

entering into peacage with fathers, teachers. The upright and the beauty of womanhood furnish the element of the collages of our land. We are the young men and women the seek, not those who are loaded with heavier to carry than Sinbad sailor found the Old Man of the Sea. In conclusion, understand, I would appreciate stock, but appreciate them are a thousand times of more value the stock, and urge upon fathers mothers the duty of setting a higher upon the possible presidents and students wives, and strive to bring not only to a character and position to be honored and admired by all world, but to the highest possible of manhood and womanhood. Reciprocally the parents have the duty to demand that upon this fountain of virtue shall be built the beautiful temple of knowledge. The mate for beauty should be a man not a money chest. How can we teach your children gentleness?

Sung by Miss Alice Williams of Independence, accompanied by Miss Shupp. Williams was in excellent voice and enthusiastically applauded. Recitation by Miss Anna Stockton, of Independence, "Jane Conquest" which listened to with marked attention. Song, "When Mamma puts the little to bed" by Miss Minnie Webber, accompanied by Miss Lilly Cooper. This was appreciated after the paper by Prof. Hall.

SILAGE AND ENSILAGE.

Presented by H. T. French of Corvallis. That this method of preserving green food is fast becoming familiar to all. That in ancient times this system was in vogue. That until late years ensilage was used for the walls and the cover was weighted down with 1000 pounds per square inch but the wooden silo of to-day produces better ensilage than the older style. That the great benefit of the silo was first made manifest in the colder climates but now even in the South it is extensively used. That it has been a great boon to the farmer. That recent severe loss of animal life in western Oregon might have been avoided if silos had been provided. That the silo supplies the food which is wanted by the cattle during the whole season. Chemistry tells there is no more nutriment in the silage than in the dry food, but the animal which eats of ensilage gets that ensilage contains something which the animal is fond of and this relieves its effect on the animal. (Here follows a minute description of how a silo is built, and illustrates the same by means of charts). A silo is built with a wall, with tarred paper between, a space of ten inches to the outside. The inside wall is covered with a coat of gas tar, (some others place inside). The cheaper and more reliable method is the tar. Tells how to make fodder for ensilage. That in the spring many persons use a grain drill to plant the corn, which can be dropped the corn about eight inches apart which is about right. That corn which produces grain is better than that which does not. That the early cutting of corn causes too much acid in the silage.

STIRRING UP STRIFE.

How an Ape Brought About a Battle Between Two Monster Reptiles. One morning, says a traveler in Java, I was standing beside a small lake fed by one of the rills from the mountains. Stretching its limbs over this pond was a gigantic teak-tree, and in its thick, shining, evergreen leaves lay a huge boa, in an easy coil, evidently taking his morning nap. Above him was a powerful ape of the baboon species—a leering race of scamps, always bent on mischief.

The ape, from his position, saw a crocodile rise to the surface of the water, just beneath the teak limb where lay the serpent. Quick as thought he jumped plump upon the boa, which fell with a splash into the water just in front of the crocodile. The ape saved himself by clinging to the limb of the tree; but a battle royal immediately began in the water.

The crocodile had fixed its jaws in the snake, which made the water boil by its furious contortions. Winding his folds round and round the body of his antagonist, the boa disabled its hydrolegs, and by his contractions made the scales and bones of his enemy crack.

Over and over the combatants rolled, neither being able to obtain a decided advantage. All this time the cause of the mischief was in high glee: He leaped up and down the branches, came several times close to the scene of the fight, uttered a yell, and again flaked away. Perhaps ten minutes passed and the noise of the conflict began to fade into silence. The folds of the serpent were relaxing, and though they trembled along the bank, the head hung lifeless in the water. The crocodile, also, was dead. The monkey now perched on a low limb just above the dead bodies of his two foes, and amused himself by making faces to them. This seemed to be adding insult to injury. I picked up a stone from the edge of the lake and hurled it at the ape. It struck him on the head and down he fell upon the crocodile's body. He was up again in a moment, and sprang into the teak-tree, where he disappeared among the thick branches.—Youth's Companion.

