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THE FOUR SEASONS.

When Beauty weeps the silent tears descend In gentle April rain. Such melting wiles Must thaw the hardest heart and fervor lead To wreath her face once more in springtime smiles— When Beauty weeps.

"But you must or take the consequences." "I said I wouldn't tell if you killed me," sobbed the frightened girl. "I'll have it out of her!" exclaimed the furious officer with an oath. "Let me speak to her," said his Tory guide. "I know the child, I believe. Isn't your name Hetty Marvin?" he asked pleasantly. "Yes, sir." "And this man that ran by you a few minutes ago is your mother's cousin, isn't he?" "Yes, sir, he is."

A New England Heroine.

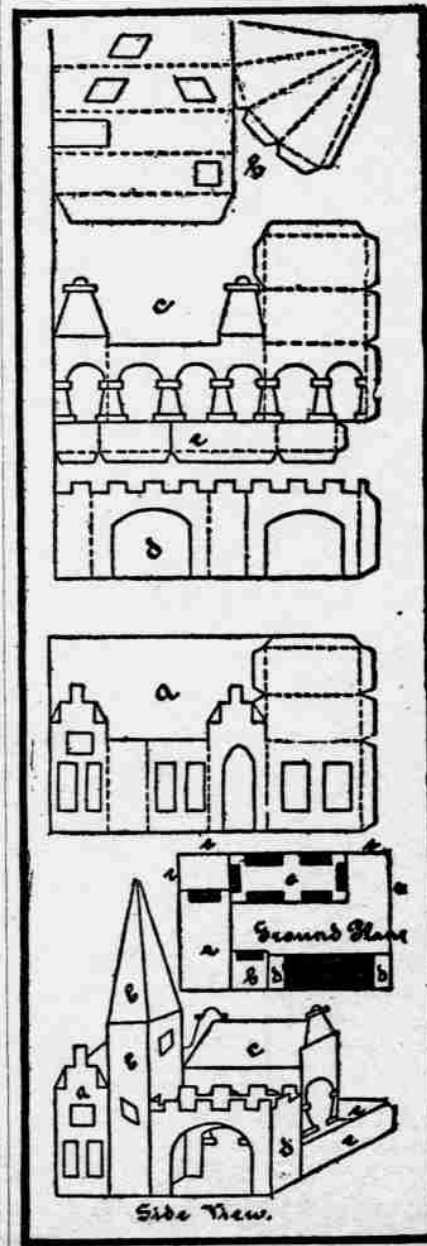
WHEN the British and Tories attacked New Haven, Conn., and set a price on the head of Governor Griswold the latter fled to the town of Lyme, where his cousin, Mrs. Marvin, hid him for some days in a farmhouse. But at length the foe discovered his retreat, and one sunny afternoon in May he was routed from his hiding place by the tidings that a band of horsemen was approaching to capture him. His only chance of escape was to reach the mouth of a little creek which emptied itself into the Connecticut River just above the entrance of the latter into Long Island Sound. There he had a boat stationed, with two faithful attendants, hidden beneath the high banks of the creek.

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.

Copy the model parts of this on a piece of white cardboard and enlarge the measurements two, three or five times. Cut along all the lines drawn in full and bend over the dotted lines. The letters in the ground plan and the side view correspond to those in the



PLANS FOR THE CASTLE.

model. The edge stripes should be bent at right-angles and united with the corresponding ones by means of strong glue. Set the building on a foundation of wood or heavy pasteboard and surround it with lawns (green moss), gravelled walks, etc.

How Princes are Punished.

That there is no whipping boy in Germany was evidenced the other day when the empress sent her eldest son, the future emperor, from the table on account of his rudeness. The prince, it appears, was unmanly to a younger brother, and the empress, turning to the French tutor, who on that occasion had charge of the princes, said:

"Monsieur, I beg that you will ask me to excuse his royal highness, the prince."

The tutor begged that the prince be excused, and that young gentleman was forced to leave the table without finishing his meal. It is well known that the royal boys of Germany have had to grin and bear many a sound flogging administered by the imperial hand, along with a vast deal of discipline from governors, tutors, etc.

