

That used to stand against the wall,
Was worn and marked and badly
scuffed,
Though once the nest of a baby small;
It had no bows or knots of ribbons,
And little, too, of carver's art,
But once it held a precious baby
That won a place in every heart.

His eyes were bright and blue and pretty,
His dimples, too, a wee, wee speck,
A little hair, but soft as velvet
With pretty chin and fair white neck;
And he could kiss, O! like a fairy,
There never was so sweet a mouth,
He really was an angel being,
Sweeter than zephyrs from the South.

But, now the old red cradle's empty,
The hand that rocked will rock no
more,
Its place is now a dusty garret,
With useless things and such like store;
So, fare-thee-well! you old red cradle,
No one will care as days go by,
And, yet, the cutest babe of babies
Years gone within you used to lie!

—Horace Eaton Walker.

COUSIN SYLVIA

"I wish I had a brother," sighed my Cousin Sylvia.
"I wish you had," said I.
"A cousin, of course, is all very well, but he isn't a brother."
"That's a truth clearly expressed. But, seriously, do you think a brother could have been more bothered with a sister than I have been with you? Excuse the crude way of putting it."
"I won't excuse anything. I never asked you to bother about me."
"Now, do have patience, Sylvia. Haven't I done my best for the last five or six years to help you to enjoy life?"
"And now you tell me that it has been a bother to you."
"Wait a moment. Nothing that I have tried to do for you has been a bother, but I must say that some of the things you have done have—"
"What do you mean? Tell me at once."
"Let me explain, Sylvia."
"Not a word."
"Oh, very well. If you won't listen—"
"Certainly, I shan't. But I demand to know at once what you meant by the things I have done."
"I was thinking," I said slowly and with some hesitation, "of—of—well, your numerous affairs, Sylvia."
My cousin's face crimsoned and then went white. "And what are my affairs,



"LET ME EXPLAIN, SYLVIA."
"You call them, to you?" she asked, coldly.
"More, I'm afraid, than they are to you."
"Indeed!"
"Look here, Sylvia. Try to realize that I've some natural regard for you. If I hadn't, I certainly should not attempt to interfere. But people will talk, and if you don't hear them I do."
"People?" she cried, contemptuously.
"Yes; good Christian people discuss your affairs on the way home from church; and even people who are not good Christians find your doings a pleasant theme of conversation."
"It—it's none of their business."
"Well, it seems to be their chief occupation, at present. Really, Sylvia, if a quarter of what these gossiping idiots say were true, I'd—I'd—"
"Renounce your relationship, I suppose."
"At any rate I'd have no pride in it. But you see, Sylvia, I know that nearly all men, and most women, too, are not to be trusted when they talk about their neighbors. Still you can't deny—"
"That will do, Billy," she interrupted quietly. "I don't know why I'm not angry with you."
"Neither do I, Sylvia. I admitted candidly. Then I burst out: 'But I wish to goodness you'd marry one of them.'"
I expected a heavy snub, but Sylvia merely smiled and said:
"I wish I could."
"Don't you like any of them?" I asked.
"Oh, yes," she returned, calmly. "I like them all—in a way."
"Bless me! And do they all like you—in a way?"
Sylvia nearly blushed.
"You must understand, Billy, that I don't allow any nonsense," she said, with some haste.
"I see. You treat them all seriously? Oh, Sylvia, you're worse than I thought."
"I treat them all like friends," she returned in tones of dignity. "I suppose you think I'm a flirt."
"I think you're a puzzle, anyhow," I replied. "But how many of them are content to be treated like friends?"
"Probably my cousin was engaged to a

AN INCIDENT OF THE RECENT AERIAL RACE.



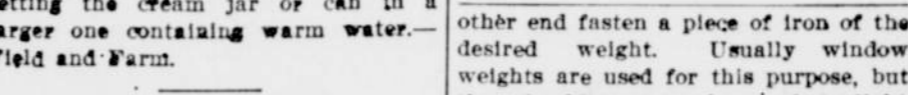
Trade Note—Hay is up again.

