

Weekly Chomawa American.

CHEWAWA, OREGON,

FRIDAY, MAY, 16, 1903

"Good-bye," said King Owl, with a smile of content.

"My long winter stay is done.

And now I'll retire to some place where I'll roost.

For I venture work well in the sun."

"And I," said Miss Ice Cake, "must not keep folks cool.

A day's I gladly would allow.

For you see," she explained, "while her eyes filled with tears,

"I, too, cannot give to the sun!"

Wise Sayings.

Men may be born with fortunes ready made, but character they have to achieve.

A crucifatory runs on wheels, and every hour tells the school as they run.

The liberality which gives largely often defeats the charity that would help wintry.

No man ever had his soul unless he lost it by the wound he gave another by inflicting some other agony.

The heart is always hungry. No man lives happily alone. The wisest and the best is wiser and better for the friends he has.

Patience and strength are what we need; an earnest use of what we have now; and all the time an earnest discontent with what we have to what we ought to be.

Even as a tree is pruned to cause it to bear better fruit, so should we eliminate all superfluities from our minds, and give the good and true more room to flourish.

Habit is a mighty force, and must either tend toward that which is good or that which is evil. It rests with us whether it shall be one of our best friends or one of our worst enemies.

There are three great questions which, in life we have over and over again to answer. Is it right or wrong? Is it true or false? Is it beautiful or ugly? The common-sense might be truly its to answer these questions.

Butter By the Yard

In Cambridge, England, butter is sold by the yard. For generations it has been the practice of Cambridge-shire farmers to bring their butter into lengths, each length measuring a yard and weighing a pound. These wrapped in strips of clean white cloth, the cylindrical rolls are packed in long, narrow baskets made for this purpose, and thus conveyed to market.

The butter woman, who, in white linen apron, and shawl, presides over the stalls in the market, has no need of weights or scales for dispensing their wares. Constant practice, and experienced eye enable them with a stroke of the knife to divide a yard of butter into halves or quarters with almost mathematical exactness. The university people are the chief buyers of the curious shaped article.

In addition to being famed for its purity and sweetness, Cambridge "yard butter" is eminently adapted for serving out to the university students in the daily common. Cut in conveniently sized pieces, and accompanied by a loaf of the best wheaten bread, a stated portion is sent around every morning to the town of the undergraduates for use at the daily breakfast and tea. — [Ex

"If wisdom's way you wisely seek,

Five things observe with care;

To whom you speak, of whom you speak,

And how, and when and where."