

DAD.

In the southwestern part of Oregon, on the Pacific Coast, west of the coast range of mountains, lies the most beautiful valley in America, if not in the world.

The Coquille river, from which this valley derives its name, rises in the Coast range of mountains by three principle branches which by their ramifications drain nearly the whole eastern part of Coos county, and a portion of Curry county on the south. These branches unite to form the main river, which runs in a northwesterly direction to about the middle of the county, then directly west for six or seven miles, then southwesterly, forming an imperfect horseshoe, and then turning westerly again discharges its waters into the ocean, eighteen miles south of Cape Arago.

From the mouth of this river to the forks, is forty-five miles, with tide water all the way. It is, on an average, seventy yards wide, deep and still, with a gently flowing current to or from the sea, according to the way the tide is setting, and its banks are overhung by willows, maple, ash and alder trees, and the beautiful and fragrant evergreen myrtle bends its green head and reaches down its long arms lovingly, as if to clasp in its fond embrace the gently flowing river, and have its glistening green and gold flecked foliage in its limpid waters.

The valley of the Coquille is fifty miles long, by two or three miles wide, is very level, and timbered with ash, maple, myrtle, alder, etc., while in the background rise the mountains, covered with the dark evergreen foliage of the giant firs, framing the lovely valley like the picture of a pleasant landscape.

Nature has been prodigal in her gifts, to make this valley a desirable dwelling place. To splendid scenery, and a most genial climate, she has added all the necessary elements of wealth; a fertile soil, the finest of timber in the most lavish profusion. Coal in the greatest abundance. Iron, copper, clinkbar and gold. Navigable waters, teeming with finny inhabitants, and extensive forest ranges, abounding in game.

From its isolated position, this valley was comparatively little known until within the last few years. For twenty years it was the home only of the hunter and trapper, and many fine specimens of that very peculiar class—that link between savage and civilized life—still remain here. But the tide of emigration pushes them forward, and they, together with the forest denizens against whom they still warfare, are "moving on" to "other scenes and pastures new." At the present time the population is principally engaged in mining, lumbering and agriculture. Farms are being opened, mills built, incipient business centers, the germs of future cities are being located, and the old order of things, when a man's welfare, if not his life, was in the rifle which he carried on his shoulder, is fast passing away.

Having become a citizen of this valley, and cast my lot among those who are laboring to hurry along the "good time," which is sure to come from the development of the vast amount of natural resources which it contains, I am often brought in contact with the residents of the olden time, and entertained with their recitals of adventures, given in their own peculiar and inimitable style.

Sitting on the hotel porch at this place with "the boys," one pleasant spring evening, the conversation turned on panthers and panther hunting. In the "early days" these animals abounded here in superabundance, which was rather unpleasant for the nerves of those whose inclinations or necessities caused them to travel over the mountain trails after nightfall; and panther hunting was one of the exciting occupations of the pioneers, which was always accompanied with "sport"—generally for the hunters, sometimes for the panther. At the present day these varmints are driven well back from the settlements, yet occasionally one is encountered in uncomfortable proximity to civilization.

An occurrence of this kind had just taken place in the immediate neighborhood. An old resident of the valley, familiarly known as "Dad,"—one who had hunted on every mountain and trapped on every stream, and who consequently knew the forest and its occupants as well as—was passing over a mountain trail accompanied by his two dogs, but without his gun, when he encountered an "old cat" and her two "kittens." The dogs made a rush at her, but she jumped upon a large log which lay up from the ground, and when one of the dogs came near, she sprang upon him. The other dog came quickly to the assistance of his fellow, and the two making it too hot for her panther-ship, she retreated to her log again. The over-enthusiastic dog again coming too near, she repeated the process of springing upon him, crushing him to the ground, and burying her teeth and claws deep into his flesh. The other dog was on hand in time, but Mrs. Panther "meant business" now; and the old hunter, seeing that his faithful dogs were to be worsted in the combat, rushed up close to the "contestants," hunting knife in hand, and yelling like all the fiends. Alarmed at the noisy demonstrations of this new ally of her canine enemies, and supposing no doubt that his fighting capacity was equal to the noise he made, the panther loosened her grip upon the dog, and with one bound was up a near tree out of reach. The "kittens" also "treed," and the bellicent parties eyed each other fiercely and considered what to do next. Finally, the dogs began baying the treed panthers, and the man started for the nearest house for a gun. After going about a mile, he met a young man with a rifle, and the two started for the "game," but had got only about half-way when they met the returning dogs limping along the trail. The men continued on to the place of battle, but the "old cat and kittens" were nowhere to be seen. When "Dad" returned to the village, the sight of his crippled dogs attracted the attention of the "boys," and the story of the adventure related above brought up the subject of conversation above alluded to.

