

Oregon City Enterprise

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

OREGON CITY, OREGON, FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 12, 1875.

NO. 16.

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 Enterprise Building, one door south of Masonic Building, Main St.

Terms of Subscription: Single Copy One Year, In Advance, \$2.50 Six Months, \$1.50

Terms of Advertising: Transient advertisements, including all legal notices, \$2.50 per square of twelve lines and week.

SOCIETY NOTICES.

OREGON LODGE NO. 3, I. O. F. Meets every Thursday evening at 7 o'clock in the Odd Fellows' Hall, Main street.

REBECCA DEGREE LODGE NO. 2, I. O. F. Meets on the second and fourth evenings each month at 7 o'clock in the Odd Fellows' Hall.

MILITARY LODGE NO. 1, I. O. F. & A. M. Holds its regular communications on the first and third Saturdays of each month.

FALLS ENCAMPMENT NO. 1, I. O. F. Meets at Odd Fellows' Hall on the first and third Saturdays of each month.

CLUB ENCAMPMENT NO. 2, I. O. F. Meets at Odd Fellows' Hall on the first and third Saturdays of each month.

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

W. W. MORELAND, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW. OREGON CITY, OREGON.

S. HUELAT, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW. OREGON CITY, OREGON.

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

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

Dr. P. PARKER, LATE OF PORTLAND, OFFERS HIS services as Physician and Surgeon to the people of Clackamas county.

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

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.

LOUIS SAAL, Proprietor. OYSTERS WILL BE SERVED FROM after this date during the Winter season. The best quality of FRENCH and AMERICAN CANDIES.

NOTICE. M. WIFE, MARTHA J. STEWART, having left my bed and board without cause or provocation, and she is hereby notified not to harbor or trust her on my account, as I shall pay no debts of her contracting from after this date.

NOTICE. M. WIFE, MARTHA J. STEWART, having left my bed and board without cause or provocation, and she is hereby notified not to harbor or trust her on my account, as I shall pay no debts of her contracting from after this date.

NOTICE. M. WIFE, MARTHA J. STEWART, having left my bed and board without cause or provocation, and she is hereby notified not to harbor or trust her on my account, as I shall pay no debts of her contracting from after this date.

NOTICE. M. WIFE, MARTHA J. STEWART, having left my bed and board without cause or provocation, and she is hereby notified not to harbor or trust her on my account, as I shall pay no debts of her contracting from after this date.

A Representative and Champion of American Art Taste!

Prospectus for 1875—Eighth Year. THE ALDINE, THE ART JOURNAL OF AMERICA, Issued Monthly.

"A Magnificent Conception, Wonderfully carried out."

The necessity of a popular medium for the representation of the "progressive" art of our great artists has always been recognized, and many attempts have been made to meet this want.

THE ALDINE, while issued with all the regularity, has none of the ordinary literary interest, or the ordinary literary interest.

PREMIUM FOR 1875. Every subscriber for 1875 will receive a beautiful portfolio in colors, of the same noble dog whose picture in a former issue attracted so much attention.

"Mark Twain's Friend" will be welcome in every home. Everybody has heard of a dog, and so it is not surprising that the picture of a noble dog executed so true to nature, and so full of spirit, should attract so much attention.

TERMS. Our Subscription, entitling to THE ALDINE for one year, is \$2.00 in advance.

Specimen copies of THE ALDINE, 50c. CANVASSERS WANTED. Any person wishing to act permanently as a local canvasser will receive full and prompt information by applying to

THE ALDINE COMPANY, 58 MAIDEN LANE, NEW YORK.

DRY GOODS. I now offer this stock of goods at prices far below any other establishment in the city.

OREGON CITY MADE. Men and Boys' Clothing, Underwear, Hosiery, Blankets, and Furnishings.

GROCERIES. Groceries, Crockery, Glassware, Toys, etc.

Lowest Prices. A. LEVY'S.

OREGON STEAMSHIP CO.'S STEAMBOAT NOTICE! STEAMSHIP CO. OF PORTLAND.

ST. F. N. COOKE. Will leave OREGON CITY for PORTLAND every day (except Sunday) at 7 o'clock.

