# Oregon City Enterprise.

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## THE ENTERPRISE

ORN ROCK, Editor and Proprietor.

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### SOCIETY NOTICES.

OREGON LODGE, I. O. O. F. No 3.

Meets every Thursday evening, at 7 30 o'clock in the Odd Fellows' Hall, Main Street. Members of the Order are invited to attend.

By order of N. G.

REBECCA DEGREE LODGE, No. 2, I.O.O.F.,

Meets on the second and fourth Tuesdays in each month, at 7 30 o'clock in Odd Fellows' Hall. Members of the Degree are invited to attend.

FALLS ENCAMPMENT No. 4, I. O. O. F.

Meets at Odd Fellows' Hall, on the First and third Tuesdays in each month. Patriarchs in good standing 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 24th of September to the 24th of March, and at 7 30 o'clock from the 24th of March to the 24th of September. Brethren in good standing are invited to attend. By order of W.M.

Meade Post No. 2, G. A. R., Department of Oregon, meets first and third Wednesdays of each month at 7 30 P. M. at Oddfellows Hall, Oregon City.

COMMANDER.

### BUSINESS CARDS.

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Attorney and Counselor-at-Law, and Notary Public,
OREGON CITY, OREGON.
Conveyancing and abstracts carefully and speedily. Collecting promptly made. Office with County Treasurer.

E. L. EASTHAM. T. A. MCBRIDE.
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ATTORNEYS at LAW.
Office in Bank building, Oregon City
sep1481

**C. D. & D.C. LATOURETTE**
Attorneys and Counselors at Law.
MAIN STREET, OREGON CITY.
Furnish abstracts of title, loan money, foreclose mortgages, and transact general law business. 3m

**JOHNSON, McCOWN & TANNER,**
Attorneys and Counselors-at-Law,
OREGON CITY, OREGON.
Will practice in all courts in the State. Special attention given to cases in the U. S. Land Office in Oregon City.

**M. C. ATHEY,**
ATTORNEY and COUNSELOR
At Law.
Will practice in all the courts of the State and the United States district and county courts. Special attention given to abstracting titles to real estate. Office on Main st., Oregon City, Oregon. aug5-82

**W. F. HIGHFIELD.**
ESTABLISHED SINCE 1859,
Fine Jewelry made to order.
Seth Thomas 8 days and 30 hour weight clocks and Waltham Watches, key and stem winders with the latest improvements, cheaper than any other house in town. Next door to Pope's Tin Store.
Oregon City, Feb. 20, 1883

**Merchant's Exchange**
MAIN ST., OREGON CITY.
Keep constantly on hand the best brand of LIQUORS, WINES and CIGARS in the City. Step in, and try his new
Billiard Table.
ALSO IMPORTED
Milwaukie, Chicago and Bock Beer.
JACK TRIMBATH, Proprietor.

SHADE'S SALOON.
**T. J. HIMLER,**
Proprietor.
CHOICE LIQUORS, WINES and CIGARS,
IN A QUIET, ORDERLY HOUSE.
Free Lunch Every Day. a19'80tf

OREGON CITY BREWERY.
**JACOB MADER,**
HAVING PURCHASED THE ABOVE Brewery, wishes to inform the public that he is now prepared to manufacture a No 1 quality of
Lager Beer,
as good as can be obtained anywhere in the state. Orders solicited and promptly filled.

**EXCHANGE.**
No. 91, Second Street, Portland, Or.
BACKENSTO & QUINN, Proprietors.
Messrs Backensto & Quinn have opened a new bar at 91, Second street, one door north of the Palace theatre, and will keep the best of Liquors and Cigars. A nice quiet place to call in. mh29f

**Job Work done at this office.**

**C P WINESET**

UNDERTAKER,
Wagon and
CARRIAGE MAKER
BLACKSMITHING in all its BRANCHES.
Horseshoeing a specialty, and Farming Implements kept.
Mowers, Morris, a Plows all sizes, Double Shovel Plows, Cultivators, Hoes, Rakes.
AND
WHITE WATER WAGONS,
Call and see for ourselves. Place of business next door to Dr. Ross's drug store.
C. P. Wineset.

