ROCK OF AGES.

"Rock of Ages, cleft for me"—
Thoughtlessly the maiden sung;
Fell the words unconsciously
From her girlish, guileless tongue;
Sang as little children sing;
Sang as sing the birds in June;
Fell the words as light leaves down
On the current of the tune—
"Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in thee."

Felt her soul no need to hide,
Sweet the song as song could be
And she had no thought beside;
All the words unheedingly
Fell from lips untouched by care,
Dreaming not that each might be
On some other lips a prayer—
"Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in thee."

"Rock of Ages, cleft for me"—
'Twas a woman sung them now;
Sung them slow and wearily—
Wan hand on her aching brow.
Rose the song as storm-tossed bird
Beats with weary wing the air;
Every note with sorrow stirred,
Every syllable a prayer—
"Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in thee."

"Rock of Ages, cleft for me"—
Lips grown aged sung the hymn
Trustingly and tenderly;
Voice grown weak and eyes grown dim—
"Let me hide myself in thee."
Trembling though the voice and low,
Ran the sweet strain peacefully,
Like a river in its flow;
Sung as only they can sing
Who life's thorny paths have pressed;
Sung as only they can sing
Who behold the promised rest—
"Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in thee."

"Rock of Ages, cleft for me"—
Sung above a coffin lid;
Underneath all restfully
All life's joys and sorrow hid.
Never more from wind and tide,
Never more from billows' roll
Wilt thou ever need to hide.
Could the sightless, sunken eyes
Closed beneath the soft, white hair;
Could the mute and stiffened lips
Move again in pleading prayer,
Still, aye still, the words would be—
"Let me hide myself in thee."

Crazy Ike.

I strolled out to the soldiers' home again the other day, and asked the sergeant:

"Can't you tell me something more about your experiences as a scout, sergeant?"

"Well, pard, I had just lots of them. We uster call ourselfs scouts, but we was spies. After I were caught down to Fredericksburg I thought I'd never want to go into the Johnnies' lines no more, but in a few days I felt just like a-going again.

"There were a feller in our regiment who were the funniest cuss you ever see; he laid over all you ever heard of for nonsense and nobody could git any duty out of him. I uster think he were crazy—he'd do the most outlandish tricks, and we all called him Crazy Ike. Nobody knowed where he come from, and sometimes he'd be gone for more'n a month, and nobody knowed where he'd been, and when he'd get back, our captain would ram him into the guard house, but he'd take his punishment cheerful-like and be the life of all about him. On a march, he'd throw away his knapsack and piece and come into camp with just nothing at all, pard, but in a little while he'd git all the equipments somewheres. He were smart enough; could make out the muster-rolls and keep the comp'ny's things all straight, but he'd be drunk more'n half his time and yet nobody ever see him touch a drop of liquor. One time when we had a big review after Hooker took command, in January, '63, and the old man and his staff come a-riding down the lines and the men was all a-hurrawing, right behind the staff Crazy Ike come a-galloping on a mule, and he had an iron camp-kettle on his head, and the most outlandish uniform on, and he hurrawed for General George Washington; and the men when they presented arms couldn't help it, pard, they bust right out a-laughing, and our colonel and adjutant dragged Ike off of that there mule and rammed him in the guard-house to be bucked and gagged, but bimeby an order come down from headquarters to let up on Ike. One night he got out a drum and beat the long roll and we all tumbled out and fell in, and the colonel were the maddest man you ever see and ordered him to carry a log for a week; but an order come down from headquarters again to let him go. Nobody understood the cuss. I went a-fishing with him wunst when he was a-laying down there, and when we got back to camp he were drunk. I knowed he hadn't had no liquor, and I couldn't git it through me what he wanted to be playing drunk for.

"And then we had a drummer named Adams, the pootiest boy you ever see. He warnt more'n about 15, and everybody liked him. He were as tender as a gal and wouldn't listen to any hard yarns, and he always tended service when the chaplain preached and he uster say his prayers every night at taps. I ain't much on religion myself, pard, but it don't to nobody no harm. I uster jist love that there boy, and he were mighty thick with Crazy Ike all the time.

"Along about in March, '63, Old Joe sent for me to report down to his headquarters one day, and I went down there and he were mighty glad to see me. He asked me about my being captured and tried when I were over there afore, and I told him all about it, and he said he wanted a good man to go over there again, but he wouldn't ask me to go because they might know me. I tell you, pard, I didn't want to go; I was afeard, but I was afeard he'd see I were afeard, and I says to him: 'General, I'm a-going.'

"He told me I had better not, but I stuck to going, and he got out a map and told me I could take that along; but you kin jist bet your boots that I didn't want that there map about my clothes, so he sent his orderly out for one of his young ingineer offi—it weren't Warren, pard, but he were an ingineer—and he showed me how the Rappahannock and the Rapidan run and where Chancellorsville were, and Old Joe told me there were a brigade of Johnnies a-laying round Chancellorville and he wanted me to hang around there for a few days, and I'd find something to bring him afore I knowed it.

