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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 Order are invited to attend. By order N. G.

REBECCA DEGREE LODGE NO. 3, I. O. O. F.

Meets on the Second and Fourth Tuesdays of each month, at 7 o'clock, in the Odd Fellows Hall. Members of the Degree are invited to attend.

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& M. M. Holds its regular communications on the First and Third Tuesdays of each month, at 7 o'clock from the 25th of March to the 25th of September. Brethren in good standing are invited to attend. By order W. M.

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NOTICE.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN THAT the Assessor's Roll for School District No. 62, has been placed in the hands of the Clerk for collection, which is now due. Persons will call on the undersigned and pay their taxes and save costs.

H. J. HARDING,

Clerk of School District No. 62, Oregon City, June 2, 1875.

The Portland, Dalles and Salt Lake Railway.

COMMUNICATION FROM COL. W. W. CHAPMAN.

OFFICE P. D. & S. L. R. R. Co., PORTLAND, June 10, 1875.

By late advices we are informed that our contracts for the construction of the Portland, Dalles and Salt Lake road have been received in London and considered, and the following modifications proposed, to-wit: That we, instead of the contractors, locate and furnish estimates in detail for 200 miles of the road.

Upon being so done the contracts will be signed for the construction of the whole line as fast as estimates shall be made and approved. The 200 miles above referred to will reach from Portland to the town of Umatilla, and in connection with surveys and estimates made by Mr. Blair, our engineer, will reach to La Grande, east of the Blue mountains, including the Walla Walla branch. It is the intention, if funds for that purpose are supplied, to extend the preliminary lines and estimates from La Grande to Baker City this fall.

This is desirable in order to facilitate obtaining the right of way and at an early day putting the work under construction. It is proper here to state that after deliberation, and upon advising with some prominent citizens as to the probability of sufficient stock being taken here to carry the modifications into effect. We have accepted the modifications and caused notice thereof to be transmitted to the proper parties. It only remains, therefore, for a compliance on our part, and all will be right, and the great enterprise of the Pacific Northwest a success.

CORRESPONDENCE.

Letter from our agent in New York: New York, May 6, 1875.

Col. W. W. Chapman—DEAR SIR: I am only just this day in receipt of news from the contract. It is not signed nor is it rejected. They say they are in earnest about building the road, and have the means at their command, all of which is hopeful. But they say they will require some modifications, but do not give them in this letter. I shall expect another letter from Mr. Blair, the attorney for the contractors is sanguine that an agreement will be arrived at. I remain yours, etc.

Letter from the same party: New York, May 21, 1875.

W. W. Chapman, Esq.—DEAR SIR: I am in receipt of news from London to the effect that the proposed syndicate of contractors will not sign a contract with us until we have furnished them with estimates of the cost of constructing at least one section. I send herewith copies of the letter of the contractors, as presented by Mr. B. (one of the syndicate) to Mr. J., their counsel-at-law; also of the latter's last letter to me, which explains the position of the matter up to this date. Now, if you can comply, all right. I may also state that Mr. B. has expressed his intention of coming over here in June; and Mr. J., their counsel, will probably accompany him. I am very glad they are coming over here, as then we can treat more directly and expeditiously. Yours, etc.

Copy of letter from Mr. B. to H. D. J. (his counselor): London, April 29, 1875.

Dear Sir: The Portland Dalles and Salt Lake Railway—

1st. We require detailed estimates over such a length of line as the syndicate would after approval be bound to build.

2d. The right of constructing the railway so far as such estimates extend, and the remainder after the estimates have been submitted and approved by them. Of course the first thing to be done is to have the title matter carefully prepared and this I trust you will impress carefully upon your friends on the other side.

Yours truly, &c.

Copy of letter from H. D. J., Esq., to our agent in New York, dated May 1, 1875.

Dear Sir: I wrote you last on the 28th ult., and have since received from Mr. E. W. B. a letter in reference to the P. D. & S. L. R. R. I know some of the men on the syndicate, whose names you are likewise familiar with, and can only add that if the American side will work with us the men are powerful enough to build the line. What they want here are estimates, say of 200 miles, from which they would make a firm contract with the company on approval. A very bad case of privilege is the remainder. The men appear fully in earnest, but they say, "We want to take up the whole business, and three million sterling (fifteen million dollars) is, in England, a very serious matter."

