

OUR FARMERS' PAGE.

ENTERPRISE READERS ARE INVITED TO CONTRIBUTE AGRICULTURAL, HORTICULTURAL, LIVESTOCK, POULTRY, DAIRY OR "BIG CROP" ITEMS FOR THIS DEPARTMENT.

THE STRAWBERRY BED.

This is the Time to Plan for a Good Crop.

It will be time well spent to stop other work long enough to clean out the strawberry bed this month. Weeds keep up a strong fight for existence, and it is remarkable with what persistence they struggle for a foothold late in the fall, and unless destroyed they will be here in early spring to pre-empt and occupy the soil. The vines should be so spread that they form a perfect matted row with a path from 12 to 18 inches wide on each side. If the rows have become too close, part of the plants should be cut out. This is best done now. It is better to cultivate the soil so frequently that the space between the rows will never be covered with runners. The soil should be loose and mellow between the rows. Upon the same principle that a road freezes harder than a plowed field, a berry patch that is packed hard will freeze much harder than one which is kept mellow. A mulch of some kind is of great importance for protection. It should be put on after the ground is frozen, and left until after danger of hard freezing in the spring. This will keep the plants from "heaving" which is the result of the alternate freezing and thawing, and the blossoms are held back long enough in the spring to escape the usual frosts. Marsh grass is the best kind of mulching, as it lies closer than grass straw, but rye, wheat, oats or barley straw are suitable. Shavings or sawdust has also been used, and so have cornstalks and forest leaves. There is an objection by some growers to the use of buckwheat straw, as it is believed that in some way it poisons the plants, but this is no doubt only imaginary. In localities where Southern pine is abundant, the needles are spread on strawberries, and are highly recommended for the purpose. If a fertilizer is desired, horse manure having a good supply of litter is excellent.

Frozen Milk.

In Sweden and Denmark has been created a new industry that deserves notice. It consists in collecting at a central station the milk from farms within a given radius, pasteurizing it at about 75 degrees centigrade, and then freezing it at a temperature of minus 10 degrees. The blocks of frozen milk are placed in stout wooden casks holding about double the volume of the blocks, and the extra space is filled with sterilized milk, after which the casks are sealed hermetically.

As they are perfectly full and are kept cool by the block of frozen milk, which melts very slowly, and as shocks of transportation are powerless to churn the milk into butter, it may thus be preserved at least twenty days, so that the Danes and Swedes are now sending successfully to their neighbors and even further whole cargoes of milk.

The Salt Supply.

A supply of salt available whenever the cow wants it is necessary to maintain the high milk yield. Salt stimulates the appetite and assists digestion and assimilation, which increase the flow of the fluids of the body. It is a good plan to keep rock salt under shelter where cows can get at it at will and then feed loose salt once a week in such quantities as the cows will take. Loose salt may be used exclusively if it can be sheltered from rain. Do not mix salt with feed, for frequently cows get more than they need. Cows having salt kept before them at all time in separate compartments will not eat too much. An overfeed of salt to a cow that has been deprived of it for some time acts like a poison and produces an irritation in the digestive organs which results in scouring.

Experiments in Fowls for Eggs.

The New York Experiment Station studied the effect of different rations upon the flavor of eggs. Those laid by hens fed with a highly nitrogenous ration were inferior to those from hens fed with a carbonaceous ration. They had a disagreeable flavor and odor. The eggs and yolk were smaller and the keeping qualities inferior. In the test at the Massachusetts (Hatch) Experiment Station to compare cabbage and clover rowen at the green portion of a ration for laying hens it was found that the eggs produced on the former ration, although heavier and possessing a higher percentage of dry matter, protein and fat, were inferior in flavor and cooking qualities to eggs produced on the ration containing clover.

Deposit What You Like When You Like

But deposit your money HERE. It is possible you have never felt the absolute necessity of having a bank account. It is probable you could drift along for years without one but IF YOU EXPECT TO FORGE TO THE FRONT in this life in a financial way it is essential that you have a Bank Account. We give you a personal invitation to make this bank your depository—whether you have a small sum or a large one to lay aside for safe keeping.

The Bank of Oregon City

amount of manure to restore depleted soil fertility and increase crop production.

Notes.

In summer the hogs will thrive on clover, and also make as rapid growth as with any other food. If the hogs must be kept in pens, cut the clover into short lengths and let them have it fresh from the meadow three times a day. If there is no green clover, use clover hay, which may be cut with a hay cutter, scalded, sprinkled with bran, and fed to the hogs.

All crops have a tendency to deteriorate if the seed is carelessly selected. The best quality only should be chosen for the next year's planting. Sheep fatten better if sheared before being put on feed. Close confinement and a heavy fleece are against rapid gains.

