

# Oregon City Enterprise.

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

VOL. III.

## THE ENTERPRISE.

A LOCAL NEWSPAPER  
FOR THE  
Farmer, Business Man and Family Circle

ISSUED EVERY THURSDAY.

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SOCIETY NOTICES.

OREGON LODGE, No. 3, I. O. O. F., meets on the Second and Fourth Tuesdays evenings of each month, at 7 o'clock, in Old Fellow's Hall, Main Street. Members of the Order are invited to attend. By order of N. G.

REBECCA DEGREE LODGE, No. 2, I. O. O. F., meets on the Second and Fourth Tuesdays evenings of each month, at 7 o'clock, in Old Fellow's Hall, Main Street. Members of the Degree are invited to attend.

FALLS ENCAMPMENT, No. 4, I. O. O. F., meets at Old Fellow's Hall, on the First and Third Tuesday of each month, at 7 o'clock, in Old Fellow's Hall, Main Street. Friends in good standing 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, CANDY, OREGON. Physician and Druggist. Prescriptions carefully filled at short notice. JST-41

PAUL BOYCE, M. D., Physician and Surgeon. Oregon City, Oregon. Clinical Diseases and Diseases of Women and Children a Specialty. Office Hours day and night; always ready, when ailing. Aug-25, '76-ff

DR. JOHN WELCH, DENTIST. Office in Oregon City. Oregon. Highest cash price paid for County Orders.

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 United States Land Office at Oregon City. Sept-24-ff

L. T. BARIN, ATTORNEY AT LAW. Oregon City, Oregon. Will practice in all the Courts of the State. Nov-1, '76-ff

W. H. HIGHFIELD, ESTABLISHED SINCE '49. Oregon City, Oregon. An assortment of Watches, Jewelry, and Scale. Weight Checks, all of which are kept. Being done on short notice, and thankful for past patronage.

Cash Paid for County Orders.

JOHN M. BACON, DEALER IN BOOKS, STATIONERY, PICTURE FRAMES, MOULDINGS AND MISCELLANEOUS GOODS. FRAMES MADE TO ORDER. Oregon City, Oregon. At the Post Office, Main Street, west side, Nov-1, '76-ff

J. R. COLDENSMITH, 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. NORTHROP & THOMPSON. Portland, Oregon. mar-31, '76-ff

J. H. SHEPARD, ROOT AND SHOE STORE. One door North of Ackerman Bros. Boots and Shoes made and repaired as cheap as the cheapest. nov-1, '76-ff

MILLER, CHURCH & CO. PAY 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 notes. nov-1, '76-ff

A. C. WALLING'S Pioneer Book Bindery. PUBLISHERS OF Stark and Front Sts., PORTLAND, OREGON.

BLANK BOOKS RULED AND BOUND TO ANY DESIRABLE PATTERN. MUSIC BOOKS, MAGAZINES, NEWSPAPERS, ETC., BOUND IN EVERY VARIETY OF STYLE AND IN THE TRADE. ORDERS FROM THE COUNTRY WILL BE GREATLY APPRECIATED. nov-1, '76-ff

OREGON CITY BREWERY. HOPPEL & MADDEN. Having purchased the above Brewery, we now inform the public that they are now prepared to manufacture a No. 10 Lager Beer.

As good as can be obtained anywhere in the State. Orders solicited and promptly filled.

## SONNET.

BY SUSAN M. SPAULDING.

The foolish bud would fain become a flower;  
And flout it heart out in the fair sunshine,  
The sunbeams through the transparent boughs,  
Dreams only of a golden fruitful hour.  
A bower, a bower, a bower,  
To pour their souls forth into perfumed wine  
Impatient leaning from their sheltered bower.  
Oh! how sweet! All you that are of secret  
And secret, even you that poor and lame—  
That man should lily quaff from sparkling glass  
Your dew and fire and spice! sighing, while e'er  
Your hungry fingers on the boughs did clasp  
The bud, the bloom, the fruit! How sweet they were!  
—*Scribner for December.*

## NIGHT WINDS.

BY A. DARKE.

Night winds, why haunt ye weary souls,  
Coming from dusky dens where fragrant ferns  
With incense breathe round dying leaves,  
While Summer sun to reddening ember burns?

Why whisper ye of glancing streams,  
Slipping o'er sandy shallows, cool and fair,  
With leap and glee the speckled trouting trout,  
That swam so slenderly after darning hair?

