

# Aunt Diana

The Sunshine of the Family

## CHAPTER XII.—(Continued.)

"Roger," exclaimed Alison, passionately, "this must be Ferguson's doing; he must have tampered with your letter and cut out the entry in the ledger, and of course the check is in his possession."

"Wait a moment, Allie," returned Roger, looking very stern and pale. "The check was cashed the next morning by a clerk of ours who was turned away for dishonesty; but the bank did not know that, and thought him still in our employ, so the money is lost to us. My father is dreadfully angry and puzzled about the whole affair, but he does not suspect Ferguson. He flew in a perfect rage when I hinted about his gambling debts. He blames me for carelessness; he says I ought not to have left the office without locking up both the check and the ledger in the iron safe. Ferguson has told my father that he saw Ibbotson the clerk who dismissed, hanging about the yard talking to the men. He declares that while we were in the yard Ibbotson must have got into the office, turned over the letters and abstracted my receipt; he must have known the entry in the open ledger, and he knew all the keys, and would easily find the check. He has gulled my father completely; he has actually made him believe that, in ten minutes, or a quarter of an hour at the most, Ibbotson could cut the page in the ledger, track the check to the private drawer, hunt out my receipt and make his escape—and all this without any preconceived plan. Why, the whole thing is monstrous and utterly improbable. I am positive that the only thing Ibbotson has done is to cash the check."

"Roger, oh, how dreadful it all is! Of course, there can be no doubt in your own mind who did it all?"

"There is not a shadow of doubt in my own mind, Allie; but how am I to bring my father to believe it? Ibbotson has left the place, or he was actually going to set the detectives on him. Ferguson has completely hoodwinked him. Circumstantial evidence is strong against Ferguson, to my thinking. Judge for yourself, Allie; he was with me in the office when I opened the check; he saw me make the entry in the ledger, as well as write the receipt; he also must have seen me thrust the check hastily into the private drawer before I ran out into the yard. No doubt he returned to the office as soon as my attention was engrossed with poor Mitchell. A few minutes was all that was needed to accomplish the job, Allie. I have found out to-day that he is terribly involved, and that his creditors are threatening him. I told you things are coming to a crash. I am afraid we shall lose more than the sum we received from Simmonds Brothers."

"Oh, Roger, how blind your father is! What are you to do to open his eyes?"

"I am going to watch Ferguson," returned Roger, with a frown of anxiety. "Allie, I never meant to have told you this. I have been about the town gleaning facts to-day, but I mean to keep them to myself for the next four-and-twenty hours. Ferguson has arrived at some sort of crisis in his affairs. I am afraid he will do something desperate. A sum of money has come into our hands to-day after banking hours, in notes and gold. I wanted my father to bring it up to the house, but he scouted the idea as ridiculous, as though any thief could open an iron safe; but, Allie, I am not comfortable in my mind. Supposing Ferguson has a duplicate key? My father is so hopelessly duped that it is no use saying any more to him. I have made up my mind to watch the office to-night."

"But not alone, dear?"

"Yes, of course. Timothy will be there, if I need help; but I don't mean to take him into confidence. There is a large sum of money at stake. The large sum is an acquaintance of mine. I told him to look out for me by the bridge. I will get him to land me at the lower end of the yard. Timothy will be in his shed by that time, thinking about his supper. I don't want him to see me, or he will enlighten Ferguson. There is a handy wood-pile just outside the office where I can lie snug."

"Roger!" exclaimed Alison, in a quick, determined voice, "you shall not go alone; I shall watch with you." And as he was about to interrupt her she went on quietly, "You know Missie and Miss Leigh will be out until half past ten. Papa is always in his study. They will think I am in bed. I can lock my door and put the key in my pocket, and you have the latch-key. I will be no trouble to you. I will be as quiet as a mouse, and not hinder you. I could not rest—I could not sleep, knowing you were with that bad man. I will be useful as a witness. You must take me, Roger."

"Are you sure that you mean it—that it will not hurt you?" he asked, slowly.

"What should hurt me on a summer's night? And the large will be such 'un."

"Very well, you shall come if you like. You are a plucky girl, Allie."

## CHAPTER XIII.

It was still early in the evening when the young conspirators returned to the house, and the next two hours passed very slowly to Alison.

At half past nine Mr. Merle was shut safely in his study. Alison went quietly into her room and made her little preparation. A brown hat she had discarded as being too shabby would just suit her nocturnal purpose; her dress was dark, and a warm jacket was all she needed; and, carefully turning down her gas and locking her door, she crept quietly downstairs, to find Roger waiting for her in the dark entry.

