

Oregon City Enterprise.

DEVOTED TO POLITICS, NEWS, LITERATURE, AND THE BEST INTERESTS OF OREGON.

VOL. 9.

OREGON CITY, OREGON, FRIDAY, DECEMBER 11, 1874.

NO. 7.

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.
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SOCIETY NOTICES.

OREGON LODGE NO. 3, I. O. F.
Meets every Thursday evening at 7 o'clock, in the Odd Fellows' Hall, Main Street. Members of the Degree are invited to attend. By order, J. W. M.

REBECCA DEGREE LODGE NO. 2, I. O. F.
Meets on the Second and Fourth Tuesday evenings, each month, at 7 o'clock in the Odd Fellows' Hall, Main Street. Members of the Degree are invited to attend.

MELTOM'S LODGE NO. 1, I. O. 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, Main Street, and 7 1/2 o'clock on the 28th of September, the 28th of March, and 7 1/2 o'clock on the 28th of September. Brethren in good standing are invited to attend. By order, W. M.

FALLS ENCAMPMENT NO. 4, I. O. F.
O. E. Meets at Odd Fellows' Hall on the First and Third Tuesday of each month. Patriarchs in good standing are invited to attend.

CLIFF ENCAMPMENT NO. 2, C. M. C.
Meets at Odd Fellows' Hall, in Oregon City, Oregon, on the first and third Tuesdays of each month. Members of the order are invited to attend. M. C. AUSTIN, C. C. J. D. BROWN, H. S. WARD.

BUSINESS CARDS.

J. W. NORRIS, M. D.,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,
OREGON CITY, OREGON.
#2 OFFICE—Upstairs in Charman's Brick, Main Street.

W. W. MORELAND,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
OREGON CITY, OREGON.
OFFICE—Main Street, opposite the Court House.

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ATTORNEY-AT-LAW:
OREGON CITY, OREGON.
#2 OFFICE—Charman's Brick, Main St. (opposite 1874-75).

JOHNSON & McCOWN
ATTORNEYS & COUNSELORS AT-LAW.
Oregon City, Oregon.
#2 Will practice in all the Courts of the State. Special attention given to cases in the U. S. Land Office at Oregon City. (opposite 1874-75).

L. T. BARIN,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
OREGON CITY, OREGON.
OFFICE—Over Pope's Tin Store, Main Street.

Dr. S. PARKER,
LATE OF PORTLAND, OFFERS HIS services as Physician and Surgeon to the people of Clackamas county, who may at any time be in need of a physician. He has opened an office at Ward & Harding's Drug Store where he can be found at all times of the day when not engaged in professional calls. Residence, Main Street, next door but one above R. Canfield's store, October 23, 1874.

JOHN M. BACON,
IMPORTER AND DEALER
In Books, Stationery, Perfumery, etc., etc.
Oregon City, Oregon.

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

OYSTER SALOON
RESTAURANT!
LOUIS SAAL, Proprietor.

Main Street, - - - Oregon City.
(OYSTERS WILL BE SERVED FROM 10 o'clock until 12 o'clock during the Winter season. The best qualities of FRENCH and AMERICAN CANDIES. For sale in quantities to suit.

JOHN SCHRAM,

Main St., Oregon City.

MANUFACTURER AND IMPORTER OF
Saddles, Harness,
Saddlery-Hardware,
etc., etc.

WHICH HE OFFERS AS CHEAP AS can be had in the State, at
WHOLESALE OR RETAIL.

#27 I warrant my goods as represented.

1,000 DEER SKINS WANTED,
-AND ALSO-
ALL OTHER KINDS OF HIDES, FOR which I will pay the highest market price in cash. Bring on your hides and get your cash forthwith.

JOHN SCHRAM,
Saddle and Harness Maker,
Oregon City, Oregon, July 11, 1873-mk.

WAGON AND CARRIAGE MANUFACTORY!

