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## Beautiful Things.

Beautiful faces are those that wear— It matters little if dark or fair— Whole-souled honesty printed there.

Beautiful eyes are those that show, Like crystal pans where heart-fires glow, Beautiful thoughts that burn below.

Beautiful lips are those whose words Leap from the heart like songs of birds, Yet whose utterance prudens guards.

Beautiful hands are those that do Work that is earnest and brave and true, Moment by moment the long day through.

Beautiful feet are those that go On kindly ministries to all, Down lowliest ways, if God wills it so.

Beautiful shoulders are those that bear Ceaseless burdens of homely care With patient grace and daily prayer.

Beautiful lives are those that bless— Silent rivers of happiness, Whose hidden fountains but few may guess.

—Little's Living Age.

## "Over the Wires."

HOW THE BURGLARS WERE CAUGHT.

First, I must tell you who I am, and how I came to be in the Baysville Bank in the "wee sma' hours" one dreary December night, some three years ago.

My name was then Olive Hudson, and I was seventeen years old that same December night, and so small that Mrs. Knight's Dolly, who was not twelve years old, was half a head taller than myself.

We were rich folks once, but father died and left us very poor. Mother struggled along in a weary hand-to-hand way, and I was sixteen, and then died. She had rented two rooms of Mrs. Knight, widow, also, with two stalwart sons, an aged father, and two daughters.

After mother died I was adopted by the Knights, and although I was earning a support as music teacher in the Baysville Academy, I was like one of the family when I was in my good landlord's home.

They were all in good positions, but by no means an aristocratic family. John, the eldest son, was in New York in a wholesale sugar house; Tom was the night watchman of the Baysville Bank building, and grandpa—we all call him grandpa—was telegraph operator of the town, while Mary was a milliner, and Dolly stayed at the office, sending and receiving messages for the bank.

Baysville Bank building was a large granite structure, containing the post-office and bank on the first floor, the telegraph office and a number of private law offices on the second floor, and other private offices on the third floor. In the basement were postoffice rooms for sorting the mail, and also the large bank vault.

I knew the building well, for I was fond of telegraphing, and spent half my "wee sma' hours" up to the grandpa, while he slept peacefully or read the newspapers.

And that was the beginning of my amusement at Dryden, the next station, the operator at Dryden was a wit, and his senselessness to our office when business was dull. It fell flat when grandpa was in the office, but if I were tired I sent back just for joke, and sometimes an hour slipped by like a minute as we talked over the wires of every topic under the sun.

"Elephant," and for nonsense, signed myself "Elephant," laughing as I did so at the reflection of my tiny fingers in the office mirror.

Beyond Dryden, and only five miles from Baysville, was C—, a large commercial town, the nearest railway station, and where an office was always open for the accommodation of travellers.

As I have said, Tom Knight was the night watchman of Baysville Bank building, and a lonely time he had of it. The last mail came by stage at four o'clock in the afternoon, and the postoffice was deserted for the night.

At seven Tom was on duty, and grandpa, who was restless at night, was in the habit of taking down some coffee and luncheon, as the building was only a stone's throw from the house.

On the December night I have already mentioned, it had stormed heavily all day, and I had taken a new class at the Academy, coming home later in the day than usual, and excited over my increase in salary.

Everybody else had gone to bed, and I was lingering over the kitchen fire with Mrs. Knight, dreading the plunge into my cold room, when I had allowed the fire to go out.

The clock struck twelve, and Mrs. Knight, lifting her face from over the fire, said:

"Do call grandpa, Olive; he's asleep on the sofa in the sitting-room. I'll have Tom's basket ready by the time grandpa has his hat and coat on. I hate to call him, for he was complaining of rheumatism all day, and the ground is very wet, although the storm is over."

"Let him sleep," I said; "I'll run over with the basket. It is but a step."

"But it is so dark; are you not afraid?"

"Not a bit; I'll slip on my waterproof and rubbers, and I'll have the hood of my cloak over my head."

"Well, if you will, though I am afraid Tom will scold at my letting you go."

"I'll put the basket and run, and he will never know who left it."

"Go into the rear basement door; he leaves that open for grandpa."

"I know."

I grasped the handle of the basket, and hurried across the space between the building and the house, and stole softly in at the basement door, in pursuance of my plan to drop the basket and run.

In my rubber shoes my steps were noiseless, and I had scarcely passed the threshold when I stood rooted to the floor in a terrible amazement.

Somebody was talking.

I crept forward and listened. There was a man in the vault, and a light shone under the door.

While I listened, some one said:

"There is a confounded draft here; did

you shut the door Smith?"

"Yes, but the wind might have blown it open."

I had just to wait under the staircase and crouch down, when the door of the vault opened and a man came out.

He crossed the entry, drew two heavy, noisy bolts, fastened the door by which I had entered, and returned without closing the vault door.

