

# Oregon City Enterprise.

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NO. 10.

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A LOCAL DEMOCRATIC NEWSPAPER  
FOR THE  
Farmer, Business Man, and Family Circle.

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A. NOLTER,  
EDITOR AND PUBLISHER.

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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 Or-  
der are invited to attend. By order  
N. G.

REBECCA DEGREE LODGE NO. 1

Meets every Thursday  
evening at 7 o'clock, in the  
Odd Fellows' Hall, Main  
street. Members of the De-  
gree are invited to attend.

MULTNOMAH LODGE NO. 1, A. F. & M. S.

Meets every Monday  
evening at 7 o'clock, in the  
Odd Fellows' Hall, Main  
street. Members of the De-  
gree are invited to attend.

W. M.

PAULS ENCAMPMENT NO. 1, I. O. O. F.

Meets every Thursday  
evening at 7 o'clock, in the  
Odd Fellows' Hall, Main  
street. Members of the Or-  
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CLIFFS ENCAMPMENT NO. 2, C. C. & F. S.

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## JOHN SCHRAM,

Main St., Oregon City.

MANUFACTURER AND IMPORTER OF

Saddles, Harness,  
Saddlery-Har-  
ware, etc., etc.

WHICH HE OFFERS AS CHEAP AS  
can be had in the State, at

WHOLESALE OR RETAIL.

Warrant my goods as represented.

1,000 DEER SKINS

WANTED,

AND ALSO,

ALL OTHER KINDS OF HIDES, FOR  
which I will pay the highest mar-  
ket price in cash. Bring on your hides and get  
your cash for them.

JOHN SCHRAM,  
Saddle and Harness Maker,  
Oregon City, Oregon, July 11, 1873-m3.

WAGON AND CARRIAGE

MANUFACTORY!

THE UNDERSIGNED,  
having increased the di-  
mensions 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 pa-  
trons, and as many new ones as he  
pleased to call, that he is now prepared,  
with ample room, good materials, and the  
very best of mechanics, to build anew, re-  
construct, 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, 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  
of Oregon City and vicinity at exceedingly  
Low Prices.

MILLINERY GOODS.

MILLINERY GOODS.

HATS AND BONNETS.

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FEATHERS AND FLOWERS.

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RIBBONS AND ORNAMENTS.

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CALL AND EXAMINE.

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## Gretchen's Trouble.

I was certain she was not happy: A shadow rested in the blue eyes, and around the mouth dwelt an expression of repressed suffering. She moved through the house quietly, ready at all times to do pleasant little things for our comfort, but the smile that came with the offerings faded from her face, as you have seen the twilight fade suddenly into the gloom of a darkened sky.

I questioned the landlady of her history.

"She is very pretty, the little Gretchen," she said, "and I am not surprised that you ask about her; most people do, that come here. Two years ago she sung all the day long, like the birds out yonder, but the chipper is all gone from her now, and no wonder. Her mother was as good a woman as ever lived, well ed-

ucated, too, for these parts, and Gretchen's like her, died suddenly, and after that her father, being dis-

couraged, I reckon, went to the bad as fast as he could. From almost worshipping the girl, he took to abusing her, and nothing could make her leave him. Her mother was gone, he was all she had, you know. Well, a year ago some Christ-

mas-how time runs—the old man was up to Smalley's and drank a good deal, then, and then he was

with Judge McLean's son who is a pretty hard case. Nobody knows how it came about, but Gretchen's father got mad and put a ball right through McLean's head and killed him. It was a bad thing all around.

The old judge and his other son swore that the murderer, as they called him, should swing for it, but he broke jail one night and has never been heard of since. Between you and me I think he has some help, for everybody around here believed his story that he done it in self-defence. Gretchen came to us the fol-

lowing day and has been with us ever since, for you see she have no child of our own. A better girl I never want around, but she's always as you've seen her. All her bright taking ways have left her, and she looks, I tell my husband, just as the flowers do when they are trying to raise their heads after a heavy shower has broken them down. She's a good little thing is Gretchen."

After this I watched her closer than ever. The little inn in which I lived and where I had been spend-

ing the summer nestled among the rocks and trees at the foot of the mountain in the little village of M—.

