

MOSES AT THE CIRCUS.

"Hey dere! you Mose, ef you don't huse yo' self in hyar d'rec'ly wif dat wood, sumpin' 'll drap 'round hyar!"

The shrill cry, impelled by the vigorous lungs of Aunt Caroline, floated over the bare little back yard, around the corn crib, and finally reached the ears of Moses Elijah Ellison, who sat on the "choppin' block" with his head in his hands, ruminating on some knotty question.

Hastily gathering the few sticks of wood that were cut, Mose started for the house, knowing by experience that he would feel the weight of Aunt Caroline's by no means gentle hand if he delayed much longer in producing the much called for wood.

"Wot yo' ben doin' all dis w'ile behin' dat co'n crib, yo' lazy, good fer not'n nigger? I sent yo' out dar ter cut dat wood a haf'n hour ago an' yo' aint got'n armful yit. Take dat!" and aunty made a blow at Mose, who adroitly ducked under her bare, black arm and ran into the kitchen.

After depositing the wood in the box prepared for it, Mose retreated to a safe place behind the stove, where he kept an anxious eye on aunty, as, with a gorgeous red and yellow turban on her head, she swept the dirty floor and dusted the furniture, which consisted mainly of a rickety table, some empty soap boxes and a three legged stool.

"Say, Aunt Ca'line," said Mose, glancing furtively up, "kin I go ter de succus wot's comin' hyar dis af'noon?"

"Moses Elijah Ellison!" cried Aunt Caroline, fairly swelling with anger at this audacious question, "hain't yo' got no'n better ter do dan traipsin' aroun' ter succuses? Hyar! yo' take yo' self 'round ter dat wot pile, an' ef yo' dar to stir outer my sight dere'll be anudder succus in dis town. Air yo' goin'?"

However, Mose was well out of the way, and by the time Aunty got to the door with one of the precious sticks of wood all she saw was the twinkle of a pair of black feet around the corner of the "co'n crib."

"Pears like ez ef aunty wuz gittin' waz'n wuz," soliloquized Mose as he sat down on the chopping block to meditate on the situation. "Here I wuz a-choppin' an' a-choppin' all dis mawnin', tell my back feels like hit wuz clean broke, and de minnit I axes for a little moosement she up'n whups me wif a stick er wood. But I hain't goin' ter stan' hit no longer!" he continued, shaking his fist at an imaginary Aunt Caroline. "Moses Ellison an' goin' ter kick, an'!"

"Hi, yit wot yo' doin', Mose? Hev yo' got de Saint Bittness dance?" and Mose's inseparable friend, William Johnson, jumped over the fence and sat down on the log.

"Golly! Bill, how yo' skairt me," said Mose, rolling his eyes and swallowing hard. "I fort yo' wuz Aunt Ca'line, sheere, an' yo' bet I doan' wan' ter let her ketch me monkey'n' roon' like dis," and for five minutes nothing could be heard but the sound of the ax, as Mose hewed desperately at the tough wood.

"Say, Mose," said Bill, during a lull in the chopping, "goin' ter de succus?"

"Doan' say succus ter me," said Mose rather bitterly, as he made a blow at a huge knot. "I axes Aunt Ca'line jes a few minnits ago, an' she done set me at de woodpile. But ef I had any money I'd go, lickin' er no lickin'. Be yo' goin'?"

"Yaas," said Bill, displaying a blue paper promptly. "I helped de man wash de bar's cage dis mawnin', and he giv me a pass fer two; so cum 'long ef yer to run away."

Mose was not prepared to be taken up so quickly, and for a moment stood in open mouthed surprise, but, determining not to show signs of cowardice before Bill, he threw down the ax with many misgivings, and, keeping the corn crib between them and the house, they climbed the fence and started for the circus.

"Golly!" exclaimed Mose, sitting down on a large rock and wiping the sweat from his face. "I expected ter heer Aunt Ca'line yawpin' arter us ebery minit. Didn't yo'?"

"Yaas," answered Bill thoughtfully; "but look yere, Mose, ef I take yo' inter de succus yo' orter do sumfin' fer me, hadn't yo'?"

