

Oregon City Enterprise

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

VOL. 10.

OREGON CITY, OREGON, FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 5, 1875.

NO. 2.

THE ENTERPRISE.

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

ISSUED EVERY FRIDAY. F. S. DEMENT, PROPRIETOR 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

Terms of Advertising: Transient advertisements, including all legal notices, 7 squares of twelve lines one week, 25 cents

Permanent advertisements, including all legal notices, 7 squares of twelve lines one month, 1.00

Business Card, 1 square, one year, 2.00

SOCIETY NOTICES.

OREGON LODGE NO. 2, I. O. F.

Meets every Thursday evening at 7 o'clock, in the Old Fellows' Hall, Main Street. Members of the Order 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 Old Fellows' Hall. Members of the Degree are invited to attend. By order, W. M.

MULTIPLUM LODGE NO. 1, A. F. & A. M.

Holds its regular communications on the First and Third Saturdays in each month, at 7 o'clock from the 24th of Sep. to the 24th of March, and 7 1/2 o'clock from the 24th of March to the 24th of September. Brethren in good standing are invited to attend. By order of, W. M.

FALLS CAMPMENT NO. 1, I. O. F.

O. F. Meets at Old Fellows' Hall on the First and Third Tuesday of each month. Patrons in good standing are invited to attend. By order of, W. M.

BUSINESS CARDS.

A. J. HOVER, M. D. J. W. NORRIS, M. D.

HOVER & NORRIS, PHYSICIANS AND SURGEONS.

Office—Up-stairs in Charman's Brick, Main Street. Residence—Third Street, at foot of old stairway.

DR. JOHN WELCH, DENTIST.

OFFICE IN OREGON CITY, OREGON. Highest Cash Price Paid for County Orders.

HUELAT & EASTHAM, ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW.

PORTLAND—In Opitz's new brick, 30 First Street. OREGON CITY—Charman's brick, up stairs. sept 24th

M. C. ATHEY, ATTORNEY AND COUNSELOR-AT-LAW.

Oregon City, Oregon. Special attention given to loaning money. Office—Front room in Enterprise Building. oct 24th

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. Land Office at Oregon City. sept 24th

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

OREGON CITY, : : OREGON. OFFICE—Over Pope's Tin Store, Main Street. 24th

W. H. HIGHFIELD, Established since '49, at the old stand.

Main Street, Oregon City, Oregon. An assortment of Watches, Jewelry, and all the Trimmings which Clocks and all goods warranted. Goods delivered free of charge. The highest cash price paid for country produce. Oregon City, March 28, 1875.

JOHN M. BACON, IMPORTER AND DEALER IN BOOKS, STATIONERY, PORTLAND, etc., etc.

Oregon City, Oregon. At the Post Office, Main Street, east side.

STILL IN THE FIELD! REMOVED SECOND DOOR SOUTH OF HAAS' SALOON.

WILLIAMS & HARDING, -AT THE- LINCOLN BAKERY.

KEEP THE MOST COMPLETE STOCK of Family Groceries to be found in the city. All goods warranted. Goods delivered free of charge. The highest cash price paid for country produce. Oregon City, March 28, 1875.

TO FRUIT-GROWERS. THE ALDEN FRUIT PRESERVING Company of Oregon City will pay the

HIGHEST MARKET PRICE FOR PEARS AND APPLES. Mr. Drow, Chairman, is authorized to purchase for the Company.

THOS. CHARMAN, Secretary. Oregon City, July 28, 1875.

Five and a Half--Patched.

I am a bachelor, an old bachelor; at least that's what my nieces--pretty, saucy, clever, lovable girls--call me; and no doubt they're right, though I can't go so far as to agree with them when they declare a man owing to five-and-forty years and a dozen white hairs "decidedly venerable" and "fearfully gray."

However, an old bachelor I am dubbed, and I must confess, if to acquire that distinction one is obliged to be made much of by lovely women and charming maidens, as I am, I have no serious objection to the title.

In the first place, my home is a home in every sense of the word, although without a mother, or even a mother-in-law.

