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## White Hand

A Tale of the Early Settlers of Louisiana.

BY AUSTIN C. BURDICK

CHAPTER XV.—(Continued.)

"Why, really, gentlemen," said Simon, after he had picked the paper up, "one would think there was something surprising in a simple marriage. And you, sir," he added, turning to the marquis, "I should not suppose that you would wonder at this, especially seeing that you yourself gave permission to seek Louise as my wife."

"I did not!" groaned the old man. "O, I never gave it!"

"You told me distinctly that I might ask Louise for her hand, and that if she consented you should bid her follow her own choice."

"But that was after you had fairly hunted me down with questions—after I had refused to listen to you on the subject. But my child never freely gave her consent to this. She could not have done so. O, Simon, you have forced her to this! You have—"

"But the poor man's emotions were too powerful, and his speech fell him. A moment more he would have been hurled into the air, and then he bowed his head and burst into tears. He sobbed as though his noble heart would break.

"Ha, ha, ha! you didn't want me for a son-in-law, then," the scoundrel uttered, in a coarse tone, "for," he added, turning a defiant look upon Goupert, "you meant, no doubt, to have had a more beautiful husband for her."

"You will be careful how you use your tongue in my presence," spoke Goupert, in a hushed tone, the very breathing of which told that there was a smothered volcano near at hand.

"Ho—ho, monsieur!" the fellow replied, "you hoped to stick your fingers into the old man's gold pocket, eh? I understand the reason of your coming here very well. But rest assured you won't handle the money through the daughter's pockets."

"Hush, Simon! I am moved now more deeply than I can bear, so be careful that you move me no more. It is enough that you have crushed this old man's heart, and overturned his life cup."

"Ho—ho! that art wondrous sensitive, Monsieur St. Denis. You have lost the prize, eh? I suppose if you had married the daughter, 'twould have been all right. But you're a little behind the coach this time. However, if you remain here long enough you shall see the bride."

"Villain!" gasped the marquis, in a frantic tone, "O, would you had killed me ere you had done this thing!"

"But, monsieur, what do you mean? If the girl chose to marry me, what can you object?"

"She did not choose so to do. O, she never consented to be wed with such as you of her own free will."

the cliff with her shrieking infant, stood the youth with respect to his beloved. But, at length, when the first hours after midnight had come, Goupert sank into a dull, dreamy slumber, and his pains were for awhile only the phantoms of sleep.

While Goupert thus lay pondering upon his terrible misfortune, Simon Lobois was not alone. He was in the chamber he usually occupied, and with him was a black slave named Peter. He was a middle-aged man—Simon's special servant, and the only one in the whole household who had any sympathy for the dark nephew. Lobois had purchased him in New Orleans, and though he had done so only as the marquis's agent, yet Peter looked upon the former as his master.

"Now, Peter," said Simon, after some other conversation had passed, "have you watched the affair between Goupert and the marquis, as I bade you?"

"Yes, mas'r; me watch 'um well, an' me hear all. Me foun' de hole you tole Louis de a chance."

"And what have you found?"

"Peter went on and told a long story he had heard about letting Simon go, and about Goupert taking his place."

"And," uttered the negro, with a sparkling eye as he gave a sort of flourishing emphasis to the conjunction, "me's heard one oder time, berry sartin'. One time dey feared young mas'r an' missus'd nebber cum back, an' ole mas'r's gwine to gib Goupert all his whole fortin'. He'll hab heaps o' money, eh?"

"Did he say the whole, Peter?"

"He did sartin, mas'r. An' he's planned to gib 'im half of it now. O, I tell you, mas'r, Goupert got mighty big hold onto ole mas'r's pocket, an' onto ole mas'r's lub, too. Dey's together all de time. Yah—guess ole mas'r don't s'pect he'll want you no more."

It was late in the morning when Simon Lobois made his appearance. He had his breakfast served in his own room, and for some time he had been engaged in bathing his face. He walked on to the sitting room, and he found the marquis and Goupert there.

"Monsieur St. Denis," he said, in a low, icy tone, "I would speak with you."

In an instant the young man turned and followed him. Lobois led the way to the garden, and there he stopped and turned.

"Monsieur St. Denis," he spoke, while his eyes flashed and his thin lip trembled, "last night you did what no living man has ever done before. You struck me in the face. Ere I leave this place, the striken man must be past remembrance of the shame, or the striken must be not among the living. You understand?"

