

OREGON CITY ENTERPRISE.

Vol. 2.

OREGON CITY, OREGON, SATURDAY, JULY 25, 1868.

No. 40.

The Weekly Enterprise.

By D. C. IRELAND,
OFFICE—South east corner of Fifth and Main streets, in the building lately known as the Court House, Oregon City, Oregon.
Terms of Subscription.
One copy, one year in advance, \$5.00
If delayed, \$5.50
Terms of Advertising.
Transient advertisements, per square (12 lines or less, first insertion) \$2.50
For each subsequent insertion, \$1.00
Business Cards one square per annum, payable quarterly, \$12.00
One column per annum, \$25.00
One half column, \$12.50
One quarter, \$6.25
Legal advertising at the established rates.

Book and Job Printing!

THE ENTERPRISE OFFICE is supplied with every requisite for doing a superior style of work, and is constantly accumulating new and beautiful styles of material, and is prepared for every variety of BOOK AND JOB PRINTING! AT SATISFACTORY PRICES.

BUSINESS CARDS.

BENTON KILLIN,
Attorney at Law,
Oregon City, Oregon.
Office in Chamber's Brick Block, up stairs.
Dr. F. Barolay, M. R. C. L.,
(Formerly Surgeon to the Hon. H. B. Co.)
OFFICE—At Residence,
Main Street, Oregon City.
J. WELCH,
DENTIST.
Permanently Located at Oregon City, Oregon.
Rooms with Dr. Saffarans, on Main street.
W. G. JOHNSON, F. S. ROWEN,
Notary Public.

JOHNSON & McCOWN,
OREGON CITY, OREGON.
Will attend to all business entrusted to their care in any of the Courts of the State, collect money, negotiate loans, sell real estate, etc.
Particular attention given to confined land cases.

BELL & PARKER,
DRUGGISTS,
AND DEALERS IN
Chemicals, Patent Medicines, Paints, Perfumery, Oils, Vaporizers,
And every article kept in a Drug Store.
213 Main Street, Oregon City.

SHADES SALOON,
West Side Main Street, between Second and Third, Oregon City.
GEORGE A. HAAS—Proprietor.

The proprietor here desires to inform his friends and the public generally that the above named popular saloon is open for their accommodation, with a new and well assorted supply of the finest brands of wines, liquors and cigars.

JOHN M. BACON,
Justice of the Peace & City Recorder.
Office—in the Court House and City Council Room, Oregon City.
Will attend to the acknowledgment of deeds, and all other duties pertaining to the office of Justice of the Peace.

J. FLEMING,
Retail Dealer in School Books, Stationery, also, Patent Medicines, and Perfumery.
At the Post-office, in Masonic Building, Oregon City, Oregon.

William Broughton,
CONTRACTOR and BUILDER,
Main Street, Oregon City.
Will attend to all work in his line, consisting in building of Carpenters and Joiners work—framing, painting, etc. Jobbing promptly attended to.

JOHN H. SCHRAM,
Manufacturer and Dealer in
SADDLES, HARNESS,
etc., etc.
Main Street, between Third and Fourth, Oregon City.
Takes attention of parties desiring anything in my line, is directed to my stock, before making purchases elsewhere.

CLARK GREENMAN,
City Drayman.
OREGON CITY.
All orders for the delivery of merchandise, or packages and freight of whatever description, to any part of the city, will be executed promptly and with care.

DAVID SMITH,
Successor to SMITH & MARSHALL,
Blacksmith and Wagon Maker,
Corner of Main and Third streets,
Oregon City, Oregon.
Blacksmithing in all its branches. Wagon making and repairing. All work warranted to give satisfaction.

Imperial Mills,
OREGON CITY.
KEEP CONSTANTLY ON HAND FOR SALE:
FLOUR, MILLINERY,
BRAY AND CHICKEN FEED!
Parties wanting feed must furnish their own carts.

RANCH FOR SALE.
SITUATED BETWEEN THE CLACKS and the Oregon City.
OREGON CITY TOWN PLAT!
In the vicinity of the place of T. J. Blunsaker
Apply to
LEWY & FECHNER,
Main Street, Oregon City.

BUSINESS CARDS.

