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### THE LITTLE COAT.

Here's his ragged "roundabout,"  
Turn the pockets inside out;  
See; his penknife, lost to use,  
Rusted shut with apple-juice;  
Here, with marbles, top and string,  
Is his deadly "devil-sling."  
With its rubber limp at last  
As the sparrows of the past!  
Beeswax—buckles—leather straps—  
Bullets, and a box of caps—  
Not a thing at all, I guess,  
But betrays some waywardness—  
E'en these tickets, blue and red,  
For the Bible-verses said—  
Such as this merrily kept—  
"Jesus wept."

Here's the fishing hook-and-line,  
Tangled up with wire and twine,  
And dead angle-worms, and some  
Slugs of lead and chewing gum.  
Here's some powder in a quill,  
Corked up with a liver pill;  
And a spongy little chunk  
Of punk.

Here's the little coat—but O!  
Where is he we're consured so?  
Don't you hear us calling, dear?  
Back! come back, and never fear—  
You may wander where you will,  
O'er orchard, field and hill;  
You may kill the birds, or do  
Anything that pleases you!  
Ah, this empty coat of his!  
Every tatter worth a kiss;  
Every stain as pure as red,  
As the white stars overhead;  
And the pockets—homes were they  
Of the little hands that play  
Now no more—but, absent, thus  
Beckon us.

—James Whitcomb Riley.

### DICK NORTON'S LUCK

IT was a wet, sloppy day in late September. There were only a few people on the car, and they were all intent on their own affairs, except two boys who were chatting together in true school boy fashion. All at once one of the boys sprang to his feet, gave the bell a sharp jerk, and started to leave the car.

"Here, where are you going, Dick?" cried his companion, astonished at his friend's sudden desertion.

"I'm going to stop and help that old woman. Just look there!" Dick called back over his shoulder, pointing to the pavement, where a mischievous boy had overset an old woman's fruit stall, and then ran on, leaving her to gather up her scattered apples as best she could. The poor, bewildered old creature was hobbling distractedly around, beneath her dilapidated umbrella, making frantic grabs at the apples and



"I'M GOING TO STOP AND HELP THAT OLD WOMAN."

oranges which were rolling about in all directions.

"Oh, pshaw! Come back here, Dick. It's past time now, and the boys won't wait. Somebody else'll attend to your old woman. Come back, I say."

"No, Ned, this is my business and I can't afford to leave it to somebody else to attend to," Dick answered, with a smile and a wave of his cap.

"That's just like Dick Norton, for all the world," grumbled his friend, half to himself, half to the keen-eyed man who sat across the aisle, and who had observed the boys with interest during their short dialogue. "We were going to have just a jolly, good time this afternoon. A lot of us boys were all going together over to White's to see the trained dogs, you know, and now he's gone and run off to help an old woman that he never even saw before and he'll miss the fun. There won't be much fun anyway, without Dick. He's the jolliest boy in the bunch," he added, cheerily, with a little kick at an empty paper sack which someone had thrown on the floor.

"Too bad he should miss the fun, but I suppose the old woman is glad to have help in her trouble," said the gentleman, as he again took up the paper which he had laid down when the boy arose to leave the car.

Two weeks later a long row of boys sat at one of the big downtown stores swathed anxiously the summons to enter the merchant's private office, each hoping that to him would be given the position which each had come to seek. They all eyed one another askance, and when yet another boy entered the room he was met with looks of decided disfavor.

"Hello, Ned! You here?" he cried, in evident surprise, walking over to the boy who stood nearest the door, and giving him a friendly punch in the ribs.

"Yes, I saw the ad." In the paper, and thought I'd come. The boy broke off in the middle of his sentence, for just then the office door swung open and the great man stood before them.