"Well, that night, I think it were, or maybe it were the next night, I ain't dead-sure which, I sits up at the old man's headquarters, and I jist squeezed that there map into my head, and the next day I goes to General Patrick and gits a Johnny pris'ner and I swopped clothes with him, and then I got the general's barber to shave me, and when he were done I hardly knowed myself I were so changed. The next night I went away up the river and crossed at a ford, but I couldn't git their countersign and I had ter crawl through their pickets. It were mighty tickilish, I tell you, pard, but it were a-raining and I got through all right and I were covered with mud, and in the morning I were the dirtiest cuss you ever see. The next day I got to Chancellorville, and sure enough the brigade of Johnnies were there and I made out I were lame and hobbled right into camp. I were such a sick-looking cuss they made lots of fun of me, and one of their officers asked me where I come from.

"'I come up from the Jeemes through Richmond on the keyvars, and I wanter 'list kase the conscripters are after we-uns, but they 'lowed at Fredericksburg I'm too lame. I can't tote a muskit, but I had ter cook for daddy when mammy died, and I was right smart of a cook, too,' I says.

"'You're sure you can cook?' he says.

"'I was just agwine to ax you-uns to let me cook.'

"'Well,' he says, 'if you choose to cook for this company, you can.'

"And I were all right, pard. They all took a fancy to me and treated me first-rate, and I cooked pones for 'em and I got along all right.

"Two or three days after that, when I were busy about the cook-shed all alone, one of their men come in and says: 'Sarge.'

"I dropped the kittle I had in my hand, pard, and says: 'What?'

"'You're a sweet scout, you are,' he says, 'to be taken unawares like that. Do you know me?'

"'No,' I says, all of a shake.

"'You don't? Now, try right hard and see if you don't know me.'

"And I looked at him, pard, and if it weren't Crazy Ike!

"'Pick up that kittle and be right here at taps tonight. It's going to rain. You can get back through their lines.'

"I were so dumb-foundered, pard, that I had to shake myself together to see that I were all there, and at taps I went there and Ike were there and says: 'Take this to General Hooker and tell him I'll be over in less than a week.' and he give me a big wallop—'and tell him that Adams has been caught and tried on a drum-head, and is to be hanged. Go at once and get back as soon as you can.'

"Well, pard, I scooted through their lines again, and when I struck our pickets, I told the captain of the guard to put me down at General Hooker's headquarters right away, and he took it in and sent me with some cavalry, and we just went a-b'lling and we knocked the old man up. He sent out for me and I went in and saluted him, and he ripped open that there wallop and in it were as pooty a map as you ever see of all the land about Fredericksburg and Chancellorsville.

"'Any verbal message, sergeant?' says Old Joe.

"'No, general,' I says, 'but he told me to tell you that Adams were caught.'

"And the old man says with a snicker: 'And yet you say, sergeant, there is no verbal message.'

"'Certainly not,' I says, 'only that there wallop.'

"'How was Adams caught?'

"'I don't know,' I says.

"'Well, well, well. I'm sorry to hear it. Why would he take that boy with him? Do you return?'

"'Right away, sir.'

"'Good luck to you. Is there an officer with that cavalry outside?'

"'Yes, general.'

"'Send him in here.'

"And I went out and called him in, pard, and he saluted Old Joe, and Old Joe says to him: 'Lieutenant, put this man at the ford as quickly as you can; never mind the horses.' And then he says to me: 'Let me hear from you, sergeant, in less than a week,' and we went a-b'lling for the ford again, pard, and I got back to Chancellorsville afore daybreak the wust tired man you ever see. Ike hung around the cook-shed, but didn't say a bloody word to me that day, but at night, after taps, he come down. He were a-feeling mighty blue, I tell you, about little Adams, and he told me they had been a-working together ever since the war opened. I felt like a pudding-head, pard, when he were a-telling me, to think that I didn't know till then that they was a couple of scouts, and I didn't see through Ike's playing crazy. You see he didn't want our men to know what duty he were on. I asked him how Adams were caught, and he told me that he said something kinder careless one day and that told on him. He weren't to be hung for three or four days, and Ike were mighty busy a-thinking about it, and you kin just bet that there long head of his'n were a-hatching something.

"'It's a bloody bad business,' I says.

"'Indeed it is,' says Ike, 'but he isn't hanged yet.'

"'Where is he?'

"'Just over here, about two miles, under guard.'

"'Can't we go for the guard?'

"'Nonsense. That won't do. There are too many of 'em.'

"'Nobody smells you?' I says.

"'Lord, no,' he says, 'why, I'm a favorite with our captain here.'

"'How long have you been over?'

