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VOL. IX.

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Goods!!

FOR THE PEOPLE OF POLK COUNTY!

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Is now open and ready for inspection.

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the same goods have ever been offered in this market.

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EZRA POPPLETON.

and GET THE PRICES !!

DALLAS, OREGON, SATURDAY, JUNE 2, 1883.

TWO SONGS OF LIFE.

NEW GOODS.

Pluck, at mern, from its stem, a rose—Sweet will it be when the day doth clos Take from the sands a golden grain—A thousand times will it shine again. Rose tints will live in thy memory-hall; The grain will the boundless sea recall. If so little delight can bring, Is man's love but perishing?

Take from foam-white waves a shell;
Write therein a song of life:
Of man's bravery in the strife;
Woman's trust—engrave it well;
Cast it on the spray-dashed beach;
Sea will speed it 'yond thy reach;
But list at eve—the sounding waves
Will echo, softly, from their caves,
This sweet song—beleive it, then—
"True are women; true are men."

A LOVE STORY.

"Are there no underwriters for hu man hopes? For the most precior of interests is there no insurance?"

I have been tempted all day, tempted by fate and the devil. All summer long I have been trying to clasp hands for a life journey with a man I did not love; a man noble of soul and born to the purple, who set some love into the scales, too, but I, God help me, had none to give in return. I had bartered erewhile my whole possessions for a few glances of a dark, dark eye, and my note had gone to protest

Money was a good thing; it insured warmth in winter and delicious cool-My Millinery Department

soft, and the fragrant summer dusk crept around me where I sat inhaling the scent of the roses. Ambition and love tore my heart by turn, and weariness, too, put in a poor pitiful plea, for I was so tired, so tired.

made mention of tegether, and the time was more than a year ago when

Reginald Dacre offered me, wherein toil and weariness could never come, woman was to be his wife, and I must toil and weariness could never come. I thought of the purple and fine linen; the luxurious rest; the emolu ments! Then my daily life passed in review before me—that of companion to a haughty, fine lady, and a singer in a fashionable church, among fashionable saints and a fashionable saint

Give me a call before purchasing elsewhere, and SEE MY GOODS

the swish of wings.

I thought of it all—the fever and the fret; the petty jars; the misunder—this so true, so noble. I had called

Is that you do yourself justice by buying goods where you can get them the I know it is the practice among a great many merchants to sell a few leading articles at cost, but they must make it up on something else. I intend to strictly adhere to very LOW PRICES in everything I offer for

at his call. But then love is only one reason why one should marry a man. There might be love and plenty of money, and yet one go hungry all one's life. I have known such things. I had tried to make my life straight and fair. I had tried to keep clean hands and a pure heart; tried—God, who knows the secrets of all hearts, knows this—to fight despair. Furnishing Goods, Etc., Etc. There is no doubt or question but I shall sell them very much lower than

knows this—to fight despair.

We see through shadows all our

We have not been consulted as to heart. birth or death. More and more the prayer of Epictetus haunts me. "Lead me, Zeus and Destiny, whitherpever I am appointed to go; I will H. M. LINES & LAWRENCE follow without wavering; even though turn coward and shrink, I shall have to follow all the same,' Should I marry Mr. Dacre? Was he a good party? as the world said.
Too good for me, as my lady ele-

UPHOLSTERED WORK, ALBUM PICTURE FRAMES, I had been born into the world amid fierce throes of mental anguish. WE KEEP A COMPLETE STOCK IN OUR LINE Through the pain of her travail my mother's heart was rent with the greater pain of my father's sudden -drowned off the Cornish coast, All kinds of Work in our line done for I was born at sea. She lived until I was 10 years old, a life of sorrow and poverty and renunciation. Then she died, leaving me to the care Caskets and Cases on hand, of a compassionate world and my uncle. Of him I have already

My uncle, Edward Earle, had pro-cured the friendship (†) of the lady month-Mrs. Lucien Granger, a distant cousin of his own. I was an my residence with that lady that my fate came to me. A young nephew of Mrs. Granger came to the hall. He was an artist, young and handsome, and fresh from a four years' so-gourn in Rome.

heart was rent with sorrow, and I helped to expedite his departure.

But one letter ever reached me.
His father was dead, and he was Sir Alan now.

turn. I had bartered erewhile my whole possessions for a few glances of a dark, dark eye, and my note had gone to protest.