That the public may understand the reason for these modifications it is proper to remark that the contract as originally drawn in London, and sanctioned by us, provided that the contractors should survey and estimate the cost of construction, and that the cost should be carried into effect; if it did exceed that sum, then it should be optional with them. But they have, as we are advised, taken the wisest course for them and safer course for us, to require the surveys and estimates to be made by us. We are safe in assuring that the average cost of our road will not exceed \$30,000 per mile, even at the former prices for iron, while it is now found to be one-third to one-half cheaper.

Having accepted the proposed modifications, we have engaged the services of Mr. Theissen as chief en-

Cannot be Beaten.

From the San Francisco Examiner.

It will take very hard work to beat the Democratic party in the election this year. Next year it cannot be beaten. It will carry all before it everywhere. But these predictions are subject, of course, to the sagacity exhibited by the leaders of the campaign. We must not allow ourselves to be led to defeat by unwise generals; nor permit our enemy to raise false issues and force the Democratic party to assume the defensive. That party is not on trial before the country, and care must be exercised to prevent its being placed in such an attitude. The organs and leaders of the Radical party in this State especially, are seeking to make the leading issue in the election this year turn upon the question of the national ascendancy of an ultra and reactionary element which they assert now dominates the Democratic party. Newspapers like the *Territorial Enterprise* industriously endeavor to disseminate the falsehood that the restoration of the Democracy means the destruction of the Union, and they cannot even comment on a patriotic article in the *Mercury* of Edinburgh Centennial without affecting to see in it the kindling embers of Secession, which will burst into full flame the moment a Democratic President enters the White House. A more absurd calumny was never circulated. Every utterance and every act of the Democracy disposes of the vile slander; and the entire atmosphere surrounding that party is luminous with liberal thought and progressive purpose. But even if the charge were true, should not be allowed to affect the action of independent voters in California this year. If next year honest Republicans, now disgusted with the corruptions of their own party and, therefore, inclined to affiliate with the Democracy, shall find reason to regret their course, and become dissatisfied with the national attitude of the Democratic party, they may return to their first love and assist in saving it from utter defeat. It is justly proper that the question does not now present itself. As long as Republicans are dissatisfied with the position their party occupies, so long will they oppose it, negatively at least; and they will add to this opposition an affirmative course and out of Congress, who commend themselves to the people, and contributions to the "cause" and loud declarations in favor of a third term. They were always welcome at Washington as friends of the President, and in that capacity were able to strengthen Douglas at the Convention, and to procure legislation by which his powers were enlarged and made comparatively independent of control. Emboldened by this protection they branched out on a more extensive scale, and the result, as we know, is the present situation. The opposition has done nothing to win back the support of the people; and the Democratic party has given renewed evidence that it is worthy of a further bestowal of the good will of a large portion of the people. It has revealed an animus of hate and oppression in its controlling councils utterly destructive of the spirit of fraternity which characterizes the relations of the sister commonwealths of the Union. It has confessed that it overthrew in Louisiana an established State government by revolutionary employment of the Federal bayonet, and has confirmed the usurper thus violently communitated, a total disregard of the Federal Constitution. It has deliberately manifested a set purpose to perpetuate its power by force and fraud, instead of depending on the popular favor. It has threatened the South with "rape, fire and blood" if extreme measures are not resorted to, and grossly misrepresented the purposes of the whites of that section, in the hope thereby to draw the color line more closely, and precipitate a conflict of races, under which it might see its way to a perpetuity of power. It has perpetrated a financial muddle by the enactment of a law incomprehensible even to its framers and friends. It has largely increased the burdens of taxation, imposing over thirty millions for the ostensible purpose of the treasury and as much more for the monopolists who are the special favorites and friends of the Radicals. It has gone far enough to reveal its own pretensions in matters of investigation, but not far enough to rid itself of the opportunity of plunder. And to-day the only alternative it has to offer is the perpetration of a third term or the elevation to power in the National Capital of the Credit Mobilier plunderers and salary grabbers, who made Jim Blaine Speaker and, in default of Grant, seek to make him President, in order to broaden the sphere of operation of the "ring" which controlled the party of the money. Unless something better than this alternative is presented to the honest and independent members of the Republican party, they cannot but be frightened away from the Democratic support of the Democracy.