THE UNDERSIGNED, having increased the dimensions of his premises, at the old stand on the

Corner of Main and Third Street,
Oregon City, Oregon,

Takes this method of informing his old patrons, and as many new ones as may be pleased to call, that he is now prepared, with ample room, good materials, and the very best of mechanics, to build anew, reconstruct, make, paint, iron and turn out all complete, any sort of a vehicle from a common Cart to a Concord Coach, Try me. Blacksmithing, Horse or Ox Shoeing and General Jobbing neatly, quickly, and cheaply done. DAVID SMITH.

AT E. D. KELLY'S.

MAIN STREET, OREGON CITY,
JUST ARRIVED, DIRECT FROM SAN FRANCISCO, all the

LATEST STYLES
of Fall and Winter

Hats & Bonnets,
Trimmed and Untrimmed, for Fall and Winter wear, which we offer to the ladies at Oregon City, and vicinity at exceedingly Low Prices.

MILLINERY GOODS.
MILLINERY GOODS.

HATS AND BONNETS.
HATS AND BONNETS.

FEATHERS AND FLOWERS.
FEATHERS AND FLOWERS.

RIBBONS AND ORNAMENTS.
RIBBONS AND ORNAMENTS.

CALL AND EXAMINE.
CALL AND EXAMINE.

No trouble to show goods, and no one urged to purchase, but desiring to please our numerous customers,
Oregon City, Oct. 23, 1874.

DRY CLOTHING G. BOOTS AND SHOES TOBACCO

I now offer this stock of goods at low prices, and in any other house in the State. Times are hard and money scarce, and I will give every one the worth of their money. I also keep a full assortment of

OREGON CITY MADE
Men and Boys' Clothing, Underwear, Flannels, Blankets, and Yarns, and Yarns.

Also..... Groceries, Cutlery, Jewellery, Notions, Medical Instruments, Toys, Etc.,

.....AT THE.....
Lowest Prices
For CASH.

.....AT.....
A. LEVY'S.
oct1874

J. P. WARD, GEORGE A. HARDING,
WARD & HARDING,
DRUGGISTS AND APOTHECARIES.

KEEP CONSTANTLY ON HAND A general assortment of

Drugs and Chemicals,
Perfumery, Soap, Combs and Brushes, Shoulder Braces, Etc., and Articles.

.....ALSO.....
Kerosene Oil, Lamp Chimneys, Glass, Putty, Paints, Oils, Varnishes and Dye Stuffs.

PURE WINES AND LIQUORS FOR MEDICAL PURPOSES.

PATENT MEDICINES, ETC.
Physicians' Prescriptions carefully compounded, and all orders correctly answered. #2 Open all hours of the night. #2 All accounts must be paid monthly. WARD & HARDING.

COME AND SEE US!
ALL PARTIES HAVING ACCOUNTS with the same stands at the end of the month. We want some money. oct2074

HOW TO CATCH A BEAR.

BY PAUL TEMPLETON.

"Can you inform us through the medium of your valuable paper, the best way to catch a bear?"—Lady correspondent.

Little lady, do you ask me how to catch a bear? Surely you, a winsome lassie, surely you should not desire you let me tell you, on passing, that there are many ways, but I will only mention to you those that win men's praise.

When your friend drops in to see you, Greet with happy face, Laugh and sing and sparkle brightly, But with all your pleasant humor, Though you wear fine lace, Never forget your mother's labors And her care-worn face.

Learn to labor—help your mother In the household care; Learn to bake to cook and iron— Don't learn idle airs.

True, a man does not deserve you If he'd make you slave; But recollect that men, though rich, Love women who can save.

Learn to be a good, true woman; Master every art; That to a home and those you love best Pleasure can impart; School your mind and heart and fingers.

Learn what you should know, And then you'll never need ask the question How to catch a bear.

How They Played it on Dougherty.

