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SOCIETY NOTICES.

OREGON LODGE NO. 3, I. I. O. F., Meets every Thursday evening at 7½ o'clock, in the Odd Fellows' Hall, Main street. Members of the Order are invited to attend. By order N. G.

REBECCA DEGREE LODGE NO. 2, I. O. O. F., Meets on the Second and Fourth Tuesday evenings each month, at 7½ o'clock, in the Odd Fellows' Hall. Members of the Degree are invited to attend.

MULTNOMAH LODGE NO. 1, A. F. & A. M., Holds its regular communications on the First and Third Saturdays in each month, at 7 o'clock from the 20th of September to the 20th of March; and 7½ o'clock from the 20th of March to the 20th of September. Brethren in good standing are invited to attend. By order of W. M.

FALLS ENCAMPMENT NO. 4, I. O. O. F., Meets at Odd Fellows' Hall on the First and Third Tuesday of each month. Patriarchs in good standing are invited to attend.

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A. J. HOVER, M. D. J. W. NORRIS, M. D
HOVER & NORRIS,
PHYSICIANS AND SURGEONS,
Office Up-Stairs in Charman's Brick, Main Street.
Dr. Hover's residence—Third street, at foot of cliff stairway. tf

DR. JOHN WELCH
DENTIST,
OFFICE IN
OREGON CITY, OREGON.
Highest Cash Price Paid for County Orders.

HUELAT & EASTHAM,
ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW.
PORTLAND—In Opitz's new brick, 30 First street.
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JOHNSON & McCOWN
ATTORNEYS AND COUNSELORS AT-LAW.
Oregon City, Oregon.
Will practice in all the Courts of the State. Special attention given to cases in the U. S. Land Office at Oregon City. 5apr1872-tf.

L. T. BARIN
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
OREGON CITY, : : OREGON.
Will practice in all the Courts of the State. Nov. 1, 1875, tf

H. E. CHAMBERLAIN,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW
OREGON CITY.
Office in ENTERPRISE Rooms.

JAMES B. UPTON,
Attorney-at-Law,
Oregon City.
Nov. 5, 1875 tf

W. H. HIGHFIELD.
Established since '49, at the old stand.
Main Street, Oregon City, Oregon.
An assortment of Wathes, Jewelry, and Seth Thomas' Weight Clocks all of which are warranted to be as represented.
Repairing done on short notice, and thankful for past patronage.

JOHN M. BACON,
IMPORTER AND DEALER in Books, Stationery, Perfumery, etc., etc.
Oregon City, Oregon.
At the Post Office, Main stgeet, east side.

TO FRUIT-GROWERS.
THE ALDEN FRUIT PRESERVING Company of Oregon City will pay the
HIGHEST MARKET PRICE
for PLUMS, PEARS and APPLES.
Mr. Thos. Charman is authorized to purchase for the Company.
L. D. C. LATOURETTE, President.
THOS. CHARMAN, Secretary.
Oregon City, July 28, 1875 tf

MILLER, MARSHALL & CO.,
PAY THE HIGHEST PRICE FOR WHEAT, at all times, at the
Oregon City Mills,
And have on hand
FEED and FLOUR
to sell, at market rates. Parties desiring Feed, must furnish sacks. nov12tf

SIT DOWN, SAD SOUL.

Sit down, sad soul and count
The moments flying;
Come—tell the sweet amount
That's lost by sighing!
How many smiles?—a score?
Then laugh, and count no more;
For day is dying!

Lie down, sad soul, and sleep,
And no more measure
The flight of Time, nor weep
The loss of leisure;
But here, by this lone stream,
Lie down with us, and dream
Of starry treasure!

We dream; do thou the same;
We love—for ever;
We laugh; yet few we shame,
The gentle, never.
Stay, then, till sorrow dies;
Then—hope and happy skies
Are thine for ever!
—[Barry Cornwall.

THE BELL OF ST. JOHN'S.

BY RUFUS SARGENT.

In the huge and smoky foundry close by the wharves in the town of B——, a gang of workmen were getting ready to cast the large bell of the St. John's Cathedral chime. Only an hour more, and they would let the glaring, bubbling metal flow from the huge furnace into the mold which was buried deep in the black earth close by.