I occupy, and have occupied for the past year, a suite of remarkably pleasant rooms, the front windows looking on a city park, and the back to a garden made delightful by two fine old peach trees, a heavy grape-vine and a sweet smelling wistaria. The latter has climbed to my windows, and twining in and out of the slats of the shutters, effectually prevents my closing them, but gives me in recompense great fragrant bunches of purple flowers.

These cheerful rooms are part and parcel of Mrs. Midget's boarding house. No, I am wrong. Mrs. Midget--Mr. Midget was lost at sea five years ago--does not keep a boarding house, but takes a few select boarders, of whom she is pleased to intimate she considers me the selectest.

Wonderfully comfortable the "few select" find it in Mrs. Midget's shady, old-fashioned, neatly kept, three-story brick house.

"Everything like wax," my eldest sister says when she comes to visit me, which is about once in four weeks--a day or two after my magazines have arrived.

And the landlady? I invariably reply, "isn't she awful cunning?--so demure in her ways and speech for such a wee thing, and so pretty, with her bright blue eyes and yellow hair?"

Maria, I can't divine why, pretends not to hear me, or else respects, with scornful emphasis: "Awful cunning!"

The fact is, I'm so much among my kinswomen that I often find myself wishing I wish to be particularly emphatic, borrowing their queer adjectives and peculiar forms of expression.

"Indeed, uncle," said Charley to me the other day--named for me, Charlotte (Charles, as near as they could get)--"I wish to be beginning to talk like a girl, and at your time of life, too! And I didn't feel at all insulted; for if all girls talk as well as my nieces, I consider Charley's remark rather a compliment than an insult."

Mrs. Midget knows how to furnish a table, too; all sorts of little delicacies and unexpected tidbits, stews and hashes above reproach, bread and pies, marvels of culinary skill, and tea and coffee--well, really coffee and tea, I think.

As for Mrs. Midget herself, she's such a tot of a woman that I feel like laughing outright every time I look at her, peached on a pile of music-books placed on a chair--the chair itself taller than any of the "few select"--at the head of the dining table. Indeed, only the other day, when she asked, in a solemn manner, fixing her blue eyes on my face, and lifting them so well I still remain unmarried, I did burst out laughing, she looked so very much like a little girl playing dinner with her mother's dinner set.

The miniature woman laid down the ladle and looked at me in surprise.

Mrs. Midget, I beg your pardon, said I: "I suddenly thought of a man I saw at the circus."

er of the glove was neat and methodical; the fine silken stitches used in sewing that patch in, that she was dainty; the fact that the color of the patch exactly matched that of the glove, that she was constant, true to one shade.

Then I imagined her personal appearance: soft brown eyes, chestnut hair, slight but plump figure, feet to correspond with her hands--decidedly graceful and altogether very attractive.

"I'll wager she sings, plays, and dances well," I said to myself, in conclusion; "is not rich, or she would not patch her glove, or poor, or she would not wear gloves."

I must find her! All very well to say, but how to find her? A "personal" if it met her soft brown eyes, would frighten so modest a little creature, and she would be likely to hide herself instead of allowing herself to be found.

Shall I show my treasure to my nieces, and ask if they can give me any clue to the original possessor? Pshaw! the teasing things would make no end of fun of me.

By Jove! where have my wits been? I'll see what Mrs. Midget says about it. She's by far the most sensible woman of my acquaintance, and very sympathetic, and is at this moment sitting alone in the dining room in a low rocking-chair, with a giant work-basket by her side and a heap of stockings in her lap.

"There, my dear Mrs. Midget, is the glove. You will see at once it is all my fancy painted it, and I placed it in the landlady's little hand."

Over went the big work-basket on the floor, as Mrs. Midget, throwing herself back in a paroxysm of laughter, came near going over too, her absurdly small feet kicking wildly in the air for a moment, until I had restored the rocking-chair to its equilibrium.

