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TIME'S BALM.

When first I met the fair Marie,
My smitten heart at once surrendered,
And in a week, with eager haste,
My love and all I have I tendered.
Marie was very calm and cool,
Though I was greatly agitated,
And when I came away—refused—
To endless anguish I felt fated.
But, oh, since then so many girls
I've seen, far prettier, sweeter, brighter,
That all their loveliness has made
My love of woe distinctly lighter!
In fact, since she said "No" I've met
A lovely girl whom I like better,
And now, whenever I meet Marie,
I think, "Thank heaven I didn't get her!"
—Somerville Journal.

LITTLE JIM.

There were five men of us and a boy in the far Western stage coach as it rolled over the rough roads of Dakota. We had been together for four days. We called the boy Jim because his father did. We knew his father to be Col. Weston, banker, cattleman and mine owner. The Colonel wasn't a man to whom a stranger would take at first glance, and even after four days of his company none of us could say we liked him. When you came to study him closely, you saw that he was a very different person. The boy was frank, chipper and good-natured, and you took a liking to him as soon as you looked into his big blue eyes. His age was about 10, and he had wit and knowledge beyond his years. We had yet twenty miles to go to reach the terminus, and the hour was about 2 o'clock in the afternoon when the coach came to a sudden halt as it topped up hill. Next moment the driver called to us:

"All you folks what don't want your heads blown off had better get down and line up. We've been stopped by a road agent!"
We had arms in plenty, but no one moved to resist. Every bullet fired by the robber would bore its way through the coach and find a target, while the robber had the cover of the horses and was safe from our fire. It seems cowardly when you read it, but to get down and submit to be robbed was the wisest thing to do under the circumstances.

Little Jim was not a bit frightened. On the contrary, he rather enjoyed the situation. It was not so with the Colonel. I saw him turn pale and heard him cursing under his breath, and he was the last man to get down.

The robber had a double-barreled shotgun in his hands. He cautioned the driver to hold the coach where it was and then advanced upon us. He glanced carelessly into each face until his eyes rested on the Colonel. Then he gave a sudden start, drew in his breath with a gasp, and we realized that there was a recognition. The Colonel grew white under his look and began to tremble. The boy had no sooner looked into the road agent's face than he cried out:

"Why, it's Mr. Pelton—Mr. Pelton! Say, Mr. Pelton, I'm awfully glad to see you. Where've you been this long time?"

"So it's you, Jimmy," laughed the robber as he held out his hand for a shake. "Well, you have been growing since I saw you last. It's a wonder you knew me at first sight!"

"Oh, I used to like you so well I couldn't forget your face," replied the boy. "Are there robbers around, Mr. Pelton?"

With gentle hand the man pushed the boy back in line and then stepped back a pace or two. As he did so his face grew very sober, and I saw a flash in his black eyes I did not like. His voice was low and steady as he finally said:

"I'm much obliged for your promptness in climbing down and lining up, and I think I'll let you off this time. The four of you may go back into the coach and go on. I'm leaving your guns with you, but don't attempt to play me any trick."

The Colonel took his son by the hand and attempted to enter the stage with us, but the robber motioned him back.

"What do you want of me?" asked the Colonel in a voice which quavered.

"I'll tell you later," was the reply. As the coach started on we looked out to see the three standing in the road. Little Jim still had hold of his father's hand, but had reached out the other and caught the robber's sleeve.

When we had gone 200 feet, the road turned and shut them from our view.

At the disappearance of the stage the man turned on Col. Weston and pointed to the hillside on the right and said:

"Move on that way, Jimmy, give me your hand, and I'll help you along."

The white-faced Colonel entered the pines and held a straight course up the hill. Behind him came the robber and his son. The boy had been full of curiosity at first, but presently he was awed and frightened by the looks cast upon his father.

