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CORVALLIS, BENTON COUNTY, OREGON, TUESDAY, JULY 31, 1900.

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VOCATION.

If I might choose my simple lot Far from town and quite forgot, All in a sheltered nook and warm. "Tis I would have a violet farm.

No daffodils should me entice, Nor hyacinths with their breath of spice. The tulip with her painted hood For me should wither where she stood.

Instead of sheep upon the sward, The modest violet I should herd; Instead of golden heads a-row, Should see my violet harvest blow.

Under an arch of wild, wild cloud, Below an opal mountain bowed, All in a humid world and cool. With winds and waters beautiful,

What airs across my farm should fare! "Tis sweet where pinks and roses are, But pinks and roses hide the face Before a violet-peopled place.

No shortest day of all the year Should fade without a violet's cheer, Invisible sweetness hid within And folded up in swathes of green.

Though white and purple babes be born When Daffodil his flaming horn O'er quiet hills and vales shall sound And stir the sleepers underground;

What country bliss can equal mine. With violets for my flock and kine, With violets for my corn and store? What could a mortal wish for more?

Under a mountain pansy-dark, Loved of the eagle and the lark, And set too low for fear or harm, Tis I would have a violet farm. -Spectator.

The Behavior of Cassy.

7 T was plain that thought lay very heavy upon the impressionable Cassy. He lounged in the long chair which was his by ancient right. His eyes had dreams in them; he nursed his right leg affectionately in the way I knew so well. And presently:

"I'm a nice sort of a fool, taking things all around," he burst out of a sudden. And he sat upright and looked as though he had thrown a challenge to me and to the world.

"You shouldn't say that," said I. "Self-depreciation is the worst thing possible in these conceited days." "I didn't come here to listen to your

tinpot epigrams," said Cassy, fiercely. I was not offended-I flatter myself that I have come to know Cassy-a lit-

"Very well, then. Who is she?" I asked him.

Cassy's lips moved, and I caught the word before he spoke it aloud. "Grace," he said slowly. "It's a fine name for a know that as I said good-by to her I girl, isn't it?" The last assertively; the

challenge was in his tone again. "It certainly wouldn't be much of name for a boy," I suggested.

He flared out anew at this, and forced myself into my old sympathetic mood. And Cassy, growing calmer:

"Did you ever read-do you ever read children's fairy tales, where everything is right, and fits so easily into its place: where the poor student comes always to the princess, with arms held out toward her and a smile on his face. And. if there be any wicked people they go away, or die, or get out of the thing somehow, so that they can work no mischief. And everything ends just as the poor student (and the princess) desire, and they are happy ever after?" "I do read them sometimes."

"I sometimes think," he said, "that it is a great pity that we cannot live in that pleasant land of fairy tales. When I call now (he was applying his I am never able to see her. The old | said: man's all right, rather a jolly sort of chap altogether. But the mater hates me like poison. She comes into the room all smiling, and says that Grace is out, or laid up with a slight attack of whatever illness happens to be fashionable at the time. (I give her credit for being a clever woman; she varies the complaint so neatly.) And then we talk about the weather ,and the last novel, and so on, and when I go, 'So glad you called, Mr. Cassy,' and I get out onto a long counter around three sides and the street. When I turn the corner I ask myself why it is not fairyland, and And-you can't guess-there was a lady why I can't go back with my faithful followers and carry her in triumph from the house."

"Yet always," I reminded him, "the poor student had many difficulties to

"He did not have a Mrs. Hepworth-Smith to encounter," said Cassy. "But she may be won over in time. I suggested.

"Not by me," said Cassy. "I'm no body. You don't know Grace, do you?" he added suddenly.

"It is my misfortune," I returned. "Well, of course, then, you don't understand. You can't possibly understand. She's--'

"That'll do. I'll take Grace for granted. The point now is Mrs. Hepworth-Smith, and the utter indifference of the once kind gods. You can't see her; you want to-to let her know something?"

"Yes," said Cassy with deliberation. "I think I do." "Why don't you write, then?" Cassy was aghast at my brilliant

thought. He uncurled his knee and threw himself back in the chair as a man who has cast a burden from his at the finish." shoulders. He said: "It's great. I never thought about that for a min-

"I'm awfully sorry, coming round and worrying you like this. But-" "I'm always glad to be of service," I responded feebly, marveling at my masterstroke of cleverness. "But

"Oh, nothing. Only, if you knew her -I'm sure you would understand."