We repeat what we have frequently said in these columns, the Democratic party can only be beaten by itself. It has now the co-operation of the honest Republicans who are dissatisfied with the practical working of their own party; and who are, therefore, Democrats on all the immediate issues of the day. How long they will remain in affiliation with us rests on the wisdom exhibited in the councils and campaigns of the party. The Democratic party assails nothing which a true patriot should desire to preserve; while it aims at achievements in the attainment of which the entire public is interested. Next year will be a law unto itself; and on the commanding issues which will then be presented, if the Democracy

shall appear to disadvantage in the eyes of the Republicans now co-operating with us, they will be free to return to their old pastures. For the present, however, the interests of reform, of prosperity, of progress, liberty and law, and of a fraternal republic, are all bound up in the success of the Democracy. So long as this shall continue to be the case, the Democratic party will demand and receive the confidence and support of the public. It need not be condemned, merely because declamatory demagogues seek to excite groundless apprehensions of what it may be next year; for to this condemn it would be to leave the Radical party, unregenerate and unrefined, in the possession of the Government to further carry on its work of destruction.

Jonah vs. the Whale.

From an Exchange.

Unbelievers have often told us that the story of the prophet swallowed by a great fish was an absurdity. They say that, being so long in the stomach of a monster, the minister would have been digested. We have no difficulty in this matter. Jonah was a most unwelcome guest to the whale. He wanted to get out. However much he may have liked fish, he did not want it three times a day and all the time. So he kept up a fidget and a struggle, and a turning, and gave the whale no time to assimilate him. The man knew that he was ever to get out he must be in perpetual motion. We know men who are so lethargic that they would have given the matter up so quietly that in a few hours they would have gone into the great dust of the holes and blubber. Now we see men all around us who have been swallowed by monstrous misfortune. Some of them sit down on a piece of wisdom and never get up. They say: "No use. I will never win my money, or restore my good name, or recover my good health."

They float out to sea and are never heard of. Others, the moment they go down to the bottom, begin to struggle, and begin immediately to get up for a struggle. They make a rapid estimate of the length of the verberate, and come to the conclusion how far they are in. They dig up enough spermatocetes to make a way out, and make a light, and keep turning the way and that, till the first thing you know they are out. Determination to get well has much to do with recovered invalidism. Firm will to go down to the bottom, and a determination to get up, is a way out, if you are determined to find it. All our sympathies are with the plaintiff, in the suit of Jonah vs. Leviathan.

FRAX CULTURE.—From H. F. Bloch, of Union, we learn that F. M. Coffin, a well-known and enterprising farmer of much experience, whose farm lays near that place, has begun the first experiment this season in flax culture that has ever been attempted in this valley. He has a very good tract of six acres of ground, and has two best known varieties—Dutch and Riggs or Russian seed. Mr. Bloch, who takes a deep interest in this section of country, has given the subject of flax culture much investigation, and is firmly impressed with the belief that the soil and climate of this valley is, in every particular, well adapted to raising flax. He informs us that an average yield would be about one ton of flax lint to six acres of ground, and that in Portland from three to five hundred dollars; owing mainly to quality. Taking an average of \$400 per ton would give our farmers a yield of \$600 per acre, and this, too, is a staple article that will sell in any market, and bring cash. We hope our Granger friends will take this matter into consideration and endeavor to devise ways and means by which our products will be changed from wheat, corn and barley to something that will bring cash into this country. Mr. Bloch will send to Europe for seed, and deliver it to any farmer who may desire to experiment, for just what it cost laid down here. He also proposes to make extensive inquiry in regard to flax culture, and will have what information he can gather on the subject published for the benefit of the people of this county.

REDUCTION IN POSTAGE.—The Postmaster-General, under authority of the act of Congress of June 8, 1872, has ordered that the rate of United States postage on letters sent to or received from foreign countries with which different rates have not been established by Postal Convention or other arrangement, when forwarded by vessels regularly employed in transporting the mails, be reduced from ten to five cents for each half ounce or fraction thereof, to take effect July 1, 1875.

Phoebe Cousins doesn't dress like her brother when at the bar, says the Chicago *Tribune* by way of commencing an item. "That's undoubtedly true," says the Brooklyn *Union*; "she dresses by putting on her clothes over her head, while they don't, and what's more, they can't. But what business is it of the *Tribune's* anyhow?"

A Dental Operation.

EXPERIENCE OF A COUPLE WHO WANTED A TOOTH DRAWN.

From the Detroit Free Press.