"'Ever since the month after Fredericksburg. I came up from Richmond with the last detachment of recruits, he thinks.'

"'I bet yer,' I says, 'Adams sent for a chaplain.'

"'Certainly,' he says. 'He did that right away. Don't you ever speak to me in the daytime.'

"'All right,' I says.

"When the day come around for little Adams to swing, our regiment fell in and marched over and I hobbled along to see it. I kinder felt that something were a-going to happen, and I watched Ike in the ranks with his muskit, but he never noticed me. They brought the boy out in a cart and a hollow square were formed, and the provost-marshal went to reading the sentence and the little cuss were a-looking mighty sad, but he were game and he prayed with the chaplain. I limped up close to Ike and he were a-breathing hard, but he never looked at me; he were just a-keeping his eye on Adams. Well, when everything were ready, Ike left the ranks, marched up to the prevost-marshal, saluted him, and whispered in his ear.

"'What!' says the lieutenant. 'How do you know that?'

"'I've known it a long time,' says Ike.

"Well, pard, you never see such a whispering and a-talking among officers. I couldn't git it through me what were up, and the kurnel of our regiment said he'd assume the authority to suspend the proceedings till he could write to headquarters, and the regiment marched back to camp, and after taps, that night, Ike come for me and says: 'Come, Sarge; we've got to get away from here tonight.'

"'Well, I'm d—d if I do,' I says.

"'You think not?'

"'No,' I says, "I ain't a-going till I try to git Adams out of his scrape.'

"'Adams is all right. I know the Southern people well. We are at war now, but a better people never lived. When they find out what I dropped in that lieutenant's ear, Adams will be released.'

"'That may be all hunky,' I says, 'but I don't leave here till I know it.'

"'You leave with me tonight. Not another word! When we arrive at General Hooker's headquarters, I'll tell you what's what. Besides, I have their countersign and we can cross without trouble. We will both be suspected tomorrow and arrested. Trust me, I'd lay down my life for Adams as willingly as you would yours, but 'twould be a useless sacrifice now. He's as safe now as he could be in our lines. I'll trust him to the inherent nobility of these gallant Southern people.'

"Well, pard, what could I do? Ike were level-headed and I knowed he were game end to end, and er died for the boy, so I told him I'd go. We got through their lines all right, and when we got to the old man's headquarters he were glad enough to see us and give us some commissary, but he were a-feeling mighty bad about Adams and he asked us when he were executed.

"'Oh, he isn't executed, general,' says Ike.

"'I'm glad to hear it. I presume they'll hang him shortly. I've sent a note to General Lee, under flag of truce, interceding for him on account of his youth, but I fear it will not save him.'

"'Adams is not so young, general, as you may think,' says Ike.

"'Not over 15 or 16, is he?'

"'Why, general, he's within two years of my age.'

"'Pshaw,' says Old Joe. 'He's a mere boy. Why, you're thirty. How long have you known him?'

"And Ike begin to smile, pard, in a curious kinder way and looks at Old Joe just so and says: 'I've known Adams, generl, since '54, nine years ago, and he has been with me ever since. I have always had to support him, but he has been a close friend of mine. When I enlisted in '61, he was bound to come, and he came. It was the wildest kind of freak, but argument and entreaty couldn't shake his resolution. I have saved him over the river. When I told the provost-marshal, whose duty it was to hang him, what Adams is, I knew that information would save his life.'

"'And what did you tell him?' says Old Joe.

"'I told him Adams was a woman.'

"Pard, Old Joe never said a word, but he just looked at Ike, and I flopped right down in a camp-chair and says: 'Well, I'm d d!'

"'Yes, general, Adams is my wife.'

"'And you have supported her for nine years,' says Old Joe, 'which is entirely proper; in my opinion, no man had a better right. The confederates won't hang a woman. This is quite a little romance. When she is returned through our lines let me advise you to send her home. She makes the third woman in the ranks of the army of the Potomac.'

"And that's just all there were about it, pard. It were all as true as preaching, and just after the fight at Chancellorsville the Johnnies sent her through the lines, and she and Ike are a-living in Brooklyn today."

A BIG OBSERVATORY.

One Soon to Be Built to Rival the Famous Lick.

An astronomical observatory which will rival the famous Lick institute on Mount Hamilton is to be erected on Mount Lowe, in Southern California, by Professor Lewis Swift. Prof. Swift's powerful telescope, now on Echo mountain will be removed to Mount Lowe, and the great astronomer will be in charge of the institution. Dr. Lewis Swift was born in New York in 1820. He was the son of a farmer, and worked hard on the farm until, at the age of 13, a fracture of the hip rendered him lame for life. He then attended school and fitted himself for a teacher on scientific subjects and followed that vocation for several years. He became interested in astronomy, and made his first telescope with his own hands and through it viewed the Donati comet. In 1862 he discovered the great Swift comet, which made him famous. Dr. Swift now has to his credit the discovery of nine comets and 960 nebulae. He has been twice married.