"Er—yaas," said Mose, rather doubtfully, "but yo' tell me wot 'tis fust 'fore I do hit."

Bill fumbled a moment in his pocket and brought forth a rather small sized biscuit.

"Give dat ter de bar," he said, giving it to Mose.

"Duz de man 'low yo' ter feed de bar?" said Mose, turning the biscuit over in his hand and seeing nothing suspicious about it.

"Certainly," replied Bill, from the height of superior intelligence. "He told me dis mornin' dat de folks allus giv 'im peanuns an' biscuits. Well, ef yo' doan' wan' ter do hit I kin git Sam Wilson insted."

"Hol' up, Bill," called Mose, as Master Johnson turned away as if he didn't care; "I'll do hit."

and last the animal down on the bills as the "ferce and untamable grizzly bear of California."

To Mose, who had allowed his way to the rope which separated the animal from the crowd, the bear was all that the bills claimed for it, but to an experienced observer there was an air of helplessness and old age about it which was borne out by the sight of his nearly toothless gums as he caught peanuts and apples with a dexterity born of long practice.

Looking about for Bill, Mose found that that young gentleman had for some reason declined to follow him, and was stationed on the other side of the rope, making a gas to him to give the biscuit to the bear.

Taking advantage of a time when every body seemed to be looking over to the other side of the tent, where a spirited encounter was going on between two country youths, Mose tossed the biscuit into the bear's capacious mouth, where it instantly disappeared from view.

The result was somewhat different from what Mose expected. Instead of giving him a grateful look for the dainty tid-bit, the bear stared at him a moment with a look of pained surprise on his features, and then, with a howl of mingled rage and pain, broke the rope which held him, and came down upon the unfortunate dandy like a whirlpool.

"Oh, Lordy!" groaned Mose, whose kinky hair fairly straightened out in his terror. "Oh, Lordy! I's done fo', and he sank in a heap before the enraged bear.

This act probably saved him from receiving some severe injuries, for the bear stumbled over him, heels over head, and before it had time to get up was caught by some circusmen, who promptly bundled it into a cage.

"Wot is it?" asked Mose faintly, as he slowly rose to his feet.

"My young colored friend," answered the head showman, as he assisted him out of the tent with the top of his boot, "never let me catch you round here again feeding Cayenne pepper to my animals."

Mose received a warm welcome from Aunt Caroline that night—very warm, coming as it did right after the application of the circus man's toe, but he says he got some satisfaction out of the "everlasting whippin'" he gave Bill Johnson the next day.—Arthur Chapman in Philadelphia Times.

An Historic Old Town.

Borgo is an old town about forty miles from Helsinki, and certainly the most characteristic of the small towns of Finland. By the side of the old town, with its quaint, irregular houses and its tortuous streets, there are square and picturesque quarters, with houses painted with yellow ochre, and reminding one by their shape of cigar boxes. Situated at the mouth of a little river, and prettily set in a frame of hills and ancient fortifications, covered with venerable pine trees, Borgo presents a most curious aspect.

The old white cathedral; the strange houses of the old town, painted red, ochre and orange; the sheds and warehouses built along the river, with their foundations in the water itself, and everywhere in the intervals between these odd wooden buildings the fresh greenery of the gardens—such are some of the features which make this little town so characteristic. The cathedral is a large square monument built of blocks of granite, whitewashed, and with pointed gables. The steeple is separate from the church at a distance of about fifty paces. It is the type of almost all our churches of the Catholic era—that is to say, before Gustavus Vasa.

It was in this church of Borgo that Alexander I in 1809 opened the Finnish diet, by which he promised to preserve and to respect forever the religion, the laws and the Swedish constitution of the country, thus, according to his own words, "raising Finland to a place among nations."—Albert Edelfelt in Harper's.

She Talked Him Into It.

I heard a characteristic bit of dialogue on a Sixth avenue train a couple of days ago. The speakers were two well dressed women under the middle age.

"What a goose a man is!" chirped one of the women in a high keyed voice that could be heard all over the car.

"Why, Maum?"