He nodded and held out his hand to her without speaking, until they were outside the gate and were walking rapidly down the road that would lead them to the bridge.

"I have brought this plaid," he observed presently, showing it to her. "I was so afraid you would find it cold if we should have to watch many hours. I don't think I ought to have brought you, Allie."

"I could not have stopped at home," was Alison's quick answer. "Is this the

bridge where we are to wait, Roger? How black the canal looks!"

"I am afraid we are going to have rain," he returned, in a vexed voice. "I do not mind the moon being absent; the darkness is in our favor. But what am I to do with you, Allie, if we have a wet night? You will catch your death of cold."

"Nonsense," replied Alison stoutly. But nevertheless she felt an inward twinge of discomfort. Neither of them had thought of the weather. How weird and eerie everything looked in the obscure light, the dark towing path and the sluggish canal, the tall factories, and beyond them the dim woodpiles and sheds stretching away into the distance. The very large that came floating toward them out of the darkness seemed to hold dark, grisly shapes upon it.

In a few minutes Roger was helping her to scramble on shore. They were now at the extreme end of the timber yard, and had some way to walk.

Long before they had reached their destination the heavy pattering of rain drops warned them to make haste; but in the uncertain light, and with so rough a path, their speed was greatly retarded.

"Here we are at last," whispered Roger; "follow me closely, Allie." And she obeyed, holding his coat to give her courage. A pitchy blackness was round them; Roger's groping only led them still further into the darkness. Alison experienced a sense of suffocation until a ray of murky light showed her where she was—at the further entrance of one of the wood piles, with the office windows within a few yards of them.

Alison breathed more freely when she recognized her position. The interlaced planks formed an arched chamber, where they could move with comfort and be sheltered from the rain. Roger spread the plaid near the entrance, and bade his sister make herself as comfortable as circumstances permitted, while he went a little way to reconnoiter.

"I hope I have not brought you on a wild goose chase," he said when he returned. "Timothy is eating his supper. We shall have to be careful when he goes with his rounds. Hush! What is that?" as a slight sound was plainly audible. "Don't move, I implore you, Allie!" And Roger cautiously raised himself on his hands and knees and crept a few paces nearer to the entrance, but in a moment he returned and bade Alison to move further into the darkness.

"It is Ferguson; I heard his voice," he whispered. "Come a little further; Timothy has his lantern, and he might turn it on us; and now not a word if you can help it. Are you frightened, dear?"

"No," returned Alison, a little unsteadily, but at that moment she was certainly wishing herself and Roger safely at home. Roger's caution was not in vain; a sudden flare of light penetrated the entrance of the wood pile; they could see two men; but at the moment the lantern was lowered and Timothy's face was turned to his companion.

"A wet night, master," he said, in a grumbling voice. "I'll just go on my beat, and then back to the shed again."

"Oh, Roger, how blind your father is! What are you to do to open his eyes?"

"I am going to watch Ferguson," returned Roger, with a frown of anxiety. "Allie, I never meant to have told you this. I have been about the town gleaning facts to-day, but I mean to keep them to myself for the next four-and-twenty hours. Ferguson has arrived at some sort of crisis in his affairs. I am afraid he will do something desperate. A sum of money has come into our hands to-day after banking hours, in notes and gold. I wanted my father to bring it up to the house, but he scouted the idea as ridiculous, as though any thief could open an iron safe; but, Allie, I am not comfortable in my mind. Supposing Ferguson has a duplicate key? My father is so hopelessly duped that it is no use saying any more to him. I have made up my mind to watch the office to-night."

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"What should hurt me on a summer's night? And the large will be such 'un."

"Very well, you shall come if you like. You are a plucky girl, Allie."

"You must go, Roger," she exclaimed. "You will go more quickly, and will know how to avoid Timothy."

"Very well, keep up your courage, Allie, and do not lose sight of the villain," he returned. "I will bring father back in no time. Wait where you are until Timothy has passed again."

Alison's reply was inaudible, but her mute assent testified obedience. That moment she was literally beyond speech; the horrid darkness seemed to swallow her up again; a nervous oppression made her heart beat with distressing quickness. It was quite a relief when Timothy passed again; the familiar figure in the heavy watchman's coat gave her a comforting sense of human support.