"Well, boys," he said, with a smiling glance at the line of eager faces, "I suppose you all want a place, as there's only one place for the batch of you, I'm afraid some of you are bound to be disappointed." Then, as his keen eyes glanced over the row of faces again, there flashed into them a look of

### 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.

Those fond of playing the game of croquet may keep up their practice and enjoy the game in the house by fashioning a set of mallets and wickets from odds and ends around the house, with which to play on any large table.

For instance, no better mallets could be desired for table croquet than those made simply by boring a hole in the side of a large spool and inserting therein a shaped stick, as shown herewith.

Here is about the simplest way for a boy or girl to quickly complete a set. Collect twenty of the very small spoons which come with "buttonhole" twist. Certainly any boy can find around the house a piece of heavy insulated copper electric-light wire, and pieces of

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FOR INDOOR USE.

This wire cut six inches in length and bent arch-shaped will make very serviceable wickets when made to stand up by forcing one of the small spoons on each end of the little wicket, fitting tightly—Figure 2.

The miniature stakes for each end of the table may be made of two short pencils forced into the small spoons, which will support them—Figure 3.

The small wooden balls, sold in the toy stores for 1 cent each, serve admirably for the game and come in various colors.

With the mallets, as described, wickets and stakes completed, there remains but one article to be provided—a railing to fit the table.

Facts About Soap.

It is hard to realize that so indispensable an article as soap was unknown 500 years ago, yet its origin dates only from the year 1524, when it first appeared in London. The ancient writers, Pliny and Galen, mention it as an invention of the Gauls, but no trace of it has been found in records of Greek or Roman life. Pompeii's ruins yield many things which seem quite modern, but no soap has ever been discovered. As a substitute the Romans used oil and clay in their baths. Clay containing a percentage of fuller's earth makes a considerable lather, and is a very fair substitute, therefore they doubtless managed to attain a sufficient degree of cleanliness, especially as they devoted long hours to the bath.

It is supposed that soap originated in Mediterranean Europe, where great quantities of olive oil were produced. Oil, in fact, combined with either soda or potash, makes a passable quality of crude soap, and it is possible that some Italian or Spanish accidentally hit upon the art of making it by letting his pot of olive oil boil over and mix with the wood ashes of the fire. Ashes contain potash enough for the purpose and are still used in country places for the manufacture of home-made soft soap. The fine soap known as castile is still made by as primitive a method and is really one of the oldest forms of the article in use to-day. Perhaps it is the original, discovered by some careless Castilian olive oil maker who did not watch his boiling kettle.

A Gentleman.

I knew him for a gentleman  
By signs that never fail.  
His coat was rough and rather worn,  
His cheeks were thin and pale—  
A lad who had his way to make,  
With little time for play.  
I knew him for a gentleman  
By certain signs to-day.

He met his mother on the street;  
Off came his hat with a snap;  
His door was shut; he waited there  
Until I heard his rap;  
He took the bundle from my hand,  
And when I dropped my pen,  
He sprang to pick it up for me—  
This gentleman of ten.

He does not push and crowd along;  
His voice is gently pitched;  
He does not fling his books about  
As if he were bewitched.  
He stands aside to let you pass;  
He always shuts the door;  
He runs on errands willingly  
To forge and mill and store.

He thinks of you before himself;  
He serves you if he can;  
For, in whatever company,  
The manners make the man.  
At ten or forty, 'tis the same;  
The manner tells the tale,  
And I discern the gentleman  
By signs that never fail.  
—Margaret E. Sangster.

Found the Proof.

Little 4-year-old Harry was not feeling well, and his father suggested that he might be taking the chicken pox, then prevalent. Harry went to bed, laughing at the idea, but early next morning he came downstairs looking very serious, and said: "You're right, papa; it is the chicken pox; I found a feather in the bed."

Comforted Papa.

A well-known business man, whose head is bare, yet who wears a luxuriant growth of whiskers, was being called recently for being bald by some of his

### TRUMPET CALLS.

Ram's Horn Sounds a Warning Note to the Unredeemed.

