

WARMING THE GRAIN.

One of the things which not only bear, but require, repeating and should be urged and "rubbed in" until well understood by the general poultry keeper, is the advisability of warming all the grain before it is fed to fowls in real wintry weather. Wheat taken out of the bin in a cold barn, or corn taken out of the crib during a spell of extreme cold, is much colder, perhaps, than just ice. We eat ice cream and relish it. But we eat it slowly, in small quantities, taking care to have it well melted in the mouth before we send it down to the stomach. Who would think of making a meal of it, or filling the stomach with a lot of frozen stuff gulped down by spoonfuls! Yet that is exactly what the great majority of poultry keepers expect their birds to do. The frozen corn, worse than so many hailstones, are greedily devoured, and the crop filled up with solid chunks of frozen food, of a temperature possibly close to the zero mark, just before roosting time, and when the birds may already be shivering with cold. Before this food can be of any service to warm up or, build up the fowls, it must first be thawed out and warmed itself, and this process must of necessity draw heavily on the birds' vitality. After a full meal of the frozen grain, at retiring time, we should expect to find the birds on the perches shivering even worse than when they were yet empty and hungry, while they should feel the genial glow of warmth that usually pervades any living creature after a good meal. The warming of grain has to be urged also on the grounds of economy. Frozen corn or wheat cannot possibly give its maximum service. Half of its food value, or thereabouts, is consumed in thawing and warming it. We will find it much cheaper to warm the grain on the stove or in the oven. We feed peas in the morning. The daily allowance is brought to the house in the evening before, and kept where it will be good and warm in the morning, when it is strewn on the floor of the scratching room and soon picked up before it has had a chance to get icy cold again. The daily allowance of corn is brought to the house in the morning, and usually placed in the oven to heat, and in some cases to become charred. In the meantime the warm meal is given (during the middle of the day), and when evening approaches, just before dusk, the corn is taken out to the poultry house, run through the food cutter to be cut into about inch lengths, and thrown down on the floor for the fowls to pick at and off the cob, which keeps them busy for a little while. They are then ready to go on the perches feeling well, warm and satisfied. We doubt whether any one point in poultry feeding at this time can be of greater importance than this. In short, ice is not good food, and is not economical food. It costs nothing to warm the grain, and is but little trouble. Do it!

WARM SPRING NOTES.

Edward T. Hamer returned Tuesday from a two weeks' trip to Siletz, whither he went to look after his homestead.

On account of health Mrs. Emily Hunt was obliged to take a month's sick leave, and is now in Tacoma under treatment by a specialist. Mrs. McCorkle is supplying her place.

Mr. Powell, of Simnasho, was at the Agency on business last week. He reports an increased interest in farming among the Indians of his district.

The lady members of the Reading Circle got control of the meeting one evening last week, and after a little routine business forced an adjournment. They then produced finch cards and sarum boards from con-

venient hiding places and invited the gentlemen to play. Later came a contest with bow and arrow. Mr. Strauch proved to be the William Tell of the occasion, carrying off first prize, while Miss Hess received the prize for poorest shot. Then there was a short program in which each lady rendered a number, and afterwards refreshments. In commemoration of St. Valentine, hearts were much in evidence throughout the evening, even the heart-shaped menu cards bearing such items as food hearts, sour hearts, heart breakers, etc.

Miss Ellen O. Hess has received an appointment as seamstress at the Tulalip school, and will leave as soon as her place here can be supplied.

While cleaning a gun recently James Scott accidentally shot himself in the groin. The wound was promptly dressed by Dr. Tate, who now reports him in a fair way to recovery.

This school is preparing to take a part in the Indian exhibit at the Lewis and Clarke fair. The exhibit of school room and needle work has already been sent to Washington to be mounted, and other industrial exhibits will later be sent direct to Portland. Ego.

OBITUARY.

Bernard Wilson, the little son of Max and Stella Wilson, was born at Prineville, Oregon, July 30, 1901, and died at Madras, Thursday, February 23, 1905, of plural bronchitis superinduced by measles, having attained the age of 3 years, 6 months and 24 days.

The funeral services were conducted by Rev. E. M. Mortimore from the home of Mrs. Wilson's father, John Isham, Friday, February 24, at 2 p. m. Interment took place at the Nannie Holt Cemetery.

Little Bernard came to Madras with his parents December 20, 1904, from Vida, Lane county, Ore. They have since lived in the well known home of John Isham. It was here, surrounded by a host of relatives and friends, that the little dear one became so well known by a large number of Madras people for his natural kindness of heart and exceptional personality, for the Isham house has always been known for its hospitality. Bernard soon became the idol of affection, loved by all who knew him. From infancy his intelligence was a marked feature. Less than six months old, he had already attempted to voice his thoughts audibly. Music had perhaps the strongest attraction for him, and I shall never forget the sweet melodies he sang on several occasions during a brief stay at his grandfather's home. And, little though he was, he had acquired an unusual taste for instrumental music, especially the violin, which taste he had undoubtedly inherited from his parents, who are known for their musical ability.