And before he left that night we drank very solemnly to the rout of Mrs. Hepworth-Smith and the complete success of the Knight Cassy.

"How long is it since I saw you last?" questioned Cassy. "Just over a week."

"A week? It seems like a month." "Why," I said, a little amazed, what's the new development?"

"I wrote," said Cassy. He glared at me. "Don't you hear me? I wrote--' "Yes," I said. "And-"

"I wrote," he repeated for the third time. He leaned forward. He stared at me as if to read a riddle. Then he receded into the chair again, disgusted with life. A long pause. "I've had no answer," he finished rather theatrically. "My dear fellow," I said, "do you

think the lady had her mind ready made up for you? I suppose-am I right?-it was not a letter to be answered offhand?" "Offhand," said Cassy with great

scorn. "A week. One-two-three-five -six-seven days."

"Sometimes letters go wrong in the post," I said. It was only a straw, but Cassy jumped at it. I said (it was the only thing which occurred to me, and it was not

good): "Write again."

He replied: "Yes, I suppose so," indifferently.

. "I wrote again," said Cassy, desolate

and mournful. "It's just the same. No answer."

This time I could say nothing. "I've had enough of this," said Cassy with emphasis. "I'm going to see a steamship Johnny I know. Big pot in a shipping office somewhere. There must be lots of places where a fellow can go and enjoy himself a bit; andwhy don't you say something?" he asked fiercely.

"I'll wait just a little longer," said Cassy, later. "And if- Then I'll take a ticket for the Gold Coast, or Timbuctoo. One of those places where it's not over-healthy unless you're used to it."

"I'm done," said Cassy. "I was coming through Stafford road the other afternoon, and I met Mrs. Hepworth-Smith. I inquired after Miss Hepworth-Smith, also Mr. Hepworth-Smith. She thanked me. She said that Mr. Hepworth-Smith was in very good health, but that Miss Hepworth-Smith was rather unwell. She said:

"'The doctors have advised me take Grace abroad somewhere.' "I blurted out, 'Where?' like a fool I felt her look across at me (you know

what I mean), and she said: "'Oh, we haven't quite decided that yet, Mr. Cassy.' "I don't know what else I said, but I

hesitated for a minute. I must have looked rather silly. She guessed what

was in my mind. "Grace is quite too ill to see anyone

Mr. Cassy,' was her parting shot." Cassy finished. There was a mourn ful silence.

"Well," I said at last "It's as plain as anything to me," said Cassy. "It's just her kind way o letting me know that it's no game. And I wrote two letters-one after the other. What a supreme fool I must have looked."

"It's not so plain to me," I said. "I can't help it if you're so thick-

headed," retorted Cassy. I was not in request as a comforter that night. Everything was wrong. Things would never be the same again. So the curtain of the last act but one comes down (with slow sympathy) on the Hero Sad.

The hero in the long chair, sad and thought to his own particular trouble) depressed beyond words. And finally he

"I'm goin' away. Next week, I think, This isn't like the others. You think it is. I tell you-it isn't." But a week later the curtain rose

again.

"Oh, it was great," said Cassy. went down to that shipping office I told you about to get catalogues and dates and that sort of thing." (Cassy was always a little vague when he was excited.) "It was a funny kind of a show. wire railing facing you everywhere. there, with her back toward me, arguing with a clerk. I heard her say something about Madeira as I pushed the

door open, and I seemed to know the voice. There was another lady with her. It was Mrs. Hepworth-Smith and Grace. I had a good mind to bolt when I saw her-naturally-but the swing door creaked, and Grace looked across at me. And somehow (I don't know how I did it) I whispered, 'You got my letter? and she said, 'Your letter? No.' Her mater was ragging the fellow behind the wire netting with her back toward us still. And-I don't know what else I said, or what she said, but it's all right, anyhow. Mrs. Hepworth-Smith turned round sullenly. Dick, her face was a study. 'Now, who would have thought of seeing you here, Mr. Cassy? 'I should like my letter now, mother,' said Grace, 'if you please.' Then we went outside, and left her

