

# Oregon City Enterprise

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

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NO. 24.

### 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, N. G.

**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. Members of the Degree are invited to attend. By order of W. M.

**MULTNOMAH LODGE NO. 1, A. F. & M. S.**  
Holds its regular communications on the First and Third Saturdays in each month, at 7 o'clock from the 22nd of September to the 22nd of March; and 7 o'clock from the 27th of March to the 27th of September. Brethren in good standing are invited to attend. By order of W. M.

**FALLS ENCAMPMENT NO. 4, I. O. F.**  
Meets at Odd Fellows' Hall, on the 1st and 3rd Tuesdays of each month. Patriarchs in good standing are invited to attend. M. C. ATHEY, C. E. M. S. & S. S. MARY.

**CLIFF ENCAMPMENT NO. 2, C. O. F.**  
Meets at Odd Fellows' Hall, on the 1st and 3rd Tuesdays of each month. Patriarchs in good standing are invited to attend. M. C. ATHEY, C. E. M. S. & S. S. MARY.

**PHYSICIAN CARDS.**

**J. W. NORRIS, M. D.,**  
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,  
OREGON CITY, OREGON.  
Office: Up-Steps in Charman's Brick, Main Street, August.

**W. W. MORELAND,**  
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,  
OREGON CITY, OREGON.  
Office: Main Street, opposite the Court House.

**S. HUELAT,**  
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,  
OREGON CITY, OREGON.  
Office: Charman's Brick, Main St. Room 1072247.

**JOHNSON & McCOWN,**  
ATTORNEYS AND COUNSELORS AT-LAW,  
Oregon City, Oregon.  
Will practice in all the Courts of the State. Special attention given to cases in the U. S. Circuit Office at Oregon City, Sept. 1874.

**L. T. BARIN,**  
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,  
OREGON CITY, OREGON.  
Office: Over Pope's Tin Store, Main Street, 21mar75-14.

**Dr. S. PARKER,**  
L. OF PHOENIX, 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. Kaufman's store, October 23, 1874.

**JOHN M. BACON,**  
IMPORTER AND DEALER  
In Books, Stationery, Perfumery, etc., etc., Oregon City, Oregon.  
67 at Charman & Warner's old stand, lately occupied by S. Ackeman, Main St.

**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, as good as can be obtained anywhere in the State. Orders solicited and promptly filled.

**OYSTER SALOON RESTAURANT!**  
LOUIS SAAL, Proprietor.

Main Street, Oregon City.  
OYSTERS WILL BE SERVED FROM the above establishment during the Winter season. The best quality of FRENCH AND AMERICAN CANDIES. For sale in quantities to suit.

### A Representative and Champion of American Art Taste!

## THE ALDINE,

THE ART JOURNAL OF AMERICA, Issued Monthly.

*"A Magnificent Conception, Wonderfully carried out."*

Prospectus for 1875—Eighty Year.

The necessity of a popular medium for the representation of the productions of our great artists, has always been recognized, and many attempts have been made to meet the want. The successive failures which so invariably followed each attempt in this country to establish an art journal, do not prove the indifference of the American people to the claims of high art, so soon as a proper appreciation of the want and an ability to meet it were shown, the public at once rallied with enthusiasm to its support, and the result was a great artistic and commercial triumph—THE ALDINE.

THE ALDINE, while issued with all the regularity, has none of the temporary or timely interest characteristic of ordinary periodicals. It is an elegant miscellany of pure, light, and graceful literature; and a collection of pictures, the finest specimens of artistic skill in black and white. Although each succeeding number affords a fresh pleasure to its friends, the real value and beauty of THE ALDINE will be most appreciated after its perusal at the close of the year. While other publications may claim superiority, as compared with rivals of a similar class, THE ALDINE is an unique and original conception—an attempt to do absolutely without competition in the art journal line. The possessor of a complete volume could not duplicate the quantity of fine paper and engravings in any other volume or number of volumes for ten times its cost; and then it is the most beautiful of all.

