

CORRESPONDENCE

Sandy, May 3.—That Sandy has had news in the Enterprise, is not a sign that Sandy is dead. Sandy people are very busy; farm work is now complete and everything in full bloom. Lumber business is booming and Sandy is fast becoming a saw mill centre. The shrill whistle can be heard all around. Comings & Coal saw mill is nearly completed. It will start Monday. It is a new mill and has a capacity of 20,000 M. per day. They employ about 25 men. J. A. Wener's big mill is completed and soon will the ties roll out of the mill in its fullest capacity. It is rumored that Sandy will have several more saw mills before fall. Some of our vast belt of fine timber will be gone at this rate. A big new mill with a capacity of 80 M. will be built on Deep Creek. T. B. Hankins, of Oregon City and Geo. Epperson, who represent the company, are buying up timber and right of way for same. Ira Dodge, who attended the meeting of the Portland Chamber of Commerce, says that Sandy will soon have an electric car line from Portland. J. H. Revenue, road master, is busy with a large force of men, clearing and grading the remaining mile and a half of road, and soon the plank road will be complete and Sandy can boast of having the best road and road master in Oregon. Local bike riders say they will not pay tax on wheels unless the money is expended on a path from Sandy to Orient to connect with the Portland path. Of course, we have a plank road for teams, but it is generally the desire of wheelmen to have a path of their own and not interfere with teams on the road. If Clackamas county builds a path, it will surely get help from Portland as the Portland cycle club is very much interested in a path to Mt. Hood through Sandy. E. F. Burns has resigned as post master of Sandy and has retired from business. P. R. Meinig was appointed to fill the vacancy. Our school has been closed two weeks on account of our teacher, Miss Lucy Maromay being very sick. Sandy is the place for wheelmen. Every Sunday many bike riders come out from all over, sometimes as high as fifty to a hundred wheelmen crowd our village street. Miss Annie Nelson is posing as a most graceful rider on a brand new bicycle. Didn't we have a most enjoyable time at the Woodmen social? From all appearance it beat any social ever given in Sandy and the members of Gritty Camp No. 639 are to be heartily congratulated on their success. Miss Nancy McAdams was out from Portland visiting her parents. Miss Stella Pettacord, of Portland, is visiting her friend, Miss Annie Nelson. Colton COLTON, April 29.—The Latter Day Saints will hold services here next Sunday. Colton literary is still running, but we think it would be advisable soon to adjourn and go fishing. Misses Grace Gorbett and Mable Hubbard, were the guests of Mrs. Bonney, last Monday. Mr. Marrs, of Horseheaven, was visiting at Colton last Sunday. That's all right, boys, stop your kicking. J. H. Wright was out to the burg last week. Mr. Wright has had a long and serious siege of sickness, we are glad to see him able to be out once again. Prof. caught 33 fish last Tuesday. We have not yet learned how many the judge caught. Stella Hubbard is attending the Elwood seminary. There seems to be a dispute among some of the young folks as to the way a certain spring flower should be pronounced. Webster spells it Tulip, but if they must spell it two lips, two beats one every time. Colton is singing the same old song, we want better roads, or at least more good roads. Clackamas county and her citizens are taking a lively interest in improving and building roads. May the good work go on for Clackamas clay sticketh closer than a brother. W. C. Buckner the Highland merchant was visiting in Colton last Sunday. Lizzie Oswald, of Molalla, was the guest of Mrs. Gorbett last Monday. Mr. and Mrs. D. Penelton, of Bethel, was visiting at Mr. Hunter's on the 27. Miss Media Hubbard is visiting home for a few days after a few months sojourn in Portland. Needy News. NEEDY, May 1.—Rainy April has gone and sunny May takes its place. There was church at Rock Creek, Sunday last.