About 10 o'clock yesterday morning a farmer and his wife hitched their team on Woodward avenue, and in another five minutes had mounted the stairs and appeared in a dentist's office. The old lady had her face tied up and there was a smell of camphor, peppermint, paragon, turpentine, and oil of smoke as she crossed the walk.

"Brace up now, Mary—brace up!" cautioned the husband as they started to climb up the stairs. "I know just how you feel—kinder weak in the knees, like—but the feller up stairs 'll have that old snag out o' there like a horse running down hill!"

They were met by the smiling dentist, and the husband continued: "She's got an old snag we want drawn, or dug out or driven in, or suthin' or other."

"Take a chair, madam," replied the dentist "and I guess I can help you."

"I vum! if I hadn't a mind to go back out!" she said dropping on the sofa.

"Brace, Mary—brace!" commanded the husband. "Why even little children so high (measuring) come up here every day and have their teeth drawn for fun!"

"I don't b'lieve it!" she bluntly replied.

"Do you s'pose I'd lie to you, Mary—do you s'pose I'd tell a deliberate lie right here?" asked the husband.

"She seemed to think he would but didn't say so, and the dentist talked softly and sweetly and finally induced her to remove her shawl and sit down in the chair. While he was looking over his instruments the husband remarked:

"You want to brace, Mary. Hold yer mouth open as wide as you possible can, and don't try to look out o' the window."

"I wish ye'd shut up!" she snapped, sitting up straight. "Don't you s'pose I know enuff to get a tooth drawn?"

"But can't yer own husband speak to ye, Mary—the husband who has lived with you night on to thirty-six years?"

The dentist talked his prettiest and coaxed the woman into leaning back and opening her mouth. He found the cause of her misery to be an old snag of a tooth, which would have to be dug around, but as soon as the lance touched the gum she screamed out and struggled up.

"Mary—dear Mary, why do you holler!" exclaimed the husband rushing over to her side.

"She's a-hollerin' the worst is over!" replied the dentist.

"Oh, she'll stand it like an elephant—she's got real grit, haven't you, Mary?"

"She'll back, opened her mouth again, and again the lance made her scream out.

"Brace, Mary—shut your eyes and hold on to the cheer!" exclaimed the husband.

"Will you s'pose you'd squat over there and stay there?" she snarled, after spitting out a mouthful of blood.

"But I can't sit that and hear you moan and holler and take on so."

"Who's a hollerin'?"

"You did."

"Mary, don't tell me a lie—a bold, straight lie right afore this dentist."

The dentist induced him to be seated again, but it was five minutes before the woman would open her mouth. She declared the ache had entirely vanished, and that her tooth never felt so well in all her life.

"Don't try to crawfish, Mary—don't try that!" exclaimed her husband.

"Will you s'pose you'd shut up? she shouted. "You've jawed and howled around like an old camel, and now you've got to have that tooth drawn or you'll go home afoot!"

She wanted to get out of the chair and go for him, but the dentist persuaded him in going to a drug store after ten drops of laudanum, and while he was absent the tooth was extracted. "Mary" was balancing it on her hand as he came in, and after a brief glance he exclaimed:

"Bully for you, Mary! I know ye had grit. All ye wanted was me to encourage ye!"

"You didn't encourage nothing," she loftily replied.

"I didn't eh? Why durn it, if it wasn't for me you'd be howling around home this very minute, calling for hot ashes, and camphor, and oils, and vitrol, and cotton! Don't lie, Mary, just 'cause you've had one old tooth drawn!"

"I pity your second wife," she growled as she put on her hat. "I know just how them children of mine will be used!"

"Allers a twittin' me about a second wife!" he exclaimed. "Here I've got to pay fifty cents to have that old snag pulled out, and ye hain't the least bit grateful. I'd drive home and leave ye in town, only I know ye'd be in jail in less'n an hour."

"Wait till we get back home," she said as he started down stairs.

"Threats! Threats!" whispered the farmer as he turned to the dentist; "remember, that if I'm found dead to-night, that ye heard her utter threats!"

And he followed her down stairs.

IMPORTANT.—Endorsed by the Medical profession, DR. WM. HALL'S BALSAM FOR THE LUNGS cures Coughs, Colds and Consumption, and all disorders of the Throat and Chest. DR. TOWLEY'S TOOTHACHE ANODYNE cures Toothache in five minutes.

Mrs. Gavett's Box.

