

The Notorious Jumping Frog of Calaveras County

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and been everywhere all said he had over any frog that ever they see.

"Well, Smiley kep' the beast in a little lattice box, and he used to fetch him downtown sometimes and lay for a bet. One day a feller—a stranger in the camp he was—come across him with his box and says:

"What might it be that you've got in the box?"

"And Smiley said, sorter indifferent-like, 'It might be a parrot, or it might be a canary maybe, but it ain't—it's only just a frog.'

"And the feller took it and looked at it careful and turned it around this way and that and says: 'H'm! So 'tis, Well, what's he good for?'

"Well, Smiley says, easy and careless, 'he's good enough for one thing, I should judge. He can outjump any frog in Calaveras county.'

"The feller took the box again and took another long, particular look and give it back to Smiley and says very deliberate, 'Well, I don't see no p'int about that frog that's any better'n any other frog.'

"Maybe you don't," Smiley says, 'Maybe you understand frogs, and maybe you don't understand 'em. Maybe you've had experience, and maybe you ain't only a amateur, as it were. Anyways I've got my opinion, and I'll risk \$40 that he can outjump any frog in Calaveras county.'

"And the feller studied a minute and then says kinder sad like, 'Well, I'm only a stranger here, and I ain't got no frog, but if I had a frog, I'd bet you.'

"And then Smiley says: 'That's all right; that's all right. If you'll hold my box a minute I'll go and get you a frog.' And so the feller took the box and put up his \$40 along with Smiley's and set down to wait.

"So he sat there a good while thinking and thinking to hisself, and then he got the frog out and pried his mouth open and took a teaspoon and filled him full of quail shot, filled him pretty near up to his chin and set him on the floor. Smiley he went to the swamp and stopped around in the mud for a long time, and finally he ketch ed a frog and fetched him in and give him to this feller and says:

"Now, if you're ready set him alongside of Dan'l, with his forepaws just even with Dan'l's, and I'll give the word." Then he says, "One two—three—git!" And him and the feller touched up the frogs from behind and the new frog hopped off lively, but Dan'l give a heave and hysted up his shoulders so, like a Frenchman, but it warn't no use, he couldn't budge. He was planted as solid as a church, and he couldn't no more stir than if he was anchored out. Smiley was a good deal surprised, and he was disgusted, too, but he didn't have no idea what the matter was, of course.

"The feller took the money and started away, and when he was going out at the door he sorter jerked his thumb over his shoulder, so at Dan'l, and says again, very deliberate, 'Well,' he says, 'I don't see no p'int about that frog that's any better'n any other frog.'

"Smiley he stood scratching his head and looking down at Dan'l a long time, and at last he says, 'I do wonder what in the nation that frog throw's off for! I wonder if there ain't something the matter with him! He 'pears to look mighty baggy somehow.' And he ketch ed Dan'l by the nap of the neck and hefted him and says, 'Why, blame my cats, if he don't weigh five pound!' and turned him upside down, and he belched out a double handful of shot. And then he see how it was, and he was the maddest man. He set the frog down and took out after the feller, but he never ketch ed him, and"—

(Here Simon Wheeler heard his name called from the front yard and got up to see what was wanted.) Turning to me as he moved away, he said, "Just set where you are, stranger,

and rest easy. I ain't goin' to be gone a second."

But, by your leave, I did not think that a continuation of the history of the enterprising vagabond, Jim Smiley, would be likely to afford me much information concerning the Rev. Leonidas W. Smiley, and so I started away.

At the door I met the sociable Wheeler returning, and he buttonholed me and recommenced:

"Well, this yer Smiley had a yaller one eyed cow that didn't have no tail, only jest a short stump like a bananner, and"—

However, lacking both time and inclination, I did not wait to hear about the afflicted cow, but took my leave.

Health of the Mind.

To be made whole is to be healed in both body and mind. Bodily healing alone does not suffice, for unless there is a change of mind also disease will again manifest itself in some form in the body, and the second condition of the patient may become worse than the first. On the other hand, a change of mind is quickly manifested in the body, and if we have been "transformed by the renewing of our mind" the change is quickly evidenced by the restoration of the body to health and harmony. —Unity.

The Name "Tennis."

Numerous suggestions have been put forward for the derivation of the word "tennis." Perhaps the most likely is that it is an anglicized form of "tenez" ("catch it"), a term frequently used by the French in their ancient game of jeu de paume or palm play.

Canby Herald Has Again Changed Hands

Announcement was made last week of a new owner of the Canby Herald, as G. E. Brookins of Hubbard recently purchased the interests of C. P. Leonard. Mr. Leonard bought the paper about six months ago and during his short ownership, greatly improved the publication. The Progress wishes Mr. Brookins all success in his new venture.

Juniors Win Laurels And Cash

The bank book of the Junior class of the Estacada High school now shows a substantial balance, owing to the \$53 receipts from the Junior play, given at the Boner Theatre last Friday night.

"A Russian Honeymoon" proved a fine vehicle for the budding actors' and actresses' dramatic talents and allowed of exceptionally brilliant and gorgeous costuming.

To attempt to pay just tribute to each individual performer would tax the brain of a dramatic critic and would mean the naming of the entire cast, including the peasants, who formed the setting. Owing to the heavily bearded makeups of some of the male participants, their diction and pronunciation was slightly handicapped, but from the leading lady and man, to the humblest super, all did credit to their parts and paid especial credit to Miss Jones, who drilled the pupils and generally staged the affair.

McMillan Makes Arctic Dash

Noble McMillan of the Upper Dam returned last week from a successful trip from Three Links into O'alla lake, where he rewound the water gauge clock. McMillan was accompanied by one of the Mt. Hood guides, who is trapping near Clackamas lake.

The snow, which ordinarily is from 10 to 15 feet deep at Clalla lake, is only about 5 feet deep this spring. The trip, while a trying one and a test of endurance, was made with few difficulties.

McMillan left Estacada last Saturday to visit his home near Roseburg and from there will spend a week or so at Coos Bay, before returning.

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