Current Miterature:

THE PIRST PARMER.

AN AGRICULTURAL LYRIC.

There are fools who scoff at the plow and while they beast of a dingly accolade Bestowed on the chief of their houses grand In a far-off age and a gory land; Yet the foremost of all in time or place Was the model and head of the Yeoman race If oft he pondered his crime and its curse,

Worse:

If he labored early and labored late
On the rough, bleak side of the Eden gate,
His strength was uncrushed and his limbs

Brave Fateer Adam, all hail to thee !

What! labor a curse or a hollow cheat? Well, now, to my fancy, some toils are sweet; Twould be scarcely a life to my humble mind If an Eve were never so fond and kind. sauntering under the changeless blue, Through a tranquil Eden, with nought to do But dream and dream through the lazy hours 'Mid a surplus of truit and a waste of flowers. Sin wedded the exile's heart to woe; But he worked his spade and he plied his hoe And through labor alone could his soul grow

Stout Father Adam, all hail to thee !

I can see him now, in the Orient shine, His deep eyes holding a gleam divine Of the old n days and mystic clime, With his tameless force and his brow aublime. He is still in the noon of his stalwart pride, And manhood in him seems magnified As armed with a weapon, coarse and rude, His cleaves his path through the sullen wood; While the huge trees yield to the blade he

wields,
And the forest is changed into sunlit fields,
That shall laugh, ere long, with a spring-tide Stout Father Adam hail, all hail to thee !

I behold him in age, when the centuries' flow Has wintered his great, grand beard with

snow; Where tangled in folds of its rippling deep The wisdom of ages might seem to sleep.
Yet his sight is undimmed and his frame unbowed.

And if over his forchead there broods a cloud.

Tis the prescient gloom of the awful years That shall reek with murder, to set in tears But beyond the sorrow, the pang, the strife, He views, in a vision, that fairer life Whose symbol the plow and the spade shall

Wise Father Adam, all hail to thee !

I behold him later, when peace steals down To crown his days with a twilight crown; And still he scatters the pregnant seed, Makes smooth the furrow and plucks

And still he is tending his orchard trees And hiving the honey of sylvan bees; Still delving with mammoth hoe and spade 'Mid the moorland sward and the rock bound

glade; White scores of his off-pring are gathered round.

round,
And the world is humming with busy sound
That rises and falls like an echoing sea—
Old Father Adam, God's grace on thee!

I behold the fruits of his tireless toil In the ripening bud and the mellowed soil, In a thousan harvests of changeful sheen, From the sunset's gold to the emereld's green In the rearing of numberless homes aloft, On the pastoral slope and the mountain croft; On the pastoral slope and the mountain croft In the dumb earth touched by a wise control To utter some hints of her secret soul. Through the shimmer of metals that flash and

On the slow, soft heave of her unveiled heart. Oh, marvelous deliverer on hill and lea— Stout Father Adam, all hail to thee!

Not a germ can rise, nor a seed expand On the highland sweep or lowlard strand; Not a field grown product, for lip or loom, Put forth its blossom and flaunt its bloom, But it whispers, at length, to the wind

Of the first great farmer's deeds and fame-

How he struggled with hardship and van-quished care (Though it waxed oftti.nes to a grim despair); From the levels of wretchedness, want and

pain, Uprose to his heaven-born hopes again. Till the sin-bound fell and his soul was free— Brave Father Adam. God's grace on thee

*There is a Talmudic tradition to the effect that Adam, digging more deeply than usual one day in his garden, discovered gold, which, however, an earth Genius warned him would prove rather more of a curse than blessing to posterity.

—Paul H. Hayne in Home and Farm.

Miss Becky's "Home."