calculation, for she neither looked at me nor answered my question.
"Is it not the case, Sylvia," I went on, "that one after another they fall in love with you, propose, and are rejected?"
"Her continued silence gave consent."
"What do Uncle George and Aunt Mary think about it?" I inquired.
"Oh, father doesn't bother, and mother only says she wishes I would be more careful. But I am careful, Billy. I can't help boys behaving foolishly."
"I'm afraid they can't help it, either. It strikes me, Sylvia, that you are too sympathetic; you let them talk about themselves until they think that they really interest you, and then—"
"But they do interest me."
"So do some books; but you've got to shut them up now and then. Sylvia, when a man begins to talk to you about his troubles, stop him, unless you are prepared to share them till the end of the chapter. My dear girl, I've been an ass myself."
"I'm sure you have, Billy," she remarked with such sweet gravity that I had to laugh.
"Yes, Sylvia; and if I didn't know you so well I believe I should be an ass again. What would you say if I proposed to you?"
"I should say it was very sudden, of course."
"Do you always say that?"
"Certainly not. For often it's very slow. Oh, you've no idea, Billy, how roundabout some boys are. A girl may have a suspicion of what is coming, but often it's all so vague that she—she—oh, you know what I mean. It is so difficult to know what to do sometimes." Here she gave a little sigh.
"Now, I think it's time you were going away, Billy. I've got some letters to write—replies, and so on."
"Then I'll stop and help you. I know the sort of replies you send. Miss Sylvia Wood greatly regrets that she is unable to accept Mr. Blank's most kind invitation to board and lodging for the rest of—"
"Hold your tongue! I suppose you'll call for me in good time to-morrow evening. The dance begins at 9. Somehow I wish it didn't begin at all," she said, frowning slightly, as if struck by some disagreeable thought.
"Afraid of meeting somebody?" I asked softly.
She did not reply.
"Is it the Hardy Annual?" I persisted, referring to Jim Hardy, a fine young fellow who had proposed to Sylvia regularly ever since she was 18. She was now 23.
"Don't call him that," she said.
"All right, Sylvia. But it may relieve your mind to know that he won't be there to-morrow night."
"Oh!" said Sylvia.
"It's a mercy he has turned sensible at last. I fancy he must have regarded your refusal of last year as final, for I had a note from him this morning telling me he had made up his mind not to come to the ball, and asking me to give his kind regards to my cousin."
"He's in Manchester, isn't he?" said Sylvia, carelessly.
"Yes, he's been there for nearly a year. He was wise to fly from the temptation here. Well, do you feel keener about to-morrow's dance?"
"Oh, yes, certainly—of course."
Something in her voice made me look at her more closely.
"Why, Sylvia," I cried, "you're like a little ghost."

FARMS AND FARMERS

Points in Butter Making.

When butter will not gather the difficulty can be traced usually to advanced lactation or too low a temperature of cream. The milk from one cow long in lactation is sufficient to spoil a whole churning. The viscosity of such milk renders separation of butter fats slow and imperfect. It often happens during the winter months that butter, or cream, rather, will break or separate into small particles, which refuse to adhere or gather, in spite of all coaxing. The only remedy is to raise the temperature of the whole mass up to the proper degree. In this work the dairy thermometer is almost indispensable, as it will save much time and worry. If the churn is a revolving one and the cream just breaks into minute particles, refusing to gather, then add warm water to that used in rinsing the butter until it reaches about 64 degrees. The butter particles will generally adhere after a few revolutions of the churn. Trouble of this kind can be avoided. Before attempting to churn the cream should be tested until 64 degrees is reached in winter, and should be smooth and velvety and have the required degree of acidity. If this degree of warmth is not imparted to cream by the temperature of the room in which it is kept, then it can be raised to the right degree by setting the cream jar or can in a larger one containing warm water.—Field and Farm.



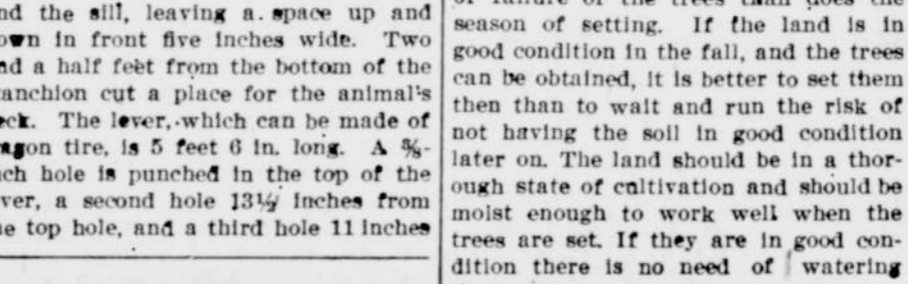
SELF-CLOSING DOOR.

Setting Trees in Winter.

Fruit and shade trees may be set any time during the winter if the soil is in proper condition for the work, says a report by the Oklahoma Station. The condition of the soil at the time trees are set has more to do with the success or failure of the trees than does the season of setting. If the land is in good condition in the fall, and the trees can be obtained, it is better to set them then than to wait and run the risk of not having the soil in good condition later on. The land should be in a thorough state of cultivation and should be moist enough to work well when the trees are set. If they are in good condition there is no need of watering them.

Back for Dehorning.

In the construction of this rack for dehorning, there are three sill pieces 4 feet long and 4 in. x 4 in. These are mortised 8 inches each side of the center for the posts. Four of these posts are 5 ft. 6 in. long, and the two others 5 ft. 8 in. long. Three cap pieces 3 in. x 4 in., and 4 ft. 2 in. long, are mortised to fit over the tops of the posts. The stanchions in front are bolted at the bottom between a 2 in. x 4 in. piece, and the sill, leaving a space up and down in front five inches wide. Two and a half feet from the bottom of the stanchion cut a place for the animal's neck. The lever, which can be made of wagon tire, is 5 feet 6 in. long. A 5/8-inch hole is punched in the top of the lever, a second hole 13 1/2 inches from the top hole, and a third hole 11 inches



DEHORNING RACK.