One day last week four or five Detroiters went into Macomb county to shoot squirrels and kick their shins against logs and fence rails. They had just eaten a cold lunch in the woods one noon, when one of the party, a young man named Dougherty, stretched out on his back, pulled his hat over his eyes, and gave his mind up to the work of assisting his body to catch a little rest. The remainder of the party having an understanding beforehand, quietly withdrew, one by one. One then passed around to a bush, near to Dougherty's feet and took a tin rattle-box from his pocket. Another stood close to the young man's leg, and in a suppressed voice, when the signal was given, whispered:

"For heaven's sake! Dougherty, don't move so much as a finger! A big rattlesnake is right under your leg!"

"My God! what shall I do?"

"Keep perfectly quiet! It is your only hope! If you even raise your finger he will dart his fangs into you!"

The man with the rattle-box gave it a shake and reached out and laid a club across Dougherty's legs, while the other man moved off about twenty feet and exclaimed:

"Heavens! what can we do? If we shoot we may kill Dougherty!"

The club was rolled off on the ground and the victim whispered:

"For mercy sake kill it!"

The club was rolled over his legs again, and the box shaken, and the man whispered back:

"Be quiet or it is instant death! I think the snake wants to go to sleep, and if you will keep still you will be all right."

The box was shaken, and the club moved around, and finally the snake seemed to settle down on his breast. He dared not whisper for fear of rousing it, but one of the men called out:

"There! it is asleep! We'll move away and wait for it to glide off!"

The whole crowd moved over behind a bank and laughed and rolled and tore up the dirt until they were exhausted, while poor Dougherty lay there like a log, not even daring to draw an ordinary breath. The sweat ran down from his face and started out from his body until his shirt was wringing wet. The fellows took their guns and tramped away, leaving him thus, and were gone an hour and a half. When they returned Dougherty was sitting up, and he discovered the job about five minutes previously. He didn't have a word to say, but there was a whole unabridged dictionary in his eye. They spoke to him, but for an answer he rose up, shouldered his gun, and made a bee-line for the highway, and none of the party have met him since.

Grant and the Radicals.

The gossips at Washington inform us that a sharp discussion is waging now between President Grant and the Radical leaders. The Radicals are trying to make Grant understand that they have been swamped by him, and Grant is trying to make the Radicals understand that he has been swamped by them. The New York World has no desire to put its hands between the tree and the bark, as the old proverb has it. But the truth, that journal thinks, is that Grant and the Radicals have swamped each other. Such a policy as that which for ten years past has kept alive the passions and perpetuated the burdens of the civil war would have destroyed the best of Presidents. And a President so utterly incapable of looking at power as anything but a personal perquisite would have brought to shame a much wiser and nobler policy than that which Grant has served so stolidly and with such selfish unconcern. Grant and the Radicals in their mutual eriminations and re-eriminations remind one of the ill-conditioned couple who delayed the marriage ceremony in the Kirk of their quarrels. First the bride "took a scunner" at the groom; then the groom "took a scunner" at the bride. At last the minister, finding that patience had ceased to be a virtue, exclaimed—"And now I have taken a scunner at ye both," and with that put them both out of doors. The people of the United States have "taken a scunner" both at Grant and the Radicals, and that is the end of them both.

A Love Story of the Rebellion.

The Tariff and the Farmers.

From the Chicago Tribune.

The 6,000,000 Americans over 10 years of age engaged in farming are taxed an average of about 47 per cent on all they buy, and very heavily on what they sell; for the encouragement of the industries that give employment to 3,700,000 other Americans. The farmer pays this average percentage on his tools, his fencing, his household utensils—on everything he uses, except the food he eats, the product of his farm at the Liverpool price, less the transportation. That cost is increased in a thousand ways by the taxes on iron and steel and by the other duties which will swell the cost of railroads and their management. He is taxed therefore on what he buys and what he sells. The farming army, 6,000,000 strong, is systematically bled for the benefit of the employers of 2,700,000 pair of hands. The argument in behalf of this monstrous tax is the specious plea of a home market. It is said that protection to manufactures attracts operatives to this country, and those operatives, who would abroad live only partially on American-grown grain, live wholly on it here. Thus there is, therefore, an increased demand for it, and that this protection more than compensates the farmers for the taxes it lays upon them. This is equivalent to saying that the grain which it would cost the farmer \$1 to produce under free trade, and which now costs \$1.47, can not be sold for enough more to cover this increased cost, and to give him a larger profit than he could clear if the cost of his wares had been one-third less.