Miss Becky was going to the "Old Ladies" Home" at last. It was a sorry fact, but shere was nothing else for her to do, it seemed. Who would think of offering any other home to a poor, almost helpless old woman who had outlived her usefulness? Having passed her days in other people's houses, so to speak, she might not mind it

"Yes," she said, "there's a vacancy in the "Old Ladies' Hon.e, and the hundred dollars that Parson Amory left me will pay my way in, but it wouldn't last me long if I began to spend it, you know, and I shall have a man, and a spend it, you know, and I shall have a man, and a spend it. gan to spend it, you know, and I shall have a warm bed and my regular meals without worrying about where the next on's coming from. I'm most tired worrying about ways and means. Seems as though I've been about it all my life; ever since father was taken with heart disease hearing the class in algebra. Now that the rheumatism has got the better of me, so that I can't work in cold weather, and the doctor says it will draw my fingers up so that I can't use them soon, it doesn't seem as if there was anything left for me in see you and make it seem home like. Now, means. Seems as though I've been about it seem as if there was anything left for me in see you and make it seem home like. Now there's old Mrs. Gunn. Nothing can persuade

this world but the Home—and I ought to be thankful for that."

Miss Becky had had other expectations in her heyday, when young Larry Rogers met her and carried her basket; when his strong arm paddled her down the broad river to church on Sunday mernings; when they sang together in the choir from the same they have to do it mighty gingerly, too, just as if they were asking a favor of her. Lor, the doesn't carn her salt."

"I eare say," returned Miss Becky. "Now, if it hadn't been for the rheumatism, I could haven book; when they loitered homeward in hymn book; when they loitered homeward in the fragrant summer dusk, and heard the something ahead again. But it seems as if whip-poor-will complain, and startled the fire-flies in the hedges as they brushed by. It

and rendered her more or less helpless at times, yet her dark, velvety eyes looked out like soft stars, and the ghost of a dimple still flickered on her cheeks and chin in spite of her sixty odd years. Mis Becky's father had been the district school teacher in those faroff days of her girlhood. He had taught her the simple lore at his command, but it was Larry Rogers who had taught her music, hour after hour, in the empty old schoolhouse; they had practiced together, while he wrote the score on the black-board. But all this had not sufficed to earn her a livelihood. Her education, musical and otherwise, had stopped short of any commercial value In those days she had never expected to earn her living by the sweat of her brow. Larry was going to give her everything. How trivial the little quarrel seemed to-day which surcumvented this fine resolve of his. But what magnitude it had assumed at the time On his return from a trip to a neighboring city, some busy body had whispered to Larry that Miss Becky had been seen driving with Squire Eustis' son Sam behind his trotters. Sam was just home from college, a harumscarum fellow, they said, who made love gambled a bit; and when Larry reproached her with it she had not denied it; she had simply said : "What then? If you choose to listen to gossip rather than wait till I tell

"But you did not tell me, and I've been

"I had forgotten all about it till you re-"It's such an every day affair for you to ride with Sam Eustis"—which incredulity so stung Becky that she would not condesso stung Becky that she would not condescend to explain that she had carried some needle-work up to Squire Eustis' which she had been doing for his wife, and that as she left to walk home Sam was just starting off with his smart chaise and new dapple grays, and the Squire had said: "Take Miss Becky home Sam and show her their press." and home, Sam, and show her their paces;" and how she had been ashamed to refuse the kindness, although preferring to walk a thousand times; and how, once in the chaise, Sam had been the pink of courtesy, and had begged her to drive over with him to Parson Lucy Amory may see that you don't disdain my company. For you see," said Sam, who was not as black as he was painted, or as my company. For you see," said Sam, who was not as black as he was painted, or as many liked to suppose, "Lucy can make me what she will; without her I shall be nothing and nobody; but they've told her all kinds of wild things about me; they've told her she might as well jump into the river as marry such a scapegrace. And perhaps if I made her a little jealous—you know there's no harm in that, is there? All's fair in love; and, perhaps, if the old folks see me driving about with Miss Becky Thorne, my stock may go up, and I may be saved from the burning, as Parson Amory says. And Becky had consented; how could she refuse to do a service for such a true lover? So slight a thing, too! She had often traversed the same road since on foot, on her daily rounds of toll and mercy. Sam Eustis had married Lucy Amory years ago, and was the foremost man in the county to-day. Strange how that friendly drive had interfered with Miss Becky's prospects; how the simple fact of carrying home Mrs. Eustis' needlework should have determined her fate, and devoted her to a life of hardship and the "Old Ladies' Home" at the end! Talk of triffes! Poor Miss Becky! she remembered that once or twice the opportunity had offered when she might have made it up with trifies! Poor Miss Becky! she remembered that once or twice the opportunity had offered when she might have made it up with Larry; but pride, or a sort of fine reserve, had locked her lips—Larry ought to know she was above silly flirtations. Once, when they met at Lucy Amory's wedding, when they all went out into the orceard while the bride planted a young tree, and the guest locked. planted a young tree, and the guests looked for four-leaved clovers, she had found herself

