COUNTRY CORRESPONDENCE

I wonder do we ever consider how fortunate we are if we have he friends and the financial aid beyond the starving point. Think of a poor lad or little girl who comes into this world with a sickly mother and generate father. What are their chances to capture some of, the good things that part of this fickle race get without so much as stretching forth their hands? It seems sometimes as it the ones who need these things the worst are the very ones who never realize their ambitions. Whether it realize their ambitions. be fate or something else, they fail to materialize. Let us think for a moment what the little fellow's materialize. chances are for life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness whose clouded by uncleanness and disease. Let us first look at the cause of the Let us first loos at the cannot physi-child's very limited brain and physi-child's very limited brain and physical ailments as well as mental. will gnerally find that the father is adicted to vices that have held their sway for probably the greater portion of his life, coupled to the mother's sickly condition, which may be inherited. We can see what are the primary reasons for the child's condition; and he is only one in the vast throng of human freight who make up the cargo for life's passage through this vale of tears. The boy is born in poverty and filth and later on becomes illiterate and depraved. Look at the records of our crimes and see who is responsible for them. When the child has his conception in illiter-When acy and vice, is it any wonder the

or workhouse sees his ultimate

and logical end?

A noted man said recently that criminals are made and not born and to a great extent this is true. If we want our boys to grow up desirable and good citizens the fathers of our country will have to purge themselves of habits and vices that are responsible for this reprehensible condition of immorality that is drawing the youth of our country in shame and ignominy too deep for me to analyze. We wonder why boys grow up to be no better than they do, but if we would stop to examine the boys' an tecedents we would generally find the solution to this undeciderale prob We can't expect our boys to be any different morally, intellectually or physically as long as fathers continue to abuse themselves as they are sitll doing in this grand and great twentieth century of ours. The destiny of our country depends upon what our boys and future men will be and their future depends upon take them home. what the fathers of our country make of themselves. Fathers, you are equal to the emergency to keep ours the best country on earth by giving to your sons the things that make them men and not destroy the chances that right thinking, right living and right asso-ciation can only bring to them, by keeping yourselves clean, noble and upright. Wake yourself from your twenty year sleep of indifference and turn your energies toward something for the boy's good and welfare and ultimate success in life. You owe it to him, to yourself as his father and his benefactor and adviser.

Nothing is more needed in this day and sge than that your boy should have your unalloyed solicitude, help and companionship, if you don't

things that make life worth the liv-COUNTRY CONTRIBUTOR.

want strangers to usurp your position.

Here's to your belief in your boy, here's to your support in his behalf

and here may success and long and

in his behalt toward the

prosperous life crown your feebles

CLARKS

Miss Zelma Cummins is visiting friends in Portland the last few days. Wm. McIntyre of Clatskanie is visiting with his father.
Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Tallman and

children have been visiting with Irve Tallman the last few days. Mr. Otto Elmer is spending his va-

cation with his parents. All reported a good time at the dance given at the Grange hall Sat-

urday evening. Mr. and Mrs. Lucine Stout and

daughters, Esther, Edith and Lucile, Mamie Sager, Geo. Clark, Verno Larkins and Milton Miller and Will Robbins were the guests of Mr. and Mrs. E. A. Cummins Sunday after-

Roy Anthony has been visiting with his uncle, P. H. Sager, the last few days. and Mrs. Elmer Graves are

visiting with Mr. and Mrs. C. N. A dance will be given at Mr. Shep pard's, next Saturday night. Mr. Archie Commins made a busi

ness trip to town last Thursday. Minnie and Effic Grace left Sunday to resume their school in Stafford, Mrs. Grace spent a few days in Portland last week,

Mr. and Mrs. Hettman spent New Year's in Highland. Mr. Baurer went down to the telephone meeting last week.

Adolph Haag spent New Year's at The Grange gave a big New Year

dnner and a dance in the evening.