Wilda Elliot was thrown off her horse last week and was badly injured. The pie social at No. 91 was a fair success. The proceeds of the eve were \$2.05. Frank Smith, left last week to work in a logging camp on the Columbia. Mrs. J. B. Noe visited in Oregon City last week. Fritz Sturve got hit in the eye by the ball while playing Sunday. While returning from the social Saturday night, Mr. Coborn's team ran away. The wagon only was damaged. R. W. Zimmerman and family, of Aurora, visited at J. Ritter's Sunday. Mr. and Mrs. Marcus Smith, of Hubbard, visited Wm. Thompson's last Sunday. Ethel Rich and Lizzie Kauffman left for Portland last Tuesday. "The Champion Players," the Needy baseball club. Capt. Smith and Weldon Shank, two of our republican nominees and G. B. Dimmick of Oregon City were seen on our streets last Saturday. Many of our worthy citizens attended the sale at Fred Smith's April 28. Katie Spaglia and Iona Moore visited in Hubbard, Sunday the guests of Gertrude Noblitt. Minnie and Malinda Wolfer, of Hubbard, visited Alice Ritter last week. We would advise all the young ladies that attend the next pie social to bring some extra pies for the benefit of a certain couple that think No. 91 young ladies don't know when they are eligited.

Milwaukie. MILWAUKIE, May 4.—Lee Carpenter, of Hubbard, was visiting L. L. Moore during the week. Prof. Shirley Buck, democratic nominee for county school superintendent, was shaking hands with his many friends in this section during the week. Wm. Smith, of Parkplace, and nephew were doing Milwaukie Saturday. Ara McLaughlin is preparing for a school entertainment at Concord school, for the benefit of a school library. Watch for announcement. F. Birkemiere, nominee for county commissioner on the prohibition ticket, was attending teacher's meeting at Harmony. Mr. Birkemiere is a practical road and bridge builder and will run well in his home precinct. There was an entertainment given in Town hall Saturday evening for the benefit of the school library. The flower drill was managed by Miss Vandereel, of Portland. Mrs. Harper and Miss Williams, of Oregon City, assisted with the music. The program was unusually good. The piano used was kindly loaned by the Eiler house. Miss Kell wrote home from Baker City that they had six inches of snow, but thought it would not last long. John Walsh has just returned from San Francisco where he went to see his brother Frank. He says Portland isn't in it with Frisco. Rose Scott is the possessor of a new wheel. Emil Bottemiller, bicycle track overseer for Milwaukie, was out inspecting the track Sunday night and become so much interested in it that he walked all the way to Portland because the bicycle was not built for two. Andy Brotje is the father of a bouncing baby boy. H. Hartung, of Happy Hollow, was visiting in Oak Grove. Alex Lehman has returned from Firwood where he has been working on the farm. Mr. Wheeler, lecturer for the W. of W. delivered a very interesting and much appreciated address Monday evening.

Ely. ELY, May 2.—Mr. and Mrs. A. B. McMillan, of Gladstone, made a pleasant call on Mr. and Mrs. Beathe Friday. D. G. Frost, architect, has made out plans and specifications for Mr. Frank Welch's new house. M. M. Graham made a business trip to Oregon City Friday afternoon. Fred Bullard, who had his eye injured by a flying chip of rock at the crusher a few days ago, is recovering. A dangerous run-away occurred Sunday morning. As some members of Mr. Haas' family were going to church, at the head of Seventh street, the horse became restive and kicked; one line gave away and the frightened animal dashed down the hill at break neck speed. The light wagon swayed from side to side, threatening every moment to hurl the occupants to, or imminent danger of life and limb. As they neared Redaway's grocery store, Mr. Redaway ran out and stopped the horse. No damage was done, but all were badly shaken up. Robert Murait, of Minnesota, arrived here Friday evening to see his dying father, but was not privileged to find him alive, death having called him away a few hours before the arrival. J. M. Ware, of Maple Lane, was in the city yesterday. Robert Ballard, of Carus, was in from his ranch yesterday visiting his parents. Rev. T. V. Haines has gone to Curdisville, where he will preach next Sunday. Mrs. J. W. McKay and niece, Miss

Bessie Grant, of Sulzyside, visited here Tuesday. We are pleased to note that little Agate Howard is greatly improved, and hopes are entertained that she may be fully restored to health. D. G. Frost and John Gillett are enclosing the bell tower, in order that the hose cart may be housed in it.