"Why, about my earrings, you know. I took them to a jeweler and told him how I wanted them fixed. 'Oh, it couldn't be done,' he said. I told him it would have to be done. I couldn't wear them if it wasn't done, and I wanted to wear them. Now, if it had been a woman she would have fixed them in some way, and that would have been the end of it; but, do you know, I had to talk to that man an hour and fifteen minutes, and then he said he'd fix them, and he did."

They left the car at this point, and a gray bearded old man remarked, "I don't wonder that the jeweler was ready to promise most anything to get rid of her if she talked an hour and fifteen minutes to him."—New York Star.

Curious Advice.

I am reminded of a curious bit of advice I heard a shrewd elderly man give to a young acquaintance who was about to start in business.

"Have you any cash, Harry?" asked he. The youth named a respectable sum.

"Have you any credit?"

The young man replied again in the affirmative, going over a promising list of his advantageous connections.

"Then let me give you a hint gratis," said the old reprobate. "Use your credit up first, my boy; your cash is good any time."—Kate Field's Washington.

An Aerial Messenger.

Captain Smith, of the ship Kistna, bound from Sydney, N. S. W., to San Francisco, caught an albatross around the neck of which was a piece of brass bearing the following inscription: "O'Brien, July 5, 1871, 157 days, 23 miles North, long 162 degrees, 30' W. C. Smith took possession of the treasure and released the aerial messenger."—Chambers' Journal.



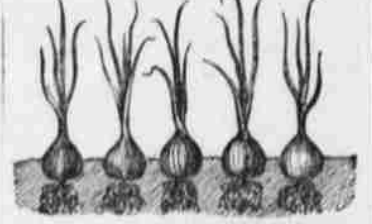
FARM & GARDEN

THINNING PLANTS.

How to Insure an Early Development with Uniformity of Size.

The liberal use of seed gives us the desirable full stand, but also the less desirable feature of a great surplus of plants. To remove the superfluous, useless eaters and drinkers of plant food and moisture at an early development is just as essential as is the early removal of weeds. Uniformity of vegetables—radishes, beets, onions, etc.—and an even development cannot well be obtained except by giving each plant in the row a uniform and reasonably large amount of space. The annexed figures illustrate the contrast between a section of rows where the crop of onions was thinned at an early stage of growth and one where thinning was neglected.

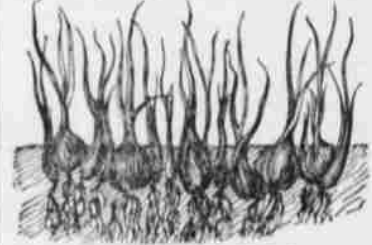
The market gardener, whose aim is an early crop of beets, radishes, onions, etc., which he can gather all at once, clearing



ONIONS PROPERLY THINNED.

the rows as he goes along, and thus having them ready for a successive crop, has no other way but to thin early and thoroughly. The home gardener may do this work gradually with best results, as, for instance, in case of table beets. Instead of thinning all at once to the usual distance of four to six inches apart, the plants may at first be left two or three inches apart, and when the roots have grown to some size and begin to crowd each other in the rows every other one can be removed, giving the choicest young and tender table beets, greens, etc. A similar course can be adopted with lettuce, thereby affording a fine table luxury in the small and tender hearts of the half grown lettuce.

In a general way, says T. Greiner in "How to Make the Garden Pay"—authority for the foregoing—the proper distance among thinned plants, where these are yet very small, appears comparatively great, and many growers have not the nerve to pull up and throw away thou-



ONIONS LEFT UNTHINNED.

sands of nice plants, which as yet appear to have an abundance of room. But this has to be done. Whatever distance is decided upon as the best for the particular crop, and in any particular case, should be strictly adhered to and no foolish sentimentality stand in the way of making the distance large enough. It is much safer to err in favor of giving too much space than in favor of too little.

Kerosene Emulsion.

Next to the arsenites, and often fully equal to them as insect destroyers, is kerosene emulsion. It kills by contact smothering insects as well as those which bite and eat the leaves, twigs, etc. In bulletin No. 73 Professor A. J. Cook, of the Michigan station, gives the following formula for its preparation, which is one he has recommended and used for years: Dissolve in two quarts of water one quart of soft soap or one-fourth pound of hard soap by heating to the boiling point, then add one pint of kerosene oil and stir it violently. This is best done by pumping the liquid into itself through a small nozzle, so that it shall be thoroughly agitated. This, he claims, mixes the oil permanently so that it will never separate, and it can be diluted easily at pleasure by simply shaking or slightly stirring after adding the water to dilute it. When ready to use stir in enough water to make fifteen pints in all—that is, one-fifth of the liquid applied would be kerosene oil.