APPLE GROWERS WILL INSTITUTE REFORMS

President Atwell of the State Horticultural Society has issued a call for a convention of fruit growers and fruit shipping associations of the Pacific Northwest to meet at Portland January 24. The convention will consider the organization of a fruit growers' central selling agency and also decide what attitude shall be taken toward apple box legislation, It is proposed to model the association on the citrus fruit growers' organizations of California and limit it to the boxed apple trade. It will include western Montana and western Colo-rado, which with the Pacific Northwest, grow practically all the boxed apples of the country. Better dis-tribution of apples, providing against glut in some markets and scant sup-ply in others, are the prime objects of the association. The convention, noming as it does the week following the meeting of the Washington Hor-ticultural Association at Prosser, on January 17, will probably attract some attention from that body. President Atwell and others will go to Prosser and speak before the Washington orahardists on the proposed asso

William Strange, Pueblo, Colo., is in Oregon City for a few days with friends, enroute for Scattle, where he will visit with his mother, Mrs. David

UNION MILLS

Dell Trollinger is at work again on is new mill. New arrivals in this burg are Mr. Henry Durst, to assist his brother A. Durst in the flour mill, both being millers of large experience: Mr. Culberson, who is going to try larming on a small scale here, besides following carpentering some; Mr. Case, who has bought Mr. J. Rhodes' addition to Union Mills, and has moved onto the same; and Mr. Chas. Shaw, who has traded for property near Mr. Alo Larking.

Abe Larkins'.

Mr. James' little boy is sick, requiring the assistance of Dr. Todd.

Mr. Brumm's little girl is slowly

Mr. R. Long is making an extended visit in the East. W. H. Husbands has just returned tome from building an addition on Mr. Tom Fisher's house. Improving property is the order of

MEADOWBROOK

time to wish the Courier and staff a ery prosperous and happy New Year. We are glad to welcome it into our vicini y and sincerely trust that the year 1911 will be one of especial sig-nificance in bringing a four-fold prosperity to the enterprising newspaper. Mrs. Kronenberg of Jennie Station

made a visit to Portland last Friday. Mr. Jones and daughter Pearl have the former is engaged in the erection last persuaded to exchange apof three cottages. We shall miss these two people from our neigh-orhood and succeedy hope that the will honor their friends by occasional

Several recruits from Coxey's army were seen in our midst this week. When interviewed they stated they were traveling on tie passes, but one applied here for any, for which courtesy we are duly thankful, for Meadowbrook does not care to have its population increased by the "un-

desirable citizen. The New Year was not celebrated here with any ostentation or pomp— said Mabel. She was the older of the not even hilarious revelry accom- two, a fair haired girl of seventeen. panied the new year to its birth. Her sister Gladys was a year younger, Ours is not a bloated aristocracy a short, plump little girl with unruly whose main idea on such occasions is to get out and see how much they can hold with having to call upon gentlemen of indifferent character to

NO DANGER IN THE SCHOOLS

On account of a few cases of diph theria in some parts of Oregon City many parents have become needalarmed and are keep ug their children out of the schools. chool authorities have taken and are taking extra precautions and closely watch all children who have appearance of throat difficulty or any tagious diseases. In case it should happpen that a child actually has a tagious diseases. are thoroughly fumigated and when reopened all danger is past. Parents hould carefully watch their children and should they discover any symptom of diphtheria should at once call

There will be something doing at the next meeting of Oregon City Camp No. 5666 Modern Woodmen of America, next Wednesday evening, In 11. The newly elected officers will be installed and the social combasket social to which all members of tion. the order and their families are invited. The M. W. of A. is the largest fraternal order in existence, having more than one million members in good standing.

The New City Engineer

appointed our city engineer, has a light, varied experience of twenty-five years in civil engineering. Being well acquainted with civic affairs he has alo located and engineered many railroads in the South. As a legislator he represented his county several sessions in the legislature, where he was the cause of much good roads legislation. As a military man, the Major has filled every grade from a private up to his present rank of ma-

Odd Fellows at M. E. Church,

or, serving his country well in the

panish-American war.

A special service for all members of the Odd Fellows lodge will be held at the Methodist church in this city next Sunday evening. Members of the or-der and the Rebekahs will attend in a body, and seats will be reserved for them. All Odd Fellows in the city not members of the local lodge, and he general public are also cordially invited. The pastor, Rev. Zimmer man, will preach an appropriate ser-mon and there will also be special

