

GAZETTE

UNION Estab. July, 1897. Consolidated Feb., 1899.

CORVALLIS, BENTON COUNTY, OREGON, TUESDAY, NOVEMBER 20, 1900.

VOL. I. NO. 30.

At the Castle of Men's Sorrows, in the Hall of Wasted Things, Are broken old betrothals, and old be trothal rings,

long-forgotten kisses, and old letters And heartstrings of young lovers that faithless ones have rent,

long since burnt-out passions, and the fires of wasted loves, And cast-off maidens' ringlets, and pairs

of maidens' gloves, And smiles that men have treasured, and sweet glances gone astray, And broken words of lovers, and hours of

many a day. Now with these I'd fain deposit some few things of my own-

Some paltry, wasted trifles that some one has outgrown: This tiny, battered locket, and this bit

of gem-set gold, And the love I've left unspoken, and the love I may have told: . May they lie and be forgotten, where the

gray-robed angel sings-Angel of Oblivion, in the Hall of Wasted Things.

THE NIGHTINGALE.

HE suburban road was gay with the plumes of flowering lilac and the bright promise of laburnum. the plumes of flowering lilac and The red buds on the May bushes had not yet uncurled. The water cart had just gone by, leaving a pleasant scent of wet earth.

She was leaning her arms on the gate

and looking away from him. "So it's no use?" he said-he also was leaning on the gate. The road was very quiet except for passing tradesmen, whose carts now and then flashed along its silence. He had called to bring her a book, and she had walked with him to the gate. He had not meant to speak them-had indeed rehearsed many a time a declaration to be made in very different surroundings-but she looked so dear in her blue morning gown, the breeze of spring played so charmingly with that hair of hers that quite suddenly he had spoken, and she had said

"It's no use?" he repeated, for she still kept silence, and her eyes were far "No, it's no use," she said. "I couldn't

him that I couldn't bear my life without him. That's the only excuse for marriage." "Then I'm not to come here any more

'Oh, dear." she sald, drawing her eye brows together with a worried frown, "why did you go and spoil it all? It was as the child's own "told God all about all so pleasant! Can't you be really sensible? Let us go on just as we were, and pretend that nothing has happened."

"No," he said, "I shall go away. When one lives in lodgings they may as well be in Putney or Kew--as here.' She thought how dull tennis and dance and picnic would be without him, and said stiffly, "Just as you please, of

Then her face lighted up as the rattle of hoop and hoopstick and little pattering feet drew her eyes to the other side of the road, where a little girl in a scarlet frock came quickly along the asphalt, her brown hair flying behind her. "Here's Vynie---"

The child saw her sister and her friend, for he was a friend to all children, and struck the hoop so that it bounded on the curb and flew into the middle of the road. The little scarlet figure followed it. Then, in a flash, a butcher's cart from a side road, a clatter, a scream, a curse, and the butcher was reining in his horse thirty yards down the road and looking back over his-blue shoulder at a heap of scarlet and brown that now had crimson mixed with it, and over which a girl in a blue gown and a man in a gray suit were

"Her leg is broken. They have set it. It will be months before she can walk. But they say she will be all right again

The two were standing at the gate again, but now there was no fresh rose in her face, and in his eyes no light of passion.

"My poor dear," he said-and she did not resent the words-"let me do anything I can. Forget all that folly of this morning, and let me help my poor little Vynie."

"I will-you shall," she said, looking at him through swollen eyelids red with weeping; "but there is nothing any one can do. It is horrible! When I told her she would have to lie still for a time she tried to smile, and then she said, 'Don't cry, Sissy. I will be as good as gold;' and then she said she should sleep all day, and lie awake at night to hear the nightingale. She has never heard it yet."

He remembered how he had listened to the nightingale in the copse behind her house on many a summer night when he had walked lonely in the fields to see her light in the window and her shadow on the blind, and he sighed, and

"The nightingales are singing bravely in the wood beyond the station. I'm glad she has thought of something that pleases her, poor darling."

Vynie, lying still and rigid in her splints, with wide-open eyes, watched the day die. Then the lamp was lighted, and presently in its turn gave place to the yellow glow of the night light, and the great shadows it cast.