OFFICE TWO MILES SOUTH OF MOLALLA OR.

**W. R. CONNER,**
.....DEALER IN.....
GROCERIES, PROVISIONS AND FEED.
FULL STOCK.
L. JAGGARS' OLD STAND.

The Vista Mills, on Clear Creek, including grist and saw mill, with a fine farm of forty acres, all select timber, farm, and water house, all for $3000. These mills are in the best location, combined a large custom and will do a large and increasing business every year. This property we propose to sell and those wanting to invest had better apply early.
HOSS & RAN ALL,
Real Estate Agents, Oregon City.

FULL LINE OF
**RIFLES,**
GUNS AND FISHING TACKLE.
Of all descriptions, kept on hand.
Repairing done at Short Notice.
Cheapest House in my line in Portland.
F. V. AUER,
Second First, between Oak and Stark.

**HARLOW HOUSE.**
MAIN STREET,
OREGON CITY.
This favorite old Hotel has recently been refitted and refurnished. Every thing is first-class and rates for Board and Lodging exceedingly reasonable.
A. C. BAILEY Proprietor.
sep15 tf 1881

**M. W. HAMPTON**
TUBS, WELL BUCKETS, CHURNS, PAILS, KEGS, BARRELS,
In fact everything in the Coopers line.
Come and see us on the river bank, back of the Masonic Hall. mch9'81

WASHEE
or Medical Lake Water.
Parties wishing to obtain the WASHEE RECEIPT, can do so by sending $2 50 with their name and postoffice address to J. M. Bacon, Oregon City, Or. al26-6m

HEDGES & BINGMAN,

UNDERTAKERS.
A LARGE ASSORTMENT OF COFFINS, and Caskets always on hand. Fine hearse and outside trimmings. Two magnificent hearses.
Carpenter work of all descriptions executed with neatness and dispatch. Shop opposite the Barnum Saloon, over Porter & son's blacksmith shop. apl 7, 1881

### Notice.

Notice is hereby given that there will be held a public examination of applicants for teachers certificates, in Clackamas Co., on Friday and Saturday, June 29th, and 30th, 1883 at the court house in Oregon City.
CURTIS BAIRD
Supt, Clackamas Co.

### ASLEEP.

An hour before she spoke of things
That memory to the dying brings,
And kissed me all the while.
* * * * * * *
Then after one sweet parting words,
She seemed among her flowers and birds
Until she fell asleep.
'Twas summer then, 'tis autumn now;
The crimson leaves fall off the bough,
And strew the gravel sweep.

I wander down the golden walk,
And muse on all the happy talk
We had beneath the times;
And, resting on the garden seat—
The old Newfoundland at my feet—
I think of other times.

"Of golden eyes, when she and I
Sat watching by the flashing sky,
The sunset and the sea;
Or heard the children in the lanes,
Following home the loaded wains,
And shouting in their glee.

But when the daylight dies away,
And ships grow dusky on the bay,
These recollections cease;
And in the stillness of the night,
Bright thoughts, that end in dreams as bright,
Communicate their peace.

I wake, and see the morning star,
And hear the breakers on the bar,
The voices on the shore;
And then, with tears, I long to be
Across a dim, unsounded sea,
With her forevermore."

### THE BAD BOY.

"What you sitting there for half an hour for, staring at vacancy?" said the groceryman to the bad boy, as he sat on a stool by the stove one of these foggy mornings, when everybody feels like quarreling, with his fingers clasped around his knee, looking as though he did not know enough to last him to bed. "What you thinking about any way?"

