### New Era Items.

NEW ERA, Nov. 13.—Elijah Hutchinson intends giving a masquerade ball on the evening of November 29th, 75 cents admittance. A prize is to be given to the lady who is the most completely masked, and a prize to the gentleman who excels all others. The lady's prize will consist of a glass tea set, and the gent's prize will be a mustache cup and saucer.

G. W. Veteto, has sold his farm here in New Era and will leave with his family this week for Kansas where they will make their future home.

Prof. W. E. Johnson has rented his farm here to a Mr. Buckles of Ely, and will leave next week for California where he will make his home among the oranges.

Wm. Smith bought a wagon and shot gun last week of Mr. Covey for $80.

### Eagle Creek Screams.

EAGLE CREEK, Nov. 13.—The debating society is getting along nicely. There was an election of officers Saturday night. Those elected were, Jas. Simpson, president; Geo. A. Webet, secretary; Jas. Suter, treasurer. The question debated was decided in faver of the negative.

The dance at Levi Rivers Friday night was well attended by the young folks.

The farmers are busy plowing and seeding this week. The good weather is highly appreciated by all.

Henry Udell has been digging spuds on shares for his winter supply, but something has gone wrong and Henry has potatoes for sale.

There is to be a school exhibition at the hall one week from Saturday.

### Sunnyside Smiles.

SUNNYSIDE, Nov. 17.—There is not much news at Sunnyside.

Farmers are very busy, plowing, sowing and digging potatoes.

Mr. Reed and family have moved from Sunnyside and located by Johnson creek below Harmony.

Mr. Baukman and wife have also gone from here. They have moved to Portland.

Mr. and Mrs. George Johnson have moved into their new house.

Mrs. William Foss is suffering from a cancer.

Mrs. Bertha Deardorff is sick.

Mrs. Dand Deardorff has been visiting at her son's, Joseph Deardorff.

James Beslow is the proud father of a son.

Born, to the wife of Mr. Randall, a son. Also, on the 12th of November, to the wife of Mr. Kern, a daughter.

### Queer Freak of Memory.

The French scientist, Ribot, in his work on "Diseases of the Memory" tells of a man 30 years of age, of considerable learning and acquirements, who was found at the termination of a severe illness to have lost the recollection of everything, even the names of the most common objects.

As soon as his health was restored he began to acquire knowledge like a child. After learning the names of objects he was taught to read, and after this began to learn Latin. He made considerable progress when one day in reading his lesson with his brother, who was his teacher, he suddenly stopped and put his hand to his head.

"What is the matter? Don't you feel well?" asked his brother.

"I feel a peculiar sensation in my head," he replied, "and now it seems to me I knew all this before."

Strange to say, from that time he rapidly recovered his faculties and could never understand how it had been necessary to teach him reading and writing when he was 30 years of age and a proficient in both.

### The Hooked Umbrella.

The umbrella with a hook to the handle is very convenient to carry. It is easy to grasp or to slip on the arm, but it can prove an awkward companion if carried the wrong way, and it very often is, as was illustrated by a lady on Canal street a day or two ago. She was walking quickly along, not once tempted by the daintily arranged bargains spread out in the windows. She was evidently in a hurry. Her crooked handle umbrella was under her arm. She passed through a group of gentlemen, when suddenly she found herself wheeled around with great force, and to her astonishment discovered she had hooked a handsome young man, the hook being fastened to the front of his vest. Don't carry a hooked umbrella under your arm.—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

### The Toledo Weekly Blade

Of the now nearly twenty-thousand publications in the United States, there are but two or three weekly newspapers published for general circulation in every state and territory, and of these the Toledo Weekly Blade is the best and most popular of them all. It is the oldest, best known and has the largest circulation. For more than twenty-five years it has been a regular visitor to every portion of the Union, and it is well-known at every one of the sixty thousand odd postoffices of the country. It is made especially for family reading. It gives the entire news of the world each week, in such condensed form as will save reading scores of pages of daily papers to get less information. Republican in politics, temperance in principle, always on the side of justice and right, and is just the paper for the rising generation, and a great educator for the whole family. Serial stories, wit and humor, short stories, household department, camp fire, question bureau, farm department, Sunday school and young folks, are a few of the many other prominent features of this great paper. A specimen copy will be mailed free to any address on application, and the publishers invite any person to send in a long list of addresses to whom they will mail sample copies. They would be glad to mail a couple of hundred specimens to readers of this county. The Weekly Blade is a very large paper, and the price is only one dollar a year.

Address, The Blade, Toledo, Ohio.

## QUEEN VICTORIA'S CORONATION.

**A Description of the Event as Seen by the Famous Dean Stanley.**

The following concerning Dean Stanley's view of the coronation of Queen Victoria is taken from a recently published life of that remarkable man:

At 10:30 another gun announced that she was at the abbey door, and in about a quarter of an hour the procession appeared from under the organ, advancing up the purple approach to the chancel, every one leaning over, and in they came. First the great dukes, struggling with their enormous trains, then bishops, etc., and then the queen, with her vast crimson train outspread by eight ladies all in white, followed by the great ladies of her court in enormous crimson trains and the smaller ladies with delicate sky blue trains trailing along the dark floor. When she came within the full view of the gorgeous abbey she paused as if for breath and clasped her hands. The orchestra broke out into the most tremendous crash of music I ever heard. "I was glad when they said unto me, 'Let us go into the house of the Lord.'"

