

# Oregon City Enterprise

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

VOL. 10.

OREGON CITY, OREGON, FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 4, 1876.

NO. 15.

## THE ENTERPRISE.

A LOCAL NEWSPAPER FOR THE

Farmer, Business Man, & Family Circle.

ISSUED EVERY FRIDAY.

FRANK S. DEMENT, PROPRIETOR AND PUBLISHER.

OFFICIAL PAPER FOR CLACKAMAS CO.

Published at the Enterprise Building, No. 200 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, 25 cents per square of twelve lines one week. For each subsequent insertion, 10 cents. One Column, one year, \$12.00. Half Column, one year, \$6.00. Quarter Column, one year, \$3.00. Business Card, 1 square, one year, \$1.00.

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

REBECCA DEGREE LODGE NO. 3, I. 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, W. M.

MULTNOMAH LODGE NO. 1, I. 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, W. M.

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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, W. M.

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L. T. BARIN, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, OREGON CITY, OREGON. Will practice in all the Courts of the State. Nov. 1, 1875, 14

H. E. CHAMBERLAIN, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, OREGON CITY. Office in ENTERPRISE ROOMS.

JAMES B. UPTON, Attorney-at-Law, Oregon City, Nov. 5, 1875 14

W. H. HIGHFIELD, Established since '49, at the old stand. Main Street, Oregon City, Oregon. An assortment of Watches, Jewels, and Gold and Silver Goods, all of which are warranted to be as represented.

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TO FRUIT-GROWERS. THE ALDEN FRUIT PRESERVING Company of Oregon City will pay the HIGHEST MARKET PRICE for PLUMS, PEARS and APPLES. Mr. Thos. Chairman is authorized to purchase for the Company. L. D. C. LATOURETTE, President. THOS. CHAIRMAN, Secretary. Oregon City, July 28, 1875 14

MILLER, MARSHALL & CO., PLY THE HIGHEST PRICE FOR WHEAT, at all times, at the Oregon City Mills, And have on hand FEED and FLOUR to sell, at market rates. Parties desiring Feed, must furnish sacks. nov12/76

## Rip Slam's Misfortunes.

Who kindled the Great Fire at Baker's Gulch?

My name is Slam—Rupert Slam, but out our way the boys, with a natural turn to be vulgar, call me Rip Slam. I am a Virginian by birth, a printer by education, an editor by destiny, and I conduct the Baker's Gulch *Reveille*, in connection with which I have lately earned some undesired notoriety, having been compelled to shoot Mr. Lapp, the rival editor at Baker's Gulch, who had charge of a villainous compound of libel and profanity, styled the *Mountain Dawn*. Lapp is dead, and it is true I shot him, but that the deed could have been avoided I deny, and I equally deny that it was a culpable deed in itself. On the contrary, I shall assert, to my dying day, that it was a laudable act, in behalf of good morals, and this assertion I will maintain with any arms the contending party may choose to select.

The Baker's Gulch *Reveille* is published every Wednesday, the *Mountain Dawn* comes out every Saturday. We thus divided the week and the patronage between us, and I was content to have it so, but Lapp was not. He wanted all the subscribers and all the advertisements, and he wanted also to be Clerk of the County Court. The result was that, instead of being Damons and Pythians, Mr. Lapp and myself became rivals. I conducted my share of the controversy upon the most honorable, high-toned principles. It is not impugning to the memory of the deceased to say that Mr. Lapp conducted his part of the rivalry like a fish-hucker.

I was an am a bachelor. I boarded at the hotel, but I slept over the office of the *Reveille*, where a small iron bedstead, a buffalo robe, some chairs, a spittoon, and the files of the *Reveille* comprised my small furniture. One night before the last great fire which consumed Baker's Gulch, there was a poker party met in my apartment aforesaid. A barrel and two shutters were in the habit of serving us for table, so that it became a saying with the Baker's Gulchers, "Slam's shutters are off," meaning that a game of some sort was in progress. On this occasion there were six of us in the party, and seven or eight spectators, most of whom would have liked to play, but were prevented by impetuosity. Of the players, "Slam" was the only one who had a pair of blinding and straddling. Lapp, Mr. Rollins, and myself, had some hands on opportunity occasions, so how had all the luck in calling me when I was most unwilling to be called, because I had nothing worth showing. On this night I speak of, Lapp's luck was perfectly astounding, and he won from everybody.