The Hubbard-Riley formula is as follows: One half pound of soap dissolved in one gallon of boiling water, when two gallons of kerosene are added and immediately stirred as before. Then dilute with nine parts of water to one of the emulsion. It will thus be seen that Professor Cook uses four times as much water as kerosene, while Dr. Riley recommends twice as much kerosene as water. The former also uses more soap.

Professor Cook hopes that all station entomologists and horticulturists will thoroughly try both these formulas, that farmers and fruit growers may be wisely advised as to their respective merits.

Sweet Potatoes.

The land for the sweet potato crop should be got ready at the first opportunity. Let it be well cultivated and broken fine. It should be light and fibrous, yet not over rich, as this has a tendency to make the potatoes run largely to vines. The manure should be finely broken, well rotted and be worked well into the land. After the land is prepared, throw it into beds or ridges about three feet from centre to centre, and set out the slips, which should be previously hardened by full exposure in the hot bed to the air day and night, about two feet apart on the ridges. The plants always grow best when set out in newly prepared rows, and seldom make much progress until the ground is thoroughly warmed. The planting of them may, therefore, be well deferred until the end of the month or the beginning of June.

MARKET REPORT

Below is given the Oregon City Market Report, compiled from the local markets furnished THE ENTERPRISE by the local merchants:

Table with columns for GRAIN, FLOUR, FEED, and MEATS, listing various commodities and their prices.

Speculation Dangerous.

Scarcely a day passes without the news of some large failure flashing over the wires—the usual result of speculation in stocks or some equally dangerous venture. The same electric current carries to dear distant friends the sad tidings of death of dear ones—too often the result of speculation in patent nostrums. Moore's Revealed Remedy is no speculation but is sold on positive guarantee. Do not fall to go to you druggist and ask for your money if not satisfied. We know you will go and buy another bottle. For sale by all druggists.

A Little Girls Experience in a Light-House.

Mr. and Mrs. Loren Trescott are keepers of the Gov. Lighthouse at Beach, Mich., and are blessed with a daughter, four years old. Last April she was taken down with measles, followed with a dreadful cough and turning into a Fever. Doctors at home and at Detroit treated her, but in vain, she grew worse rapidly, until she was a mere "handful of bones." Then she tried Dr. King's New Discovery and after the use of two and a half bottles, was completely cured. They say Dr. King's New Discovery is worth its weight in gold, yet you may get a trial bottle free at G. A. Harding's drug store.

Beautiful Christmas Gifts.

We have now on the way the most beautiful line of Misses' Boys' Ladies' and Mens' fancy slippers that the eye ever beheld or the mind ever conceived, in all style and in all colors. Beautiful plush, genuine alligator, silky Russia, calf, etc., etc., varying in price from \$1.00 to \$3.00. Those slippers at \$1.00 are as good as anything we've had last Christmas at \$1.50. Watch our display window in about twenty days. We will be able to please the most fastidious and at prices remarkably low.

OREGON CITY SHOE HOUSE,

Bank Block, Oregon City, Oregon.

THE Oregon City Sash and Door Co.

Carry the Largest Stock of Sash, Doors, Blinds, Mouldings, Etc. In Oregon City.

Special sizes of Doors and Windows made to order. Turning of all kinds

Estimates for Stair Work and Store Fronts

Furnished on application. Builders, give us a call, and see if our work is not of the best, and our prices as low as the lowest. Price List sent on application.

Factory, Cor. Main and 11th Sts., Oregon City.

A. W. SCHWAN,

STOVES, TIN & HOLLOW WARE.

ALL KINDS OF TIN, SHEET IRON AND COPPER WORK PROMPTLY DONE.

PLUMBING AND GENERAL JOBBING TO ORDER.

Shop on Seventh St., near Depot.

