CORVALLIS, BENTON COUNTY, OREGON, TUESDAY, AUGUST 7, 1900.

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THE OLD AND NEW.

The old times-the old times! We sing 'em high an' low; But the new times air the brightest that we ever hope to know! old times had the sunshine; but twuz all too bright to last;

we're facin' of the future with thanksgivin' fer the past! The old times-the old times! I know the

stars wuz bright. the sun come up the hillside with rosy round o' light; flowers wuz bloomin' round us, but they withered jest as fast;

thanksgivin' fer the past!

The old times-the old times! But ain't the skies as blue? An' don't the dear stars twinkle down the blessed dreams to you?

We're thankful fer the joys of eld-the joys too sweet to lastwe're facin' of the future thanksgivin' fer the past! -Atlanta Constitution.



ENA, do you know what day it "Yes, father; it is Wednesday."

"Well, you know what to do?" "Oh, yes; I forgot to salt the cattle.

I'll go right now and see to it. How many are there in the upper pasture?" "Eight hundred head. Take all you can carry-maybe you, would better take Bess to pack it for you."

"All right. I will, then. It is hard work to carry so much."

The sturdy prairie girl went out from the sod cabin on the claim and started for the great stretch of grass land that reached from the ravine between the bluffs to the farther sand creek. Barbed wire fence surrounded it, and there was a large cottonwood tree at the cor ner by the gate. Inside were 800 cattle, and they had the run of a dozen sections of good feeding. It was her duty to take to them the weekly salt ration, and she had learned to meet the herd with the best of courage, though she was frightened at first. It seemed so terrible to see that great number of long-horned beasts come charging over the plain at the top of their speed-she could not realize that they meant no



"FASTER AND FASTER SHE WENT."

harm and that they appreciated her

So she took Bess, the fat pony, and went cantering across the plain with the sack of salt balanced in front of her on the pommel of her saddle. Up hill and down, with the sun shining clear from an unclouded sky, she rode, and the trip was like joy in making her eyes shine and her cheeks glow rosy red.

It was not always May for the little sod house girl. At the sod schoolhouse there were many annoying things-and the worst was the aggravation of the blg girls on the back seats. The most aggravating perhaps was Anna Sev ern, the daughter of the railroad contractor who was staying in the county because her father's work held him there for many months. Haughty in her bearing and with the arrogance of her naturally aristocratic nature, she made no secret of snubbing the prairie girls who had never known a better home than a sod cabin and were not used to the delights that she had experienced in the Eastern cities.

It was on Tuesday of the following week that she had a spite against Lena. The latter had made her lose her place in the spelling class and Anna resent-

"Huh, nothing but a cattle girl," she muttered so loud that Lena coud hear her. "Herds the stock in summer and goes to school winters. Who cares?" Certainly Anna did care for all of her boasting. She was chagrined at her failure while Lena bent lower over her desk and said nothing. She' felt that she had lost a friend while she had gained a point in her class.

It continued during the day-this feeling of antagonism, and when the girls went home it was by different paths, and the word went round the little circle of schoolmates that there had been a quarrel between Lena and

It did not require a reprimand from her father to induce Lena to go out to see to the cattle the next day. She took Bess, loaded up the sack of salt and at noon started for the big pasture.

"Strange they are not here," said Lena, as she mounted the divide that led over into the valley of the pasture

and no herd was in sight. "Can it have been a break in the

She was right in her surmise. There had been a break. A party of campers had come along the night before and had cut the wires in order to drive in and water their horses. They then went on, as is the fashion, and the cattle found the opening. Out through it they went and there was soon a spread- on foot. They like and fear a horse."

ing mass of horns and hairy backs over the plain. On and on they went, standing on the ground. Anna was and it was not long before, led by the attractiveness of the grass, they came to the valley beyond and were out of sight of the pasture where they had spent their summer. So it happened that they were not found by the girl with the salt bag.

But Lena went on and came to the hills where she could see for miles over the plain.

"Yes, there is the herd?" she exclaimed. "I can see the whole lot of the cattle.'

And she could. But she saw something more than that. Far over the plain was sauntering the familiar form of her schoolmate, Anna. On her way home from the rallroad section where her father was overseeing the men she | Record. was taking her course directly in the view of the cattle herd.