A different state of affairs this from the time when a boy was kept to be punished instead of a prince. In England such a youth was called the whipping boy, and a famous English artist, W. A. Stacey, painted a portrait of Prince Edward, afterward Edward VI., trying to defend his whipping boy from a flogging which he himself deserved.

In those days a prince who was to be a king was looked upon and treated as a person of great importance. His person was held to be sacred, and so it would never have done to punish him. If an English prince missed his lessons, was rude to his teachers, or committed any of the other naughty tricks common to saucy children his whipping boy was flogged.—Cleveland Leader.

Her Answer.

I studied my tables over and over and backward and forward, too. But I couldn't remember six times nine, and I didn't know what to do. Till my sister told me to play with my doll and not to bother my head. "If you call her 'Fifty-four' for awhile, you will learn it by heart," she said.

So I took my favorite, Mary Ann, though I thought 'twas a dreadful shame. To give such a perfectly lovely child such a perfectly horrid name. And I called her my little "Fifty-four" a hundred times, till I knew the answer of her six times two. The answer of her six times two.

Next day Elizabeth Wigglesworth, who always acts so proud, said, "six times nine is fifty-two, and I nearly laughed aloud. But I wished I hadn't when the teacher said, 'Now, Dorothy, tell if you can.' For I thought of my doll, and—sakes alive!—I answered, 'Mary Ann!'" —Anna M. Pratt.

Old-Fashioned Plow.

Nearly all of the Egyptian farmers use the same kind of plow that was used 5,000 years ago. If you have a philosophical question to ask go to a philosopher, not to a cynic.

London Engineer, an inventor devised an ingenious process by which the slate is ground to a very fine powder, all grit and foreign substances removed and the powder bolted through silk cloth much in the same manner as flour is bolted. The powder is then made into a dough, and this dough is subjected to a very heavy hydraulic pressure, which presses the pencils out the required shape and diameter, but the soft pencils are cut into the desired lengths and set out to dry in the open air. After they are thoroughly dry the pencils are placed in steam baking kilns, where they receive the proper temper.

The Song of the Top.

Spinning! Spinning! Spinning! Round! Round! and round I go, Twirling, tripping, dipping, Gliding to and fro; Cutting graceful circles. Then, with sudden start, Right and left go bounding—Well I know my art! Life to me is motion! Blithe as bird on wing, With each revolution, Hark the song I sing! Humming, humming, humming, Round and round I go! Oh I lead a gay life, Gliding to and fro.

A STRANGE CITY.

Where the Insane Find Welcome, Good Treatment and Cure.

The little city of Gheel, in Belgium, is a resort for demented people. According to a legend that has had, and even at the present day still has, much weight with the peasantry of Belgium, the city started as follows:

Many centuries ago, on the site where Gheel now stands, an insane father murdered his lovely young daughter, and a shrine was erected to her memory and was called "Saint Dymphna." The belief arose that Saint Dymphna particularly favored the insane, and did miraculous things for them; in consequence, hundreds of insane people were yearly brought to her shrine that she might intercede with God for their restoration.

Often times many of the unfortunates lingered around the shrine for months at a time, finally it became a permanent abiding place for many, and gradually a city came into existence. It now has a population of about ten thousand, and at least every fourth resident is insane.

The insane that come to them are not lodged in asylums; those not easily managed are taken care of in suburban cottages, and the mildly insane board with the private families of the city. Very few of them are under restrictions of any nature, and they are met with everywhere in the city, walking about with entire freedom.

The coming of an insane boarder into a family is made a gala-day affair. Every member of the family dresses for the occasion, the house is beautifully decorated, and a card, bearing the word "welcome" in large, bright letters, is placed in a conspicuous place. The head of the family introduces the newcomer as "friend" or "relative," and after a warm greeting there is a banquet and a general good time.

Next day the boarder goes to work with other members of the family, for to keep the insane employed is a part of the treatment. However, they are never compelled to work. Unmanageable patients are confined into doing what is thought best for them. Under circumstances is an insane person irritated or dealt with harshly in the city of Gheel. Nor are they ever spoken of as being insane or lunatics; they are called either "innocents" or "friends."