"He looked a bit surprised, too. And afterward we all went home to Mr. Hepworth-Smith, but he was all right

mater to fight it out with the poor chap

Cassy wound up breathlessly. I congratulated him. "And I've got to thank you," said Cassy, "for listening to me and letting

me tell you things, and all that-" I said I was not aware that I had done anything, which in truth I had

He flung himself in the long chair. He remained there for perhaps ten seconds. He got up; he stood with his

back to the fire, his hands in his pockets, for perhaps another ten second He faced round suddenly and stared into the fire. Then he jerked his hands out of his pockets. He walked to the window and pulled the blind aside with a huge noise. Outside it was raining hard. The lamplight gleamed yellow

pools in the pavement. "Let's go for a walk," said Cassy. "It's grand." "Why, it's raining." I remonstrated

feebly. "What's the matter with it?" he said, staring hard through the window. "You can't possibly stop indoors-a night like this."

That night he nearly dragged me off my legs. So that evidently Cassy's fairy tale had ended in the old approved fashion.-Penny Pictorial Magazine.

WOULD NOT BUILD A CHURCH. As a Consequence He Was Compelled to

"Twenty-five years ago," said a min ing man, "I was in a Colorado town and one day a sheep herder came in with a report of a gold find and collected eleven of us to go with him to it to organize it into a district and stake off our claims. We got through with it too late in the day to start home again, so we camped in our blankets. We were stretched around the fire when someone proposed that we devote the time before going to sleep to telling who we were and what brought us to that remote country. Scarcely a man in the party was known by his name, 'Judge' and 'Doc' and 'Parson' and 'Shorty' and 'Cockeye' and such characteristic sobriquets designing each of us. Most of the men were simply floaters and drifters, and they were there because it happened so and there was a chance to get rich quick and easy. When it came to 'Shorty's' turn to respond he startled us by the story of a tragedy in which he nad killed two men in Vermont and escaped because the sympathy of the community was with him, although not sufficiently so to permit him to remain at home. The wild West was his best opening and he had come there to end his days in whatever way he might. The story cast a gloom over the assemblage, so to speak, which was lightened somewhat by the spokesman

calling on the 'Parson.' "'Well, Parson,' he said,

brought you out here? "'You've called me right,' laughed that member, 'for I was a parson. I had a place in a small town in Pennsylvania, a wife and five children and \$400 a year, with mighty dern few donation parties. I struggled along the ing to lessen my chances to enter the kingdom of heaven by 25 per cent. for eat! a 25 per cent. increase of pay, when the "Oh! Why!" cried Natalie. Then she end came by my refusing to build a

"The idea of a preacher in that fix building a church seemed to be so fun- it over Natalie's shoulder. ny that everybody laughed, and 'How was that, Parson? came from half a

dozen questioners. "'Oh,' he replied, hesitatingly, 'the congregation raised \$7,314.60 to build a church and I skipped out with it."-Washington Star.

FARM THAT FLOATS IN A RIVER.

Arsenal Island, in the Mississippi, Constantly Changing Its Position.

Many of the islands in the Mississippi River are known to be constantly changing their positions, but the most restless of them, and perhaps the most remarkable island in the world, is Arsenal Island, now of Illinois, but sometimes of Missouri. Besides its journeys up and down the river, the island occasionally takes a trip across the deep-water channel, consequently shifting from the Missouri to the Illinois

Major Thomas H. Handbury, of the corps of United States engineers, believes that Arsenal Island will eventually become a part of Missouri territory, and says its constant movement is easily explained. The dirt on its upper end washes away under the force of the river current and accretions

form at the lower end. Arsenal Island has also been known as Ouarantine Island. Both names indicate the use to which it was put between 1850 and 1867, when a quarantine station and the United States arsenal were maintained there. But Arsenal Island is the official name and is used in all land grants and deeds that have been made with reference to it.