Mr. Rollins was in a bad humor, and I filled with the insane desire to get back my earnings. Lapp, I need not say, never lost his composure, nor ever showed more life, more fire, than you will find in an oyster or a cucumber, and he waited for me with his usual clumsy composure, and looked after the antes and chips with the assiduity of a nurse minding infants by the margin of a duck-pond. "Gentlemen," he said, "as I am winning to-night, I think I can afford to see his \$100 and want him \$25 bet. See here," said he, in his impertinent way, "I'm your friend. I don't want to win your money—I have got a good hand, and, if you'll just call on me, it's all right—I'll show it!" "Mr. Lapp!" I shouted, "you are a beggarly scoundrel, unfit to play cards with gentlemen. I'll see you cards, or do you surrender?" "No, I don't see it!" he sneered. "How can I see it when it is not put upon the table? Put up your money, and I'll talk to you."

"You know that my word is good for me," said I. "If you win from me, you shall have the money to-morrow after breakfast." "Rip Slam," said the mean-spirited ens, "let's talk business. I know you have no money to lose, and you know I know it. Stop, now—yonder's a file of your paper from the star. I want it. I know you have another file on deposit in the Express Company's fire-proof safe. I'll give you \$100 for the file—here's the money—but if you'll take my advice, you'll not bet against my hand, for it'll win!" I sold him the file and made my bet good. He saw my bet and raised it just enough to take all my money—price of the file—minus the cost of the cocktail or so in the morning, and then, preliminaries settled, he showed me his hand—four queens—by jingo! every one simpored at me, and cutting sheep's eyes at the ace in the corner.

Lapp rose. "Gentlemen," said he, "day is not very far off, and there's nothing more to drink here. My brother Slam goes to press in the morning, and has copy to prepare; I will therefore take my leave and my file of the *Reveille*. And so, with a diabolical grin, he departed. His boy took Capt. Fristow off to bed, and when the *Reveille* foreman came to go to work in the morning I rose, escorted Mr. Rollins to my humble couch, covered him with the buffalo

robe, and after giving the foreman an order to go down to the express office for my file there locked up, and to fix up an editorial for the paper, I went off to breakfast.

At the breakfast-table I found my delightful old friend, Col. Debonair, and a Mr. Choppin, an English traveler, to whom the Colonel introduced me. After breakfast we adjourned to the Colonel's room, and, by sending for James Addison, Esq., were able to make up one of the most charming whist parties I ever took a hand with. At 1 o'clock P. M., with honors easy and Addison score of two by cards to make up the game—our seventh successive rubber won—and seven empty bottles under the table, we were startled by the cry of "Fire!" I sprang to the window, only to see the office and building of the *Reveille* in a bright blaze, and Rabe Rollins springing from the second-story window, minus his hair and lap-robe beard. The great fire at Baker's Gulch had begun!

Two days later, when the fire was extinguished, but while the ruins still smoked, I first heard the rumor that it was I, Rupert Slam, who had caused this disastrous and overwhelming conflagration. I horse-whipped several persons, but still the rumor spread, and was too busy in re-establishing the office and restoring the edition of the *Reveille* to take more summary means to check it, or to trace it to its source. But on the Saturday week succeeding the fire this infernal Lapp, in the issue of his *Mountain Dawn*, came out with an editorial, double-headed, upon the subject of "Who Is the Author of the Late Conflagration?" In that atrocious article he says:

"Fellow citizens, we ask you to consider where this fire originated; to reflect what was the debauched and desperate condition of the proprietor of that establishment at the time. We happen to be the owners of a file of that creature's miserable sheet, and in an article so long ago as last December twelve months, find the following: 'Baker's Gulch is a blot and a stigma upon the fair face of nature—upon the throbbing bosom of humanity. Baker's Gulch must burn again, in order to be reformed. Nothing but a complete Epiphany Fire-Baptism will suffice to purge away the hideous iniquities of Baker's Gulch.'"

