

THE PRUNING FIEND.

"Orchardists Should Give Him a Wide Berth"—Trees Should be Allowed to Grow Naturally.

Prof T P Hedrick, of the agricultural college at Corvallis, who is at the head of the horticultural department says: "This is the season of the year that the tree butcher gets in his work. The 'expert pruner' with axe, saw and a pair of hedge shears, and who trims trees down to mere stumps, is about offering his services. Orchardists should give him a wide berth. This is applicable to all parts of Oregon, but the thought has been suggested by institute workers returning from southern Oregon who report over pruned orchards as about the worst feature of orcharding in that part of the state.

"A healthy tree well headed at the start, the head twenty to thirty inches from the ground, needs only to have deformed, crooked and crossed limbs removed, with now and then a branch taken out to thin out the top. The shape of the tree must be governed by pinching and removing small twigs with a budding knife. All other pruning is unnecessary and wanton destruction that seriously impairs the vitality and usefulness of the tree."

Captain Jack's Tribe.

REDDING, Cal., April 6. — Word comes from Modoc county that the remnant of Captain Jack's tribe of Modoc Indians, now living in that county in the neighborhood of Captain Jack's trail and General Canby's death in 1872, is now in a pitiable condition, verging on actual starvation. In all, there are about 100 of the famous tribe left. The winter has been a severe one, the snow deep and the Indians have been unable to obtain the necessities of life.

A party of two bucks and ten squaws struggled into Alturas, the county seat from the lava beds, to get food, but the whites were not charitably disposed to the Modocs. So hungry were the Indians that they stripped the carcass of a dead cow to the bone, ravenously ate of the putrid flesh, and carried away what was left. It is reported that their number has been reduced one-half this winter by deaths due to starvation and exposure. There is no reservation and do not appeal to the United States government.

A COUGAR STORY.—Cottage Grove Leader: While John Moak and G Washburn were coming out from Bohemia last week they came upon a cougar just below the Warehouse, which was feasting on a deer it had killed. On seeing the men, the cougar sprang into a leaning tree, near where it was eating the deer. Moak happened to have a gun with him and both men walked up to within a few feet of the tree in order to get a good shot at the cougar and both were standing side by side in snow nearly waist deep. Just as Moak shot, the cougar sprang at them, and in their endeavor to get away in the snow they both fell down in opposite directions and the cougar lit at their feet, between them. Of course both thought they had met their doom, but to their surprise on regaining their feet they found that the cougar was dead.

IS TOBEY A FRAUD?—An Oregon City dispatch says: "Dev I P Tobey state superintendent of what he calls the Children's Home Society of Portland, is in the city, in the interest of the home. The same person was here some months ago, and succeeded in getting a number of women interested in the home. County Judge Gray also became interested, and soon after ordered two children sent to the home. No such institution could be found at that time in the metropolis, as the address given was that of an attorney's office. It is thought here that no such institution exists, although Mr. Tobey says his home is incorporated under the laws of the state."

Daily Guard, April 6.

THE MCKENZIE FERRY.—The McKenzie ferry, which broke from its mooring, at Hendricks early Wednesday morning and went 2 1/2 miles down the river, is being towed back up by hand by means of ropes and pulleys. It is thought the boat will again be in running order by Sunday morning. County Commissioners Callison and Bailey visited the boat yesterday, but when they arrived workmen had the boat well on its way back up the river. One of the horses owned by Elwood Bowerman, which was on the boat when it went down the stream, has died from injuries received.

MCKENZIE FERRY.—The ferry boat at the county ferry at Hendricks has been towed back and will be ready for crossin travelers by Monday noon. This will be a great convenience to travel, as the Camp Creek road is in poor condition and much heavier than the one on the north side of the river.

Daily Guard, April 10.

LEO FRACTURED.—Edward Lavert of Goshen, had his leg fractured above the ankle joint yesterday by a horse which fell on him while he was riding the animal on a hillside. Dr Brown of this city adjusted the fracture.

Judge R. S. Bean.