At first there seemed nothing remarkable in that, but suddenly something happened that made a difference. On her shoulders was a red shawl that was not noticeable while it was worn partly under her long curls. But the insistent prairie wind took it in its fingers and wound it around the little form and then threw it far out in the broad sweep of the breeze.

It carried it on and on, and Anna, running after it, was only the more prominent a figure in the landscape. It was when she overtook it and held it with the ends waving furiously in the wind that she occupied the larger portion of the view. Lena saw it and the cattle herd saw it, too.

First one or two heads were lifted, then more, and soon there was a little sea of anxious faces ready for the novelty and waiting to see what the leaders should decide to do. They seemed to rest until one big white steer started on a trot for the front and was apparently eager to make a closer investiga-

"Look," cried Lena, from her station of vantage; "look, they are stampeding on her."

She was right. The cattle were all getting in motion and were headed for the defenseless girl, who was over across the valley. Anna herself seemed unaware of her danger and did not notice the oncoming herd which would like an avalanche overtake her.

But Lena did not wait. She realized something though not all of the danger in which the railroad man's daughter was. For a moment there came the thought, "Why should I help her? Did she help me?"

The answer was not far to seek. Lena had been injured and snubbed by the stranger; she owed nothing to her on that account. But there came something-another feeling overcoming the first, and with a sharp blow of her spurs that sent the pony forward with the greatest speed Bess had ever shown

Down the long slope, across the level olain below, through the tall slough grass and the sunflowers, then out on he level buffalo-grassed prairie she

Could she make it in time? The chances were against it. She thought she could ride to Anna and then help her to the saddle and get out of the way before the herd was upon them. but that plan was becoming out of the question. She simply could not with all her sharp plunges of the spur make the patient Bess go any faster. What could she do?

Suddenly like an inspiration there came to her a new thought. As she galloped on she determined to put it m operation. Reaching down to the cord that tied the sack of salt bobbing before her on the saddle she found that it was all right. Then she turned Bess and steered straight across the plain in front of the oncoming herd. To her right she could see the frightened girl enemy; to her left was the rushing tide of horns and hoofs that meant death if there was not a change in their path. for Texas cattle are no respecters of

Nearer and nearer they came togeth er, and Anna stood waiting the out come with the quietness of great fear. She held out her arms to Lena, but there was no time for an answer-Lena could not reach her and must utilize every possible opportunity for success n her desperate undertaking...

Then, as she came near the herd, and just as she began a dash in front of the now excited and desperate cattle, she pulled the string holding the sack mouth closed, and there trailed behind her a thin stream of whiteness that sifted in a long shower upon the short

It flowed like a veil and made a broad though rather faint mark on the

Faster and faster she went, and just as the leaders of the herd came to the stretch of white she rushed away beyond their reach, the empty sack flapping at her saddlebow.

But what of Anna? She stood as one petrified with fear, watching the oncoming flood that was to engulf her and which meant instant death if she was reached.

She saw the dash of Lena far away and felt that her schoolmate had de serted her. Nor could she blame her much after what had happened.

But wonder of wonders! What was the herd doing? The first line of steers went unchecked, but the second had lowered heads, the third tried to stop and couldn't, the fourth did stop and licked the ground; then the bustling crowd behind forgot its eagerness to get ahead, and such a pushing, hooking and plunging as there was to reach the

appetizing salt! Lena turned her horse when the danger was past and rode up to Anna. "Get up here beside me," she invited

and I will take you to a place where it is safe. Never cross a prairie on foot-cattle have no respect for people

"You were too good to me," the latter was sobbing; "I didn't deserve it." But Lena only reached down her hand and lifted the other to her side. Bess carried them over the prairie rapidly, and after a while the tears were

dried.

Lena looked down into the eyes lifted to hers and in an instant their lips met, The school children wondered the next day to see the sod house girl and the railroad contractor's daughter with arms around each other, the best of friends. They d'd not understand the reason for the change nor the spirit that had transformed both their hearts -but Lena and Anna did.-Chicago

ENGLISH VIEW OF TALMAGE.

Can Drive Home a Few Plain, Everyday Dr. T. De Witt Talmage drew a great crowd to the West London Tabernacle in Nottingham last night. Age has not withered the man of

many sermons in the least. He is still the possessor of a strong harsh voice, which he uses insistently and rapidly, and he can still drive home a few plain every-day truths in a roughly witty manner.

"As his part is that goeth down into battle, so shall his part be that tarryeth by the stuff," gave the doctor a chance to say a few of those pungent things that have built up his reputation.