I could look in by the dim light and see two men working at the safe locks by the stream of light thrown from a dark lantern.

There was the outline of a man bound and gagged upon the floor, but I could only conjecture that it was Tom, for I could not see distinctly.

There I was nicely caged, for it would be impossible for me to draw those heavy bolts without attracting attention. And the bank being robbed, that was evident. How could I prevent it? I could not get out; I could not reach Tom. Suddenly I remembered the telegraph office on the second floor. If I could summon help from C—, it was only five miles, and there was a long job for the burglars before they could open the safe.

I could creep around the staircase! If one of those busy men turned his head I was lost. I softly crept out on all fours, slowly, watching, and gained the stairs. Up I darted, blessing my Indian rubber shoes, till I gained the door of the telegraph office. All was dark there and I dare not strike a match.

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I listened, and then leaving the door open, groped my way to the well-known desk and gave the signal for C—.

I could hear my heart throb as I waited for the answer. It came! Still working in the dark, and sent this message:

"Burglars in the Baysville Bank vault! Watchman gagged and bound! Can you send help?"

Again the agony of suspense in listening, but at last the help reached me:

"I will send help immediately."

I crept to the head of the staircase, afraid the clear ring of the instrument had been heard in the vault, but no one came up stairs. The windows of the telegraph office faced the street, so I returned, bolted myself in safely and sat down to wait.

The town clock gave one resonant stroke, breaking the deep silence, and no signs of life were visible in the long stretch of road leading to C—.

I was numb with cold, wishing heartily that I had not left Tom's basket under the staircase, thinking regretfully of my own cosy bed, when I heard afar off the sound of hooves feet.

No sister Anne, in Bluebeard's tower, was ever more watchful than I was that night. Would the burglars take the alarm?

The building made a corner of two streets, and I saw eight mounted men dash up the road, separate, and while four dismounted in front, four went to the rear.

The burglars were unprepared for this flank movement, for while the police in front were thundering at the main entrance, the robbers rushed to the rear basement door right into the arms of the police stationed there.

I could hear the hubbub, pistol shots fired, the scuffle of feet, cries, oaths, and general confusion; and I slipped down stairs and out of the now deserted main entrance and ran home.

Everybody was in bed, and I went to my room and had a good crying spell, and comforted my half frozen body in double blankets, where I soon fell asleep.

All this was on Friday night, and I had no teaching to do until Monday, so I slept late, but coming down to find the family prepared to make a holiday of me.

"I never knew until mother told me this morning," said Tom, "that it wasn't grandpa who sent the telegraph to C—."

By Jove, Olive, you're spunky, if you are little."

"I gave up when four of them pounced on me from one of the upper rooms. They must have got in during the day and hid there."

I tried to make the Knights promise not to tell my adventure, but could not. Before night all Baysville knew how Olive Hudson caught the burglars.

I was in the office with grandpa, when over the wires he called "himself."

"What does Olive Hudson look like? Everybody in Dryden is talking of her great exploit."

I washed back.

"What do you suppose such a woman would look like? She is nearly six feet tall, broad shouldered, and loud-voiced, a perfect Elephant."

"Was it really yourself, Elephant?"

"Dear Lion, it was."

"Do you know, I want to see you. I am going to New York to-day, but I'll be back next spring."

If he came to Baysville he did not see me. I ran away in a fit of shyness.

In March a wonderful thing happened. My mother's brother, who had been seventeen years—nearly all my lifetime—in Cuba, came out to New York, found me out, and took me into a life of ease and luxury, making me pet in his splendid home. He was a bachelor, over fifty years of age, handsome and well informed, and with large means.

He introduced me to old friends of his, and my circle of acquaintance widened every day. I was entirely happy for we loved each other well.

One day Uncle George brought home to dinner a stranger, who he introduced as:

"The son of my old friend, Olive, Mr. Roberts."

I made myself agreeable, as in duty bound, to Mr. Roberts, a man of thirty or thereabouts, with a face that was downright ugly, but pleasant from the expression of frank good humor and intelligence upon it. We talked of everything, and I was surprised at the congeniality of taste we soon discovered. In an animated discussion of heroes, Mr. Roberts, turning to Uncle George said:

"You were kindly inquiring this morning about my fortune since father died, but I did not tell you one little episode. Before I was fortunate enough to obtain my present lucrative situation, I was for a time telegraph operator in a small

place called Dryden, and then I heard of a real heroine, of whom the world will probably never hear."

I knew what was coming, but kept my face perfectly composed to list in. When the story was finished, giving Uncle George a sly pinch to keep him quiet, I said:

"What kind of a looking person was the wonderful heroine?"

"I never saw her, for although Baysville was the next village to Dryden, I never went there. But she was described to me as tall, strong and masculine."