Two or three years before he and Mr. Pelton had been great friends. Mr. Pelton had been manager for his father. One day there had been a bitter quarrel, pistols had been drawn, the sheriff had rushed in, and Mr. Pelton had fled to escape arrest. He remembered his father calling the fugitive a thief and of men being sent out to hunt him down. All this came back to him as they followed the father up the rough way, and though he knew nothing of man's vengeance there was a feeling of dread in his soul. Now and then the robber ordered the Colonel to the right or left, but these were the only words spoken until they finally reached a rude camp high up among the bowlders. By and by the robber half turned to look the Colonel in the face and said:

"I've waited for this for two years. I could neither do nor go away until I had killed you."

"It will be murder—cold-blooded murder," replied the Colonel as he folded his arms.

"If it was murder a hundred times over, I'd do it. Do you suppose I can forget Rose Harper? Who separated us? Who maligned me? Who wrecked my life and sent her to a suicide's grave? Who drove me to be a fugitive from justice on a false charge? I'd kill you if 1,000 men surrounded me."

The Colonel was silent for a time. He did not look at his boy, but past him. The boy's eyes were fastened on his face, however, and a chill crept over him as he noted the look of a man standing in the shadow of death. It was the first time he had ever seen it. He turned from his father after awhile to look at the robber.

There was another look strange to him. It was a set determination to kill—the look of a man who had hated and thirsted and waited.

"Take the boy away first," said the Colonel with a touch of entreaty in his voice.

"Yes; that will be proper," answered Pelton. "Come, Jimmy, let's take a walk."

"What—what you going to do with father?" whispered the boy as he walked slowly over and put his hand in that of the would-be murderer.

"Never mind. Do you see that big rock up there? Well, go up there and see what is hidden behind it. Shake hands with your father before you go."

The boy crossed over to his father in a puzzled way, and the father lifted him up and kissed him. When he put him down, he said to him:

"Run along, Jimmy. If you don't find me when you come back, Mr. Pelton will take care of you."

"Oh, yes, Mr. Pelton will take care of me and see that I get home," replied the lad. "I'm awfully glad to see him. Wasn't it queer to meet him 'way off here? I was saying only a week ago that I wish'd he was back with us so that he could mend my wagon and help me make kites. Mr. Pelton was always good to me. I won't be gone long, and you and Mr. Pelton must be good friends. Don't you remember that mother said she was sorry for him? We want him back, don't we?"

Little Jim started off for the rock, but he hadn't taken ten steps before he was back again to say to the robber:

"And I want you to make me a new water wheel, and the handle has come out of the hammer, and nobody will sharpen my knife for me. If you don't come back, I don't know what I shall do."

"Perhaps I'll come back," whispered Pelton as he turned his head away.

"Oh, but you surely must. I've heard lots of people say you were a good man and shouldn't have gone away. Mother told me if I ever met you I might speak to you just as I used to. I'm going now, but remember that you are coming back."

The boy went away almost gleefully, and the two men heard his footsteps and his voice as he made his way toward the rock. The father looked after him until he was hidden by the trees and then turned to the robber and said:

"Before he comes back. And you'll help him to get home?"

"Yes; before he comes back," replied Pelton as he drew his revolver. "It won't be murder, Col. Weston. I'll simply be retribution. Do you want a minute or two to ask God to forgive you?"

The Colonel sat erect with folded arms. He closed his eyes, and his lips moved. By and by he heard the click of the pistol. He did not open his eyes, but he felt that it was leveled at his heart and that his life was measured by seconds. Of a sudden came a call from little Jim. Half way to the rock he had turned about to shout:

"Oh, Mr. Pelton, don't forget to think up some new Indian and bear stories to tell me. Nobody has told me a story since you went away."

The Colonel's eyes opened. The revolver was lying on the ground, and Pelton had his hands over his face. When he dropped them, there were tears in his eyes. He rose up, put the pistol in his pocket and said to the man waiting for death:

"I can't do it. Little Jim would know it some day. When he comes back, take him and go down to the road. It's only three miles to Cedarville."