Now, Goupert was not in a frame of mind to endure much, or to argue much on moral points. His heart was aching from a horrid wound, and his soul was tortured by a fearful power; and before him was the serpent who had done it all, and had dared to do it.

"No—no, Lobois. I meant not to strike you then; I only meant to knock your sword down. But you know you have been at my mercy thrice."

fall, 'twill die with me; if he falls, the atonement is complete."

"Good Sir Brion," spoke Goupert, at this point, "let the conflict go on. Life to me now is not worth the price I would pay for it by refusal. Let it go on."

"But—my child—my son, if you are gone—"

"You'll have me left," interrupted Simon—"me, who of right belongs here. Now are you ready, Monsieur St. Denis?"

The youth turned an imploring look upon the marquis, and as the old man fell back, he replied:

"Now I must ask the question I was about to ask ere our friend came to interrupt us. Simon Lobois, you may fall in this encounter, and before I cross your sword, I would pray you to tell, if you know, where Louis St. Julien is."

"How?" hissed Simon. "Would ye heap more insult upon me?"

"I ask but a simple question."

"Ay—and that question means a foul suspicion. I know nothing of him."

"Then come on!"

And on the next instant the swords were crossed.

Simon Lobois had been accounted one of the best sword players in France, and he came to the conflict as though he were sure of victory; but at the third pass he was undeceived. He turned pale in a moment, for he now knew that he had met with a superior, even in fencing skill.

He was a coward at heart, and he fairly trembled. Goupert saw it in an instant, and for the moment he was astonished. But then he remembered how Simon used to tremble at the whiz of a pistol ball, and he wondered no more. Almost did he pity the poor wretch. Straight, powerful and tall he stood, with his broad chest expanded, while before him fairly covered the diminutive form of the villain.

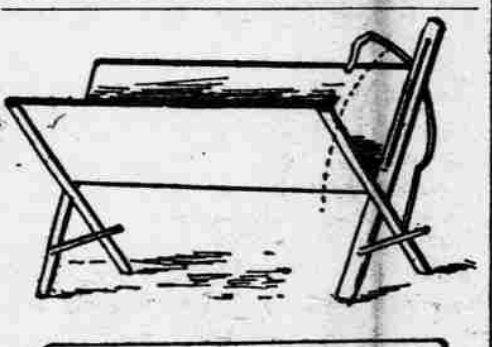
"Ah, Simon, I've taught the sword art since you left me in France! Take care! Poor wretch, I gave you credit for more skill, and for more courage."

In all probability, the villain believed that Goupert meant to kill him if he could. That belief begot a feeling of despair, and that last taunt fired him. Like the cornered rat, he set to now with all the energy of a dying man, and for a few moments St. Denis had to look sharp; but it was only for a few moments. Simon made a point-blank thrust from a left guard, and with a quick movement to the right, Goupert brought a downward stroke with all his available force, only meaning to break his antagonist's sword, or strike it from his grasp, and thus end the conflict without bloodshed.



A Home-Made Fodder Cutter.

No one will question the value of cut fodder for stock, and especially for horses, although many farmers will not use it because of the labor involved in preparing it. The home-made cutter shown here will do quite as good work as the more expensive machines, and it really does not take much time to prepare quite a lot of fodder. To make this machine, two boards, each one foot wide and five feet long, are required. Nail these together in V-shape, as shown, then make the legs of pieces three feet long, nailing a strip across each, as shown, to keep them from spreading. Have the blacksmith make a cutting blade; it may be formed from an old scythe, as shown in the illustration, arranging it so that a place is reserved for the handle and that the cutting portion is about two and one-half feet. Bolt a piece of iron at one end to one leg six inches below the box and bolt the other end of the scythe to the other end of the iron, arranging them



HOME-MADE FODDER CUTTER.

so that both will work easily. Lay a strip of iron against the top of the other leg, with space for the scythe to work in easily, as shown in the cut. The downward slanting motion of the scythe when in use will cut the fodder readily if the blade is kept sharp as it should be.—Indiana-Is News.