ST. ALICE. Will leave OREGON CITY for CORVALLIS every Monday and Thursday of each week.

ST. DAYTON. Will leave OREGON CITY for McMinnville, Astoria, and DAYTON, and all points between, every Monday, Wednesday and Friday of each week.

ST. ALBANY. Leaves OREGON CITY for HARRISBURG every Wednesday and all intermediate points.

ST. Fannie Patton. Leaves OREGON CITY for ALBANY and all intermediate points between twice each week.

CALL AND SETTLE. All persons indebted to the undersigned fully responsible to call and settle their accounts by the 15th of January, 1875.

NOTICE. M. WIFE, MARTHA J. STEWART, having left my bed and board without cause or provocation, and she is hereby notified not to harbor or trust her on my account, as I shall pay no debts of her contracting from after this date.

The Snuff-colored Suit.

I scarcely know how it happened, but a timber man has come and struck me on the head.

The first thing that I realized after was that I was straight and still on something hard, and when I tried to move myself and speak, I found it impossible to do so.

"Oh, no, she had her eyes on another fellow anyhow, and a better match, too, except the money part. Though I had nothing against Ben, only he didn't know much, and was about the homeliest man I ever knew."

"Well," said the cheerful voice of Hopkins, "he'll never open his mouth again," and then he proceeded to measure for my coffin.

"I don't look upon him, Bob; he was so mortal homely, alive, he would have frightened my friends about the funeral, however."

"I ground my teeth in imagination, as I remembered how often she had gone into raptures, or pretended to, over my noble brow and expressive mouth."

"No! I didn't! My affections were wasted long ago when she never returned my love; and my fast-fading idol sighed heavily."

"About the time I went away?" interrogated the cautious Bob, consulting a little.

"Well, yes, some near," assented my dear affianced.

"Now, Jerusha, you don't mean to insinuate that I mean to insinuate anything, Bob Smith?" and the angelic sweetness of her voice was somewhat sharpened.

"Now see here, 'Rusha, I've loved you ever since you were knee-high to a gopher, but I thought when you came home that you was sweet on that other chap; but I swan I believe you liked me all the time!"

"Oh, Bob!" said my was-to-be, in a gasping sort of way. "Mine own 'Rusha!" remarked Bob.

was just the neatest one I ever owned, arm-holes, collars, waistbands, buttons, all just the thing, and my blood boiled to hear them talk so coolly of using them for stripes in a rag carpet.

"Bob says he will take the Martin farm to work this year," said Jerusha, cheerfully, "and as soon as we are married we shall go to the house on that little cottage close to the road."

"I was getting very mad now, indeed, felt that the crisis was near, and that I should either die or explode, if they did not let my snuff-colored suit alone."

"Well," said the cheerful voice of Hopkins, "he'll never open his mouth again," and then he proceeded to measure for my coffin.

"I don't look upon him, Bob; he was so mortal homely, alive, he would have frightened my friends about the funeral, however."

"I ground my teeth in imagination, as I remembered how often she had gone into raptures, or pretended to, over my noble brow and expressive mouth."

"No! I didn't! My affections were wasted long ago when she never returned my love; and my fast-fading idol sighed heavily."

"About the time I went away?" interrogated the cautious Bob, consulting a little.

"Well, yes, some near," assented my dear affianced.

"Now, Jerusha, you don't mean to insinuate that I mean to insinuate anything, Bob Smith?" and the angelic sweetness of her voice was somewhat sharpened.

"Now see here, 'Rusha, I've loved you ever since you were knee-high to a gopher, but I thought when you came home that you was sweet on that other chap; but I swan I believe you liked me all the time!"

"Oh, Bob!" said my was-to-be, in a gasping sort of way. "Mine own 'Rusha!" remarked Bob.

Confronted by History.

From the San Francisco Examiner. Lee surrendered April 9th, 1865. President Lincoln lost not a moment in commencing the work of reconstruction, saying: "We have conquered them with arms; we will now conquer them with magnanimity."

"His assassination, six days after the surrender, was the greatest calamity that could have befallen the country. The Radicals said: 'God has removed him because his heart was softened toward rebels.'"