PREMIUM FOR 1875—Every subscriber for 1875 will receive a beautiful portrait, in oil colors, of the same artist who painted the premium picture in the issue of the year. The Aldine will be most appreciated after its perusal at the close of the year. While other publications may claim superiority, as compared with rivals of a similar class, THE ALDINE is an unique and original conception—an attempt to do absolutely without competition in the art journal line. The possessor of a complete volume could not duplicate the quantity of fine paper and engravings in any other volume or number of volumes for ten times its cost; and then it is the most beautiful of all.

**Man's Unselfish Friend**  
will be welcome in every home. Every best loves such a dog, and the portrait is executed so true to life, that it returns the very presence of the animal itself. The Rev. T. H. W. Talmage tells that his own New Foundland dog, the finest in Brooklyn barks at it and though so natural, the dog whose picture in a former issue will have the slightest fear of being taken.

Besides the chromo, every advanced subscriber to THE ALDINE for 1875 is constanly receiving a copy of the next issue of the Aldine.

**THE ALDINE ART UNION.**  
The Union owns the originals of all the Aldine pictures, which, with other paintings and engravings, are to be distributed among the members of the Aldine Art Union. 5,000 subscribers, 100 different pieces, valued at over \$2,000, are to be distributed as soon as the series is complete, and the awards of each series as made, are to be published in the next issue of the Aldine. This feature applies only to subscribers who pay for one year in advance. Full particulars in circular sent on application enclosing a stamp.

**TERMS.**  
Our subscription, entitling to THE ALDINE for one year, with one chromo and the Art Union, \$6 per Annum, in Advance. Specimen copies of THE ALDINE, 50c. CANVASSERS WANTED. Any person wishing to act permanently as a local canvasser will receive full and complete information by applying to THE ALDINE COMPANY, 58 MAIDEN LANE, NEW YORK.

### Learning her Value.

"Just what I have been expecting for about twenty years," said Miss Pauline Worthington, looking from an open letter in her hand, with a frowning brow.

"Is it not your letter from Herbert, Lina?" questioned Mrs. Worthington, a tiny, silver-haired old lady with a gentle expression.

"Yes, mother. Essie is very ill with low, nervous fever, and they want me to come and stay until she is better. The carriage will be sent at three o'clock, mother," and Miss Pauline's eyes snapped. "I think it is about time Bert's tyranny was ended. He is killing her."

"I can see his faults if he is," "I never heard Essie complain."

"She never would. But look at her; nine years ago she was a living sunbeam, so bright and pretty. Now, pale, quiet and reserved, her voice is seldom heard, her smile seldom seen. A wintry shadow of her summer brightness! Now she is broken down. You have never seen her at home, but surely when she is here you see the change?"

"Yes, dear, she has changed; but how!"

"Has Louie changed so? She has been twelve years married."

Mrs. Worthington was silent. Louie was her eldest child, and presided over the home in which her mother was a cripple and her father for fifteen years. She took all the household care and had five children, and yet Louie had gained in beauty, and certainly in cheerful happiness, since her marriage, even if the meriment of girlhood was gone.

"Heavy appreciates Louie!" said Lina, "there lies the difference between her happiness and Essie's dejection. If there is any domestic trouble Henry and Louie share it, while Herbert shifts his all upon Essie. He is an habitual fault-finder."

"Perhaps, dear, Essie is not so good a house-keeper as Louie. Herbert may have cause to find fault."

"Once in ten times he may. I never saw a faultless house or house-keeper; but Essie and her house are the nearest approach to perfection I ever did see."

"You never spoke so before, Lina."

"Because Louie and I thought it better not to worry you with a trouble beyond your help. But firmly believing, as I do now, that Herbert is actually worrying his wife into the grave, I intend to give him a lesson. That is if you can spare me to go?"

"You must go, dear. I shall get along nicely."

So when Herbert Worthington sent his carriage Lina was quite ready to go for the fourteen mile drive to her brother's house. It was most unlike a house wherein any evil spirit of repining or fault-finding should have found an abode. Spacious, handsomely furnished with well trained servants, and all the comforts wealth could furnish, it seemed a very paradise on earth to visitors. But a very demon lurked there to poison all, and this demon Lina had come to exercise.

For the first fortnight Essie took all her time and care, the gentle spirit hovering very near the portal of the eternal home. There was a babe too, six months old, and its wants filled all the spare moments. Herbert smiled and fretted over the domestic shortcomings, but Lina peremptorily forbade all mention of these in the sick room, leaving the doctor in the anxiety for saving the patient's life depended on quiet.