"Are you asleep, Sissy, my own? said the little voice.

"No, my darling." Rose bent over the bed. "Does it want anything. Will it have some milk-nice fizzy milk?"

"No-yes; but I want to hear the nightingale, Sissy. Why doesn't he begin? Isn't it late enough?"

lives, that he can't make up his mind to said so." come here."

"Oh, Sissy, he must come: í can't lie how badly I want him. And, Sissy, put out the night light. Perhaps he doesn't he couldn't know I've got broken, could

"No, my precious, no. Try to go to sleep, and Sissy will wake you if he begins to sing."

But Vynie could not sleep, and by morning the fever was high. She talked and moaned and laughed, but always her cry was for the nightingale.

"Master Tom, miss, to inquire." Rose went down, trembling with want of sleep, haggard with anxiety. She took the great basket of roses her friend had brought, and, holding it, told him how the night had passed. "They were singing like mad down by the station," he said. "Confound the brutes! I expect your nightingale isn't coming this year.'

"Don't," said the girl. "I believe Vynie will have no rest if he doesn't. When she heard the church bells this morning she told me to send to the clergyman and tell him to explain to God that she couldn't do without the nightingale. Oh, my own little girl! Oh, Tom, she's all I have."

Tom was not such a fool as to say, "You have me." He only said, "Yes, I

know," and pressed her hand. "You are good," she said, and went back to the child.

A little fitful sleep came in the long night hours of that terrible Sunday, but it was broken and feverish, and at every awakening the little voice, growing ever weaker, said:

"Isn't it dark yet? Won't God send the nightingale? Oh. Sissy, I do want to hear him."

The old servant, who had been with the two sisters since Vynie's birth, two months after the father's death had cost the life of the mother, insisted on sending Rose to rest, and sat by Vynie's side.

"Nursey," whispered the child, "come close. Will you do what I say?" "Anything, my precious," said the old

woman, holding the hot little hands in her smooth, withered palms. Well, kneel down and tell God I

shall die if I don't have the nightingale. marry anyone unless I was so fond of God will attend to you because you always remember to say your prayers. I forget mine sometimes, even when I'm not very sleepy. Oh, nursey, I shall never be sleepy any more. Do tell God all about it."

The old woman knelt by the bedside and with a faith simple and beatuiful

The dusk was deepening. The child the slowly darkening squares, of the window. She moaned with pain and the misery of sleeplessness.

"Open the window, nursey, my dear," she said softly when the night had almost fallen. "I think I heard something."

When the window was opened Vynie held her breath and listened to a silence that after a moment was softly broken by two or three mellow notes.

"Is it-oh, is it? Nursey-Nursey-"It's the nightingale, right enough, my pet," said the old woman, as Rose crept into the room like a ghost in her white dressing gown.

"Oh, Sissy, my own! It is-it is! God's not forgotten me. He's going to let me go to sleep, and I shall hear the nightingale even when I'm asleep. Listen!" Again the full notes pierced the soft

Rose gathered her little sister in her arms, and together they listened-Vynie to the song of the nightingale and Rose with a full heart to the breathing, gradually more even and tranquil, of the little child she beld against her bosom.

"She's asleep," said the nurse, softly. "I won't move," whispered Rose. "I'll stay here. Oh, thank God, thank God!" Tom came every day to inquire, and it seemed to Rose that he grew paler and thinner in this anxious time, and every night the notes of the nightingale sounded from the dark wood-through nights radiant with clear moonlight, and through the black darkness of night wild with wind and rain. And Vynie grew stronger and ate and drank and played dominoes, and was on the

high road to well-being once more. Then came a night when the nightingale did not sing. Vynie did not miss it; she slept so sound o' nights now. And on that night followed a day when Tom did not come, and then another day, and another. Rose missed him miserably. On the first day she was angry at his absence; on the second, anxious; on the third she sent the old nurse to see whether he was ill.

"You'd best go round," said the old woman when she came back from her mission: "he's more than ill. Pneumonia or something, and he keeps asking for you. Go you; I'll stay with the child. He's got no one-with him but his landlady, a feckless body, if ever there was one. Go now, my lamb."