whether by accident or design she could not tell—on the grass beside Larry; their fingers met over the same lucky clover, their eyes met above it and for an instant see had lrive and its result, to pride in her pocket, out just then Nell Amory called to Larry. "Oh a horrid spider !—on my arm, Larry!

Kill him quick—do! Oh—oh—oh! I shall
die—I shall faint." And that was the end

The old orchard, with its fragrant quince bushes, its gnarled apple trees, its four leaved clovers, was a thing of the past; a cotton mill roared and thundered there all day long, where the birds built and the trees boursheld built or rolling, covered with bunch grass, rye grass or wool grass, may be had from choice. had turned her thoughts to raising plants, when she was left to her own resources, but one cruel winter's night killed all her slips and the capital was lacking by which she might renew her stock. Since then she had gone out for daily sewing, had watched with the sick, had been in demand for temporary housekeeper whenever a tired matron wished an outing; but latterly, her eyes no longer served her for fine work, and sewing ma-chines had been introduced; she was not so alert in the sick room as of yore: she moved more slowly, and her housekeeping talent was more slowly, and her housekeeping talent was no longer in request; added to this, the bank where her little earning had been growing, one day failed and left her high and dry. Some of her friends had traveled to pastures new, some had married away, some had ignored or forgotten her. As for Larry kogers, he had been away from Plymouth this many a year. Somebale her is the same as much, perhaps as one who had been more this many a year. Somebody had sent him abroad the year after Lucy Amory's marriage to develop his musical genius. He had grown she seemed to hear the violin when the wind swept through the pine boughs. She had no bitter thoughts; she did not blame him because she sat in the shadow, because her life had been colorless. She sang again the old tunes he had taught her, and

sometimes seemed to Miss Becky as if all this had happened in another planet. She was young then, with a bloom on her cheeks, but although the rheumatism had bent her figure

"You ought to have married when you at regular hours—any between 7 and 8 a. M. who had forgotten all about Becky's love affair, and lab-red under the impression that she never had a chance, an impression which matrons are apt to entertain concerning their cures Dyspejsia, impotence, Sexual Debitity \$1.

single friends. Miss Becky had been spending some weeks with Mrs. Dector Dwight, who had moved away from Plymouth after her husband's death. She was there chiefly in order to put some stitches into the wid w's wardrobe, which nobody else would do so "reasonably," that lady's grief having incapacitated her for holding a needle or giving her mind to the material details of "seam and gusset and band." But during the visit Miss Becky had been seized with her sharpest attack of rheumatism, which had kept her in bed for weeks, till her wages were exhausted by drugs and doctor's fees. It was at this time that she made up her mind to go into the Home on her return to Plymouth.

Mrs. Dwight saw her off at the station. "I hope you'll find the Home cozy," she said, outside the car window. "It's lucky Parson Amory left you that hundred dollars after all. He might have doubled it."