There is not a kinder-hearted, more benevolent woman in Detroit than Mrs. Gavett. Last year she was on the committee to canvas for aid for the grasshopper sufferers, and this year she intends to send them a large box of her own getting up. She had Gavett bring up a box the other day, and when it had been placed in the shanty she put on a calico dress, tied on a check apron, and rambled around the house to pick up enough articles to fill the box and have it sent off the next day. Her greatest anxiety was the fear that the box was too small for one-half the things she wanted to send. Opening a closet door she took down an old coat, one that her husband threw away two years ago.

"I'll send that for one thing," she mused, as she held it up. "I don't know, though—that's a pretty good coat. Put a patch on that elbow and Thomas can wear it half the summer."

She placed it on a chair and took down one of her old dresses.

"I'll make some farmer's wife glad with this," she said, as she shook out the folds and held it up. "Let's see! I don't want a hole in either sleeve—skirt all right—waist almost as good as new. I believe I can sell that dress second-hand for enough to buy me a bracelet."

The dress was laid beside the coat, and she hunted out Gavett's boots, the heel of one was run over, and there was a hole in the toe of the other. "They'll do for some one to plow in," she soliloquized, as she took them over to the light. "Some farmer—ah! Why these are good fixtures! I believe I could get them fixed up for fifty cents so that Thomas could wear them half the winter. I don't believe in throwing anything away except what is an awful old."

The boots were set aside, and she took down a bundle of children's clothing.

"Ah! I can send them and make little hearts glad!" she whispered as she untied the bundle. "The children have outgrown them, and they will be a prize to some Kansas—sakes alive! but these garments are almost as good as the day they were made up! I believe I can sell them to the washerwoman for two dollars at least, and as soon as I get two dollars more I can buy me a new braid."

She tied the bundle up and stuck her head into the closet and brought out another dress.

"A hole in each elbow—skirt torn half off," she mused as she turned it over. "I'll send this any how. Some other man can take it and get enough cloth out of the skirt to make her little girl a braid."

Here was I thinking of! Why, this is exactly the stuff I want for the blue stripe in that new carpet. If I'd known this dress was in the house I'd have cut it up last week."

She unlocked another closet, peered in, and hauled out Gavett's old overcoat—one worn out and stained and kicked around for a year.

"That will do splendidly!" she said as she held it up. "It isn't very nice, but some farmer can wear it to chop in. Ah! hold on! I want that lining to make a cushion for my rocking chair, and Jennie will want these buttons for her string, and the rest of the coat'll make a beautiful rug to lay in front of the lounge. I'd like to send it, but probably it wouldn't be appreciated, or probably some one else will send a better one."

She rummaged about for a half hour, and when she got through the chamber, her floors were piled high with old "duds." Those she meant to keep were placed on the right—those she meant to send away on the left. On the left was a wall-basket made of hoop-skirt wire. She hasn't sent the box yet, but she means to. She knows that all should contribute to the relief of the suffering and distressed.—*Detroit Free Press.*

WHAT AN HONEST JOURNALIST DID.

The first exposure of the distillery frauds at St. Louis, and which led to the discovery of the ring, with its co-operating members in other cities was made by the commercial reporter of the *Democrat* of that city. It happened in this way: When he came to make up his annual review of the trade of St. Louis, he discovered that something was either wrong with his balances or the returns of the Internal Revenue Collector for the district. The quantity of whiskey manufactured and that on which the tax was paid did not agree. Had he been a dishonest man, he might have informed the ring of his discovery, and by a pledge of silence shared in its plunder; but he chose the opposite course. He went quietly to laying his plans, gathering information and searching for a traitor in the camp. One was found, and then he poured a broadside into the ranks of the swindlers which utterly demolished their citadel.

A man in Nebraska, who dropped two cents' worth of mail matter in the post office box, and had to pay six cents to do it, went over and stood by one of the windows, and said: "May Hamlet Hamlin of Maine, and Alexander Ramsey of Minnesota, have the bilious colic, the ague, the gout, the jaundice, corns, bunions, boils and the buck-wheat scratches from this day noon for the next fifty years to come."

MIGHTY PARTICULAR.—"I say, land-lord, that's a Yankee, 'that's a dirty towel for a man to wipe on." Land-lord, with a look of amazement, replied: "Well, sir, you're mighty particular. Sixty or seventy of my boarders have wiped on that towel this morning, and you are the first one to find fault."