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THE ENTERPRISE.

A LOCAL NEWSPAPER FOR THE

Farmer, Business Man and Family Circle

ISSUED EVERY THURSDAY.

FRANK S. DEMENT,

PROPRIETOR AND PUBLISHER.

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Business Card, one square, one year, 12.00

SOCIETY NOTICES.

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

Meets every Thursday evening, at 7 o'clock, in Odd Fellows' Hall.

Members of the Degree are invited to attend.

By order of N. G.

REBECCA DEGREE LODGE, No. 2.

Meets every Thursday evening, at 7 o'clock, in Odd Fellows' Hall.

Members of the Degree are invited to attend.

By order of N. G.

FALLS ENCAMPMENT, No. 4.

I. O. O. F. meets at Odd Fellows' Hall on the first and third Tuesday of each month.

Members of the Degree are invited to attend.

By order of W. M.

MULTNOMAH LODGE, No. 1.

I. O. O. F. holds its regular communications on the first and third Saturdays of each month, at 7 o'clock, in Odd Fellows' Hall.

Members of the Degree are invited to attend.

By order of W. M.

BUSINESS CARDS.

WARREN N. DAVIS, M. D., Physician and Surgeon.

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

CHARLES KNIGHT, M. D., Physician and Druggist.

Prescriptions carefully filled at short notice.

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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.

Will practice in all the Courts of the State. Special attention given to cases in the United States Land Office at Oregon City. Sep 27-77

L. T. BARIN, ATTORNEY AT LAW.

Office in Oregon City, Oregon.

Will practice in all the Courts of the State. Oct 1-77

W. H. HIGFIELD, Established since '49.

One door North of Pope's Hall, Main Street, Oregon City, Oregon.

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

Repairing done on short notice, and thank you for patronage.

Cash Paid for County Orders.

JOHN M. BACON, BOOKS, STATIONERY, PICTURE FRAMES, MOUNTINGS AND MISCELLANEOUS GOODS.

FRAMES MADE TO ORDER. Oregon City, Oregon.

At the Post Office, Main Street, west side, mar 31, '76-77

J. R. COLDSMITH, GENERAL NEWSPAPER Collector and Solicitor.

Portland, Oregon.

Best of references given. dec 25-77

HARDWARE, IRON AND STEEL, Hubs, Spokes, Rims, OAK, ASH AND HICKORY PLANK.

NORTHUP & THOMPSON, mar 31, '76-77 Portland, Oregon.

J. H. SHEPARD, BOOT AND SHOE STORE.

One door North of Ackerman Bros. Boots and Shoes made and repaired as cheap as the cheapest. nov 1, '75-77

MILLER, CHURCH & CO. PAY THE HIGHEST PRICE FOR WHEAT.

At all times, at the OREGON CITY MILLS.

And have on hand FLOUR, in all varieties of style known to the trade. Orders from the country promptly attended to. nov 1, '75-77

A. C. WALLING'S Pioneer Book Bindery

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. nov 1, '75-77

OREGON CITY BREWERY. HUMBEL & MADDER.

Having purchased the above Brewery, we wish to inform the public that they are now prepared to manufacture a No. 1 quality OF LAGER BEER, in the State, orders solicited and promptly filled.

AN ANCIENT SCULPTURED TOMB.

He goeth forth into the unknown land, there we find no child may follow; thus far fell the improving class of hand in faithful hands, and that brief career legend, Friend farewell.

O pregnant sign, profound simplicity!

All passionate pain and fierce remonstrating being wholly purged, leave this more memory, Deep but not harsh, a sad and sacred thing.

Not otherwise to the hall of Hades did he fare, than if some Summer evening a breeze, not unlinked, came to him, Bidding him rise up presently and ride.

Some few hours journey to a friendly house, Through the light of day within the West, Behind the shadow of Chithra's brow, The calm-eyed man sat to his boy rest.

MY BARFOOT BOY.

BY E. E. BROWN.