experience and observation on silo and ensilage I will say that I have had one year's experience in putting up or preserving green feed by the silo process, and I must in all candor say that the result has been beyond my most sanguine expectations both in the cost and excellence of the feed. In the first place a brief description of the silo would be well I presume to my brother farmers. I will say that the building: it is in a 20 foot square on the inside with 8 posts 8x12 inch 16 ft. high resting on 12x12 sills on the bottom all around on 1 ft blocks, one post of the same size and height in the middle of the building I then put in joice 3x10 sixteen in. a part over the building on through it resting on the outside sills: I then cut off one fourth of the building 10 feet square for the silo and around this on 3 sides I put up 2x8 studs 16 inches apart and 16 inches high and the other side not being so secure I put up 3x10, 16 ft long making the silo 16 ft high and about 9 ft square on the inside. I then covered the floor and sides with shiplap then a layer of tissue paper over that then another layer of shiplap over the paper then I put moulding in the corners, and covered the interior or shiplap with cold tar. Now I was ready to put up my ensilage having previously grown about ten acres of corn. I purchased an ensilage or feed cutter and the corn being in roasting ear or getting hard, I took a McCormack binder and cut and bound the corn in the fore noon and in the afternoon I hauled it to the silo and cut it up about 1/2 of an inch long and put it in the silo tramping it well all the time while it went in. I then let it lay one day to heat to about 120 degrees Fahrenheit then I repeated the filling until I had cut and put in ten acres of corn; I then left the silo open one day and then closed it by putting on some straw. Then I put on about four inches of chaff then I put on a covering of shiplap then covered it with about ten inches of dirt and left it about eighty days then I opened and fed about forty lbs. of the ensilage per day with about four or five lbs of shorts per head to milk cows with entire satisfaction. My young cattle and calves I fed once a day and my cows both old and young kept beef fat as long as I fed ensilage I need no straw or hay while feeding it; I also fed hogs and sheep with good results and I have no hesitancy in saying that it is the most economical feed I have used and would say that it can be produced for at least two dollars per ton and with it, can carry through the winter one third more stock than without it over the same amount of dry feed and recommend my brother farmers to use it. There are some farmers using it with entire success. Mr. Joseph Tompkins of Oregon City has been using it for six or seven years with entire success raising a dairy the greater part of the time. Col. T. R. Cornhus has used ensilage for two years with entire success, and is now running a dairy of one hundred cows at Cornelius Or., David Stuart of Dilleys Or., has used ensilage two years with success. Also Charles Zerk of Lacamas Wash., has built a silo and used ensilage.

THE LONDON DOCKS.

Improvements That Have Cost a Hundred Million Dollars. The London docks, scene of the recent great strike, form probably the greatest docking system in the world. It is probably true that \$100,000,000 have been expended upon them, and they do not yield direct profits to the dock companies proportioned to their great cost. Indirectly, however, they help to promote British commerce, and are in that way profitable to their owners. St. Katharine's docks, the nearest to London bridge, were opened in 1828 and cost \$10,000,000. London docks are still older, having been opened in 1805. They cost \$30,000,000, and contain the great warehouses for tobacco rented by the Government. The Surrey docks and Commercial docks are more spacious, and devoted to the grain shipping trade. The West India docks, opened in 1862, cover 300 acres, and the East India docks thirty-two acres. Millwall docks, in the Isle of Dogs, cover 300 acres. But the great docks are the Victoria and Albert, opened respectively in 1866 and 1880. The Victoria docks cover 300 acres and contain dry dock capable of docking the largest steamships afloat. One set of warehouses, used chiefly for storing tea, silk, cochineal, carpets and other products of India and China, is said to have continuously a stock valued at \$25,000,000. The Royal Albert dock, which is connected with the Victoria, is the greatest of all, and its completion in June, 1880, was made the occasion for a royal celebration. This dock is a splendid stretch of waterway, almost three miles in extent, with a range of over a mile of iron warehouses, and double lines of locomotive tracks and numerous traveling cranes. The dock walls throughout are constructed entirely of Portland cement concrete, made and deposited in situ. The aggregate length of dock and passage walls is 3 1/2 miles. The walls are 40 feet high, 5 feet thick at the top, and from 18 to 19 feet thick at the base, and used up in their construction 500,000 cubic yards of concrete, representing 80,000 tons of Portland cement. Three thousand workmen, 600 or 700 wagons, 17 or 18 locomotive engines, three steam "navvies" and a great quantity of minor machinery of various kinds, had been engaged from 1775 until the summer of 1880. In the construction of this magnificent system of docks—a work compared with which the building of the pyramids, with modern appliances, would have been no very signal feat. Railway trains from every company can unload straight into vessels, cattle are driven aboard, the railway platforms being level with the receiving docks, and the largest possible weights of merchandise are lifted by hydraulic cranes that travel from shed to shed with singular facility. The dock is lighted with electric lamps, and the enormous sheds and warehouses are so constructed that they can be opened out from end to end.—Cincinnati Commercial-Gazette.