"Haste makes waste."  
Wishing is not willing.  
Faith frames fate.  
It is best to kill serpents in the egg.  
Courtesy is never costly, yet never cheap.  
When heaven is in the heart heroes are kept out of the head.  
Patriotism is based on principles.  
God's work must have God's power.  
Restraining prayer is retaining care.  
That only is done which the heart does.  
No furnace can ever burn out the gold.  
To take up a cross is to lay down a care.  
Only they who have known the great change now know no changes.  
No man was ever healed of a disease by reading a medical book alone.  
Good things are always beautiful, but beautiful things are not always good.  
The indiscriminate lash will drive ten devils into the boy for one it drives out.  
The prescription for salvation must have an application as well as an understanding before healing is found.  
The difficulty that the Bible presents, to many skeptics is not that it will not stand deep and rational examination, but that it will not stand superficial examination.

An Awful Prospect.

"Pa, let's move in the country. I don't want to live in town."  
"Why not, Bobby?"  
"Well, pa, ma says if we live here till I'm grown up an' gray-haired she won't lemme keep a pig."

Why Willie Fought.

Willie's Mamma—I bear you have been fighting with one of those boys next door, and given him a black eye—  
Willie—Yessem. You see, they's twins, an' I wanted some way to tell 'em apart.

Wanted a Heat Brush.

A little 4-year-old miss wanted a fan. She could not remember the name of it, so she said: "Mamma, where's the thing you brush the warm away with?"

Heroic Staff.

The pioneers of Kentucky—the great Indian battle-ground—were, men, women and children alike, made of heroic stuff. The annals of the State abound with deeds of heroism. In "Kentucky Sketches" Lewis Collins relates an instance of boyish fortitude.

In the year 1791 Captain Hubbell, with a party of twenty men, women and children started down the Ohio River in a flatboat destined for Limestone, Kentucky. Twice the little party was attacked by large bodies of Indians from the shore. Several of the men were killed, and the band of pioneers was in danger of extermination. Fortunately the current of the river bore the boat into midstream beyond the range of the redskin bullets.

When the danger was past, a little son of Mr. Placust went up to the captain, and with great coolness asked him to take a bullet out of his forehead.

"Why, Tommy, what's this?" said Captain Hubbell, as he saw the boy's bloody face.

Examination showed that a bullet had passed through the side of the boat, penetrated the forehead of the young hero, and remained under the skin.

Tommy did not utter a sound as the captain with the point of his knife cut a hole in the skin and pressed the bullet out.

"You're a brave one, Tommy," the captain said.

"That isn't all," said the boy; and raising his arm, he revealed a piece of bone at the point of his elbow, which had been shot off and hung only by the skin.

"Why, Tommy, why didn't you tell me of this?" said his mother, at sight of the bleeding arm.

"Because the captain said we mustn't make any noise during the fight," replied the lad, "and I was afraid if you knew it you would be scared and speak."

Miscarriage of a Joke.

A Milwaukee wheelman tells a good joke on himself. The other evening he left his bicycle with a friend who is employed in a store on Michigan street. The following morning the friend took the wheel to go on an errand, leaving it in front of a store on West Water street, where he made a call. Just then the owner chanced to come along. He recognized the wheel, and seeing an opportunity for a little fun, took out his trousers guards, put them on, mounted the wheel and rode away. When the borrower reappeared on the walk he found no bicycle. Turning pale as death, he hurried to the police station and reported the theft. The police were given a description of the bicycle and now the owner of the wheel is afraid to ride his own bike for fear of being arrested as a thief.

English Lace in Russia.

Thomas Fletcher, the mayor of Derby, England, is at present at Moscow on a visit to his large lace factory there. It seems a queer thing to make " Nottingham lace" in Russia, but that is exactly what Mr. Fletcher has been doing for a number of years past, and it has proved a very successful venture. That the Moscow work people think the arrangement a very good one was proved recently, when a deputation from the factory waited on him at his hotel and offered for his acceptance a valuable silver platter, with an inscription in Russian and in English, congratulating him on his election to the civic chair of the town of Derby and conveying their good will. Mr. Fletcher was greatly surprised and is immensely pleased, as, indeed, he has reason to be.