**A Farm Electric Light System.**  
A well-known farmer in eastern New York State, J. T. McDonald, reports favorably of his experience with a farm electric-lighting plant. He put in a fifty-light dynamo costing \$300 and paid out about \$100 more for wires, etc.—He has a brook running through his farm which supplies the power. There are sixteen lights in the stables, and the house is lighted throughout whenever desired by turning on the switch. The power of the current is regulated by an indicator in the kitchen, and all the trouble necessary is to watch the indicator and change the voltage to correspond with the number of lights that have been turned on or off. The two wires are drawn tightly on a sweep, and so arranged with a gear wheel that the water gate may be easily managed, it being very sensitive to the slightest change in the voltage, and very easily controlled without leaving the kitchen. Mr. McDonald says the convenience cannot be realized without trial, and no other investment which he has made has pleased him so well. For those who have not a brook to furnish power, an apparatus has recently been invented, costing about \$300 all up and wired ready for use. It is a combined gasoline motor and generator, and is said to prove quite satisfactory.—American Cultivator.

**Proper Stabling for Horses.**  
The Farm Journal gives some points of value to be observed in caring for man's best friend on the farm: The use and value of farm horses are often seriously impaired by lack of proper stabling. They are crowded in filthy, ill-ventilated stables, the air so bad from the damp urine-soaked floors that the harness is rotted by it. The eyes and lungs and general health are injured, and disease of some kind is sure to follow. A side light strains the eye unequally. The light should come in the stable from the front, and the windows should be lime washed to mellow the light. A stable should never be dark. The stable should be well ventilated, but so carefully that no draft can possibly touch a warm horse. A draft on a horse warm from work or driving will be sure to ruin him. Do not feed from a rack overhead, as the dust from the hay is apt to be breathed and is not good for the lungs. A deep manger is best. A wide manger for the grain is best, so the grain can be scattered to prevent bolting. The stalls should be five feet wide. A horse cannot rest in a narrower one, and in a wider one he might roll and get fast. Look out that the slight settling of the barn does not cause the stall floors to slope toward the mangers.

**Starting a Balky Horse.**  
When a horse balks, no matter how badly he sulks or how ugly he is, do not beat him; don't throw sand in his ears; don't use a rope around his forelegs or even burn straw under him. Quietly go and pat him on the head a moment. Take a hammer, or even pick up a stone in the street, tell the driver to sit still, take the lines, hold them quietly while you lift up either front foot, give each nail a light tap and a good smart tap on the frog, drop the foot quickly and then chirp to him, to go. In ninety-nine cases out of 100 the horse will go right on about his business, but the driver must keep his lines taught and not pull or jerk him back.

If I have tried this once I have tried it 500 times, and every time I have suggested it people have laughed and

even bet \$5 bottles of wine that I could not do it. So far I have won every bet. This may make you smile, but a horse has more common sense than most people are willing to give him credit for. The secret of this little trick is simply diversion. I am a firm believer that with kindness and proper treatment a horse can be driven with a string.—Missouri Valley Farmer.

**Possible Yield of Soil.**  
A recent publication by Prince Krapotkin, the Russian economist, recites some of the effects of intensive culture in the possible yields. Thus in Belgium they grow enough agricultural products to feed their own population of 400 inhabitants to the square mile, and have enough left to send \$5,000,000 worth each year to Great Britain. If we could do as well in our fields, the State of New York might furnish food for 23,000,000 people, and Texas could feed twice the present population of the United States. The price tolls of instances where eighteen tons of hay a year have been gathered from a single acre, and an acre has produced 1,500 to 2,000 bushels of potatoes. But this is as nothing compared to the crops under glass in Belgium and the Isle of Jersey, where the land is kept under cultivation all the year, one crop being ready to succeed another without any interval. By this method he claims that thirteen acres under glass in Jersey have produced better money returns than 1,300 acres under ordinary methods of farm cultivation. This must be a satisfaction to those who are worrying from a fear that the world will not produce enough to feed the grandchildren of the present generation.—Exchange.

**Fertilizing the Corn Land.**  
At the Purdue corn school, the great emphasis was placed upon fertilizing the corn land at least one year before the field is given to corn. An old clover sod that has received manure the previous year was regarded as an ideal soil on which to grow corn. Corn growers considered it quite a risk to haul manure on land intended for corn later than Jan. 1. After that date the surplus manure should go to the growing grain crop, as wheat or rye, to the clover fields or to the pasture land. If placed on corn land it may cause the plants to fire in a dry time, the presence of the manure thus acting to produce an appreciable loss. Take this valuable fertilizer to where it may feed plants, but not where it is likely to check their growth by drying the soil and depriving the crop of its moisture.—St. Paul Dispatch.