"Shall I pick up the things, Mrs. Midget," said I, as soon as she had ceased laughing, rather put out, to tell the truth, by her strange conduct, so unlike the sympathy I had expected.

"Yes--no--if you please--I don't care," stammered Mrs. Midget, in a voice very different from her every-day one, and with the loveliest rose-color on her cheeks. As I thought so I detected the fragrance of rose-apples emanating from a spoon of thread I held in my hand, and remembered the glove.

"Did you drop the glove, Mrs. Midget," I asked, seriously.

"No," replied she, opening a wee hand, and showing it, crumpled into a heap. "Take it, and give it to me, say no more about it. It's too--too--too ridiculous!" and off she went again.

"Mrs. Midget," said I, "what are you laughing at?"

"I suddenly thought of a man I saw at the circus," said she with a saucy look I had never before seen in her blue eyes.

"I'm convinced you know the owner of the glove," said I. "It's an old maid whom nature has sought to compensate for lack of other charms by giving her a perfect hand, and a grandmother who still wears five and a half, and hair departed. You know--I'm sure of it; and though you completely shatter my beautiful dream, you must tell me." And in my excitement I, quite unintentionally, put my arm around her slender waist.

"Well, if I must, I must," said Mrs. Midget. "Prepare for a fearful blow. The glove is mine!"

Getting an Old-Fashioned Country Dinner.

Mr. Jones told his wife last Sunday morning that he believed he would walk out in the country and spend the day with a farmer whom he knew, and get an old-fashioned country dinner. So after eating a very scant breakfast in order that he would be able to "put away" a good portion of the old-fashioned dinner that he imagined he was going to get, he "lit out." As it was several miles to where he was going the walking began to whet up his appetite, and by the time he came within sight of the farmer's house he felt as if he could devour an ox, and when he reached the house and the savory fumes of roast pork greeted his olfactory nerves, his hunger became almost beyond endurance.

After knocking about the place awhile with the farmer, the coveted dinner hour arrived, and with the full intention of doing justice to an old-fashioned country dinner, Jones went in the house with the farmer and took a seat at the table, and being helped to a choice piece of the pork, he "pitched in," telling the farmer that he thought it was very nice.

"Yes," said the farmer, "if that hog had lived till Christmas it would have pashed four hundred pounds; but was taken sick the other day and died, and as times are hard we thought that we would save it any how."

Jones' eyes became about the size of the plate that he was eating off of; his ravenous appetite disappeared; and buttoning up his coat he looked at the farmer, and began shaking his head from side to side.

"I don't care about being laid up on your hands," and leaving the farmer to eat his old-fashioned country dinner himself, Jones struck out for home.

At about three o'clock that afternoon, Mrs. Jones, who was taking a nap, was aroused by hearing a noise in the kitchen, and on going out to ascertain the cause of it, found Jones at the cupboard devouring cold victuals as if he had not tasted food for a week.

"Didn't you get your old-fashioned country dinner?" she asked.

"Get--thunder and lightning, no! Go and make supper, old woman!"

Reading for Young People.

The *Tribune* criticizes severely the kind of literature provided for boys and girls, which, she says, is not only often flimsy, gushing and pretentious, but it is also, outside textbooks, that chiefly helps to make the brains of schoolboys and girls between the ages of twelve and sixteen.

When the supply fails the young people are naturally not slow to take up dime novels, which are even more weak and gushing.

It is useless to inflict upon young people a daily compulsory stint of dry history and drier essay. The teacher who is really wise and accomplished shatters my beautiful dream, and awakens and to train an active and delighted interest in the best thought and the noblest literary manner.

If nothing but a novel appeals at present to the young girl's capacity, give her a novel; but let it be a standard in concept and execution. There is not much danger of surfeiting children with writing too old for them; every teacher who knows his business thoroughly knows how the fields of history may be made to blossom and under young eyes; how childish imaginations take fire between the flint of motive and the steel of action when both are brilliantly rehearsed; and how even the bones of inference and deduction are made to glow by eager young minds. Girls and boys who are not stupid, naturally delight in splendid description, in good sense, and in simple English.