"Yes, I suppose so," answered Miss Becky, meekle.

"Yes, I suppose so," answered Miss Becky, meekly. Perhaps she was thinking that if she were Mrs. Dwight no old friend of hers should go begging for a refuge at an alms house door, were it ever so genteel an alms house

door, were it ever so genteel an alms house Perhaps she was thinking of the pretty, comfortable home waiting for her friend, and wondering why their fortunes were so unlike. "Write when you reach Plymouth, and let me know how you're suited," said Mrs. Dwight; and just then the cars gave a lurch and left her behind, and Miss Becky turned her cleave insend. her glance inwards. Somebody had taken the

seat beside her.

"Your friend was speaking of Parson Amory and Plymouth," said he. "I couldn't help hearing. I was born in Plymouth myself, but I haven't met a soul from there these twenty years. I'm on my way down to look up my old friends."

"I suppose not-I suppose not. Have you

"I suppose not—I suppose not. Have you lived there long?"

"I? I have lived there all my days,"

"Good! I'm hungry for news of the people. Did Parson Amory leave a fortune? He was called close. Where's Miss Nell—married or dead? I can see the old place in my mind's eye; and the parsonage under the elms, and the orchard behind it, where Lucy Amory planted a young tree on her wedding day, and planted a young tree on her wedding day, and the gown little Becky Thorne wore—by the

way, is she alive? Do you know her?"
Miss Becky hesicated an instant.
"Yes," replied she, "I know her—more or less. She's slive."

"Well, no; she never married." "She must be sixty odd; she was a pretty greature, such dimples—I suppose they are wrinkles now! Where have the years gone? wrinkles now! Where have the years gone?
Is her bome in the old place still?"
"Her home?" said Miss Becky, flushing a

little. the Old Ladies' Home."
"To the Old Ladies' Home! Becky

Thorne!" he gasped, "and I—"
"You seem to have known her pretty well,"
said Miss Becky, who was beginning to enjoy the incognito.
"I should think so! I've loved Becky

rel which parted us—such a trifle!—when I look back. Do you ever look, madame?"

"On the way to the Old Ladies' Home," she wrote Mrs. Dwight; "I was persuaded to go to an old gentleman's, instead."—Mary N. Prescott, in Our Continent.

The Big Bend country is destined to undergo one of those magic transformations in development during the coming year, that is consistent only in new countries of equal advantages, A "boom" in new towns is generally disastrous to most classes of business, but the improvement of a new country can never be too rapid for healthy growth. In this new region will be found the best of soil, extending 75 miles to the Columbia river,

settlements. The prospects are that in four or five months hence the government land will all have been taken in this part of the county, and then look out for a rise in the price. Immigration will pour in from the East as soon as the completion of the road and will naturally come to Sprague for advice and location, as this is the nearest town on and location, as this is the nearest town on the road to this famous country, and the depot for immigrants. The people of the town must take some action for the enterstainment of all these families, while seeking a them any more except in the nar-back country. In the old times, around Newburgh, location, and an immigrant house here would location, and an immigrant house here would be a much more consistent proceeding than is shown by the people of Spokan Falls. We have the natural advantages, but this only makes artificial the more necessary,—Sprague Herald.

Discouraging Litigation

An act providing for taxing proscutors with costs and disbursements of criminal actions when found to be malicious or without probshie cause :

Be it enacted by the State of Cregon : Be it enacted by the State of Cregon: SECTION I. The name of every person who voluntarily appears before any Justice of the Peace or Grand Jury to pros-oute any person in a criminal action, either for a misdemeanor in a criminal action, either for a misdemeaner or felony shallbe endorsed upon the com-plaint, information or indictment as private prosecutor; and if it shall be found by any justice or court trying said action or hearing said proceedings that the prosecution is ma-licious or without probable cause, said fact

shall be entered upon record in said saction or proceedings by said justice or court.