So Rose went. His face showed ghastly in the frame of his disordered hair and of a three days' beard.

She came to him and took his hands. "That woman says I'm dying," he whispered; "but Vynie's all right, isn't

"Yes, yes; but what have you been doing? Oh. Tom, it isn't my fault, is it Tom? I didn't drive you into folly? That woman says you've been out all night-every night since Vynle's been

ill. Say it wasn't my doing." "It was for Vynie," he said. "I was the nightingale, dear. Don't you remember how I used to call the robins portance than her rights.

THE HALL OF WASTED THINGS. | "Yes, my sweetneart; but perhaps for you in the winter? It was a shily little FOR LITTLE FOLKS. | thrifty, has been on hand looking for the nightingale's got such a pretty tie thing, but it was all I could do for his penny. When the floor was rehome, in the warm country where he the dear. And it did her good. You

'Rose's eyes were full of tears. "You still all the time unless he comes! Do stayed in that wood all night, every please ask God to tell the nightingale night? You imitated the nightingale in all the wind and rain? And now--' She had crouched by the bed, and laylike to sing till he's sure I'm in bed, and | ing her head on her hands she sobbed aloud.

"Don't," he said, feebly; "it was nothing. Just a little thing to please the child."

She lifted her face, flushed and disble hand and touched her neck.

get well, because Vynie and I cannot French toys on the sledge quite dazzled

did what was better. He got well. When first he saw Vynie, now walking cheerfully with the crutches that altogether with toys. We may conclude would soon be laid aside, she told him that it was St. Nicholas' residence, and about the nightingale.

"And, do you know," she said, "Sissy | gladsome mission. says he never sang after you got ill. I And what were the toys, these marsuppose God was so busy taking care velous, Parisian toys? Everything that of you that he hadn't time to bother one can think of: Glittering beribboned with naughty nightingales that drums that beat; guns, with bayonets, ingale sang very nicely, though, when that walked, cried and said "Papa!" a bit he seemed a little husky."

he was a naughty nightingale. But if barked; dear little pussy cats that he had a cold I hope he had some one mewed in the most natural manner; as Nursey and Sister to look after him, bunny rabbits that popped up out of like they did you." "I think he had," said Tom.

helped me to get well."

knew that." "Do you think he does know?"

"Yes. I think so." "Well, whether or no," said Vynie, comfortably, "I'll go out into the wood and tell him all about it if he sings in they were greatly amused.

that wood next year." But the nightingale never sang in that wood again.-Collier's Weekly.

THE AFRICAN SLAVE TRADE. Awful Suffering of the Victims of the

Traffic in Humanity, is to lie for any great length of time counter. The squealing and the growl lay with cheeks scarlet against the in one position, even on a well-made ing and the trumpeting and mewing white pillow and shining eyes fixed on bed. We must needs turn over when constantly attracted a laughing throng. we are awakened in the night. But Indeed, the girl who wound them up the slaves were chained down naked on was the only one there who looked the planks of the decks and shelves- bored. I tried to ask her if it were not planks that were rough just as they a little tiresome winding up pigs and between them. No one could turn from that they didn't run off the counter. They must lie there on their backs for French was so imperfect, and gave

pleasant weather in port. Hard as that fate was, new tortures were added with the first jump of the ship over the waves. For she must roll to the pressure of the wind on the sails, so that those on the weather side Twas half-past twelve, and what do you found their heels higher than their neads, and when the ship's angle in- Neither of them had slept a wink! creased under the weight of a smart breeze the unfortunate sometimes sagged down to leeward, until they were stopped by the irons around ankle and wrist. They were literally suspended -crucified in their shackles.

Even that was not the worst of their sufferings that grew out of the motion | The gingham dog went "bow-wow-wow of the ship, for she was rarely steady when heeled by the wind. She had to And the air was streaked for an hour roll, and as she did so the slaves some times slid to and fro, with naked bodies on the rough and splintery decks. There was never a voyage even in the best ships where the slaves did not suffer tortures from mere contact with the slave-deck.