It was just at evening, and in the gathering twilight the lurid flames that burst from the top of the tall chimney flashed unearthly gleams upon the neighboring windows and house tops.

The scene within the foundry was weird and almost awful. The swarthy forms of the workmen, partly lighted by the yellow glare, moved about like Turtarian shades, and the soothy beams and ponderous chains crossing half black, half golden, under the golden roof, recalled the engines of Cyclops under Mt. Ætna.

The town clock struck six. It was time for supper. All the men threw down their tools and ran and put on their outer clothing.

"Be back in half an hour, sharp!" cried the foremaster. "We shall make the cast at a quarter of seven."

"All right, sir!" cried the men in response.

"I hear some of the town folks are coming down to see the work," said one.

"Yes," said another, "and it'll be something to open their eyes. There was never such a bell cast in the whole State as this one will be."

In a moment more only one workman and the master were left in the foundry. The former was to stay and watch the "blast." He had brought a double allowance of dinner, and he would make a supper of what remained.

"Perhaps we can get the 'inventor' to stay with you, George," said the master, laughing, as he prepared to leave.

"He's been around the works long enough to know when anything goes wrong. Hollo! Hollo! I say! Where is the 'inventor?' Come here. Ah, there he is." And in silent answer to the summons a shock-haired fellow, with large gray eyes and a pale, vacant face, appeared from behind a pile of castings. He had on his back a gray shirt, much soiled with dust, and he wore a pair of huge pantaloons, held up by a single suspender.

"Well, Mopus," quoth the man George, slapping him rather roughly on the shoulder, "suppose you've got wit enough to help yell if anything's the matter?"

The young fellow looked stupidly around and nodded his head.

"Then sit here and look at that furnace, and don't take your eyes off."

The poor lad smiled and meekly did as he was ordered, just as an obedient dog would have laid down to watch his owner's coat.

A queer fellow was this "Mopus;" stupid enough in ordinary things to need a world of watching, but withal wonderfully fit to watch a furnace. He knew all the workings of the foundry by what seemed a sort of brute instinct, though really his strange sagacity in this was a remnant of a once bright mind.

If anything happened or went in an unusual way, he would always notice it, and say what ought to be done, though he could not tell, perhaps, why it ought to be done.

Two years before he had been an intelligent promising lad. He was the son of a designer connected with the foundry company, and had always been allowed free access to the shops, and to mingle with the men and watch their work. But one day a great lifting chain broke, with its load, and an iron fragment struck him on the head, inflicting a serious injury. From this he partially recovered, and only partially, for his reason was impaired. But his natural love for machinery and mechanical experiments remained, and as he regained his bodily strength he spent most of his time making small wheels and shafts, and putting together odd contrivances, which he would exhibit with immense pride and satisfaction.

The peculiar trait in the young fellow gained for him the humorous title of the "Inventor." All the men felt a great kindness for him, even though their manner toward him was occasionally harsh and impatient.

Such was the person left to help watch the great blast for the casting of the king bell of the chime of St. John's. Faithfully he kept his place before the furnace, while the man George sat down at a little distance and began to eat his supper. Doubtless the latter intended to keep a general oversight, but he certainly made the inventor's eyes do the most of the looking. Whether he felt a kind of reckless trust in the instinct of his half witted companion, or indolently concluded that nothing wrong could happen, he was sadly to blame for charging himself so little with the important duty before him.

Not a word was said by either watcher, and only the deep roar of the furnace was heard through the vast foundry.

George finished his supper, and sauntered into one of the tool shops to find his pipe. "Inventor" sat alone before the great blast. The one rational faculty of his feeble mind enabled him to comprehend what it meant, and even something of the magnitude of the enterprise that was ripening inside those burning walls. He knew that the furnace was full of valuable metal, and that close behind him, buried out of sight in the deep sand, was the huge mold, so soon to be filled with the precious cast. He knew and could see that all the channels for the flow of the fiery liquid were ready, and that near the mouth of the furnace stood the long iron rod that was to be used on the molton stream.

All this his limited thoughts took in by habit. Dimly conscious that something was soon to be done, he sat with his eyes on the furnace absorbed and intent.