Giving milk is largely the voluntary act of the cow. Keep her in a sweet temper, and she will yield her milk. Swear at her and give her a thump with the milking stool and she gets revenge by not "giving down."

Some horsemen say mud should be allowed to dry on a horse's legs before being removed. Don't believe it. Mud should be washed off as soon as the horse comes into the stable and his legs rubbed thoroughly dry.

Well-drained dirt floors are the only kind that are fit for use in the stable for coits.

Go over the young fruit trees with a sharp knife and cut a limb here and there as needed. It is a short job to prune a young apple cared for in this way, but a few moments being required for the work and the tree is always kept in proper shape.

One of our exchanges, in referring to the numerous inquiries coming into its office concerning methods for the eradication of various weeds, made the statement "that sheep will eat anything but the mullein plant and bistles." That remark is literally true, and conveys a wealth of meaning. Sheep are the best scavengers that we can have on the farm when it comes to cleaning out weeds.

No difference how plentiful the supply of slops, hogs should have all of the pure fresh water they will drink daily.

The men who are willing to pay the best prices for the horses they purchase invariably want them well trained to drive and work.

What results might be accomplished in the dairy business if our farmers would only take as good care of their cows as they give their horses. Where hogs are kept in confinement it is noticed that they crave foods like charcoal, ashes, rotten wood, etc.

Breeding ewes should have a little grain, but not enough to make them fat.

Men who yearly go through their corn fields after the best of the early stalks have matured, gathering their seed for another year, have found in years following that they have thus frequently gained the necessary early maturity to save their crops from anything but the abnormally early frosts.

It is molting time for old fowls and it is a great strain on their constitutions. They, therefore, should have the best of care and attention during this trying season.

The dairyman who wishes to confine his work to pure bred stock should select one breed and stick to it.

Let the young calves eat grain as soon as they want it. Oats and shelled corn makes excellent feed, and when fed with skimmed milk will serve to balance the young calf's ration and prevent scours.

It is said that commercial orchards were almost unknown in this country prior to 1860. Before that time men grew fruit mostly for home use.

Texas farmers are turning large flocks of geese into their cotton fields and report that these fowls will clean up a field of all the grass in it better than it could be done by human hands.

It comes put up in a collapsible tube with a nozzle, easy to apply to the soreness and inflammation, for any form of Piles; it soothes and heals, relieves the pain, itching and burning. Man Zan Pile Remedy. Price, 50 cts. Guaranteed. Sold by Huntley Bros.

TIME CARD.

O. W. P. RAILWAY

Leave	Arrive	Leave	Arrive
Portland 1st & Alder Sts.	Oregon City	Canemah	Sauvannah
14:00	5:40	5:48	6:00
6:25	7:20	7:30	6:25
7:00	7:55	8:05	7:00
7:35	8:30	8:40	7:35
8:10	9:05	9:15	8:10
8:45	9:40	9:50	8:45
9:20	10:15	10:25	9:20
9:55	10:50	11:00	9:55
10:30	11:25	11:35	10:30
11:05	12:00	12:10	11:05
11:40	12:35	12:45	11:40
12:15	1:10	1:20	12:15
12:50	1:45	1:55	12:50
1:25	2:20	2:30	1:25
2:00	2:55	3:05	2:00
2:35	3:30	3:40	2:35
3:10	4:05	4:15	3:10
3:45	4:40	4:50	3:45
4:20	5:15	5:25	4:20
4:55	5:50	6:00	4:55
5:30	6:25	6:35	5:30
6:05	7:00	7:10	6:05
6:40	7:35	7:45	6:40
7:15	8:10	8:20	7:15
7:50	8:45	8:55	7:50
8:25	9:20	9:30	8:25
9:00	9:52		9:00
10:00	10:52		9:35
11:00	11:52		10:00
12:06	12:52		11:00
			12:00
			1:00

To Milwaukie only.
Via Lent's Junction, daily except Sunday, leave on Sundays, 4:30 a. m. A. M. figures in Roman; P. M. in black.

Ruby and R.F.D.

By W. F. BRYAN.

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Across the fields the heat waves shimmered "like an invisible jelly," as Dabney Forbush put it to his sister. "I wouldn't go to town with the handsomest man in the postal service," he declared laughingly as Ruby firmly stamped a tiny foot on the floor. "I don't think you're fair to the poor chap," he went on, more seriously. "Suppose he becomes so hopelessly in love that at the end of the season, when you go back to town, he finds the Parkvale girls dull and uninteresting. Perhaps he will commit suicide."

"I wish you would keep quiet," said Ruby hotly. "I have to go to town to get some silks for that sofa pillow I am making for you. If Mr. Perkins is so kind as to take me in, you should be grateful to him."