Several persons present had adventures to

relate of the experiences of themselves or acquaintances, with panthers; but most of the party were like myself, interested listeners only. Presently the conversation lagged a little, and some one exclaimed: "Dad, tell 'em 'bout the cat you kill'd up here on the 'crick'—long time ago."

Nothing delights a western backwoodsman more than to be asked to relate his hunting adventures to an appreciative audience of new comers, who he has reason to believe are inexperienced in woodcraft. He enters upon the recital with enthusiasm, his eye kindles, he rises to his feet, and with characteristic mimicry of tone and gesture, illustrates the interesting passages of his narrative, not forgetting to embellish the same, with pictures drawn slightly from a vivid imagination. It being impossible to represent this pantomime in words, narrations of this kind lose much of their attractiveness by being transferred to paper, and the manner of an old hunter when he tells a "yarn," is often as entertaining as the matter of his discourse. "Dad" was no exception to the rule in these respects, and placing himself in his favorite story telling attitude he commenced.

"Ye kno' boys w'en I was here in the early days? Well I 'ad 'leven hounds, for runnin' deer an' varmints, ye kno', an' all as fair as ye ever see'd."

"Soap grease got mighty scarce one winter, an' my ole woman says she to me one day, says she, 'Dad, you must git out to-morrow an' kill some fat koonks fur soap grease.' There was a little snow on the ground next mornin', w'en I started out, an' I tuk a little ax 'long weighin' 'bout three pounds; I carried it in my belt ye kno'; to out the koonks out w'en I'd track'd 'em in. I went 'way on up the crick a lookin' out all the time fur koon tracks, an' by 'n' by the dogs all broke away after sublin' makin' a noise an' after awhile I heer'd 'em a barkin' tremendous—all in one place; an' ev'ry one in a while I'd hear one on 'em yell out 'My eye! my eye!' dreadful. I hurried on up thar as fast as I could; an' w'en I got thar, I seed they'd got one o' the biggest 'painters' I ever seed, back'd up in a little cut whar the water'd run down an' washed out the dirt. I tell ye, boys, he was a big feller; an' actually so fat he couldn't climb. The dogs war a barkin' an' a yellin' 'round 'im, an' ev'ry time one on 'em 'd git 'round 'nuff, he'd reach out his paw; an' (illustrating) 'an' hit 'im a slap, an' that dog'd 'boller out 'My eye! my eye!' powerful. I just walked up to that 'ar 'painter,' 'bout as far off as from here to that young man," (pointing) 'an' tuk good aim to knock out his brains, but when I I pull'd the ole gun she snapped, an' I look'd at my pan—I didn't have no cap-koon in them days ye see—an' found I soppin' wet. The snow from the bushes had shuck onto it, ye see; an' I seed to onct that I couldn't git her off. So I thought I'd try and get a clip at 'im from behind with my axe, an' I cipherr'd 'round an' got above 'im on the bank, whar I could get a good look at his head. I'm ole now, boys, an' I humped over and clumsy; but if ye take a good look at me, ye'll see that w'en I war younger I was power'd stout an' quick, too. I lask'd down my gun an' I lean'd over the bank and tuk three 'r four blows at that 'ar 'painter's head; an' sir, he'd throw up 'is paw an' knock 'em off ev'ry time; and to save my life I couldn't hit 'im. I picked up my ole gun ag'in, an' says I, 'ole gal, I'll fix you for shootin'.' Ye see, boys, I never go in the woods 'bout matches, an' I chopped a little pitchwood off 'in a fir tree close by, an' struck a match an' lit a little fire, an' I eat my wire picker red hot, an' I throwed open the pan of my gun, look an' I stuck it in 'er tush hole, an' bang she went. I tell ye, boys, whar that 'ar 'painter' hearn that, he jumped 'bout so high," (illustrating) 'w'asht ag'in.' But I tuk'n't leave 'is hole fur the dogs 'd git 'im, for they all yelled an' an' 're at 'im fair'n' 'n' ever. I loaded up the old gun quick'n' a git out, an' I got around whar I could get good aim 'bout killin' a dog, an' I let fly, an' scattered that 'ar 'painter's brains all over the country."

Grand Masonic Reunion.