Twenty-Fifth Wedding Anniversary

Mr. and Mrs. L. P. Horton celerated the twenty-fifth anniversary of their marriage, at their home at 1204 Main street, Oregon City, Saturday evening, Dec. 31 They were married in Jamesville, Wis., Dec. 31. 1885, and lived in Kansas, Missouri and Nebraska some years, coming to Oregon City about two years ago. Previous to this time they made their iome in Eugene for awhile. thirty-five people were present at this gathering. A delicious function was served by the hostess. The happy participants were the recipients of many handsome gifts. The house was resplendent with Oregon grape and evergreens. Mr. and Mrs. Horton are prominent members of the M. E. church. A happy coincidence of the occasion was the presence of Mrs Horton's brother, Mr. Kenyon, whom she had not seen for twenty

Flying Machines A few years ago flying machines were hardly thought of, nor was **Scott's Emulsion**

in summer. Now Scott's

Among the Apple I rees

By Clifford V. Gregory

Read and there will unfold for you a romance from which you will learn how two plucky daughters of the farm yearned for a college education; how their father gave them the use of a wornout orchard to secure the money necessary; how they grappled with the apple raising problem and Snyder, the sharper, who was cornering the apple crop; how their ambition had much to do with Ye correspondent wishes at this the futures of two young men, one rich and one poor; how the wornout orchard influenced directly or indirectly not only the lives of four young people, but college work, college sport and college morals as well, and how some of those concerned in this moved two miles north of here, where idyl of farm and college were at

CHAPTER I.

H. daddy!" Mr. Sanders looked up from the harness he was mending in preparation for spring's work to see his two daughters standing before him.

"Well?" he said, with an inquiring smile.

"We-we want to go to college," a short, plump little girl with unruly brown hair and an irrepressible smile. Their father let the strap he was holding fall to the floor.

"What for?" he asked. "To learn things," said Mabel. "We want to go to the agricultural college and take the domestic science course. If you'll come in the house I'll show you what the catalogue says about it." Mr. Sanders picked up his strap and

went to work again. "You're mighty good girls," he said, "and I want to do all I can for you, but I don't see where the money to send you to college is coming from."

Mabel's lip quivered. "Then can'tcan't we go?" she asked.

Her father's eyes twinkled as he looked up. "I'll tell you what I'll do," contagious disease the school rooms he said. "I'll give you girls the old apple orchard, and you can use all the money you make from it to go to college with. The old apple orchard consisted of

an acre of apple trees that Mr. Sanders had set out several years before with the expectation of reaping a handsome reward when they should was not especially well adapted to apple growing. Weeds and insects played havoc, and the orchard turned out mittee is arranging a program and to be anything but a paying proposi-

Mabel turned abruptly and left the shop, but Gladys sat down on a nail keg, with her forehead puckered up in thought. After a few moments she got up and went over to the window. There had been a hard frost the night before, and the apple trees were laden with a white coating of frost crystals Major Chas. S. Noble, who has been that shone and sparkled in the sun-

> "It's pretty this morning anyway," she said. "Can we really have it to do as we please with?"

> "That's what I said," her father answered. "You'll have a hard time getting anything out of it, though."

"Well," Gladys replied determinedly, "we're going to get something out of it. I believe we can make that old orchard pay our way through college." Mr. Sanders smiled. "I hope so," he said. "I'll help you all I can."

"I'm going over to Pearson's this afternoon," said Gladys as they were seated at the dinner table that noon. "Do you want to go along, Mabel?" "What for?" asked Mabel,

"To find out how he raises so many apples." "He's got better apple soil than we

have," spoke up Mr. Sanders, "Maybe that isn't the only reason,"

persisted Gladys. "I want to talk with him anyway." Mr. Sanders had a three-year-old

colt, which the girls had broken to drive that winter. They had had many a lively tussle with it before it would acknowledge that it was conquered, but now it was as quiet and docile as could be asked for and would follow the girls around like a big dog. Gladys always insisted that Mollie, as they called the colt, needed only a little training to rival Lou Dillon, Indeed, she had boasted of Mollie's speed qualities so much that Mrs. Sanders | more interesting." could not be induced to ride behind

After the dinner dishes were washed and put away the girls hitched Mollie chopping wood, and I can't seem to to the old fashioned square box cutter and drove over to Pearson's.

Mr. Pearson was a somewhat eccentric old farmer. He spent most of his time pottering around in his orchard and garden, leaving his three boys to do the farm work. The neighbors get any one."

A Story of Farm Life

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were forced to admit that he raised fine fruit, but they were inclined to give credit to his rich, somewhat sandy soil rather than to his painstaking care. He rubbed his baid head delightedly when the girls told him their errand.