It is a proven maxim of political economy that the price of the exportation of any article produced by a country in quantities beyond its own need, fixes the home price. For if wheat can be sold for 10 cents in Liverpool, and in New York at only 5, it would be bought up and shipped to Liverpool, and the price in New York would be raised to the Liverpool price. At present, the price of wheat in Liverpool is 10 cents, and the price in New York is 5 cents. The process would go on until the two were equal. It is for this reason that the farmer sells his grain at any point in America at the Liverpool price, less the cost of transportation. He must always do so, until the population of this country consumes all its agricultural products—a state of things which very probably will never exist, and certainly will not for many generations. To matter how many deluded foreigners, lured by fictitious wages that are high in money and low in purchasing power, come here, their demand cannot seriously affect the price while exportation fixes the price. At present, the export price, (and therefore the home price) is low, because the cost is high. The apparent paradox is easily explained: England exhausts the surplus of the European grain field before she draws upon America, because that surplus is offered to her at lower rates than ours can be, when its cost has been so swollen by taxation. The American farmer could undersell his Russian rival in the Liverpool market, and feed all the millions of the British Isles, if he were not hampered with this weight of taxation. If he had free trade, he would produce his grain one-third cheaper, and then save all that large part of the cost of transportation which represents the interest on the extra millions of dollars which would be loaned to the railroad builders to spend. The farmer now pays two bushels of wheat to carry a third bushel from his farm to Liverpool. Under free trade he would save a certain portion of the two and could offer this portion of the surplus to be loaned together for about 33 1/2 per cent less than he must now demand for the one bushel alone. The summing up of the matter is this: The tariff slightly enlarges the home market, perhaps, and destroys a very great part of the foreign market. Free trade would open up the market of the world to the farmer, and would not diminish the home market to any appreciable extent.

The farmers of the United States have the facts before them. Will 6,000,000 of them be longer taxed for the benefit of a few hundred mill owners? They cannot free themselves by passing free trade resolutions. They must send men to Congress who will pass free trade laws. Let them demand their best efforts for the overthrow of the tariff monopoly. If the farmers of the country would but oppose the tariff steal of millions with a title of the vigor they showed in opposing the back-pay steal of thousands, the great abuse would soon be dead as the little one.

What Girls Should Drink.—Dr. D. Lewis, in his book, "Our Girls," says:

I am astonished that a young woman who is ambitious of a clear, fine skin should drink tea. It is a great enemy to fair complexions. Wine, coffee and cocoa may be used without tinging the skin, but as soon as tea drinking becomes a regular habit, the eye of the discriminating observer detects in the complexion, probably, by deranging the liver. Weak tea or coffee may be used occasionally, in moderate quantities, without noticeable harm; but I advise all young women who would preserve a soft, clear skin, and quiet nerves, to avoid all drinks but cold water. It is an excellent plan to drink one or two glasses of cold water on lying down at night and on rising in the morning. If you have good teeth, and can help the food into your stomach without using any fluid, except the saliva, it will, in the long run, contribute much to your health.

Brooklyn Sunday Union.

Brooklyn Sunday Union.

Judge Servis, the Associate Justice of the First District Territorial Court of Montana, is justly celebrated for his legal learning, and is greatly beloved by his friends. He is stern, upright and honest. But with all his legal attainments, he is not the greatest man as regards in the Territory. It has been said that he did not know the jack of hearts from the ace of diamonds.