How to Make and Serve Hash.

Here is a nice way to make hash of cold roast beef or steak. Use twice as much potato as you do of meat; chop it fine and season it highly. Place a porcelain kettle on the stove, put in it half a cup of butter, and let it get hot before putting in the hash. Add half a cup of milk and a little hot water to every quart of hash. Let it cook slowly, stirring frequently.

Another nice hash is made by mixing two cups each of chopped potatoes, corned beef and toasted bread. Put half a cup of butter in a frying-pan, turn in the hash, and spread it evenly over the pan; moisten it with hot water and let it stand until it begins to be brown, then place it on a hot platter, season to taste with salt and pepper and serve immediately. If you want the dish extra nice, place eggs that have been broken into boiling water upon it just before serving it.

To make hash of beef tongue, use twice as much potato as meat, season with mustard, and serve it hot with pickled beets.—Housekeeper.

Pushing the Comparison Too Far.

It was late, but the young man still sat unheeding on the edge of his chair trying to summon courage to say the words the young woman was waiting to hear.

With a mighty convulsion he swallowed something like an ostrich egg that had risen unexpectedly in his throat.

"Felisty," he faltered, "I never could say what I wanted to say to any other people can. I always was an unlucky dog, anyhow."

"You're not good for hunting purposes, Cephas," murmured Felisty. "You are too long in coming to a point."

"Well, I won't be a setter any longer, Miss McGinnis! Not in this house!" thundered the young man, as he grabbed his hat and left her presence forever. Miss Felisty McGinnis had carried his figure of speech a little too far.—Chicago Tribune.

MIME.

Not Attorney Lapcomb, recently (it was while I was still engaged in general practice), when a beautiful young woman flounced in, all tears and diamonds and a sealaska snouke, and told me a story. She had come all the way from the State of—well—Boorumgummy to get married to a well-known Congressman, who now sports an ex, only to find that her confidence and trust had been betrayed and that he wouldn't marry her at all. She had a big bale of very incriminating and red-headed letters which she was prepared to spring on him as right and left bower, both aces and the joker. I didn't want to tackle it, so I calmed her grief, wiped away her tears, gave her some smelling-salts and said:

PUGET SOUND FORESTS.

Some of the Queer Ways of Pacific Coast Wood-Choppers.

The height of the stumps in the logging regions of the Sound puzzles the new comer. It is from five to fifteen feet from the ground to where the woodman has piled his axe. One can readily understand why it was expedient to cut above the bulging knees at the base of the tree. But why did the chopper go, in so many cases, three or four times as high as was necessary? Ex-Governor Semple, who has at his tongue's end the explanation for more strange things in Washington than has any other man, tells how this happened. To get above the bulging base of the tree the choppers had to have something to stand on. Instead of taking a chair or a step-ladder or a platform, they cut notches in the tree, put in a narrow spring-board with a clamp, balanced themselves upon that, and piled the axe. They were ambidextrous. They chopped on one side and then on the other. "Throwing down" or felling these big trees, as it is called, became an art. The choppers began by putting in their spring-boards three or four feet from the ground. That was enough to avoid the butt. It was daring work to begin with. It was still more risky to go a little higher from the ground. Rivalry sent the choppers up and up, until often they would stand as high as fifteen feet from the ground to chop. At twenty feet the owners of the trees protested. They could not afford to throw away more than one sixteen-foot log to let the choppers risk their necks in trying to outdo each other in what was foolish daring. In these latter days the saw is taking the place of the axe, and the new stumps are of more reasonable height.