Following the Scriptural injunction, he slew the Amalekites in pretty rigorous fashion. They were "loathsomely and indecently drunk;" some were slain by David "in carousal," others went "triumphing off the field," and David himself carried off "the diamonds, the pearls, the rubies, the amethysts and the imperial clothes" to divide equally among the fighters and the wounded who stayed with the stuff.

"In similar fashion," said Dr. Talmage, "the rewards of great philanthropists and preachers will not be greater in the end than those of you people who stay at home and mind your own business." "Oh, what rewards there are for you

who are doing unappreciated workthat's nine-tenths of you," he ejaculated in his curious, jerky fashion, ing out from it, This star is formed raising a laugh.

them-I like to ride on the engine-you For instance, if Bert is making a tumget there a bit sooner," was another bler from the bottom of an old bottle Americanism which hit the humor of the congregation. "You don't know the top. Then he pastes a strip of pathe name of the engine driver who car- per or snaps a rubber band around the ries you safely, but God does," was the bottle to show exactly where he wishes point of the story.

the Atlantic, he said: "All were sol- til it is very hot. Carefully he presses emnized except two-one a German, the end against the glass near one of the other an American. The German fool." Then he worked to the same point. They had thanked the captain at the end of the voyage, but they had forgotten the engineer. Still, in the end the reward of the two would be the

So many people wanted to get into the Tabernacle and couldn't that Dr. Talmage addressed a large number in a lecture hall next door after the ser vice.-London Express.

Twelve Men Charge Six Hundred. A medal of honor-the highest compliment which can be given to an American soldier-has been recommended for presentation to each of the ten surviving members of a band of twelve scouts who performed a brave in the Philippines, on May 13, 1899.

These scouts were under the lead of William H. Young, a civilian who had been a famous scout on the Western plains in America, and whom General Lawton made his chief of scouts in the San Ysidro campaign.

On the day mentioned General Lawsmall body of Oregon volunteers came suddenly upon the enemy, drawn up in an advantageous position in front of San Miguel, the right flank resting on a stream, the left on an elevation made secure by a dense thicket.

It was afterward ascertained that the Filipino force in this position numbered about six hundred men.

Without waiting for the re-enforcing battalion to support them, or to be in a position to do so, this squad of ten scouts, led by Mr. Young and by Private James Harrington of the Oregons, an old frontiersman-twelve men in all -charged the enemy's line, about one

hundred and fifty yards distant. The line fired, then wavered, and then completely gave way, to be followed up by the re-enforcing battalion, and driven from the city and environs of San Miguel, a place of great import-

Young and Harrington, while shoutup, were shot and killed.

Safely Conducted.

A curious use can be made of the postoffice express service. A few months ago a young woman, having lost her way in London, applied at the Swiss cottage postoffice, and was safely conducted, for the sum of threepence, by a special messenger to Hampstead, where a receipt for her was duly obtained.

Latest Use for Glass.

The latest use for glass is instead of gold as a material for stopping decaying teeth. It answers splendidly, and is far less conspicuous than the yellow metal. Of course, it is not ordinary glass, but is prepared by some new patented process which renders it soft and

ed in reducing the cost of living to a nominal sum, but his greatest difficulty is in securing the nominal sum.

Then she looked down at the girl FOR LITTLE FOLKS.

A COLUMN OF PARTICULAR IN-TEREST TO THEM.

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

Bert Wallace has a whole row of colored glass tumblers which he has made himself. He didn't blow them, nor mold them, according to the bestknown methods of glassmaking-he simply cut them down from old bottles And they make very useful and serviceable tumblers, too.

Bert didn't own a diamond glass point nor a steel glass wheel and so he cut the bottles with a clay pipe stem. Seems odd, doesn't it. But any boy who wants to cut glass-and where is the boy who doesn't?-can do it without the least difficulty ..

Bert learned that if a piece of glass or a bottle contains ever so small a crack it can be cut into any desired



CUTTING GLASS WITH SHEARS. shape by leading the crack along with some redhot object, such as a heated clay pipe stem or a bit of hot wire. Having this knowledge, Bert readily applied it. He started a crack in a green mineral water bottle by heating it in the blaze of a gas jet and then dropping a little water on the heated spot. Sometimes the heating alone will form the crack. When the cold water touches the hot glass a little star is usually formed, with many cracks reachat some distance away from the place "I like engineers-I like to ride with where the real cutting is to be done. he starts the crack near the shoulder at to cut it off. Then he heats the end of Talking of a cyclonic passage across | the pipe stem in a gas or coal flame un-



the cracks, as shown in the picture. At once the crack leaps out and follows feat near San Miguel de Mayume Ori, and Bert leads it around as much as he wishes. When the stem cools off he heats it up again.