**White Wyandotte.**  
White Wyandotte prize winner at the Chicago poultry show. Owned by A. W. Davis, Big Rock, Ill.

**Cow and the Dairy.**  
No cow can get more out of her food than nature has put into it. Ten cows are about as many as a man can milk properly in an hour. Keep the stable and dairy room in good condition, fresh air and clean. All persons who milk the cows should have the finger nails cut closely. Milk with dry hands. Never allow the hands to come in contact with the milk. Whitewash the stable once or twice a year. Use land plaster in the manure gutters daily. Do not move cows faster than a comfortable walk while on the way to place of milking or feeding. Good care is as important as good cows. The careless man will make but a sorry living even with the best of cows.

A large udder is not by any means an infallible sign of a good milker. A poor cow may sometimes have a large, fleshy udder. It is seldom we find a man that has a good milch cow and wants to sell her, provided he knows a good milch cow when he sees it. By intelligent breeding you can in a few years weed out poor stock and have a good herd. By lack of intelligence in breeding you can in less time ruin a good herd.

**Farm Notes.**  
Heifer calves that are to be kept for the dairy should receive very little corn, as this is apt to develop the tendency to take on flesh too strongly. Steer calves and those which it is expected to fatten may have all the corn they will eat. Three factors to be kept constantly in mind in raising the calf on skim milk are: First, the calf should not have too much milk at any time; second, the milk should be at all times as sweet; third, the milk should never be fed cold. The Wisconsin Farmer says: We have all had more or less experience scooping snow from walks and from about the barns. Sometimes the snow will stick to the shovel and make it difficult to scoop. To avoid this the shovel should be greased with a bit of tallow to prevent sticking. This is worth a trial.



Boys And Girls

## Little Stories and Incidents that Will Interest and Entertain Young Readers

**The Poor Hottentot.**  
This poor unfortunate Hottentot, He was not content with his lottentot; Quoth he, "For my dinner, As I am a sinner, There's nothing to put in the pottentot!"

This poor unfortunate Hottentot Cried: "Yield to starvation I'll nottentot; I'll get me a cantaloup, Or else a young antelope, One who'll enjoy being shottentot."

This poor unfortunate Hottentot, How how and his arrow he gottentot; And being stout-hearted, At once he departed, And struck through the bush at a trottentot.

This poor unfortunate Hottentot, When several miles from his cottentot, He chanced to set eyes on A snake that was p'ison, A-tying itself in a knottentot.

Then this poor unfortunate Hottentot Remark'd: "This for me is no spottentot! I'd better be going; There's really no knowing If he's trying to charm me, or whattentot!"

This poor unfortunate Hottentot Was turning to flee to his grottentot, When a lioness met him, And suddenly "et" him, As a penny's engulfed by the slottentot.

**Moral:**

This poor unfortunate Hottentot Had better have borne with his lottentot, And grown even thinner For lack of a dinner, But I should have had, then, no plottentot!

—St. Nicholas.

**How To Tell the Time.**  
I've jus' learned how to tell the time, My mother reached me to. An' if you think you'd like to learn, I guess I might teach you: At first, though, it's as hard as fun, An' makes you twist and turn, An' mother says that they is folks, Big folks that never learn.

You stand before the clock, jus, so, An' start right at the top; That's twelve o'clock, an' when you reach

The little hand you stop; Now, that's the hour, but you've got To watch what you're about, Because the hardest part is to come, To find the minutes out.

You go right back again to where You started from, an' see How far the minute-hand's away, Like this—you're watchin' me?— An' when you've found me the minute-hand You multiply by five—

And then you've got the time of day As sure as you're alive. Their's folks, I know, what says that they

Don't have to count that way, That they can tell by jus' a glance At any time o' day; But I don't b'lieve no fibs like that, Because of that was true, My Ma would know it, but she showed, Me like I'm showin' you. —Leslie's Monthly.

**The Magic Pill Box.**  
Take a small, round pill box and a coin that exactly fits into it. Cover one side of the coin with paper of exactly the color of the inside of the box. Now show the coin to the audience, being careful to show them only the face that is not covered. Now drop it into the box with the covered

face up. Put the cover on the box and show the audience that the coin has disappeared. Put the lid on the box again, make a few passes, open the box and let the coin fall out into your hand, with its uncovered face up. When you show it to the audience they will be mystified.

**The Man Who Was "Going To."**  
In the first place he was a boy who was always "going to," but who rarely did any of the things he was "going to do." He was for a time a pupil of a school I taught, and I boarded at his father's house a part of one winter. That was nearly twenty-five years ago, so the boy has been a man for some years. When I was staying at his home, his mother would say, "Hobart, have you filled the woodbox yet?" "No, ma'am; but I'm going to," he would reply.