With that he walked off into the brush and was out of sight in a moment. When little Jim returned, he found his father sitting as he had left him and gazing into the woods.

"What is it, father?" he asked.

"What's the matter with you and where is Mr. Pelton?"

The man rose up slowly, took his boy's hand in his, and without a word in answer he led the way down to the stage trail and safety.—Butte Miner.

Discoveries in Crete.
Arthur Evans, who dug up the palace at Gnosssus in Crete, gave some interesting details about his discovery to the Hellenic Society recently. A large paved area he spoke of as "the original dancing ground of Ariadne." In one corner of the palace was a throne room, the throne having "crockets" and other details that anticipate Gothic designs. There are frescoes of flowers, water, fishes and crowds of men and women, the former with red faces, the latter with white. The headresses and costumes of the women are "truly Parisian." The figure of a bull in painted plaster, found there, may be intended to represent the Minotaur.

Now Come Glass Fence Posts.
A glass firm lately received an order for 500 glass fence posts, to be of the usual size, and grooved for the reception of wire.

FOR LITTLE FOLKS.

A COLUMN OF PARTICULAR INTEREST TO THEM.

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

Grandfather had a large garden, which he took care of every summer, although he was getting to be almost 80 years old. He raised potatoes and corn, tomatoes, peas, beans, radishes, cucumbers, onions, and melons, too—great, big, juicy watermelons, and delicious brown muskmelons, and all the people round there liked to buy grandfather's vegetables, because they were so fresh and nice.

"You aren't going to be able to take care of a garden this year, are you, grandfather?" one of his neighbors had asked him early in the spring.

"Oh, yes," grandfather answered. "If I keep as well as I am now, I don't see any reason why I can't have just as good a garden and just as big a one as I had last year."

"Well, I am glad you are so well," the neighbor answered; "but I don't see how a man of your age can do so much work."

"Roy will soon be quite a help," grandfather answered, fondly patting the head of his little grandson, who was standing beside him.

Roy felt very happy over grandfather's speech, and when the neighbor had gone, he climbed up on the woodpile and sat down to think over what he could do that would really help grandfather. He didn't come to any conclusion about it that afternoon, but he kept thinking about it every day, and at last he thought of a fine plan.

He had been playing grocery that morning, and going to mother and grandmother for orders, and then delivering the groceries, which were clean chips, and stones, and empty boxes, in his express cart that father had given him the Christmas before. The cart was of iron, and was very light and strong, and large enough for Roy himself to ride in. When he took orders he had to let mother and grandmother write out the list of things they wanted on his slip of paper.

He wrote his own name, and "boy" and "dog" and "cat," and several other words besides; but he hadn't the least idea of how to spell "molasses" or "cucumbers," or even "soap." Of course, "soap" is a short word, but it had an "a" in it that Roy would never think of putting there if somebody had not told him about it.

Roy was watching mother write out the list of groceries that she wanted from his store, when his new idea came to him. "Mother!" he exclaimed, "why can't I take orders for grandfather's vegetables? I can let the folks write what they want on paper, and then I can take the vegetables to them in my cart. Grandfather says he wouldn't mind the work in the garden so much, if he didn't have to deliver the vegetables afterwards." And Roy's flushed cheeks showed how much in earnest he was.

As they lived in a village and all the neighbors knew Roy, mother told him that he might try it. So, as soon as the first radishes and lettuce were ready, Roy started out. Grandfather wrote at the top of his paper the kinds of vegetables that he was ready to sell, and the customers wrote their names, and the vegetables that they wanted. Then, every morning during summer, Roy's express cart was to be seen upon the streets, and he was the busiest and happiest boy to be found.

Grandfather called him his junior partner, and said he believed the lettuce looked crispier and the tomatoes redder, in order to make a better showing in the gay little express cart.—Herald and Presbyter.