When the bottle is cut off to tumbler size the rough edges are smoothed down with a fine file or a grindstone and Bert has a fine new tumbler.

Besides this, a bottle may be cut into all manner of odd shapes-spirals ton was advancing on San Miguel. A bracelets and lenses with the pipe stem. Any boy can become expert at it with very little practice. A pane of

glass may be cut in a similar way. There is another and older method of cutting a bottle in two with a string which may be tried when a pipe stem is not at hand. Hunters and backwoodsmen often use it with great success, although it is not as sure and practical as the pipe-stem method.

Two boys are necessary to do the work. Take a very stout piece of hand-



ing and cheering and leading the men woven string and give it a single turn around the bottle. Each boy should take hold of the string with one hand and the bottle with the other. See-saw the string rapidly back and forth, being careful that it rubs the glass always in one place. Continue this until the friction of the string has made the glass hot where it has rubbed and then plunge the bottle suddenly into a pail of cold water. The glass will instantly crack where the string has rubbed it. Probably not many boys know that glass can be cut with a pair of shears,

and that almost as easily as if it were pasteboard. It seems almost unbelievable at first, but any boy can readily prove its truth by trying it. Provide a large pail or tub of water. Hold the pane of glass under the water with one hand and cut it with the shears held in the other hand. The pressure of the water prevents the glass from cracking. It is not possible to cut straight through a piece of glass, as you would through a piece of paper. It must be 'rimmed around the edges, where the gument.

glass will crumble off easily and rapidly. You can thus cut a square pane of glass to fit a round or oval frame, on you can trim down a large piece of glass to fit a smaller frame. It is a simple method, but it wil often be found very useful. Try it.

> A Bit of Advice. Children dear, when you hear Dropping rain upon the pane, Just be happy, never fear; Sunshine always follows rain,

Children sweet, when your feet Make the grown-up people fret At the noise of girls and boys, Tell them you'll be sober yet.

Children pray, when the day Does not go quite right at school, Think of this, that perfect bliss Comes of minding every rule. Youth's Companion.

A Spanking Team, "How's that for a spanking team?" asked Tommy Brown of Johnny Jones, as the mothers of the two boys were seen coming up the street together. "Can't be beat in slipper-y weather," said Johnny Jones to Tommy Brown.

Artist Must Have Forgotten. The mother was examining the proof of her little 4-year-old daughter's photograph. "Why didn't you smile, Nellie?" she asked. "I did smile, mamma," replied Nellie, "but I 'spect the man was busy an' forgot to put it in."

Kindness to Dollie. "Why, Edie," said a mother to her little daughter, "what have you done to your dollie's eyes?" "I tooked 'em out," replied Edie, "so she couldn't see that she had to sleep in a dark room.

Kingsley's Hidden Pipes.

Charles Kingsley's rectory of Eversley was within a fairly easy walk of Wellington College, where the late Archbishop Benson was head master. Benson, we are told by his son in the biography of the archbishop, saw a great deal of him. He told that once, walking with Kingsley at a remote part of Eversley, on a common, the rector suddenly saying, "I must smoke a pipe," went to a furze bush, and felt about in it for a time, presently producing a clay churchwarden pipe, which he lighted and solemnly smoked as he walked, putting it, when he had hay from rubbing against the barn so done, into a hole among some tree roots, and explaining that he had a 'cache" of pipes in several places in the parish, to meet the exigencies of a sudden desire for tobacco.

The friendship between the two enthusiastic men was very intimate. 'What is Benson's character?" said a friend to Kingsley, who replied, "Beautiful, like his face." On the other hand, till the end of his life, Benson delighted in talking of Kingsley, and spoke of him with tears in his eyes.