But when convalescence commenced, Lina sent Essie and the baby to visit old Mrs. Worthington, and took control of Herbert and the two older children and the household, fully determined to show her brother how far he erred in his wife's supposed fault-finding. With all her severity, she did believe he was himself unaware of the frequency of his querulous complaints and the exaggeration of his fretful statements.

The first dinner saw the beginning of the lesson Lina meant to teach, by practically illustrating some of Herbert's absurdities. Herbert entered the dining room, his handsome face disfigured by his habitual frown. Harry and Louie were seated and the waiter girl in her place behind Lina's chair.

"Soup," said Herbert, lifting the tureen cover, "perfect dish-water."

"Susan," said Lina sharply, before Herbert could lift the lid, "take that tureen to the kitchen and tell Jane the soup is not fit to eat."

Susan promptly obeyed. Herbert looked rufely at the vanishing dish. He was especially fond of soup, and the savory fumes of the really delicious dish were tantalizing. Essie would have made some genteel excuse—never whipping off his dinner that way. All dinner time Lina kept up a dinging at Susan about the abominable soup, till Herbert wished he had said nothing about it. But his imagination had detected a burnt flavor in the pudding and before he could retrace that dish followed the soup.

"I'll get this house into some kind of order before I leave it," said Lina emphatically.

"Before you leave it," said Herbert, sharply. "Do you suppose that you are better house-keeper than Essie? Why I have not a friend that does not envy me the exquisite order of my house and dainty table."

"Herbert, you surprise me. Only yesterday I heard you say you did wish there was something fit to eat on the table."

"One don't expect every word to be taken literally," said Herbert rather sulkily. But not an hour later, finding a streak of dust in the sitting-room, he declared emphatically that it was not fit for a pig to live in.

Coming in next morning he found the curtains torn down, the carpets soaked up, the floor littered with pails, sops and brushes, and Lina in a disarray, her hair tied up in a towel, directing two women scrubbing vigorously.

"Good gracious, Lina," he cried, "what are you doing?"

"Cleaning this room."

"You said, Herbert, that Louie hadn't a decent shirt and you wished somebody would see to her. So I bought her a complete outfit. I could not see any fault myself, but of course I got more expensive articles, as you did not like those already provided. I am glad you called attention to the poor neglected child."

"Poor neglected child!" echoed astonished Herbert. "Why Lina, Essie fairly slaves her life out over those children, I am sure I never see any better dressed, or neater."

Lina merely shrugged her shoulders. A month passed. Essie gained strength in the genial atmosphere surrounding Louie and her mother, while Lina ruled with a rod of iron. Herbert began to experience a sick longing for Essie's gentle presence. Lina took him so very literally in all that he said, and he could not rebuke her for doing what he openly wished.

A chair with a tiny spot of dirt being declared absolutely filthy, was upholstered at a cost of eight dollars. A dozen new shirts, Essie's last labor of love, being said to set like meal-bags, she gave them to the groomer, and a new set sent from the furnisher. Harry's blocks were burned at the kitchen fire when Herbert stepping on one, said he "would not put any such rubbish around the house." Every window was opened after a pettish declaration that it was as hot as an oven. An hour later the stove was fired up to smothering heat because he declared it "could not freeze a polar bear."

But Essie was coming home, well and strong again. On the day of her expected arrival, Lina invited her brother into the sitting-room for a few moments of private conversation.

"Herbert," she said, very gravely, "I have come home to make to you. You are my only brother, and I need not tell you I love you very dearly. It has really grieved me to the heart to see how much there is to find fault with in your beautiful home." Herbert turned himself uneasily in his chair, but Lina continued:

"You know that mother is very dependent upon me, Louie having the children to care for, but I think would sacrifice her own comfort for yours. So if you wish, Herbert, I will go to my room permanently to keep things in order for you and mother."

Here Lina was obliged to pause and strangle a laugh at Herbert's expression of utter horror and dismay.

"You are very kind," he faltered, "the instinct of a gentleman battling with the gross desire to make to you, she would certainly give me into a lunatic asylum six months more of her model house-keeping."

"Not at all. A man who has made an unfortunate marriage certainly needs all the aid and sympathy his friends can give him."