Wine Barrels.

It is generally stipulated in France when wine is sold that the purchaser shall return the barrel at his own expense, and the cry, "Send back my barrel," is going out from every wine dealer's house. It is calculated that one barrel will serve seven years, if properly cared for.

There are two reasons why the average woman does not trust the average man; one is because she doesn't know him and the other is because she does.

Probably you never saw ghosts walk, but you may have heard the dead march.

### PRAWNS ARE GOOD EATING.

Those Dried by the Sun in Mexico Highly Esteemed by Gourmets.

In many delicatessen stores the bon vivant can now purchase sun-dried prawns, which form an admirable accessory to the daily bill of fare. Steeped over night in warm water, they swell to twice and thence their original dimensions, and in the morning are ready to be made the basis of a score of toothsome dishes. Nearly all of these come from the Gulf of Mexico and their story is an interesting commentary upon the thrift and enterprise of our Chinese citizens.

"Some fifteen or twenty years ago," said a Chinese merchant to-day, "some Chinese sailors in New Orleans noticed that the gulf prawns were like those of south China, only larger and better flavored. They carried the news to their countrymen, who immediately conceived the project of drying them in the same way as in Kwang-Tung. They organized several settlements along the gulf. There is one not far from Mobile, a second near Pensacola and a third in the Tampa district. The prawns are gathered at low tide, washed, boiled, shelled, salted and then dried in the sunlight. In bad weather they often use ovens, but the favor of a prawn treated this way is not as good as when dried in the open air. The drying must be very thorough and usually takes a week or a fortnight, according to the amount of humidity in the air. When thoroughly desiccated the soft meat is almost as hard as wood, and in that condition it will keep in a warm climate for many months, and in a cold climate for several years. They are boxed and barreled and shipped all over the United States. Formerly the dried shrimps and prawns of this market were brought from China and Japan, but the import trade has been well-nigh ruined by these establishments upon the gulf."—New York Evening Post.

Taking the Time at Noon.

Just before 12 o'clock each day all business must be taken off the wires controlled by the Western Union Company, and that means absolute cessation of business along the "wale lines" of electric communication in the principal cities of America. Three minutes before noon wire chiefs in each of the principal cities and the town and cities leading to and from their large sisters cease sending or receiving messages, no matter how important they may be, and devote themselves to switching on wires in such a way as to make an unbroken circuit of communication from Washington around the uttermost boundaries of the United States. This is called an "unbroken national circuit." Thus a smooth track is made along which the electric message may flash encompassing the Union and announcing the time of day. Ten seconds before the time bell strikes comes another silence, and then a mighty throng, a titanic heartbeat from the foremost factor in modern commerce, and an electric current pulsates from the Atlantic to the Pacific, from Gotham to the Golden Gate, announcing the fact that the sun has passed over the seventy-fifth meridian and it is noon at Washington.—Pearson's Magazine.

Let Us Hope Not.

Johnny was spelling his way through a marriage notice in the morning paper. "At high noon," he read, "the clergyman took his stand beneath the floral bell, and to the music of the wedding march the contradicting parties moved down the aisle."

"Not contradicting Johnny," interrupted his elder sister. "Contracting," "Well," stoutly contended Johnny, "they'll be contradicting parties after a while!"

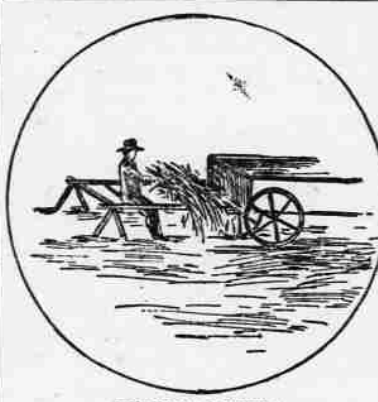
Plausibly Explained.