One of the best features of a sea bath is the salt water inadvertently swall lowed by bathers. It is a wonderful tonic for the liver, stomach and kidneys. In many cases it will cure biliousness when all drug preparations have failed. It is peculiarly effective in ordinary cases of indigestion, disordered stomach and insomnia, and has been known to produce excellent results in many cases of dyspepsia. Clean sea water, such as is to be had at any of our numerous fashionable seaside resorts, is full of tonic and sedative properties. It won't hurt anybody. Indeed, two or three big swallows of it would be of positive benefit to nine pathers out of ten. It is not, of course, a palatable or tempting dose to take, but neither is quinine or calomel. You seldom, if ever, see an old sailor who is bilious or dyspeptic, or a victim to insomnia, and why? For the reason that an ocean of good medicine spreads all about his sky, and he doses himself conjously with it whenever his mechanism becomes the least bit deranged.

Base-Ball in Biblical Times. A member of the Canton Theological School, who is interested in the great national game, has written a thesis on base ball among the ancients." From this are gleaned the following interest-

ing points which help to establish his The devil was the first coacher-he coached Eve when she stole first-

Adam stole second. When Isaac met Rebecca at the well she was walking with a pitcher. Samson struck out a great many imes when he beat the I hilistines. Moses made his first run when he

slew the Egyptian. Cain made a base hit when he killed Abraham made a sacrifice. The prodigal son made a home run.

David was a great long-distance brower. Moses shut out the Egyptians at the Red Sea.—Canton Commercial Advertiser.

Mark Twain at the Telephone. There is a story told of Mark Twain by a gentleman who lived near his residence at Hartford. One day Mark answered the telephone, and after halloaing for some time without an answer, he used some language not generally seen in print, but which was certainly picturesque. While thus engaged he heard an answer in astonished tones and recognized the voice of an eminent divine whom he knew very well. "Is that you, doctor?" questioned Mark. "I didn't hear what you said. My butler has been at the telephone, and said he couldn't understand you."

A Large Painting. The largest painting in the world, exclusive of panoramas and cycloramas is in the grand salon of the Doge's Palace, at Venice. This painting is

84 feet wide by 34 feet high. Some people probably agree with you because it bores them less than your ar-

Folding Hay Door.

It has always been a good deal of trouble to close the end door to a barn where hay is taken in with a horse hay fork. We prefer to drive in the barn to unload the hay, but will admit that a barn will hold more when it is taken in at the end. The cut explains itself. The upper part of the door is hung to the lower part and folds in when open and will open clear back under the cornice and can be easily closed by closing the lower part first and raising the upper part from the inside. This closes the opening sufficient to keep out all storms provided the barn has a hood



to accommodate the hay fork, and all barns should have a hood to keep the hard. The hood is not shown in the

sketch, as it would hide the view of the door .- Ohio Farmer. Watering Places.
There is need of concerted action or a State law providing suitable watering places for horses along the much traveled roads. In the olden times the roadmakers, when the road crossed a brook or ran along the edge of a pond, left places where one could drive in to water the horse, and perhaps swell the felloes of the wheels if the tires were ponds fenced at the roadside to keep all right when the town has provided public watering places where man and beast can quench their thirst, but

t, and it must be kept pure. This is when economy prevails to such an extent that these are not put up, and one may drive on a much traveled road for ten or fifteen miles without a chance for the horse to wash the dust out of his mouth, it is time that provision were made, even if we returned to the village pump and watering trough. They were very well where no brooks were available, but the pump sometimes would not work well, and sometimes the driver would not work the pump handle, and the poor horse got lukewarm and filthy water, or none at all, unless the driver wanted a drink himself.-American Cultivator.

Curing Clover Hay.

Alvah Agee telis in the National Stockman how he cured five acres of clover hay this year, in which he goes farther than we have advised in the way of curing it in the heap, and we have been accused of being very radical on that subject. He followed the advice of T. N. Ralston, as given at the Farmers' Institute in Armstrong County. Pennsylvania. The clover was cut from June 12 and June 13, in cloudy weather, and light rains followed nearly every day until June 18. Most of it was put in the heaps after about two hours wilting. One lot was left an hour longer, and this came out dark. One lot was racked and bunched before much wilted, and some of this was moldy. The bunches were opened out and aired on the following Monday not more than is usually thought necessary in ordinary handling, and then drawn to the barn. With the exceptions above noted, where the clover was wilted not nough or too much before heaping, the hav was quite green in color, with all neads and leaves on and no waste. He considers the experiment a success.

Care of Greenhouses.