His nervous system being a little broken down, a Shepard street youth went into the country to recuperate, and wishing to bring his girl home something, he wrote--"Dearest Angelina: What shall your honey bring you for a present? Mountain views, a basket made by a genuine Indian, a mess of trout, or what? Anything you say, you shall have." She wrote back, "I would rather have you save your money and put it into a chamber-stove or a marble-top table, something for the house when we are married, you know, darling; but if you are out in the woods and can get some spruce gum right from the tree without tearing your pants, bring me home a good bank." She has been chewing gum for thirty days. If the gum don't give out soon we fear she won't have any use for the marble-top table, though she may for a marble slab.

A NEW CATHEDRAL FOR LONDON. Colonel Forney writes from London: The Roman Catholics of England are preparing to begin, under the auspices of Cardinal Manning, a cathedral worthy of the Metropolitan See. It is to be placed in what is called the Archdiocese of Westminster, in the rear of Victoria street.

Canvassers for the city papers are beginning to swarm into the country. "Now is the time to get up clubs"--unless you have a good dog.

A Vast Estate in Kansas.

Among the prominent visitors at the fair is Mr. George Grant, of Victoria Colony, Kansas, the owner of the largest farm in the world, with the exception, perhaps, of that of the Duke of Sutherland, whose broad acres consist largely of hill and leather. Mr. Grant's domain covers 576,000 acres in the heart of Kansas, about 200 miles west of Kansas City to Fort Hays, the centre of the tract. His effort is to establish a model farm, for which great credit is due him, as well as for his successful efforts in introducing imported with native stock, and also the best methods of sheltering and feeding cattle in winter.

Mr. Grant is going back to Europe in about five weeks to arrange for the bringing out of more people, and a large portion of high-bred stock, which he will exhibit at the Centennial, with the intention ultimately of shipping it to Victoria. Mr. Grant states that one herd of eighty-one short horns of the Booth strain sold five weeks ago at the sale of the late Mr. Torr's property in England, at an average price from young to old of \$3,000. They were of the same family that he has at Victoria, and many of the animals were bought for America.

Mr. Grant's colony has largely swelled this season by immigrants, and another English company has just bought 40,000 acres adjoining the Victoria colony. One of the New York Gunthers has started with 5,000 acres, and Mr. Dickinson of St. Louis has bought two square miles, and is out there now making arrangements for putting up a house. Mr. Grant says he is more than satisfied with the produce of his crops this season.

The rains have been abundant, but last year the grasshoppers swept everything. One field of eighty acres of Hungarian grass on his farm has produced 776 tons of fodder and 114 bushels of seed, giving a profit of more than 500 per cent. He put in 200 acres of alfalfa, a kind of fodder much used in California. The land will grow three crops of this grass in a year, at the rate of six tons to the acre, but it affects a deep dry soil. Mr. Grant has increased his flock of sheep to 16,000, and has 4,000 cows. In less than five years he expects to increase his sheep to 100,000.

His wool alone this season brought \$11,700 in Boston at thirty-three cents per pound. Sheep farming is evidently destined to be a profitable business in Kansas.

The Hop Field.

A letter from Madison county, N. Y., to the *Star*, says: The hop harvest is ended, and the yield proved much larger than for years, while the quality is said to be excellent. The crop was unusually large this year, which fact causes the prices to fall.

Last year the hops brought readily forty cents per pound; this year the highest price offered by the buyers is fifteen cents, and many farmers have sold their entire crop for eleven cents per pound.

The hop harvest begins about September 1, continuing six weeks, and it proves a harvest indeed, not only in the farmer's pocket, but in the farmer's family, down to the little five year old child, all of whom are drafted into the field to pick hops. The price paid for picking is forty cents a box, holding seven bushels. A good boy can pick five boxes a day. Many poor families in this way earn fifty dollars during the harvest.

A hop field under a September sun presents a busy and merry scene; the air resounds with laughter and songs, and when evening comes the young people gather in the large farm kitchen for a "hop dig, and dance until tired nature demands rest."