DR. LEWIS SWIFT.

THE ATTORNEY GENERAL.

Sir John Rigby Who Succeeds Sir Chas. Russell.

Sir John Rigby, who succeeds Sir Charles Russell as attorney general of Great Britain, is spoken of as one of the most popular men in the house of commons. Sir John has had a rather rough experience. In the debates on the home rule bill the opposition used to delight in raising knotty points solely for the pleasure of calling on Sir John to settle them. His good humor on these occasions made him a great favorite with his political opponents, who have hailed his present promotion with much cordiality. A less lawyer like personage to look at was never seen in public life. He might be taken for a well-to-do farmer, and combines the geniality of the ocean skipper with the unction of a Methodist divine. He is a representative of a Scotch constituency.

SIR JOHN RIGBY.

PRINCESS CLEMENTINE.

Though Old and Deaf She Is an Interesting Character.

Princess Clementine of Saxe-Coburg and Gotha has long been regarded as one of the cleverest stateswomen in Europe. Ever since her son, Prince Ferdinand, was chosen to the throne of Bulgia, Princess Clementine has been laboring to have his election recognized by Russia, and it is likely, since ex-Premier Stambuloff has resigned, that he will receive this recognition. Princess Clementine is 77 years of age, and in spite of her age and deafness which renders the employment of an ear trumpet necessary, she is in many ways an interesting personage. Her keen intelligence, her wit, her tact, and her never-failing fund of cheerfulness have done much to assist Prince Ferdinand in grappling with the many difficulties of his position.

PRINCESS CLEMENTINE.

A FOOLHARDYIST.

This Man Is to Cross the Atlantic in a Tub.

Captain Adolph Freitsch of Milwaukee is preparing to cross the Atlantic alone in a thirteen-ton flat-bottom schooner. If he succeeds, the feat will be without precedent. Captain Freitsch was born in the city of Abo, Finland, in 1860, and since childhood has been accustomed to boats. For ten years he has been sailing on the Great lakes. He has a wife and four children who will remain in Milwaukee until his return. His boat, called the Nina, he built himself last year, at a cost of about $700. His approaching voyage will in all be one of about 7,000 miles, as he expects to visit England, cross the North sea, and follow the Baltic sea north to Stockholm.

ADOLPH FREITSCH.

OVER IN NEW ZEALAND

THERE THE GOVERNMENT OWNS ALL RAILROADS.

How the Scheme Operates, as Reported by a Contracter from that Country.

The following article from the Denver News, being an interview with J. Jay, a New Zealand railroad builder, will prove interesting anent the recent discussion relative to governmental ownership of railroads:

"The government practically owns all the land, owns the railroads, telegraph and telephone lines. We have universal suffrage, the women having secured the privilege of the franchise last August. They participated in the elections last November. We have a magnificent free public school system, modeled somewhat after that of the United States, but so arranged that pupils showing aptitude in their studies may take the entire course of the colleges without cost to their parents."

"How do the government railways please the people?"

"The government ownership of railways is an established principle which will stand in New Zealand forever. Government railways, managed and operated by the laws of New Zealand, are a vast blessing and give benefits in many directions which could not be secured otherwise. The system is under the charge of a board of three commissioners, who have power to establish rates for different districts, and thus give the farmer the advantage of low rates to the coast. It is true that private lines are built, but they are absorbed by the government at such time as its finances will admit. I am now engaged in constructing a private line across Middle island, connecting the coal fields with a market more than 100 miles away. The money for the road was raised with the understanding that the government would take the road at a fair valuation in the early future."

"Do you have tramps in New Zealand?" was asked.

"Yes we have a few worthless men who are known as tramps, but there is no excuse for their existence in such a country. These fellows make the tour of the islands about once a year, as it requires a year to complete the circuit. The workingman is better off in New Zealand than anywhere else in the world. I notice that railroad construction men are paid $1.50 a day in the West. I am in the habit of paying $2.50 and never less than $2. Any man who does an honest day's work can be sure of $2.50. As the cost of living is much cheaper than in America, it can be readily seen that New Zealand is a sort of workingman's paradise. Of course labor requiring skill draws a higher rate of pay than that involving only the use of the pick and shovel. I should estimate that labor is paid 50 per cent higher in New Zealand than the United States; not taking the hard times into consideration."

"Then you have hard times in your country?"

"No; not this year, although we did have a depression affecting different lines of business five years ago, when the Australian boom collapsed. Times are good in New Zealand today. We attribute it largely to the fact that the wealth of the country is distributed among the people and the laws are mainly in the interest of the producers. We have no aristocracy and no class of millionaires such as is to be seen in America; the government is really maintained in the interest of the people. Corruption in office is so rare that if a parliamentary candidate were to buy a keg of beer in order to influence votes he would be summarily expelled from the body."