When from behind a shadowed lair  
Whisper ye of singing pines?

Then from unheeding height, like pilgrim saint,  
Uplift in constant, woeless, fragrant prayer,  
The soul of him that of the mortal briar?

Or of winter's griest and coldest complaint?  
In song of restlessness to all its pain?

Oh, haunting, weeping winds of night!

Ye bring to weary souls, on soothings wings,  
Visions of endless, faraway delights,

And full to dreams of purest bliss!

The dearest boon that sleep the mortal brings!—  
—*Boston Transcript.*

## OUT OF THE DUST.

BY HELEN W. PIERSON.

Then I'll have that 'ere 'ouse and that 'ere skin  
to me more than I know; but it's got written  
on it, 'ere's a sign, Ben," she would often say.  
"To dream three times hand-grimmin' is  
a sure sign, Ben," she would often say.  
"There's a good time comin' now,  
I don't know as it will be a cheak, but  
there's bin checks found in that air dust  
'eap, and momenments likewise of great  
families, and my luck's a-comin'!"

"An' wot will you do when it comes,  
Mother Meg?" Ben would inquire, with  
the most intense interest. "I know wot I'd do."  
"I'd take Rosie to the Crystal Palms an' stay there a week. We'd sleep  
under the hedger an' go in every day.  
Oh, wot larks!"

"Yes, we'd do that, too," the old woman  
would say, very seriously; "but just  
like I'd ave a 'ouse built for us—  
for us!"—remember when I just played  
about above them, as a rose-wine there;  
and I see it now, though it was a  
many and many long year ago! I've  
rooted in dust 'eaps all my life but I've  
never forgot that air cluinlin' rose-red  
ones they was. Oh, so sweet!"

And the poor old woman would lean  
on her dust rake and dream of child-  
hood's roses, and the subtle fragrance  
seemed to steal through the years and  
come to her senses once more, while the  
great dust heap, that loomed like a  
mountain before them, and the sluggish  
canal that rolled near, melted away.

All her castles in the air included  
the forlor children—a fact which showed  
that whatever the husk might appear  
was not destroyed, and that soul was  
worn out.

They now proceeded to the great  
mountain of dirt, where many busy  
workers were already employed. A  
casual observer, passing this great pile  
would never have dreamed of the vari-  
eties of industries it served.

"Nothing but dust," one might have  
said with contempt, but in London the  
very dust heaps—the sweepings and  
emptyings of ash-bin and rubbish—are  
made to contribute not a little to the  
wealth of the people.

This particular dust heap was so large  
that the workers appeared like ants in  
an ant-hill. The trade was divided in  
different departments, too, and no one  
encroached on the other. They were  
quite as busy about that as the dealers  
in their own business.

Mother Meg being one of the oldest  
workers had been allowed to introduce  
Ben long ago, and the cat department  
had been handed over to him. Rosie  
had, as it were, been brought up at the  
dust heap since the time she could  
toddle, and play with a few cinders  
that were sifted from it. Now she had  
a little rake, too, and poked around  
also in the hope of getting something.

The decayed vegetables were picked  
up by some and sold for manure; others  
gathered the tins, and sold them to  
be put in a furnace, where the solder  
would drop off and serve again; and  
Benny had all the cats, which were sold  
for their skins, the white ones being the  
most valuable.

"Ere's my luck!" he cried, joyfully,  
a friendsmen after he had commenced,  
"A white wot already!"

But the moment he exclaimed, Rosie  
burst into tears.

"It's Lily!" she cried. "Oh! my dar-  
ling little Lily! Oh, Ben! you will  
never go for to sell her!"

Lily had been her pet kitten, and  
lost for a day or two. The poor chil-  
dren had lavished a good deal of affection  
on Lily. The little, soft, pure  
white fury creature, seemed a sort of  
elegant luxury in their poverty—a friend  
to welcome them when they came home;  
something that loved them in spite of  
their misery and distress—and Rosie  
had a good cry when it was missed.

But to meet it again, with its white  
fur soiled with dust, was too much for  
the tender-hearted child, and she went  
away near the fence and sat down to  
weep bitterly.

"Now, then, wot's the matter?" Mother Peg  
whispered. "I know a cat wot's got a whole  
batch of kittens and marmots in her  
belly, and she's bound to celebrate it. I've  
got a sixpence, and we'll 'ave a couple  
of savelays—they're tasty and fillin' for  
the price—and a crummy loaf."