Skipping along through the narrow street Of a country village, quiet and neat, With torn but pushed from a freckled face, And every motion a wave of grace, With heart brimmed with untold joy, Who is more bliss than my barfoot boy?

See the clouds of dust that are gathering fast, Hiding the delicate face from the sun, Far more than the tattered garments do, Yet how he will not let his peace destroy, Ah! who is so rich as my barfoot boy?

Now he has mounted a wayside gate, He is shouting his call to some far-off mate, With the air of a leader he issues commands, Using for trumpet his sunburnt hands, Now holding to victor his barfoot boy— Proud as a king is my barfoot boy.

Earnest of purpose, and strong of limb, What is the pomp of the world to him? He is shouting his call to some far-off mate, With the air of a leader he issues commands, Using for trumpet his sunburnt hands, Now holding to victor his barfoot boy— Proud as a king is my barfoot boy.

But how will it be? Will the coming years Ripen his hopes, or increase his fears? Will he grow old, or will he die in youth, Will the heart grow vain, or will the mind be true? Yet who shall win, or who shall lose, The smothered charge of my barfoot boy.

LULU'S PRESENT.

Everybody declared that Uncle Timpkins would be ruined by his generosity. But this declaration had now been made for a number of years, and still he continued prosperous.

But Uncle Timpkins had just perpetrated an act, the enormity of which disturbed his domestic peace for a long while, and sometimes it seemed doubtful if the sky ever would be cleared.

He suddenly took it into his head to look up the widow of a brother who had been dead several years, and knowing that poor John never had possessed a knack for acquiring worldly goods, he resolved to inquire into the condition of the family.

Without telling Aunt Mollie of his plans, he went off very quietly by himself, but he returned not as he went.

Aunt Mollie prophesied that no good would come of this journey, but when Uncle Samuel opened the hall door, and she saw her husband enter with a little girl, she could hardly believe her own eyes.

"This is my little pet, Mollie, I have brought her home to keep the company," said Uncle Samuel. "Her name is Lulu." Aunt Mollie looked coldly upon Lulu, who shrank back into herself, and eyed her husband severely, then turning indignantly from them, she exclaimed, "To be sure, after raising a family of eight children, and getting them well off her hands, Samuel should go and bring home such a pest as that! It was too much for flesh and blood to stand."

But Uncle Timpkins had gained his point; Lulu was regularly established in the house, and, if not noticed by her aunt, she soon became a great favorite with her uncle. And not only with him, but with all who came to the house; for she was a sunny, bright little thing, making life and gladness where she went.

It was almost breakfast time, and punctual as the clock, the lean, wiry figure of Ephraim Doolittle strode into the kitchen, and sank into the accustomed seat by the chimney corner.

Of all Timpkins' proteges this was the one with whom Aunt Mollie had the least patience. For five years he had not missed a morning unless detained by illness, and yet he always came in with the same observation, that "as he happened to be passing by he thought that he would just drop in."

He always went to Uncle Timpkins to breakfast, but upon being invited into the dining-room invariably observed that "there was no occasion, wife would be expecting him home," etc. This was a regular part of the performance, and it required considerable exertion to dislodge him from the chimney corner.

It was in the morning after Lulu's arrival, and her uncle desired her to inform Mr. Doolittle that breakfast was ready. This she did very sweetly, and Ephraim, making a feint of rising, replied: "I was just going, my dear—time that I was off, long ago. Stop to breakfast! O, no, thank you—my wife will be waiting for me."

Lulu returned to the dining room and innocently repeated what she supposed to be Mr. Doolittle's refusal. To her great surprise her uncle laughed out, and her aunt had a very queer expression about the mouth. "Waiting, what?" she exclaimed, in a tone of cutting sarcasm; "maybe they're going to have fritters for breakfast, and they'll be spoiled—he'd better go!"

Uncle Timpkins, however, not wishing to be unkind, desired Lulu to walk to the kitchen with an imperative summons to Mr. Doolittle. She soon returned with the answer: "There was no occasion."