The land system of New Zealand, according to Mr. Jay, is entirely different from that of any other country. Previous to the adoption of the new plan, a number of large tracts of land had been gobbled up by private individuals and the country was in a fair way to pass into the hands of landlords. The government has adopted measures which are gradually driving the large landowners to release their holdings to the government at prices set by the government appraisers. Absentee landlords are taxed twice the rate charged residents, and the tax grows at a constantly increased ratio as the amount of land in any individual's possession increases. The government does not sell its land to anybody, and 3,000 acres is the largest amount it will lease to any one person. If any of the old land-owners refuse to pay taxes assessed, the government buys the entire tract at an increase of ten per cent on assessed valuation. In time the entire area will pass into the hands of the government. The government recently made a cash payment of $1,200,000 for land formerly owned by a rich magnate known as "Ready Money" Robinson.

Mr. Jay says a favorite motto in New Zealand is "Eight hours' work, eight hours' sleep and eight hours' play." The government is about to experiment on the co-operative system of public works, doing away with contractors and dividing the surplus among the workmen. The plan is to establish a price, select by lot the number of workmen required, pay the workmen a certain sum per week, and distribute among them what is left when the work is completed.

HOPS IN CALIFORNIA.

How They Are Grown and Where and When Introduced.

The center of the hop industry in California is at Wheatland, Yuba county, where Dr. Durst, the "hop king," has 350 acres in vines and where there are many other smaller yards.

For the following facts in connection with this district we draw upon the "Springtime Special" edition of the Marysville Appeal of June 10th: The first hop plants brought to this state was in 1855, and were imported by Wilson Flint from Vermont, and experimented with in Alameda and then in Sacramento counties. Hops in this state yield bountifully the first year, whereas in the Eastern states it takes three years from planting to get a full crop of seven or eight hundred pounds to the acre, compared to 1500 to 2000 pounds to the acre, which is an average yield for the first year in this favored state.

The harvesting season is free from rain, wind or frost, which causes such great loss in other locations. California hops have been particularly free from diseases that affect them in other states, such as mold, lice, grubs, mildew, red spider and scale. They are clean and bright, which is much appreciated by English buyers, who are very partial to California hops. The character of land on which they are generally grown is the bottom land of rivers and creeks, where there is plenty of moisture to mature them without rain or irrigation. The principal counties in which they are grown are Yuba, Sacramento, Sonoma and Mendocino. The first experiment with hops in Yuba county was made in 1883 by Dr. D. P. Durst, and today there are over 1000 acres in the immediate neighborhood of Wheatland, and each succeeding year sees it increasing.

There are various ways of training hops. One, by poles of sixteen or eighteen feet, two to the hill; another is with stakes eight feet long, one to the hill, with strings or wires drawn horizontally across the field at right angles to each other, fastened to top of stake by staple. Yet another and the most popular, is the trellis system. This system is the one generally used by large hop-growers. It consists of posts similar to telegraph poles, about twenty feet long; the outside poles are set firmly in the ground, well braced; a strong wire is stretched across the top of the poles each way, and to these wires are tied strong strings, pegged down to each hill of hops. The variety of hops grown in this state is the large American. The hop-grower is kept busy the year round. Planting is generally done in January and February, tying vines to poles in April and May; picking begins in August.—Pacific Rural Press.

The above in relation to California hops is true in the main of the Oregon product. Our hops find ready demand in the foreign markets, where they are quoted among the best. They are second to none—not even New York hops, and in fact they were last year sought ahead of New Yorkers.

TENANT HOUSES ON FARMS.

Every large farm should have a tenant house conveniently located on the premises. Even for a smaller farm, where the owner is obliged to depend upon hired help to some extent, a tenant house will prove a good investment. It is a permanent investment, and adds that amount to the value of the property. The farm laborer living therein can get his meals at home, thus saving that much extra work for the farmer's family. Personal matters can then be discussed with more freedom than when a man, perhaps a stranger, is present, which is a consideration of no small moment, especially as men are usually but a year or two in a place. Many things are said at meal time that, if repeated outside of the family, might cause trouble. A tenant house would prevent all this. A house sixteen by thirty feet will afford all the necessary room, or a house fourteen by twenty-eight feet, two stories high, with a kitchen ten by twelve feet on the rear, will give good accommodations for a family of five or six. One bedroom will be below, and two or three above. The surroundings should be made neat and pleasant. A garden and several fruit trees will be more profitable than shade trees. If a row or two of small fruits and berries are added, two or three dollars more per year can be added to the rent, and will be willingly paid. The tenant or his family will usually give them good attention, for it is to their interest to do so. If the well water be hard, a cistern or some plan for obtaining a needed supply of rainwater should be provided. Such things cost but little and make the property more desirable, inviting a better class of men than when such accommodations are not present.

