

Oregon City Enterprise

THE ENTERPRISE.

ALCOHOLIC DEMOCRATIC NEWSPAPER FOR THE Farmer, Business Man, & Family Circle.

ISSUED EVERY FRIDAY. A. NOLTNER, EDITOR AND PUBLISHER.

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The Bachelor's Surprise.

A chill December evening, with the rain and snow forming a disagreeable sort of conglomeration on the sidewalks, the gas-lamps at the corners flickering and the wind taking one viciously, as one came round the corner. Not a pleasant evening to assume possession of a new home, but necessity knows no law, and Mr. Barkdale, with his key in the lock, entered the red brick house in the middle of the block, sincerely hoping that his new landlady would have common sense to light the fire in the grate.

"Is it you, sir?" Mrs. Hinman asked, beamingly. "There's a good fire, and it's bright." "All right, eh?" said the bachelor, feeling the blue tip of his frosted nose to see whether it had escaped being frozen off entirely. "Well, I'm glad to hear that. Have the trunks come?"

"Oh, yes, sir, and the other things." "What other things?" demanded Mr. Barkdale. "But Mrs. Hinman pursed her lips up. 'I wasn't to tell, sir, please.'"

"Rather an eccentric old lady," thought Mr. Barkdale, pushing past her to the third-story front room, which he had solemnly engaged the day before. It had been a rather dark and dingy little den by the light of the moon, but now, softened by the coral splendor of a well-filled grate, it wore quite another and brighter aspect.

"Velvet paper on the walls, fruit-paneled red carpet, and a Sleepy-Hollow chair," thought Mr. Barkdale, glancing around. "Not so uncomfortable, after all. When I get my things unpacked, it will seem quite cozy."

He set down his valise in the corner, deliberately opened it took out a pair of slippers, and invested his feet therein. Next he lay off his overcoat. "Now for a cigar," thought he. He took a little pink rose-bud in a yet in his hand, when there was a bustle and a flutter and a whisper and a merry noise on the landing outside, and the door flew open, as if by magic, to admit half-a-dozen blooming, laughing girls.

Mr. Barkdale dropped his cigar and uttered a hysterical shriek. "Don't be alarmed," said the tallest and prettiest of the bevy; "it's only a surprise."

"A very agreeable one, I'm sure," said our friend, recovering in some degree his presence of mind. "I don't know what mistake I hope?" "Your name is not Greenfield?"

"No mistake at all, I assure you," said Mr. Barkdale. "Of course it is not Greenfield. Sit down ladies." And he pushed forward the Sleepy-Hollow chair, a camp stool, and two rheumatic chairs, which were all the accommodations presented by his apartment.

But, instead of accepting his courtesy, he girls all fluttered out again, giggling, and in a second, before he could realize the strange combination of affairs, they were back again, bearing benches and a table-cloth, dishes, bouquets, a pyramid of macaronies, piled up plates of sandwiches, of frosted cake, and a mysterious something like unto an ice-cream freezer.

The golden-tressed girl clasped her hands. "You needn't think we are doing all this for you, sir," said she. "O," said Mr. Barkdale bashfully, "I hadn't any such impression."

"It's a surprise designated for Kate's cousin." "Is it?" said Mr. Barkdale, more in the dark than ever. "And how do you suppose we found it all out?" demanded the tall girl with the black eyes and scarlet feathers in her hat.

"I haven't the least idea." "We found your letter to Kate, and we girls read it, and we resolved to take you and her both by surprise. She is to be here in half an hour. Barbara—that is Barbara Morris, in the blue merino dress, with a turn of her long lashes toward the golden-haired girl,—pretends she has moved here, and Kate is to come and spend the evening with Barbara. Won't it be a joke?"

"Stupendous!" said our hero, gradually beginning to comprehend the mortifying fact that he was mistaken for somebody else. "What will Kate say when she sees you here?" ejaculated another maid, merrily. "Ah! what indeed?" said Mr. Barkdale, wondering in what words he could best explain matters.

The Farmers.

But who and what is the Granger, after all? He goes off to deliberate in a room with the blinds down, has passwords, grips, and signs, and allows nobody to hear what he says or see what he does. He must have many secrets. Most assuredly he has; and the Sun looking down impartially upon everything mundane, and imparting health and vigor to everything good, knows what the secrets are. In the first place they relate entirely to his own affairs, and it is for this reason alone that he has failed to gratify the general curiosity by publishing the details of his life, or, in other words, the Grangers make their living by tilling the soil. When one of their bigins life, it is a great matter to him to get his reaper, his mower, his thrasher, and his hundred other machines and implements, as well as his furniture, his clothing and his groceries, and all the rest of the things that are necessary to the retail merchant or the manufacturer's agent. This he does by co-operation with others situated like himself; but how and for what he does it is one of his secrets, and a very precious one at that.