"In short, my dear Lion," I said gravely, "she was a perfect Elephant."

Such a stare as greeted me I am certain never came upon Leo Roberts' face before or since that hour. His eyes dilated till I thought they would pop out of his head, and his mouth opened in utter amazement. Finally he remembered his manners and gasped:

"Pardon me, I—was it really you?"

"Uncle George," I said, "will you be kind enough to introduce me properly to Mr. Roberts? I believe he thinks your niece must bear your name."

With a flourish Uncle George arose and gravely introduced:

"Mr. Leo Roberts, Miss Olive Hudson; Miss Hudson, Mr. Roberts."

Mr. Roberts was a good natured stranger, and Mr. Roberts came often to dine with Uncle George.

And one day there was a wedding, where the bride was very small, buried in lace and orange blossoms, and the bridegroom was a good natured fellow, but it was a true love match, a fitting end for the flirtation commenced at Dryden and Baysville, "Over the Wires."

## Excavations at Olympia.

Owing to its being breached, and the soil connected with it being broken up, the Byzantine eastern wall has again yielded a mass of bronzes of very early date, votive figures of animals, weights with the name of Zeus, weapons, tools, and vessels adorned with zigzag lines and concentric circles. The same primitive style of ornament is visible in a silver "phibos" or handle, found in this locality. More important is an archaic bronze figure of a woman, a span high, who stands immovable as a pillar, with closed feet; the left hand she holds to her bosom, while in the right she carries a block of red marble, with an inscription on the top of the block. On her head she wears a roll, which characterizes the figure as the supporting element of a vessel. With this may be classed the central fragment of a female figure of burnt and painted clay, which seems one to support the existence of a terra-cotta figure one metre high—a great rarity. It represents a woman stepping forward, and stiff and archaic drapery, with its embroidered border, divides over the head and its red chiton. Interesting inscriptions have been disentangled from the wall. Of these the only remarkable for its length is a psephism of the Eleans, which covers two sides of a pedestal. Tibertus Claudius, brother of Augustus, the Emperor, continued the contest into the night, till the stars shone out in the sky, and hence the Eleans accord him their citizenship and a statue in Olympia. On the third side of the pedestal follows a dedication of the same Emperor, Augustus, and bestow on him a like honor. The games were celebrated in the first half of July, at the time of the full moon, and therefore the stars could not have been visible before ten o'clock. Other inscriptions refer to the Emperor, Augustus; for instance, Hellenicus, who sprang from a family of athletes; his father, Alcamaeus of Lepreum, won the prize for boxing, first among the boys and subsequently among the men; by Jove, Augustus, who enlarged among the boys in the ninetieth Olympiad. Hellenicus won the same prize in four hundred and twenty-four.

Along the whole of the southern side of the Temple of Zeus, at a distance of twenty metres, runs a low wall, the destination of which has been made abundantly clear by the deeper explorations on the southwest. There stands, north of the wall, a whole row of pedestals; some prostrate on the south side, among them a block of red marble, with an inscription celebrating the victory of one Timondas, and a pedestal with a lovely life-size foot of bronze; others are built into the Byzantine western wall, and every part is covered with fragments of inscriptions, some of which are also on the western side of the temple, and in the east, where Callias, Eacles and Euthymus stand. Consequently it seems probable that a terrace crowned with statues, behind which ground sloped away outward, surrounded the whole temple. On the south a road ran along in the southwest one sees how the drainage pipes and water conduits come to a stop at the wall, and are broken off, to continue on the further side of it at a lower level. One of these aqueducts, discharged into a large brown cistern, which measures 1.30 metre in diameter and seventy centimetres in height, and stands near the wall. In this cistern were found small vessels of bronze and several of terra-cotta.

TEMPLES OF THE ANCIENTS.—In the temples of the ancients, they often suspend a curtain before the statue of the divinity, during the time when they were not sacrificing. In the temple of Jupiter at Olympia, there was a curtain of extreme value, beautifully woven with wool, after the manner of the Assyrians, and dyed with the Tyrian purple, which was presented to the temple by Antiochus. When they would discover the sacred statue to the eyes of the adoring crowds that assembled within the walls of the temple, the curtain was lowered, as in the temple of Jupiter, at Olympia, or raised as in that of Diana, at Ephesus. Stuart, in his Antiquities of Athens, thinks that the ancient veil of the temple was for the purpose of covering the central part of the hypothesis, which was unroofed. This sort of curtain differs from the *retarium* of the Romans, that was used in their theatres and amphitheatres.

## Josh Billings on Birds.

THE QUAIL.

The quail is a game bird, about one size bigger than the robin, and so sudden that they hum when they fly. They have no song, but whistle for music, the true is solitary and sad. They are shot on the wing, and a man may be good in arithmetic, but a quail is a quail, and even be able to preach acceptably, but if he ain't studied quail on the wing he might as well shoot at a streak of lightning in the sky as at a quail on the go.