ALL ABOUT THE HOP.

How to Plant and Till the Soil for a Good Crop.

In planting hops always hunt your richest soil.

From one and one-half to two pounds of sulphate is used for every 100 pounds of hops dried.

Do not be afraid of plowing hop land too deep. The deeper the better and thorough cultivation is the secret of success.

Seven feet each way is about the distance hops should be planted to admit of thorough cultivation and easy working.

It is a known fact that the earlier the vine, all things being equal, the poorer the crop, and the later the vine the better the crop.

A bale of hops weighs as a general thing 180 pounds, though some of them are less, but the general term "a bale of hops" is supposed to be 180 pounds.

Oregon is steadily increasing her acreage of hops, and an estimate of the new yards put out this season places it at 3,000 acres, making a total of 18,000

Hop buyers have commenced to solicit and are offering 11 to 12 cents per pound, and will furnish money for picking purposes at the rate of 8 per cent.—Albany Herald.

Canada exports no more hops; on the contrary, she is a buyer, her imports in 1892 having been 791,000 pounds, of which about one-eighth came from England, and the balance from the United States.

In planting a hop yard remember there should be a male or staminate plant at least at one hill in every hundred. This is for the purpose of perfect fertilizing pollen in order that a perfect hop may be produced.—N. Y. Hop Journal.

The production of hops for the Pacific coast in 1891 was 85,000 bales. In 1892 the coast produced 95,000 bales, and in 1893 the yield was 135,000 bales. It is reasonable to suppose, under average conditions, that the crop of 1894 will reach nearly 200,000 bales.

It would be an excellent thing to remember when the ends of the vines come together on twined yards, and when the vine has reached a good height on polled yards to pinch the end of the vine and thus throw the increased strength in the laterals and hops.

One of the most successful growers of hops in Sonoma county, California (which raises the finest hops on the coast, the next being those of Northern Marion county, Or., the so called Butteville district) places the cost of producing hops at 13½ cents a pound.—N. Y. Hop Journal.

Our hop growers are somewhat discouraged as to the probable output of their crops. They speak of the arms being very short on these and that the hops are only close to the main vine, and that the outer ends have now commenced to dry up.—Harrisburg Cor. Albany Herald.

In England hops are baled and pressed while they are still warm, the reason being for this, that if baled at once they escape the danger of absorbing damp from the atmosphere. In America the hops are piled loose on the floor of cooling rooms and kept there until required for market, when they are baled.

English growers are alarmed at the fact that the United States has exported to that country during the past season nearly twice as many hops as during the previous year. The English hop growers have great fears of the competition from Washington and Oregon.

A high tariff, such as the English growers desire, would mean ruination to the American industry. The actual cost in England, of the hop when ready for the market is 18 cents and as a result the American hop is crowding the British grower out.—N. Y. Hop Journal.

DAIRY PITH.

Take good care of the young cows, that they may continue profitable when they are old.

Lead a cow rather than drive her. Gentleness should be the watchword to the dairy stable.

The dairyman with a good well and a windmill can feel about as independent as the one who has running water on his farm.

When you strip a cow's teats to the last drop in milking, do it not so much for the immediate gain as to keep the udder of prolific habit in the future.

The merciful dairyman when he draws calves to market puts them in a comfortable crate, instead of tying their legs and doubling them under the wagon seat.

To make the cow truly profitable, you must maintain her milk yield along natural lines of feeding. Indulgence in freaks of food stimulation does cows more harm than good.

The wise dairyman who does not turn his cows out to pasture in the spring till it is of sufficient growth to support them, gets quality in the feed, which is of as much importance as quantity.

The cow that must graze industriously half of the summer to recover physically what she has lost by indifferent keeping through the winter is not apt to earn a dollar in real profit for her owner.

NEAR DEATH'S DOOR

FROM

Inflammation of the Kidneys

Dear Sirs: I can scarcely realize I was so near death's door, the result of a bad attack of inflammation of the kidneys. My urine was bloody and terrible pains near the spine. I tried several remedies, but got no relief. When I was suffering terribly a copy of your Medical Adviser was received by some one in our household. After reading part of it I sent for a bottle of Dr. Grant's Kidney and Liver Cure, and after five doses I felt relieved. I continued taking until I had taken three bottles, and was completely cured.

Gratefully yours,
J. A. ALEXANDER,
773 Hoyt street, Portland, Oregon.

Price $1 per Bottle

ELMIRA, OREGON.

Do You Know Where It Is?

MRS. W. T. KAYSER,

Lives There and tells in the Following Letter of the Wonderful Benefit Received from using Dr. Grant's Medicines.

ELMIRA, OREGON, April 6th, 1894.
DR. PAUL GRANT, President O. W. R. Mfg. Co., Portland, Oregon.