"The last straw was laid upon the camel's back. Herbert spoke hotly: "You are entirely mistaken, Lina! I have not made an unfortunate marriage. If ever a man was blessed with a wife like you, I am that man."

"You amaze me, Herbert," cried Lina in well feigned astonishment. "I do not see why you should be surprised. Essie is gentle, loving, orderly, a gentle mother, and a perfect friend to me. What blessing her!"

"Herbert, is that true?"

"Certainly it is true."

"I cannot believe it!" was the slow response.

"Because"—and Lina dwelt impressively upon the word—"during the nine years of your married life, though visiting here frequently, I have never heard you speak one word of encouragement or praise to Essie. I never saw one look of approbation or appreciation of any effort she made for your comfort or your peace. Continual fault-finding, constant blame, have changed her from a happy, winsome girl to a pale, careworn woman. Even her last illness was but the unspoken despair of a heart crushed under a load of daily censure and constant striving for the approbation never given. And you tell me now she has never failed in her duty to you. There is a grave error somewhere, brother."

The sadly earnest tone, the face of thoughtful gravity, sent every word home to Herbert Worthington's heart. He spoke no word of self-defense as Lina slowly left the room. In the profound silence that followed, conscience reviewed the past, and he knew that his sister had spoken only the truth. The habit of fault-finding which had grown in Essie's gentleness had grown in force till all its monstrosity stood revealed in the experience of the past month and Lina's words.

In the days when Essie lay dangerously ill there had been no self-reproach in this in her husband's sorrow. He had given his wife a fair home, an ample income, frequent social pleasure, many costly gifts, and loved her faithfully, while poisoning her whole life.

"God help me," he whispered, "to conquer this fault." Essie shall bear no more fault-finding, and if I see her drooping I will send her to mother and have Lina here to keep house."

Never had a wife and mother warmer welcome than greeted Essie.

### The Demand for Oregon flax.

From the Bulletin.

We have lately learned of the foreign market for our wheat. But our wheat has many competitors, and its price varies every year between wide limits. Farmers cannot rely on large profits, though they can rely on sure crops of prime quality. Hops, which now attract much attention and create a speculative fever among producers, fluctuate in price more than wheat. Other cereals, as oats and barley never fail in our soil and climate; neither do our vegetables or fruits fail. We can affirm good harvests without a failure for the last twenty-seven years. Food is easily raised, making it abundant and cheap. We welcome immigrants to a country in which it is easy for an industrious, temperate and economical man to supply himself and family with food from a few acres, where land is comparatively cheap. But—grain, fruits, vegetables and grass; as well as our herds of cattle and flocks of sheep, our products of salmon and the productions of our forests—are quickly found in excess of the market for any one kind in any year. We rush into the thing which pays best, as the wheat raisers and salmon canners did last year, and as the cattle raisers did the year before.

Sixteen years ago apples, pears and cherries and plums paid largely, and every man went into fruit growing. Prices declined, and orchards went to waste. But those men who cared for good qualities have done a fair business all the time. Agriculturalists have had no difficulty in changing from one crop to another to meet changing demands. The rains now falling so abundantly are the pledge of sure crops this year. But what our farmers need, especially those who have but few acres in cultivation, and little means beyond their own labor, is a variety of crops, and one or two that will bring cash as sure as a bank check over the counter, every year.

The question of food and fuel and most home comforts is easily settled for every one here, but the producer needs something that he can always raise and always sell at a remunerative and almost unvarying price, and something that his own labor and skill can produce. I speak for the small farmers who can spare from one to four or five acres for a new production.

Flax, for the lint, offers him this opportunity. The demand for all grades of lint and tow is unlimited. The President of the Belfast Flax Supply Association in Ireland, Mr. Sullivan, says the supply is failing there each year—they must look to foreign countries in future. New Zealand flax cannot be used except for ropes, and they break when out of water and dry. Russia fails to supply the demand for the finest qualities of flax which our farmers produce. One gentleman remarks that if Oregon had 100,000 acres of flax for export next fall it would reduce the price in England, Scotland and Ireland one per cent.