Ladd & Tilton,
BANKERS,
PORTLAND, OREGON.
Will give prompt attention to collections, and other business pertaining to Banking, Sight and Telegraphic Exchange, On San Francisco and the Atlantic States for sale. Government Securities bought and sold.
L. C. Fuller,
BROKER,
Pays the Highest Price for Gold Dust.
Legal Tenders and Government Securities bought and sold. No. 108 Front St., Portland, Oregon.
J. H. MITCHELL, J. S. DOYLE, A. SMITH,
Mitchell, Doyle & Smith,
Attorneys and Counsellors at Law,
Solicitors in Chancery, and Proctors in Admiralty.
Office over the old Post Office, Front Street, Portland, Oregon.

A. C. GIBBS, C. W. PARRISH,
Notary Public and Cons. of Deeds.
GIBBS & PARRISH,
Attorneys and Counsellors at Law,
PORTLAND, OREGON.
OFFICE—Old Alder street, in Carter's New Brick Block.

O. P. MASON,
ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW,
102 Front St., Portland, Oregon.

WILL ATTEND TO BUSINESS IN ANY Court in the State or Washington Territory, including business under the Bankrupt Law.
C. G. SKIDMORE,
Druggist and Apothecary,
(235 Front St., near Western Hotel)
PORTLAND, OREGON.
Dealer in Drugs, chemicals, patent medicines, etc. A fine assortment of English and French Toilet Articles.
Perfumery, brushes, etc. Particular attention given to the preparation of prescriptions.

HOLMES & SUNDERLAND,
95 First Street, Portland, Oregon.
Manufacturers and dealers in Boots and shoes of the latest styles and best material. San Francisco and Philadelphia goods always on hand. Agents for Howe's Family Sewing Machines, and John G. Fell's Sewing Machine. Sewing Machines and thread for sale.

DALY & STEVENS,
GENERAL AGENTS,
Office—Removed to No. 104 Front Street, Portland, Oregon.
Opposite McCracken's Book Store.

WILL GIVE SPECIAL ATTENTION to the collecting and adjustment of accounts, bills, notes, mortgages, and all bills; effecting loans; selling and leasing real estate; house renting; and to the general agency business in all its branches.
Wm. H. WATKINS, M. D.,
SURGEON,
Office 95 Front St., Portland, Oregon.
Residence cor. Main and 7th Sts.

J. B. UPTON,
ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW,
Portland, Oregon.
Office in Stark's building, opposite Atkinson's, (up stairs).

Robinson & Lake
WILL CONTINUE THE STORE AND BUSINESS as usual, at the establishment of ROBERT ROBE,
Corner of Front and Salmon Sts., Portland, Oregon.

KOSHLAND BROS.,
Portland Auction Store!
97 First St., next door to Post-office, Portland, Oregon.
Importers and Jobbers of Staple and Fancy Dry Goods, Grain Bags, Burlaps, Fertilizing Goods,
We will pay the highest cash price for Wool, Furs and Hides.

PONY SALOON,
Front St., near the Ferry Landing, Portland, Oregon.
Re fitted and Re-opened by J. A. McDonald. The best of Wines, Liquors, Cigars, etc., constantly on hand.

SOMETHING NEW!
Boots with Wire Quilted Bottoms.
These Boots are made on the American standard last. They never fail to fit and feel comfortable, and require no "breaking in!"
The Wire Quilted Soles have been proven by practical experience to last twice as long as the ordinary soles. A splendid assortment just received at
R. D. WHITE & Co's.,
Boots and Shoe Store,
151 First St., Portland.

Thomas W. Kinney,
40 Front Street, Portland, Oregon,
DEALER IN
WINES AND LIQUORS,
Is constantly in receipt of Pure Whiskies direct from the Atlantic States, and can offer in the trade better inducements than any other house in Portland.
B. H. HILDBURG, L. HILDBURG,
LOTUS ELSTNER, J. SAN FRANCISCO.

Hildburg, Bros. & Co.,
IMPORTERS AND WHOLESALE DEALERS IN
All kinds of Cognacs,
Scotch and Irish Whiskies,
Rum, Gin, Domestic Liquors, Wines, &c., &c., &c.
No. 20 Front St., O. S. N. Co.'s new brick block, Portland, Oregon.

CHAUNCEY BALL,
Successor to Gordon & Co.,
MANUFACTURER OF
Wagons & Carriages,
201 and 203 Front St., Portland, Oregon.
Wagons of every description made to order. General Jobbing done with neatness and dispatch.
Oak and Ash lumber, and all kinds of wagon materials for sale.
Orders from the country promptly attended to.