In like manner, when at the end of a season of incessant toil he sees his fields yellow with the harvest of bread and his fatted herd lowing in the pasture, he reflects that he and the consumer of the grain are situated far apart, and that a host of intermediate agents and traders absorb a large portion of its value in money. He resolves to put in his own purse the difference between the price paid by the consumer, less transportation, and the price usually paid to the farmer. He does this by means of the Grange; and the precise method of it is another grand secret. When he has accomplished these two capital operations he has made and saved enough to make his business profitable, and to give his wife and children some of the luxuries and advantages in which the families of flourishing middlemen are commonly indulged.

An association which promises him such results, and which at the same time vindicates the independence of him and his class opens to him a prospect full of rosate and radiant hues as compared with the servile and beggarly condition from which he is just rising. Heretofore he has taken what was offered and given what was asked. Henceforth he will like other classes of men, combine with those whose interests are identical, and to do himself the justice of which he has been so long deprived. His power is offered and this wide-spread and coherent organization may well be considered tremendous. A million of members to-day will be two million by the next spring, and when they begin to hold back crops or send them forward according to their own good pleasure, New York and Chicago. Wall street and the produce exchanges, will begin to count a new and terrible, because unknown and unmanageable, force in the business of the country.

To the Granger the Grange is an unmixed evil. The manufacturer and the wholesaler find their accounts in the certain sales and the cash payments which are a part of its economy; so that nobody but the blood suckers, the speculators in grain, the mill-millers and the politicians have anything to fear.—N. Y. Paper.

SMALL BEGINNINGS.—The San Francisco Depositor and Banker has a word of advice to its readers that he borrow for the benefit of the readers of THE ENTERPRISE: Laboring men should recollect that a few cents saved every day and put out at interest will amount to a sum in a few years. The price of a cigar or a drink of whisky is a foundation for a fortune, and from just such insignificant sums, fabulous wealth has sprung. A dime looks small indeed, but then its purchase is greater than most men imagine. Such a sum, properly handled, would, in the course of time, liquidate our present National debt. It is a slow process at first, we admit, but the increase is rapid and the end a triumphant success. Haste to get rich is not wise; and riches, quickly won, are, as a general thing, both disreputable and unstable. Little rains are absorbed by the earth, and serve to feed for months the springs from which the mighty rivers flow, while the heavy storm runs off in haste, carrying destruction and sorrow in its course. So little savings make mighty fortunes which last and bring happiness to the heart, while hasty and ill-gotten wealth brings sorrow to the possessor and ruin to his character. Save the dimes and your fortune is made.

"I have been," said Judge Nott, "at the bar and in the military service, and my experience leads me to the conclusion that women are as well fitted for the one as the other. The light breech-loading carbine demands activity rather than strength. Women, as a soldier, would have little to do besides marching, and shooting, and being shot. It is said that a well-bred, intelligent, honest woman will make a better attorney than an ignorant, vicious, unscrupulous man. This is true; but it is equally true that a healthy, active woman will make a better soldier than a decrepit man."

"We're in a pickle now," said a man in a crowd. "A regular jam," said another. "Heaven preserve us," muttered an old lady.

DIVIDED IN OPINION.—The women of Michigan are divided in opinion concerning the pending female suffrage amendment to the Constitution. Mrs. J. A. Church, who edits one of the prominent journals of the State, and who has as good a right to speak for her sex as any of the suffrage advocates, takes the ground that the women of Michigan do not wish for any additional burdens, and that no considerable portion of them have asked for or desire the privilege of suffrage. She does not disparage the influence of her sex, but thinks that in Michigan women "carry things pretty much their own way now." It is not probable that Mrs. Dunniway, or any of the champion gossips of the suffrage movement, would help the cause much in Michigan at this particular time.

The popular fallacy that a man has to advertise to succeed in business is exploded by the experience of a Massachusetts man. He commenced business forty-seven years ago with a capital of \$800; he hasn't spent a cent in advertising since, and is now worth \$800.

My Landlady.