The island is the property of J. S. Pittsfield, of Illinois, but is leased by Joseph R. Jobin, who lives upon it. His house is in the midst of a pretty grove of willows, elms, sycamores and cottonwoods at the upper end of the island. It is a modest little one-story building with five rooms, which are very clean and comfortable. It is surrounded by storage-houses and poultry yards. Stretching away from the grove are many acres of fertile land, which is in an excellent state of cultivation. The proprietor told a reporter of the Post-Dispatch that his hope is to convert the place into a stock ranch. Since he anded there in 1893 he says that more than fifty acres have been washed from its upper end and fully as many acres have been added to its lower end. Since 1853 Arsenal Island has moved

Dispatch. A Feminine Trait. Mrs. Hoon-"They say that Mrs. Swiftsmith is greatly troubled with in-

southward 8,000 feet.-St. Louis Post-

omnia." Mr. Hoon-"Yes; I understand that she discovered the fact a week or so ago that her husband talks in his sleep, and she hasn't slept a wink since for fear of missing something."-Harper's

Bazar. Some people are chronic liars, but the dumb man always keeps his word. but the jacket had faded a little and

CHILDREN'S COLUMN.

A DEPARTMENT FOR LITTLE BOYS AND GIRLS.

omething that Will Interest the Juvenile Members of Every Household -Quaint Actions and Bright Sayings of Many Cute and Cunning Children.

"Little G-Dropper"-that was what Aunt Professor called Natalle. It was quite a grief to Aunt Professor. Of course you couldn't be the wife of a professor in a great college and enjoy hearing your only little niece that ever was drop g's!

"I'm sorry, auntle, and I'm goin' to stop droppin' 'em right straight off," Natalle would say, penitently; and then Aunt Professor would squeeze her and laugh and say:

"There must be two somewhere under your feet this minute, Little G-Dropper!" It grew worse, if anything. There

were so many "ing" words in Natalie's language, and they always ended in "in'," without any g's at all. Aunt Professor corrected the little girl, in her gentle way, a dozen times a day, and a dozen times a day Natalie

said, "Oh, dear, there goes another one anntle! I keep droppin' 'em!" When mamma and Natalie and Baby Boy went away to the seashore there was no one to correct Natalle, for it took all mamma's time to pick up other

things besides g's that Baby Boy kept dropping. In August was Natalle's birthday, and of course there came an express bundle from Aunt Professor. Natalie had had nine birthdays and nine expresses from Aunt Professor. This one made the tenth, and it was such a beautiful fat one!

"Oh, what do you suppose there's goin' to be in it, Baby Boy?" cried Natalie, dancing round mamma while she untied the strings. "Let's guess. A new jumpin'-rope, a box of writin'-paper, a doll, a-oh!"

For the bundle was open. It was full of birthday treasures-ten of them, to match Natalie's years. The tenth one was a little square box wrapped in dainty pink tissue and tied with silver tinsel. Natalie felt of it and smelled of it and shook it "e-asy."

"What can it be?" she cried. "Can you guess, mamma, ever in your world?" "Never in my world!" laughed mam-

And no wonder, for in the dainty little very best I could, trying to be a Chri-box were of all the birthylay presents

> and crisp and spicy, good enough to spied a little white label on the inside of the box cover, written in the form a doctor's prescription. Mamma read

"Take one every time you feel an 'ing word' coming on. Repeat dose, if not relieved."

Natalie laughed and mamma laughed and Baby Boy laughed. "Isn't she just the darlin'est aun-

ie-" began Natalie; then she looked at mamma with a queer little grimace. 'I guess I'd better 'take one'!" she said. -Youth's Companion.

The Humming Ball. Here is a copy of a picture in an old, old English book on games. The game that it illustrates is so ancient, in fact, that I doubt if any of you ever heard of it, but your grandfathers may tell you how they played it in childhood. It consists in keeping the "humming ball" spinning as long as possible by rolling It on the cord connecting the two sticks held in the hands. You can make one of the humming balls by winding each end of a very large spool tightly with twine, leaving a clear space in the center for the cord to work in. Then take two sticks, each about eight inches long



PLAYING "HUMMING BALL."

or piece of hemp cord two and one-half feet long. Taking the sticks one in each hand, so that the cord forms a loop, place the humming ball in the loop and raise first one and then the other hand repeatedly, thus making the ball spin. Keep this up and gradually increase the speed until the ball is going at a "humming" rate, when you may toss it in the air with the cord. catch it when it comes down and do a number of interesting tricks with it.

A real "humming ball" has holes bored through the two lobes which, as the dumb-bell like instrument whirls, gives out curious humming sounds. A toy of this sort may be made by joining two small croquet balls on a piece of broomstick. Have the balls not more than an inch apart and bore a "humming" hole through each of them. Set your wits to work and make one of these new old toys. Then tell the other boys and girls of your success.-Chicago Record.