She stole cautiously across the open path, and in another moment she was standing outside the office window. There were two windows, for this one was necessarily darkened by the woodpile, but over the other the blind had been lowered to shut out prying glances. Alison stopped, as Roger had, that he had locked himself in to carry on his unhallowed work. The dark background of piled-up planks quite overshadowed the white girlish face peering in at the uncurtained window.

She was frightened at her own daring, but she remembered that she was Roger's witness; it was necessary for her own eyes to testify to Ferguson's dishonest doings. Now there could be no mistake; the open safe was conclusive, and so were the notes and gold that he was stowing away in that great black bag. Alison watched, half fascinated by horror. He had nearly finished; yes, he was locking his bag and closing the safe, the candle stood fluttering beside him on a chair, not on the table; he almost pushed against it as he went to the door and set it open. Yes, he had locked himself in, for she could see him take the key out and fix it carefully in the outer lock, and then he went back into the room. Oh, what had become of Roger? In another moment he could have escaped with his booty. The main entrance to the timber yard was in the opposite direction to the private door opening into the garden of The Holms. Even if Roger and his father were coming in this moment, Ferguson would have no difficulty in eluding them. It was true the door was locked and Tim-

othy had the key, but he could easily swim across the canal and reach the towing path unseen.

Alison's agony was rising to a pitch that almost justified rashness. She was becoming desperate in spite of her terror. A sudden thought came to her, thrilling her with horror—could she do it? Yes, for Roger's sake she would try. Another second she was gliding round the little building and passed the curtained window with a gleam of light shining through the crevice. As she passed it there was sudden darkness; he had extinguished the candle. In another instant Alison had shut the door, almost knocking Ferguson back, if she had known it, and had turned the key in the lock. Alison had felt a quiver, hysterical sob rise in her throat as she heard the key turning under her hand. Had she really done it? Had some unseen presence beside her given her the needed strength? Was the dishonest servant a prisoner, and she his captor? But Alison had no time to do more than ask herself these questions, for Timothy came out of his shed, and was hobbling toward her, and the next moment the key was in Alison's pocket, and she was standing at bay.

"What does this mean, miss? How came you here?" exclaimed the old man, suspiciously.

"I have locked Mr. Ferguson in; he is stealing papa's money out of the safe," returned Alison, turning her white face to Timothy, and the sob rising in her throat again. "I will not give up the key until papa comes."

A fierce kick at the door behind her drove her from it a few paces.

"Let me out, Timothy!" thundered Ferguson. "The girl is mad; she must be out of her mind to say such things. Mr. Merle desired me to look over some papers for him; they are most important, and there must be no delay."

"You hear what he says, miss," returned Timothy, rather roughly; "we must not keep the master's manager locked up. I warrant you it is all right; they keep their papers in the safe. Give me the key and I will open the door for the gentleman."

"Not until papa comes," was Alison's reply; and, in spite of Timothy's surly reproaches and Ferguson's imprecations, she remained firm. Timothy was driven to his wit's end, and when suddenly footsteps were heard, and Alison darted forward to meet them.

"Papa, I saw him at the safe; he was putting the gold and notes into his bag. I saw him do it!" she cried excitedly. "He blew out the candle, and then I locked him in. Here is the key."

"Timothy, go at once to the police station!" exclaimed Mr. Merle, in a voice they had never heard before; it was so hoarse with indignation. "Roger, take your sister into the house. There is a fire in my study; I will wait here."

"No, no; I can go alone," returned Alison. "Roger must not leave you, papa."

But he repeated in the same curt way: "Take your sister away, Roger, and be back as soon as you can." And Roger, who understood his father, hurried her across the yard and the garden, and did not leave her until she was in the warm, brightly lighted study.

"Take off your wet jacket, Allie," he charged her, as he left her; but there was no time to say more.

Alison obeyed him. She took off her dripping hat also; and then she sat down on the rug and laid her head against her father's chair, and a flood of tears relieved her overwrought nerves. Roger found her still in the same position when he came in half an hour later; but the tears were flowing more quietly. In his boyish exuberance he lifted her up as though she were a child.

"Here she is, father, crying her pretty eyes out! And no wonder, when she is so cold and tired. Allie, do you know you are a perfect heroine! You have done a plucky thing, and no mistake!"

"Come and kiss me, Alison, my dear!" said Mr. Merle. "You are a brave girl, and have saved your poor father's credit. Roger and you have done nobly to-night. I have let myself be duped by a dishonest rogue. Give me your hand, boy; it does not become a man to ask his own son to forgive him, but I think we shall understand each other better from this day."