Suddenly something startled him. There was a light noise and a burning crack appeared near the top of the furnace. Then another crack, and a scorching brick fell out and rolled to the ground at his feet.

The lad opened his mouth to shriek, but so terrified was he that the sound struck in his throat, as if he had been in a fit of nightmare.

A thin red stream followed the fallen brick, and trickled down the furnace side like running lava. Then came another alarming noise, and a thin gap half way down the masonry let out more of the hissing metal.

Where was George? Was the unfaithful fellow still hunting for his pipe? The furnace was bursting with only a poor, half-idiot lad to guard it.

What could he do? He did what a lad in his right mind would not have dared to do. Rushing to the mouth of the furnace, he seized the long iron rod that stood near, and tapped the vent. One desperate thrust with a sharp point up the terrible funnel—a few quick prying strokes. Stand back now. The confiding clay fell away, and the yellow-white flood spurted out with restless force. It leaped into the clay-lined troughs, and hissed its way, flaming down to the mouth of the bell mold.

The "fool" had done a deed worthy of a general on a field of battle.

Was it too late? Every moment new fissures opened in the doomed furnace. Some of the upper stones topped over. Still the metal poured out into the mold. But the waste was great from those gapping flaws. The pressure was relieved by the open vent, but the leaks multiplied continually. It was art running a race with ruin.

Poor "Mopus" stood powerless before the coming catastrophe. His knees knocked together and his head swam. A great heap of red-hot brick and rubbish fell at his feet. He had barely thought to get out of the way and save his life. He heard a wild shout of human voices in the distance, then an awful roar behind him, and he saw and felt himself pursued by surges of seething fire. Sharp, blistering pains pierced his flesh at a hundred points. The rest was all a horrible, unintelligible dream. It was as if he had suddenly sank into the earth and had been swallowed up forever.

By seven o'clock comparative quite reigned again on the scene of disaster. Ruins lay everwhere. The engines had quenched the flames that had caught the building, and the men blacked with smoke, stood in silent groups around the remains of the furnace. It had fallen to pieces and nothing was left but heaps of rubbish

Poor "Inventor," who had been found with the tapping-rod in his hands, lying on his face in the sand, frightfully burned, had been carried to his home.

Little was said, but the few words spoken uttered with no mild emphasis the natural wrath of the master and hands against the man George, whose excuse for himself only exaggerated his offense.

"See what he's done," said they, a few days later, as they stood in the half-burned foundry. "Five thousand dollars gone to waste in a minute! The best job in twenty years spoiled! The rascal, to go hunting for his pipe, and leave that stuttering idiot to watch! Is that all he can say for himself? Out upon such carelessness! Why, the boy didn't even know enough to bawl out when he must have seen the furnace tumbling to pieces!"

The master who had more at stake than the men, of course felt the loss more keenly than they. He almost wept with mingled grief and rage. Suddenly something peculiar caught his eye among the debris, and he cried in a startled voice:

"Hallo! What's this? What's this?" He snatched up a fragment of one of the troughs which had led from the mold. There were traces of the stream of bronze still running in it. Then the possible meaning of the iron found in the injured boy's hand flashed upon him.

"Bring me a shovel, quick!" he shouted.

A spade was placed in his hands, and he began nervously to heave away the hot mass that lay piled over the bell mold. It was a herculean task, but he worked like a giant, and three or four of his men took hold and helped him.

Brick-bats, ore, slag and ashes flew in every direction. Presently the master's spade penetrated the sand and touched something hard. He stooped down. Then he leaped up like one half frantic, and plying his spade with redoubled energy, tore away the remaining sand, disclosing what looked like a metal ring.

"Men," he cried out, lifting his flushed face, "the bell is cast!"

"Who did this?" asked every excited voice, as soon as the cheering died away.

"Come with me, two or three of you!" cried the master. "I think I know who did it. It's a miracle!"

They hurried away to the home of the half-witted boy. The attendant met them with his finger on his lips.

"The poor boy is in a brain fever," said he.

"Does he say anything in his delirium?" whispered the master.

"Oh, yes; he raves all the time about the big bell mold. 'I hope it will fill—I hope it will fill,' he says."

The men exchanged glances. It was indeed true. The idiot had cast the great bell of St. John's. Just then the physician came out.