A FRIEND.

There are many lovely things we find
In earth, and air, and sea—
The distant bells upon the wind,
The blossoms on the tree;
But lovelier far than chime or flower,
A valued friend in sorrow's hour.
Sweet is the carol of a bird
When warbling on the spray,
And beautiful the moon's pale beam
That lights us on our way;
Yet lovelier friendship's look and word
Than moonlight or than warbling bird.
How prized the coral and the shell,
And valued, too, the pearl!
Who can the hidden treasures tell
Of which the soft waves care?
Yet dearest still a friend to me,
Than all in earth, or air, or sea.

A FINE PICTURE.

Mr. Wm. Keith, the celebrated California artist, has, during the past week, been engaged in painting a sketch of Mount Hood, from a different point of view from any heretofore taken by artists. The view is taken from the bank of the river Sandy, twenty or thirty miles from the mountain. The truth ful manner in which the artist has portrayed the beautiful combinations, serves to produce a pleasant impression upon the eyes and vanity of all Oregonians. Instead of painting Oregon scenery in its most unpleasant and forbidding aspect, he has snatched this beautiful gem of mountain scenery from its setting in the wilderness to place it upon canvas, that we might see and admire, as it were within a nutshell, its restless torrents, overshadowed by the graceful evergreens that fringe their banks; its quiet dells, filled with an opalescent haze that lends a mystery as well as beauty to the forms and tints that clothe their rocky sides, and guarded by the grim skeletons of those monarchs of the primeval forest that have been stripped of their leafy covering by time and fire, giving to the distant summits the appearance of being armed with a natural *chicane de fer*, to prevent the stranger's intrusion upon their solitude. And last, but not least, beyond all else, towers the noble form of Mount Hood; his hoary head above the clouds, and standing in the selfsame spot that he has occupied since he was "a hole in the ground"—when Joe, Meek was our Minister to Washington. We are not well enough versed with the technical terms, common among artists, to enable us to give this painting justice, says the Bulletin, but we can safely say that it is true to nature, which is the highest praise that could be bestowed upon it, provided that it came from a more reliable source than our pen. But, after all, the sketch is, no doubt, but a dim fore shadowing of what the finished painting will be. Mr. Keith is at present on a sketching tour up the Columbia, preparatory to his return to California overland.

COULD NOT APPRECIATE.

The natural scenery along the Columbia between the Cascades and the Dalles is often grand and sublime beyond all expression. Friend W. relates to the *Advocate* that while on board the steamer plying between those two points, he was admiring with a soul full of sublime emotion the grandeur of the scenery; and desiring every body else to share his emotions, he addressed himself to a fellow passenger who seemed to be in a brown study, and inquired of him, if he did not think the scenery was wonderful by grand. "What?" said the stranger, "For some moments W. could scarcely realize that a human soul could be so lost to all sense of the beautiful. At last he pressed his point, 'What do you think of these great mountains, and beautiful cascades?' 'Well, them'll last a long time.' W. gave it up and left the stranger to meditate on matters of a more prosy and practical character.

DEPRIVING PUBLIC PROPERTY AND FURNITURE.

If any one desires to have a subject upon which to vent his anger, it is only necessary, says the *Seas and Air*, to go into the Court House and see the seats and furniture. The seats have suffered to a degree that is astonishing. They are not only defaced with pocket knives, but with pencils the most obscene and vulgar carvings and pencillings have been placed on the furniture until the room is not fit for a public meeting. A law should be passed in this State making it an indictable offence to whittle or mark on any public building or the furniture therein. The attention of our Representatives is called to this subject.

A SUBSCRIBER GIVES THE RECORD A FEW FACTS RELATIVE TO THE CULTURE OF OPIUM.

He thinks that the citizens of Oregon should give their attention to this source of revenue, as it is quite profitable and can be easily cultivated. The species of poppy from which opium is made is indigenous to Northern Mexico.

Mrs. Eunice Warner, formerly of Great Barrington, Massachusetts, became a mother at 13 years of age, a grand mother at 27, a great-grand mother at 40, a great-great-grand mother at 56, a great-great-great-grand mother at 74, after which she lived several years.

Ask your neighbor to subscribe for the ENTERPRISE, beginning with Volume 3.

UNDER THE LAVA.