From the Olympia Transcript we learn the following in regard to the Grand Masonic Reunion of the M. W. Grand Lodges of Oregon, Idaho and Washington Territory, now occupying the ancient limits of the M. W. Grand Lodge of Oregon:

The following programme is under consideration by the Committee:

August 9th, 1875.—The brethren of the M. W. Grand Lodges of Oregon and Idaho, together with the brethren of the subordinate lodges, the brethren of the A. A. S. R., Commanderies of K. T. and Royal Arch Chapters, with their wives and daughters, to leave Portland for Kalama, W. T., by O. S. N. Co.'s steamer, joined by brethren of Washington Territory residing east of Kalama; proceed by N. P. R. to Tacoma, W. T.; thence by steamer, chartered for the occasion, to Olympia, W. T.; arriving at Olympia, to be received by the brethren of Washington Territory.

Tuesday, August 10th.—Meeting of the Grand Lodges and visiting brethren at 10 o'clock A. M., at Masonic Hall. Form in grand procession escorted by Scottish Rite Knight Templars, Royal Arch Chapters and 22nd Lodges in full regalia, march to the Hall or grove for address and welcome, orations, etc., wind up the day with ball and banquet.

Wednesday, August 11th.—Devote the whole day to a grand clam bake.

Thursday, August 12th.—Take steamer at daylight on grand excursion to Victoria, stopping at all towns on Puget Sound. On arrival at Victoria, visit the M. W. Grand Lodge of B. C. Returning by steamer to Tacoma as to reach Portland Saturday, August 14th, where the Grand Lodges will part company.

Should the above programme be adopted we promise our visitors a hearty welcome and pleasant time. Olympia has already been famous for its hospitality, and on this occasion no doubt it will outdo all former efforts in making the visit of the guests of our M. W. Grand Lodge of Masons a pleasant one.

Grange Appointments.

Mr. Daniel Clark, Master of the State Grange of Oregon and W. T., announces the following appointments of Deputies in Washington Territory:

John S. Bozarth, Pekin, Cowitz county; H. M. Kuapp, Vancouver, Clark county.

SURVEY OF THE P. D. & S. L. R. R.—The Evening Journal says we have tolerably good outside authority to the effect that arrangements are about being made for a survey and estimate of the cost of constructing the Portland, Dalles and Salt Lake Railroad, from this city to Umatilla. If the arrangement is perfected, surveyors will go out immediately, and will probably be occupied two months on the work.

Hon. W. T. Newby has received a band of sixteen fine merino sheep direct from Vermont. This is the second lot he has received, the first being two years ago.

An Idyl of Sleepy Hollow.

The weather had at last become propitious for putting in "garden truck," and the heart of Michael Davis became filled with pleasant visions of green peas, young potatoes, string beans and various other luscious edibles, as he sat on his plow in the barnyard, striving to adjust a refractory bolt, while the genial sunshine fell upon him and danced on the flaxen heads of three pugnosed little cherubs that stood by watching their sire's progress in his labor. The gray cat lay on the fence blinking at the sun and purring with satisfaction, while the dog size capered about and wagged his tail joyously. Margaret, the good spouse of Michael, stood in the gateway with her arms akimbo, regarding the group with a pleased expression. Peace was in her heart; and the boiler on the stove preparatory to doing the scrubbing. Love sang, and the hens cackled, while the school m'as'am stood out on the back porch and combed her hair. Still Michael pounded on the refractory bolt, and a slight cloud rested on his brow. "Wife," said he finally, "just put your finger in here and see if this bolt moves when I strike it." Nothing loth Margaret complied, and placing her hand under the plow, inserted her finger into the orifice which the bolt partly filled, just as she ascertained the whereabouts of the bolt Michael brought down his hammer on the head of the bolt with tremendous force and astonishing consequences. There was a yell that was never rivaled by a Gomancho Indian in his palmist days. Then Margaret arose from a recumbent position, and there was no longer peace in that vicinity. The eldest hopeful of the Davis family receiving a shock from his mother's wild gyrations descended to the bottom of the hill in a more rapid than dignified manner. The cat fled precipitately from the scene of action, hammer, bolts and various other little utensils filled the air regardless of the law of gravitation. The dog gave vent to doleful sounds, as he limped off with his tail between his legs. That useful member being well nigh dislocated by coming in contact with Margaret's vigorous foot. Michael took refuge in the hay loft, peering anxiously over at the animated spectacle of his spouse, as she alternately shook her brawny finger in the air, or clapped it in her mouth; executing an old fashioned Virginia reel, during this extraordinary performance, while the few remarks she made were more forcible than elegant. Let the curtain fall over this harrowing scene until the hour of noon, when it again issues disclosing the occupants of the Davis parlor to be a woman with a very flushed face, rocking vigorously backward and forward in the easy chair, while she nurses a fever done up in a bread and milk poultice. Every now and then she may be observed to send an irate glance out into the sitting room, where a subdued looking man is trailing a mop around over the floor, as he feebly hums the good old hymn, "We'll stand the storm, it won't be long, We'll anchor by and by."