The net profit over all expenses on every acre raised, as tested last year, would be \$250. This amount is secured on every acre that a farmer can sow and cultivate. If a man has one acre and raises straw enough to make 500 lbs of lint, he can hand-brake and hand-scutch it himself; that is, break and single, as the flax is broken by hand and one hundred years ago for their family use. This 500 lbs will be worth, according to quality, from \$300 to \$375 per ton, and some of it will bring \$450 to \$500 per ton for cambric, lace and lawn manufacture. He will have about 200 lbs of tow, from the same acre, worth from 4 to 6 cents per lb. If he will let 20 per cent of the flax ripen for seed, his seed will bring from 8 to 10 cents per pound for the next year's crop. If a few farmers will join and put in from 80 to 100 acres, they will more promptly gather the crop with a reaper, losing some flax, than to attempt to pull the flax, which will cost \$25 to \$75 per acre. This amount of land in flax will warrant the expense of putting up a mill with a small engine or on small stream to break and scutch it, and thus prepare it quickly for market. Such a mill can be put in working order for about \$500, and they can be multiplied over the State, will warrant the expense of putting up a mill with a small engine or on small stream to break and scutch it, and thus prepare it quickly for market. Such a mill can be put in working order for about \$500, and they can be multiplied over the State, will warrant the expense of putting up a mill with a small engine or on small stream to break and scutch it, and thus prepare it quickly for market.

Canvas for sail cloth is made of the coarser kinds, which is hand-scuted in Scotland and Ireland. Large factories are employed in making this canvas, and the demand increases with ship building and furnishing. Brown Brothers & Co., of Dundee, Scotland, have the contract of furnishing the British and American Governments with all navy sails. Let Oregon begin to raise flax, and the millers will come here to manufacture it, saving 55 per cent of tariff and expenses over present cost to consumers on this coast—adding a new argument for shipbuilding here.

The water of our streams and ponds has proved very good for retting the flax. This is a matter of great importance. The great difficulty in the value of the lint retted in one stream or ditch over that in another, which abounds in lime or iron rust or some other impurity, sometimes equals \$50 per ton. Water from a swamp, fitted with oxide of iron will stain the lint indelibly and destroy much of its value. Soft rain water, or water from melted snow is usually the best, and such water always enables the producer to get a better price for his flax. Some men need experience in raising flax. Soil must be well broken up, plowed, harrowed into a mearly tith and rolled smooth, sown and covered as for clover. The longest grown fibre sells for the highest rates. The

### "They Live by Cheating."

Shreveport (La.) Letter, from Cincinnati Commercial.

There is a colored man here who has done what not one in a quarter of a million of his race have succeeded in doing. Born and reared a slave, he has since the war accumulated about twelve thousand dollars' worth of property. The name of this man is Abner Hall. He has the confidence and respect of all classes and color.

In company with a friend I went around to see Hall. He works at the foundry of L. W. Jones as a pattern-maker, earning good wages and putting in every day. I asked him about the political situation of his race in this region, and first as to his own political views. He said he had always voted with the white people, and used all his influence with his race to get the colored man to white people own this country," he said, "and we must live here if we live anywhere. A cold country this is our home, and we must be at peace with the white people. They will do the thing if the colored man people do. My idea is that the Conservative party is the party for us colored people to go into. They always nominate the best men for office, and always go for a peaceable Government and no taxes. These are the things which the Radical party on the country finally come out of the poor negro, if he had sense enough to see it. A white party and a black party, such as we have had so much of here, will ruin any country. Look what has been done for Louisiana. The Radical party is a cheating party. Look how they got us all to deposit our money in what they call the Freedmen's Bank and stole it. Little do they for the nigger except to get his vote and steal what little money he makes through the banks."

"Did you lose anything by the Freedmen's Bank?" I asked.

"No sir; but I had a whole year's earnings in there, and just did get it out in time. I smelt a rat. I took it out and put it in a box. The men who were in there, and who I know will do right. The next day I tried to get out fifty-nine dollars that a friend had in the old trap, but it had gone shut down, and the money was not there. Ah, sir, you were right. I have much worrying and suffering the poor colored men have had about that bank. Some had in three hundred dollars, and from that all the way down to fifty cents."

That, sir, is just one of the main reasons why the colored man carries the election in this parish. The colored men voted with their right straight along. I think I influenced as many as two hundred myself. I reckon more. I worked that hard as I could. I put all my time for I knew I was doing a good work for my race."