Weight of Lime Per Bushel.

In connection with a very thorough study of the quality of various kinds of lime used for agricultural purposes in New Jersey, L. A. Vorhees, of the New Jersey Station, made careful estimates of the weight per bushel of the different materials. His results show "that the weight of stone lime per bushel (heaped measure), is quite variable and without any constant relation to the analysis of the samples. The average weight per bushel of the twelve magnesian limes was ninety-seven pounds, and that of the six 'marble' limes was 101 pounds." The weight per bushel of seven oyster-shell limes examined varied from thirty-nine to seventy-five pounds, averaging fifty-one and a half pounds. The prepared or so-called "agricultural" limes examined were still more variable in weight.

Feed for Breeding Animals.

It is important that breeding animals have laxative feeds when they are put upon dry feeds after being taken from the pasture. Such articles as oil meal, flaxseed meal, etc., should enter largely into the ration. When animals are changed from pasture to dry feeding there is a tendency to constipation, and steps must be taken to have the bowels move freely, or there is danger of serious trouble. In case the above articles do not have the desired effect, Epsom salts or raw linseed oil must be used.

Lesson in Reclaiming Waste Lands.

On King Island, formerly a barren sand heap, rising above the sea between Tasmania and Australia, accident has given a suggestive lesson in the use of certain grasses for reclaiming arid wastes. A few years ago a shipwreck cast on shore some mattresses stuffed with yellow flowered clover. A few seeds took root, causing a large area to become covered with rich verdure. The power of clover and other leguminous plants to fertilize poor soil through their nitrogen-absorbing bacteria is well known.

Reasons for Pruning.

The chief reasons for pruning trees are to modify the vigor of the tree; to produce larger and better fruit; to keep the tree within manageable shape and limits; to change the habit of the tree from fruit to wood production, or vice versa; to remove surplus or injured parts; to facilitate harvesting and spraying; to facilitate tillage, and to train to true desired form.

How to Kill a Pig.

The pig should be thrown on its back, and held until stuck. One man should stand astride the body, with his feet close against its sides and take hold of the front legs. In this way the hog can be easily controlled. Another person should do the sticking. A narrow, straight-bladed knife, eight inches long, should be inserted in the hog's throat, after making an incision through the skin, just in front of the breast bone. The point of the knife should be directed toward the root of the tail and held exactly in line with the backbone. When the knife has been run into the throat six or eight inches, the depth depending on the size of the hog, it should be given a quick turn to one side and withdrawn. The arteries that are to be cut run close together, just inside of the breast bone, and will both be cut when the knife is turned, provided it is sharp on both sides of the point. A pig killed in this way will die in a very few minutes, and will bleed out thoroughly.

Too Easy for Fun.

Out at the end of the pier the fish were biting freely, and the boy with the sun-burnt nose had just added another six-inch "ring perch" to his string.
"I see you are having fine sport this morning, my lad," said the stranger.
"Sport!" contemptuously echoed the boy. "It keeps me so blamed busy baitin' hooks an' stringin' fish that I ain't havin' a bit of fun!"

Guilty.

"That nigger's a coward!"
"Nossuh, he ain't no coward."
"You said yourself that he was chicken-hearted."
"All niggers is chicken-hearted, boss."—Houston Post.

Lodge Directory

- BANDON LODGE No. 115, A. F. & A. M.**—Stated communications first Saturday after the full moon of each month. All Master, Masons, cordially invited.
R. H. ROSA, W. M.
- BANDON LODGE No. 133, I. O. F.**—Meets every Wednesday evening. Visiting brothers in good standing cordially invited.
NATHAN BARKLOW, Noble Grand
L. J. RADLEY, Secretary
- REBEKAH LODGE No. 126.**—Meets every 2d and 4th Tuesdays. Practice night 1st Wednesday of the month. Social evening the 3d Saturday of the month. A cordial invitation extended to all members in good standing.
ANNA CRAINE, N. G.
PEARL ERICKSON, Sec.
- DELPHI LODGE No. 64,** Knights of Pythias, meets every Monday evening at Masonic hall. Visiting Knights invited to attend.
R. E. L. BEDLIION, C. C.
B. N. HARRINGTON, K. of R. & S.
- TABLE ROCK CAMP No. 9196, M. W. of A.**—Meets every 4th Saturday of each month at Concrete hall. Visiting neighbors cordially invited to attend.
GEORGE LORENZ, H. C.
E. E. OAKES, Clerk
- COURT EVENING OF THE FOREST No. 17, Foresters of America,** meets Friday night of each week in Concrete hall, Bandon, Oregon. A cordial welcome is extended to all visiting brothers.
ARTHUR RICE, Chief Ranger
G. TYLER, Fin. Secretary
- SEASIDE CAMP No. 212, W. O. W.**—Meets in regular session the 1st and 3d Thursdays of each month in the Masonic hall. Visiting neighbors are cordially invited.
R. W. BULLARD, C. C.
O. C. WALDVOGEL, Clerk

Professional Cards

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