Birds quail, properly supported with jellies and a Champagne Charlie, is just the most difficult thing, in my humble opinion, to beat in the whole history of vivitels and something to drink.

I am no gourmand, for I can eat bread and milk like any other fellow, and when I smack my lips after I get thru, but if I am asked to eat briled quail with a friend, with judicious accompaniment, I blush at first, then bow my head, and then smile sweet acquiescence—in other words, I eat quail before such a request.

## White and Yellow Corn.

Mr. J. Averill, of Paw-Paw, Mich., asks: "What is the relative value of white and yellow corn for feeding purposes, and especially for the fattening of pork?" I am sure I do not know, and I do not know any one who does know so fully that we can accept his knowledge with entire confidence that he is correct; and for the reason, in the first place, that we have no accurate analyses of Indian corn to the extent necessary to enable us to decide the greatest amount of fattening or carbonaceous substances. In the second place, no doubt that soil, situation, climate and latitude affect Indian corn, as they are known to do wheat, and Indian corn, like wheat, would be pretty sure to take up more mineral matters from the soil, and more nitrogenous ones from the soil and atmosphere together, on strong, rich land, and under a long, warm, summer climate, than on a poor soil, in a short, cool summer. We know that being baked, it is tough and leathery, as buckwheat cakes are. So far as Illinois is concerned nine-tenths of all the corn grown is of the yellow varieties, the preference for white corn being confined to the southern part of the State; but the yellow varieties are more common in the South in the white varieties, the white ones only being used for culinary purposes. If our information is correct the larger share of the corn grown in the South is of the yellow varieties, the white ones only being used for bread, as the yellow ones are cultivated and preferred in the North. Generally speaking, then, on these grounds, I think it may be safely assumed that Northern corn contains most oil or starch and Southern corn most mineral or albuminous matter; that the former will produce the largest increase of adipose matter in the shortest time, and the latter will increase the size of the bones and muscles most in the same way. —*Correspondence Country Gentleman.*

## Excercise for Fowls.

The Poultry Herald thinks that confined chickens should have exercise and amusement, and says: "As often as once a week through the hot months of June and July it will be found a good plan to dig over and turn up the soil, spade deep, in the earth floors of your fowl houses, as well as through the runs about the outside of the poultry quarters. In the same way, the white ones only being used for bread, as the yellow ones are cultivated and preferred in the North. Generally speaking, then, on these grounds, I think it may be safely assumed that Northern corn contains most oil or starch and Southern corn most mineral or albuminous matter; that the former will produce the largest increase of adipose matter in the shortest time, and the latter will increase the size of the bones and muscles most in the same way. —*Correspondence Country Gentleman.*

"This easy process affords means for exercise again for the birds that are limited to contracted space. A great number of worms, grubs, &c., are thus brought to the surface, which the hens and chicks will devour greedily, and they will scratch for these vigorous."

"This method, if followed up three or four times a month, will clean the premises under foot and render the ground healthier for the stock to wander over. Before the earth is thus loosened and mellowed scatter whole grain over it—oats, barley or whole wheat; and in this way you may keep the staved-up fowls busy, afford them needed exercise, purify the earth under their feet and prevent many a sickness which has its origin in quiting the troublesome habit of plucking the feathers from her more docile companions' necks."

## A Romantic Wedding Ceremony.

The steamship *La Plata* yesterday landed at Castor Antonio, a young man, an Italian, aged 19, who could not speak a word of English, and Catherine Alligon, aged 16, a French girl, who could speak only French and English. During the voyage Leprosore fell violently in love with Catherine, but he could not make his passion known to her except by his looks. He had plenty of money and she was poor, and with much art the Italian managed to let Catherine know what a good speculation she would make by receiving his advances. She received afterwards. When the pair reached Castle Garden they made known to Interpreter McPherson their woes and wishes. Leprosore told McPherson that if he was delayed another day in his attempt at matrimony, Catherine, he should go mad, insisted that the ceremony should be immediately performed, and demonstrated his financial ability to care for a bride. Catherine being willing, the pair were taken before Rev. Mr. Berkmyer, but he refused to marry them. They were then taken before Justice Murray. He consented to join them. Mr. McPherson acted as interpreter, and Mr. Charles Washburne gave the bride away. She looked pretty, and smiled sufficiently to make herself very interesting. The ceremony was performed in the Justice's private room, in the presence of a large crowd. —*New York Times.*

It costs something to be polite, that is if civility is united with politeness. It appears that the Brazilian frigate was about to proceed homeward, and in leaving the harbor the Admiral determined to take leave of the *Essex* in a royal manner. The officers and men lined the upper decks, the band played the Star Spangled Banner,