Find the Sunshine. Georgie came home from school the other day with a big tear in his jacket. Mamma sat down to mend it at once,

the new plecs did not look just like the old. Georgie's quick eye saw it, too and said a little sadly:

"There are two colors, mamma." "I know it, but I can't help it, dear The jacket has faded, you see.' "It will be all right by-and-by," said

the little boy, with a happy smile, and turned away to his play. "Dear little fellow," thought mamma, while the tears came to her eyes; "he always sees the sunny side."

A Tragedy in Five Acts.

As Ben Zine and Mag A. Zine went walk

ing out one day, It chanced that Mr. Parlor Match along the road did stray. II.
They met him with disdainful look, and coolly passed him by:

Poor Parlor Match was struck with rage -fire flashed from out his eye. III. He burned with scorn and jealous rage, who once was Maggie's lover— In hot pursuit he catches them, igniting

Maggie's cover. And Ben, in anger, launching dire threats and cruel names, Explodes, and only helps the more t

And naught was left but wreck and ruin in their smoking trail— Not even Mr. Parlor Match remained to tell the tale. -Harper's Round Table.

feed the angry flames.

THE JUDGE FINED HIMSELF.

How a Kentucky Magistrate Broke Up a Friendly Game of Poker. "Judge Walker, of Maysville, was very strict on the bench, but not always so in his private life," said John L. Scott, of Frankfort, Ky. "It had become the custom of the lawyers trav eling the circuit to indulge in a friendly game of poker after court adjourned at night, and Judge Walker frequently joined in the game. One night at Brookville, in Bracken County, the court and the attorneys joined in a game on the evening that they arrived, and the next morning, when court opened, the Judge, in giving the usual charge to the grand jury, addressed himself to the attorneys:

"'Gentlemen, you are officers of the court, and as such are sworn to uphold the laws and the constitution of the State. You have been playing poker, contrary to the statutes in such cases made and provided. Each of you will be fined \$10 upon the return of indictments the bringing of which I have in-

"Turning to the prosecuting attorney, he said: 'Wadsworth, you are not only a lawyer but the prosecuting attorney. sworn to bring offenders to justice. You will pay \$25. "'Walker,' laying his hand upon his

own breast, 'you are not only a lawyer but a judge. You have violated the law, and must pay \$50." "He paid the fine, as did each of the lawyers, and it broke up the game on

that circuit."-St. Louis Globe-Demo-

A Millionaire in a Moment. It falls to the lot of few men to make the discovery that they are standing on a mine of gems of fabulous value. This good fortune has recently befallen T. C. Bassett, a mining expert, whose keen eye and a stroke of luck converted him in a moment from a poor man to be master of millions, says Titbits. Mr. Bassett, who is attached as expert to a mining corporation in South America, was on a short visit to relatives in California, when it occurred to him that he might utilize some of his time prospecting for gold. His wanderings took him in the direction of the famous Death Valley, where one day he mount ed a small cone-shaped hill in order to get a better view of the surrounding country. He was about to descend the hill, to continue his tramp, when a patch of blue at his feet arrested his attention. Bassett's trained eye recognized in the blue patch the "blue float," which is a sure indication of the presence of turquoises in the soil. He lost no time in locating a claim, and was soon hard at work with pick and shovel. His most sanguine expectations were more than realized, for at the depth of six feet he found the "boxite vein," which was thickly studded with beautiful stones. The deeper he dug the more magnificent were the gems, and within a fortnight he was able to return to San Francisco with no less than seventy pounds of the most brilliant and flawless turquoises that have ever been discovered

Postmen's Work in Central Africa The postmaster general for the British Central Africa Protectorate gives one or two interesting items of news in his latest report. The mails are still conveyed for the most part upon the heads and backs of native postmen. The men are recruited chiefly from the Yao and Atonga tribes, and wear a uniform. Fully 300 bags of mails are made up each month at the different postoffices in the Protectorate for conveyance by these men, the total distance traveled being close upon 10,000 miles per month, the cost of transit be ing less than %d, per mile per bag. The system of forwarding mails at night by elays of carriers has been greatly extended; the night mail services now represent a total distance traveled of some 3,000 miles per month. The postmen travel in pairs, and are armed with rifles, as lions are not infrequently

Intuition is something that tells a woman her husband is lying when he comes home at 2 a. m. and begins to explain the whys and wherefores.