Insects and fungous diseases are bad enough in the open field, but much wcrse when they get into the greenhouse. An occasional scalding of the benches and shelves, and washing hem down with a solution of carbolic acid or sulphuric acid, will help much to keep them out, but if this fails it may be necessary to clean them out, removing the earth and putting in a new supply, then close and fumigate with burning charcoal and sulphur, taking care not to inhale the fumes, o let them get into another house where the plants are.. Remove earth from all pots, wash them with carbolic acid solution, wash off in clear water the chief office seems to be to encourage earth from roots of plants, and repot in a plentiful supply of moisture.-- Meefresh earth. Much work it is, but what han's Monthly. is the use of a greenhouse when plants will not grow?

I have been raising hogs for eight ears, and have never lost one from cholera, although the cholera has been in my neighborhood several times during that time. Two years ago the chol-

era attacked my nearest neighbor's hogs. I advised him to give them equal parts of wood ashes, salt, charcoal, sulphur and soda, in one tablespoonful doses for each hog, twice a day. He did so, and of five sick hogs which received the treatment two died and three got well. About the same time a very fine pig of mine became sick and I gave him the same treatment. He recovered in two or three days. I gave the same remedy to my other hogs, and none of them were sick .- A. J. Legg, in Epitomist.

Dairy Dots.

The feed does not affect the richness of the milk. You cannot tell by the looks of milk how rich it is. You cannot afford to run cows on half

To get high grade milk brush the cows before milking, and it is advised by many that the udders be clipped. Manage to have the cows come fresh, so as to maintain a uniform supply throughout the year. It is claimed that summer silage will

stop summer shrinkage. Don't make a strainer do too much work. Have a fresh one for every ten or a dozen cows.

Cool the milk and keep it at a given temperature. Care, cleanliness and cold are the hree "c's" of milk production.

Foreign Insect Peats. Some of the insects brought to this country from abroad do more damage o crops than in their native countries. They are the more destructive here because their natural enemies (such as parasites) were left behind; hence the nsects are kept in check in their native ocalities and have greater opportunities to multiply in America. The cabbage worm, so destructive here, has a parasite in Europe which prevents it from doing great damage. The Hessian fly parasite, however, has been imported to this country, and has done much

to keep the fly in check. Poultry Specializing.

There is much said about the necessity of specializing in the poultry business, but the fact remains that nearly all the successful poultrymen are uniting the egg and market poultry branches. The necessity for keeping up the plant the year around and employing all the time and facilities loose, but now the brooks are bridged seems to make it necessary to raise broilers and market chickens as well as layers. Besides, the broiler men animals out, because the water supply | who depend upon others to furnish satfor some town or village is taken from | isfactory eggs for hatching are likely

to be disappointed.-Farm and Home. Pennsylvania Oleo Law. The Superior Court of Pennsylvania decided that what is known as the color clause of the oleo law is sound. This means that oleo cannot legally be sold. Yellow is the standard color of butter, and it is illegal to counterfeit other fats by coloring them yellow. Instead of grieving over this the oleo men ought to rejoice, for it gives them a grand chance to prove that people are eager to buy oleo. Let them put it on the market for just what it is, uncolored and with no attempt to call it

butter.-Rural New Yorker.

\$290,000,000 Worth of Poultry. Two hundred and ninety millions of dollars for poultry, the proceeds of one year, compared with \$186,000,000 for hogs for the same time, tells with emphasis the enormous magnitude of the poultry business. It becomes startling when it is remembered that we are still importers of eggs, for we should supply every home demand and be able to export besides. England imports 135,-450,111 dozens of eggs at a cost of \$20,-365,326, and we furnish :447,033 of the amount, or did in 1897.

First in His Class.



This Shorthorn bull was first in his class at the Birmingham, England, Shorthorn show.

Marketing Wool.

Thousands of dollars are annually lost by woolgrowers by reason of the slovenly manner in which the clips are sent to the market. Many a clip is discounted a full cent or more per pound on account of the bad condition in which it comes to the market, while nothing is gained by the seller either in saving of time or labor. A clean, well-tied fleece always meets a warm welcome among buyers, sorters and millmen.-Sheep Breeder.

Salt for Asparagus. In sandy or comparatively dry soil, salt is an excellent article to apply to asparagus beds. It will not, however, take the place of strong manure. Its

. To Destroy Thistles. Cut down the plants as low as possible and pour a teaspoonful of sulphuric acid on the crowns of the plants, the acid to be used only in glass, as it attacks all metals and wood and should be handled with great care. If properly applied it will destroy every thistle.