SEC. 2. Upon making the entry prescribed Section 1 of this set the justice or court must immediately render judgment sgainst the prince of the section of the s immediately render judgment against the pri-vate prosecutor for the costs and disbursements of the action or proceeding, which may be en-forced by execution, in the same manner as judgment in the civil action. Approved Oct. 20, 1882.

Two full meals a day are enough for fowls that run at large. These should be supplied at regular hours—say between 7 and 8 a. M. and 4 or 5 o'clock P. M.

GRAT WITH & LOOM MAKER. Trade that is Pading Away from the Cheery

In Fifteenth street, near Eighth avenu stands a queer old frame structure that has rounded roof, like a back that is bent by age. Its windows are grimy and dim with dust, like even that have looked wearily on the world for many years. The lines of its boarding seen like wrinkles in the weather-beater ing seen like wrinkles in the weather-beaten countenance of one who has reached the allotted "three recore and ten." The little stoop before the door creaks as if uttering a querulous protest at being trodden upon, its little hard, the bed was abandoned and never ulous protest at being trodden upon, its little railing quivers like the wavering gesticulation of an aged hand, and the door opens with a wheeze and a snarl and cough. Strange forms of wood and iron are heaped on the benches piled on the floor, dangled from the beams, stacked in the corners, and seem to overflow and roll down and protrude themselves from all directions, until there is barely space enough left for one person to stand still and another to move around cautiously. Hearing footsteps below, a little old man, with a genial smile and a bright, intelligent look beneath his old strawhat and behind his big spectacles, comes trotting down stairs from his workshop, which is in the story above. He must be about 70 years of age, perhaps more: yet he is cheery, chirpy, and active, prompt of apprehension, quick of speech, and when up my old friends."
"Twenty years is a long time," answered
Becky "I'm afraid you won't find many of
your friends left. You'll hardly know Plyis talking his hand is steady, and the lines it draws are firm and straight.

"Yes, I've been here a good while," said

he, smilingly. "I've carried on my business right here in this shop since the first week in March, 1832, more than fifty years ago, and I am now the only maker of cheap, common hand looms that is left in New York. And I suppose when I'm gone there will be no more Why, I can remember the time when there were yearly 400 hand loom weavers in old Greenwich village, and up here, between Seventh and Eighth avenues, and Fourteenth and Sixteenth streets, as the space is marked out now, there were a hundred. Ah! my business was a pretty good one in those days. Then all the cotton shirting, and sheeting, and bedticking, and gingham, and checks, and Canton fiannel were woven by hand. Now all that is done by steam, and only two sorts "She has none. She is on her way to of hand looms are used any more, those for fine silk weaving and those for weaving rag fine silk weaving and those for weaving rag carpets and oocoa matting. The two extremes, as I might say. I have always confined myself to the latter. I know all about those Jacquard looms, but it isn't in my line to build them. There are big establishments for the making of them, where hundreds of men are employed, but in my line there's only me, and I jog along in my old way. There never were many makers of these common looms about here. You see a loom is a thing that lasts a lifetime; yes, several lifetimes. rel which parted us—such a trifle!—when I look back. Do you ever look, madame?"

The twilight was falling about them; Becky's face had grown a shade or two paler all at once; she turned her dark velvety eyes full upon him with a startled air.

"You," she said, "you must be Larry Rogers!" Then the color swept to her cheeks in a crimson wave. "Do you know I never thought you had grown old like myself! Don't thought you had grown old like myself! Don't won know me? I am Becky Thorne."

me, and I jog along in my old way. There never were many makers of these common looms about here. You see a loom is a thing that lasts a lifetime; yes, several lifetimes. I have had looms here, brought in from the country, that were two or three generations old, and still were good. Things about a loom by yough usage, but the loom itself goes right along. When it exhausts the energies of sucvent were many makers of these common looms about here. You see a loom is a thing that lasts a lifetime; yes, several lifetimes. I have had looms here, brought in from the country, that were two or three generations old, and still were good. Things about a loom by yough usage, but the loom itself goes right along. When it exhausts the energies of sucvent were many makers of these common looms about here. You see a loom is a thing that lasts a lifetime; yes, several lifetimes. I have had looms here, brought in from the country, that were two or three generations old, and still were good. Things about a loom have the country that were two or three generations old, and still were good. Things about a loom here. hought you had grown old like myself! Don't hought you had grown old like myself! Don't you know me? I am Becky Thorne."