Occasionally a man gets married be cause he wants some one around to blame things on.

Sometimes a man has no confidence in other men because he has none in



Sheep Grub in Summer. In midsummer the sheep grub causes much suffering to sheep. The animals huddle together, with their noses to the ground for protection against the gadfly, the parent of the grub. The fly aims to deposit her eggs in the nostrils of the sheep. If she succeeds in so doing the eggs soon hatch, the worms attaching themselves to the sinuses of the nose by means of hooks, and live upon mucus secretions of the irritated surfaces to which they cling. When fully grown they work their way down through the narrow openings by which they entered and cause pain to the animals. The grubs fall to the ground, where they burrow, become chrysalides, and develop into gadflies in about tables which are usually thrown away two months. The difficulty of handling will make good winter feed for them. sheep is an obstacle, but the usual preventive is to daub wood tar on the noses of the sheep. Plow a furrow in the pasture, and repeat by loosening it after every rain, as the sheep will keep their noses in the soft earth as a protection. A teaspoonful of coal tar and twenty drops of carbolic acid, well mixed with a pint of wood tar (to give the odor, will be an improvement on the remedy.

Raising Clover Seed. To grow good clover seed it should not be left until all the seed his ripened before cutting, as thus much of the best seed, that from the earliest and largest blossoms, will rattle out and be lost. Much of that which seems to be only partially ripened will germinate quite as well and bring as vigorous plants as the ripest seed. Handle and cure the clover just as if it was to be made into hay excepting cutting it later, and the straw will be a good hay after it is threshed, not quite as good as the early cut hay, but quite as good as any late-cut hay for horses or cattle. It is thought the best method of growing clover seed, to cut the first crop of clover for hay, as early as it is fit, and let the second crop grow and ripen seed. Some go so far as to say that the seed from the first crop is not as good as that from the second crop or rowen, but we think the real advantage is getting the crops of hay, and perhaps there may be better weather for curing the seed at the late mowing

Skim Milk as an Insect Destroyer. It may not be generally known that which destroy insects without the danger of injury to animals or plants on which they might be that might result from the use of the pure oil or of oil and water. We first learned of this from using this mixture for the scale insect or mite which causes scaly legs on fowl. We found that one or two dippings or washings with it would cure the worst case of scaly leg, and leave the skin as smooth as when first hatched. We never had occasion to try it for

lousy animals, for we never had one but we do not hesitate to recommend it, and we have lately seen its use advised for ticks on sheep, using a gill of kerosene to one gallon of milk. We did not make our mixture as strong of kerosene as that, but perhaps the larger tick may need a stronger application than an insect so small as to be scarcely visible to the naked eye.-American Cultivator.

A New Garden Insect. A new injurious garden insect is described by the Agricultural Department as a lima-bean borer. The grub enters the stalk of the lima bean, forming a gall of an inch or more in length, and causing considerable damage in some sections. The remedy suggested where this pest proves troublesome is. after the crop is gathered, to harrow the ground, thus exposing the larvae to the elements, and then plowing deeply in the spring, which treatment has been found very effective against the squash-vine borer. The treatment, however, is more preventive than reme dial, but in small patches or garden rows of limas the insect can be kept in check by trimming the terminal vines where infected, and the larvae in the ower portions of the stems can be removed by cutting longitudinally, without serious injury to the stem itself. The presence of the borer is indicated by an exudation of excrement,

Material for the Dust Bath. Whatever the material used may be t should always be dry and fine, says American Gardening. Dirt is excellent, but the habit of placing dirt in a box for the hens without sifting it, or removing the small stones and gravel. is not a good one. The dirt should be o fine that it will fly in every direction. When the hen dusts herself it is not for the purpose of wallowing in it, but to throw the dust over her body; hence if the material used is not dry and fine it will be of but little service to the hens. Ashes are often used, but there is a difference between those produced from wood and those from coal. They should be sifted fine, and either kind may be used in dry weather. Should a wet spell come on, however, avoid those from wood, as the contact with water renders them injurious to the skin, owing to their caustic, alkaline properties.