I boarded now, and I think I have one of the kindest landladies in the world. She seems to think a great deal of me, and I sometimes almost decide that I should weep if any harm came to her. She is very particular about her boarders. Before she would take me in I was compelled to get a certificate from three clergymen, two bankers, and a lawyer, stating that I had never been hung for murder or sent to State Prison for horse-stealing. I bargained for a front room looking out on the campus martus and it was understood that I was to have the honor of the sort: Poor Zeb Vance went down in that contest—the man of all others who was entitled to the place. He was elected fairly and squarely shortly after the war, but the Radical majority would not let him in because they preferred a carpet-bagger to his own political stripe. The transaction is past, and pretty well forgotten, but it was one of the meanest things that ever happened, even in politics.

Merrimon has made a success as a Senator and as he is about the first man from the South, except Gordon, who has distinguished himself in that body since the war, the fact is worthy of reflection what has become of the carpet-baggers and place hunters who represented North Carolina in the Senate before the people got control of their own affairs? They are played out and passed out of sight, relapsed into obscurity from which they should never have been taken in the first place.

I met Senator Merrimon at the Yarborough house in this city, and we had a conversation about matters and things political and otherwise. "What do think will be the result of the election next week?" I asked. "I think, sir, that we will gain two Congressmen, make a gain in the Legislature, and probably elect the State officers."

"Have you been over the State?" "Considerably; I have just returned from the Western mountains." "How is it up there?" "Pretty much one way. The white Republicans will never swallow the civil rights bill, nor vote for anybody that supports it. That is the main issue in this campaign. Race feeling is high, higher than party feeling. I am very sorry the Senate passed the measure; it has tended so directly to the awakening of race passion and prejudice."

"What will be the effect if the bill becomes a law?" "Bad, very bad. Our common school system in this State is in its infancy, and it will crush it completely out. There will be no more free schools. Of course the whites will not support them, and the negroes are unable. Then will come strife and bloodshed in all sections of the State. Oh, it will be a most unfortunate thing for the whole South."

"Do you think it will pass?" "The indications are that it will. I hope not for the peace of the country; but the Radical party seem determined to drive it through."

"How about a veto?" "The opinion is general that Grant will veto it, but the party will most likely drive him into its approval. If we can keep it off until the new Congress meets we are safe, for the November election is going to knock down the Republican majority, if not entirely annihilate it."

"You are hopeful, then, of getting under Democratic rule again?" "Very; the prospect has not been so favorable since the war."

"How about a third term?" "I believe Grant would like a third term, but I don't believe he can get it. The Republicans won't dare to take him up and the Democrats won't have him."

"Indeed!" "No sir; they will not touch him with a pin to kill a man who is working his life out to make your position here comfortable, happy, and luxurious."

I couldn't go. I'm there yet. I sleep on the floor, put up with cold bites and use the boot-jack for a bed when I have company. I wish I wasn't so tender headed, but I can't think of hurting Mrs. Dolby's feelings by looking up another place. Fireside Friend.

NEW REMEDY FOR CONSUMPTION.—A new remedy for consumption has been found, or, at least, the doctors think so at this moment, in the transfusion of the blood of animals. In France transfusion has always been performed from man to man; but while it has been found easy to get men to give up their blood for money while enjoying the ecstacy of an experiment in a crowded amphitheater, amid the applause of hundreds of students, good Samaritans are rare in private life. A medical man was unable to find any one ready to sell his life's blood to a young lady until he made a romantic appeal, and in the case of an aged man it was quite impossible. But Dr. O. Hesse, of St. Petersburg, says that human blood is not absolutely necessary. He has performed the operation of transfusion thirty-one times. In sixteen of his cases death was averted, and in the remaining fifteen cases the blood of sheep was used. There was one death; in three other cases there was no perceptible improvement; in the remaining eleven cases there was a marked improvement throughout, and, in some cases, perfect cures. Dr. Hesse hopes to prove that he can cure pulmonary phthisis in this way. Dr. Godelices has tried the transfusion of sheep's blood in two cases. In one there was great improvement, and in the other, a complete cure.

Merrimon's Views.

A Talk with the North Carolina Senator Before the Elections.—The Civil Rights Bill and the Public Schools.—The Third Term the Last Alternative.

Raleigh, N. C., Letter to Cincinnati Commercial.

Merrimon was a party to that memorable gubernatorial contest of 1872, and was defeated. His defeat, however, was the best thing that ever happened to him, although it did not strike him that way at the time. In the Senatorial struggle which followed he was elected as a compromise candidate, after a long and bitter contest. His election was a surprise to himself as he did not expect an honor of the sort: Poor Zeb Vance went down in that contest—the man of all others who was entitled to the place. He was elected fairly and squarely shortly after the war, but the Radical majority would not let him in because they preferred a carpet-bagger to his own political stripe. The transaction is past, and pretty well forgotten, but it was one of the meanest things that ever happened, even in politics.

