

# Oregon City Enterprise.

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

VOL. 11.

OREGON CITY, OREGON, THURSDAY, AUGUST 30, 1877.

NO. 45.

## THE ENTERPRISE.

A LOCAL NEWSPAPER

FOR THE

Farmer, Business Man and Family Circle

ISSUED EVERY THURSDAY.

FRANK S. DEMBENT,

PROPRIETOR AND PUBLISHER.

Official Paper for Clackamas County.

Office: In Enterprise Building.

One door South of Masonic Building, Main Street.

Terms of Subscription:

Single Copy, one year, in advance, \$2.50

Single Copy, six months, in advance, \$1.50

Terms of Advertising:

Transient advertisements, including all legal notices, per square of twelve lines, one week, \$1.00

For each subsequent insertion, 50 cents

Our Column, one year, \$12.00

Half Column, one year, \$6.00

Quarter Column, one year, \$3.00

Business Card, one square, one year, \$1.00

SOCIETY NOTICES.

OREGON LODGE, No. 3, I. O. O. F.

Meets every Thursday Evening, at 7 1/2 o'clock, in Odd Fellows' Hall, Main Street. Members of the Order are invited to attend.

By order of, N. G.

REBECCA DEGREE LODGE, No. 2.

Meets every Thursday Evening, at 7 1/2 o'clock, in Odd Fellows' Hall, Main Street. Members of the Degree are invited to attend.

FALLS ENCAMPMENT, No. 4.

I. O. O. F. meets at Odd Fellows' Hall on 2nd Street, in good standing are invited to attend.

MULTNOMAH LODGE, No. 1.

A. F. & M. holds its regular communications on the first and third Saturdays of each month, at 7 o'clock on the 29th of September, in the Odd Fellows' Hall, Main Street. Members in good standing are invited to attend.

BUSINESS CARDS.

WARREN N. DAVIS, M. D.,

Physician and Surgeon.

Graduate of the University of Pennsylvania. Office at Cliff House.

CHARLES KNIGHT,

Physician and Druggist.

Prescriptions carefully filled at short notice. Office hours, 9 a. m. to 5 p. m.

PAUL BOYCE, M. D.,

Physician and Surgeon.

Chronic Diseases and Diseases of Women and Children a specialty. Office hours, 9 a. m. to 5 p. m.

DR. JOHN WELCH,

DENTIST.

Office in Oregon City, Oregon. Highest cash price paid for County Orders.

JOHNSON & McCOWN,

ATTORNEYS AND COUNSELORS AT LAW.

Office in Oregon City, Oregon. Special attention given to cases in the United States Land Office at Oregon City. 54p72-74

L. T. BARIN,

ATTORNEY AT LAW.

Office in Oregon City, Oregon. Will practice in all the Courts of the State. 70-71

W. H. HICFIELD,

Established since '49.

One door North of Pope's Hall.

MAIN ST. OREGON CITY, OREGON.

An assortment of Watches, Jewelry, and Gold and Silverware, all of which are warranted to be as represented.

Best of references given. 70-71

J. R. GOLDSMITH,

GENERAL NEWSPAPER

Collector and Solicitor.

Portland, Oregon. 70-71

HARDWARE, IRON AND STEEL,

Hubs, Spokes, Rims.

OAK, ASH AND HICKORY PLANK.

NORTHUP & THOMPSON.

Portland, Oregon. 70-71

J. H. SHEPARD,

BOOT AND SHOESTORE.

One door North of Ackerman Bros.

Best of references given. 70-71

MILLER, CHURCH & CO.

PAY THE HIGHEST PRICE FOR WHEAT.

At all times, at

OREGON CITY MILLS.

And have on hand FEED AND FLOUR to sell, at market rates. Parties desiring Feed must furnish sacks. 70-71

A. G. WALLING'S

Pioneer Book Bindery

Pittcock's Building, cor. of Stark and Front Sts., PORTLAND, OREGON.

Blank books ruled and bound to any desired pattern. Music Books, Magazines, newspapers, etc., bound in every variety of style known to the trade. Orders from the country promptly attended to. 70-71

OREGON CITY BREWERY.

HUMMEL & MADDER.

Having purchased the above Brewery, wishes to inform the public that they are 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.

## A SONG OF SUMMER.

(Always in your darkest hour, strive to remember your brightest.—J. P. Richter.)

Sing me a song of summer,

For my heart is wintry sad,

That gleams bright new-comer,

Who makes all nature glad!

Sing me a song of summer,

That dark from the bright may borrow,

And part in its radiant whole of things,

May we a little so.

Sing me a song of summer,

When God walks forth in light,

And spreads His glowing mantle

Over the blank and dreary night,

And where He comes, His quickening touch

Reveals the hidden things of earth,

And the muffled and frozen pulse of things

Beats music to His tread.

Sing me a song of summer,

With his banners of golden bloom,

That gleams bright new-comer,

The bears bloom's winter's doom.

With banners of gold and of silver,

And wings of rosy display,

And vigorous power in his path,

When he comes with the pride of the May.

When he comes with his genial sweep

Over the barren and bare of the scene,

And where he comes, his quickening touch

Reveals the hidden things of earth,

And the muffled and frozen pulse of things

Beats music to His tread.

Sing me a song of summer,

God! what a glorious thing

Is the march of this mighty new-comer

Who comes to the world in His wing!

When he quickens the pulse of creation,

And makes the world look so strong,

Till it bursts into bloom of beauty,

And spreads into bliss of song.

