

THE COUNTY COURT

An Adjourned Term Held Last Saturday.

The Jury List and Tax Levy for 1898 Occupy the Court's Attention— "Five Cents an Inch."

In the matter of the tax levy for 1898, the following was made: County, 12 mills; road, 4; school 7; state, 3.5; total 26.5 mills. Commissioner Marks dissented in regard to the road tax, as he desired to make a 23-mill levy for county, school and state, and permit the road tax to be worked out.

In the matter of the county printing for the year 1898, the compensation was reduced to five cents per inch, and the Enterprise and Herald designated as official papers.

In the matter of the jury list for the year 1898, it is ordered by the court that the following named citizens and taxpayers of Clackamas county be, and they are selected as the jury list of said county for 1898:

Table with columns: Name, Occupation, Precinct. Lists names like G M B Jones, S Wheeler, G W Waldron, etc., and their respective occupations and precincts.

Table with columns: Name, Occupation, Precinct. Lists names like John Wetzler, Thad Williams, John Oatfield, etc., and their respective occupations and precincts.

Skaguay Wants Lumber.

Building improvements at Skaguay are distressingly embarrassed on account of the apparent impossibility of obtaining lumber from any source. The Elder, on each of the last three trips, has been unable to carry lumber which it was intended to send from Portland to Skaguay, and the steamers from Sound cities seem to be equally freighted with passengers and packs alone.

For Young Men and Young Women

There is nothing that will arouse the ire of a young man or woman so quick as to have inferior laundry work put off on them. They may dress ever so well, but if their shirt front or shirt waist is mussed their neat appearance is spoiled.

Books Cheap.

Everything required in the school room, books, slates, tablets, sponges, ink, pens, pencils, etc. at Daniel Williams, corner Seventh and Center streets.

FORGIVENESS.

I sat in the evening cool Of the heat baked city street Musing and watching a little pair Who played on the walk at my feet— A boy, the elder, of strong, rough mold; His sister, a blossom sweet.

THE OLD OFFICE DEVIL.

He tells how he evolved into a County Editor. The old time devil was keen to learn. He had gall. He wasn't afraid to ask the milliners for advertising or printing.

A tramp printer from Chicago made him believe that gasoline could be made. The Chicago man pointed to a big can of the fluid and insisted that he had made it. Gasoline was high priced then.

The editor can recall his last visit from the tramp printer he "learned the trade" with, the one who made gasoline. He came into the "shop" and was denied work by the foreman.

Two American captains were recently relating their experiences on different voyages. One of them told the following story: "About 1 p. m. on March 2 my ship was proceeding under full sail when a cloud about the size of a man's hand was observed on the horizon."

A Tale of the Sea.

It is the sea which ennobles everything. Between the line and the surf there was but the ancient foreshore, covered with prickly tamarisks and mauve colored heath, with yellow sand conspicuous here and there.

Stagnation.

Stagnation is more dangerous than revolution, but sudden change means a house on sand. Action and reaction is the miserable seesaw of our child world.

Caught Napping.

"Where did the police catch their man?" "Found him asleep on a seat in the park."

Nipped in the Bud.

Mndge—Which is proper to say—"Lend me \$10," or "Loan me \$10?" Wickwire—It won't do you any good to my either.—Indianapolis Journal.

A BEE'S RESTLESS LIFE.

It begins work when three days old and dies at forty-five. G. W. Reynolds of Los Angeles, one of the oldest traveling men in the United States, has a ranch of which he enjoys telling even more than he does of the experiences through which he has passed during his half century upon the road.

"In my apiaries, which are cared for by my son," said he, "there are 140 stands of bees. The honey season lasts from April to July. Last season my bees yielded 40,000 pounds of honey, which sells in that country in bulk lots at 4 cents a pound.

"This very good sized colony," he continued, "resides in a hive or wooden box. In the hive are a dozen frames 13 by 7 inches. In these the bees make or deposit the honey, a foundation of wax having been first placed in each frame by the beekeeper, so that the bees may have something to build upon.

"The queen is an absolute monarch within her dominions. She is the undisputed boss of the job. An ordinary bee lives during the working season only 45 days. Young ones are being hatched out all the time. A bee goes to work at the tender age of 3 days and bustles like a veteran for 43 days. Then it is just naturally all tired out, I suppose, for it dies. The queen lives longer, and when a young queen comes into existence in the hive she drives the old queen out.

"In southern California the bees make water white honey when the black sage is in blossom. When the white sage is flowering, the honey has an amber tinge. Seventy-five carloads of the article are shipped out of San Diego county in good years.—Denver Republican.

GREATEST OF COLONIZERS.

Much of the Earth Owe Its Settlement to the Finding of Gold. It has been well said that gold is the greatest of colonizers, and this has proved especially true in the last half of the present century. To what lone regions the footsteps of man were attracted in the earliest times by the discovery of gold we may not know, but within the memory of living men great regions of the earth's surface have owed their settlement and occupation solely to the finding by search or accident of a few shining particles in the earth.