The theory of the ex-Governor's was repeated interrogatively to a lumberman. He laughed and declined to confirm or deny it. But he told a story. Said he: "A friend of mine was out here some time ago, and he walked through the timber eyeing these stumps pretty closely, as if he was trying to make out why they were cut so high. All at once a light seemed to dawn upon him. He turned to me and said: 'I thought you told me you didn't have any snow on the Sound? Look at those stumps. See where the men were standing when they cut all this timber. Oh! no! You don't have any snow, do you?'—Cor. St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Living in Underground Houses to Escape the Red-Hot Air.

It is stated in the official report that 702 persons died between the 14th and 17th of August at Bokhara of heat, and the figures, it is expressly added, do not include children. If this amazing calamity be not due to any atmospheric violence, as a Bad-i-simoon, for example, it is probably unequalled in authentic records. But when we think of the agony, the horrible wretchedness in which the whole population must have been living, it may well seem that those who found escape in death are not to be pitied. The horror of heat is unknown to us, or, indeed, to any part of Europe, though Naples and Athens are desperately trying sometimes. But to the native of Scinde, Central Asia, the shores of the Persian Gulf, the sun of Greece is but a trifle. The utter helplessness of man under this infliction adds horror to his sufferings.

Central Asian Heat.

There is no hope and no resource when the red-hot air penetrates to those underground chambers in which the summer is passed in Central Asia. "The inhabitants," we learn, "are shutting themselves up to escape"—probably closing all the apertures of their subterranean abodes, except those absolutely necessary for ventilation. The air down below, under such circumstances, can not be imagined by one who has not had a touch of experience. Houses of good class are solidly constructed under ground, with chambers and doors and corridors, but the mass of the people inhabit big holes, roofed over, with no kind of permanent convenience. Every winter the frost and snow and rain play mischief with these rough pits, and the damage is not always nor often repaired by the following summer. Fancy thousands of Mongols in these dens, pursuing their filthy habits in semi-darkness, suffering the awful torment of heat, children wailing, adults raving, always in want of water and generally of food, in an atmosphere beyond conceiving. That is the picture which those few lines of telegram suggest to readers who know.—London Standard.

Making the Most of It.

Charles Dickens, on a visit to Edinburgh, wished to visit a noted locality, but was refused admittance by the aged women who kept the gate, on the ground that he had not come during regular visiting hours. Supposing that the obstinate dame would be overawed by the greatness of his name, he informed her that he was Mr. Dickens, the novelist; whereat she gave him to understand in broad but emphatic Scotch that she had never heard of him before, and that, judging from his appearance, she would not care ever to see or hear of him again. This touched Charles' sense of the ludicrous exceedingly, and he resolved to propitiate the old lady, cultivate her acquaintance, study her character, serve her up in his next novel and so make the most of his disappointment.—N. Y. Ledger.

Some Royal Civil Lists.

The people of the United States have, generally speaking, but a vague idea of what it annually costs the people of Europe to maintain their respective sovereigns. The German Emperor heads the list with a yearly stipend of 42,000,000 of francs, which means, in other words, that every man, woman and child of 47,000,000 of Germans who inhabit the Fatherland must pay an annual tribute of about 18 cents to sustain the dignity of the imperial crown. The Czar of Russia comes next, with a civil list of 36,000,000 francs, or a head taxation of nearly 9 cents for each one of his 87,000,000 of subjects. The Emperor of Austria, who rules over 41,900,000 of people, has an annual income of 23,000,000 francs, raised by means of an individual personal taxation of 67 cents. Queen Victoria receives from the 37,000,000 of people which comprise the population of the United Kingdom a royal tribute of 10 cents per head, or \$3,700,000.—United Presbyterian.

secretary of the Bouffes Parisiennes, Paris. It contains a long spiral spring, which carries a needle at the end. The piece is loaded by compressing the spring, which is retained by a simple mechanism, and inserting in the muzzle a cork, which contains a charge of fulminating mercury. On pulling the trigger the spring is released and the needle strikes the fulminate, which explodes, blowing the cork into dust. It is said that these guns can be leveled directly at any person and discharged without risk.—Pittsburgh Dispatch.

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