"I was getting very mad now, indeed, felt that the crisis was near, and that I should either die or explode, if they did not let my snuff-colored suit alone."

"Well," said the cheerful voice of Hopkins, "he'll never open his mouth again," and then he proceeded to measure for my coffin.

"I don't look upon him, Bob; he was so mortal homely, alive, he would have frightened my friends about the funeral, however."

"I ground my teeth in imagination, as I remembered how often she had gone into raptures, or pretended to, over my noble brow and expressive mouth."

"No! I didn't! My affections were wasted long ago when she never returned my love; and my fast-fading idol sighed heavily."

"About the time I went away?" interrogated the cautious Bob, consulting a little.

"Well, yes, some near," assented my dear affianced.

"Now, Jerusha, you don't mean to insinuate that I mean to insinuate anything, Bob Smith?" and the angelic sweetness of her voice was somewhat sharpened.

"Now see here, 'Rusha, I've loved you ever since you were knee-high to a gopher, but I thought when you came home that you was sweet on that other chap; but I swan I believe you liked me all the time!"

"Oh, Bob!" said my was-to-be, in a gasping sort of way. "Mine own 'Rusha!" remarked Bob.

co-operation, were the prime movers in promoting the organization of the National Union party. But, alas! the trap set for the few, caught the many.

"I was getting very mad now, indeed, felt that the crisis was near, and that I should either die or explode, if they did not let my snuff-colored suit alone."

"Well," said the cheerful voice of Hopkins, "he'll never open his mouth again," and then he proceeded to measure for my coffin.

"I don't look upon him, Bob; he was so mortal homely, alive, he would have frightened my friends about the funeral, however."

"I ground my teeth in imagination, as I remembered how often she had gone into raptures, or pretended to, over my noble brow and expressive mouth."

"No! I didn't! My affections were wasted long ago when she never returned my love; and my fast-fading idol sighed heavily."

"About the time I went away?" interrogated the cautious Bob, consulting a little.

"Well, yes, some near," assented my dear affianced.

"Now, Jerusha, you don't mean to insinuate that I mean to insinuate anything, Bob Smith?" and the angelic sweetness of her voice was somewhat sharpened.

"Now see here, 'Rusha, I've loved you ever since you were knee-high to a gopher, but I thought when you came home that you was sweet on that other chap; but I swan I believe you liked me all the time!"

"Oh, Bob!" said my was-to-be, in a gasping sort of way. "Mine own 'Rusha!" remarked Bob.

the Columbia river. What could be more creditable, or a better advertisement to our State than specimens of quartz and free gold from Jackson, Josephine and Douglas counties, with a statement of the extent of territory these mines cover; and also similar specimens and statements from our eastern counties, as well as quartz containing beautiful thread gold from the Santiam mines.

"I was getting very mad now, indeed, felt that the crisis was near, and that I should either die or explode, if they did not let my snuff-colored suit alone."

"Well," said the cheerful voice of Hopkins, "he'll never open his mouth again," and then he proceeded to measure for my coffin.

"I don't look upon him, Bob; he was so mortal homely, alive, he would have frightened my friends about the funeral, however."

"I ground my teeth in imagination, as I remembered how often she had gone into raptures, or pretended to, over my noble brow and expressive mouth."

"No! I didn't! My affections were wasted long ago when she never returned my love; and my fast-fading idol sighed heavily."

"About the time I went away?" interrogated the cautious Bob, consulting a little.

"Well, yes, some near," assented my dear affianced.

"Now, Jerusha, you don't mean to insinuate that I mean to insinuate anything, Bob Smith?" and the angelic sweetness of her voice was somewhat sharpened.

"Now see here, 'Rusha, I've loved you ever since you were knee-high to a gopher, but I thought when you came home that you was sweet on that other chap; but I swan I believe you liked me all the time!"

"Oh, Bob!" said my was-to-be, in a gasping sort of way. "Mine own 'Rusha!" remarked Bob.

"Oh, Bob!" said my was-to-be, in a gasping sort of way. "Mine own 'Rusha!" remarked Bob.