California was a remote and outlying province of Mexico, inhabited by Indians, gathered in missions or scattered abroad, and cattle barons and their dependents, visited by a few ships each year in search of a freight of hides, when the picking up of a few grains of gold in the banks of a mill race called the gold seekers from the four quarters of the earth and transformed a wilderness into a populous empire.

Australia was a corner of the earth selected on account of its remoteness from their former home as a place of banishment for British criminals when the gleam of gold illuminated it and filled the distant harbors with sails and their shores with cities.

South Africa might have remained forever a grassy waste, the home of savages contending with the Boers and the British for the possession of illimitable pastures, had not gold called the miner and those who follow him to build Johannesburg.—Kansas City Times.

The Sea.

It is the sea which ennobles everything. Between the line and the surf there was but the ancient foreshore, covered with prickly tamarisks and mauve colored heath, with yellow sand conspicuous here and there. At the limit of the foreshore the rugged border line cut clear into a deep and somber blue. It is she—blue as any grape on this cluster which hangs in the cooling breeze. The azure deepens, filling up a good half of the range of sight; the white sail of a fishing smack floats alone, like a hollow shell; the eternal monotone of ocean is borne upon the ear. Draw near and see the leaping silver foam.

Above this intense blue the sky is transparently, superbly pale, and the stars are hurrying to light their lamps. There is not a living soul, nor a plant, nor any sign of the hand of man. There might be nereids and fauns dancing on the strand, as in the days when the world was young.—H. A. Taine in "Journeys Through France."

Characterized.

"Confound that caddie, he's never round except at the tea!" "Sort of a tea caddie, eh?"—Brooklyn Life.

Looking Forward.

A Cleveland clergyman who is not given to putting on a long face either in his pulpit or out of it says that before he came here from the south he was one day asked by a young man to unite him with the woman of his choice in the holy bonds of wedlock upon the evening of a certain day.

"I am very sorry," said the reverend gentleman, "but I shall be out of town upon that day."

"So upon the day set for the ceremony I traveled nearly 200 miles, paid out \$8.50 for my railroad ticket and other accommodations and gave the happy couple one of the best marriage services in my repertory."

"After the ceremony the groom came to me, blushing furiously, slipped a \$5 bill into my hand and in all seriousness said:

"This is all I have to give you now, but I hope to be able to do better next time."

The Early London Omnibus.

When the queen came to the throne, omnibuses were a new but already popular institution. They were longer, narrower and lower than the present ones and had no seats on the roof. The passengers were carefully shut in by a door at the end, as if to make quite sure of them, once they were captured, till they had paid their fares. On a little round perch behind stood the conductor or "cad," hanging on by a leather loop passed over his arm. Sixpence was the usual bus fare 60 years ago, whether you went from beginning to end of the journey or only a few hundred yards.

As there was very little regulation of the street traffic of London in those days, if the bus was filled up at starting it went like a fire engine in order to get in an extra journey, but otherwise it crawled and pattered about till the requisite number was obtained.

Each omnibus was licensed only for a particular route. It paid the stage-coach duty of £5 when first started and a shilling a year for keeping the license in force, besides a mileage duty, varying with the number of passengers it would hold, but coming to about threepence per mile on the average.—Gentleman's Magazine.

A Mean Dog.

He was a small boy—not such a very small boy—in an out of town school. He had written a composition. It was upon the subject of dogs. Now the teacher of the school was a man, and he was not popular. He was what the boys called "mean." They disliked him thoroughly, from the tips of his shining shoes to the ends of his pompadour combed hair. In the composition there was a story of a dog. It was the story of a very mean dog, and as the composer of the literary effort came to the last line he read it emphatically and with great distinctness of utterance, and the hearts of all the other small boys in the room, as they listened, quaked, half with delight and half with fear, knowing what was to follow, and gazing, fascinated, at the upright collar of the master, as the reader ended, "And that dog was so mean that his hair stood on end."—New York Times.

What is Style?

The fact that we use the word "style" in speaking of architecture and sculpture, painting and music, dancing, play acting and cricket, that we can apply it to the careful achievements of the housebreaker and the poisoner, and to the spontaneous animal movements of the limbs of man or beast, is the noblest of unconscious tributes to the faculty of letters. Morals, philosophy and aesthetic, mood and conviction, creed and whim, habit, passion and demonstration—what art but the art of literature admits the entrance of all these and guards them from the suddenness of mortality? All style is gesture, the gesture of the mind and of the soul. Other gestures change and flit; this is the ultimate and enduring revelation of personality.—"Style," by Walter Raleigh.

How Browning Read Political Matter.