They are given an abundance of plain, substantial food, plenty of outdoor exercise, and are in every way treated in the most humane way. As a result, the statistics show that at least 90 per cent of the patients go away cured, and the inmates are almost invariably greatly benefited.

When you visit Belgium don't fail to see the strange city of Gheel. It is but a short distance from Antwerp.

Felt His Superiority.

"This man, your honor, was abusing every policeman he came across," testified an officer before Justice Martin in prosecuting a hungry looking individual who had been taken into custody the previous evening. "We tried to avoid placing him under arrest, but he continued his abuse until it could not be endured any longer."

"What was the worst thing he called you?" inquired the court. "He said, 'your honor,' was the officer's reply, 'that he was so much superior to any officer he had ever seen that he would not notice them.'"

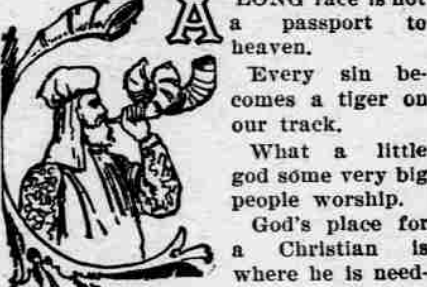
The justice looked at the hungry appearing individual before him and asked if he had uttered this slander against the police officer. "Yes, your honor," said the prisoner, "and I repeat it. I never knew a police officer that was not a scoundrel, and in this one respect I am superior to all of them. I can give them cards and spades when it comes to separating an individual from his money."

Keeps Him Busy.

The German Emperor has been known to change his costume twelve times in eighteen hours. His wardrobe contains more than 1,000 suits. The base-ball player never settles down to business; he is always looking for a change of base.

RAM'S HORN BLASTS.

Warning Notes Calling the Wicked to Repentance.



A LONG face is not a passport to heaven. Every sin becomes a tiger on our track. What a little god some very big people worship. God's place for a Christian is where he is needed the most.

God is not in the religion that is not using both hands to lift up men. There isn't god enough in the world to make a discontented man rich. Are you putting any treasure where it cannot be stolen or burned up? It is not wise to cut down the thistles in such a way as to scatter the seeds.

Love never turns back because it sees a mountain or hears a lion roar. The preacher whose religion is all in his head does not believe in revivals. Time sets his chisel a little deeper whenever there is a frown upon the face. The hardest thing the devil ever tried to do was to starve a good man to death.

Egotism always looks at his "neighbor" through the wrong end of the telescope. The devil's great aim is to make it easy for men to do wrong and hard to do right. God is always looking for a better place in which to put the man whom he can trust.

Every Christian should try to do something every day that will make his pillow softer. Whenever a man is converted, God has given his neighbors another proof that the Bible is true. It is remarkable how many different kinds of fish the devil can catch when he baits his hook with money.

When man makes a religion he tries to make one that will let him stay mean and still respect himself. Angels can tell how much righteousness there is in a nation by the way it deals with the liquor traffic. If we were half as anxious as we try to make people think we are we would accomplish twice as much as we do.

One reason why more mountains are not being moved by faith, is that so few people are willing to begin with mole hills. HOW TOM THUMB GOT HIS TITLE The Name Was Given by Barnum and the "General" by Queen Victoria.

The Countess Magri, formerly Mrs. Tom Thumb, in a paper in the Woman's Home Companion, gives the following account of how the famous dwarf came by his name:

"In speaking of Mr. Stratton I have used the name General Tom Thumb, for by that name the public best knew him. Perhaps a statement of how he received his title will be of interest—a story which even Mr. Barnum has neglected to make known, but which Mr. Stratton himself told me. When Mr. Barnum first made his acquaintance and persuaded his parents to allow their child to travel it was thought a good scheme to introduce him to the public as 'Tom Thumb.' So as Tom Thumb he was heralded by all the skill which made Barnum so famous, and by that name he was introduced to Queen Victoria and many of the royal and titled frequenters of St. James."