The Disobedient Boy.
A hungry boy, thoughtful and slight—A sight that fills him with delight.

Again the boy, grown strangely stout; What do you think brought it about?

The moral here is passing plain; Who disobeys shall suffer pain.

A Doll's Hospital.
Perhaps the most remarkable hospital in Chicago is conducted in the four upper floors in a little frame building in Wells street. Judging by the number of patients that are treated there, it is the largest institution of its kind in the city, there sometimes being over 200 individuals waiting for treatment. Strange as it may seem, however, the only living persons about the place are a young German and his wife. The patients are all dolls. The most important

medicine used for curing the bodily ills of the patients in this novel institution consists of glue. Dolls of all conditions and descriptions are gathered there for repairs. One of the most delicate operations is giving a new complexion to the haughty French doll who has passed through a season in a fashionable lake shore nursery, and whose waxen features have suffered from the loving pranks of baby hands.

Then there are broken noses, smashed porcelain cheeks, belonging to some little girl's favorite. Dolls of this kind come to the hospital by the dozens, in spite of the fact that new ones could be purchased for less money than the doll physician charges to make the repairs, but of course any little girl will tell you that the newest doll in the world isn't quite as good as her old battered playmate.

Dolls that have been snatched from the hospital are important patrons of the hospital, and in one of his little rooms there are hundreds of wigs of all colors and varieties, destined some day to grace the head of a doll of high or low degree.

You may be sure that the doll doctor and his wife are favorites with the little folk whose nursery darlings have found renewed health and beauty in the quaint hospital.—Chicago Record.

Knew a Good Thing.
"I wish I could live at grandma's all the time," said little Mabel, after being corrected by her mother for disobedience.

"Why so?" asked her mother.

"Cause," replied Mabel, "I don't have to mind a word she says."

HIS PEN PICTURE OF BLAINE
How the Western Politician Thought the Plumed Knight Looked.

Ex-Governor Stone of Missouri tells a story of an experience he had with a Western politician whom he met on the train on his way from the Kansas City convention. Hot and worn out by the week spent in the Missouri town, ex-Governor Stone sought rest and quiet in a seat in the car next to an open window.

Just before the train started a typical Westerner got in and took the seat beside him. The train had hardly started before this man, says the Baltimore American, began to try to open a conversation with ex-Governor Stone, and began to talk politics. The Democratic leader from Missouri had had enough politics during the convention to last him for some time, and did not encourage his companion to talk. But, nevertheless, the man ran on in his conversation, and from his talk ex-Governor Stone soon found that he was a great admirer of James G. Blaine.

"Did you ever see Mr. Blaine?" asked the Westerner, and when Mr. Stone replied that he had his companion said:

"The greatest disappointment of my life was that I never saw the great man from Maine. I'd just give anything in this world if I could have seen him walk down those halls of Congress, wearing that white plume."

Governor Stone was so astonished at this remark that he roused himself long enough to turn to his companion and say:

"Why, Mr. Blaine never wore a white plume."

But this seemed to make the Westerner indignant, and he replied:

"Oh, yes, he did. Did you never read about him being the 'plumed knight'? Why, I have heard that whenever he walked down those halls of Congress he not only wore a white plume, but carried a spear, just like any other knight."

Just What He Wanted.
The following story about a man from Klondike who found something too warm for him, is borrowed from Harper's Magazine. His name was Finnegan, and he had begun life poor. Now he was rich, for the time being, and thought nothing too good for him.

"Oh, say, yes, I'm bringing me two dozen eggs," he said at last, as he took a seat in one of the finest restaurants in Frisco.

The oysters were soon set before him, and Finnegan, looking about him for something to put on them, and hardly knowing what the something should be, spied a bottle of tobacco, and proceeded to season the bivalves, not wisely, but too well.