Don't Buy Old Stock. Never buy old stock, especially horses, even for a song. They are usually worthless. One out of ten, perhaps, is worth his feed, but not more. There is no sale for him and you must let him die on your hands. If you make him

pull through one cropping season you are none the better off, as you must buy another and be out his price and feed. A young horse, if he does not increase in value, holds his own and may be sold at cost or a few dollars advance, and the year's work is free. Old cows are just as poor property if you are not prepared to feed them cotton-seed hulls, meal and chops to fatten and sell to the butcher. But you must buy them for a song, because it takes more time and feed for an old than a young cow to fatten.-W. F. Adams, De Witt County, Texas, in Farmer's Voice.

Raising Geese.

It will require but little capital to emhark in the geese business, says Iowa Homestead. Brooder houses are not needed, and incubator cellars and a whole lot of capital-destroying equipment are not required to keep geese. They should have plenty of permanent water to do well. They have been known to do well where large tanks are set into the ground, and the waste water from the supply tanks turned into it. They do well in the meadows after the hay has been removed. Vege-Should vermin be kept away from them there will be little trouble with them.

Harness Blacking. The great English harness blacking is made as follows: Three ounces of turpentine and two ounces of white way are dissolved together over a slow fire. Then add one ounce of lvory black and one drachm of indigo, well pulverized and mixed together. When the wax and the turpentine are dissolved, add the ivory black and indigo, and stir till cold. Apply very thin. Wash afterward, and you will have a beautiful polish. This blacking keeps the leather soft. It is excellent for buggy tops and harness. Old harness, when hard, will be benefited by washing it in warm water, and, when nearly dry, greasing it with neats-foot oil.

Flowering Plants. The fruit stalks of flowering plants should be cut as soon as the flowers fail. It is an exhaustive process to the plants to bear fruit or seeds. Some plants that flower the first year, such as Chinese pinks, snap-dragons, etc., can be made to flower the second year if not allowed to go beyond the flowering stage. The pansy, which is familiar to all, will continue to produce flowers provided the flowers are cut as often as they appear. If allowed to produce seed the plant ceases to produce flowers. The plant has accomplished its work when it has produced

Bepth of Cultivation Whether cultivation should be deep

or shallow is a matter that has been skimmilk or buttermilk readily mix discussed for many years. It is claimsurface roots of plants, and if the top soll is loosened and the weeds destroyed it is sufficient. The advocates of deep cultivation believe that if the ground is loosened to the depth of 4 inches it increases the porosity of the soil and allows the air and water to penetrate more freely. It is probably well, however, to stir the ground to a greater depth before a rain and shallow after

> Horseradish Profitable. Horseradish is a profitable crop, and can be grown on almost any soil. Plant the little roots, and they will be large enough for market in one season. Plant the root small end down, so that the top will be two inches under the soil. Horseradish when matured may remain in the ground until spring, or may be stored in pits in the fall. It constantly increases in the ground, but when grown for market never becomes troublesome by spreading. It requires liberal manuring, and a large supply

can be grown on a small plot.

Cauliflower. Although the cauliflower must have plenty of light, yet it will be an advantage if planted where shielded from the midday sun, such as on the north side of some tall growing crops like corn, lima beans, etc. The late varieties like Algiers may be sown; also a succession of Erfurt, and again in the beginning of July selected Erfurt and Eclipse varieties ranking among the best of the early kinds.

Two Crops on Same Land. An excellent plan to get two crops on the same land, and at the same time, is to drop seed of sweet corn in the same rows with peas, placing the seeds of corn several inches apart, thinning to a foot apart after the plants are up. The corn will finish its main growth after the peas have ceased growing, though for taller kinds the corn serves

as supports. Cow Peas.

A crop of cow peas may be allowed to grow until the pods are turning yellow. They then contain the peas in the pods along with the vines, making a combination of food which can not be excelled, and cattle and sheep will consume every portion. A crop of the dry peas would be valuable but for the labor of picking them by hand.

A Bee's Weight. Careful weighing shows that an ordinary bee, not loaded, weighs the fivethousandth part of a pound, so that it takes 5,000 bees to make a pound. But the loaded bee, when he comes in fresh from the fields and flowers, freighted with honey or bee bread, weighs nearly three times more.

Remember it is a great deal better to be a sensible fellow known by a few than a freak in the eyes of an entire

There are three positions open to the politician-offense, defense and on the