"If it's for that class pillow you're making for me, I'll go in after it myself."



"I WANT TO SAY GOODBYE TO YOU HERE UNDER THE TREES."

self," offered Dabney. "It will save Perkins the trouble of hitching up and driving back here again. That's no part of his postal labors."

Ruby stamped her foot again. "I think you are perfectly horrid," she declared. "Just as though you could pick out the right colors!"

"A man ought to know his own class colors," Dabney defended. "You say I never do anything for you, and then when I offer to take a hot trip to town and walk all the way back you call me horrid. Here comes Peter Perkins now. I guess I'll slip into the house. Great emotions always upset me."

He dodged into one of the low windows before Ruby could reach him with the cushion she had caught up from one of the chairs, and his mocking laugh rang out as the girl gave a little shake to her ruffled plumage and started down the shady walk to the gate.

The ranshackle wagon used in the rural free delivery service was just drawing up to the block, and she climbed lightly to a place beside the stalwart young fellow, whose glad smile showed all too plainly the pleasure he felt.

"It was awfully good of you to come back this way for me," she said after her hand had lingered an instant in his muscular grip. "Dab does make such a martyr of himself when he does anything for me, and Mr. Slocum will not let us have the horses in the harvest season."

"I was only too glad to come back," said Perkins simply. "You can't blame Slocum about the horses. He needs them all just now. If you come to a real farmhouse to spend the summer, you cannot expect a livery outfit like those places where the biggest crop they raise is summer boarders."

"It has been such a real summer," she said smilingly. "I hate the round of fashionable hotels. This has been ideal."

"Parkvale is a pretty nice place," he said reflectively. "I don't know when I ever spent a more pleasant summer myself."

"You have done a very great deal toward making things pleasant for me," said Ruby. "I don't know when I ever saw Dabney so disobliging. If it had not been for you, I don't know what I should have done."

"We are supposed to be polite," he reminded. "It's in the regulations."

Ruby wondered if the regulations required him to hitch up a fresh rig and drive her back to the farm after her purchases were made, as he had done a score of times.

From the first she had been attracted to the handsome young driver of the rural delivery. He was so unlike the men she knew in town. She shuddered at the name of Peter Perkins. It did not match his manner or his appearance, but she had almost forgotten his name except when her brother teased her about it. At first

Ruby had simply utilized her inherent filiations instinct, but later she had come to realize that she loved the mail driver, and at times the knowledge frightened her.

Peter broke the silence. "You'll be going back home pretty soon now, won't you?" he asked.

Ruby nodded. "We expect to leave Saturday. Dabney must visit an uncle from whom he has expectations, and mother wants me to come to her for a few weeks. She is in the mountains."

"I'm glad that you're going," he said abruptly.

"Glad?" Ruby turned in her seat to face him. "I don't think that you are very polite!" she cried.

"I couldn't bear to think of your being here after I am gone," he exclaimed emphatically.

"You are going?" she asked. "I thought you lived here."

"I was here only for the summer," he explained. "I must go back home too."

"I suppose you will carry pleasant recollections of this delightful country," she said. "I know that I shall always remember this summer most pleasantly."

"I want to take away something else," he said slowly. Ruby turned her face away and let her gaze wander over the fragrant flowering buckwheat.

"I want to take with me your promise that some day I may come for you," he went on—"that some day I may come and claim you for my bride. May I, dear?"

Gently Ruby drew from his grasp the hand he had seized. Her heart cried "Yes," but there came into her mental vision the prospect of her ambitious mother. Mrs. Forbush would never consent to their union, and Mrs. Forbush could make life very unpleasant when she elected.

"I am sorry," she said softly, "but I cannot answer you as you want me to. I shall always remember most pleasantly this happy summer. Please do not ask more of me."

"You do not love me?" he demanded bluntly.

"I do love you," she said. "I—I cannot say more."

Peter flicked his horse with his whip, and the patient animal jogged on. He spoke no more of his love, and Ruby was grateful to him.

She went about her shopping while Peter drove over to the postoffice to report. When he returned to meet her it was with a livery rig.

"I cannot use the delivery horses now," he explained. "I am no longer working for the contractor. Shall we go home by the river road?"

Her eyes made answer. The river road was the longest and prettiest, and she would not deny herself this last trip with the man she loved. Tomorrow he must pass out of her life. Tonight she wished only that she might drive on and on far into the soft summer night.

But Peter kept the horse at a trot, and presently they were at the farm. He was a favorite with Mrs. Slocum, and she insisted that he come in and take supper with them. He lingered in the gloom of the trees until the moon was high, but at last he had to go.