Impelling an oyster upon his fork, he thrust it into his mouth, then leaped to his feet with a roar of pain, and began dancing about and like a madman.

"See here!" cried the proprietor, rushing to the table, "keep still, or I'll put you out!"

"P-put me out, is it? Oh, wish ye would put me out!" yelled Finnegan. "Me insides is blazin' like a match factory!"

At the Seaside.
Heroic Girl—What has become of that handsome man who cheered so loudly when I rescued the little boy from drowning?

Friend—He is over there on the veranda, proposing to the girl who screamed and fainted.—New York Weekly.

"Compounds."
The word "compound," which is used frequently in the war dispatches from China, means an inclosure, in that country and Japan it is customary to build high brick walls around factories, business houses, banks and residences for protection, and these are the "compounds" mentioned.

Wood Pulp for Clothing.
Wood pulp paper as military clothing is used by the Japanese troops. It is marvelously tough, and has an appearance that might well be regarded with satisfaction for summer wear. It holds stitching uncommonly well, while its warmth is undoubted.

Eating one's own words is certainly an indigestible effort.

RAM'S HORN BLASTS.

Warning Notes Calling the Wicked to Repentance.

THE unfading crown of glory is made of the lilies of the valley of humility.

Either the sinner or the sinner must die. The divinity of Christ is possible to us in the measure that we have His humanity.

The conquest of Saul was Paul's greatest victory. A right spirit will be upright. Right is more than relationship. The careless man is never care-free. Where the heart lies the thought flies. Large pride may go with a lean purse.

Christ furnishes the Christian's precedents. No church will satisfy a soul without Christ. It is well to remember that it is hard to forget.

The machine man can only go on a smooth track. He who can sin sanctimoniously serves Satan best.

The blessed life built its road by the river of God's love. All our sorrows may be made the servants of sympathy. A man's estimate of others is usually an audit on himself.

That which is not prayer to God is petition to the devil. The sinless man was the silent One when accused of sin. Much smoke may indicate nothing more than green fuel.

Good principles makes the best capital for life's business. Life has the greatest circumference when it centers in Christ.

The only true creed is the one that God has engraved on the heart. The best analysts of the Bread of Life may yet die of starvation.

Christ comes to our aid on the waves of the very sea that threatens us. No commerce enriches the world so much as the exchange of thought.

We can stand the loss of all favors so long as we do not lose His favor. The man who can stand it to be alone will do work that will stand alone.

Beware of the interest of the man who would make capital out of you. The most reasonable workers for God are those who can labor out of season as well as in.

If habits count for anything, some Christians will ask to be excused from heaven to get their mail.

LEE YIP'S DESIGNATED OYSTERS

One of the Articles Sold by a Chinaman in His "Glovely Store."

"A few days ago," said a New Orleans Bohemian to a Times-Democrat man, "I dropped in to see my friend Lee Yip, who keeps what he calls a 'glovely store,' which is as near as he comes to grocery store. He gave me an excellent cigar, and presently he said: 'You like dry oyster? What is that?' I asked before I realized that he was talking about dried oysters. 'Come,' he said, 'show me, and opening the lid of a big box, he took out a handful of what appeared exactly like dried oysters carved in mahogany. They were not shriveled and warped, like other dried foods, but were as plump and symmetrical as any well-conditioned bivalve fresh from the deep shell. The only difference was they were dark brown in color, and as hard as bricks. When Lee Yip tossed them back into the box they rattled like a handful of marbles."

"Of course, I was greatly surprised, and before I left I took pains to find out all about them. The oysters are caught and prepared at the big native shrimperies on the other side of the lake. The process is a trade secret, but as nearly as I could gather from Lee, they are spread on the tops of large sheds and exposed to the sun for several weeks. What prevents decomposition, I don't know; but they come out of the operation as sweet and brown as nuts. Last night I tried some by special invitation in the back room of a laundry run by another Mongolian friend of mine. They were brought in a bowl, and formed a sort of stew or saute, which was really delicious. The oysters themselves were firm, but exceedingly tender, and had a peculiar peppery flavor, different from anything else I have ever tasted. The Chinaman who did the cooking told me he had simply boiled the dried oysters in water and added a small strip of pork and 'seasoning.' When I tried to probe into the seasoning feature, he suddenly lost command of English, so there, I suspect, the secret resides."