(To be continued.)

## Appearances Deceitful.

"Looks like rather poor soil in this part of the country," said the stranger.

"Well, it ain't," replied the native. "A man over on the adjoining farm plowed up a tin can with fifty dollars in it one day last week."

## Up to Her.

The young housewife was engaging her first cook.

"Of course," she said, "I don't want to have any trouble with you."

"Thin it do be up 't' yerself, ma'am," replied the kitchen lady. "If yez make no complaints O'll make no trouble."

## The Exception.

"A man's occupation has a very great influence on his character."

"Think so?"

"I know it."

"Oh, I don't know; one of the worst sealawags I ever knew was a dealer in upright pianos."—Houston Post.

## Apt Comparison.

"When I see what Barlow accomplishes I am forced to admiration," said Bunting. "He has great physical endurance."

"Yes," replied Gargoyles. "That man has the constitution of a debutante."—London Telegraph.

## Strength of Mind.

Mrs. Outcake—Your husband 'pears t' be a powerful strong-minded man.

Mrs. Hayrick—He shore air, I've know'd him t' read a patent medicine almanac from cover t' cover without feelin' that he had enny 'ny th' symptoms.

Buenos Ayres is said to increase in population 100,000 a year. Its present population is upward of 2,000,000. It is the largest Spanish-speaking city in the world, and half again as large as Madrid.



## Make the Dairy Pay.

There are 21,104,000 milch cows in the United States—an average of one cow to four of the population. The fact that there has been an increase per capita of the consumption of milk and a decrease of cows per capita of the population indicates that there has been an improvement in the quality of the dairy cows of the country.

In the decade of 1890 to 1900 the average production of every dairy cow showed an increase of 1,000 pounds of milk, or a commercial gain of \$211,000,000. Yet with this improvement added, there are many dairies that are being operated at a loss. The life of a dairy cow is estimated at seven years and her annual depreciation represents one-seventh of her full value, which is taken into consideration in computing the profits of the herd. If the dairyman would ascertain if his herd is paying a profit he needs to charge for the help to operate it, the cost of the feed, the interest on the investment and the normal depreciation of the value of the cows. All these items enter into fixed operating charges and need to be deducted from the gross receipts of the dairy before profits can be computed. The receipts of the dairy should not only pay the operating expenses and fixed charges, but also leave a liberal balance for profit.

## Homemade Cabbage Cutter.

A cheap and easily made cabbage and root cutter is shown in the cut. Take two 12-inch boards and nail them strongly together. With dividers describe a circle, then saw out and mark in quarters. Cut four slots 7 inches long on a slant, as shown by dotted lines, so the cabbage will fall through easily. Next cut two circles 4 inches in diameter. Nail one to the large wheel on the back and leave the other loose on the shaft to act as a bearing.

Make a frame to admit the wheel, leaving 2 inches clear, and just wide enough so the knives do not strike the side. Make a top over the wheel, and put a hopper on the opposite side from the crank. The knives are 8 inches long and can be made from an old backsaw and ground down sharp, with a bevel on one side. Screw these on the



ROOT CUTTER

wheel at a slant according to the thickness the cabbage is wanted. A square hole should be cut through the center of the wheel for the shaft.—Farm and Home.

## Time for Oats Land.

An application of 1,000 pounds of lime per acre was practically as efficient in case of oats as an application of 2,000 pounds in tests made at the New Jersey station. In the case of clover the larger application gave the better results. Lime in the form of carbonate produced more dry matter than nitrogen and ash burned lime. The results of the studies of nitrogen fixation were quite irregular, but agree in general in indicating that the addition of fertilizer materials increased nitrogen fixation and that carbonate of lime favored nitrogen fixation to a greater extent than burned lime.

## American Limburger Cheese.

It is now claimed that the United States makes just as good Limburger cheese as does the province in Belgium where it originated. The American method is to take a piece of a calf's stomach and set it away in a warm place in a can of whole milk. In about forty minutes the curdling mass is pounded and then the whey pressed out. Afterward forms are filled and further drainage permitted. Salt is rubbed on the outside until it becomes slippery; then the cheese is set away in the cellar to ripen for a month or two and the germs do the rest.

## Tobacco Growers Combine.

The Union Tobacco Society, representing tobacco-growing interests in Kentucky, Indiana, Ohio, Tennessee and Wisconsin, with estimated assets of \$30,000,000, has been organized. The purpose of the organization is said to be to protect the tobacco growers from a minimum price, and the consumer from a maximum sale. The interests of the growers in the States named will be pooled and the tobacco sold through a Board of Directors.