"I was wondering where you would be if it had been to-day if Noah had run his ark into such a fog as this, and there had been no fog horn on Mount Ararat, and he had passed by with his excursion and not made a landing, and had floated around on the freshet until all the animals starved, and the ark had struck a snag and burst a hole in her bottom. I tell you, we can all congratulate ourselves that Noah happened to blunder on to that high ground. If that ark had been lost, either by being foundered, or being blowed up by Fenians because Noah was an Englishmen, it would have been cold work trying to repopulate this world. In that case another Adam and Eve would have to be made out of dirt and water, and they might have gone wrong again, and failed to raise a family and where would we have been. I tell you, when I think of the narrow escapes we have had, it is a wonder to me that we have got along as well as we have."

"Well, when did you get out of the asylum," said the grocery man, who had been standing back with open mouth looking at the boy as though he was crazy. "What you want is to have your head soaked. You are getting so you reach out too far with that small mind of yours. In about an other year you will want to run this world yourself. I don't think you are reforming very much. It is wicked for a boy of your size to argue against such things. Your folks better send you to college."

"What do I want to go to college for, and be a heartless hazer, and poor base ball player. I can be bad enough at home. The more I read the more I think. I don't believe I can ever be good enough to go to heaven, anyway, and I guess I will go into the newspaper business, where they don't have to be good, and where they have passes everywhere. Do you know, I think when I was built they left out a cog wheel or something in my head. I can't think like some boys. I get to thinking about Adam and Eve in the Garden of Eden, and of the dude with the cloven hoof that flirted with Eve, and treated her and Adam to the dried apples, and I can't think of them as some boys do, with a fig leaf polonaise, and fig leaf vest. I imagine them dressed up in the latest style. I know it is wrong, but that is what a poor boy has to suffer who has an imagination, and where did I get the imagination? This confounded imagination of mine shows me Adam with a plug hat on, just like our minister wears, and a stand up collar and tight pants, and peaked-toe shoes, and Eve is pictured to me with a crushed-angle-worm-colored dress, and brown striped stockings, and newspapers in her dress to make it set out, and a hat with dandelions on, and a red parasol, and a lace handkerchief, which she puts to her lips and winks with her left eye to the masher who is standing by the corner of the house, in an attitude, while the tail with the dart on the end is wound around the rain water barrel, so Eve won't see it and get scared. Say, don't you think it is better for a boy to think of our first parents with clothes on, then to think of them almost naked, exposed to the inclemency of the weather, with nothing but fig leaves pinned on? I want to do right as near as I can, but I had rather think of them dressed like our folks are to-day, than to think of them in a cyclone with leaves for wearing apparel. Say, it is wrong to fight, but don't you think if Adam had put on a pair of boxing gloves when he found the devil was getting too fresh about the place, and knocked him out in a couple of rounds, and pasted him in the nose, and fired him out of the summer garden, that it would have been a big thing for this world. Now, honest?"

"Lookahere," said the grocery man, who had been looking at the boy in dismay. "You better go right home, and let your ma fix up some warm drink for you, and put you to bed. You are all wrong in the head, and if you are not attended to you will have brain fever. I tell you, boy, you are in danger. Come I will go home with you.

"O, danger nothin'. I am just telling how things look to a boy who has not got the facilities for being good in his youth. Some boys can take things as they read them, and think anything for themselves, but I am a thinker from Thinkerville, and my imagination plays the dickens with me. There is nothing I read about old times, but what I compare it with the same line of business at the present day. Now, when I think of the fishermen at Galilee, drawing their seines, I wonder what they would have done if there had been a law against hauling seines, as there is in Wisconsin to-day, and I can see a constable with a warrant for the arrest of the Galilee fishermen, snatching the old apostles and taking them to the police station in a patrol wagon. I know it is wrong to think like that, but how can I help it. Say, suppose those fishermen had been out hauling their seines, and our minister should come along with his good clothes on, his jointed rod, his nickle-plated reel, and his silk fish line, and his patent fish hook, and put a frog on the hook and cast his line near the Galilee fishermen and go trolling for bass? What do you suppose the lone fisherman of the Bible times would have thought about the gall of the jointed rod fisherman? Do you suppose they would have thrown stones in the water when they were trolling, or would they have told him there was good trolling around a point about a half a mile up the shore, where they knew he would get a bite in a week, the way a fellow at Muskego lake lied to our minister a spell ago? I tell you, boss, it is a sad thing for a boy to have an imagination," and the boy put his other knee in the sling made by the clenched fingers of both hands and waited for the grocery man [illegible] from here [illegible] grocery man, [illegible] if your pa or the [illegible] and have a talk with you. Your mind is wandering," and the groceryman went to the door and looked up and down street to see if somebody wouldn't come in and watch the crazy boy, while he went to breakfast.