Our friend Carry F Martin of Salem, writing concerning prominent citizens of Oregon has this about a son of Lane county:

Of course Judge R S Bean, of the supreme court, is the idol of Lane county and is set up in every home as the example for the eldest son to follow. I have inquired some and find that he is as much respected in other parts of the state. He is a level-headed, even balanced, sober, industrious man. Many people are intelligent and a great many more people are very bright along particular lines—"But," that fatal word—"but," that side track, that open switch—"But there is this or that failing, this or that lack of discretion, wisdom or judgment. There is a screw loose in the machinery of their make-up which unfits them for par excellence in any avocation. In Judge Bean we see no very striking characteristics and, to be frank, we see no very brilliant, out-standing points. He is just a plain ordinary man. He has wisdom, the result of study. He has natural judgment. And, "what are his failings?" you ask. Ah! there is the point. No side tracks, no open switches, no failings to render him unfit for the highest, most sacred trust of the people—the final decision of their disputes. He lives at home, not "down town" as too many men and boys do. He is a constant student and works very hard, yet by very temperate habits retains good health. His greatest pride is his five sons, children of which he may well be proud. Let the father who cites the judge as an example for his son, be sure to say that the judge studies hard, absolutely has no bad habits, lives at home and does not go "up town" or "down town" every night after supper, points about a man which I think are much to be admired and emulated aside from his well known ability at the bar.

Commissioners Court.

R W Veatch, constable state vs Mosby and Tully \$ 9 40
J T Callison, county commissioner 21 00
W T Bailey, county commissioner 34 50
Hans Hoff, janitor county commissioner 4 50
Resignation of E E Smith, justice of the peace for Camp Creek precinct accepted and Chris Hutchings appointed to succeed him. John Stewart was appointed constable for said precinct.
Resignation of George Hunter as supervisor of road district No 20, accepted and C E Sholl appointed to succeed him.
George T Sears was appointed supervisor of road district No. 13 for the ensuing year.
Adjourned for the term.

March 29.

Court met in special session. Present Hon E O Potter, judge, and J T Callison and W T Bailey, commissioners, and A J Johnson, sheriff and A C Jennings, clerk.
Court met and adjourned until tomorrow without transacting any definite business.

March 30.

Bills allowed.
J T Callison, commissioner \$ 6 00
W T Bailey, commissioner 15 00
E O Potter, expenses to Portland 12 50
E O Potter, pauper supplies 5 00
Adjourned.

Weather Prospects.

Although we have had some showery weather today it is not probable it will be of any considerable duration. The barometer has been quite steady for the past week, and now stands at 29.59 which, as a rule, with a steady barometer insures good weather, at least no violent changes.

The unusual warm weather of yesterday is probably responsible for the light rain today. The thermometer registered 75 degrees, the warmest of the season.

AN INCOGNITABLE.—Today's Salem Statesman: Ira Cox, aged 15 years, was yesterday received at the reform school from Eugene County Judge Potter having committed him to that institution for incorrigibility. Attorney John M Williams, of Lane county, escorted the boy to the school. The little fellow's home is at Crow, Lane county, near the Siuslaw, where his relatives reside.

Cottage Grove Teachers.

COTTAGE GROVE, Or., April 9.—The school board met today and employed teachers for the ensuing year, as follows: W H Powell, principal; Mrs Bell Sutton, Miss Annie Underwood, Mrs Hopkins and Miss White; Miss McQueen, music teacher.
The school during the last year has made splendid progress.

New Oregon Company.

SALEM, Or., April 9.—Incorporation articles filed in the secretary of state's office today were:
The Benson Drug Company; capital \$3000, divided into 150 shares of \$20 each; incorporators, J A Benson, J S Benson and Jane Benson; location, Cottage Grove.

WINTER ALL YEAR.

AN OLD DIARY'S ACCOUNT OF SUMMERLESS 1816

There were some warm days in the spring, but in June, July and August there were snowstorms and ice all over New England.

