

J. F. Van Vorhis was in town yesterday knocking to beat three of a kind on account of the weather, which doesn't suit him a bit. Fin has a big bunch of cattle, which he tries to keep out on the grass but he says that they will be out one day, then it snows that night and the next day he is compelled to keep them in the stable. He would not object so strenuously to this if the cattle knew enough to behave themselves when he gives them shelter. He had some potatoes all cut and ready to plant (15 bushels) and had them so that the cattle could not get at them, he figured, but when he went into the barn yesterday morning, he was shy the fifteen bushels of seed potatoes along with fifteen bushels more that he had not cut yet for seed. He came right to this office as soon as he got to town and commenced to roll out his sad story, just as tho we were responsible for it all, and then went out leaving an order for us to change the weather to meet his likes and dislikes—so people can now look for a change in the weather.