Sing me a song of summer!

Thought my heart is wintry sad,

The thought of this blessed new-comer

Small fosters the germ of the glad.

"Nearer the wall of our grief, O cherisher

The joy that shall rush into day,

When the sun of our life looks so strong,

In the pride and the power of May.

BRIGIT & CO.

Pretty comfortably settled in his new

store was Rufus Lynde. The window

it had only one, being—well, not a

large store) was, after much thought

and experimenting, arranged to his

satisfaction, the bright-colored scarfs

and cravats and neckties forming a sort

of rainbow against the sombre background

of black ones; the packages of kid

gloves showing the tips of their many-

hued every feature of which said, in

design, and fifty other things Rufus had

never thought of, but which women

will be just fools enough to buy and

give to men," he said to himself, bit-

terly—shone from his neighbor's win-

dow.

A week went by, during which Mr.

Lynde refused the loan of a hammer—

they had mislaid theirs—to his neigh-

bors, kicked their cat (it was a very

gentle kick, and in no way a hint

that anything else) when she

chased a flying rat into his store and

under his counter, and Fred had a

rough and tumble fight with the boy,

and the dirt he swept off his own

sidewalk on to ours.

Then, one uncommonly bright and

pleasant Monday morning, as Rufus, re-

fresh by the Sabbath rest, was coming

down the street, humming an old hymn

to which his mother—good old Meg,

oldest, was fond of singing—and happily

forgetful for the moment of all life's

cares and vexations, his eye was caught

by an unusual glare at the very top of

"Bright & Co.'s" building. A soci-

ety sign had been placed there, call-

ing attention in enormously fat letters

to the quaintest gilt—large enough to

be seen at least half a mile away—to

the business of that wonderfully and ag-

gravatingly go-ahead firm; and that sign

trespassed at least two inches on his own

premises.

Rufus ceased humming, scowled,

quickered his steps, entered his store,

seated himself at his desk, and, with his

finger on the floor, ran his fingers through

his sanguinary locks until they stood like

an aureole around his head, seized pen,

paper and ink and dashed off the fol-

lowing note:

"Mr. Lynde's compliments to Bright

& Co., and begs to call their attention

to the fact that their last and biggest

sign exceeds the limits allowed them by

law."

"With a snort of delight, as a

war-horse that snuffeth the battle from

afar, did Fred receive and hasten to de-

liver next door, to return with answer,

equally concise, written in a large, bold,

but rather severely hand, and which

read: "Bright & Co. are sorry that the sign-

maker should have made such a mis-

take; but unless Mr. Lynde wishes to

put up a similar sign, they are at a loss

to see how so slight an infringement

can interfere with him."

"Oh, indeed!" said Rufus, his face

almost as fiery as his hair. "What re-

markable coolness the fellow has! But

I'll let him see he can't completely

over-shadow his humble neighbor," and

forthwith dashed another note:

"Mr. Lynde demands the instant re-

moval of the before-mentioned sign, or

Mr. Lynde's lawyer will wait on Bright

& Co. this afternoon."

To which came the short but per-

suasive reply:

"Mr. Lynde's lawyer may wait on

Bright & Co. as soon as Mr. Lynde

chooses."

But it happened that Rufus couldn't

get away from the store that day. Some

great festivity, to take place that even-

ing in the vicinity, sent all the boys

and young men in search of masculine

necessities and adornments, and the

overflow from Bright & Co.'s alone was

sufficient to keep Rufus and his only

assistant extremely busy. But as soon

as night had fairly set in and the rush

was over, he sent Fred, a delighted

messenger—with a communication to a

young lawyer friend, and, with resolu-

tion and defiance written on his brow,

and hands firmly clasped behind him,

he began slowly pacing backward and

forward, his determination to fight it

out with his neighbor growing strong-

er and stronger every moment; for, "in

the first place, it was downright shabby

to set up in the very same line right

next door," he repeated for the twenti-

eth time. "I couldn't and wouldn't

have done it; but, no doubt, his Bright

is some selfish, grasping, cold-hearted,

and pleasant fellow, not caring who

he shoulders out of the way as long as

he—" when suddenly the door flew open

and the roughest, plumpest, prettiest

lot of a woman flew in.

She wore a dainty white apron, with

a bewitching bib and two charming

pockets, and the pockets were adorned

with scarlet bows, and the bib had a bit

of scarlet geranium pinned at the left

corner, and a saucy small hat, turned

up on one side and trimmed with scar-

let berries and green leaves, were

perched insecurely on the top of her

satin-smooth black head.

"Mr. Lynde!" said she, in a voice

that implied "I am not to be contradi-

cted under any circumstances what-

ever," as she confronted Rufus

Rufus replied, "At your service,"

with a smile. "He'd have been more

than mortal if he could have looked at

that bright face, with its frank, fearless

gray eyes, cunning pig nose, dear little

mouth, and general air of cheerful in-

dependence, without smiling.

"I am Bright & Co."

"And rightly named," flashed through

Lynde's mind; and then his face be-

trayed the great astonishment he felt,

but he bowed and said nothing.

"You look surprised," said the little

woman.

"I am," said Rufus. "I thought—

I mean I was sure—that is, I sup-

pose—"

"No matter what you supposed," in-

terrupted "Bright & Co.," in a manner

that in anyone else would have been

rude, but in her was decidedly charm-

ing. "I'm Bright—and Co., and I

want to know why in the name of

pins and needles, I'm not so awful

labeled at that sign? It can't hurt your