The year 1816 was known throughout the United States and Europe as the coldest ever experienced by any person then living. There are persons in northern New York who have been in the habit of keeping diaries for years, and it is from the pages of an old diary, begun in 1810 and kept unbroken until 1849, that the following information regarding this year without a summer has been taken:
January was so mild that most persons allowed their fires to go out and did not burn wood except for cooking. There were a few cool days, but they were very few. Most of the time the air was warm and springlike. February was not cold. Some days were colder than any in January, but the weather was about the same. March, from the 1st to the 6th, was inclined to be windy. It came in like a small lion and went out like a very innocent sheep.
April came in warm, but as the days grew longer the air became colder, and by the 1st of May there was a temperature like that of winter, with plenty of snow and ice. In May the young buds were frozen dead, ice covered half an inch thick on ponds and rivers, corn was killed, and the cornfields were planted again and again, until it became too late to raise a crop. By the 1st of May in this climate the trees are usually in leaf and birds and flowers are plentiful. When the last of May arrived in 1816, everything had been killed by the cold.
June was the coldest month of roses ever experienced in this latitude. Frost and ice were as common as buttercups usually are. Almost every green thing was killed. All fruit was destroyed. Snow fell ten inches deep in Vermont. There was a seven inch snowfall in Maine, a three inch fall in the interior of New York state and the same in Massachusetts. There were only a few moderately warm days. Everybody looked, longed and waited for warm weather, but warm weather did not come. It was also dry; very little rain fell. All summer long the wind blew steadily from the north in blasts laden with snow and ice. Mothers knit socks of double thickness for their children and made thick mittens. Planting and sowing were done together, and the farmers who worked out their taxes on the country roads wore overcoats and mittens. On June 17 there was a heavy fall of snow. A Vermont farmer sent a flock of sheep to pasture on June 16. The morning of the 17th dawned with the thermometer below the freezing point. At about 9 o'clock in the morning the owner of the flock started to look up his flock. Before leaving home he turned to his wife and said jokingly:

"Better start the neighbors soon. It's the middle of June, and I may get lost in the snow."
An hour after he left home a terrible snowstorm came up. The snow fell thick and fast, and as there was so much wind the heavy masses piled in great drifts along the windward side of the houses and out-buildings. Night came, and the farmer had not been heard of. His wife became frightened and alarmed the neighborhood. All the neighbors joined the searching party. On the third day they found him. He was lying in a hollow on a side hill, with both feet frozen. He was half covered with snow, but alive. Most of the sheep were long since dead.

A farmer near Tewksbury, Vt., owned a large field of corn. He built fires around the field to keep off the frost. Nearly every night he and his men took turns in keeping up the fires and watching that the corn did not freeze. The farmer was rewarded for his tireless labors by having the only crop of corn in the region.
July came in with ice and snow. On the fourth of July he as thick as window glass formed throughout New England, New York and in some parts of the state of Pennsylvania. Indian corn, which in some parts of the east had struggled through May and June, gave up, froze and died.
To the surprise of everybody August proved the worst month of all. Almost every green thing in this country and Europe was blasted with frost. Snow fell at Barnet, 90 miles from London, on Aug. 30. Newspapers received from England stated that 1816 would be remembered by the existing generation as the year in which there was no summer. Very little corn ripened in New England. There was great privation, and thousands of persons would have perished in this country had it not been for the abundance of fish and wild game.

In direct contrast with 1816 appears the year 1878, when there was no winter. Captain Arnold Lyon, who lived some years ago in Burlington, Vt., used to relate his experience in 1878. He was a walking encyclopedia of local events. He said: "I knew but one season when winter was almost like summer, the winter of 1878. I was running the steambark General Green between Burlington, Vt., and Port Kent and Plattsburg, N. Y., and during the year there was not a bit of ice in the whole lake from one end to the other. The old Lake Champlain Steamboat company hauled out the steamboats Phoenix and Congress, and hardly a bit of ice appeared in Shelburne bay, near Burlington, during the winter."
"The Phoenix had a new engine built in Albany, and the whole outfit had to be carried from that city to Shelburne harbor by teams through the mud. At Middlebury, Vt., the mud was more than a foot deep. The Phoenix was rebuilt and ready to launch by Jan. 15. Jan. 15 was the day fixed for the launching, and I took over a large party from Burlington on the General Green. The sun was shining with the warmth of a July day. The women who sat on deck raised their parasols."
New York Sun.