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Mother's House.

How many happy thoughts are called up by those two beautiful words. Is there—can there be any place so full of pleasant places, beneath the waving palms of sunny isles, or in the chilling shadows of icy mountains? Our hearts turn with unchangeable love and longing to the dear old home which sheltered us in childhood. Kind friends may beckon us to newer scenes, and loving hearts may bind us fast to pleasant homes, but we are not satisfied with them alone, for there is one place more fair and lovely than them all, and that is the beloved "Mother's House."

It may be old and rickety to the eyes of a stranger. The windows may have been broken and patched, long ago, and the floor worn through and mended with pieces of tin, but it is still mother's house, from which we looked out on life's full of hope, and in the chilling shadows of old land which faded long ago; but thanks to the good Father, mother's house is left us still, and weary with the busy turn of life, weary of ourselves, we turn our steps toward the dear home of rest, and at its threshold lay our burdens down.

Here we have watched life come and go. Here we have folded still, cold hands, over hearts as still, that once beat full of love for us. Here we have welcomed brothers and sisters into life, watched for the first lisping words from baby lips, guided the tottering baby feet from helplessness to manhood, and here we have watched, with aching hearts, to see the dear ones turned from the home-nest out into a world which has no protection for them.

Here we have gathered strength to take up our lives again, and go on patiently unto the end. But though the world call us, and we may find friends good and true, we turn to the dear old home, when troubles come for help and comfort. God grant that for us all there may long remain a "Mother's House."

BE ECONOMICAL.—Look most to your spending. No matter what comes in, if more goes out, you will surely reveal a poor being, and a man making money, but in keeping it in little expenses, like mice in a large barn, when they are many, make great waste. Hair by hair heads get bald; straw by straw the thatch goes off the cottage; and drop by drop the rain comes in the chamber. A barrel is soon empty, if the tap leaks but a drop a minute. When you mean to save, begin with your mouth. Many thieves pass down the red lane. The ale jug is a great waste. In all other things keep within compass. Never stretch your legs further than the blanket will reach or you will soon be cold. In clothes, choose suitable and lasting stuff, and not tawdry fineries. To be warm is the main thing, never mind the looks. A fool may make money, but it is never wise to spend it. Remember it is easier to build two chimneys than to keep one going. If you give all to back and board there is nothing left for the savings bank. Fare hard and work while you are young, and you will have a chance to rest when you are old.

WHY SHOULD A MAN SWEAR.—I can conceive of no reason why a man should swear, but many why he should not. 1. It is mean; a man of high moral standing could almost as lief steal as swear. 2. It is vulgar; altogether too low for a decent man. 3. It is cowardly, implying a fear either of not being believed or obeyed. 4. It is ungentlemanly; a gentleman, according to Webster, is well bred, refined, such a one will no more swear than go into the streets and throw mud with a clod hopper. 5. It is indecent, offensive to delicacy, and extremely unfit for human ears. 6. It is foolish; a want of decency is want of sense. 7. It is abusive to the mind which conceives the oath, to the tongue that utters it, and to the person at whom it is aimed. 8. It is venomous, showing a man's heart to be a nest of vipers, and every time he swears, one of them sticks out his head. 9. It is contemptible; forfeiting the respect of all the wise and good. 10. It is wicked; violating the divine law and provoking the displeasure of Him who will not hold him guiltless who takes His awful name in vain.

Fashionable Milliner: "You'll have the flower on the left of the bonnet, of course madam?" Fashionable lady: "Well—er—no! The fact is there's a pillar on the left side of my pew in church, so that the right side of my head is seen by the congregation. Of course I can't change my pew!" Fashionable lady's husband: "Y-as. Or even the church, you know, if necessary. (Fashionable milliner considers the point.)"

Remember that appearances are often deceiving. Many a pale, thin, young lady will eat more corned beef than a carpenter. Because you find her playing on the piano in the parlor it is no sign that her mother is not at the corner grocery running in debt for a peck of potatoes.

Trouble besets the editor's path even in Little Rock, Arkansas. One of them remarks: The unknown gentleman who attacked us last night can obtain his left eye and the right one of his nose by carrying and extra charge for his car, we unfortunately lost it.

"What," asks the Toledo Democrat, "shall we do with our boys?" If they are likely to turn out to be such men as their fathers, we would advise you to shoot them.—Louisville Courier-Journal.

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.

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

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