Those of us who knew him best shall always feel that a dear one has passed from our midst, whose death we mourn as if he had been of our own kin. The only child of his parents, he had the tenderest of care, but Death conquers all, and we yield to the inevitable, knowing that the Giver of all good gifts has taken him into His own care. J. A. H.

The following is a sweet poem which little Bernard Wilson recited when less than two years old:

In speaking of a person's faults,
Pray don't forget your own.
Remember, those in house of glass
Should never throw a stone.
If we have nothing else to do
But talk of those who sin,
It's better we commence at home,
And from that point begin.
We have no right to judge a man
Until he's fairly tried.
If we don't like his company,
We know the world is wide.
Some may have faults,
And some have none,
The old as well as young.
We may, perhaps, for aught we know
Have fifty to their one.

LITTLE BERNARD IS GONE.
The greatest blessing God can give to parents is the life of a beautiful and dutiful child. Such a one was little Bernard. His parents lived but for him, and well they might, for his was a beautiful face, a sweet disposition, a lovely character. Yes, he was young, not yet four, but old enough to draw people to him, and to hold them with strong chords of love. It was his privilege to teach us older ones the reward of a gentle nature. He has not lived in vain, for he has left a heritage more valuable than gold. The world will be better for having known him. It was but a glimpse of a heavenly spirit, but oh! the brightness of it. He was untainted by sin, a fresh, pure and holy character of God's greatest skill. No words can express the sorrow of his parents, relatives and friends at his departure. But—

"It is not death! What seems so is transition; This life of mortal breath Is but a suburb of the life elysian, Whose portal we call death. He is not dead—the child of our affection— But gone unto that school Where he no longer needs our poor protection, And Christ himself doth rule." —Ed.

V. Z. Branstetter, of the Big Plain, is cutting quite a swath—of sod. He is plowing right along, and, like a good soldier, never looks behind. The boys will have to hurry if they best Volney,

PRUNING ROOTS OF TREES.

That the cutting away of a large portion of the roots of trees when the trees are very small may make but little difference, can be understood, but the case is different when the tree is of some size. Nurserymen continually urge their men to be careful to preserve all the roots when digging; customers, too, urge the same thing; and nature itself has provided a certain number to each tree in the belief they were required, and so they are. Roots are for two purposes, the supplying of the elements of food to the tree and the holding of the tree in place. The fact the body of roots is capable of absorbing moisture is well understood. The fibres which push out in spring from the ends of the roots are the principal feeders, but the thicker roots, on which the fibres are, also absorb moisture with which to sustain a tree. How, then, is the cutting off of the greater portion of the roots a helpful proceeding? With a tree pruned of all its branches that but its main stem is left, it can be understood that the preservation of all its roots is not of great moment, still, it must be that the more root the better for the tree. When trees are fall planted it is only by the absorption of moisture by the thicker roots—not fibres—that they are kept alive. To prove this, let the soil become dust dry, and the trees will die. Besides the power of absorption of moisture by the main roots, trees of some size need them to maintain their hold. So necessary are they that when without a great number many trees die because of the disturbance of their roots by the trees swaying about in gales of wind. It is sure that no matter whose "method" it is to cut off nearly all the roots, it had better not be followed. Preserve all the roots you can, cut off all bruised ends, leaving a clean cut surface, and the tree will have a better chance of thriving than if the greater part, or any part, of its roots were lost to it.

JENNIE McNEAL ECLIPSED.

J. P. Hahn is the proud possessor of a pair of beautiful gray horses, recently purchased from Walter McCoin, of Culver. Last Saturday afternoon Mrs. Hahn suggested that their favorite clerk, Miss Marie Galloway, take a ride upon one of the grays, but warned the latter lady of the animal's spirit, suggesting that he might runaway. Miss Galloway, however, felt equal to the occasion, and, feeling confident of her equestrian abilities, mounted one of the grays in modern fashion and proceeded. Then the horse proceeded—to run away—and down town, up town, across town, and around the town he ran. He fell down a time or two, but when he got up the fair rider was still on top. Still he continued to go until coming to a six-barred gate at the lower end of town, over which he jumped, falling down on the other side, throwing the rider, who decided she had sufficient fun for one day and surrendered the animal to its owner.

FOR SALE—One span of Work Horses. E. H. Dean, 5 miles east of Madras.

A general line of Groceries, a special line of Gents' Furnishing Goods, also a complete line of Stationery, Cigars, Confectionery and Notions can be found at the

Grizzly Postoffice Store
W. E. WILLS, Prop.

BUY LOTS IN MADRAS

The coming Industrial Center of Central Oregon

A Big Flour Mill now building.
Modern Stores now running and others under construction.
All roads to Madras lead down hill from every direction and are the only good roads in Eastern Oregon.
Fine Water easily obtained in wells from 12 to 20 feet deep.
Most equable climate in Central Oregon
The Auto road passes through Madras.