Dick—By the way, old man, do you recall why Jacob had to work seven years for Rachel?  
Harry—I suppose he was saving up for a Christmas present to her.—Smart Set.



Corn Husking Device.

Unless the work of husking is done by machinery and steam power it is at best a slow and tedious task, and every facility that will shorten its duration needs to be made use of. The cut shows a convenient way of going at it when



HUSKING DEVICE.

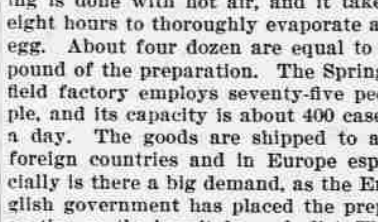
husking. The husker has stretched two long poles from the hind axle of his wagon to a support of some kind, and after piling several shocks of corn on the poles seats himself on a board across poles and throws the corn up into the wagon box. This plan may be made use of when husking in the barn.

Evaporating Eggs.

A carload of evaporated eggs shipped by express and valued at \$14,000 left Springfield, Mo., recently for San Francisco, says an exchange, where it will be placed on a steamer bound for Cape Nome. The eggs were put in one-pound screw top tin cans, sixty cans in a case, and will answer any purpose in the culinary line except boiling. The moisture being taken out of them when they are prepared leaves nothing to boil. The largest egg evaporating establishment in the world is located at Springfield. The process of an evaporating is done with hot air, and it takes eight hours to thoroughly evaporate an egg. About four dozen are equal to a pound of the preparation. The Springfield factory employs seventy-five people, and its capacity is about 400 cases a day. The goods are shipped to all foreign countries and in Europe especially there is a big demand, as the English government has placed the preparation on the hospital supply list. The Klondike country is a heavy user of this brand of evaporated eggs, as no matter what the price of fresh hen fruit be or how scarce it is, the evaporated egg retains its old price, and is always on hand and ready for business.

Prize Jersey Cow.

The Jersey cow Golden Lad's Jeannette 149153 is owned by Mr. W. W. Harrison Glenside, Montgomery County, Pa. She took first prize at St. Mary's in 1897 and '98, second in '99. She was got by Golden Lad P. 1242 H. C. out of Melvina F. 1805. She is a long, rangy cow with lovely head, prominent eyes,



GOLDEN LAD'S JEANNETTE.

long, thin neck; straight in back, good hips, slim, long tail with splendid switch; neat in bone; sharp withers; splendid body of great depth and width; skin rich, soft and mellow; magnificent udder, running away out front, with good-sized and beautifully placed teats; as she has given, since last calving, as high as twenty-two quarts of milk daily.

Farm Cattle.

It is not true that the cattle business to be profitable must be conducted on the broad ranges of the Western plains. That is one profitable system of cattle raising, but there is another which yields fully as great profits for the capital invested. Raising cattle on the farm has in all countries and all ages been found profitable, and more so now than ever. By raising cattle on the farm the farmer has a good market for all the feed he can raise, saves labor and expense of transportation and avoids much loss from waste and the hocus pocus of commerce. And one of the main features of stock farming is that it can be made to continually improve the fertility and value of the farm.—Texas Farm and Ranch.

Digging Sweet Potatoes.

Sweet potatoes should not be dug before the middle of October. Before frost the vines should be cut off and the tops of the ridges covered with earth. After digging keep them in a dry, airy room for a month in order to dry them out thoroughly. Then sort them, rejecting every bruised, broken or rotten tuber. Wrap the perfect ones separately in paper, put in boxes and keep in dry rooms as for squashes. Remember they must not chill or get damp.

Value of Sign Boards.