To the sufferings due to these causes were added other torments, when the weather was stormy. For then it was The Chinese plate looked very blue necessary to cover the hatches lest the waves that swept across the deck pour down and fill the ship. The slaves were confined in utter darkness, and the scant ventilation afforded by the hatchways was shut off. Serious as that was, still worse must be told. The negroes were made violently seasick more readily than white people eventhey sometimes died in their convulslous. The heat and foul air quickly brought on more serious illness; but there the slaves were kept in their chains for days at a stretch, wholly helpless and wholly unattended,-Scribner's.

He Addressed the Jury. A man who had never seen the inside of a courtroom until he was introduced in a case pending in one of the Scottish courts, on being sworn, took a position with his back to the jury and began telling his story to the judge. The judge, in a bland and courteous

manner, said: "Address yourself to the jury, sir." The man made a short pause, but, notwithstanding what had been said to him, continued his narrative.

The judge was then more explicit. and said to him: "Speak to the jury, sir; the men sitting behind you on the

The witness at once turned aroun and, making an awkward bow, said with perfect gravity: "Good morning, gentlemen."-Buf

A woman's wrongs are of more im

He turned aside his head, exhausted. A COLUMN OF PARTICULAR IN-TEREST TO THEM.

> Something that Will Interest the Javenile Members of Every Household -Quaint Actions and Bright Sayings of Many Cute and Conning Children.

In the Palais des Industries Diverses, at the Paris Exposition, there was a wonderful alcove where all the French, torted by her violent weeping, and laid as well as visiting foreign, children it gently against his. He put up a fee- shouted with delight, and could scarce ly be pulled away.

"You're sorry for me," he whispered. For there one saw St. Nicholas him-"You needn't be. I can't even be un- self, setting off on his Christmas happy after this. Your face—your dear | counds with his big sledge loaded down face-I don't in the least mind dying with toys and gifts. The gray but merry old saint was in full dress, and She sprang up. "Dear Tom-my own held the ribbons of such a team of dear Tom! You're not going to die. I ponies as boys and girls dreamed of, shall send nurse to take care of you. but never before seen. The gorgeous Now promise me at once, that you will magnificence of that wilderness of possibly live without you. My dear, the eyes of the gaping youngsters who pressed eagerly forward to be as near Tom did not give the promise, but he ts possible to such delightful treasures. Hard by, too, there was a house, a

children's Christmas house, furnished that he was just driving away on his

wouldn't do their singing. The night- that shot; cannons that went bang! dolls he was made to. Only I thought after and "Mamma!" elephants that swung their trunks, shuffled forward and "Perhaps he caught a cold," said trumpeted; tigers and lions that growl-Tom. "Some of the nights were very ed and gnashed their teeth; little pigs that came running forward, squealing "Perhaps he did-like you, you for food; goats that bleated, and lowerknow," said Vynie cheerfully. "Well, ing their heads butted at dogs that burrows, raised their ears and looked all about them, chewing a little mouth-"Anyway, I shall always love him, ful of grass all the while; wonderful even if he was naughty, because he bears that got up on their hind legs, wagged their heads, rolled their eyes, "It would make him very happy if he and extending their paws offered to hug you.

No wonder the children shouted, for even the grown-up visitors gathered about in a great crowd, and one could see by the puckers in their faces that

A little way off there was a kind of broad counter, where a French girl stood all day long, winding up these bears, goats, elephants, rabbits, cats and pigs, and setting them going. As fast as they ran down she wound them again, and so kept up an animated kind Every one knows how wearlsome it of circus performance all along the

came from the saw, and had cracks elephants all day long, and seeing to it side to side to rest the weary body. She did not quite understand me, my eighteen hours at a stretch even in little hopeless shrug as if my sympathy wasn't worth the trouble of compre hending it .- Youth's Companion.

The gingham dog and the calico cat Side by side on the table sat:

think! And the old Dutch clock and Chinese

Seemed to know, as sure as fate. There was going to be an awful spat, (I wasn't there-I simply state What was told to me by the Chines

And the calico cat replied "me-ow!"

With fragments of gingham and calico, While the old Dutch clock in the chim ney place Up with its hands before its face, For it always dreaded a family row!