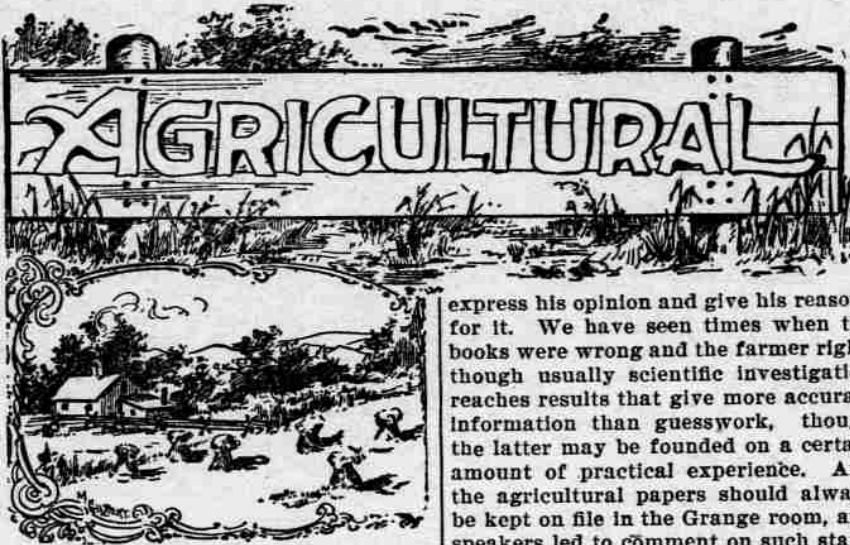
"On his first visit he had amused the Queen by asking particularly after the Prince of Wales, and when he was the second time summoned to appear at the palace he was presented both to the Prince of Wales and to the Princess Royal, who afterward became Empress of Germany. As he stood beside the children his smallness was more noticeable. The Duke of Wellington was present, and noticed this fact, evidently with much interest, as he said to some one standing near, 'The Royal Highnesses are headed at shoulders taller than Tom Thumb.' 'This remark,' the General told me, 'was overheard by the Queen, and turning to the Duke she said, 'General Tom Thumb.' Bowing low to her majesty the Duke gave me the military salute, repeating the title, 'General Tom Thumb.' Everybody bowed, and although I did not fully comprehend then that her majesty's simple say-so could make it unchangeable, I found that ever after that I was addressed as General."

"Mr. Stratton also said that he knew enough of the war history of the Duke of Wellington to be greatly interested in him, and to feel that an introduction to this 'great fighter,' as he called, was worth more than a chat with this royal boy and girl."

An Opinion Indorsed. "It takes genius and hard work to make a great actor," exclaimed the chubby matinee favorite, who was smoking a cigarette and reading a fifty-cent novel. And the press agent looked up from the piles of fiction which his facile pen was tracing, and in a voice that shook with feeling, exclaimed: "You bet it does!"—Washington Star.

Hard to Account For.

Hicks—I have read that book all through, and I can't see that there is anything improper in it. Wicks—Well, what made you think there was? Hicks—Why, it has sold 800,000 copies.—Somerville Journal. A pessimist is a person who believes in a hoodoo.



express his opinion and give his reasons for it. We have seen times when the books were wrong and the farmer right, though usually scientific investigation reaches results that give more accurate information than guesswork, though the latter may be founded on a certain amount of practical experience. And the agricultural papers should always be kept on file in the Grange room, and speakers led to comment on such statements as they see in them that seem new or interesting to them.

General Purpose Farming. It has been well said that the general-purpose farmer who is also a good gardener has a better living for himself and family than the special-crop farmer, if he does not make as much money some years. Why should he not? He grows his own beef and pork and mutton, his poultry and eggs, his fruits and vegetables, and if he wants to eat them he has not to cost the cost of them. If he has any surplus he can get money to supply such other necessities as the farm does not supply. If railroads are stopped by a strike or town roads blocked by heavy snowdrifts, he has no fear of starvation, and if unexpected visitors arrive, there is no need of rushing off to market to get food for them. He is the ideal independent farmer, if he is out of debt, and he and his family are in good health. And they are the kind who are apt to be out of debt, for such a one will usually sell more than he is obliged to buy every year.