"Perhaps he will recover his reason by this shock and sickness," he said. "Such things have happened."

"Do you think so? Pray heaven he may!" solemnly ejaculated the master and his men; and turned away deeply moved.

Two months later the great bell hung from a huge derrick in the lathe room of the factory, and beneath it stood a heavy truck upon which it was about to be lowered. A silence fell upon the group of workmen as the pale face and feeble form of "Inventor" appeared, borne in a small reclining chair. He had recovered his reason and was fast getting back his strength. His large grey eyes instantly fastened themselves on the bell, that splendid masterpiece, whose making meant so much to him. They had told him the whole story of the casting, and the disaster in the foundry, but it all sounded like a wild romance to him.

"I remember nothing that happened," said he, shaking his head, with a smile. "It's all new to me; all new and strange—so strange!"

"Yes," said the master, devoutly, "it was God's hand."

Every eye turned upon the invalid. Some of the men felt almost afraid, it was so much like a resurrection to have him there among them, the boy they had known so long unwitted, now a young man, keen and intelligent, as if changed into another being.

"I should like to strike the bell once;" two men lifted him up and put a small hammer in his hand.

He struck one gentle blow. A deep, sweet, mournful tone, solemn as the sound of distant waterfalls, rolled from the great bell and echoed through the foundry. Tears filled the eyes of the rough men as they heard it.

"Ah!" said the master, "there's a hallelujah in that, and it may well begin here. Long may this bell praise God! He saved it in the ruins of the furnace by one wise thought in the ruins of a human brain. Our furnace is rebuilt, and behold, this dear boy has his reason again! The bell and the boy shall glorify God together."

"Amen!" murmured the listeners.

Then the great bell was lowered, and as the truck was moved away with its melodious burden, the boy was lifted and carried after it, and both went out in the sunny day together, the rough men standing in the doorways waving their hands.

"Little Inventor" afterwards well proved his claim to the title so lightly given him in his unfortunate boyhood. His name is now read on many a bell whose matchless richness of tone his genius and skill in metals alone created.

Orchards--Grafting Old Trees.

At the February meeting of the Adams county (Ill.) Horticultural Society, Mr. Robert Rankin recommended the extension of orchards, holding that if varieties are made the leading subject and a high well surface-drained plot of ground selected, the land will pay double any other crop that can be grown on it. He recommended the following varieties: Summer — Red Astrachan; Fall—Maiden's Blush and Rambeau; Winter— Wine Sap, Willow Twig, Johnathan and Ben Davis. If he was setting 100 acres for market, he would not go outside of this list, and would plant four Ben Davis to any other. Of peaches he would plant Hale's, Troth's Early, Old Mixon, Free and Cling Stump the World, Smock's Free, Ward's Late, and Heath's Cling.

At the same meeting the question was asked: "Will grafting on to grafted trees answer?" This drew out the views of members, who thought it practical if the tree is vigorous and healthy, but would rather set new trees if the trees are over 8 or 10 years old. The general opinion was, it did not pay to graft old orchards, as the tree begins to decay before the graft begins to bear.

BACK PAY.—Some years ago a certain Detroiter settled a debt by giving his note of hand. The holder tried for two years to collect it, and then filed it away. The other day he had an opportunity to work it off on an innocent party, and shortly after so doing he encountered the maker of the note and said:

"Now you'll have to come to time! I've sold that note of yours!"

"You don't say so?"

"Yes, I have; got it off on a man for seven dollars."

"See here, Tom," said the debtor in a pleading voice, "if you got seven dollars for that forty dollar note against me, and you won't give me at least two dollars, I'll never do another favor for you in my life!"

A revivalist grocer in Albany displays the sign, "Hold the Fort-een eggs for 25 cents." He must be a Layman.—Ex.

CONGRESSIONAL.

SENATE.

WASHINGSON, April 5.—The day was mainly taken up with preliminaries and preparations for the Belknap impeachment trial.

April 6.—Bills were introduced and referred as follows:

By Boutwell, making an appropriation to defray the expenses of the committee appointed by the Senate to investigate the recent election in Mississippi; referred to the committee on appropriations.