Children's Terrors.
Professor G. Stanley Hall of Clark university says that thunder and lightning cause terror to more children than any other one thing, and following in the order named come reptiles, strangers, darkness, the death, domestic animals, disease, wild animals, water, ghost, insects, rats and mice, robbers and high winds. It is pleasant to notice that the fear of ghosts comes very low on the list. Some special forms of dread are to be found in all parts of the country. For instance, the thought of high winds excites no alarm in the east, while in the cyclone states it is a common cause of apprehension.
"What is nutritious food, 'Uncle Aleck'?"
"Is food that is so cheap and plain that many people are ashamed to eat it."
—Chicago Record.

A WOMAN'S LOVE.

The View From a Woman's standpoint The Difference With Men.

The great incident in a woman's life, and therefore an inevitable one in the woman of fiction, is love. The most constant element in woman's love, in reality or in fiction, is doubt.

Even with utmost confidence in the sincerity of the love she has engaged few women do not at times harass themselves with the thoughts that perhaps the man with the thoughts that perhaps the man only fancies that he loves her; that in the depth of his heart he buried some other love that may be quickened, that his love, now so ardent, may soon grow dim and gradually fade away.
They seem never to permit such questioning to test the merit of the love they give.

To the lover these doubts are never well defined. They come only in the unexpected moods that so perplex all lovers.
She is unhappy, and she does not know why. She is dependent, but cannot define to herself cause for hopelessness. She is wounded, but is unconscious of what hurt her. She feels that her soul has gone out to her love; that she must have it back, but that if it is given back she must die. She is so happy, and she is so sad. She feels that she and her love may not be all in all to each other, except that she may not be all in all to him. She is devoted to him, but is he as devoted to her?

And the man, having no understanding of her consciousness, simply berates himself for having at sometime somewhere, in some manner, done something to wound the sensitive nature of this dear girl, or not being able to find any solution of the trouble, he early comes to resolving every shade of difference through the broad, general principle that all women have her moods; that such moods do not really lessen the genuineness of affection, and that annoyances of this sort are part of the penalty that man has to pay for the happiness of love.

In the matter of love men and women seem to be essentially different. Man always shows an abiding joy in being loved. It is never perfect happiness to woman unless she can mingle at times with the assurance a sweet, gentle melancholy, springing from doubts which, if called to answer, she would indignantly scorn and deny.
So it seems ever to have been, and probably it will ever be, so long as this sweet influence, love, impels men and softens women.

Perhaps this enhances the pleasure of love. John Keats, with everything of beauty that was to have been to him a joy forever fast fading from his vision and his fleeting breath almost ready to leave his dying body, left, nearly as his last word, that his dearest hope of love was of a "sweet unrest." —Philadelphia Times.

RICHARD III.

He Was Not, So It Is Assured, a Hump-backed Tyrant.

His deformity is a great feature in Shakespeare and is used with all Shakespeare's knowledge of human nature to explain much of what would be otherwise incredible. It is the bitterness of the deformed which hardens his cruelty and sharpens his already keen edged ambition with the desire to overcome the scorn of mankind for defects he could not help by reaching a place where he could put the world under his feet. Yet there is but little better evidence of his deformity than there is of his having been born with teeth.