As he catches the gleam of her vengeful eye, he retreats into the kitchen, and glancing fearfully behind him, peers into the boiling contents of pots and sauce pans; burns his luckless fingers with the steam; gives them a furtive dash on the dishrag and goes meekly back to his task; and there is no peace in the Davis family; and when the school m'as'am comes home at night she eats a cold supper, for Margaret has a sore finger.

SLEEPY HOLLOW, June 4, 1875.

Lazy Bummers—A Contrast.

[MR. EDITOR: As evidence that our civilization is rapidly assimilating that of the States east of the mountains, and as explanation of what follows, it is well enough to state that the main road leading through Oregon to California is, of late years, frequently thronged with that class of individuals commonly known as "tramps" or "lazy bummers."]

Back, back in the past, a score of years, "Mid times and scenes the most exciting, When few took counsel of their fears Or seemed to care for "Injun" fighting; When thousands lured by rumors true Of gold discovered in profusion, This unknown country came to view And in their haste made much confusion. We needs must turn us now and then, And muse o'er scenes long since departed, When miners were of best of men— Were brave, and stout, and noble hearted.

O'er rugged mountains then they tramped With heavy burdens on their shoulders; In perilous places oft they camped And looked for wealth among the boulders. With hope to cheer their eager toil They delved the earth for hidden riches, Defacing Nature's virgin soil With numerous shafts and cuts and ditches. And goddess Fortune often gave Bright tokens of the love she bore them, Who little heeded, then, to save The precious offerings laid before them.

Again, with heavy burdens on their backs, Another host the road are thronging; But ah! how different are the facts To these unlucky wights belonging! They ask for work, they ask for bread, Or for a night's rest in the stable, Then plod along with moping tread As if to move they scarce were able. No hope have they to cheer their way 'Mid winters drear or sultry summers; They beg a living day by day And bear the name of "lazy bummers."

WILL WILSON.

SOUTHERN OREGON, June, 1875.

PASSENGER LIST.

The O. S. S. Co.'s steamer Ajax sailed from Portland for San Francisco Saturday afternoon at the usual hour with the following list of

PASSENGERS:

Sam Redlich & wife, A C Farntown & son, Miss I. Ackerson, Miss Emma Brackett, Mrs J M Allen, Dr Brooke, U S A, Mrs Mary Sheridan, Miss L Terry, R Ethell, Mrs S L Stone & inf, T Cheesman, Mrs W Pickering, N Versteeg, Mrs R R Hickler, And 20 in the steerage.

Marshallfield is crowded with people, many of whom are new comers seeking homes.

GOOD BYE.

Open the casement, Roger,
Open it wide;
Let in the friendly voices
Of wind and tide;
Let in the golden sunbeams
On every side.

Raise me high on my pillows—
Yes, that will do;
How is it, Roger, that no one
Lifts me like you?
Nobody's hands are so tender,
Steady, and true.

Just as you've promised to hold me—
When death is nigh,
In its old place on your shoulder
Let my head lie.
Now for one last look, Roger,
On earth and sky.

Ah! how the white sails glisten
Out by the Nore!
Hark! how the waters ripple
Down by the shore,
Gently the soft wind kisses
My cheek once more.

Yonder the silvery sea birds
Flutter and cry;
Under the bands of purple and gold:
In the Western sky;
Fairest of earth's fair pictures,
Good-bye, good-bye!

Roger, you know how often
In my pain,
I've longed for a glimpse of the sailing sea,
Yet once again;
Doubting, as days rolled onward,
My prayer was vain.

But the answer has come, and I see it,
Stretching far miles,
With its murmuring, dancing waters,
Its changing smiles,
While the clouds of evening gather
In burnished piles.

I've said good-bye, and I'm ready:
Where's your dear hand?
And you hold me, won't you, Roger,
Until I stand
With the Father's arms around me,
Safe in the Better Land?