By Sargent, amending the act of Congress creating the court of commissioners of Alabama claims, approved June 23, 1874; referred to the committee on judiciary.

Sherman, from the committee on finance, reported favorably on the House bill to provide for the deficiency in the engraving and printing bureau of the Treasury Department, and gave notice he would call it up for consideration Monday; placed on the calendar.

The bill fixing the rate of postage on third-class matter came up. Harvey submitted an amendment practically looking to return to the old system.

Several Senators spoke in favor of the bill, and one or two more amendments were submitted, which were ordered printed. No action was taken as other Senators, not present, had announced their intention to speak.

Adjourned until Monday.

HOUSE.

WASHINGTON, April 5.—A message was received from the Senate informing the House that the Senate had organized for the impeachment of Belknap, and was ready to receive the managers at its bar.

Hubbel, from the committee on banking and currency, reported back adversely the bill fixing the legal rate of interest on national money throughout the United States at not exceeding six per cent. per annum, and affixing penalties for its violation. Pending action on the bill, the morning hour expired.

The impeachment managers presented themselves at the bar of the House and stated, through Lord, their chairman, that they had proceeded to the bar of the Senate and the Senate had fixed Monday the 17th day of April as the day on which they would make the process returnable against Belknap.

April 6.—The House resumed the consideration of the bill to carry into operation the Hawaiian treaty. Speeches were made in support of the bill by Morris and Garfield, the later declaring that as the result of its rejection the Hawaiian Islands would be within a few months controlled and dominated either by England or France. Gibson spoke against the bill.

Wood, who has charge of the bill, then announced that, after two other speeches by Banks and Tucher, he would endeavor to get a vote on Monday.

The House committee on public lands agreed upon the bill granting to the territories of Dakota, Wyoming, Idaho and Montana two townships of land of 72 sections, each for the purpose of aiding in the support of a college; also reported favorably upon the bill authorizing the Secretary of War to relinquish and turn over to the Department of the Interior, the military reservations known as Camp Grant and Camp Crittenden in Arizona, they being no longer required for military duty.

WASHINGTON, April 7.

Whitthorn, chairman of the committee on naval affairs, reported a resolution instructing the sub-committee to proceed to Philadelphia and League Island navy yard to inquire into certain alleged abuses and frauds; adopted. The sub-committee consists of Whitthorn, Jones of New Hampshire, Harris and Burleigh.

The House then went into committee of the whole, Durand in the chair, on the private calendar.

About forty bills were reported and passed, a large majority being for pensions or relief of individuals. A bill for the payment of certain war claims, applying to over 200 individuals and agregating $112,000, was passed after debate.

Adjourned until to-morrow, when the session will be for general debate only.

BESSIE TURNER IN BROOKLYN.—The Bessie Turner who is lecturing in the rural districts of the West is a fraud. The real possessor of that patronymic is living in Brooklyn as quietly and unobtrusively as any person can who, whenever she appears on the street, is subjected to the rude gaze of vulgar men and curious women. She is supporting herself by teaching and writing, and deserves credit for her efforts to screen herself from the public. She was recently interviewed on the subject of public lecturing by the reporter of a morning paper. She disclaims any idea of lecturing, and wishes to be let alone. After the interview she became solicitous of its suppression, and wrote a simple and courteous note to the editor of the paper referred to asking that the account of the interview be suppressed, so as to save her name from further notoriety. The request was made so earnestly, and evidently so horestly, that it was complied with. The story was never printed.

BLACK-BALLED.—A funny story is told of two Vermont farmers who are not Grangers. They induced their wives to join and report before they would commit themselves. Now, when they will they cannot. Two black-balls greet every application. Meanwhile the wives go regularly and triumphantly to the meeting of the Grange, and the men stay at home to mind the babies.

Richard H. Dana, Jr.

The Preposterious Story of Literary Piracy.

Concerning the charge of "literary piracy" on the part of Mr. Richard H. Dana, Jr., in connection with his edition of Wheaton's "Elements of International Law," the Boston *Transcript* says.