Could I, could I? It kept following me about with fateful persistency, for to-night I was to give my answer to my high-born lover.

I tried to look things in the face, to count the cost.

Money was a good thing; it insured warmth in winter and delicious cool-

ness in summer, and prettiness and daintiness, and the entrance into good society. Yes, money was a good thing, and position and power, and houses and lands. So far good; but my soul hungered and thirsted for a love commensurate with my own, which this man, who offered me purple and gold, had it not in his power to give, or, let me qualify that, had it not in his nature to give.

The stars came out golden and soft, and the fragrant summer dusk

Two years had dragged their slow length along since that letter came, and I had never heard from Alan, though craving his presence as the prisoner craves the sunshine. I had written him once, and I had regretted even that. "He was soon to be wed ded to an earl's handsome daughter," Mrs. Granger read aloud from an open letter in her hand; "in fact it was an old affair, prior to his visit to the hall," etc. etc.

How I regretted I had written, Two years had dragged their slow

It was a beautiful future that I had the sight thus to address him.

n a fashionable church, among ashionable saints and sinners.

I had entered upon this life from an analysis of the pity of it, out of all this world's million possibilities I had only the chance of two—either to wed inloved and unloving home, a home Reginald Dacre, a man old enough

the fret; the petty jars; the misunderstandings; the pain of incomprehension; the unguerdoned toil the
lagging hours; the awful pauses.

This or marriage; this, or marriage.
It seemed written like a placard on
earth and sky. It seemed bound
like phylactery upor the brows of the
like phylactery upor the brows of the
people as they passed to and fro;

This or marriage is the misunderstandings; the pain of incomprehenin the warm dusk under the stars.

"I will not soil thy purple with my
dust," I had whispered in my heart.
"Nor breathe my poison on thy
Venice glass." * * * I went
down to the sea to liste to its sullen
proposed as they passed to and fro;

This or marriage; this, or marriage.

"Oh, for my mad flight, for the red
roses scattered all along the road; for
my unbounded joy at your return;
for proposing to run and steal the
note, and, and—things."

For answer came tender kisses
pressed upon brow and lips and
the retire of the red
roses scattered all along the road; for
my unbounded joy at your return;
for proposing to run and steal the
note, and, and—things."

For answer came tender kisses
pressed upon brow and lips and

people as they passed to and fro; roar; hear it tell its tale of human closed eyes, and Mr. Lord Lovel (Mr. misery; of fair faces dead under its Dacre) rode forth from the castle and soon the word marriage lost all its significance for me, as words do after oft repeating. Did it mean misery or happiness, bliss or woe? This marriage that rung its changes through my train—was it Godappointed? Did it mean God's blessing or the curse? You know I did not love this man sobbing and tears. It was a good thing to think of the sufferings of who offered me rest from my labors. others, and try to ignore our own; a is nature's remedy for the bleeding He had not power to evoke one thrill at his call. But then love is only one misery of the girl called Helen Presblood withdrawn from the extrem

three But she had smirched her soul, for we see through shadows and belief long. We come into this world without our being given a choice as to our advent, and go out of it in the

> "I have sold my soul for houses and lands," she said, "and I am wretched. Mea culpa! Mea culpa!" "I have sold myself with open eyes," she said, "knowingly, with malice prepense. I have no one to blame. That Alan forgot his vows did not make it right that I should But the sea with its fuss and fret,

made my heart ache, the turbulent water seemed wooing me thitherward The chimes of our quaint old church, playing an old song, caused a choke in my throat. I would go and invoke grand airs from the organ, and mayhap I should forget the sea's roar. It was my wont to go there to practice, and I knew the service would not be held for a half hour The lights were turned down to a semi-darkness, and the old sexton, with whom I was a favorite, had left of Indians emigrated in a body from

Journ in Rome.

I need not weary you with the prologue or the epilogue of our love, for words are so poor to express the only love, how we have been wronged.