"I am told that the local colony consumes many barrels of these oysters every month, and that large quantities of them are sold in San Francisco and Chicago."

A Military Country.
In Japan every able-bodied man is a soldier, and even the children know the use of arms. Military drill is a part of the regular education in the schools throughout the empire. Schoolboys dress in a military uniform cut on the pattern of cadet uniforms in Europe and America. Their instructors are regular army officers, veterans of the war with China, and some of them of the Satsuwa rebellion of 1877. This has its effect on the youthful mind, ever prone to hero worship, and treble so in Japan.

FARMS AND FARMERS

Poultry as a Farm Product.

The belief seems to prevail generally that the rearing and feeding of poultry is not really a special farm industry, but that it is one of the by-ways as may be said, to gather in odds and ends of profit by using up some wastes of the farm that would otherwise be lost. We have at times mentioned some facts which go to show that expensive poultry keeping may be made greatly more profitable than some other branches of farm work and that the demand for this kind of farm produce is increasing so rapidly and continuously that there is no risk that it may be easily overdone.

Let us make a comparison. A cow is worth as much as thirty hens anywhere. It needs an average of five acres of land to support a cow, and two under the most intensive system of soiling and the silo. It requires the time of one person to attend to ten cows as it should be done. Thirty hens may be kept on one-fourth of an acre of land with ease, and one one-fourth as much food as a cow must have, and one person can attend to 300 hens with ease. Suppose we then take this comparison, thirty hens equal one cow as to cost; then how is the income in comparison? The figures given by a noted creamery as to a herd of fourteen cows kept by the leading patron show that the average income, over and above cost of feeding of these cows, was \$18.67. In truth the actual average of all the cows existing is estimated at about half as much as this, and thus not more than the average net income from four average hens making \$2.50 each. This fact should go far to raise this useful farm animal in the estimation of those persons who are seeking profit-making from rural pursuits. And if there were no other items to go to the credit of the industrious and tireless hen, this one should be sufficient to give her prominence as one of the means of making rural life and industry profitable and indeed alluring.

The business of rearing poultry is simple and already well understood, entailing no excessive labor, but simply calling for attention at intervals through the day. The work required, of course, is precise, and needs attention, but it is in no sense laborious and is not without attractive conditions. The result of certain investigations is shown in the accompanying illustration which represents a hen, a bushel of corn she consumes in the year, or the equivalent of the mixed rations required and the peck basket of eggs numbering 100 or the average yield per hen of a fairly good flock, but

not counting the brood she will rear in addition, and which is estimated at ten; thus leaving for profit, if there be no other, ten times her original value. But the eggs will pay twice over for the cost of keeping, including all expenses incurred, and the proportionate time employed by the attendant, estimated at two dollars a day.—Montreal Herald.

Under the Barn Floor.
When we were young it was found that the planks in the stable floor were so damaged that it was desirable to take them up and replace them. They had probably not been taken up for many years, and the amount of fertilizing material that was dug out there and thrown into the barnyard was a revelation to us. We think we dug at least four feet deep, and doubt if we got the whole of the valuable material, and perhaps much less than half of it. Certainly it was well saturated or had been with the liquids from the stables, and it was richer than the ordinary barnyard manure, as we found when we put it on the land, or when the crops grew upon which we put it. The hole made was filled up with dry sand, and if it has not been cleaned out since we would warrant that there are several loads of good fertilizer there now. This taught us to appreciate the value of a barn cellar in which the manure, both liquid and solid, could be saved, and although we now would not keep cows in a stable with a cellar under it, or at least would never plan to have manure cellar under the cows, we still think that a large share of the fertilizing value of the manure is lost when there is not some arrangement for saving the liquid as well as the solid. And for this we would have a cement floor, with a movable plank floor over it. We would not have the fumes of the manure coming up through the floor into the room where we had to do the milking.—American Cultivator.