I have read the newspapers only through E. Bert's eyes. He reads them in a room sacred from the foot of woman. And this is not always satisfactory, as whenever Robert falls into a state of disgust with any political party he throws the whole subject over. Every now and then he ignores France altogether, and I, who am more tolerant and more curious, find myself suspended over a hiatus. I ask about Thiers' speech. "Thiers is a rascal," he says. "I make a point of not reading a word of Thiers." M. Prudhon, then? "Prudhon" is a madman. Who cares for Prudhon? The president? "The president is an ass not worth thinking of." And so we treat of politics.—Letters of Elizabeth Barrett Browning.

A Predicament.

Marie—I am in an awful predicament. I am in love with two men. Mertie—And you can't choose between them? How embarrassing! Marie—Oh, I can choose all right, but neither of the men seems able to do so.—New York World.

Truthful Witness.

Judge—Do you mean to swear that you were the last person to play on the old opera house stage? Witness—Yes, your honor. I'm a pipe-man in a hose company.—Detroit Free Press.

Vagabond Pioneers.

In The Century there is an article by the late Francis A. Walker on "The Causes of Poverty." General Walker says:

I will not inquire how many mute, inglorious Whitmans or Thoreaus there may be among the tramps of the United States, but it cannot be doubted that the outcasts of a highly sophisticated society embrace not a few who in a tribe of hunters or herdsmen or fishermen would have had a place and would perhaps have been not useless members of the body politic. Formerly in the United States we used largely to rid ourselves of this element by throwing men of that type out on to the frontier. While millions went west with undaunted resolution, boundless energy and strong ambition to make for themselves and their children homes in the lands newly opened to settlement, there went along with them no inconsiderable number who were simply uncomfortable under the requirements of an old society. They sometimes made excellent pioneers up to a certain point.

So long as all, the poorest and the best, had to live in huts, wear shabby clothes and live meanly while opening up the country and making the first hurried improvements upon the soil, these men felt at home. But when the mere camping out stage was passed, when public decency began to make its requirements and social distinctions rose into view, straightforward they came to feel uneasy, uncomfortable, unhappy. Daily they cast more and more glances toward the setting sun, and before long they were again on the move, "seeking a country" where they could be as shiftless, irregular and shabby as they liked. The story of the reputable pioneer has been told in prose and in verse, but the story of the pioneer vagabond, sturdy, courageous, possibly good natured and honest, but intolerant of near neighbors and offensive to good society, has yet to be written.

Values of Autographs.

The different values of different autographs seem astonishing at first. For example, a letter of the Duke of Wellington's can be had for 10 shillings, whereas a letter of Lord Nelson's will cost you £5.

"How is that?" "Well, Nelson is, of course, the more popular hero. But the main reason is that Nelson, who was generally at sea, wrote few letters compared with Wellington, who was generally on land. And yet neither of these reasons holds good always. Here are a few prices that may puzzle you: A letter of Lord Beaconsfield is worth 2 guineas, but a letter of John Bright's is only worth 5 shillings, and letters of Palmerston, Sir Robert Peel and George Canning are all frequently priced under 5 shillings."

What is a letter of Charles Dickens worth?

"About 2 guineas." "And one of Charles Lamb's?" "From £3 to £6." "Byron?" "A letter from Byron is worth fully £10, but a letter of Shelley is worth more than double that sum."

Question of Headlines.

One who has done institutional work among the Italians for years wonders why the printed stories of affairs among those people always are headed "Stabbed by an Italian," etc. When the Irish or the Germans fight, attention is not called to their nationality in headlines, yet whenever a man with an Italian sounding name commits a crime this distinction invariably is drawn. Italians fail to see the justice in it. This particular man whose life has been spent among the Italians is sure that they do not have recourse to the stiletto as often as is represented. They are quick and sudden in quarrel, but so are the Irish. Why, then, should the Italian be singled out for obloquy?

Often, too, it is a Greek with a mutilated name who gets into a row and is credited with being an Italian. In the lower Italian quarter the Greeks and the Italians are hated rivals, and their similarity in names leads frequently to confounding their nationalities, when there is no need, according to this observer, of bringing the nationality into the question at all.—New York Press.

First Prize For Ugliness.

This is the story of an ugly man, as told by a veteran of the late war: "My cousin was the ugliest man in the regiment," said the raconteur. "He was the ugliest man, in fact, I ever saw. A general saw him and offered a prize for the ugliest man in the army to encourage competition. A rival regiment had its ugly man. The two were brought together. The general was there to act as referee. My cousin came up smiling and looked contemptuously at his adversary. The other freak gave one look at my cousin. 'Take him away,' he shrieked, 'he ain't human.' Then he covered his face and fled. It is needless to say my cousin took the prize."—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

Her Father.

A little girl whose father was dead and whose grandfather pursued the calling of shoemaking had often been told that she had a Heavenly Father who would care for her in the absence of an earthly father, and had got things somewhat mixed in her small brain. One day the village sewing society met at the house where she was staying, and some of the good women began talking about her, a "poor, fatherless child." She bore it for awhile, but finally burst out with: "I ain't either. I've got a Heavenly Father, and he's a shoemaker."—Waterbury American.