Every one literally gasped for breath from the intense interest, and the rails of the gallery visibly trembled in one's hands from the trembling of the spectators. I never saw anything like it. Tears would have been a relief. One felt that the queen must sink into the earth under the tremendous awe. But at last she moved on to her place by the altar, and, as I heard from my cousin who had a place close by, threw herself on her knees, buried her face in her hands and evidently prayed fervently. For the first part the silence was so great that at my extreme point I could hear quite distinctly the tremulous but articulate voice of the archbishop. Afterward it was quite inaudible. The great drawbacks were the feeble responses to the service and the feebleness of the acclamation—hardly any at all at the recognition and only tolerable at the coronation. That was the crisis of the ceremony and the most striking part. The very moment the crown touched her head the guns went off, the trumpets began and the shouts. She was perfectly immovable, like a statue. The Duchess of Kent burst into tears, and her lady had to put on her coronet for her. The anointing was very beautiful from the cloth of gold. The homage also from the magnificent cluster in the very center.

It was a take off, though a necessary one, I suppose, that throughout her face was turned away from the spectators toward the altar. All the movements were beautiful. She was always accompanied by her eight ladies floating about her like a silvery cloud. It was over at 3:30—that is, she went out then with her crown, her orb and her scepter. I walked home. The rest had to wait till 8 for their carriage, which was forced back by the length of the line to Kennington common. The crowd in the streets to see the return of the procession was stupendous. It was all more like a dream than reality—more beautiful than I could have conceived possible. I should wish almost never to see her again; that, as this was the first image I had ever had of her, so it should be the last.

## AFTER DINNER ORATORS.

**Most Englishmen Are Failures as Such, but Coleridge Was a Shining Exception.**

Lord Coleridge had a record as the best English after dinner speaker who ever came to America. As a rule, the Englishman does not shine postprandially in comparison with the average American of the same grade in law, politics, literature, the drama or journalism. Most of them, in fact, are dire failures. Coleridge and Irving are the shining exceptions. Sergeant Ballantyne, who came with a great flourish of trumpets and was received with much cordiality by his professional brethren, was the worst that we ever had to endure. Martin Farquhar Tupper was insufferably dull. Toole, the comedian, who was considered funny on the other side, was lugubrious here. It took several seasons to break in Wilson Barrett. Lord Aberdeen is genial, but prosy.

Dickens was the best man who preceded Coleridge, but to the present generation of diners he is only a tradition and does not count. Sir Richard Webster, I fancy, would have shown himself a good second to Lord Coleridge, but his visit here was short, and very few had the pleasure of hearing him. I had that pleasure here as well as in England, and he certainly has a remarkable facility of expression, combined with a fine vocabulary, a keen sense of humor and a thorough knowledge of human nature. Coleridge, however, I repeat, took the palm and has worn it in the memory of friends whom he met here to this day.—Chicago Inter Ocean.

### The Utility of a Head.

The master of one of our village schools was examining some boys on a piece of poetry which he had given them to prepare the night before. They all said it excellently except a small boy at the bottom of the class.

On being asked to say his lesson, he said, "I can't remember it, sir."

Master (in rage)—Why, what's your head for?

Boy—To keep my collar on, sir.—London Answers.

### Attractive Advertising.

Customer—I see you advertise bicycles from 10 cents to $100.

Dealer—Yes, sir.

"What kind of bicycles do you sell for 10 cents?"

"Candy one."—New York Weekly.

The reading of romances is forbidden by the Koran; hence popular tales are never put in writing among Mohammedans, but are passed from one story teller to another.

Australian provincial officials keep poisoned grain in their offices for the benefit of farmers who wish to destroy small birds.

## STARTING HORSES.

SOME OF THE REASONS WHY THIS IS A DIFFICULT BUSINESS.

**Why It Is Harder Here Than In Other Countries—Bother of Short Dashes—Popular Misunderstandings of Good and Bad Starts.**

Starting race horses is a fine art, and the man who fancies it isn't will never be convinced until he stands, flag in hand, facing 10,000 persons, and with a dozen or so thoroughbreds, ridden by anxious jockeys, upon the track, each rider doing his best to get an advantage over his fellows. In 19 cases out of 20 it is not the thoroughbred that is to blame for the trouble at the post, nor is it the jockey directly, but it is the owner, trainer or some speculator in the background who has told the jockey to get off in front, no matter what happens, and who has promised to pay his fine or reimburse him for any penalty he may incur in carrying out instructions. It is all very well to sit in the grand stand and criticise the work of the starter. One must try the business himself to appreciate its difficulties and its trials.