Professor Evans, of the University of Michigan, contributes to the North American Review an interesting paper on Pompeii, in which he has condensed all that is yet known concerning the City of the Dead, to whose fate the recent activity of Vesuvius, gives a fresh interest. Like Hercules, which shared its fate, it was fabled to have been founded by Hercules, and some derive its name from a Greek word, signifying profession and referring to the stolen cattle which the great freebooter drove into Italy from Spain. According to another and at least equally credible theory, the name signifies an entrepot or emporium, which the city was for the beautiful and fertile country about it.

Elegant country seats, belonging to Roman patricians, who habitually passed the Summer in this delightful region, adorned the environs. There were villas upon the verdant slopes and wooded summit of Vesuvius, whose sides bore marks of volcanic action, but of whose eruptions not even a tradition remained.

Sixteen years before its destruction Pompeii was visited by a violent earthquake, which destroyed many buildings and frightened away a few of the inhabitants. But all traces of the catastrophe, except those to be found in the substitution of a debased architecture for the old Italian and Grecian styles; were rapidly disappearing when on the 24th of August in the year 79, Vesuvius shot up a gigantic column of smoke and vapor, likened by the younger Pliny, who saw it from Misenum, on the other side of the bay, to a colossal umbrella pine, with trunk of blackness and gusts of wind, agitated by sudden gusts of wind and flashing into foliage of green and blue flames. As the splendors of this phenomenon faded, showers of hot pumice-stones, so light that they filled the air like snowflakes, and were blown even to Africa, were discharged by the mountain. Floods of boiling water, mingled with ashes, poured down the sides of Vesuvius in streams of steaming mud. Three days of dense darkness followed, at the expiration of which the place which had known Pompeii knew it no longer. The city lay from twenty-five to thirty feet below the surface. Of the deposit above it, the lowest stratum, about five-sixths of the whole, is composed of pumice-stones. Above this are two feet of froth-lava, and still above a fruitful soil has accumulated. The pumice-stones were hot enough to change the color of the wall of some houses, but not enough to set fire to them. The lava in hardening, formed a perfect mold, which preserved the impression of the articles of furniture, the wooden carvings, the clothing, the forms and features and expressions of countenance of men and women who were buried alive more than eighteen hundred years ago. So delicate are these impressions as to indicate the rank and age of one who made them. The beautiful head and bust of a young girl, blonde-haired, and clad in a gossamer robe; the body of a woman of thirty, with a head dress of white linen, a dress of light stuff, gathered up at one side so as to disclose "the mold of a limb as beautiful as that of the Cytherean goddess;" that of a man of unusually large stature, wearing a short coat, tight breeches of leather or coarse cloth, and shoes laced at the ankles, with prominent features and a resolute look, are among the most perfect specimens of these lava castings still to be seen in Naples or Pompeii. Specimens equally good have perished in consequence of the fragil character of the lava, or the carelessness or ignorance of the excavators. Some readers may be sorry to learn that the story of the faithful servant, who was found at the city gate, where, like "the boy who stood on the burning deck," he nobly met death rather than desert his post, is a fiction, as is also the pathetic tale of the mother alleged to have been found with an infant in her arms, and two other children at her knees. But the journal of the excavation confirms the reported finding of a pair of lovers, whose interlocked skeletons showed they died in each other's embrace, and of a party of priests overtaken by death while banqueting in the temple of Isis. Altogether some six or seven hundred skeletons have been found thus far, but only about a third of the city has been exposed.

Pompeii slept under the ashes of Vesuvius undisturbed for nearly fifteen centuries. In 1592 a subterra-

nean aqueduct was cut through the city, but the curiosity of the architect was not excited by the houses through whose walls he dug, nor by the paved street which he followed for some distance. In 1637 a Roman archaeologist identified the site of Pompeii, and in 1689 some remains were discovered; but no excavations were made till 1748, and the discovery of the old city was not fully credited till 1763. Nearly another century elapsed before the work was prosecuted purely in the interests of science. The Spanish, Austrian and Bourbon rulers of Southern Italy labored in a mercenary spirit, without system and without intelligence. During the rule of the French, from 1806 to 1815, some progress was made but the most decided impulse was given to the work by the Italian government after the revolution of 1850. Since that time several hundred men and sixty thousand francs a year have been devoted to the excavations, which have been put under the charge of Giuseppe Fiorelli, who ranks among the first archaeologists of Europe. He held the position under King Bomba at twenty-three years of age, but lost his place as the reward of his exertions to have the work prosecuted with honesty.