"I want to say goodbye to you here under the trees," he said as he rose to his feet. "After I have harnessed up the whole family will come out. I am sorry you could not say 'Yes,' dear, but I do not blame you, and I shall always love you and cherish the memory of this summer."

He bent over her and lightly brushed her forehead with his lips. Then he strode off toward the barn, and presently she heard the grating of the buggy wheels upon the graveled walk.

There was the sound of voices as he took farewell of the group on the back porch, and then the carriage came down the drive and turned into the gate.

For a moment the world seemed to stand still for Ruby; then she leaped from the hammock and went flying down the dusty road after the buggy.

"Peter! Peter!" she called softly. "Come back. It was all a mistake. I do love you, and I will marry you, no matter what mother says."

In an instant he had sprung from the buggy and had her in his arms. Dabney came running up.

"I want to be the first to congratulate you, old man," he said as he grasped Peter's hand. "I knew you'd win, even if sis does hate all the men I know."

"All the men you know?" gasped Ruby.

"This is Pennington, Pete Pennington," he explained, "my roommate at college. He took the job to meet you without the disadvantage of my indorsement."

"I would have loved him anyhow," declared Ruby stoutly, "millionaire or R. F. D. clerk, as you like."

When You Are Bilious.

The only salvation for the person with a torpid liver, according to What to Eat, is through a changed system of dietetics, combined with exercise in the outdoor air, calisthenics and deep breathing. The person with a bad liver should habitually practice deep and long breathing, filling the lungs at each inhalation. The curative dietary must consist principally of nerve or brain food, including fish and a reasonable amount of beef, with generous quantities of cereal foods and the fruits that are rich in acids. In warm weather it is best to abstain from milk altogether. Butter and vegetable fats, olive oil, boiled rice, baked apples, baked potatoes, graham or whole wheat bread, soft boiled eggs, all constitute a safe and nourishing diet for the bilious person. At the first symptom of biliousness squeeze the juice of half a lemon in the water you drink just before breakfast and before going to bed at night.

WORLD NEWS

All the honey bees in this country having originally been imported from Europe or Asia, there is no racial difference between the wild ones and the domesticated; those that live in trees are simply the descendants of those that from time to time have taken "French leave" from their owners' hives and reverted to a state of nature.

An aggregate of 1,300,000 divorce cases during the last 20 years will be shown by the investigation of the census bureau.

The story is told in a dispatch from Bloomington, Ill., of a farmer in that vicinity who took to the woods and has not since been heard from upon the arrival of triplets in his home. He had welcomed the stork when it came single-handed eleven times, but triplets caused him to flee his home.

Do you know that Pinealve Carbolicized acts like a poultice in drawing out inflammation and poison? It is antiseptic. For cuts, burns, eczema, cracked hands it is immediate relief. Sold by Huntley Bros.

\$ 500.00, 5 years' time, 6 per cent.
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800.00, 3 years' time, 6 per cent.
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Also private money to loan on terms and in amounts to suit borrower.
Call, write or phone.

WANTED.

Dead horses, cattle, pigs, sheep and goats called for and disposed of. Notify Oregon City Bone Mill & Fertilizer Works, Highland Road. 4813

Show us another town in Southern Oregon that can justly claim the name of the "Hunters Paradise," boasts the Gold Hill News. Wednesday morning three deer were seen standing in the street above the school house. They had been driven from the hillside into town by some dogs. This is the second occurrence of this kind, this season.

Heckel & England

The Hub Saloon has changed hands, Carlson & Block selling out to Heckel & England. 523 MAIN STREET

W. S. EDDY, V. S., M. D. V.

Graduate of the Ontario Veterinary College of Toronto, Canada, and the McKillip School of Surgery of Chicago, has located at Oregon City and established an office at The Fashion Stables, Seventh Street near Main.

Both Telephones. Farmers' 132 Main 1311

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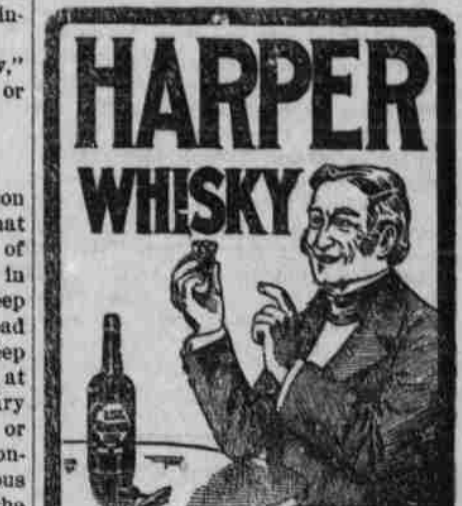
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