Or his father would ask, "Robert, have you fed the horse yet?" "No, sir; but I'm going to," Robert would reply.

Sometimes I would say to Robert, in school, "Have you got your arithmetic lesson yet?" "No, sir; but I'm going to," he would reply.

But when the time came for the class to recite, the lesson would still be un-

learned. At the last minute Robert would take his arithmetic and slate, and try to solve his problem in less time than was possible for even the brightest boy in the class.

It is many years since I saw Robert, but I heard from him the other day. A friend was good enough to write me a long letter, telling me about many of the boys and girls who went to school to me. About Robert he said: "You no doubt remember Robert. He is still 'going to do' all sorts of things. I went by his home yesterday. It is a sorry-looking place. The front gate has been separated from its hinges for about five years, yet I have heard Robert say many times that he was 'going to fix that gate.' The pump at his well became disabled more than a year ago, and Robert has been 'going to fix it' every day during that time, but it is not done. In the meantime his family must carry water from the well of a neighbor, a fifth of a mile distant. Two years ago the drainage pipe on Robert's place became clogged up, and Robert was 'going to fix it' for more than a year. When it rained, the water stood a foot deep all over the cellar, and Robert came very near losing two of his children because of illness traceable to this cause. The worst of it is that Robert has fallen into the habit of borrowing money that he is 'going to repay,' but somehow never does. They speak of him as 'the man who is going to.' Poor Robert! His life has been made a dreary failure by the reprehensible habit of procrastination."—Forward.

**The Antiquity of the "Score."**  
Twenty is called a score because it represents the whole man, ten fingers, and ten toes. Etymologically, it means a cut or mark. In very early times, when men could not count beyond twenty, or "one man," it was usual to cut a notch in a stick and begin again, and so it went on, one man, two men, and so on. This is why sheep are still counted by the score. Now, a tally (French taille, cut or picked) means an account kept by means of a notched stick, aid until the end of the eighteenth century such sticks were given as exchequer receipts accompanied by a written document. This was also the usual way of keeping accounts in the mans of the middle ages. The number of drinks or meals a customer had were scored against him on what was called a tally-stick, and when it reached twenty, or a "whole man," he was expected to pay. In some country inns, scores are still kept on a slate, four chalk marks and one across-five; and four of these make twenty, or a score.

**Is Air Invisible.**  
If air cannot be seen, what is it that we see quivering above a field on a hot summer day, or even above a hot stove in the house? That question has puzzled many a head, both old and young. The answer usually given is that it is the heat; but heat can not be seen, and, therefore, it is not heat.

The explanation of the phenomenon is really quite simple, like all such things, when we hear it. As a matter of fact, it is air that we see quivering, but heat makes it visible. The quivering is caused by the upward passage, close by each other, of small currents of air of different temperatures, in which the rays of light are irregularly refracted, and this makes the currents visible.

**Toes of Animals.**  
No animal has more than five toes, digits or claws to each foot or limb. The horse is one-toed, the ox is two-toed, the rhinoceros three-toed, the hippopotamus four-toed and the elephant five-toed. Carnivorous animals never have less than four toes on each foot. The hyena alone has four on each foot. The dog has four on each hind foot.

**Ignorant of Bank Checks.**  
The Berlin correspondent of Commercial Intelligence calls attention to the antiquated and cumbersome method of forwarding remittances that obtains in Germany. A check system such as has been developed and perfected as an instrument of commerce in England is practically unused there, payments being usually effected by means of money orders taken out at the local postoffice. The English bank exercises the double function of adjusting accounts and guarding wealth, whereas the German bank, under favorable circumstances, scarcely does more than the latter.

For the German merchant the postoffice is, in a sense, what the clearing-house of the English banking system is for the British business man; it is an active partner in the settlement of differences between debtor and creditor. Yet even under the German postal system, whereby the amount of a money order is paid at the residence of the payee by a special functionary called the "geldbrierfrager," the postoffice is clearly an intolerably clumsy agent for liquidating accounts nowadays, and occasionally one bears a German bemoaning the steam-roller progress of his fellow countrymen in the techniques of payment and urging reform.—London Telegraph.

When a young man gets to be a society leader you will usually find him at the tail end of every other procession.



A CLEVER LITTLE TRICK.