The Kansas City Journal tells of what seems a good device for farmers who have stock or other merchandise for local sale. A prosperous farmer of the neighborhood, named James Jack-

### Bees and Clover.

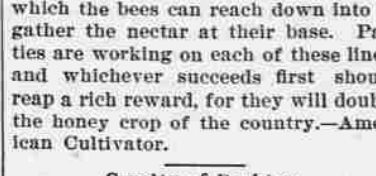
The amount of honey in the blossoms of the red clover, probably is equal to, if it does not exceed, that in nearly all our other honey-producing plants, but the bees do not seem to find it, that is, the honey bees, for the bumblebees are able to reach it. There are two ways that will make this honey available to our beekeepers, one being the producing of a strain of bees with longer tongues which will reach down into the cups of the clover blossoms, and the other to grow a strain of clover that will have shorter tubes or corollas which the bees can reach down into to gather the nectar at their base. Parties are working on each of these lines, and whichever succeeds first should reap a rich reward, for they will double the honey crop of the country.—American Cultivator.

Cruelty of Docking.

Time and time again has the question of docking the tails of horses been discussed, and always the question of humanity comes out on top. All the driving horses in Russia have long tails and the coachman of an ordinary Russian carriage takes no trouble to prevent the reins from dropping about his horse's hind quarters. In spite of this, however, the reins rarely become entangled with the tail, and even if they should do so the horses never kick. This striking fact is an eloquent answer to those who uphold the cruel practice of docking, on the grounds that otherwise the horse is liable to lay his tail over the reins.

Easily Made Poultry House.

The little poultry house shown in the accompanying illustration can be built for about one dollar per running foot. It is 14 feet wide at bottom and the length is determined by the number of hens one may wish to house. If sawed timber is used, take one piece 2 inches thick by 6 inches wide and 14 feet long with another of like size, but only 12 feet long. Place them together at the



EASILY MADE POULTRY HOUSE.

top and 14 feet apart at the bottom on a foundation of coarse gravel or cobble stones with a flat one for the end of the timber to rest upon. Have a set of these rafters every six feet. On the south side build out the windows by nailing on 2 by 4 strips perpendicular to the surface of the ground. Hang the windows on hinges at the bottom, open toward the inside and let them rest on the main timbers while open. Cover with boards, paper and shingles.—American Agriculturist.

The General Purpose Farmer.

The general purpose farmer who is a good gardener gets a better living for himself and family than the special crop farmer. He raises his own dairy products, beef, pork and mutton, eggs and fowls, fruit and vegetables, and if he wants to eat them he is not obliged to stop and count the cost. He has no fear of starvation through stoppage of railroads or strikes. He is not so badly affected by a poor season, for he has several crops to depend upon, and, as he usually sells more than he buys, it is an easy matter to keep out of debt.

Scarcity of Range Horses.

Some two or three years ago the Nevada Legislature passed a bill making it lawful to shoot wild horses on the ranges. As a result some 6,000 horses were killed. Now there is a demand for range horses, which the supply is not sufficient to allow them to furnish, and it is said that 6,000 of them would be worth at least \$250,000 now. They are bewailing their short-sighted policy of destruction.

Sheep Thrive on Beans.

Tuscola County farmers, says the Grand Rapids Herald, have been experimenting with feeding their sheep through the winter exclusively on sugar beet pulp and pronounce it a success.

Live Stock Notes.

Do not make the slips from the kitchen answer for water.

It will help maintain health if the hogs have pure, fresh water every day.

It is the steady, quiet horse that can usually be depended upon to do the biggest day's work.

The farmer ought to be a good judge of live stock and know how to buy and sell to the best advantage.

When the sheep are sheared is one of the best times to determine what sheep should be kept and what sold.

In the end nothing pays so well as thoroughness in all of the details of farm management and in the care of the stock.

According to the official report of the Board of Agriculture of Great Britain the past year shows an increase of 396,538 head of cattle, and decreases of 680,233 sheep and 391,777 hogs. Added to these figures are others showing a considerable decrease in the number of cows, ewes, and brood sows, retained for breeding purposes. Foreign competition and an unfavorable season may be credited with the losses reported.