"My girl, you have suffered," he ejaculated, in a tone of exquisite tenderness. "Helen, my first and for words are so poor to express the only love, how we have been wronged.

heart's utterance. O golden days!
O tender, passionate nights! O princely heart, come back to me!
Alan Leighton was the last son of a high-born family, and because of the blue blood—the united blood of all the Howards—flowing in his veins, Mrs. Granger interposed her fiat against our love, dreading, doubtless, the plebeian admixture of mine.
It is a pity that blood does not al ways tell. It was an inglorious triumph to me—yet still a triumph—to bare my white arms to the shoulder during our gala nights—to which my voice was always invited—contrasting their satiny smoothness and perfect contour with the lean, brown appendages Mrs. Granger folded over her aristocratic heart.
But a cloud crept into the sky, and its shadow fell across our path.
Alan was called suddenly by telegram to England, where his grand old father my dying. We had but a moment for our farewells, and Alan's heart was rent with sorrow, and I helped to expedite his departure.

I only learned an hour before I embarked, that you were not the false weman you had been painted to me. Mrs. Granger wrote me eighteen months ago that you had married Mr. Dacre, and left with him for Cuba.' A subsequent letter, without date or signature, inclosing the tiny pearl pin I had given you, left me no room for doubt. I left England for ever, and have been on the wing ever since, finding no rest for my heart on sea or shore, Helen, I suffered as few men suffer because of losing you, and because of your falseness. But I could not waste my whole life because of a woman's untruth, so I tied up the broken threads and tried not to look back. It was by chance I met Herman Sloan, and in the midst of mutual confidences he asked me why I had never returned to America and to the beautiful Helen Preston, who had declined all suitors, and was still un wed. Helen, I embarked that afternoon, and I am here, never to be parted from my darling. When will

moon, and I am here, never to be parted from my darling. When will we be married, sweet?"

"Married! Alan," and the dreary present recurring to me, I withdrew myself from his arms, and almost unbecause with live framed the words. consciously my lips framed the words:
I had died for this last year to know
You had loved me. Who shall turn on fate?
I care not if love come or go
Now; though your love seek mine for mate,
It is too late.

night thrust between the leaves of his book, making Alan's coming for ever too late for my happiness.

Rapid hoof-beats along the road, and my courtly lover came in sight.

"Saved! Alan," and my words

came thick and fast. "Engage him in conversation, Alan, regarding the hall, Mrs. Granger, the weather, stocks, etc., etc. I will escape by the vestry door, fly to the hall! secure the note! and then, oh, Alan!"

"My darling, my bright darling!" but I broke from his clasp and sped away like a chamois to the hall I did not heed that the roses fell from my throat, that a portion of my lace flounce graced a thornbush, or that my hair, unloosed from its fastenings, hung about my shoulders. I think if I had possessed a piece of paper I should have should a reprieve! a re-

one moment into the mirror, twisting up my shining hair, and trying to hush the loud beating of my heart, of how I rapidly traversed the path lead-ing to the church, dodging behind an osage hedge to escape meeting Mr.

Alan?

pressed upon brow and lips and closed eyes, and Mr. Lord Lovel (Mr.

gates alone. CAUSE AND TREATMENT OF FAINTING

Fainting, in most of its forms, is a

purely natural and physiological condition for which there is a good reason. Fainting from loss of blood ities (where, presumably, the bleed ing is going on) into the larger cen tral vessels; the patient lies motion less; there are no struggles to force the blood out of the wound; there is no pain felt. In a case of fainting, therefore, from loss of blood, simply lay the patient on the back-a littl turned to one side-with the head low and the wound in a position favorable to the doctor's manipulation loosen all fastenings and buttons about the throat, and then await the kept her love for Alan locked in her doctor's arrival. Don't try to bring the patient around by deluging him "I have sold my soul for houses with water. Above all give him no brandy unless by the doctor's orders. Brandy will end the fainting quick enough, but it will start the heart at double quick time and send the blood surging through the peripheral arteries, breaking down and washing away any protective plups of clot which has probably begun to close the wounded vessels. In cases of fainting from shock or from pain the patient should be placed in an easily cumbent position, with the head low and the throat free from pressure The forehead may then be bathed with cold water and brandy cautiously administered, or ammonia applied to the nostrils.

spoken.

My life dragged on with clogged wheels. I was always at war with my surroundings. Though too proud to express it, I had never realized my ideal of womanhood, or in any way grown up to my aspirations and dreams. If I had grown at all it had been through pain and depression—

Let this grown always for a warm—

with whom I was a favorite, had left the key in the door for me. The moon shone across the organ keys and the trailing folds of my white dress looked almost ghastly in its light. O quaint old chimes! Too soon I would be far away from you, over the sea to my suitor's lordly home, carrying with me a heavier than my years should warrant.