Columbia River Bar.

Mr. William Reid, acting in accordance with instructions of the Portland Board of Trade has compiled important facts in reference to the Columbia River Bar, which we find published in the Commercial Reporter this week and from which we take the following paragraphs. The commerce of Oregon greatly depends upon the ease and safety with which vessels can enter and depart from the Columbia river. Much injury has been done to our commerce by exaggerated reports of the dangers existing at the mouth of the river, and the facts published will interest all Oregon readers and will convey a just idea to the many persons at the east who read our paper.

We extract from the Commercial Reporter as follows:

The entrance or mouth of the Columbia River is situated in latitude 46° 12' 24" north, and longitude 123° 56' 47" west, and is the most northerly harbor on the Oregon coast. Until the last few years it had, erroneously, the reputation of being dangerous and difficult to enter—which is not the case.

The river has an entrance five miles wide between the nearest part of Cape Hancock (or Disappointment), on the north side, and Point Adams on the south or Oregon side, bearing S. 88° E., and N. 88° W. from each other, but the passage is somewhat obstructed by a bar of sand two miles outside the line joining these points. The current runs with an average velocity of 3½ miles an hour and at spring tides to 4½ miles an hour.

As soon as the bar is crossed, there are two channels visible, the North and South. The latter has at the very lowest stage four fathoms of water. The north channel is somewhat narrower and the tide there is much stronger. Its narrowest point is over 600 yards wide, carrying 3½ fathoms. The south channel is the one in general use by foreign vessels and steamers, and is over one mile wide at its narrowest point; and thence it shoals gradually. It is safely buoyed. The mouth of the river was carefully examined by the late Capt. Maginn, when President of the New York Board of Pilots, who was instructed to report his opinion as to the merits of the entrance to the Columbia compared with the entrance to New York.

His report is not only valuable, but also aptly describes the entrance; hence, we quote his own words: "There is deep water on the bar, it having four and one-half fathoms without the addition of the tide, while New York harbor has on the bar but four fathoms, without the addition of the tide—which is six feet. The bar in the Columbia River is about half a mile across, while that of New York is three quarters of a mile. The channel of the bar at the mouth of the Columbia is about 6,000 feet at the narrowest and 12,000 feet at the widest, and then gradually shoals on either side, while the channel at the bar of Sandy Hook is about 600 feet and shoals rapidly. The channel across the bar is straight at the Columbia; that of New York is crooked. As soon as the bar is crossed at the Columbia, two channels present themselves. One on the south, or New Channel (discovered by Captain Wilkes' officers, who made the soundings) entirely straight, and deep enough for ships of the line; the other the north, or old channel, being crooked or rather forming an elbow and deep enough for any ship after crossing the bar. Both these channels are from 6,000 to 12,000 feet wide or more, and free from shoals, while the New York channels, after crossing the bar, are narrow and crooked and beset with shoals which require many changes of course in the ship.

In accessibility to the sea the Columbia River is the best, as it is immediately at the sea, and ships can get out of the sea into the harbor at once, and also get out at once into the high sea, and thus more easily elude cruisers in time of war. A great number of good and safe anchorages are found in the Columbia as soon as the ship enters, and there is room enough for thousands of vessels and water deep enough for ships of the line.

The winds at the mouth of the Columbia are marked regular and steady, while the winds at New York are entirely variable and cannot be calculated upon by the mariner for any time. The mouth of the Columbia is free from ice and also from great heat. The current of the river is said to be strong, but I cannot see that it offers any serious obstacle."

Mr. Maginn, after suggesting a number of precautions for the greater safety of shipping at the mouth of the Columbia River, such as pilots, steam tugs, etc., all of which suggestions have been adopted, concludes his report by saying: "I would deem it a better harbor than that of New York, and capable of containing an unlimited number of ships."

COUNTY COURT.

June Term—J. C. Peebles, Judge. John Geisley and John A. Huffman, Commissioners.

THURSDAY, June 7.

In the matter of change in the road from Salem to Sublimity. Ordered that the report, survey and plat of said change in road be approved and recorded, and that the same be established according to law.

In the matter of a county road from south-east corner of section 5, T. 9 S., R. 5 W., northwesterly, to Turner's Station. Ordered that report, survey and plat of said road be approved and recorded, and said road be established.

In the matter of construction of a bridge across branch of road from Salem to Champego, near William Lagg's. Ordered that H. G. Hall be authorized to contract for and superintend the construction of said bridge in accordance with plans and specifications this day submitted and approved by court.