The Columbia Southern will build through Madras.
The center of a farming country bigger and better than Sherman county, which does not require irrigation to produce crops of any kind of grains, fruit and garden truck.
Long Distance Telephone connections with the outside world will soon be here.
Lots from \$50.00 and up.

For particulars inquire of D. P. REA, Secretary Madras Townsite Company, Madras, Ore.

COLUMBIA SOUTHERN RAILWAY CO.

TIME TABLE NO. 10.

Effective July 3, 1901.

South Bound No. 2	STATIONS.	North Bound No. 1
Daily Pass.		Daily Pass.
Leave	Biggs	11:30 a. m. Arrive
2:15 p. m.	Gilbeous	11:19 a. m.
2:30 p. m.	Sinks	11:10 a. m.
2:50 p. m.	Wasco	11:00 a. m.
3:12 p. m.	Klondyke	10:45 a. m.
3:18 p. m.	Summit	10:40 a. m.
3:35 p. m.	Hay C. Jc	10:34 a. m.
3:38 p. m.	McDonalds	10:25 a. m.
3:45 p. m.	DeMoss	10:15 a. m.
3:50 p. m.	Moro	9:55 a. m.
4:08 p. m.	Erskinville	9:37 a. m.
4:23 p. m.	Grass Valley	9:20 a. m.
4:53 p. m.	Bourlton	8:55 a. m.
5:11 p. m.	Kent	8:40 a. m.
5:21 p. m.	Wileox	8:30 a. m.
5:55 p. m.	Shaniko	8:00 a. m. Leave

For rates and other information apply to S. E. LYTLE, G. F. & P. A. Shaniko, Oregon.
E. J. Wilson, Agent, Shaniko, Ore.

R. F. ALLEN, President.
T. M. BALDWIN, Cashier.
WILL WURZWELER, Vice Pres.
H. BALDWIN, Asst. Cashier.
NO. 3851.

The First National Bank OF PRINEVILLE, OREGON

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The Dalles Oregon

Notice to Creditors.

Notice is hereby given that the undersigned has been, by the County Court of the State of Oregon for Crook County duly appointed administrator of the estate of John Hastings, deceased, and all persons having claims against said estate are hereby requested to present the same, duly verified, to said Administrator at the office of M. E. Brink, in Prineville, Ore., within six months from the date of the first publication of this notice.

Date of first publication of this notice Nov. 17, 1904.
ED KUTCHER,
Administrator of the Estate of John Hastings, deceased.

Blue Print Township Plats corrected up to date showing names of all entrymen, vacant land, rivers and creeks, 50 cents each.

LAND SCRIP FOR SALE

For securing title to all kinds of Government land without residence or improvement, at lowest market prices. Write us for full particulars.

HUDSON LAND CO.

THE DALLES, OREGON.

RYE HAY

In any quantity at \$3.00 per ton. Cash or secured notes. Or will trade for seed plowing at \$2.00 per acre. This hay is in first-class shape and is pronounced good feed.

FIRST COME FIRST SERVED.
Inquire at The Pioneer office, Madras, Ore.

Home-Seekers

I am prepared to locate On Government Lands contiguous to the Columbia Southern Railroad survey; quarter sections that are all cultivatable; of the best heavy soil within one-half to four miles of railroad survey; some select localities having water. First come first served.

Dodd McCauley
Madras, Ore.

A. E. CROSBY PROPRIETOR

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Carries a Complete Line of Drugs, Medicines, Chemicals, Household Remedies, Druggists' Sundries and Photo Supplies. Country Mail Orders I give my personal attention. A Graduate in charge. Safe delivery guaranteed. Your promptness my specialty. Strychnine and Pest Destroyers. Stock Foods and Dips of all kinds. Agency for Eastman Kodaks. Both Phones. WHOLESALE AND RETAIL.

THE DALLES, AT COST

All of Our Buggies, Spring Wagons, Binders, Mowers, Stoves and Steel Ranges must be sold by January 1st to make room for another line of goods. It will pay you to get our prices.

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The Dalles, Oregon.

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Notions and Patent Medicines. Boots and Shoes and Farmers' Necessities of all kinds. New and large stock at right prices. Call, examine and be convinced.

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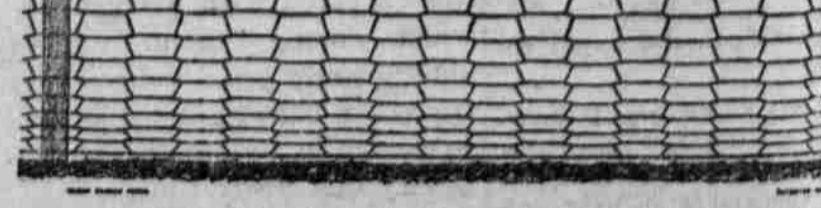
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