"Of course you can make it pay!" he exclaimed. "That acre of apple trees ought to send half a dozen girls to col-

Thereupon he entered into a lengthy discussion on apple growing, which the girls only half understood, though they listened with growing interest. "What you want to do first," said

Mr. Pearson, "is to prune your treescut out about a third of the old limbs and let the sun have a chance to get in. Jeff's out pruning now, I think. Don't you want to come on out and see how it's done?"

Their feet made no noise in the soft snow, and Jeff, who was busily sawing away, did not notice them until his father spoke,

He turned quickly and almost fell out of the tree in his embarrassment at seeing the girls. He was a tall, lank, awkward boy of eighteen, but when his honest smile lighted up the freckles on his usually solemn face his ungainliness was forgotten.

"Hello!" he said in response to the girls' greeting as he started to climb down from the tree.

"Hold on," his father said. "Mabel and Gladys here want to learn how to prune apple trees. They are going to ship a carload of apples from their fa-ther's orchard next fall." And he chuckled as he pulled off his cap and rubbed his head. "I believe you're just making fun

of us," declared Gladys, "I don't see why we can't raise just as good apples as you do." Mr. Pearson slapped his hat back

on his head and drew his face down



"MABEL AND GLADYS HERE WANT TO LEARN HOW TO PRUNE APPLE TREES.

solemnly. "I'm not making fun," he assured them. "Let me take the saw. Jeff." And he proceeded to give them a lesson in practical pruning. "Do you see how it's done?" he ask-

ed as he finished the tree and smeared some white lead on the larger wounds. "Don't try to leave pegs long enough to hang your sunbonnets on, but cut the limbs off close."

"We're ever so much obliged," said Mabel. "We'd better be going home, hadn't we?" she added, turning to

Gladys. "Come in and get warm first," said Mr. Pearson. "Jeff 'll bring your horse

around in a few moments." Jeff's few moments was nearly half an hour, and it was almost dark when he drove Mollie up to the door.

"Here's a few books you may be interested in," Mr. Pearson said as they started to leave. "Most of the folks around here don't think much of book farming, but just as like as not they may be mistaken." He chuckled to himself as he closed the door.

"Ain't there something I can do to help you with your apple trees?" asked Jeff as he handed the lines to Gladys. "I ain't very busy now, and I thought maybe"-

"Oh, thank you! But I guess we'll

get along all right," said Gladys. "Goodby!" "Just as if we wanted a big, awk

ward boy bothering around," she said to Mabel as they turned into the main road "Jeff's good if he is awkward," Ma-

boys "I don't like any kind of boys," said Gladys. "Apple trees are so much

bel answered. "I don't like pretty

Mrs. Sanders met the girls with a white face as they turned into the vard.

"Your father is hurt awfully!" she cried. "He cut his foot while he was stop the bleeding." She caught her breath with a frightened sob.

"Did you phone for the doctor?" asked Mabel as she sprang to the ground, "Something's the matter with the line," her mother answered. "I can't

The Doctor's First Question

"How are your bowels?" This is generally the first ques-tion the doctor asks. He knows what a sluggish liver means. He knows what a long list of distressing complaints result from constipation. He knows that headaches, ilious attacks, indigestion, impure blood, and general debility are often promptly relieved by a good liver pill. We wish you would talk with your own doctor about of Ayer's 1." Do as he save time if he approves

Gladys gathered up the reins and quickly turned Mollie around.

"You can't drive that colt to town in the dark!" cried her mother. "You go with her, Mabel."

"I'm not afraid, mommie," spoke up Gladys. "You need Mabel more than I do. Come on Mollie!"

It was six miles to Brighton, the nearest place where she could get n doctor, and Gladys well knew that there was no time to lose. If the bleeding didn't stop- She leaned forward and spoke coaxingly to Mollie. The little mare seemed to realize that something was wrong and swung into a stride that made Gladys' heart swell

The fenceposts sped by in a long jumbled procession, just visible in the dim, ghostly snow light. Gladys kept her eves fixed on the strip of white road shead. Just over the end of it the north star shone brightly. Gladys remembered the old story about the star that had led the wise men and whimsically wondered if this star was not there to lead her. On and on they sped, Mollie never varying from that long, steady stride that covered the ground so quickly and easily.