## Culves' Brains.

Wash the brains carefully and cut each pair into four pieces, taking away all bits of fiber and skin. Rinse well, wipe dry and dip each piece first in beaten egg, then in cracker crumbs, then in egg and again in cracker crumbs and fry in hot fat.

**Around the Dairy.**  
There must be no guesswork about feeding the calf. The stomach of the young calf is easily ruined by aliphoid methods of feeding. Think of this when tempted to feed it milk that is too hot or too cold in a bucket that is not as clean and sweet as it should be.

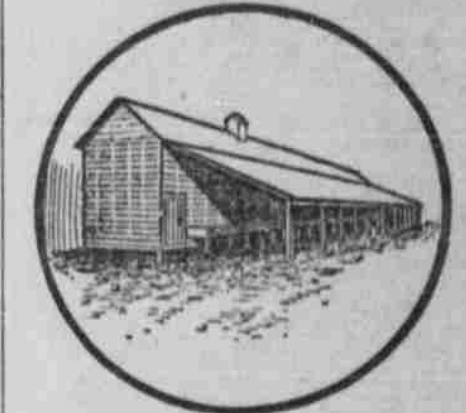
Milk that sticks to the sides of the pail and becomes sour is a bad proposition, as it may cause an attack of the scour. This trouble means a break in the calf's growth, perhaps a stunted calf, and in the end an animal of little value.

Do not oblige the cows to bunk about the straw pile until the chilly nights are past. Dry spots for them to sleep on are usually very scarce at that season of the year.

Don't turn the cattle to pasture too early. A good plan to follow is to wait until you conclude the grass is sufficiently large to turn them on, then wait a week or ten days longer.

## A Self-Feeding Crub.

A combined corn crib and feeding shed is shown in the sketch. The feed bunk is covered by a lean-to shed 10



FEEDING SHED AND CORN CRIB.

feet wide. Small doors opening into the crib every two feet just over the manger allow the corn to come out without shoveling. This shed should be built on the south side of the crib in a bright, sunny place. This arrangement is a great labor saver and quite an aid in bad weather, especially if the ends are enclosed.—Farm and Home.

## Uses of Corn.

The Crop Reporter is endeavoring to tell for what purposes corn is used. In the year 1899, so this authority states, the total crop was 2,696,000,000 bushels. Of this crop 241,000,000 bushels were consumed in the flour and grist mills; 8,000,000 in manufacture of starch, 9,000,000 for malt liquors, 17,000,000 in distilling of liquors, 40,000,000 for glucose, 130,000,000 for export, and 13,000,000 for seed. This accounts for only 19.3 per cent of the entire crop, most of the remainder being used for feeding purposes. The more one studies the corn crop, the more interesting it becomes. Its magnitude as a food-giver and labor-employer grows with every observation one makes of the corn crop.—Springfield Register.

## Farm Wells.

Unsanitary dairy wells are a menace to health, and as the country becomes more closely settled more and more care is necessary to provide good water. The director of the Chicago hygienic laboratory reports that of 153 wells on dairy farms, examined by the inspectors, only eleven were found to be safe for domestic purposes. In all cases the safe wells were those lined with cement, with cement covers, with a protecting flange of cement several feet out from the well. In some of the wells used for washing milk utensils, a high percentage of colon bacteria were found, and in some cases manure could be detected microscopically and by the odor.

## Millet for Late Crops.

Millet as a late crop to plant in case of the failure of the corn crop or failure to get corn planted at all, is recommended by the Ohio station. The earlier sorts can be seeded through July, and make fair fields. Hay is the most common use made of the crop, and for this it compares favorably with timothy, both in composition and digestibility. It is good feed for cattle, horses and sheep, but when overripe should not be fed to horses exclusively, as it affects the kidneys. Millet is also grown for pasture seed, and even for silage. As a soil cleaner, it is also almost equal to a summer fallow.

## German Mode of Preserving Milk.

A German patent specification describes a process for preserving milk by removing all dissolved oxygen by means of the addition of a small quantity of ferrous carbonate. The process is based on the fact that freshly precipitated ferrous carbonate in the presence of oxygen immediately assimilates oxygen and evolves an equivalent quantity of carbon dioxide. One part of ferrous carbonate is sufficient for 50,000 parts of milk, and the properties of the milk are not altered in any way by the addition, which should be made before the milk is boiled.