DAMASCUS. DAMASCUS, May 2.—Died, at his home in Damascus, C. E. Barton, aged 63 years and 11 months. The deceased was taken to Portland to be embalmed. The funeral occurred on Sunday at ten o'clock. He was a member of the Grand Army, and was buried by that order. George Feather's expects to go to Portland soon to work. Miss Nell Younger was visiting Miss Strange last Sunday. Several from this place went to Portland to attend Mr. Barton's funeral. Quite a number of the farmers here their potatoes planted. J. N. Tong took twenty five sacks of potatoes to Portland and got sixty cents for them.

TWO ROSES. A red, red rose, whose heart of gold Damask petals with graceful fold Entwine round— That red, red rose with heart of gold Unto my heart a secret fold Of love profound. A faded rose, though near and dead, Its graceful beauty long since fled, Is treasured still. The hidden charm of that dead rose The world knows not, but my heart knows And ever will. —Good Housekeeping.

Hookey's First Case. A Lawyer's Successful Start In a Western Town—He Served a Warrant and Worked Up a Reputation.

Everybody said Lem Hookey would succeed in life, and the confidence in him was not misplaced, though the stated reason for it was not very satisfying. He went up to San Francisco to study law. Bung Town bet on him because he was such a marvelous pistol shot. At bottom no doubt the Bungies believed in Lem because they liked him and wanted to hear good things of him, a substantial basis of a prophecy, since they might give him business upon his return if they wanted to. Again, Lem was shrewd. Indeed, he was tricky, "slick," the town said, laughing the while, for while slickness was a part intolerable to western prejudice it was acceptable when the trickster was straightforward about it. A merry trifle might be a "good fellow," his surly "pal" could go hang. Lem had great luck. When he came back, dressed in city clothes, he got a case almost before he got down from the stage. "Sumpin's up," said the driver as they turned into the main street. He pointed with his whip to an excited group of Bungies standing in front of the store. "Maybe it's a shooting, and I'll just call it murder and get the chance to defend it," said Lem, throwing one leg off over the end of the rear, ready to jump down. "Hello, Lem!" "Say, there's Lem Hookey!" "Lem Hookey, s'help me!" "Hello, Lem!" Thus they greeted him, and he dropped among them, both hands out, to be shaken and to shake each hand. He was glad. "But what's up?" he asked. The crowd turned, with a laugh, to Cooley, the sheriff, who had a piece of paper in his hand. "Cooley's got a warrant to serve, and he's a-skeered to serve it." "Skeered! Well, I guess not, if there were 50 greasers 'stead of 10, I'll serve it all right." "Well, why don't you serve it, then?" asked Lem merrily. "Because I can't get a man with the gizzard to swear in as deputy to help me." "What do you want help for?" "There's ten of them over there." He pointed to a greaser shanty across the street. "Will you go along?" "What's been done, anyhow?" "Greasers shot Yellow Mike, you remember, who used to tend bar in the dance hall, and the Mexicans in the county is bound to see him out of the scrape." "I don't see much in that," said Lem. "Why don't you go ahead and arrest your man?" "Will you go along as deputy? It means shootin', and a lot of it, against knives, too, and you'll want all the good eye you used to have." "No, I won't go along as deputy to you, but I'll tell you what I'll do. If the crowd won't string the prisoner up when I take him, I'll go over alone." "All right. It's a go," they answered. "Better take my gun," said Cooley, offering his six shooter. "I'm all right," said Lem, tapping his hip. There were several offers of company, willing ones, but the young lawyer rejected them all. He walked rapidly across the street, leaving the crowd happy and silent. Interested and full of admiration. Without drawing his gun Lem went straight up to the door, showed it open and stepped in out of sight, and not a shot was heard nor an oath nor a fall. It was all as silent as before. The crowd at the store wondered, waited awhile and wondered out loud. Ought they not to go over and see what was up? Maybe a knife fixed him before he could draw. The Bungies discussed it carefully, but they believed in Lem.