One, two, three, four miles, and still the little mare showed no signs of slackening her pace. There was no wind-nothing but stars and snow and that long, never ending stretch of white road. It was glorious, this night ride, or would have been if it were not so grimly necessary.

"Can't you go just a little faster, Mollie?" Gladys whispered.

Mollie gave a leap forward. It almost seemed as if they were flying, so little noise did the mare's swift hoof bests make on the snowy road.

Suddenly she gave a leap sideways. There was a crash as one of the runners struck a stone that some one had carelessly lost from his load that afternoon, and Gladys dived headlong into the soft snow at the roadside.

CHAPTER II.

LADYS picked herself up and shook the snow out of her eyes. The soft snow had broken her fail and kept her from getting hurt. She looked around for Mollie and saw her standing in a drift up to her knees a little ways down the road, with nothing left of the cutter but the thills. In a moment Gladys had waded through the snow to the mare and was loosening the thill straps. As soon as the thills were unfastened she leaped to Mollie's back and headed her again toward town and the doctor.

Mollie was much better as a driver than as a rider, and Gladys found riding her without a saddle hard, jolting work. But she set her teeth and held grimly to the little mare's mane, urging her to a still faster gait.

She was almost to the town now and could see the light in the doctor's big house on the corner. In another moment she was at the door. Giving Mollie's reins a twist around the post, she ran up the steps and rang the doorbell. The doctor's wife opened the door

'The doctor?' she said in reply to Gladys' breathless question. "I'm sorappointed surprise shone in Gladys' ry, but he started to Kensett just about ten minutes ago."

Gladys started back as if she had peen struck. The doctor's wife sprang forward and caught her. "Why, my girl," she cried, "you're all tired out. Come in and get warm."

Gladys shook her head. "I-I must catch the doctor," she gasped. "Has he a saddle I can take?"

The doctor's wife, quickly realizing that this was no ordinary call, pointed toward the barn and hurried into the house after the lantern. It was but a moment's work to throw off the harness and replace it with the saddle. Gladys hesitated an instant and then reached for the doctor's riding whip. She was so stiff that she could hardly swing into the saddle, but she smiled bravely back at the good doctor's wife as she turned away into the darkness.

Kensett was directly west, and her own home was straight south. If she could catch the doctor soon enough he might still be able to get there in time. But what chance did a weary colt ridden by a still wearier girl have of overtaking a fresh team of bronchos? Gladys leaned forward and spoke caressingly to Mollie. The little mare sprang nimbly forward, but Gladys felt rather than saw that she

was not running as easily as at first. Minute after minute passed and still the mare held pluckily to her pace. At last after what seemed hours of hard riding Gladys heard the tinkle of sleighbells ahead. She knew the time had come for the final spurt. She raised her whip to strike the struggling mare, but threw it in the snow instead.

"Mollie!" she cried, leaning forward. "Go, Mollie, go-just for a few moments more!"

Mollie gave a snort that was almost a groan and struck a slightly faster pace. Louder and louder sounded the bells, and soon Gladys could see the sleigh as a black speck ahead.

Then she called with all her might and the sound of the bells stopped abruptly. In a moment she was beside the doctor's cutter and in a few gasping sentences told her story. "Ride up to the Greys' and have

give her a good rubbing down," the doctor ordered. "She's done a great death.

That climb up the hill to the Greys' Gladys than all the rest together. Mr. the fence. Grey lifted the exhausted girl from the saddle and led the steaming mare diffidently, as he jumped to the ground away to the barn, while his wife put Gladys in the big chair back of the you want some help?" stove and set the old granite coffeepot on to boil.

At home Mrs. Sanders and Mabel watched and waited anxiously. Mr. Sanders moaned and tossed in a feverish delirium. The towel which they had twisted tightly around his leg had asked. failed to stop the bleeding entirely. and the faces of the silent watchers grew white with fear as they saw the blood slowly oozing from the tightened bandages.

The patient grew weaker and more delirious as the hours passed. Mrs. Sanders ran to the window every min-

ute or so to peer out into the darkness. "He ought to be coming!" she cried bysterically. "Oh, what if anything

has happened to Gladys?" Mabel tried to comfort her, but with little success. At last they heard the jingle of sleighbells, and almost be fore they had time to look the big doctor himself was at the door.

"I wonder if you can put my team in," he said to Mabel as he threw off his coat and stepped over to where the injured man lay.