Just then the train thundered through the tunnel, and they forgot that they were sixty odd.

"On the way to the Old Ladies' Home," she wrote Mrs. Dwight: "I was persuaded to go to an old gentlemau's, instead."—Mary N. Prescott, in Our Continent.

Our Empire.

along. When it exhibits in one family, it is ready to start in fresh on another, so old looms change about a good deal, more than is good of the builder. Why, I sometimes don't sell a loom in a year. 'Ought to command a big price.' Well, perhaps, ves, but they don't. A rag carpet loom is worth only \$35, and one for weaving cooca matting only \$40. In those old days when there were so many weavers I used only to get \$15 for the same sort of looms.

How do I get along? Pretty well. You

How do I get along? Pretty well. You see, there are a great many things about a loom that don't belong to it, but must go along with it; bear about the same relation to it that the tinware does to a cooking stove. it that the tinware does to a cooking stove. Those things wear out, and have to be replaced or repaired. There's the reed and treadles, worth \$8; the pair of swifts, \$5; the winding wheel, \$4.75; shut les, \$1 each, and they have from six to a dozen of them, and bobbins and a baller, if cocca matting is to be woven and other little things; and there are a good many more of my sort of looms going, even in New York, than you are likely to im-Springs, streams and "coolies" are found agine. There isn't an avenue, except Fourth, on which there are not a lot of rag carpet hilly or rolling, covered with bunch grass, rye grass or wool grass, may be had from choice.

In certain locations timber is found sufficient for fire wood and fencing. Choice hay lands and meadows on government lands lie vacant adjoining railroad lands appraised at \$7 per acre. Several enterprising men have already proceeded to locate a town 50 miles northwest of Sprague, and as soon as apring opens others will spring up to accommodate settlements. The prospects are that in four or five months hence the government land will all have here they have the settlements and up into the interior of the locations. cocoa matting, and those two sorts of hand weaving are going on in a vast number of other places all over town on a smaller scale. Then when looms are sold they go mostly to the country, out to Kentucky and Indiana, and up into the interior of this State, and over in Jersey—all over, in fact, where the people have not got to be too lazy to work.

"People have changed a good deal in my time. They have got stuck up, they want to wear good clothes, homespun isn't good enough for them, and if it was there is nobody any more to spin and weave it for them ex-

try. In the old ti es, around Newburgh, when I was a boy growing up, there wasn't a house in all the country 'round that didn't have the flax and the woll wheels in a shed out at the back of the house. They grew the flax and the wool, spun them, dyed them, wove them into cloth, and were them. Nobody was too high toned for that sort of clothing in those days. I've seen, on court days, the judge and the lawyers come to court in summer time wearing cowhide shoes, home. days, the judge and the say of control in summer time wearing cowhide shoes, homespun trousers and shirts and strawhats—that this old one of mine would be a picture along-this old one of mine would be a picture along-this old one of mine would be a picture along-this old one of mine would be a picture along-this old one of mine would be a picture along this old one of mine would be a picture along this old one of mine would be a picture along this old one of mine would be a picture along the same this old one of mine would be a picture along-side of. And it was a good, honest judge, and they were good, able lawyers, and they went through their trials in a business-like way, and then went home to their farms. Now, instead of five articles of clothing, they've got to have a score, and fine linen, broadcloth, silk hats, fine boots, and gold watches, are necessities of their existence. And now there isn't a farmer out there who knows any more about spinning whoels and such things than than, well, than you do. They're all too big for that, and too lazy. The womer do nothing for that, and too lazy. The womer do nothing nowadays but dress up and gossip and read novels. They don't know how to work any more. I know a man in the country who runs a saw mill and has a farm. He's got a wife and three daughters and three sons, but they've got to buy all the milk and butter they use, because there isn't one of the family who knows how to milk a cow or wants to learn. And they were all brought up in the country, too. A section of the country like that hasn't got much use for hand looms. I guess if I keep on making one a year I'll be even with the demand. Going? Well, drop in again when you're over this way. I could tell you lots of stories about those eld times. Fifty or sixty years wouldn't be much in some countries, I suppose, but it makes old times here. "New York Sun. nowadays but dress up and gossip and read novels. They don't know how to work any more. I know a man in the country who runs a saw mill and has a farm. He's got a wife and three daughters and three sons, but they've got to buy all the milk and butter