The potato crop in this region is this year large, and the potato beetle is called a blunder. The farmers are selling potatoes for twenty-five cents per bushel. Last year they sold readily for sixty cents. There are many fine apple orchards in this vicinity, but this year the crop is a failure. Other crops, such as wheat oats and grass, have been abundant.

TALKING TO SUBSCRIBERS.--We clip the following from the *Winsted Press*. Bro. Pinyon is "up on his ear," as the boys say: Have you paid your subscription? We feel an interest in your future which prompts us to ask you this question in a spirit of a misanthropy. Give heed ere it is too late, and you will be able to go through the eye of a camel that for a fig tree sown on stony places to take away from those who have nothing that which they have, even though the virgin with their ten commandments refused to partake of the prodigal calf that Adam killed as a peace-offering after Abel slew his brother Noah in the ark. Ponder on these things. They are full of hidden meaning for subscribers who are in arrears.

OUR MINERAL WEALTH.--The year 1875 will rank as an eventful one in the American mining. Whether in the line of new and rich discoveries, increased yield from old mines, or better methods of taking out and refining ores, it is equally a year of great progress. The yield of precious metals in the United States, which has for some time fluctuated between \$60,000,000 to 70,000,000 per year, will in 1875 aggregate very nearly \$100,000,000.

We never can tell exactly where we lose our umbrellas. It is singular how gently an umbrella unclasp itself from the tendrils of our mind, and floats out into the filmy distance of nothingness.

PROVIDED.--Oregon has a new town called Pay Up. It is said to be a good place for settlement, provided those seeking homes are not hard up.

The Jews.

Some curious, and in some respects surprising and exciting particulars have lately been collected and published in a French paper respecting the Jews. Although the Israelites hold such an important place in trade, commerce and finance, and are to be met with in every quarter of the world, it appears that they are to be found in least numbers in some of the most commercial countries, and in most of the least prosperous and enterprising States. Moreover widely as they are scattered, and numerous as they appear to be, it seems from the statistics in question that the census of the whole race falls short of five millions of souls. In France where there exists little or none of the stupid and barbarous prejudice against the Jews which prevails in some countries, and where one would think there was a wide field for the peculiar talents of the race, there are only 46,000 Jews. In America, a still more favorable country, there are only one hundred and twenty thousand Israelites. On the other hand, in wretched and unprosperous, and down-trodden Poland the Jews are to be found in greatest number, one out of every seven of the inhabitants being a Hebrew. One can understand there should be few Jews in Spain, but it is surprising that they should be almost as rare in Belgium. In Sweden there are comparatively few Jews, but they abound in Hamburg, Austria, and Romania in the proportion of one to every twenty four inhabitants. In Hamburg and Austria there is abundant employment for their talents, but in those countries there cannot be any great scope for their commercial and financial instincts. Ireland always boasts of being the only country in the world in which the Jews were never persecuted--and, indeed, whether in Europe or abroad, the Irish always manifest a certain respect for the Israelites--but Ireland has hardly had the opportunity of persecuting the race, for even at the present day there are not three hundred Jews in the whole country. An interesting addition to these statistics (if it were possible to secure it) would be the amount of wealth in the hands of the less than five millions of Jews that abide upon, if they do not inherit, the earth. Considering the enormous wealth possessed by only a few well known individuals of the race, such a return would doubtless show a high average per head.

Gradual Disappearance of Party Lines in English and American Politics.

The politics of the United States, which are commonly, and in a sense justly, considered to be absolutely without interest for Englishmen, are fast tending to the condition in which English politics are rapidly coming. We are not about to raise a cry of warning against the "Americanizing of our institutions." In the sense which used to be attached to this phrase, the supposed danger never existed. England is not about to become a republic, or to make the judges elective, or to abolish the peerage; and she was no nearer taking any of these steps before the late conservative reaction than she is now. The resemblance between the politics of the countries relates to a matter more fundamental than any of these. It is easier to imagine England ruled by a President, or inhabited by a wholly untitled population, or submitting lawsuits to the decision of judges chosen by the rate payers, than to imagine Englishmen not divided into liberals and conservatives. Yet while there seems no chance of any of the first three contingencies occurring, the last is in all probability, on the eve of being reduced to fact. The obliteration of political landmarks has already been accomplished in America. Republicans and Democrats are now preparing themselves for the Presidential canvass, and everywhere they are making the discovery that neither party have anything to unite their members among themselves, or to differentiate them from their opponents.