Mabel ran to put away the bronchos and then came back and stood holding her mother's hands while the doctor worked. Somehow his masterful presence was reassuring, and they breathed freer in the confidence that their respect for his skill inspired.

"There," he said at last, straightening up. "He'll be all right now as soon as the fever goes down. We'll have him on his feet again in a week. It wasn't a moment too soon, though,' he added. "I want to tell you Mrs. Sanders, that you have a daughter to be proud of. She saved her father's life tonight." And he proceeded to tell the story of as much of that lonely night ride as he knew.

When Gladys came down to breakfast the next morning an unwented pallor on her cheeks was the only visible effect of her hard night ride. She stopped in surprise as she entered the dining room door. A tall, handsome youth, with the self assured smile of one who has supreme confidence in his own ability to do and say the right thing at the right time, came forward with a low bow.

"Harold Du Val!" cried Gladys. "What are you doing out here?" Harold held out his hand with a "I might ask you the same

question, only I happen to know already," he replied. "You're a brave girl, Gladys." "You haven't answered my question

vet." persisted Gladys, the color heightening in her cheeks. "Oh, that's easy. Didn't you know Mr. Gray was my uncle? I've been

sick, and the folks sent me out her to recuperate." The announcement of breakfast cut short further conversation. After the meal was finished Harold insisted on hitching up and taking Gladys home

"I thought you were sick," she said "I can ride Mollie just as well as not." "I'm not sick enough to let the girl who used to work most of my prob lems for me ride eight miles on horseback," he replied as he put on his

overcoat and started for the barn, "What have you been doing since you left high school?" asked Gladya when they were on their way. Harold winced a little at the tone of

her question. "Oh, nothing much," he answered. "Father wants me to go to college, but I don't like to study well enough. "What are you going to do?" Gladys

went on. "You surely don't mean to

go on doing nothing all your life." "Why not?" inquired Harold as he tilted his bat a little to one side. "I'm having a pretty good time as it is." "Is that all the ambition you havejust to have a good time?" A dis-

honest brown eyes. "Oh, come now," Harold answered lightly. "This is getting too serious, Let's talk about something else-your

self, for instance." "There isn't anything to say on that subject, only-oh, I wonder how dad-



MR. SANDERS CALLED HER HIS BRAVE GIRL dy is. If you don't stop talking and drive faster I shall have to get out and ride Mollie."

Thus admonished, Harold gave the horse a sharp slap with the reins and during the remainder of the ride devoted his attention entirely to his driv-

Gladys found her father lying propped up in bed, conscious, but very weak from loss of blood. He clasped her hand tightly and called ber his brave girl, and she blushed and said she hadn't done anything, but for all that they seemed to understand one another better from that time on than they had ever done before.

Mr. Sanders was able to be around with the aid of a crutch in a few days, but it was a long time before his them put that colt in the barn and foot was entirely well.

The weather turned cold for several weeks after this, but when it did finalnight's work tonight. And tell Mrs. It warm up the girls started out to Grey to give you some hot coffee and prune their apple trees. They had put you to bed!" He shouted the last only one saw, and that was far from words back over his shoulder as he sharp, but they took turns sawing turned quickly around and commenced and piling brush. It was hard work, his part of the race with life and but they kept resolutely at it and made good progress. One day Gladys was working alone down near the seemed harder to both Mollie and road when Jeff Pearson drove up to

"Hello, Gladys!" he called, a little

"Oh. I'm getting along very nicely." replied Gladys, sawing away vigor-Jeff came over and stood beneath day,"

the tree where she was at work.

"Isn't that pretty hard work?" he "Well, a little," she confessed, "But we've trimmed twenty-five already. and there's only ten more to do."

"Let me do that while you rest,"

persisted Jeff, seizing a timb and pull ing himself up into the tree. "Well, since you want to so badly. suppose I'll have to let you," Gladys

said as she reluctantly handed him the

"Where did you learn to be so polite?" asked Jeff. Gladys smiled a little. "I'm not be-

ing very nice, am 17" she said. "But boys are such nuisances"-The sentence ended in a half stifled cry as the limb on which she was sitting suddenly gave way with a loud crack. It was not very far to the ground, and the fall did not hurt her

In the least-that is, nothing but her pride. "That was the finest branch on the whole tree," said Jeff regretfully as

soon as he saw that she was unburt. "If it hadn't been for you, Jeff Pearson, it would never have happened. I don't care if I brenk them all off now," and, grasping the broken stub, she swung herself up and sat down on another branch.