As soon as I saw this copy of the *Dawn*, I took a friend with me and proceeded to Lapp's office. I explained my mission, and he replied, "I have a mission also, and that is to find out and publish the author of this conflagration which has ruined this whole community." I gave him notice and date of the article. "Prove that you never wrote it!" "How can I prove it except by asserting? You had one of my files; the other was burnt in the fire. Produce the file and show me the article. If you can do that I will acknowledge that I burned Baker's Gulch." "I can not do that, Mr. Slam, for, as you know quite well, my file of the *Reveille* as well as yours, was burned in the great conflagration. But, in this volume, I have happily collected a mass of 'degenerate extracts' from the editorial columns of your paper during the past three years, and mean to publish them every one." "Let me see the volume, Mr. Lapp." I took it, glanced over a page or two of its infamous contents, stood a moment aghast at the sight of that devilish machination as I saw there revealed, and then said: "Publish another word of these lies at your peril, Mr. Lapp!"

It was charged that I had saturated my bed-room with kerosene and put a slow match to it. Rabe Rollins, whom I left asleep on my bed, when questioned, admitted that he smelt kerosene very strongly at the moment of his escape. My foreman told me that Lapp had visited the room after I left for breakfast, under pretense of smoking a pipe, and that he had seen a pair of shoes under the floor. Lapp, then, was there, and he is not too good to make a bonfire of a whole city in order to accomplish his ends and destroy his enemy. In the very next issue of his paper he published another double-headed article, entitled at "Rupert Slam's Editorial, continued." In this murderous libel he quoted me as saying: "Unless the mean scoundrels and mudsills of Baker's Gulch are willing to come forward at once and give this paper the *Reveille* the support and patronage it deserves, let them prepare for tears—tears that will seal them to the quick. Let them insure, for the fire-brig is amongst them, and his operations will be guided by desperate hands."

For this article I challenged Mr. Lapp. He refused to fight, and came out with another pretended editorial of mine, in which the respected community of Baker's Gulch was abominably libeled. For this article I horse-whipped Mr. Lapp.

The next issue of the *Mountain Dawn* contained an article in which, amongst other atrocities, I was presented as having editorially said: "Nothing but a vigorous and persistent Ku-Kluxing can restore this community to its normal health. The rope, the whip, and the torch are needed to save Baker's Gulch from dying of its own corruptions." For this article I kicked Mr. Lapp the entire length of Main Street, and tossed him into Capt. Fristow's

surprise and joy, found a complete edition of the *Reveille*, from the first number down. "What will you charge me for these? I must have them at any price." "Not a nickel, stranger," said the true-hearted fellow; "I go in for fair play, so I want to see you taking that fare I want and give the low class particular fits. He deserves it!"

But the very next number of the *Mountain Dawn* contained the following: "We are credibly informed that Slam, in order to bring public opinion, has sent across the mountains a whole spurious edition of his incendiary sheet published, with the objectionable articles carefully eliminated. But it won't work, Brother Slam. We have the evidence against you! Fellow citizens, read the following from Slam's issue of August 29, 18—." And he went on for half a column with a string of the most iniquitous lies every invented for man by the father of lies himself.

I found myself encountering so many bold and dark looks about this time that I thought it proper to consult my friends, and they advised me to challenge Lapp to meet me at a townmeeting. The meeting was called, and all the manhood and intellect of Baker's Gulch assembled there. I appeared with my files, and Lapp was present with his damnable volume of calumnious forgery. The mountaineer was also present in the audience, but, though I did not know it then, he was drunk, suborned and sold out with the enemy's own wiles. I made my statement in extenso, and I am convinced that my frank and genuine eloquence made a powerful impression upon the Baker's Gulchers. But when I called on that mountaineer to corroborate me, he rose, with an abominable drunken leer, and said: "It's all a d—d lie! You hired me to fetch that bundle of papers over from Mushmillville, an I done it! In the midst of the ensuing murmurs, Lapp rose and cried out: 'I move you the following resolution:—'

WHEREAS, Rupert Slam has been proven an enemy to this community, dangerous to its peace and dignity, an incendiary and a fire-bug; therefore, be it,

Resolved, That the said Rupert Slam be allowed thirty-six hours for himself and press to remove permanently from Baker's Gulch and vicinity.

The resolution and preamble were carried unanimously. After the meeting I went once more to see Lapp, and told him that I would surely kill him unless he retracted all his lies about me. His sole answer was to read me part of an undated editorial of his for the next *Mountain Dawn*, in which it was said: "I'll kill you as you sit, said I, drawing 'I am defending myself,' he answered, pointing his pen at me. I fired; the ruffian fell; I walked out of the office, and here I am."