Sir:—I wish to express my heartfelt thanks to you for the great benefit I received from using your medicines. I have been a constant sufferer for

Twelve Years

with spinal trouble and the complaints so peculiar to women. I have doctored with several different doctors, and from some of them I received temporary relief, but from none of them have I received the relief I have from using your remedies. The

Congo Oil,

was particularly beneficial, as it instantly relieves the pain and quiets the nerves, and after using it I can go to sleep and not awaken until break of day. I am very grateful for the relief obtained and will do all I can to encourage the sale of your medicines. I have used one and a half bottles of Congo Oil and two and a half bottles of your Native Discovery for women's diseases, and that is all the medicine I have taken in

Six Months,

and I am in better health than I have been for the past twelve years—weigh more and can work without feeling as though I should

Drop Dead

every minute, and it is due to your medicines that I feel this well; and I am willing that all who are afflicted should know of the wonderful results from using your medicines.

Respectfully,
MRS. W. T. KAYSER.

SOLD EVERYWHERE.

Congo Oil, price 50c. and $1.00. Native Discovery, price $1.00.

Ulcers Broke Out

SLUGGISH LIVER.

Cured by Using Dr. Grant's Sarsaparilla.

Dear Sirs: I wish to thank Dr. Grant by letter for the wonderful cure effected upon me by using his Sarsaparilla and Grape Root. Last summer I was taken sick with what the doctors called la grippe. I did not seem to get any better. My liver was in a horrible condition, as I was constantly throwing up bile. My legs commenced to swell and in a short time ulcers broke out all over them and I suffered terribly. A traveling man whom I knew advised me to try Dr. Grant's Sarsaparilla and Grape Root. I did so, and after taking seven bottles I was completely cured, scars all healed up and I felt like a new man. I highly recommend Dr. Grant's Sarsaparilla and Grape Root to all afflicted.

Yours truly,
REUBEN WARNER,
Colfax, Wash.

Price 50c.; 6 bottles $2.50.

P. H. McCABE. S. MUHLMAN.

P. H. McCABE & CO.,

Proprietors of

Independence Tile Factory

Manufacturers of

FIRST-CLASS

Drain Tile.

of all sizes.

Prices to Suit the

HARD TIMES.

OFFICE AND FACTORY

Independence, - Oregon,

FARMS FOR SALE!

Deal with C. O. Burgess, the live real estate agent, Sheridan, Oregon. Read this list of desirable purchases:

No. 1. 20 acres, all river-bottom land, 10 acres in cultivation, well fenced, 6½ acres in grain; buyer gets ½ of crop and possession of the rest of the land immediately; 2 miles from Sheridan on county road; price $35 per acre; fine hop, garden or fruit land.

No. 2. 27 acres, all in cultivation, all level well fenced, 300 yards to school and church, six miles from Sheridan, level road to town. This is very rich creek bottom land; fine hop land, and the best chicken ranch in the state; price $27 per acre. $500 cash, balance in one year. Three sawmills in two and a half miles of the place, lumber $6 per thousand feet. This place will sell for $40 per acre before fall.

No. 3. 60 acres, 45 in cultivation; 200 yards to school and church. Mill creek bottom land. Price $15 per acre; one-half cash, balance in one year.

No. 4. 27 acres, all in cultivation with summer fallow wheat, buyer gets one-third crop. Two and a half miles to Sheridan, one mile to school and church. Land all level, No. 1 soil for fruit or hops; price $30 per acre.

No. 5. 19 acres, all level creek bottom land, 15 acres in cultivation, 4 acres of ash timber watered by Mill creek; 2½ miles to Sheridan; 1¼ miles to school and church. Buyer gets possession immediately; price $30 per acre.

I have other farms of all descriptions for sale land bought and sold for non residents. Parties having land for sale will do well to list the same with me if they want it sold as I use lots of printer's ink and let the people see what I have for sale.

C. O. BURGESS,
Real Estate Agent Sheridan, Oregon.

LUMBER!

LUMBER.

-THE-

Falls City

SAW MILL

Is now running in full operation and turning out as fine Lumber as can be found in the State of Oregon. A good skid-road to mountain timber and a

FINE PLANER

has been added to the Plant. All orders filled on short notice.

MITCHELL & FLYNN,

Proprietors.

HOME BUILDERS

Will consult their best interests by purchasing their

SASH AND DOORS

of the reliable manufacturer,

M. T. CROW

Independence, Or., successor to Ferguson & Van Meer. Sugar pine and cedar doors, all sizes, on hand.

SCREEN DOORS.

Fine Jersey Stock!

Those persons desiring to breed for dairy purposes are notified that

BERT SIGNAL

H. R. No. 35,002.

Is a full blooded registered Jersey, and limited service may be had for the season of '94 for

$2.00.