In the matter of the construction of a bridge across West Pudding river near Davis Bros.' saw mill. Ordered that plans and specifications submitted to court at this term, be approved, and that Wright Fosby be authorized to contract for said bridge and superintend its construction in accordance with said plans.

Ordered that Supervisor of Road District No. 39 be instructed to open so much of county road in his district as connects roads running from Salem via Wal-len's to Drift Creek and Turner's Station road.

Ordered that Geo. B. Miller, Road Supervisor, be authorized to purchase 3,000 feet of lumber for repair of bridges in his district.

Ordered that Supervisor of Road District No. 38 be directed forthwith to open so much of county road from Judge Walden's to Turner's Station as lies in his district.

IN PROBATE.

In the matter of the estate of Elizabeth L. Myers, deceased. Order of sale of personal property granted in accordance with petition of administrator.

In the matter of the estate of Harvey M. Newhouse, deceased. David Newsome, appointed administrator, and Isaac Stevens, B. Wheeler and L. H. Poujade, appointed appraisers.

In the matter of the estate of Elizabeth Whitney, deceased. Bond of executors filed and approved by the court.

In the matter of the guardianship of the minor heirs of Elizabeth L. Myers, deceased. Ordered that the respective guardians of said minors be granted until July term of court, to file inventory of estate of said wards.

In the matter of the estate of R. C. Kinney, deceased. Bond of administrator presented, approved by the court and ordered to be placed on file.

Adjourned sine die.

POSTMASTER AT SILVERTON.—The telegraph informs us that Mr. Joseph A. Wright is appointed postmaster at Silverton in this county, in place of James M. Brown, resigned.

C. A. REED, J. GEO. WOODWARD, Salem, Portland.

Real Estate Agency.

REED & WOODWARD,

HAVE ASSOCIATED THEMSELVES TOGETHER for the transaction of a Real Estate business, with principal office at

SALEM, OREGON.

We have, at the present time,

Choice Farms for Sale.

All persons desirous of making purchases of land or real estate are requested to call and examine the inducements we can offer in the way of

Town Property and Farming Lands.

Parties wishing to sell land will do well to give us a call before placing their property in the hands of other agencies.

May 14, 1875. REED & WOODWARD, wif.

To the Patrons of Husbandry OF OREGON AND WASHINGTON.

THE NORTHWESTERN SHIPPING STORAGE, and Commission Company, P. of M., are the ONLY AGENTS of the celebrated

Improved

MOLINE FARM WAGONS

In Oregon and W. T.

These wagons are made of the BEST WOOD, and are well ironed—having been decidedly improved since last year—and are imported expressly for the P. of M. of the Jurisdiction. They will be furnished to members of the Order on the best possible terms.

The Company have also arranged to supply Granges with

Grain and Wool Sacks

AS CHEAP AS ANY ONE ELSE can purchase of the Agents, and on terms to suit the purchaser. All orders or inquiries must be addressed to

A. J. DUFFIN, President, or to T. J. MATLOCK, Sec. of the Co., May 6, PORTLAND, OR. Granger copy.



THE DRAFT STALLION

Young England's Glory,

BEN ROY,

WILL STAND THE SEASON OF 1875, FROM

April 1st to July 1st, at the Livery Stable of DUBBIN & SMITH in SALEM.

Terms—Single Service, \$15; Season, \$20.

BEN ROY was sired by Young England's Glory, imported by Hood & Beelen, of California; dam, Bonn Nell, by St. Lawrence. Full pedigree published in bills, and given to parties inquiring. He is a dark dapple brown, 16 hands 1 inch high, and weighs from 1400 to 1600 pounds, according to condition.

Having made the season of 1874 in Salem, his colts will best prove his breeding qualities. For further particulars apply to

marf Livery Stable of Durbin & Smith. J. L. CRICKSON.

Pure-Bred Fowls for Sale.

LIGHT AND DARK BRAHMA'S, BUFF COCHINS, Houdans, Silver and Gold Spangled Pouter, Silver Spangled Hamburgs, Black Breasted Red Games, English Dorkings, White China Geese, Large Bronze Turkeys. Hen Eggs, \$3 per dozen—White China Geese Eggs, \$5 per dozen.

Pure-Bred Sheep and Goats.

Spanish Merinos, New Oxfordshire and Cotswold Cross, and Merino Goats, Thoroughbred and timed Angora Goats. J. L. FARMER, Salem, Feb. 14, 1875.