## How He Taught Financiering.

Not long since two York men visited Kansas. They stopped at a hotel one forenoon, and after dinner one of them walked down to the barber's shop to get shaved. The shop was shut, the barber having gone off to take his afternoon nap, so the York man walked back to his landlord, and said: "With your magnificent country, which is the garden of the world, you ought to be the most prosperous people on earth. You don't look out for coppers. Here's your barber now shut up and gone, and he'll shut up back the afternoon by shaving me. Now he don't get it, for I'm going to shave myself, and save my ten cents. I have a razor in my valise, and if you will show me a mirror, I will shave myself." The landlord said the barber was a shiftless cuss, who, like most western men, couldn't compare with Pennsylvanians for attention to business, and patience in scooping the dimes; but he hoped they would all improve in time, and then he showed our friend into a room where he found a good-sized mirror, and shaved himself. Soon after he joined his companion and congratulated himself on the success he had had in saving ten cents and teaching Western men financiering. After tea the pair paid their bills and went to the depot to take the train. On their way the man who hadn't shaved said: "Pretty reasonable house, that; only one dollar for dinner and supper. 'Only a dollar!' said the other, 'why I paid a dollar and a half!' and a little further explanation showed that he had been charged 50 cent. more than his companion. So back he went, and demanded of the landlord an explanation, and got it in these words: 'The fifty cents extra is for the use of a room. You don't suppose we can have our rooms turned into barber shops for nothing, do you?' And the man who shaved himself went to the depot a wiser if not better man. He don't brag much of his adventure since his return to York, and it will be some time before he attempts to give another Western man a lesson.

## CONGRESSIONAL.

SENATE.

WASHINGTON, Jan. 26.—Allison called up the House bill transferring the custody of certain Indian trust funds from the Secretary of the Interior to the Treasury of the United States; passed.

Howe, from the judiciary committee reported favorably on the House bill to amend the revised statutes of the United States relating to naturalization; passed.

West submitted a resolution requesting the Secretary of the Treasury to submit to the Senate copies of any proposition made by the Pacific Railroad Companies for the creation of a sinking fund, for the redemption of the Government mortgages, together with a statement of the action of the Government thereon, and of the reason therefor.

The morning hour having expired, the judiciary committee was rejected, the unfinished business, being the bill to confirm pre-emption and homestead entries of public lands within the limits of railroad grants, in cases where the entries had been made under the regulations of the land department.

Hamilton, and others, objected. On motion of Whithorn, chairman of the committee on naval affairs, a select committee consisting of Whithorn, Willis and Danford was authorized to take testimony at Norfolk in regard to the alleged abuses and frauds at that navy yard.

Springer introduced a bill to prohibit American citizens from holding slaves in foreign countries, and to regulate elections in Utah Territory.

Huntton, from the committee on Revolutionary pensions, reported a bill to amend the act of the 14th February, 1871, pensioning soldiers of the war of 1812, and to restore to the pension rolls those persons whose names were stricken therefrom in consequence of disloyalty. He moved to have the bill put upon its passage.

The House then went into committee of the whole, Haskins in the chair, on the Military Academy appropriation bill, which appropriates \$231,241, and was addressed by Hale, Hamilton and Hurlburt. Without action on the bill the House adjourned.

Jan. 27.—Cannon, from the committee on postoffice and post roads, reported a bill to amend the sections providing penalties for sending obscene matter through the mails. Laid on table.

The House went into committee of the whole, Haskins in the chair, on the military academy appropriation bill. Banning, Randall, Holman, Danford and Wilson spoke—but the House adjourned without action on the bill.

Jan. 28.—The Speaker announced the following select committee on real estate pool and Jay Cook indebtedness: Glover, New, Lewis, Pratt and Smith, of Pennsylvania.

Elkins, of New Mexico, presented a memorial of the territorial legislature for an enabling act and the admission of New Mexico as a State; referred.

Goodwin asked leave to offer a resolution declaring that the people of the United States constitute a nation to the extent and for the purposes defined in the Federal Constitution; that rights and powers of the United States Government are defined and limited by the Federal Constitution, and cannot be enlarged or diminished, except by amendments to the Constitution, etc.