With nothing to do save laying up the store of physical strength of which I stood greatly in need, this little German girl with her fair face and sad story, awakened the deepest interest in my heart, and I longed to do something that would bring back the sunshine into her life.

Time passed away. Every day I took long rambles, and the mountain paths became as familiar to me as the streets of my native city. There was one place high up, almost to the blue heavens, it seemed, which I dearly loved. The way was rough and to one less sure-footed, perilous, but when this mountain eyrie was reached the view was sublime beyond description. Great piles of granite with the silence of ages upon them, scattered around, the rolling sea, the distance, and far down, the little village, with its restless hearts and busy hands, the same in kind as in the crowded metropolis, all formed parts of the wonderful picture which thrilled her many happy hours. Some long ago convulsion of Nature had piled the rocks up so as to form a room, sheltered from the wind and commanding a view of the steep and rugged pails. It was seldom that anyone ventured so high, and I almost regarded it as my own individual retreat, mine by right of occupation.

The autumn storms, fearful in this climate, were beginning, and I threat-

ened to put an end to my rambles, for it was a perilous venture to go where the golden sunshine would, in a short half hour be lost in the darkness of a tempest that seemed to tear asunder the eternal hills.

And now there came a change in Gretchen. I noticed it first when, during some travelers, who had chanced here so late in the season, were talking of venturing up the mountain the next day. A sort of eager, scared expression looked out of her eyes as she listened, and an ex-

pression, if it could be possible, that deepened into absolute terror. That night I could not sleep until long after the house was still, and when I did her face was present in my dreams. Past midnight I awoke with a start, and springing from bed, I went to the window and drew aside the curtain. There was no moon, but the stars were brightly shining in their distant homes, and by their light I saw some one stealing along under the trees and taking the path toward the mountain. It was little Gretchen. No one else could step so lightly, so gracefully, and yet so swiftly along. With the speed of a thought I threw on my clothes and followed her. She was out of sight but I soon caught sight of her as she was rapidly climbing the steep hill-side.

She carried something in her hand which she would change now and then to the other. Up, up she went, steadily and swiftly, looking neither to the right or left of her. I kept close behind with a noiseless step, that she need not know of my presence, and yet I might be able to pro-

tect her from the dangers to which this rash and terrible midnight journey exposed her. All curiosity as to her purpose was merged in over-

whelming anxiety, for to my sur-

prise she took the way to my lofty eyrie. By day and in fair weather, it was sufficiently difficult for the un-

wary; but at night, when the streams were swollen by recent rains, and a fog, dense as the deepest darkness, might settle down at any moment, it was simply throwing away human life. Something seemed to watch over this little Gretchen, though, for the night remained clear and she was as sure-footed as the most skillful mountaineer. She reached the pile of rocks at last where I had spent so many happy hours, and disappeared from view. I would not venture any further for then, and not till then, came the thought of what her errand might be. This little golden-haired German girl must not know that I had followed her, and yet I could not go back until she, too, returned. So I stepped behind an overhanging rock and awaited her coming. I can never forget that night watch. Way up in the mountain wild, whose desolation was even in the daytime apal-

ing, but now, with solemn midnight brooding over it all, I was almost overwhelmed with its grandeur.

I had not long to wait. Very soon Gretchen reappeared, but not alone. A man walked beside her, with bent head and a shuffling gait, a man that I had never seen before, but whose father, a fugitive from justice, as they drew near me, I caught frag-

ments of the conversation.

"You must be careful, father, of what I bring you," Gretchen was saying. "I know I might be pre-

vented from coming sometimes, and then what would you do, for you know you must not venture down to the village, whatever happens."

"No, no, my girl; I understand that without your telling me," the man answered, "but you must man-

age to get here somehow. Oh, my God, how lonesome it is, with nothing but the rocks to speak to, and me I think he has some help, for everybody around here believed his story that he done it in self-defence. Gretchen came to us the fol-

lowing day and has been with us ever since, for you see she have no child of our own. A better girl I never want around, but she's always as you've seen her. All her bright taking ways have left her, and she looks, I tell my husband, just as the flowers do when they are trying to raise their heads after a heavy shower has broken them down. She's a good little thing is Gretchen."

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