Cattle for Breeding.

There is a marked increase in the demand for fine cattle for breeding purposes, which is not confined to any special kind, says the American Cultivator. All the leading breeds have their friends and advocates, and each has special points of merit worthy of consideration. Just at present there is an embargo on European cattle. Official advices to the Department of Agriculture report that the foot and mouth disease is very prevalent among live stock throughout almost all of Europe, except Norway, Sweden and Holland, and importations of animals from European countries, principally Germany, France, Austria, Belgium and Switzerland, is being prohibited by this Government. A special permit from the Secretary of Agriculture is required for the entry of all these animals subject to contagious disease, and applications for permits from the countries where the disease is prevalent are being refused by the department.

Fall Fowling of Clover.

A New Jersey correspondent of the Germantown Telegraph writes that he has had much trouble in getting a catch of clover, and in one field he had failed several times to get a catch of grass or clover with wheat. One year he plowed it as soon as the wheat was off, and mixing a pound of flat timothy seed for the clover and timothy seed for an acre he sowed the field with that combination and rolled it in without harrowing. The season was dry, but the turps came up well, and when cold weather came he could have harvested a large crop. Most of them were left to freeze in the ground. The green leaves nearly covered the ground, and when snow came they caught it and held it there effectually protecting the clover and timothy. In the spring the turps were decayed and furnished much food for the grass and clover, and he had one of the best stands that he had obtained in many years.

Grass Farming. Few articles in the agricultural line of writing have attracted more attention or perhaps done more to arouse a determination to do better than those of Mr. George M. Clark, which we have published this season, upon grass growing. Many writers before have urged the need of more thorough fitting of the land before sowing grass seed, of using manure and fertilizers more freely, and of seeding with more seed. But with Mr. Clark it is not a matter of theory. He has practiced what others have preached, and he has practical results to show for what he has done. Others may have grown as tall grass, but they guessed at the height, and did not measure it. Some may have had as much hay upon acre, but they did not weigh it. It did not become a matter of record, and a true statement of facts would find many doubting Thomases.—American Cultivator.

Clover Straw. The straw left after clover seed has been threshed out is not as good as clover hay early cut, yet if it is handled properly it makes very good forage. It should not be allowed to get too ripe before cutting, as, if it does, the seeds from the larger heads which ripen first will drop out in the curing, and the seed saved will be from the smaller heads that ripen last. Thus is the seed less in quantity and often inferior in quality to those which might have obtained by cutting when the larger heads had just turned a deep brown, while the value of the straw is lessened.—Exchange.

Emulsion for Cabbage Worms. Kerosene emulsion as made according to the formula in American Agriculturist's year book for '99 will effectually destroy cabbage worms and lice. It will do up any insect that is unfortunate enough to get a good dose of it, but care must be taken not to kill the plants. A sprayer is the best to put it on with.

Grange Libraries. One of the great advantages of the Grange is that it may, at small cost to each member, procure an assortment of agricultural works upon almost every department of farming, and these, with the publications of the Boards of Agriculture and the Experiment Stations, would make accessible to all the opinions of the best authorities upon almost any subject. The individual farmer may not feel that he can afford to purchase all of such books as he may need, but if each member pays yearly the price of one book he will have the advantage of studying many. If essays are to be read or lectures delivered by a member they can use those books for such facts as they wish to present, and they will speak with authority, while those whose experience does not coincide with that of the writer, or who does not agree with the theories advanced, should not be afraid to

Grange Libraries. The illustration, reproduced from the American Agriculturist, shows how to turn to good account straw stacks sometimes found on farms. The cheapest sort of a framework which need not be tightly boarded up will answer. The floor should be leveled up and a drain, consisting of a trench partly filled in with stones, dug to carry off meltage water. Entrance should be through a long passage with several locks to effectually cut off air currents. All surface water must be conducted away from such a stack and hogs kept out or they will burrow in and admit air to the ice.

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