"O, pa and the minister can't make a first payment on me yet. Pa gets mad when I ask him questions, and the minister thinks I am past redemption. Pa said yesterday that baldness was caused, in every case, by men's wearing plug hats, and when I asked him where the good Elijah, (whom the boys called, 'go up old bald,' and the bears had a free lunch on them,) got his plug hat, pa said school was dismissed, and I could go. When the minister was telling me about the good Elijah going up through the clouds in a chariot of fire, and I asked the minister what he thought Elijah would have thought if he had met our Sunday-school superintendent coming down through the clouds on a bicycle, he put his hand on my head and said my liver was all wrong. Now, I will leave it to you if there was anything wrong about that. Say, do you know what I think is the most beautiful thing in the Bible?"

"No, I don't," said the groceryman, "and if you want to tell it I will listen just five minutes, and then I am going to shut up the store and go to breakfast. You make me tired."

"Well, I think the finest thing is that story about the prodigal son, where the boy took all the money he could scrape up and went out west to paint the town red. He spent his money in riotous living and saw everything that was going on, and he got full of bug juice, and struck all the gangs of toughs, both male and female, and his stomach went back on him, and he had malaria, and finally he got to be a cow-boy, herding hogs, and had to eat husks that the hogs didn't want, and got pretty low down. Then he thought it a pretty good scheme to be getting around home, where they had three meals a day, and spring matresses, and he started home, beating his way on the trains, and he didn't know whether the old man would receive him open arms or pointed boots, but the old man came down to the depot to meet him, and right before the conductor, brakemen and the passengers, he wasn't ashamed of his boy, though he was ragged, and he looked as though he had been on the war path, and the old man fell on his neck and wept, and took him in his hack and had a veal pot for dinner. That's what I call sense. A good many men nowadays would have ordered him out of town. What, you going to close up store? Well, I will see you later. I want to talk to you about something that is weighing on my mind," and the boy got out just in time to save his coat tail from being caught in the door, and when the groceryman came back from breakfast he found a sign in front, "This store is closed till further notice.—SHERIFF."

### NOTES FOR THE LADIES.

#### Fashion Notes.

Red is the rival of yellow this season.

New York women make their own fashions.

Coat sleeves to be en regle must be very tight.

American styles are popular in European cities.

Open net ventilating corsets are the kind for the hottest weather.

The shell hat and the fan capote are latest novelties in millinery.

English styles are more popular than French with American women.

Shirred flounces and shirred draperies appear on many new costumes.

The draperies form the tournure or bustles of dresses sent out by the best dressmakers.

The newest notion in sleeves is to have but one seam, and that on the outside of the arm.

'Tis pity, but 'tis true, that bustles and very full draperies grow in fashionable favor.

White veiling, white crepe, and white foulard make pretty coaching and garden party costumes.

Linen galloon, colored India cottons, leather, and twine are combined in novel trimmings for seaside and mountain dresses.

The trimmings of coaching costumes of solid foulard, veiling or crepe should be of gay figured or flowered silk tapestry stuffs.

#### Loss of Memory.

When a Michigan County Treasurer defaulted last fall everybody began wondering how he used the money. It was finally decided that he did not drink, gamble, chew, smoke, care for horses or women or speculation, and a church member armed with these facts happened to meet the defaulter, and said to him:

'It doesn't really seem to me that you really meant to steal.'

'Oh, of course I didn't.'

