeling as she said this, and
the young woman saw the first tears
shed in sorrow with her own sister
her trouble.

"This child is your sister, I
judge?"

"My sister, yes; three others, father
and mother, all were taken from
me in one day. How we escaped a
touch of the fearful disease is a mar-
vel, with which artesian water can be
procured for factory purposes or ir-
rigation, all point to the irresistible
conclusion that it is the place where
every pound and every dollar's
worth of sugar needed for the sup-
ply of the entire Pacific coast of the
United States can be easily and prof-
itably produced. The bare inaugu-
ration of this industry upon a limited
scale, anywhere within the broad
sweep of that great and luxuriant
valley, would at once add ten-fold
year to the thousands of acres, and
would alone reimburse the proprie-
tors of the soil for making the neces-
sary outlay. Appropriate a body
of land to this purpose, reserving yet
other acres by the thousands, to be
eventually incorporated with the
grand concern for which the one
of beet sugar on a scale commensur-
able with its importance, and under
proper management, the same could
be made so largely paying as to as-
tonish even its most enthusiastic
projectors and supporters. Two
crops of beets a year from the same
ground, the seed of which can be
planted with success every month
to secure the factory's winter supply
of beets from frost, and the constant
operation of the works during the
whole year—instead of six months
the extreme length of a sugar cam-
paign in Europe—give to Los Ange-
les county advantages possessed by
few, if any, and excelled by no other
county in the world."

AN IRISH LEGAL DECISION.—The
following story comes from Ireland:
Two men had a quarrel in a liquor-
shop. They adjourned outside to
settle the dispute. The first man
being from Connacht, immediately
seized a lump of stone and let fly at
the head of his opponent, who dip-
ped his head and missed the stone,
which went through an expensive
plate-glass window, and did much
damage. A magistrate, called
upon next morning to determine
which of the two should pay the cost.
The evidence clearly showed that the
aim was a good one, and that if the
second man had not dipped his head
he would have been struck. "There-
fore," said the magistrate, "the man
who is stretching his neck for the
hands for relief in the painted prom-
ise to pay, the heads of bureaus in
the Treasury, in assignments un-
known to law, a mere higher grade
of clerks, roll round the wooden
wheels of the city in charabancs,
with their coachmen in the livery and
cockade of a Royal Duke. It might
be an impertinence, as a correspond-
ent says, to ask in what manner the
quarterly bills are paid, but the
treasury itself must supply the need
through some process of distillation
obscure to the outward observer but
transparent to the initiated.—Exam-
iner.

UTAH TERRITORY.—The following
statistics are gleaned from a Direc-
tory of the Territory of Utah, re-
cently published: "The population
in 1842 was 423. It is now 50,000,
an increase of over 1,000 fold. In
1873, there were 110,000 acres in
grain, and 12,000 in root crops, 2,500
in fruit and 50,000 acres in meadow.
Fish culture—salmon, shad and
trout—has become an important
part of the Territory. There are
251 common schools, with an average
daily attendance of 11,842 pupils.
There are 200 towns and settlements
in Utah."

THE WASHINGTON CRISIS.—The pres-
ent debt of the District of Columbia
is stated a little over \$22,000,000.
This is about thirty per cent. of the
entire assessed value of real and per-
sonal property of the District, and
amounts to an average of no less
than \$137 per capita to every man,
woman and child in the District. It
states that the debt has been caused
by the injudicious pushing of cer-
tain plans by the District Govern-
ment.

BE SLOW AND SURE.—Multitudes
in their haste to get rich are ruined
every year. The men who do things
maturely, slowly, deliberately, are
the men who often succeed in life.
People who are habitually in a hurry
generally have to do things twice
over.

THE ST. LOUIS REPUBLICAN submits
the following: "Inflation ticket for
1876. For President, Oliver P. Mor-
ton, of Indiana; for Vice President,
John A. Logan, of Illinois. Plat-
form.—To get out of debt, go in
deeper."