"The Conservatives carried the election, did they?"

"Yes, sir, carried it in this parish by over six hundred majority as near as I can stand here. The counting out of the men we elected to the Legislature was the biggest cheat that ever was. What's the use of having an election if they can't do it? The Radical party live by cheating. It is all that they have to go on. Nobody pretends that they carried the election in this parish. You can't find a Radical who will say it. They knew we beat them and that the Returning Board cheated us out of our vote. The Conservative party, sir, as much as has been said about it, wouldn't do that mean."

"Did the colored men vote the Conservative ticket freely and voluntarily?"

"Yes, sir; the election was the fairest and most quiet we have ever had here. Everybody says that. But the Returning Board counted in the very men that were beaten. What's the use of having an election when they can do that way?"

I mentioned that it was necessary to count out the few Conservatives so as to give the Republicans the Legislature. But Mr. Hall protested that it was no fair way to do, and that if the will of the majority can be set aside that way, we may well abolish elections and give the country entirely to the Returning Boards.

"A WESTERNER'S VIEWS.—Senator McDonald of Indiana has been interviewed, and says that the Presidential romances this time must be by a Western man, that is if the Democrats wish to succeed. He thinks that Hendricks and Gordon would make a good team.

middle cuttings are taken by spinners for choice fabrics. Lint, four and five feet long will give two or three middle cuttings, the ends being clipped for other purposes and used for three different grades of linen. Our soil proves equal to the best for long fibre, when well cultivated, that for which is the greatest demand for export.

Great care must be taken to pull or reap at the right time, not on dry or too late. Great care is needed in retting and curing, but our freedom from rain storms, as a rule, in August and early September helps to insure the crop, even better than in Ireland. Experience can soon be gained to decide when to pull or reap. The books say when the seed first tinges brown. Mr. Smith says when the stock colors a little above ground. But knowing that the crop wanted is good fibre, young, fresh, strong, soft and pliant, the trial of soil and sun will help every grower to decide the question for his own field. Flax growers from Scotland as well as from the Eastern and Western States, are now among us, and they can, if they will, lead off in this business. The Riga and Holland seed is now here for the first time, imported from the firm of H. Hewitt & Co. for trial.

It will give work for men and boys and employ days and weeks profitably that would otherwise be wasted; you can rotate the crop, sowing the flax on the same acre only once in five years, and thus keep the soil strong as the Scotch do.

If Oregon would raise 500 tons of lint fibre, all prepared for export, this year for the British market, it would bring \$150,000 to \$175,000 and give us back what we pay for half the sacks we buy of them each year.

Next year we could raise 1,000 tons and load a ship and get \$300,000. After that, like wheat, our cargoes of flax would be sought by France as well as Britain. But ere that day manufacturers of twine, cordage, sail canvas, damasks and linen cloths of all kind would begin to be croeted here, as in Ireland and Scotland, near the fields of production. Farmers of Oregon, at this moment the call is made and the cash is ready for all the flax you can raise and prepare on one, five, or ten or a hundred or a thousand acres. You have the soil and climate and other needed conditions for its production, and the seed is ready.

The seed should be sown by the middle or third week of April if possible. This crop will be another element of insurance for your harvest income. It will open new and inviting fields of industry. It will unite with the coal and iron and lumber and the cereals and fruits and fisheries to win the confidence of enterprising capitalists and furnish paramount business and support for a large population. As this product becomes important for export the shipping business for our merchants will largely increase and be another permanent article of commerce which we all desire to extend.

### How a Boy Made His Father Sorry.

Another callow youth has taken sweet and deadly vengeance on his father by shooting himself. This one lived in Cincinnati, and his name was Keenan. Old Keenan had some dispute or difficulty with the boy, and the boy ended the parley by saying: "You will be sorry for this. So saying he went into the next room, and immediately a shot was heard. The boy then walked back into the room where his father was, with blood spouting from his breast and his face very pale. He had just life enough to say, "See what I have done," and fell. The father gave him a respectable funeral, and probably did feel suitably sorry. This mode of vengeance is affective on the fathers, but is also hard on the boys.