"The history of the case is well known hereabout. A suit is now pending in the United States Court, having been referred several years ago to the Hon. Henry W. Paine, as Auditor in Chancery, to determine how far Mr. Dana is liable, if at all, for literary piracy. It was formally agreed between Mrs. Wheaton and Mr. Lawrence, in consideration of some negotiations by which Brockhans, of Leipsic, was to pay the former 6,000 francs, that she was to make no use of Mr. Lawrence's notes in a new edition (of Wheaton's Elements) without his written consent, and Mrs. Wheaton will give to Mr. Lawrence the right to make any use he wishes of his own notes.' This agreement was ratified by the payment of the draft. In 1863 the seventh edtition of the Elements appeared, with Mr. Lawrence's notes and annotations, entitled Lawrence's Wheaton, Second Annotated Edition. The title of the book was thus changed, without the consent of, and to the indignation of, Mr. Wheaton's representatives, who owned the copyright. Futhermore, the editor had embodied, as the owners alleged, his own peculiar views of political economy, which were adverse to the then prevailing sentiments of patriotic Americans at home and abroad. It was a time when the National Government was hard pressed by the Rebels in the field at home and by secret amissaries at foreign courts. Questions of international law were constantly arising; our home and foreign policy was passing through its most trying ordeal, and the authorities at Washington refused to sanction, by purchasing the usual supply for the foreign offices, a work whose editor was a pronounced Calhounist, and whose views to a considerable extent permeated the notes to the standard volume on international law. In this dilemma the representatives of Mr. Wheaton sought a new editor, who after some solicitation, was found in Mr. Dana. In 1864 his work began; laboring progress was made for two years, and late in 1866 the eight edition appeared, with his name as editor. The edition was favorably received at home and abroad, and has since occupied a high standard position, having been used by both parties at Geneva. The compactness of the notes and citation has rendered it far more desirable than the bulky references and quotations of Mr. Lawrence. In many cases authors are cited who are not named in Mr. Lawrence's notes, but who were easily accessible at the time; and, in the evidence before the Master, Mr. Dana has shown a vast amount of labor and research, for all of which he received only about what would be the fee for a single argument in court. Mr. Dana had no knowledge of any agreement Mr. Lawrence and Mr. Wheaton's representatives, except the one above quoted; and the whole claim of Mr. Lawrence rests on the question whether Mr. Dana had the right to cite the same authority on a given topic that Mr. Lawrence did, and at the same place. In rendering his decision, Judge Clifford decided some points in favor of both parties, laid down the principals of law applicable to the case, rnd referred the whole matter to Mr. Paine to report upon the annotations. Mr. Lawrence never obtained an injunction, the whole edition has been sold, and the parties are thinking of getting out another. The question involved are purely of a private nature, relating to a contract which Mr. Lawrence alleges was made with him by the Wheatons, with which Mr. Dana had nothing to do. Mr. Dana is but one of the parties to the suit, which must, from the nature of things, ultimately be decided by the United States Supreme Court, and no issues are involved which impare his fitness for the position to which he has been nominated."

NEWSPAPER BORROWERS.— Of all the ills that earth or society is heir to, that of the newspaper borrower is the most obnoxious. Newspaper borrowers have no sense of respect, no idea of honor, and are totally devoid of modesty. They are a class of people who may justly be termed vampires, who feed upon the fruits of others. They prefer to borrow your newspaper, but if they cannot borrow, they don't hesitate to steal it. As an article of value, they think a newspaper is worthless, and yet they will lie, and if needs be, commit larceny to become possessed of it.—*Albany Knickerbocker.*

PANDERING TO HIS FEELINGS.—A Detroit lady was trading at a Woodward avenue dry goods store the other day, when she ran short of money and asked the clerk to put the balance on the books. He cheerfully agreed, and said he would send the bill to her husband.

"You'd better send it to me," she said, as he figured up the cost. "I've got a peculiar husband. If that bill reads eleven dollars for sugar, coffee and tea, he'll give me the money without a word. If it reads balance on dry goods, he'll see you in Texas before he pays it. Make it out for groceries. It is my duty as a good wife to pander to his feelings."

What does a young fellow look like when gallanting his sweetheart through a shower? A rainbean.

Transplanting Trees.