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"Wall, now, what'll you talk for her, jess as she stands" tapping his bony knuckles on the bronze, as if it were a buzz saw.

"One hundred and fifty dollars for that size," said the clerk.

"Wh-a-t!" almost shouted the astonished would-be patron of the arts; "a hundred 'n' fifty dollars for a bronze gal' thout any arms, and skearce a rag to her back! Venus of My Low! Venus of Your High, I should say. A hundred 'n' fifty dollars! Why that's half the mortgage on brother Jim's farm. Guess Marf must thought my name was William B. Astor, instead of John Higgins; and, fixing his hat a little firmer, he made a hasty exit from the store, and struck a straight line for the Eastern Railroad station.—Boston Commercial Bulletin.

## Tom Scott, The Burglar.

PHILADELPHIA, Jan. 7.—Thomas Scott, the notorious burglar, was arrested in this city on Dec. 20 on charge of highway robbery, which it was alleged he committed on the 10th of November. When he was taken into court, a requisition was produced from the Governor of New York, Scott being wanted in Utica to stand his trial for burglary. He was accordingly given in charge of the New York officers, and was taken to Utica, where, on the 10th of last August, he with six companions broke into a house in the suburbs, and, while heavily masked, ransacked the house, having first handcuffed the only man about the place, and driven the women and children into a cloak room. This afternoon he was convicted in Utica, and was immediately sentenced to 18 years in the Auburn prison. Three of his comrades, Leary, Sweetman, and Lombard, on the testimony of Wm. Conroy, who turned State's evidence, were previously convicted and were sentenced to 15 years each.

Scott first became conspicuous in Philadelphia when some years ago Lieut. Flaherty had to shoot him through the lungs to capture him for transfer to Springfield, Ohio, where he was wanted for the murder of the banker Hertzler, whom it was alleged he killed in the effort to get at a supposed deposit of \$300,000. A woman held the horses at the door while Scott and a pal entered and shot the banker before the alarm could be given. Scott was also a principal in the Nathan murder. If the confession of one of his comrades in this Utica job is to be believed, he broke jail from Joliet prison and went to Chicago to do a bank job, and when arrested his manner was so winning and his tale so plausible that the injured bank President gave him a new suit of clothes and money to get on the track of the fugitive robbers. He was the leader of the party who did the Wilkes-Barre Bank job some years ago in company with George Ellis, who has now given him away at Utica. Walter Dunn, now in the Eastern penitentiary for eleven years, and Warren Eamann, and Crocker Elliot, now serving on a sixteen years term in Cherry Hill for shooting Officer Murphy, one of Mavor Fox's men. He was also leader of the party who broke into Councilman George Hall's house several years ago and robbed him of two thousand dollars.

Scott boasts that there is no State in the Union that he has not touched. He was well known in New York, and at one time consorted with the authorities there so much that it is one of his favorite boasts that he has helped to build several of the brown stone houses which ran rapidly under the Tweed administration. He is a man of about medium height, heavily built, with a prepossessing face until the brow is reached. This retreats so rapidly and so much so much at the back of the cranium that his lean is almost a deformity. He has a heavy scar on his left cheek, which many times led to his detection. He dresses well, and is gentlemanly-looking, and of pleasing conversational powers. Although only about 37 years old, he has been twenty years a professional thief, and his many trials have given him such familiarity with the technical requirements of the law that he frequently covers his tracks so well that he cannot be convicted.

An interesting historical relic has been placed recently in the Museum of the Invalids in Paris. It is the armor which Charles VII presented to the Maid of Orleans, and which the latter, after having been wounded under the walls of Paris, placed in the Church of Saint Denis. It is composed of plates of steel, weighs over fifty pounds, and is in all respects similar to that now in the collection of Pierreponts—which belonged to Joan of Arc at the moment when she fell into the power of the enemy at Compienne.

"What can you say of the second law of thought?" Student—"It can not both be and not be. For example, the door over there must be either shut or open. It can't be both shut and open." Tutor—"Give another illustration." Student—"Well take the case of another door."

"So you wouldn't take me to be twenty?" said a rich hearse to an Irish gentleman, while dancing the polka. "What would you take me for, then?" "For better or worse," replied the son of the Emerald Isle.