It is a much harder task to start race horses as we race in this country than in England, France, Austria or Australia, where the pace is very slow at the start, and a length or two advantage when the flag falls does not count for much. With us, and especially of late years, since the system of short dashes has become so popular with horse owners, which, by the way, has had such a depressing influence on the improvement of the blooded horse, the style has been to ride pellmell from the start, and races are won and lost very frequently when the flag falls. Judgment of pace is fast becoming a lost art, and even our best jockeys now, with very rare exceptions, have no more idea of race riding than to get away well and take the shortest course home in the quickest possible fashion. Consequently every boy becomes imbued with the idea that to win he must get off in front.

The reader can easily picture to himself the scene at the post when there are 15 or 20 horses, many of them ridden by boys not 16 years of age, all of whom have been told—some of them with threats and others with promises of large rewards—to get the best of the start. Any visitor to our race tracks is familiar with the scene at the post. Half a dozen horses will rush away at a false break when there is no possible chance for an equitable start, and when they come trotting back and before they have had time to wheel and get into line those that remained behind the first time will dash out and run perhaps a hundred yards, leaving the first squad in their places. This goes on indefinitely.

The public is also familiar with the sight of one or more horses standing motionless some lengths behind their competitors. The starter asks the riders of the horses in advance of the laggards to wait until they have taken their positions. Each boy seems to think it is his bounden duty to walk his horse when those in the rear attempt to move up at a walk and to break away madly if an attempt is made by those behind to come up at a run.

A starter should have a thorough knowledge of racing, should be a man of a high degree of intelligence, be quick of eye and hand and, above all, be of unimpeachable integrity. The issue of many thousands of dollars, oftentimes hundreds of thousands of dollars, is decided by the fall of his red flag, and it is his duty to see that every horse, no matter by whom he is owned, has an equal chance when he leaves the post. Every effort is made to catch the horses in motion and on as nearly even terms as possible. The eye must take in the field in a twinkling, and if the judgment is that the start is satisfactory the hand will act in unison with the eye and the brain.

Very often horses are in bad places, and what might look to be a good start from the grand stand would be a poor one in the judgment of the starter, and the flag does not fall. Criticism follows, and generally it is of the harshest and most unjust character. Some horses are quicker on their feet than others and will make a good start look like a poor one through their ability to get under way much more rapidly than their competitors. A good start when the flag drops becomes to the unthinking and ignorant a poor start, and abuse is heaped upon the head of the official.

From time to time mechanical appliances for starting race horses have been invented, but they have not been practical and have not achieved success. A swinging gate to be raised by electricity was spoken of some time ago, but fractious thoroughbreds could not be got near it. There are, again, horses that are not to be controlled at times, and collisions with the obstacle would undoubtedly be of daily occurrence. Then, too, it would take months of drilling to get horses to overcome the idea that they were not going to run into the gate. This and many other objections can be raised against this system. A western inventor has patented a gate to be lowered before the horses while they stand at the post, which may be moved away from them at a rapid rate of speed by electric power, the barrier moving onward and upward at the same time.—New York Sun.

### Had to Be.

Aunt Surplice—How peacefully still and solemn it always is on Sunday.

Little Nephew—Yes'm; that's because so many children's papas is at home.—Good News.

An English curio collector has an old time watch which is shaped like a cow's horn. At the end of every hour it discharges a tiny pistol.

Happy the man who early learns the wide chasm that lies between his wishes and his powers.—Goethe.





### Sheriff's Notice of Sale on Execution.

In the County Court of the State of Oregon for the County of Clackamas.

J. T. Apperson, Guardian of Ada Kellogg and Aggie Kellogg, Plaintiff, vs. J. H. Kellogg, defendant.

State of Oregon, County of Clackamas, ss.

Notice is hereby given, that by virtue of an execution and order of sale issued out of the County Court of the State of Oregon for the County of Clackamas, bearing date the 30th day of October, 1894, in a suit wherein J. T. Apperson, guardian of Ada Kellogg and Aggie Kellogg was plaintiff, and J. H. Kellogg was defendant, commanding me in the name of the State of Oregon, that out of the real estate hereinafter described, to realize a sum sufficient to satisfy the demands of said decree, to wit: $68.70, and the further sum of $10.25 costs, and also the costs of and attending this sale.

Now, therefore, in obedience to such decree, I did, on the 8th day of August, 1894, duly attach, and on the 31st day of October, 1894, duly levy upon, and will, on Saturday, the 8th day of December, 1894, at the hour of 1 o'clock P. M. of said day, at the front door of the court house in said county, offer for sale at public auction, and sell to the highest and best bidder, for cash in hand, all of the right, title and interest the said defendant has in and to the following described real property, to wit: Lot 4 in block 69 of Oregon City, Oregon.

Dated this 5th day of November, A. D. 1894.

E. C. MADDOCK,
Sheriff of Clackamas County, State of Oregon.
By N. M. MOODY, Deputy. [11-9:12-7



### NOTICE OF FINAL SETTLEMENT.

Notice is hereby given, that I have filed my final report in the matter of the estate of Fred Diem, deceased, in the County Court of Clackamas county, Oregon, and the Court has appointed January 7, 1895, at the hour of 10 o'clock A. M. as a day and time for the hearing of said report and for the settlement of said estate.

DAVID ZIMMERMAN,
Adm'r of said estate.
W. S. HURST, Att'y for the estate. [11-9:12-7