"Losing, on Thursday evening, the 4th ult., a Maltese cat, with a blue ribbon around its neck. On returning it to No. — Camp street the finder will be suitably rewarded."

The following day the paper contained the following answer: "The finder of the Maltese cat, advertised in yesterday's paper, is extremely anxious to retain it. What would the owner consider a sufficient inducement for parting with the cat?"

Lulu was perfectly indignant, both at the insult and at being separated from her pet, so she sat down and wrote:

"If the finder of the Maltese cat does not restore her to her rightful owner, he or she will be searched out and exposed before the community."

When the paper containing this threat appeared, it brought a reply from the culprit in person. Aunt Mollie was looking forth from the sitting-room window, when she suddenly exclaimed: "What on earth is that handsome stranger coming here for? I declare," she continued, "if he hasn't got Fortuna in his arms!" This was the name the kitten had received on that memorable day when it saved Uncle Timpkins' house.

"Run, Lulu," continued Aunt Mollie, "and take him into the parlor."

Lulu opened the door with a heightened color, and a somewhat elevated head, for the offer of buying her favorite kitten had been made to her.

The visitor, a handsome man of 30, with an air of foreign travel, doffed his hat with a low obeisance to the beautiful apparition before him, and perhaps he too Timpkins entered the room, and politely saluted the gentleman, whom he had recognized as the senior partner of an influential firm.

The visitor introduced himself as Mr. Chadwick, and at once entered into an easy conversation with the wife of the master of the house. The story of the kitten was told and commented upon, and the gentleman learned, by adroit questions, that Uncle Timpkins was obliged to being beyond the reach of Aunt Mollie's reprimand.

Uncle Samuel had been very grave of late; and, half anticipating something dreadful, she scarcely knew what, Lulu leaned against the rough beams, and watched the gambols of the speaking eyes, which rested upon her uncle almost beseechingly. This was just the thing for him, it would require so little labor; but Uncle Samuel was not one to recommend himself, and Mr. Chadwick was obliged to give her a little more of his own.

After a while it was all arranged, and the handsome Mr. Chadwick departed, with a warm invitation to renew his visit.

"Fortuna again!" exclaimed Uncle Timpkins, as he related to his wife the piece of luck. But Aunt Mollie glanced at Lulu in a very significant manner, and looked little disposed to give the cat much credit this time.

"Ephraim were here now, I could almost give him a hug," continued the old man.

"He will be here to-morrow morning," replied Aunt Mollie, as dryly as ever.

Uncle Timpkins entered at once upon the "agency," which turned out to be very little beyond a name and a salary, and Mr. Chadwick availed himself to the fullest extent of the invitation to renew his visit.

"I wish that Lulu feared he cared very little about them."

But when the story was told, Lulu and her pet were both lifted in Uncle Samuel's arms, and his tears rained down upon the bright curls, as he whispered:

"Lulu, do you know that you and kitty have saved your old uncle from being turned upon the world? Mollie," said he, looking reproachfully at his wife.

It was foreign to Aunt Mollie's nature, but she gave way for once, and folded Lulu in the first embrace that she ever had bestowed upon her.

"I wish that Ephraim Doolittle was here now," said Uncle Timpkins, as he looked at the strength of his gift; and if he had taken up his residence there altogether Uncle Timpkins would doubtless have made him welcome.

Time sped on, the kitten had grown into a cat, and Lulu had become a young lady. Her cousins laughingly declared that she had entirely superseded them in the affections of their parents; and a stranger would certainly have supposed that she was the pet daughter of the house.

One day an advertisement to the following effect appeared in a paper published in the city: "Lost, on Thursday evening, the 4th ult., a Maltese cat, with a blue ribbon around its neck. On returning it to No. — Camp street the finder will be suitably rewarded."

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How to Breed Short-Horns.