It is hardly necessary to call witnesses to disprove such trivialities as this, but it is easily done, and the reference is complete. No contemporary other than Rous even alludes to Richard's deformity, and these others who are silent are the only writers of real authority. Fabyan, the Londoner, who must have seen Richard often, and who was a Lancastrian, says nothing of any deformity. The Croyland Chronicle, a member of Edward IV's council, is equally silent, and so, too, is Comines, although he twice speaks of Edward as the handsomest prince he had seen, thus showing that he noted physical appearance. Stowe said he had talked with old men who had seen Richard, and they declared "that he was of bodily shape comely enough, only of low stature." Even Rous himself, in his portrait of Richard, indicates no deformity. The portraits, indeed—and there are several other examples—show us a man without any trace, either in expression or feature, of bodily malformation. The face has a striking one, strong, high brow, intellectual, rather stern, perhaps, and a little hard in the lines, but not in the least cruel or malignant, and with a prevailing air of sadness.—Hon. Henry Cabot Lodge in Scribner's.

Primitive Incense.

In ancient days sweet odors were obtained by burning aromatic gums and woods; hence the word perfume, which is from the Latin per, through, fumus, smoke or vapor. From this arose the idea of incense in primitive worship. It was used by the orientals long before it became known to the western world. People of the east utilized it for sacrifices in their temples. At first it enhanced the pleasure of the senses. At funerals it was a and later, in theaters, a disinfectant against the unpleasant odors of a crowded building.
Pity assures us that incense was not employed in sacrifices until after the Trojan war, when fragrant woods were applied to give an agreeable smell.
In an ancient magical manuscript it is directed that three grains should be taken, with three fingers, and placed under the threshold to keep away evil spirits which might come in the form of offensive odors.—London Society.

Dreamers.

"Don't forget, Philip," said Mr. Gmterlar, "that a man cannot live in castles in the air. If he spends too much time in dreaming, he is likely to find himself with but a poor shelter when storms come on. If a man would have a house of his own, he must build it himself, and he can do this only by faithful, unremitting labor. In fact, the greater part of life, Philip, is spent in carrying the load. And he is happiest and likely to have the finest house who recognizes this fact and takes his hod up early." —New York Sun.

Womanly sympathy.

"George Maitland left his wife a widow this morning."
"Poor dear, I am so sorry for her!"
"But they say George didn't treat her very well."
"Oh, if that! With her sorrowful face she'll look just buried in black." —Cleveland Plain Dealer.

In Mexico it has been discovered that the administration of honey to smallpox patients banishes the pustules and cures the fever immediately.

April Tide.

Be ye in love with April-tide? P' faith in love am I, For now 'tis sun and now 'tis shower, And now 'tis frost and now 'tis flower.

And now 'tis Laura laughing-eyed, And now 'tis Laura shy. —Clinton Scoullard.

PIERCE'S CABINET.

Franklin Pierce had what Mr McKinley may possibly be praying for just now—a harmonious Cabinet. They were all able men, and Mr Pierce did not feel bound to impress his individuality on them, separately or collectively. Their own individuality was sufficient. Guthrie, Secretary of Treasury, was one of the characters of Washington at the time. One of the unusual things about him was that he hated the spoils system like grim death, and made changes on account of politics only when he absolutely had to do it. One day a New England politician went to Pierce after some sort of plum for a constituent. Pierce sent him to Guthrie. The congressman presently came back looking mad. "What did Guthrie say to you about appointing your friend?" inquired Pierce, innocently.

"He said he would be damned if he would," responded the disgusted congressman.

"Did Guthrie talk that way to you?" asked the President.

"He did."

"Well," said Pierce consolingly, "that's the way he talks to me, too."

KICKS TOO LATE.

The Oregonian is kicking at the high and excessive protection monopoly rates of the Dingley tariff bill. Yet the Oregonian, during the last presidential campaign, kept its flag at full mast for what we are getting now—a tariff controlled by monopolies and trusts. And the producers must pay for it.

No wonder at the results of the elections the other day when the McKinley administration had hardly been installed in power. The people have had time to regain their senses and are now aware of the reckless demands of protected industries that seek to thrive and fatten off the producers of the country.

REWARD FOR A TRAITOR.