'But you are $15,000 short and can't account for it?'

'No, I can't.'

'Well, that's curious.'

'Yes, powerful curious. The more I think of it the more I believe I sent that money off to the heathen and forgot to take a receipt, for it, though its barely possible that I gave it as a donation to some orphan asylum. I wished the infernal mystery was cleared up.'

Later on a Chicago broker cleared it up by whispering "futures," and the absent-minded man went to prison perfectly satisfied at last as to where the money went to.—Wall St. News.

#### Probably Made it Do.

In times gone by a wholesale merchant in this city had the reputation of being terribly hard on a debtor who met with ill-luck, and it was erefore with a sad heart that the Poughkeepsie grocer, who had been obliged to close his doors, sent him word and waited his coming.

'I shall take your house and lot, of course,' said the creditor.

'Of course.'

'And your horses?'

'Yes.'

'And your wife's jewelry?'

'Certainly.'

'And your boy's pony?'

'Yes.'

'And—and, look here, sir; are you hiding anything from me?'

'My dear sir,' replied the debtor, I want to reserve my grandmother's tombstone. It has not been put up yet, and stands in the barn.'

'Want to reserve it, do you?' mused the creditor. 'Well, I'll see about it—I'll see if it will pay me to have it cut down for the baby my daughter lost last week!'—Wall St. News.

They have a great deal of fun on the coast of Florida, with sharks. A shark will swallow anything that is thrown to him, like a politician. People go out on excursions, armed with small alarm clocks, about as big as a base ball, and throw them to the sharks which sport about the boat looking for something to eat. The shark swallows the alarm clock which is set to go off a few minutes later. Pretty soon the alarm strikes and as it gets in its work, the shark begins to flounder around, looking scared, trying to throw up the clock, and as he turns pale and says his 'now I lay me,' all the time jumping out of the water and begging to be forgiven, the people on the boat laugh until their sides ache. It is rough on the shark at first, but we understand some of the sharks get to like it, and many have known to flop out on the shore and go to a jewelry store and ask for a key to wind up the clock that is in them. This last may seem like a fish story, but we got it from a witness in the star route trial, and it ought to be true.—Peck's Sun.

A canning factory is being built at Waverly, Ohio. They are contracting with farmers to pay in the proper season $5 50 per ton for corn, $8 50 per ton for squashes, 35 cents per bushel for cucumbers and 25 cents per bushel for tomatoes.

A good horse power on a farm will each year save many times the interest on its cost in furnishing power to do a great many things that would otherwise have to be performed by hand, such as sawing wood, cutting feed, grinding grain, &c.; and with proper care it could be made to last for years.

A correspondent of the London Gardeners' Chronicle objects, with excellent reasons, to digging among strawberries early in the season; his practice is to give the bed a good top dressing of decayed manure in autumn, and in spring place a little spent tanbark around each plant to keep the fruit clean.

An English gardener announces eight plants from a recent cross—curious if not useful—of gooseberry and black currant, the foilage of all different. Dr. Masters says the flowers are more like those of the gooseberry; the anthers fully formed but the pollen defective."

### THE FARM.

MANGEL WURZELS.

Give them a deep rich soil, and in thinning leave them at least a foot apart.

SALT AND CHARCOAL.

See to it if you would have healthy hogs that they are never without salt and charcoal.

BEANS.

These will ripen sooner if planted rather thickly; about an inch apart in the row is the proper distance.

INSECT POWDER.

It is said that Persian insect powder dusted among the [illegible] cows will rid them of lice. Use a small bellows.

POTATO STAINS.

"A little oxalic acid put in the water in which you wash your hands will remove the stains caused by cutting potatoes. Lemon juice will take away berry stains."

GREASY BUTTER.

"The greasy look of butter may arise from any of the following causes: churning too long or too rapidly, having the cream too warm, or from feeding too much cotton seed meal or oil meal."

ROLLING OATS.