Let this grown at all it had been through pain and depression—

Let this grown at all it had been through pain and depression—

Let this grown at all it had been through pain and depression—

Let this grown at all it had been through pain and depression—

Let this grown at all it had been through pain and depression—

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Let the grown at all it had grown at all it had been through pain and depression—

Let the grown at all it had grown at all it had been through pain and depression—

Let the grown at all it had grown at all it had been through pain and depression—

Some grown up to my aspirations and grown up to my aspiration and grown up to m which drove the wretched criminal been through pain and depression—
a fatal thing always for a warmhearted, earnest woman.

But it was too late to look back;
and the fault was mine. I had ruined

been through pain and depression—
heart than my years should warrant.
But it was too late to look back;
only rising to take breath. On the opposite bank he made insulting and the fault was mine. I had ruined cured the friendship (?) of the lady in whose house I had passed a twelvemonth—Mrs. Lucien Granger, a disdesire of mine eyes, I had sealed my tant cousin of his own. I was an unsalaried governess or always made available by my uncle. It was during my residence with that lady that my fate came to me. A young nephew "Helen" and my head slain at first. A solemn council of

PARIS.

A Letter From the French Capital Replete With Matters of Interest to ou

Paris, April 5, 1883.

The leaves and the birds are reappearing, and so are the strangers any of them from California and the Northwest. Although mild and genial the Paris winters are noticeable by the bare trees, and interrupted growth of verdure in the Champs Elyses, or along the Boulevards. On the lower Pacific Coast this change is not perceptible and our trees there bloom almost continually bloom almost continually, creating surprise to the French tourists who are always congratulating me on being a resident of the golden State of California. I shall return to the Pacific Coast firmly convinced that it is

Paris must cut down its prices before it can hope to again see the thousands of persons who once lived here
because they could accomplish much
with little money. The scale of living has become higher than it is in
New York and our other large cities.
If the town would to-morrow abolish
its cetrol duty, make articles of consumption cheap and bring down its
rents it would bring hundreds of
millions of francs into the pockets of
shop-keepers and other small tradesmen.

men.

But, cheap or dear, it is ever the same facinating old Paris—the most irresistibly charming place in the world in which to reside, because of the immense accumulation of topics of interest, of objects of art, and above all of varieties of human society to be found within its walls. We are not compelled to adore even its stains and spots as the Sieur its stains and spots as the Sieur Michel de Montaigne felt constrained to do; but we cherish a certain affection for it, which not even the rapac-ity of landlords can entirely deaden. M. Jules Ferry said in his speech

at the Sarbonne the other day that the Republic had within the last ten years expended sixty millions of francs in building and equipping school houses, in departments where heretofore those structures were few and far between. "And we expect soon to spend forty millions more," he added. This makes the clericals roar. should have shouted a reprievel a reprieve!

Shall I try to tell of how I secured the note and hid it in my bosom, of how I ran upstairs and peeped for how I ran upstairs and peeped for one moment into the mirror, twisting matters. Since 1870 there have been founded no less than fifty-seven nor-mal schools, specially for the instruc-tion of school mistresses. The French doled out to me by the tardy justice of a granduncle who had robbed me of my inheritance. I thought at first I might find the sangreal somewhere in this new country, which seemed so fair, but alas! I had not even heard

idea of having boys taught by young women, and they say that they will not deliver their daughters into the care of Godless girls, who are the fruit of the odious revolution. A curious fool came to his death in

a Parisian mad house this week. His name was Roussot, and he was sentenced to death at the Assizes of the Seine in 1853 for having assasinated an old man named Demoury, in order to steal his money. Roussot had been a pettifogging man of business about the Palace of Justice, and his case attracted a great deal of atten-tion. Such crowds came to hear the pleas on the last day of the trial that the Judge presiding allowed several spectators to crowd into the dock where the criminal was standing Roussot was between two gendarmes, and immediately behind him stood a spectator named Planchat, employed as a runner for a sensational news-paper. Planchat waited until the exact moment when the Judge an nounced to the unhappy Roussot the sentence of death; then he passed his finger quickly across the assassin's

neck, at the same time making a grat-ing noise with his lips—as if imitat-ing the cutting of the guillotine knife through the criminal's cartilages.