## Cribbing Corn.

The corn crib should be narrow and slatted on the sides and ends, so that a free circulation of air is possible in all directions. Some farmers place hollow crates in the cribs as they are filled, so that there will be no heating or spoiling in the center of the mass. Heating destroys the corn germ.

## Molasses Cakes.

Into two-thirds of a cup of molasses stir a tablespoonful of melted butter, two-thirds of a cup of coffee, a half-cup of sugar, one beaten egg, one and a half teaspoonfuls of soda dissolved in a tablespoonful of hot water, and one and one-half cups of flour. Mix well and bake in a loaf tin.

# THE WEEKLY HISTORIAN



1402—Columbus cast anchor in the harbor of St. Thomas.

1773—Destruction of cargo of lumber in Boston harbor by citizens regarded as Indians, known as the "Boston Tea Party."

1775—British under Lord Dunmore defeated by the Americans at Norfolk, Va.

1776—The seat of the United States government was removed to Philadelphia.

1777—North Carolina adopted constitution.

1778—Four hundred persons perished in the burning of a theater in Loggona, Spain.

1787—New Jersey ratified the Federal constitution.

1789—The first circulating library was established in Salem, Mass.

1790—The Russians took the fortress of Ismail from the Turks.

1792—First provincial Parliament of Lower Canada met at Quebec.

1799—Burial of Gen. Washington.

1804—Thomas Jefferson and George Clinton were unanimously chosen President and Vice President of the United States.

1807—First Roman Catholic orphan asylum in America incorporated in Philadelphia.

1812—Town of Derby, Vt., attacked by the British.

1835—Great fire in New York; \$20,000,000 property lost.

1845—Sir Hugh Gough defeated Sikhs in battle of Moodkee.

1846—The first regiment to fight against Mexico was organized in Philadelphia.

1852—Sacramento, Cal., was flooded by the breaking of a levee.

1855—Joel Abbott, commanding American squadron in the East Indies, died at Hongkong.

1860—South Carolina seceded from the Union. Gov. Hicks of Maryland refused to receive the Mexican commissioners.

1862—The Confederates captured Elm Springs, Miss.

1864—President Lincoln called for 500,000 volunteers. Gen. Dix issued order for reprisals on Canadian cause of the St. Albans railroads, annulled later by President Lincoln.

1876—Destructive fire at Little Rock, Ark.

1880—Paul Kruger elected president of the South African republic.

1891—Drexel Institute of Art, Science and Industry dedicated in Philadelphia. Sir Oliver Mowat, Prime Minister of Ontario, was elected, declaring vigorously for American assimilation.

1893—A provincial plebiscite in the Edward Island supported prohibition of the liquor traffic by an overwhelming majority.

1894—E. V. Debs sentenced to months' imprisonment for contempt of court during the great strike in Chicago.

1899—The Broadway National Bank in Boston closed its doors. Lord Roberts appointed commander-in-chief of the British forces in South Africa.

1902—George Moorman, adjutant-general of the United Confederate Veterans, died at New Orleans.

1905—Gov. La Follette of Wisconsin signed and was succeeded by Gov. Davidson. Abraham Ribicoff, New York lawyer, was charged of conspiracy and sentenced to imprisonment for one year.

1907—The American battleship Oregon departed from Hampton Roads for the Pacific coast.

## FACTS FOR FARMERS

A rabbit hunt, in which every boy participated, and while the boys were in the slaughter of 278 rabbits, in the first heavy fall of snow in the history of Albion, Iowa. Mrs. Fraley, two members of one team, eighty-eight cotton bolls in one row.

Paper is to be manufactured from cotton stalks, according to a report from a bureau of manufacturers. A factory capitalized at \$500,000 has been organized at Atlanta, Ga., for the purpose of producing paper from cotton stalks at a cost of about 40 cents per ton.

The Minnesota Co-operative Association, which began in May, 1907, has now a membership of 1,000 in the eastern commission houses, and 2,000,000 pounds of butter sold. The creameries are struggling, and the business of the year is considerably larger than in any previous year.

North Dakotans have been holding good roads conferences at Grand Forks and a number of changes in the road system will be recommended. Special orders have been issued by the British board of agriculture, and proper official full power is being granted to four others that have been granted in Philadelphia after the hearing of an order prohibiting the importation of British cattle or swine to the States of Pennsylvania, New York and New Jersey, because of the foot and mouth disease.