In the Radersburg mining camp, three persons were sitting around a table in one of those log-cabin saloons, "with a billiard-table attached," which are so common in mining camps, playing a small game of three-hand poker. A quarrel ensued, which resulted in an aggravated case of assault and battery. This did not end the affair, for at the next term of the Court, at the head of the docket stood the Territory of Montana vs. A. L. Parks for assault and battery with intent to kill on the body of Andy Anderson.

The trial came on, and the only witness to the affair was Bob Gibbons, who was the third in the game. Having been sworn, he was directed to tell the court and jury everything he knew about the affair. After clearing his throat he commenced by saying that "Me and Parks and Anderson were over at Halbeck's saloon the second day after the election when Parks proposed that we should have a game poker. All agreed to it, and we went into the back room and sat down to the game; did not know that there was any hard feelings between Parks and Anderson, or I would not have played, but heard afterward."

Here Bob was interrupted by the Court, who directed him to keep all hearsays to himself, and confine himself to the facts of the case. The witness continued: "Well, we sat down to the table, Anderson sat there, Parks here, and I there (making a diagram on the clerk's table). Parks dealt the cards; I went blind; Anderson went blind over me, and Parks would not see him."

The Judge, who is a little deaf, was in the habit of making an ear trumpet of his hand, and throwing his head a little forward and sideways. Having gone through the witness by asking him:

"What is the reason that Parks did not see Anderson?"

The witness replied: "I don't know, but he would not see him."

"Parks," said the Judge.

"Well, I saw him, he saw, and just at that minute—"

"Stop sir," said the Judge, throwing himself into a hearing attitude, "did I understand you to say that you went blind?"

"Yes, sir, I went blind, and Anderson went blind, and Parks would not see him; but I saw Anderson, and then he saw—"

"Witness," exclaimed the Judge, striking the bench with his clenched fist, "do I hear you right, sir? Do you say that you went blind and then you saw?"

"Yes, sir; replied the witness. I saw, and Anderson saw, and just—"

"Stop sir," said the Judge. "Clerk, fine the witness \$50 for contempt of Court, and direct the Sheriff to take him to jail, and there to keep him until he receives further orders from the Court. Call up the next case, Mr. Clerk."

Bob Gibbons was dumfounded, and did not awake to the reality of his condition until the Sheriff had his hands on him, when he exclaimed:

"Good gracious, Mr. Judge, what have I done that I must go to jail?"

The Judge, who was purple with rage, did not deign to reply to poor Gibbons, but reiterated the order with increased vehemence, and the members of the Bar, who had been anticipating the fix that Bob would eventually be placed in, were convulsed with laughter, which increased the rage of the Judge to the highest pitch. The Prosecuting Attorney endeavored to keep his face straight, but not until he had produced a pack of cards, and, after dealing out three hands, made the blind as clear as day to the Judge.

The fine and imprisonment were remitted, and Gibbons was allowed to proceed with his testimony.

AN ANECDOTE OF HENRY CLAY.

Many years ago, when the great Kentuckian, Henry Clay, was a candidate for re-election to Congress from his native State, the following incident actually occurred:

On election day, Clay was standing near the polls, surrounded by number of his friends, when he was approached by an old friend who was carrying a flint-lock rifle on his shoulder, as it was customary for all backwoodsmen to do in that early day. When he reached Clay, he extended his hand to him and said:

"Harry, as a man I like you; but you supported a measure, during the last session which I think will prove injurious to the best interests of the country; therefore I cannot vote for you again." Clay looked at him for a few moments in silence; then he took the gun off his shoulder, and after examining it for a short time said: "Did you ever have a fine bead drawn through the sights of your gun on a noble buck, when the flint snapped?" The man answered "Yes."

Clay then continued: "Did you break your gun over the nearest tree, or did you pick the flint and try it again?" The man's face brightened up; he held out his hand to Clay again and said: "Why, d—n it, Harry, I picked the flint and tried it again, and I will try you once more, and ever afterward was one of Clay's warmest friends. Henry Clay, though he made some mistakes, was one of the greatest statesmen this country ever produced."

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A Truce to Personalities.

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