(Now mind, I'm simply telling you What the old Dutch clock declares

And wailed: "Oh, dear! what shall we But the gingham dog and the calico cat

Wallowed this way and tumbled that And utilized every tooth and claw In the awfulest way you ever saw-And, oh! how the gingham and calico

(Don't think that I exaggerate-I got my news from the Chinese plate.) Next morning where the two had sat

They found no trace of the dog or cat: And some folks think unto this day That burglars stole that pair away; But the truth about that cat and pup Is that they ate each other up-Now, what do you really think of that? (The old Dutch clock, it told me so,

And that is how I came to know.) Eugene Field. Fin ling a Long-Lost Penny. Jabez Alvord of Winsted, Conn., hunted for a penny for sixty-three years. He found it recently just

where he hid it. It is of the vintage

It is the first penny Jabez ever earn-

or mintage of 1818.

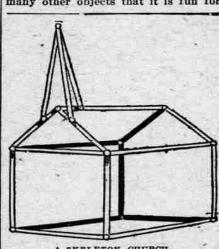
ed. He was 10 years old. The coppounds of explosive gelatin." per, the foundation of the fortune he dreamed of, looked very big, indeed, to him. He hid it in a crack in the floor near the hearthstone of the house of his father, Deacon James Alvord. Weeks passed and the thrifty young Jabez went to get his hidden treasure He could not find it. His father, moth er, sisters and brothers all truly declared they had not seen the penny. hood.

"I'll find it if it takes me the rest of my life!" cried the earnest Jabez. The old Alvord homestead is being demolished. Jabez, now aged, but still

moved from around the hearthstone there, imbedded in dust, was the pen-

Amateur mathematicians are amusing themselves by calculating how often the penny would have multiplied in sixty-three years at 6 per cent compound interest. It would amount to 42 cents and 4 mills.

Built with Toothpicks. With a few toothpicks and a piece of wax a great many objects can be formed, chairs, sofas, tables, houses and many other objects that it is fun for



A SKELETON CHURCH. the children to plan out for themselves. By breaking some of the toothpicks in

two it will be found that a far greater number of articles can be made. Doing and Not Doing.
"Sir," said a lad, coming down to one of the wharfs in Boston and address-

ing a well-known merchant, "have you any berth on your ship? I want to earn something." "What can you do?" asked the gen-

tleman. "I can try my best to do whatever I am put to," answered the boy.

"What have you done?" "I have sawed and split all mother's wood for nigh on two years." "What have you not done?" asked the gentleman, who was a queer sort of a questioner.

"Well, sir," answered the boy, after a moment's pause, "I have not whispered in school once for a whole year. "That's enough," said the gentleman. You can ship aboard this vessel, and I hope to see you master of it some day. A boy who can master a woodpile and bridle his tongue must be made of good stuff."-Christian Lead-

Buckwheat Cakes an' Gravy.

Of'n when we git to dreamin' o' the happy days o' yore, When our lifeboat was a floatin' out from boyhood's golden shore, Treasures that were half-forgotten come

a-sailin' into sight.

sic of delight! An' there isn't one among 'em puts a yearnin' in the breast For another joyous season in the ol' home nest Like them fragrant, smokin' jewels, diff'-

Startin' all the soul to dancin' to the mu

Buckwheat cakes an' sassige gravy like our mother used to make! Used to of'n stand an' watch her beat the batter in the crock, "Comin'! Comin'! Comin'! Comin'!" was the way she'd make it talk;

rent from the modern fake,

See her grease the smokin' griddle with a piece o' bacon skin, Then pour on the brownish batter with a dipper made o' tin. There 't'd lay with holes a breakin' ou like measles from the top, Till she'd loosen it an' turn it with an ol' case knife, "kerflop!"

Oh! there ain't a modern angel top o' all

the earth kin bake

Buckwheat cakes an' sassige gravy like our mother used to make! Eppycures may chin till doomsday o' the toney styles o' food, Modern chefs may work on dishes that a god'd think was good.