### REASONS FOR THANKFULNESS.

We have great reasons for thankfulness that a Congress which was so subservient to a bad Administration, which had so little conception of its duty to the country, and so constant and overpowering sense of its obligations to the party, and which was so short-sighted and wrong-headed as to have Butler for a leader, has finished its career. The New York Tribune suggests that we may some time get a worse lot. God help us if we do!

An advertisement is a quiet unobtrusive solicitor that never fails to make itself known. Curiosity often prompts one to read it, and after once being read it remains fixed in the mind though apparently forgotten. Do as you will, the remembrance comes to a person whether he desires or not, and as soon as the article advertised is needed, the seeker knows where to go.

### Miss May Read is giving readings

out west. Her business manager is that well known and popular individual, "He who runs May Read."

FOR SALE.  
THE UNDERSIGNED OFFERS HIS premises in Oswego, for sale at a bargain for cash. There is a fine dwelling and out buildings, orchard and about three acres of land. Finely situated for a boarding house for the hands employed in the Iron Works.  
J. W. CAINE,  
Oswego, Sept. 19, 1874.

**CLOTHING.**  
I now offer this stock of Goods at a great discount below any other house in the State. There are hard and money scarce and we will sell every one the worth of their money. We also keep a full assortment of OREGON CITY MADE Men and Boys' Clothing. Underwear, Flannels, Blankets, Towels and Yarns. Groceries, Cutlery, Jewelry, Notions, Medical Instruments, Toys, Etc., etc.

**Lowest Prices For CASH.**

**A. LEVY'S.**  
OREGON STEAMSHIP CO'S STEAMBOAT NOTICE!

**Str. E. N. COOKE,**  
Will leave OREGON CITY for PORTLAND every day (except Sunday), at 7 o'clock, and return to Oregon City at 2 o'clock, P. M.

**Str. ALICE,**  
Will leave OREGON CITY for CORVALLIS every Monday and Thursday of each week.

**Str. DAYTON,**  
Will leave OREGON CITY for MINNIEVILLE, LAFAYETTE and DAYTON, and all points between, every Monday, Wednesday and Friday of each week. Leaves the Basin at 8 o'clock, A. M., and connect with the train at Canemah at 9 A. M.

**Str. ALBANY,**  
Leaves OREGON CITY for HARRISBURG and EUGENE and all intermediate points every week.

**Str. Fannie Patton,**  
Leaves OREGON CITY for ALBANY and all intermediate points between every week. J. D. BILLES, Agent, Oregon City, February, 1874.

**DR. JOHN WELCH**  
DENTIST,  
OFFICE IN OREGON CITY, OREGON.  
Highest Cash Price Paid for County Orders.

**W. W. NORRIS, M. D.,**  
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,  
OREGON CITY, OREGON.  
Office: Up-Steps in Charman's Brick, Main Street, August.

**W. W. MORELAND,**  
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,  
OREGON CITY, OREGON.  
Office: Main Street, opposite the Court House.

**S. HUELAT,**  
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,  
OREGON CITY, OREGON.  
Office: Charman's Brick, Main St. Room 1072247.

**JOHNSON & McCOWN,**  
ATTORNEYS AND COUNSELORS AT-LAW,  
Oregon City, Oregon.  
Will practice in all the Courts of the State. Special attention given to cases in the U. S. Circuit Office at Oregon City, Sept. 1874.

**L. T. BARIN,**  
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,  
OREGON CITY, OREGON.  
Office: Over Pope's Tin Store, Main Street, 21mar75-14.

**Dr. S. PARKER,**  
L. OF PHOENIX, 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. Kaufman's store, October 23, 1874.

**JOHN M. BACON,**  
IMPORTER AND DEALER  
In Books, Stationery, Perfumery, etc., etc., Oregon City, Oregon.  
67 at Charman & Warner's old stand, lately occupied by S. Ackeman, Main St.

**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, as good as can be obtained anywhere in the State. Orders solicited and promptly filled.

**OYSTER SALOON RESTAURANT!**  
LOUIS SAAL, Proprietor.

Main Street, Oregon City.  
OYSTERS WILL BE SERVED FROM the above establishment during the Winter season. The best quality of FRENCH AND AMERICAN CANDIES. For sale in quantities to suit.

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