Oats and barley should be rolled when they are three or four inches high, especially if the weather is warm and dry. The roller checks the too rapid growth caused by the warm water and promotes tillering at the roots.

YOUNG ORCHARDS.

Mulch your newly planted fruit trees. It keeps down weeds, and by holding the moisture will prevent injury from drought. Straw, of course, makes the best mulch. Coarse hay, leaves and saw dust are all good.

WHEN TO CUT GRASS.

Cut grass when in bloom and it will make more nutritive hay than if cut later. The amount of water has diminished, and, therefore, shrinkage will be less. In late cut hay the increased fibre makes it more indigestible.

TOBACBO AND CABBAGES.

It is now suggested that a few tobacco plants can be grown advantageously among cabbages; in fact, farmers who have tried it insist that a good crop of cabbage may be grown in this way, where not a sound head has been seen for two or three years.

SOUR MILK.

A farmer who makes a great deal of butter asks what shall be done with the sour milk. Feed it to turkeys, chickens and pigs, or if you keep none of these, make it into cottage cheese.

PLOWING.

American Cultivator: "A great many fields, especially those long and narrow are always plowed the same way. Simply changing the direction of working will often make a great increase in productiveness. The furrow cut across the old lines of furrows is not stopped by the same stones, while new soil is opened to the growth of plant roots."

SUNFLOWERS.

As soon as the early crop of potatoes has been harvested you may plant sunflowers. Put the seeds in twelve inches apart each way and when they are a foot high earth them up and they will need no further care. If you keep bees the blossoms will be valuable, while the seeds are excellent for poultry and are in demand for making toilet soap.

PEACH TREES.

To keep peach trees healthy it is necessary to guard against overbearing. If the trees have not been well thinned and pruned in early spring, go over them when the fruit is half grown, and if clustered too thickly pull off inferior specimens. If weakened by overbearing they fall an easy prey to disease.

ROTATION OF CROPS.

Western grain growers, says an exchange, persist in planting corn after corn. The result is that they have bred a worm which eats the roots and which lives in the ground from year to year. As it is not migratory its existence depends on having corn planted on the same field in succession. Good husbandry, which demands rotation of crops, will therefore rid farmers of this pest.

OLD GARDENS.

Most farmers, says a writer, maintain their garden spot too long in one place for profit. In city or village lots rotation is not possible; but with the farmer it is. He should lose no time in getting his old garden seeded, and this year or next plow up a clover sod and manure it heavily for a garden spot. Unless the clover is the main sod it is not safe to put garden crops on it the first year after plowing.

PARSNIPS FOR ANIMALS.

When mixed with hay and other dry feed, parsnips are valuable for horses and cows, the feeding being commenced gradually, as with roots generally. They possess an important advantage over other roots, in that the crop may be safely left in the ground all winter, as freezing does not injure them when they thaw out in the ground, and thus the labor of late autumn harvesting is avoided. They are easily dug in spring by ploughing a furrow close to the row and away from it, and pulling them out by hand—a few bushels being taken out at a time as they are needed. A quarter of an acre yielded 100 bushels last year on our grounds, or 400 bushels per acre, notwithstanding the extraordinary drought. As the tops start to grow in spring they are rapidly cut off with sharp hoes, and thus the roots are kept for feeding for several weeks.

HOW TO TRANSPLANT.

The plants should be drawn from the bed, one at a time, and carefully placed in baskets or in the body of a wagon for removal to the field as soon after a rain as the soil will admit of stirring. New ground may be planted immediately after a rain, but old should not, lest it cake around the plant when dry and injure it. An expert man can transplant 3,000 to 4,000 per day, if he has the endurance to stoop and plant a whole day. The leaves of the plant should be drawn together over the bud and the plant set so that the bud will just reach the surface of the ground. The soil should be well pressed against the roots of the plant, using care to leave no hollow space below it. Plants are often lost by the carelessness of the laborer in pressing the earth to the upper part of the root, leaving the lower extremity dangling in the hole made by the dibble. If the plant bed is not well moistened by the rain to the depth of the roots of the plants it should be thoroughly wet by artificial means before drawing the plants.