Address or call on J. B. PARKER, the owner, at his farm 2 miles east of Independence. 4-20 12t

H. M. LINES,

Formerly Justice of the Peace wishes inform the public that he is still engaged in the

Notary Public, Collection and

INSURANCE BUSINESS,

and is ready to promptly attend to any legal business that may be intrusted to his care. Thanking the public for past favors, he solicits a fair share of its future patronage.

DR. JORDAN & CO.'S GREAT MUSEUM OF ANATOMY

1051 Market St., San Francisco

(Between 6th and 7th Sts.)

Go and learn how wonderfully you are made and how to avoid sickness and disease. Museum enlarged with thousands of new objects. Admission 25 cts.

Private Office—Same Building 1051 Market Street—Diseases of men; stricture, loss of manhood, diseases of the skin and kidneys quickly cured without the use of mercury. Treatment personally or by letter. Send for book

BANKS.

THE INDEPENDENCE

National Bank

Capital Stock, $50,000.00.

H. HIRSCHBERG, - - President
ABRAM NELSON, - Vice President
W. P. CONNAWAY - - - Cashier

A general banking and exchange business transacted; loans made, bills discounted, commercial credits granted; deposits received on current account subject to check, interest paid on time deposits.

DIRECTORS.

B. F. Smith, A. Nelson, I. A. Allen, M. Jasperson, A. J. Goodman, D. W. Sears, H. Hirschberg.

Commenced Business March 4, 1889

Established by National Authority.

—THE—

FIRST NATIONAL BANK,

of Independence, Oregon.

Capital Stock, - $50,000.00
Surplus, - - $14,000.00

J. S. COOPER, President. L. W. ROBERTSON, Vice President
W. H. HAWLEY, Cashier.

DIRECTORS.

J. S. Cooper, L. Robertson, Lewis Benson, O. W. Whiteaker, W. W. Collins.

A general banking business transacted. Buys and sells exchange on all important points.

Deposits received subject to check or on certificate of deposit. Collections made.

Office hours: 9 a. m. to 4 p. m.

CORPORATED UNDER THE LAWS OF OREGON

Polk County Bank,

MONMOUTH Or.

J. H. HAWLEY.....President
P. L. CAMPBELL.....Vice-President
IRA C. POWELL.....Cashier

Paid Capital, $30,000.

DIRECTORS,

J. H. Hawley, P. L. Campbell, I. M. Stump, J. B. V. Butler, J. S. Stump, F. S. Powell, Joseph Craven.

A general banking and exchange business transacted; loans made; deposits received subject to check or on certificate of deposit; interest paid on time deposits.

Fire proof vault and burglar proof safe secured by Yale time lock.

Office Hours: 9 a. m. to 4 p. m.

RAILROADS.

TIME TABLE.

Independence and Monmouth Motor Line

Leaves Independence.	Leaves Monmouth.
7:00	7:30
8:40	8:25
9:30	1:00
11:15	12:3
1:30	2:15
3:45	4:6
5:00	5:15

East and South

via

The SHASTA Route

—of the—

Southern Pacific Co.

California express trains run daily, stopping at all stations between Portland and Albany.

South				North
6:15 P. M.	Lv.	Portland	Ar.	8:20 A. M.
10:23 P. M.	Lv.	Albany	Ar.	4:25 A. M.
10:45 A. M.	Ar.	San Francisco	Lv.	7:00 P. M.

Roseburg Mail (Daily.)

Leave.		Arrive.	
Portland	8:30 A. M.	Roseburg	5:50 P. M.
Roseburg	7:00 A. M.	Portland	4:30 A. M.

Dining Cars on Ogden Route.

PULLMAN BUFFETT SLEEPERS and Second-Class Sleeping Cars attached to all through trains.

West Side Division.

Between Portland and Corvallis.

Mail train daily (except Sunday.)

7:30 a m	Lv. Portland	Ar	5:25 p m
11:18 a m	Ar. Independence	Ar	1:34 p m
12:15 p m	Ar. Corvallis	Lv	1:00 p m

At Albany and Corvallis, connect with trains Oregon Pacific railroad.

Express train daily (except Sunday)

4:40 p m	Lv. Portland	Ar	8:25 a m
7:25 p m	Ar. Mcminnville	Lv	5:30 p m

Oregonian Railway Division and Portland and Yamhill Ry.

Airlie mail Tri-weekly.

9:40 a m	Lv.	Portland	Ar	3:05 p m
5:20 p m	Lv.	Monmouth	Lv	7:45 a m
6:05 p m	Ar.	Airlie	Lv	7:00 a m

Through tickets to all points in the Eastern States, Canada, and Europe, can be obtained from T. M. STIVER, Agent, Independence.

R. KOEHLER, Manager. F. P. ROGERS, Asst. G. F. & Pass. Agt.
PORTLAND, OREGON.