"I don't believe there's any danger of this one breaking," said Jeff teasingly as he sat down beside her. He seemed to be rapidly getting over his diffidence.

Gladys turned her head away and did not deign a reply.

"Say, Gladys," spoke up Jeff after a few moments. "I don't know what you're thinking about, but I've just thought of a scheme to get double pay out of the old orchard." Gladys turned quickly toward him.

What is it?" she demanded. "Plant something else in between the trees. Take cabbage, now. You could raise-let me see-about 11,000 cabbages on an acre. At 10 cents apiece that would come to \$1,100. It will be a lot of work, but I'll come over after supper evenings and help you hoe

"And leave all your chores for some one else to do?" queried Gladys. "I guess they'd manage it some

way." he replied. "And I guess they wouldn't. I've a good notion to try raising cabbages, but if you say anything more about helping us I'll get mad, Jeff-honest, I will. You see, father told us we could have all that we could get out of the old orchard ourselves, and it wouldn't be fair to let any one else help.

"I don't see why," objected Jeff. "But you'll let a fellow come over and watch you once in awhile, won't you?" "Y-yes; I don't suppose we can help your looking at us if you want to. but- Oh, there's the supper bell!

Good night." And she leaped to the

ground and hurried toward the house

Continued next week.

In 1909 the people of the United States imported \$75,000,000 of Cuban sugar, but if the development in the beet sugar industry of the country keeps up at the present rate another decade will see a good share of this produced at home. While the high price and scarcity of labor tend to discourage the growing of any crop which savors of intensive soil tillage. it should be said in behalf of beet growing that beets do not pull heavily on the land, that there is a good revenue in raising them and that they leave the soil in the best possible tilth for other crops used in rotation. Conditions to be found in the states of the west where water is on tap from ditch when wanted and where sunshine is the rule through all the growing season are ideal for their culture, for the soil is marvelously rich and

the weed pest reduced to a minimum

The Active Sloth Bear. "The sloth bear appears to be the most active of all the bears in the zoo. Whoever misnamed the animal ought to bestow a more appropriate title," said a woman visitor who sat on a bench in front of the bear dens.

"A more befitting designation would be 'Ursus pugilisticus' or something like that, for be is certainly the most pugnacious of all the bruin specimens here. And he gets away with it, too, although he weighs only 250 pounds. I saw him knock out the hairy eared bear in a fierce tight over a piece of meat, and he gets the better of the great Yezo bear of about 1,000 pounds in the adjoining inclesure. They fight through the bars. You can hear the snapping of the big bear's jaws as he fails to catch his opponent. But the nervous sloth bear is as quick as a cat with his long claws and gets in a dig on the other one's muzzle that makes him snort with pain."-New York Sun.

Salt and the Romans.

Spilling of salt is a superstition still current among us. It is derived from the ancient Romans, who used salt in their sacrifices and regarded it as sacred to Penates. To splil it carelessly was to incur the displeasure of these household divinities. After accidentally spilling salt the ancient Roman was wont to throw some over the left shoulder-the shoulder of ill omen -thereby hoping to call away from his neighbor the wrath of the Deity and turn it upon himself.

Elephants' Love For Finery. Strange as it may seem, the elephant is passionately fond of thery and delights to see himself decked out with

gorgeous trappings. The native princes of India are very particular in choosing their state elephants and will give fabulous sums for an animal that exactly meets the somewhat fanciful standards they have erected. For these they have made cloths of silk so heavily embroidered with gold that two men are hardly able to lift them. -Pearson's Weekly.

"Mother," asked little Ethel, "now that you're in mourning for Cousin Adelaide, will you wear black nightdresses too?"

"What an absurd question, child!" "Oh, I only thought you might be as sorry at night as you were during the ventured Ethel.-Harper's Ba-

He - So you finished the novel I brought you. How did it come out? She-The author must have had a pull. can't see any other way .- Boston Transcript.

How It Came Out.

Be true to yourself and you do not need to worry about what the neigh-

bors think.

Emulsion is as much a sum-Miss Mona King, of Portland, was mer as a winter remedy. spending a few days visiting with he parents in Mount Pleasant. Science did it. All Druggis