Signor Fiorelli has adopted a system of excavating in horizontal sections, whereby less injury is done to the upper stories of the buildings destroyed than by the old plan. He carefully removes the several layers of deposits, sifts the refuse earth, which is then carried outside the walls on a tramway, and notes the place where each object discovered is found. Where clear imprints of the decayed or carbonized portions of a house are found in the hardened mud, he reconstructs them with fresh timbers, and he has founded a museum where plaster casts of perishable articles of furniture—such as wooden doors, resembling ours, bedsteads with paneled headboards and folding screens—are exhibited. Thus the city is now coming to light, in a condition as nearly resembling that in which the Roman inhabitants left it, as is possible. The visitors can examine their houses, with their terraces, piazzas and balconies projecting over the narrow streets, and planted with flowers and shrubs, so as to form luxuriant hanging gardens, and roofs covered with flat tiles, except where on opening was left for a skylight. He can walk in their symmetrical gardens, where the varieties of flowers were few; where the shrubs and trees were tortured into unnatural shapes, and where the diminutive area was enlarged by the plants and landscapes painted upon the walls. He can go within doors to examine the gay frescoes and mosaics with which the humblest dwellings were adorned, and can see the pedestals where stood the wonders that assisted to make art contribute to the Pompeian's enjoyment of life. The Narcissus, one of the three most beautiful statues, in the Museum at Naples, was found in a washerwoman's house.

One curious class of discoveries in Pompeii consists of the inscriptions upon the walls, which relate to all subjects, from city politics to sentiment. Candidates here announced themselves, were urged by their personal friends, or as the choice of the mule drivers, the carpenters, the green-grocers, or the fishermen's guild. Even women and children declared their preferences in this way, and thus took part in the canvass, though not entitled to vote. Notices of gladiatorial shows, of leases, or sales of real estate, memoranda of domestic purchases, offers of reward for property lost or stolen, advertisements of all sorts, from a low joke of the gladiator to the sigh of the lover, and the trite poetical quotation of the young lady of quality, are still to be read on the walls of Pompeii which served the multifarious purposes of the modern newspaper.

Among the discoveries are a great variety of household utensils and mechanical implements. Over sixty species of surgical instruments have been found, among them two which were patented as new inventions in France within a century, and a number of others superior to those of the same kind now in use. The more proofs we find that there is little new under the sun, and that many of the triumphs of our boasted civilization are but reproductions of long lost arts.

—The Duke of Leinster has given £100 to the Dorgan testimonial.

ABOUT WHISTLING.

Good whistling may sometimes be heard, but the instances of its occurrence are rare. Snatches of operatic airs, curiously intermingled with comic street songs, are the favorite subjects of the whistler, and these are generally executed with a careless disregard of time and tune, which, to any one who possesses the slightest pretensions to a musical ear must, be most disagreeable. As a rule, a ploughboy will outstrip any well bred man in whistling. The reason is, probably, that he is never haunted by a sense of the ridiculousness of his face as he purses his mouth into the form of whistling. A friend of mine, says a writer in an Eastern periodical, who enjoyed a far-famed reputation for whistling, was repeatedly asked to exercise his talent at dinner and evening parties. On account of some curious whim of his own, he would (or could) only comply with the request provided he might be permitted to turn his back on the company. His demand was on all occasions granted, whereupon he would turn around and begin to whistle any tune he was desired. One day he was asked to favor his friends with a piece from "La Sonnambula," and as was his wont, he wheeled round, and fixing his eyes on the ground commenced whistling. Happening, however, to raise his eyes, towards the conclusion of the air, he saw in a large mirror before him the countenances of his auditors, some of whom were trying to restrain their mirth; this was too much for him, and the tune was abruptly put a stop to by a loud burst of laughter from the gentleman himself. Whistling is not often appreciated enough to be sought after, as in the case of my friend; and even a performance on a teapot is more attractive, if I may judge from the crowd of people I once saw in Oxford street listening to a boy who was actually playing on one of these useful articles. On the lid several holes were bored, on which the young arch placed his fingers, whilst he supported the teapot by holding the bottom with his two thumbs. He blew through the spout, and as I suppose, the different notes were produced by some pipes inside the instrument, which was affixed to the holes before mentioned. Who would believe it possible that tunes can be played on a teapot? A writer on whistling as a fine art, says:

I heard the Spanish Manola, as a trio, whistled very well, in a little village tavern, between Frankfurt and Homberg, last year. Three rustics performed, and the effect was not unpleasant. At the Horns, (Kentington) about a month ago, Mr. Graham whistled a waltz, accompanying himself on the piano with his left hand, and on castanets with his right. It is now about six years since an Englishman, named Charles Groves, gave several specimens, in Montreal, of his skill in whistling, and got up a class to teach it at a Mechanics' Institute. Of course there was giggling before the lesson actually commenced, but it was presently exhausted; and the class, with solemn faces, waited for the tutor, who was trifling a few preparatory cadences: "The order came: 'Gentlemen, prepare to pucker!' as he pursued up his lips. The class never got beyond that point.

—The Zanesville Courier says that for several years been domesticated in a family in that city, recently took the measles from some member of the family. For several days before the measles came on he was quite unwell, keeping close to the fire and shivering. His feelings were also much hurt, and he frequently shed tears. When the measles came out there was quite a thick crop, especially on the face and arms, resembling the pustules on the human body. After the eruption the monkey grew rapidly better, and was greatly elated. He was unable to keep his joy to himself, and went to different members of the family, calling their attention to the eruption, and pointing with his fore feet to the place where the eruptions were thickest. He is rapidly recovering, and will be a happier monkey for some time to come. He will have a good appetite, and if room can be found in his stomach, will eat a much larger quantity than usual, and will be doubly mischievous.

—A clergyman who went in a Pacific steamer and was seasick, writes to the Independent: "The first hour I felt as if I wanted to go ashore; the second hour I felt as if I should die; the third hour I didn't care whether I died or not; the fourth hour I was afraid I shouldn't die."

PROGRESS.

—It is remarkable how fast the Southern States are recovering from the absurd ideas and practices which have been the real cause of all their ruin. We see more for hope in this quiet revolution of opinion, than in any temporary expedients, however necessary circumstances may make them. The labor question was the one great problem with the Southern farmer, in the progress of the new order of things. Of course no work could be got from the negro, whose only luxury was the freeman's privilege of starving to death. It was not possible they would prefer work and plenty to idleness and want! However, it has at length been discovered that the negro is governed by the same motives as white men, if indeed as the Griffin Times humbly suspects, "he really be a man." A correspondent in the May number of the Southern Cultivator, after a year with the free blacks, announces his belief that negro labor "is the best in the world." This is progress with a rush! A friend of ours, traveling in Virginia, tells us that many of the farmers there are opposed to their children learning to read and write, because they say the result is to "make them good for nothing farm-work!" But if a few of our countrymen have not yet progressed beyond this notion, it is at least consoling to know that in other countries it is as hard to convince people of educational advantages. England is exercised about cheese factories—the dairymen generally object to their establishment on the ground that they will deprive their wives and daughters of an honorable and healthy employment, and by relieving them from labor lead to idleness and extravagance.

There are still some who think all farm machinery sinful, on the ground that man was ordained to get his bread by the sweat of his brow, and who infer from this that the said sweat must be abundant enough to fertilize a ten-acre lot.

—A new method of preserving milk has been introduced by the Anglo-Swiss Company, whose factory is situated on the lake of Zug. The process adopted is simply the abstraction of the watery particles from the milk and the addition of beet root sugar. Milk thus prepared will remain good for months after the tins in which it is packed have been opened becoming neither sour, mouldy, nor rancid. It bears the ordinary changes of temperature without injury. It is sold in tins, each containing the equivalent of rather more than half a gallon of good milk, of about the quality of the best country milk. The price of the tin is 3d. The cost of the tin being a penny, and the duty a penny, the price of the condensed milk when diluted for use with five parts of water is 6d. a quart. About one-third of a pound of beet root sugar is introduced into each tin. The use of this preserved milk is increasing in England.

—The potato out which has long held so prominent a place in public estimation, is the produce of a single plant which was found growing in a potato field in Cumberland. Its superiority over all other varieties soon became evident, and its cultivation extended on a scale of such magnitude that hundreds of millions of bushels have been produced from the seed of the original plant. The straw of this out is rather short, the panicle or head compact and regular, and the grain short, plump, and awnless. Like all cereals the potato out is liable to degenerate, and its purity can only be preserved by a frequent change of seed and by cultivating it under the circumstances most favorable to its growth.