Fancy printed menu programs in taverns an' cafayes May be full of kitchen triumphs that'd win a angel's praise, But if they should spread a banke that'd make a god rejoice

Side o' that 'ol' kitchen table an' 'd tel us take our choice, You would see no hesitation in our action as we'd take Buckwheat cakes an' sassige gravy like

our mother used to make!

Denver Post. Hit Torpedo with Hammer. A sergeant who returned from Manila a few days ago was asked by a friend whether he saw any of the work of pneumatic guns and aerial torpedoes

while there, and said: "I saw just one shot fired, and the effect was great. The long missile flew through the air and fell right in the enemy's trenches. We waited five or ten minutes for the explosion, and then the winding drum. This winding drum the air seemed to be filled with dirt and has external teeth over which the links rocks and chunks of Filipinos. We of the chain fit to prevent slipping, afrushed to the trenches then and learned fording a much firmer hold than if from one of the wounded prisoners that the ropes were wound directly on the they all wondered what the strange drum. A long lever is used to rotate thing was, and thought it carried some the drum and a ratchet device locks kind of a comforting message from the drum against backward revolution sympathizers, so they tried to open it while a new hold is being taken with with a hammer.

"With the aid of a curious enemy, think aerial torpedoes will be a great "The long brass case contained twelve

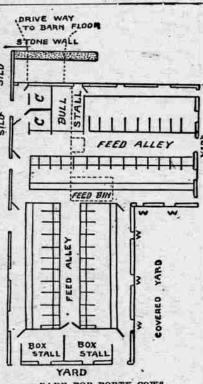
Children Buried Under Bridges Indian Engineering, published in Cal utta, says that the kidnapping of children to bury under the foundations of railway bridges, which has often caused trouble in India, has spread to China. and a bridge is now rarely built in that country without the disappearance of several children from the neighbor-

A dry sermon is excusable on a well Sabbath.



Barn for Forty Cows. Here is a plan for a barn for forty cows and having double stalls for horses and a pen for a bull. It is to be built in a hill side with about four feet in the rear and yet is not a basement. The barn is in the form of an

L and has two silos. The ground is dug out all along the back and end, which are supported by a stone wall. The barn is then built in the usual way, of timber. The silos are placed as shown, with a bridge over the open space, so that the silage may be moved by a slide right on to the main floor, and from thence be distributed to the cows below through trap doors in the main floor. Every convenience has been studied. The



BARN FOR FORTY COWS. height of basement is nine feet and there are plenty of windows for light and ventilation; the basement floor is of cement, and is fully drained, the drainage from the gutters being carried to a manure shed in the covered yard. All cows cannot be kept for one year The dotted lines show the trap doors above for feed and litter. The water an expense for the cow whether she from the main roof is run into a cistern proves valuable or not, the dairyman at the side of the driveway and the watern near the yard, where cattle may be watered when desired. If desired, drinking bowls may be fitted in the statis and supplied with water from a pipe made to connect with each of the bowls, by the simple turning of one cock under the driveway. The two pens C.C. are for young calves and if desired a hospital pen, or two, may be made under the driveway at the end

of the open passage. The whole cost is estimated at from \$1,200 to \$1,500.

Hand-Operated Stump-Puller. A stump-puller, which can be easily operated by the man and which will do its work without straining the user will always have a ready sale in the farming districts and new land of the country, and the device which we show in the picture seems to have these advantages to recommend it. It has been patented by Theodore H. McCain of Monroe, Wash., and is light enough to be carried on the shoulder of the man who operates it. As will be seen, the connection between the stump and a solid tree or more firmly set stump is made by means of ropes and pulleys,



STUMPS REMOVED WITH EASE. the lever By working the lever back and forth the chain is gradually drawn through the drums until the stump roots give away.

The creamery conducted on the right principles is one of the best friends of the farmer, and if it can be started it should receive the intelligent support of those who raise the milk and cream for it. Too often there is an antagonism between the creamery owners and the farmers, and the latter, to show that they have the power to close the creamery, may very easily destroy a profitable industry in the vicinity. It certainly pays farmers better to raise their milk and cream for the creamery than for most of the city markets. In these latter places the price for milk is

' The Cost of Making Butter.

often so ridiculously small that dairying does not pay. The remedy often is for more farmers to encourage the erection of creameries. In parts of the West and East where creameries have been established farmers get more returns from their farms, and are better contented, than in dairying regions where the milk is all shipped to cities.