The *Fruit Record* gives the following direction as to transplanting trees:

When entirely ready for transplanting, take the trees singly as needed from the place where they are heeled in, and at once plant in the following manner: Let one place the tree in the line in which it is to stand, about the centre of the hole, his assistant placing, with his hands, in an easy, natural position in the same direction as they are growing on the tree; then commence filling it with good mellow, fertil soil, provided as before mentioned, the person holding the tree keeping it perpendicular, and continually shaking it *gently* up and down to thoroughly sift the dirt among the roots.

When the hole is about half full throw in a pailful of water, which will settle the grounds among the roots, then put more fresh earth around the tree, leaving almost as solid as a post. Then fill in the remainder and carefully rake off, leaving 2 or 3 inches of mellow soil, without any treading upon the top. After planting the tree should stand about an inch deeper then it stood in the nursery to allow for the nettling of the ground.

A good fresh tree so planted and the soil for a space of 2 or 3 feet from the tree kept moist and mellow all the season through will rarely die.

Generally it is best to cut back the tops of trees one half to two thirds when planted to counterbalance the necessary loss of root caused by taking up the tree. In some instant where the ground is excessively fertile and the season moist, the tree will do just as well without any removal of the top, but as a rule it is best and safest to cut back one-half or two thirds of all the top as soon as planted, not a week or two afterwards.

One of the best methods of retaining the moisture in the ground, and at the same keeping the weeds from growing, is to heavily mulch the tree to the distance of 4 feet from the tree in every direction. This is to be done thoroughly. The mulch may consist of half-rotted manure, leaves, straw, or sawdust, or any similar article, and should be at least 6 inches thick. This, if applied early in the season, say by the 1st of June, will be of immense advantage.

One of Chicago's Industries.

A young man on Calumet avenue lives on the fat of the land, is attired like Solomon in his glory, and never plays anything but blue checks. He moves in the very best society, and keeps an anxious eye on the matrimonial intelligence in the Sunday papers, and an attentive ear on the gossip of society. When he sees or hears that the genial and popular Mr. A. is shortly to lead to the hymenial altar the beautiful and accomplished Miss B., he makes her acquaintance if he does not already enjoy it, and conducts a campaign of flirtaation. Then he delicately sets afloat rumors that the match between Mr. A and Miss B. is off, or that the marriage is postponed for a while, or that he himself is shortly to be married, and the selection of the bride will create a sensation in fashionable circles, and so on. Then Mr. A. gets uneasy and has words with Miss B., or watches her gloomily, and she, being aware of this, flirts with his rival.

At this stage the arrival approaches Mr. A. and enters into negotiations, the result of which is that he sells out to Mr. A. for $500 or more, according to the depth of Mr. A.'s passion or Miss B.'s pocket. Then he breaks with Miss B. in the most heartless manner, and Mr. B. being providentially on hand just as the parting takes place, the poor heart-broken girl rushes into his arms crying: "Oh! Adolphus, Adolphus! how could I ever wound your faithful breast? You alone care for me; and I am sick of this hollow, heartless world. Oh! do, do marry me and take me away."

The gentleman said that, taking finances as they ran, he netted about $750 a head on them.—*Chicago Tribune.*

He was taken sick in the night, and in her youthful ignorance she made two mustard plasters and put one in front and one behind, and then with horrid sarcasm she asked him how he felt. But he was a well-bred man, and merely said that he realized, with a tenderness he had never known before, the true position of a sandwich in the community.—*Norwich Bulletin.*

GROWTH OF TREES.—Geo. Taylor, of Kalamazoo, Mich., writes to the *Michigan Farmer* that "evergreen trees, after being planted one year in good ground, will grow on an average of 18 inches in a season. The most of forest trees will do the same or more, with the exception of the horse-chestnut, which will grow about 1 foot. Lombardy and black Italian poplars will make from 4 to 6 feet.

Mary had a little lamb—
We've heard it o'er and o'er,
Until that little lamb becomes
A perfect little bore.

So I propose to make a grave,
And dig it deep and wide;
That Mary's lamb and all its bards
Be buried side by side.

"You are a brilliant and versatile bouquet of loveliness," said he with a voice that was low and soft, and in return she warbled, "Dry up, Harvey, you've said enough."

"John, if you are going to be out till 2 o'clock to-night you'll have to stay at homeand let yourself in, for I won't."

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