Carpet Weaving.

I have a new patent loom from the East and am prepared to do carpet weaving and fancy weaving, silk curtains, rugs, etc. Prices as low as the cheapest and satisfaction guaranteed. Any orders and work left at I. Selling's store will receive prompt attention.

MRS. A. M. BRATTON.

Notice of Application for Liquor License.

To ALL WHOM IT MAY CONCERN: Take notice that the undersigned will apply to the county court of Clackamas county, state of Oregon, on Wednesday, the 9th day of December, 1891, for a license to sell spirituous, malt and vinous liquors in less quantities than one gallon in Canby precinct in said county of Clackamas, for the period of one year, and herewith annexes his petition, which he will present to the court at said time.

NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION

Land Office at Oregon City, Ore., Oct. 23, 1891. Notice is hereby given that the following named settler has filed notice of his intention to make final proof in support of his claim, and that said proof will be made before the Register and Receiver of the U. S. Land Office at Oregon City, Oregon, on December 9, 1891, viz:

Pre. D. S. No. 2075 for the n e 1/4 of sec 5, t. 22, r. 70.

He names the following witnesses to prove his continuous residence upon and cultivation of said land, viz: James Fitzpatrick, August Lange and Joseph W. Keena, of Sandy, Clackamas county, Oregon, and Jürgen H. Peters, of East Portland, Multnomah county, Oregon. 10-30-124 J. T. APPERSON, Register.

NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION

Land Office at Oregon City, Oregon, Oct. 23, 1891. Notice is hereby given that the following named settler has filed notice of his intention to make final proof in support of his claim, and that said proof will be made before the Register and Receiver of the U. S. Land Office at Oregon City, Oregon, on December 16, 1891, viz:

Pre. D. S., No. 7267, for the n e 1/4 of sec 14, t. 13, r. 3 E.

He names the following witnesses to prove his continuous residence upon and cultivation of said land, viz: George W. Dukes, Yancy Dukes, Fred Riechel and D. W. Parker, all of Cherryville, Clackamas county, Oregon. 10-30-124 J. T. APPERSON, Register.

NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION

Land Office at Oregon City, Oregon, Oct. 23, 1891. Notice is hereby given that the following named settler has filed notice of her intention to make final proof in support of her claim, and that said proof will be made before the Register and Receiver of the U. S. Land Office at Oregon City, Oregon, on December 23, 1891 viz:

Elva Coppock.

sole heir of Hannah Coppock, deceased, Homestead Entry No. 6288, for the n 1/2 of a e 1/4 of sec 24, t. 3, r. 7 E.

She names the following witnesses to prove their continuous residence upon and cultivation of said land, viz: Martin Boyles and Nellie Boyles, of Soda Springs, Scott Carter and Petrus Miller, of Molalla, all of Clackamas county, Oregon. 10-30-124 J. T. APPERSON, Register.

TIMBER LAND, ACT JUNE 3, 1878.—NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION.

LAND OFFICE AT OREGON CITY, OR, SEPT. 2, '91

Notice is hereby given that in compliance with the provisions of the act of Congress of June 3, 1878, entitled, "An act for the sale of timber lands in the states of California, Oregon, Nevada and Washington territory," Maggie O'Donnell, of Salmon, county of Clackamas, state of Oregon, has this day filed in this office her sworn statement No. 2473, for the purchase of 1/2 sec 4, in township No. 2 south, range No. 7 east, and will offer proof to show that the land sought is more valuable for its timber or stone than for agricultural purposes, and to establish her claim to said land before the Register and Receiver of this office at Oregon City, Oregon, on Thursday, the 24th day of December, 1891.

She names as witnesses James Harper, and I. H. Peters, of East Portland, Or. Frank Bell, of Portland, Or. and John McIntire, of Salmon, Or. Any and all persons claiming adversely the above-described lands are requested to file their claims in this office on or before said 24th day of December, 1891. J. T. APPERSON, Register.

10-9-1211

Frequently accidents occur in the household which cause burns, cuts, sprains and bruises; for use in such cases Dr. J. H. McLean's Volcanic Oil Liniment has for many years been the constant favorite family remedy.