Such news as the following is not pleasant reading for many persons who have held John G Carlisle in high esteem. Benedict Arnold was once a patriot: It is stated that at the request of ex-Secretary Carlisle, Claude M. Johnson is to keep his place as chief of the bureau of engraving and printing, for a time, as a reward for the work he did among the gold democrats in helping to carry Kentucky for McKinley.

Much activity is being shown among the silver forces everywhere. The result of the spring elections is full of encouragement, and the people have begun the battle of 1900 with a determination to wrest the government from the money-changers and trusts, who are now in full command. In Oregon the work has not been neglected, even at this early day. At Portland on the 5th the Multnomah county bimetallic league held a large and enthusiastic meeting. Martin Quinn, who came nearly being elected congressman last June, addressed the meeting on "Special Privileges." The following officers were chosen: Seneca Smith, silver republican, president; John Welch, democrat, vice-president; John T Milner, populist, secretary.

A Michigan girl has confessed to her minister that she had received attentions from 17 young fellows of her acquaintance and she had indiscreetly allowed 15 of them to kiss her. This news reached the ears of a young editor, who unhesitatingly declared in print, that the two milkops who had failed to gather their share of the sweets deserved to be tapped for the "stimples."

American manufacturers must be getting work down to a fine point when they can export cigarettes to Japan.

SHREWD JAPANESE.

Japan is taking advantage of the mistakes made by this country, and others, in adhering to the gold standard. She will expand her markets, while other countries will be forced to contract theirs. The little brown men realize their advantage.

A Japanese correspondent of the London Bullionist, writing from Kobe, Japan, throws light on the commercial expansion of the Orient, which is bringing exports of the Far East in to the markets of the world, and shows why Japan continues to draw down her gold balance in London and purposes fixing her silver rate at 32 to 1. An exporting country already, and promising to be a much greater one in the future, Japan realizes that her advantage has come from cheap silver, which is her money, and the disadvantage which gold standard countries labor under in competition against her. This advantage she proposes to fix and fasten by law, a double value of her gold coins.

SOLDIER'S HOME TROUBLE.

The order made by the trustees of the Roseburg Soldier's Home withholding pension money of the inmates, and at which they justly rebelled, is as follows:

"Rule 13. Any person admitted to the home shall surrender all his pension to the commandant, and, if the person so surrendering his pension has dependent relations, the money so surrendered shall be paid to such dependent relations by the commandant, excepting the sum of four dollars per month, and in case such person has no dependent relations, the excess of his pension over and above the sum of four dollars per month, shall be credited by the commandant to a fund for the support of the home and shall be used for that purpose only."

The old soldier who is able to support himself, with the aid of his pension, will not go to the Home and the order attempting to take his pension pittance is unworthy of the state that considers it a duty to provide for the defense who risked their lives for it in the hour of need.

CONFIDENCE PUDDING.

Take three gallons of confidence, one peck of international agreement, one quart of gold standard, seven tablespoonfuls of prosperity, two quarts of sound money and flavored with one pound of protection. Boil with twelve months of no work, and eat while hot, one teaspoonful.

A recent issue of the Pueblo Colorado, Chieftain contained the following interesting advertisement: "Wanted—By a competent woman, a place to work for her husband's board." This sounds like a Western echo of the "new woman" movement, but is probably the word of the same "old" woman who has been doing just that thing every where, since the time when the memory of man runneth not to the contrary.

Nebra-kuts is a lenient state. A bill has been introduced in the state legislature making it a misdemeanor to have in possession a deck of cards containing more than four aces. Out west it formerly meant a fight, possibly death. The surplus is liable to cause strained relations among gamblers who may happen to be testing their appreciation of the relative values of poker hands.

Mark Hanna got into the United States senate, by appointment quite easily. We venture the opinion that it will not take the Ohio legislature, when it gets ready for business, more than fifteen minutes to elect his successor.

An examination paper prepared by a Japanese student in the mission school at Nagoya had the "American nation are very kind and polite, but that nature are just like the cat."

The baseball fever is beginning to develop as usual this season of the year.

This weather makes one feel like getting outside for a sun bath.