—A correspondent of the Western Rural says of German farming: One mistake is common to all the peasant farmers. The grain is allowed to become too ripe before it is cut. Hence it must be reaped in the old fashion, with a sickle, or delicately and gently mown with a short straight-handled scythe, to prevent the grains being shattered out of the husks. The work of harvesting occupies twice as much time as is actually necessary, which, in a climate like Germany, is a very important matter.

—Mr. O. B. Kimme has a fine farm of about thirty acres on the Haritan and Delaware Bay Railroad, mostly in fruit. His grounds are beautifully undulating, so that there is a northern slope and also a slope to the south. In order, therefore, to avail himself of any advantage of slope in either direction, he proposes to plant fruit trees and vines on both slopes, so that when one fails to secure a genial influence, in producing a satisfactory crop of fruit, the orchard or vineyard on the opposite slope, will be likely to yield a fair crop.

THE PULSE.

In a healthy grown person it beats seventy times a minute; there may be good health down to sixty; but if the pulse always exceeds seventy, there is disease; the machine is working too fast; it is wearing itself out; there is fever or inflammation somewhere, and the body is feeding on itself, as in consumption, where the pulse is always quick, that is over seventy, gradually increasing and decreasing chances of cure, until it reaches 110 or 120, when death comes before many days. When the pulse is all the time over 70 for months, and there is even a slight cough, the lungs are affected.

Every intelligent person owes it to himself, says *Hall's Journal*, to learn from his family physician how to ascertain the pulse in health; then, by comparing it with what it is when ailing, he may have some idea of the urgency of his own case, and it will be an important guide to the physician. Parents ought to know the healthy pulse of each child; as, now and then, a person is born with a peculiarly slow or fast pulse, and the very case in hand may be that peculiarly. An infant's pulse is 130; a child's of seven years about 80; and from 20 to 60 years it is seventy beats a minute, declining to sixty at fourscore.

There are pulses all over the body; but where there is only skin and bone, as at the temples, it is more easily felt; the wrist is the most convenient point. The feebleness or strength of the beats is not material, being modified by the fingers, pressure. Comparative rapidity is the great point; near death, it is 140 and over. A healthy pulse imparts to the finger a feeling as of a woolen string; in fever, it feels harder, like a silk thread; if there is inflammation which is always dangerous, it beats fast, spiteful and hard, as if a fine wire was throbbing against the finger. When the pulse beats irregularly, as if it lost a beat, then hurried to make it up, there is something the matter with the heart. But how ever unnatural you may think the pulse is, do not worry about it, take nothing, do nothing except by the advice of an intelligent physician.

A PARADISE.—A writer in Putnam's Monthly Magazine, thus sums up the happy lot of the Japanese: "Take the Japanese as a whole, high and low, rich and poor, they are the best fed, best clad, best lodged, least over-worked, most genial and happy people on the face of the earth. Food is abundant and cheap—imaginary wants are rare; and thus temptations to crime are less than with us, though the land is no Utopia. There is no such thing as equal to be seen in Japan. In the house of the very poorest, a Fifth Avenue belle might sit upon the matted floor without soiling her dress. The streets are admirably sewered; all offal and garbage are removed for manure. There is no bigotry. The people are wonderfully open-minded. There is no hatred of christianity as such; only it is feared as an engine to cause political change.

—A friend in Nevada has a smart child, of whom he says: "We think 'our Mondie,' two and a half years old, is the smartest and cutest child in these parts. Upon rising a little earlier than common a few mornings ago, and going out into the yard, he noticed what to him was an unusual thing, a dense fog, which hid from view everything a little distance off. Running to the door he called to us, at the top of his voice, 'Do come and see the big air!'"

—A rich man sent to call a physician for a slight disorder. The physician felt his pulse and said: "Do you eat well?" "Yes, sir," replied the patient. "Do you sleep well?" "I do." "Then," said the physician, "I shall give you something to take away all that."

—It is vain to stick your finger in the water, and, pulling it out, look for a hole; and equally vain to suppose that, however large a space you occupy, the world will miss you when you die.

—We have no more right, wantonly or carelessly, to wound the minds than to wound the bodies of our fellow beings; and in many instances the former is the more cruel of the two.

—The following is one of two or three lines in the English language that read precisely the same backward as forward: "Saw & raw was I ere I saw & raw."