and they decided again and again that they'd better "leave him be." And they did. It was a wise decision. In two minutes Lem came out with Ike. The other Mexicans appeared at the door of their shanty and quietly watched Lem deliver to Cooley the accused murderer, Greaser Ike, who was as meek as a lamb. That was something new in Bung Town. You despise greasers, but not exactly as fighters. They will fight all right enough, but the contempt for them is only as pistol shots and as citizens. It is no crime to kill one. Now, Lem knew this sentiment, and when the trial came off, with all the county present and about one-tenth of the white population in the jury box, the young lawyer, who appeared to defend Greaser Ike, applied it deftly to the case. He showed that Yellow Mike was a greaser and a "no good" greaser, so that to shoot him was not murder. Of course, he admitted, it was not the custom to lose the chance to get rid of two greasers by banging the one who survived a fight to the finish. But that custom was not only unjust—it was shortsighted. If a white man had a right to shoot a Mexican, a Mexican ought to have the same privilege, or the principles on which this great republic was founded were naught, and the law, which he had learned to respect, was a useless sham. Bung Town was off the track of travel, but that was no reason why it should be behind the times. He had found that in many of the most prosperous places he had passed through the law was being upheld. It was the proper thing now; it was all the go. He urged a trial of this policy upon Bung Town.

The case was won, but Lem enjoyed the situation, so he went on briefly to turn up the practical advantages of his theory. If they hung up to dry any greaser who killed another greaser, they would stop the handiest men with the knives, who, if allowed their freedom, might do some more greasers. He recalled the well known fact that the Mexicans were eliquish in murder. They fought mostly among themselves, and he had familiar figures to prove that 80 per cent of the greasers killed in that county had been killed by their own kind.

The jury acquitted Greaser Ike, and Lem Hookey was feted with thumps on the back and many rounds of drinks. Bung Town staid up late to celebrate the beginning of its favorite son's brilliant career. Well along toward midnight the citizens compelled Lem to tell how he had made the arrest which brought him his first case, and reluctantly he broke the pledge which he averred he had made to himself that day never to give away the trick he had played on the crowd which stood around Sheriff Cooley urging him to go in and serve that famous warrant. "It was a trick, only a trick, and I thought of it because Bud Burgess, the stage driver, had suggested it by his remark that maybe the crowd in front of the store meant that I was to get my first case the first day I got home. That would be a joke, I thought, and I made up my mind to work up a great reputation for nerve and courage at the start, so I walked into that greaser shanty, and I says to Greaser Ike, who knew me from way back, that if he would come with me I'd get him a trial and have him acquitted. I winked at him to let him know I had a game to play, and he had the sense to try it."—New York Commercial Advertiser.

The Effect of His Face. An amusing story is told at the expense of Winston Churchill, the author. An old man, seeing the picture of Churchill displayed in the window of a Baltimore bookseller, inquired of a bystander whom it represented. "Winston Churchill," was the reply. "Where does he preach?" Being told that Mr. Churchill was not a preacher, he asked: "Ain't he? What did you say his name is?" "Winston Churchill. He writes novels." "Does what?" "Writes novels." The man shook his head with a look of pity and declared: "Too bad! Too bad! He has a good face."

GLORIOUS HAIR. Is a matter of choice. Any woman may have it if she takes the trouble. HERE'S PROOF. Miss Carrie Sparr, 2780 Cherry Street, Kansas City, Mo., writes: "Six weeks ago I began using the Seven Sutherland Sisters' Scalp Cleaner and Hair Grower. My hair was very thin, having fallen out from scarlet fever. Thick, glossy hair is now coming in, and I am positive the remedies have greatly helped me. I advise everyone to use them." They CURE where others fail. SOLD BY DRUGGISTS.

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