HABITS OF GREAT POETS.--Mr. Ralph Waldo Emerson has been talking with a correspondent of the *Concord Monitor* about the habits of his poetical friends. "Holmes" said he "is so full that he can write at any time. Lowell broods over his subject for a time and then composes with great swiftness. He does not like to write to order, though desirous of employing the stimulus of great occasions. We asked him to read a poem at Concord on the one hundredth anniversary of the fight, but he said he could not. His wife, a day or two before, wrote to me, saying: 'I cannot speak for James, yet I think you may expect a poem from him on the 19th. He has been going about for some time in that peculiar way which is promise of something' and on the 19th Lowell was on the ground with his poem--a grand poem, as you will see, in any great occasion, as a minister who lives near Boston prepares his sermons, nearly a year ahead. He wrote the poem read at Bowdoin College last summer early in the fall of the preceding year, and yet it was he did so, for the months intervening have been fruitless as far as literary labor is concerned, owing to physical prostration. He is happily better now."

SIXTY-THREE MILLARDS OF FRANCES--\$12,000,000 were spent by the Government in 1874 in the effort to put down France between 1791 and 1816.

The Smiths have only ten representatives in the next Congress. They will bring in a bill to secure majority representation.

On Monday last a meeting was held in Albany, for the purpose of soliciting subscriptions in order to represent properly our productions at the Centennial.

Supt. Catalow, of the Oro Fino mine in Idaho, offers to bet \$10,000 that he will select a ton of ore in ten days that will yield \$10,000, and there are no takers.

Charles Grant, who sued to recover \$10,000 damages from the O. S. S. Co., on account of personal injuries received at the time of the blowing up of the steamer Senator, was non-suited in Portland last Friday.

A San Franciscan named I. N. Piko has offered the receipts of his restaurant for one day for the benefit of the Virginia City sufferers, and Tom Maguire has offered the proceeds of his two theatres, for one night, for the same good cause.

The ship Western Shore, built at Coos Bay by Simpson & Bros., has made a trip from San Francisco to Liverpool in 104 days, the fastest time of the season, and the return voyage was made in 110 days; thus beating the best time of the season by 24 days.

Prof. Jenney, the Black Hills geologist, arrived at Cheyenne, W. T., and been interviewed. He reports the gold fields as covering an area of 800 square miles, and as containing the precious metal in sufficient quantity to pay miners from \$3 to \$25 per day to the man, and that bars in some of the streams will pay much more than this. The professor corroborates the report of Gen. Custer that the valleys of the country are fine agricultural lands, and the hills and canyons adapted to stock raising. In other words, that the stories of "gold in the grass roots" are true, although not to be secured by the aid of a pick and pan.

Agricultural returns for October show the wheat crop of the present year is a short one, and there is marked deterioration in the quality. The average thus far reported is about 8 per cent. of last year's production. If this indicates a total depreciation it amounts to nearly 62,000,000 bushels; and gives the crop at 246,000,000 bushels; in quality the crop averages 14 per cent. below sound condition. The condition of the corn crop is exceptionally high; the product reported this year falls short of 1874 about 4 per cent. The oats product is 5 per cent. greater than last year. The total crop promises to be extraordinary both in yield and quality. Tobacco, 2 per cent. above average. Barley, 85 per cent. of last year's crop, and buckwheat not far from average.

Sixty-three millards of francs--\$12,000,000 were spent by the Government in 1874 in the effort to put down France between 1791 and 1816.

The Smiths have only ten representatives in the next Congress. They will bring in a bill to secure majority representation.