Longevity of the Oyster.

It is proposed to give an account of an interesting determination of the extreme age of a pair of venerable oysters which have just come into my possession. They were given me by a professional oyster grower, Captain T. S. R. Brown, of Keyport, New Jersey, and belong to a planting in which he was concerned thirty years ago. The young oysters were obtained from Virginia, and planted in planted again, and these oysters were found there a few days ago. They are not "naturals" or natives, but simply naturalized "Virgin ies," a distinction which a practical oyster raiser will make unerringly. Any one ex-amining the shells would infer the nature of the bed whence they were taken, for the outer edges of the "shoots" or layers are smooth, as if worn by a gentle motion on a compact sandy bottom -- Popular Science Monthly.

. "They who cry loudest are not always the most hurt." Kidney-Wort does its work like the Good Samaritan, quickly, unostenlike the Good Samaritan, quickly, unosten-tationsly, but with great thoroughness. A New Hampshire lady writes: "Mother has been afflicted for years with kidney disease. Last spring she was very ill and had an alarming pain and numbness in one side. Kidney-Wort proved a great blessing and has completely cured her.

Stock Breeders' Directory

Larunder this head we will publish small advertisements, like the following, for \$8 per year. Large advertisements will be charged in proportion.

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JOHN MINTO.

BREEDER OF MERINO SHEEP, Salem, Marion County, Oregon.

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MY BOAR OAK GROVE WAS BROUGHT from England and his dam was a famous prize winner. I have fine pigs on hand and ready for sale. Also I have the best breeds of

Imported Poland - China Swine, proported from the best Eastern herds. My sows will ave pigs next Spring. THOMAS CROSS, dec22tf Salem, Oregon.

Valuable Bull for Sale! corner Madison and First Streets, Portland PRICE. . . . 875.

HALF JERSEY HALF SHORT-HORN. A THREE - YEAR OLD BULL, SRED BY Eiche, a full Jersey, owned by T. J. Apperson; Jam BEAUTY 4th, owned by Geo. Dimick; a valuable animal for any farmer to have. Apply to ARTHUR WARNER, 9mch.5w 1½ miles South of Oregon City, Or.

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For sale at figures which it is believed, will meet the approbation of the public. ROAN COLT RATTLER.

Two years old the 16th of April; by King William, dam the Rattler Mare, owned by Mrs. Armstrong, near Dayton. Rattler stands 15 hands; weighs 1190 lbs. is very rangy, stylish and possesses remarkable action. This colt is regarded by all who have seen him as the equal of any colt on the Pacific Coast. Price, 2306. THE THOROUGHBRED SHORT-HORN BULL WATTERMAN BOY.
Four years old. Price, \$350.

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GRADED SHEEP. Ten graded COTSWOLDS, FRENCH MERINOS, and LEICESTERSHIRE bucks. Price, \$10 to \$15.

wenty grade ewes, one-half and three-quarter grades.

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