Among the papers read at a convention of Breeders of Short-horns, was one by Mr. W. T. Thrasher, who spoke as follows on the management of these choice cattle:

When the calf is born it should remain with its mother two or three days, after which the mother may be turned out; but should be left to the calf to suck three times a day until it is two months old. The calf for several days will not suck all the milk of its mother. She should be milked clean until the calf will take it all. When the calf is six weeks or two months old, there should be kept in a box or trough some shelled corn, which it will soon learn to eat; and as it advances in age, a little shelled corn should be mixed with the corn or a little mill-feed. After it begins to eat the calf should be fed all that it will eat clean. At two or three months it should be turned on a grass pasture, and fed this once a day and a mixed diet such as you would feed young cattle. There is at this stage nothing better to develop its organization than oats. Cut up fine and wet; then put good, fresh shipstuffs with it and mix thoroughly. Feed this once a day and shelled corn once a day. This feed should be continued until about the first of May; then lessen the feed until the first of June. By that time the grass will be sufficient for the animal until October. Then reduce the feed again lightly until grass fails. Then full feed again; or, if you have stalk fields, they will do well on that, with what grass they will get up to Christmas. Then they should be stabled and fed all winter, letting them eat every day—all day if not stormy. If stormy, it is best not to leave them out all day; yet they should be let out for exercise and water every day, stormy or not. The herdman should be the judge.

The proper age for breeding, if the calf is a heifer, with the above treatment, is at eighteen to twenty months old. A bull may be let to a few cows soon after.

There is one thing to be said in regard to handling animals. That is, always treat them kindly. Never get out of patience yourself, and begin to handle and use the animal if you would have him gentle and amiable. Most treat them so. Also have regular hours for feeding. Let nothing interfere with these rules, if you expect to succeed in your business.

TO MAKE GOOD BUTTER.—"A Practical Butter Maker" sends the following to the *Rural New Yorker*:

"I have had butter in the past so much to want of knowledge on the part of butter-makers, as it is a want of personal application of that knowledge to all the details of the art by the farmers' wives themselves. To make butter in the summer months, a place of suitable temperature is the first requisite, and that the best butter is made in the spring-house is unquestionable. The uniform temperature of the water should be fifty-four degrees, and of the air, about sixty degrees. The cream should be kept in the deepest part of the spring, and thoroughly stirred each day; and if any detail in the process of butter-making is of more importance than another, it is the management of the cream, for if this is spoiled, all subsequent care cannot make good butter; and in order to accomplish this result three essentials should be observed: it must be kept in a temperature not higher than 26 degrees. Each cream must be stirred every day, and it must be separated from the milk after the latter has stood not longer than thirty-six hours. If a small quantity of cold spring-water is then added, it will have a tendency to raise the cream more rapidly.

The cream should be churned at least once a week. The butter should then be thoroughly washed by churning it in cold water—an operation that should be several times repeated. This process is necessary to free the butter from the butter-milk, for if any remains, the casein and sugar contained in it are subject to decomposition; the former becomes rancid, and the latter is converted into acetic acid, and thus the butter becomes a poor sort of grease.

The butter should next be salted and allowed to stand until the next day, that the salt may be thoroughly dissolved; it should then be finally worked, and in an artistic manner done up into packages of desired shape and weight. These should always be neat, for their freshness and beauty have no small influence on the sale of the article.

In moulding and working the butter, it is important that the hands of the maker should not touch it. Wooden paddles should be used, dexterity with the hands can only be acquired with practice. Butter thus made is truly a golden luxury and worthy of a place on any table.

RHEUMATISM AMONG FARMERS.—There is a great deal too much carelessness generally among farmers with regard even to ordinary precautions for the preservation of the health, and yet for all, there is scarcely any class to whom sickness or disease is more irksome and inconvenient. Rheumatism is frequent among them because they wear wet clothing, heat and suddenly chill the body, re-heat after very hard work, and because they do not keep the skin in a healthy condition. If farmers would avoid suddenly cooling the body after great exertion, if they would be careful not to wear wet clothing and wet feet, and if they would not over-heat when in an exhausted condition, and bathe daily, using much friction, they would have less rheumatism.

Schoolmarmas as Wives.