Care of Farm Work Horses.
Isn't ten hours of labor in the field enough for man or beast? If so, you should come in from the field at 6 in the evening. We find that we do as

much work in ten hours as the fourteen-hour men, and our horses don't come in all fagged out either. From spring until fall when we come in from the field at night we unharness the horses and turn them out. They roll and drink; then away they scamper to grass. Our pasture isn't a barren field, but it is nice and green with a good growth of six or seven different grasses. Their feed is placed in their mangers, and just before dark the doors are opened and the horses called. They come readily, for they know that a good feed is awaiting them. As grass is digested in about half the time dry feed is it would seem as though it should be the first feed instead of the last. Our horse barn is 26 by 40, with east and west doors and a window in front of each team; no bad light or ventilation here. There is plenty of good straw given for bedding, and the horses look well, are never sick and do as much work as the average horse.—Homestead.

Stall for Kicking Horses.
A correspondent of the Michigan Farmer submits a diagram of a stall that he used for ten years. "Fasten the chain about 3½ feet above floor and 8 feet back from manger," says he.

Grass for Pigs.
Notwithstanding the anatomy of the pig would seem to dispute the proposition, grass is necessary to its best development, says Texas Farm and Ranch. The small stomach would seem to indicate a grain ration or concentrated food of some sort, and so it does. Hogs are wanted to consume a large amount of feed, converting it into pork. Therefore the first thing required is to enlarge his capacity to eat, or, in other words, to enlarge his stomach. Grass, being bulky in proportion to its nutritious qualities, is the very thing and involves the only known method of enlarging the stomach. At the same time it furnishes the protein needed to develop flesh, muscle and bone. Then when we have a large frame built up with enlarged digestive capacity it is an easy matter to put on the fat with corn or other carbohydrate feeds.

Orchard Blight.
We notice in the Western papers there is much complaint of blight among the fruit trees. For several years they have noticed it among the pear and quince trees, but not until this year has it done much damage to apple trees. The sultry weather has been just what was needed for rapid growth of the spores, and when frequent thunder showers prevail it seems to spread more rapidly. Every diseased branch contains millions of these germs, and insects transmit them from one tree to another. They are most apt to affect young and tender branches of rapidly growing trees. We know of no efficient remedy excepting to cut off and burn every affected limb, and cut at some distance below the apparent disease, as it spreads downward by means of the sap. No spray has yet been discovered which checks its progress.—American Cultivator.

The Pea Louse.
We advise those who have grown peas and lost their crop this year by reason of the pea louse on the vines not to become discouraged and cease planting them. Unless they differ very much from other plant life, a year that sees them most abundant may be followed by many years before they are troublesome again. To cease planting peas will not exterminate them, as they live also upon clover and other plants. If they make the pea crop less profitable a few years, enough may stop planting peas to make them a good crop for those who have them with no lice on them.—American Cultivator.

Handling Apples.
The time seems to be at hand when cold storage must come in general use for all late varieties, as the fruit comes out so much brighter. Apples keep better when barreled tight as soon as picked. And here in New Jersey we are in the habit of gathering too late for best results. Dr. Hoskins' rule that when the seeds color it is the proper time to store may in the near future be adopted by all apple growers, says a New Jersey orchardist.

Smoking the Meat Barrel.
Did any reader ever try smoking the barrel instead of the meat? It answers just as well and is much quicker done. Dig a hole in the ground, turn your barrel over it for a couple of days and in a short time it will have the desired smoky taste. Must be dry salted or put in brine.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.