CLEAN STABLES.

There is possibly no more repulsive sight than a dirty cow stable, and one in which dairy cattle are housed, is especially offensive. It has been demonstrated that cows neglected in this respect fail to yield a perfect flow of milk, and it is reasonable to suppose that such is the case. The richest of food may be given to them, but if their condition in the stall be neglected they will not thrive.—The foul odor of a filthy stable must necessarily permeate not only the animal's hide, but it has been proven that the meat of stall-fed steers fattened under these circumstances is unwholesome; moreover, the milk, even during the period of milking, is liable to absorb the filthy emanations from such stables and to become absolutely poisonous. It would seem, therefore, reasonable that owners and dealers in cattle and milk should appreciate the importance of cleanliness and its relation to health, even as a source of profit.

BALKY HORSES.

A society for the prevention of cruelty to animals recommends the following rules for the treatment of balky horses: 1. Pat the horse upon the neck, examine the harness carefully, first on one side and then on the other, speak encouragingly while doing so, then jump into the wagon and give the word go; generally he will obey. 2. A teamster in Maine says he can start the worst balky horse by taking him out of the shafts and making him go round in a circle. If the first dance of this kind does not cure him, the second will be sure to do it. 3. To cure a balky horse simply place your hand over the horse's nose and shut off the wind until he wants to go; and then let him go. 4. The brains of horses it appears seem to entertain but one idea at a time; thus continued whipping only confirms his stubborn resolve. If you can by any means give him a new subject to think of, you will have no trouble in starting him. A simple remedy is to take a couple of turns of stout twine around the foreleg, just below the knee, and tie in a bow knot. At the first check he will go dancing off; and after going a short distance you can get out and remove the string to prevent injury in your further drive.

### Clippings.

A popular and appropriate spring dish—Frogs' legs.

It is the manufacturing jeweler who is posted on the beauties of silver service reform.

It is said that buttons with the photograph of a different admirer cast on each are worn by some belles.

One hundred Brooklyn lunatics visited a circus recently and showed their madness by drinking lemonade.

Fair has some of the qualities which made Tabor eminent, but lacks his charming freshness.

The man who blows out the gas upon retiring is father to the boy who has to ignite his cigarette by touching it too an electric light.

The most pitiful case of insanity on record is that of a Vermont man who constantly thinks that somebody is about to take up a collection.

A bee often meets with reverses, but as a rule he is often successful in the end.

A man in Rochester has such a cracked voice that he rarely says anything without breaking his word.

What might be consided an appropriate response to an oculist who calls his attendant?—Aye, Aye, sir!

A California man choked himself to death with a tape measure. The coroners verdict was that he died by inches.

Now that Arthur Sullivan is knighted, we shall expect no more musical books from him, for the good book tells us that when the knight cometh, no man can work.

A new paper in New York is called the Lamb. The proprietors will probably have a hard time to keep the wolf from the door.

Many people who changed their place of residence on the 1st of the month have already discovered that they May day mistake.

The Grecian authorities now exclude American pork. Greece without pork must be almost as bad as pork without grease.

People who think themselves smart go about asking questions like this: "Can a rope walk?" We say yes—when it is taut.

Dr. Potter, of New York, laments "the decay of enthusiasm." He should watch the small boy on the morning of the circus.

A correspondent of the Bath Times owns a barefooted horse which has not been shod in nine years. The hoofs are tough and smooth, and the animal has never stumbled or met with an accident. Some of the advantages are: Saving on blacksmith bill, no wearing out of the stable floors by stamping; no lameness from defective shoing; no balking or calking in snow.

Drained land dries out so soon after rain that labor is detained but little, and seed in such condition never rots in water soaked soil. It will also stand the drought better. Even the most unobservant farmer has noticed that loose soil will not dry and bake as deeply as hard soil. Drained land never gets wet enough to form mortar and when it dries it becomes like adobe brick.