This brutal trick had an unexpected effect. Roussot uttered a loud scream and fell forward on his face, as if he had really been guillotined; and Planchat was arrested, and for contempt of court and display of contempt of court and display of callousness was sentenced to two years' imprisonment. Roussot was taken away to the cells, but he was found to be quite mad. He begged of the warders to give him back his head, insisting that he could not con duct himself properly without it. At first they thought that he feinged madness, but the physicians said no, and the case went up to the Emperor, who pardoned him and had him shut up in Bicetre, and afterward in Charenton. For more than thirty years Rousset has insisted that he has been guillotined in the court room in the Palace of Justice. "You see," he was accustomed to say to visitors, "they cut off my head before they had any right to do so." Then he uestions would relate all the circumstances as A band they had existed for him in his dis-

Do any of my Pacific Coast readers remember Ketten the pianist? I think he made a tour in Ameaica some years ago. He was a strange, wild looking young man with a pale face, a moustache a la diable and eccentric manner of touching keys of his favorite instrument. Genius, I his favorite instrument. Genius, I think he possessed in a certain degree. There was a flavor to his playing which was entirely original. Besides he was composed with taste and refinement. Now he has gone—his young life snuffed out quickly in one night by the remorseless hand of death. Last Friday evening he arrived in Paris worn and nervous after a hurried journey from St. Peters-Dost thou love life, then do not quander time, for that is the stuff ife is made of.

Pred in Pars worn and nervous after a hurried journey from St. Petersburg, whither he had been to attend a series of concerts arranged by Rubinstein—concerts at which the luxurious Russians were permitted to

the cheapest place to live in the

to be found in frivolous Paris I she soon return to California, satisfit that after all it is the only place fan American to live.

essays to train a horse. He must be gentle, firm, and gifted with the art of putting things. If he also possesses that which is as excellent a thing in man as in woman, "ever soft, gentle and low," it all the better for himself

all the better for himself and pupil. The following directions to teaching a horse to back and lead, show how the qualities refer to may be used:

Take him to the top of a rai steep piece of ground, stand his h feet down the slope, throw the briens over the neck, place yoursel front and take hold of them on a side of the head close up to the Now press the bit against the si of the mouth and speak gentlearn to do this.

learn to do this. Next, take him on to ground not quite so steep, sue the same course. When horse has learned to back red down hill, he can be taken on to ground to do it.

As soon as this lesson is well taught, harness him to a light, empty wagon, and go through the same

wagon, take reins in hand, pull then, at the same time speakin him, "back, back," and thus kee up the discipline till the an perfected in it.

If he has a mate, after well instructed, they can be be together, and drilled till per Three things, as above stat be strictly observed; First, the horse with his back down

strike it. As soon as the horse understand what is wanted of him, he will do i with alacrity. It is not from ill-temper or stubbornness that a horse does not back at once when spoken to

it is from sheer ignorance; he does not know what is wanted, or how to do it until gently taught.

A second method is to harness the horse alongside of another well broken to back, and set the hind end of the wagon on a sloping piece of ground, and follow the directions above or jump into the wagon and to discipline alone at first, as abo To teach a horse to lead, let a n or boy take the end of the bridle

or meal in it.

The horse will then advance to it.

Now let him nibble a small quantity, then move with the dish a little further in front, and so keep on till he is taught to lead well.

He can also be taught by putting him alongside of another horse which leads easily. He ought to be rather hungry when thus drilled, so he will come up eagerly to the dish of grain.

—[Rural New-Yorker.

or meal in it.

CATS ON SHIPBOARD.

Although pussy is the unrelenting enemy of rats and they stand in wholesome awe of her presence, she wholesome awe of her presence not always victorious in her e ter with them. I have seen a rolled over and over by a patri, on whom she had pounced, and tire from the fray discomfited, v a severe bite through the lip. connection with cats and rats, I ney not come under my imme notice. On board the Elbe we grand, great yellow cat in the part of the ship—for cats have own well-refined homes after would relate all the circumstances as their boundaries from feling they had existed for him in his diseased brain, and would imitate the grating sound which his persecutor Planchat bad made with his lips on the day of the sentence—the sound which drove the most accomplished and manly cat I was ever acc

Any girl will tell y