"A 'im-book?" asked Mother Meg  
doubtfully. "Well, wotever is that fur?"

"Why, to learn them wot's the  
angels, to be sure—with them gold  
harps. Wouldn't we feel orchard like  
when we got to the evens, if we didn't  
know nothin' about 'em?"

Mother Meg pondered a few moments  
over this solid chunk of wisdom pro-  
pounded by the child. She had never  
thought of making ready for heaven in  
any way, though she must be much  
nearer it than with Ben.

Of course, she hoped to teach that  
boy who was not criminal to expect to have  
all the losses and sorrows of this life  
made up to him.

"Oh, ain't I hungry, just!" exclaimed  
Ben, who had only gnawed a crust at  
noon, and Rosie echoed the sentiment.

"Then we'll hurry up about that ere  
feast!" exclaimed Mother Meg, cheer-  
fully.

But the next moment, Ben, who pre-  
ceded the party and whose eyes were  
young and sharp, cried out:

"There's a fellor takin' a bath, least  
ways I seen a black fellow bobbin' up in  
the canal. Lor! I'm green up to think  
anybody would take a bath this freezin' day—he's a drowdin'!"

"He's drowned!" cried Mother Meg,  
hastening to the bank.

But Ben, lame as he was, got before  
him.

He could swim like a fish, and he had  
reached the figure as it rose the third  
time. But he would not have been able  
to have brought his freight to land if it  
had not been for Mother Meg's rake,  
which she skillfully hooked in Ben's  
feet and brought both to shore.

The young man lay as one dead. His  
face was ghastly pale, and his black  
curls clung in wet masses over his  
forehead. His lips were purple, but the  
old woman gave it as her verdict  
that life was in him. She went to work  
quite intelligently, too; laid his head  
lower than his body, and began rubbing  
and kneading him. Ben, too, worked  
away manfully, till the young man  
opened his eyes.

"If we 'ad a drop o' likker, now,"  
said Mother Meg. "Ere we'll give  
you a rest, take my advice."

"Ere's wot the blackcat brought,"  
said Ben, showing two pennies.

"Get two penn'orth o' gin, then,  
and run!" cried Mother Meg.

But in taking out the money, Ben also  
drew out the roll of parchment he had  
brought, and it fell down directly in front  
of the opening eyes of the half-drowned  
man.

"Am I dreaming?" he cried, as the  
gold setting of the miniature fell out,

"My God!" he exclaimed, at last; "to

think I played there when a child—and  
it should be mine—and it is gone!"

He groaned awhile, but there was no  
one near. The workers at the dust-heap  
did not even hear him.

Amber and smothys, of royal dower,  
To purify soul forth into perfumed wine  
Impatient leaning from their sheltered bower.  
Oh! how sweet! All you that are of secret  
And secret, even you that poor and lame—

That man should lily quaff from sparkling glass  
Your dew and fire and spice! sighing, while e'er  
Your hungry fingers on the boughs did clasp  
The bud, the bloom, the fruit! How sweet they were!

—*Scribner for December.*

and he saw the letters entwined in mon-  
ogram at the top.

He seized it convulsively, and, look-  
ing at the parchment, uttered a cry.  
The lost title-deed of his old home had  
been rescued by a child from a dust-  
heap.

"How the lawn used to glitter on  
those dewy mornings," he said, wildly,  
"and the flowers—I have never seen any  
such flowers!—since! Oh, halls of my  
childhood, I bid you a long farewell!"

And he turned hurriedly away and  
walked toward the sluggish canal, and  
stared into its muddy depths as if the  
problem that vexed his life might be  
solved there.

Ben, in the meantime, delayed busily  
at the dust-heap. He had only been  
rewarded by one black cat, when he  
saw something shine, which made  
him plunge wildly among the dust and  
ashes. When he had the glittering  
thing fast in his hands, then he first  
dared to exclaim.

"Sure, this is lucky, boy!" cried Mother  
Meg, examining it. "This 'ere's gold—  
wotever this skin is that it's fast to  
me is more than I know; but it's got written  
on it, 'ere's a sign!"

"To dream three times hand-grimmin' is  
a sure sign, Ben," she would often say.

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I don't know as it will be a cheak, but  
there's bin checks found in that air dust  
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never forgot that air cluinlin' rose-red  
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on her dust rake and dream of child-  
hood's roses, and the subtle fragrance  
se