We find some disagreement as to whether schoolmarmas are desirable candidates for matrimony. Among the ladies themselves the opinion seems to prevail that, as wives they would especially adorn homes and make happy the lives of good husbands. They argue that the very fact of their getting and holding their places is evidence of their intelligence and moral worth, two things very requisite in a wife. They say, further, that the familiarity with the management of children which a teacher acquires will serve her in good stead when she becomes a mother; and that the development of her faculties which she gets in a school room is of just the sort that best prepares a woman for the duties of a wife. In fact, they say that they are the girls for young fellows to court.

We are not surprised that some of these maiden pedagogues refuse, or postpone their marriages, until they are well advanced in life. Situated as they are, they are able to support themselves comfortably, and enjoy a degree of independence. They have the satisfaction of earning their own living, and spending their money as suits themselves. They know just what they are their present ills, and fear that those they mightily to do worse. But, though all these may be true, the right sort of lover comes along, and tries to convince a schoolmarm so fortified by sound arguments against matrimony, that she would be happier as his wife than as a single woman, we will wager that he will batter down the walls and carry the fort. Yet so far as material comfort is concerned, she might do better to withstand the assault.

It is true schoolmarmas of long experience in handling the bric-a-brac of a little school, then come and see, and in their accent. The attitude is not, as our correspondent calls it, independent and overbearing, but like that of an old drill sergeant, a little mechanical and austere. But this is the mistake, and the schoolmarm is likely to have a lot of unruly children in no wise related to him, to keep in order from year's end to year's end. No wonder the countenance of the seasoned schoolmarm grows strong in their lines, and her movements become trim and methodical. What would the teacher do in a schoolroom if she always were a jaunty manner and kept her face wreathed in smiles? Would not the boys and girls take advantage of her, and her good nature would fail to advance in the rudimentary studies? It is not right to forget the trials of the schoolmarm.

But, after all, we repeat that many good wives may be found among the schoolmarmas. They are not, as we hope that all such will get good husbands, and find that they have changed their state only to better it vastly.—N. F. S. W.

THOUGHTS.—A beautiful lady's smiles are magnets to draw metal from the purse.

Very few persons have sense enough to despise the praise of a fool.

When the loved one is absent, every beautiful thing seems her shadow.

A child's heart responds to the tones of its mother's voice like a harp to the wind.

Every base occupation makes one sharp in its practice and dull in every other.

Never court the favor of the rich by flattering either their vanities or their vices.

If the waves threaten to engulf you, don't add by your tears to the amount of water.

Individuality is everywhere to be spared, and respected as the root of everything good.

Promises made in time of affliction require a better memory than people commonly possess.

Indolence is a stream which flows slowly on, but yet undermines the foundation of every virtue.

Whatever makes the past or the future predominate over the present, exalts us in the scale of thinking beings.

If the storm of adversity whistles around you, whistle as bravely you can; perhaps the two whistles may make melody.

KEEP STRAIGHT AHEAD.—Pay no attention to slanders and gossip-mongers. Keep straight on in your course, and let their backbiting die the death of neglect. What is the use of lying awake at nights, brooding over the remark of some false friend, that runs through your brain like lightning? What is the use of getting into a worry and fret over gossip that has been set afloat to your disadvantage, by some meddling busybody who has more time than character? The things can not possibly injure you unless, indeed, you take notice of them, and in combating them give them standing and character. If what is said about you is true, set yourself right; if it is false, let it go for what it will fetch. If a being sting you, would you go to the hive to destroy it? Would not 1,000 come upon you? It is wisdom to say little respecting the injuries you have received.

We are generally losers in the end if we stop to refute all the backbiting and gossiping we may hear by the way. They are annoying, it is true, but not dangerous so long as we do not stop to expostulate and scold. Our characters are formed and sustained by ourselves, by our own actions and purposes, and not by others. Let us always bear in mind that "enimamans may usually be trusted to time and the slow but steady justice of public opinion."

A YOUTH, at his sister