The cost of making a pound of butter

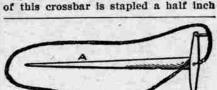
has been steadily decreased by means

of the improved creamery, and it is possible for creameries to make and sell butter at a profit when farmers cannot. Country butter does not sell well in the large markets. Creamery seems to have a charmed name for consumers, and they demand this every time. Country butter to-day is a drug in many markets-as low as 8 and 10 cents per pound. The farmer making his butter cannot make a living at any such prices. The day of the country butter has gone, and the farmers of any dairying region should recognize this and not waste their time in making it. The milk should either be raised for a creamery, or the farmers should join together and run their own creamery. As a rule, the man who will put up the creamery and run it himself will do better than an association of farmers where too many heads are apt to cause disputes and bickerings. Milk sent to the creamery pays all the way from 12 to 22 cents a pound, and at this price the farmer is making far more than by making his own butter. This comparatively high price is made possible because of the better prices received for creamery, and for the low cost of manufacturing it. This latter varies because the size of the creameries vary. The larger the creamery the cheaper the butter can be made, and this varies all the way from 1 cent a pound to 7 cents. The two extremes, however, are exceptions, and somewhere between them the actual cost could be placed, say from 3 to 5 cents.-S. W. Chambers, in American Cultivator.

Profit from Cows.

It is estimated that the cost of a cow for one year for food alone is about \$25, says the Farmers' Journal. This amount she must return to her owner before she can make any profit, and yet there will remain the cost of the labor and shelter, for which she will pay with the manure, as it possesses value, as well as the milk. If the farmer cannot get enough from the cow to pay for the food she eats he will keep her at a loss. At \$25 per year the cost is about 7 cents per day. The price of the milk in market will determine the value of the cow. If she produces 2,500 quarts of milk in a year, the cost of each quart will be reduced at so low a cost, but as there must be should seek the best, in order to reduce

Fodder Shock Finder. An Ohio Farmer reader sends the accompanying description of an appliance that he uses to tie corn fodder in the shock: A is a piece of hard wood three feet long, round and tapered to a point. A crossbar is solidly fastened upon the large end, and to one side of the middle



DEVICE FOR TYING CORN FODDER. rope, with a ring in the free end. Opposite the staple is a strong iron hook. To bind, insert sharp end into shock, put rope around shock and fasten ring in hook. Tighten by turning as you

would an auger and bind with cornstalks or twine.

Spraying Fruit Trees. A correspondent of the Prairie Farmer says he has been spraying fruit trees with more or less success for eleven years, but only for the last four years has he obtained results entirely satisfactory. He now slakes lime in the ordinary manner and strains it. Then for apple and plum trees he adds to a gallon of this two gallons of water and two teaspoonfuls of London purple, and sprays the trees before the bloom comes out, and again after the bloom is gone. Gives a third and fourth application if necessary, which is not often the case. Never spray while the bloom is on, as it drowns, poisons or kills the pollen. Uses the same on currants and geoseberries before they bloom and after the fruit has started. For peaches and pears he weakens it, using one-half gallon of lime water and one teaspoonful of London purple in two gallons of water. Uses lime water without London purple to spray trees after fruit is fair size, to prevent fruit rotting on the trees, and has succeeded in saving it by shaking slaked lime from a can attached to a pole, right on the ripening fruit.

Location of Poultry Houses. John M. Wise, in American Poultry Journal, says, if possible, locate poultry houses on high, dry ground. Select an elevated site, protected by trees on the north and west. If the yards in front are exposed too much to the sun, plant trees. If you are afraid the fowler will destroy them by scratching about the roots, place stone about the treeso or make a board frame, which can be cheaply and easily made from any old lumber. This will also act as a mutch and keep the ground cool and maister Trees and fowls are good friends and should never be separated.

As regards the sheep, it is true that? for every breed there is one especial; place in which it does its best. Eventhe marsh has its special breed suited to its damp soil and coarse herbage,-Sheep Breeder.