

UNION Estab. July, 1897.  
GAZETTE Estab. Dec., 1862. Consolidated Feb., 1899.

CORVALLIS, BENTON COUNTY, OREGON, TUESDAY, JANUARY 22, 1901.

VOL. I. NO. 39.

### A COUNTRY BREATH.

A hay-load in the city square,  
The sweets of a whole summer fair,  
In one rude wicker piled:  
The fragrant breath of warm, still rains,  
The scent of strawberries in green lanes,  
Faint petals blown from roses wild.

And straightway all the bustling place  
Is filled with some enchanted grace,  
And tinkling with the notes  
Of field larks, and of silver streams,  
Of south winds, murmuring their dreams  
Through airy aisles of oaks.

My lady in the gilded shop  
Laid all the tawdry trinkets drop,  
And through the magic sees  
A dooryard sweet with mint and phlox,  
And pink with ruffled hollyhocks,  
That nod to belted bees.

The sooty laborer, with a thrill,  
Plucks shamrocks on an Irish hill,  
A gamin cheers and chaffs;  
All busy footsteps pause a bit,  
Somewhere in the air clear and lit,  
A sunburst world that laughs.

And long and long the sweetest days  
And cheers the crowded, noisy ways,  
Like happy news from home,  
Till the pale moon and misty stars  
Look down as if, by meadow bars,  
Their rays touched clover bloom.

But little rocks the countryman,  
Bound homeward on his empty van,  
Along the closing marts,  
What store he brought with him to-day,  
Or what, within a load of hay,  
Could touch so many hearts,  
—YOUTH'S COMPANION.

### THE POOL OF SALT WATER

THIS is the seaweed world, announced the housekeeper, putting a key into the lock; "it'll be shut up for a long time and will be a bit musty."

With this she threw open the stout oaken door, and we entered a square apartment, darkened by closed shutters and heavy with a strong, pungent odor. As our guide raised a window and opened the blinds there was a rustling all about us of the flight of pigeons. This was caused by the fluttering of quantities of dry seaweed which were festooned upon the walls and over the doors and windows.

"That's nothing but common seaweed," said the good woman, noticing our interested glances. "It's used only as an ornament and to give character to the room. All the choice varieties are in these glass cases, and pressed in this pile of scrapbooks, with notes and explanations under 'em."

"Did Professor Linwood collect these specimens himself?" I asked.

"I suppose so. He used to go on long voyages to the tropics and come home laden with new varieties, and then he'd spend months classifying and arranging them. He was a diver in his younger days, and after that made contracts for lifting sunken vessels, or exploring old hulks that had money or merchandise on board. He'd put on his diving suit and go down with his men. I've heard tell, and many's the strange adventures he's had in ships at the bottom of the ocean—so he told me one day when he felt chatty. That's how he got to collecting seaweeds; he ransacked the bottom of the sea to get specimens. But after his marriage he never seemed to care for it any more, but perhaps all this don't interest you—it's the seaweed you want. You can examine it as much as you like."

We did so and fingered long, held by the charm of this strange room, that was redolent with the mysteries of the great deep. He was on a couch, talking in low tones, and listening to the rustling seaweeds over our heads, our feet resting on some of the same material, which had been fashioned into a rude mat that covered the floor and also the divan on which we were seated. The whole apartment was full of it in all forms and phases. A wreath of it surrounded the only portrait in the room—that of a young girl, with frank, pleasing eyes and a sweet mouth.

The housekeeper, who had excused herself for a few moments, now returned with tea and biscuits. As she poured the fragrant beverage into little fat cups, we ventured to inquire who the original of the picture was.

"Mrs. Linwood, the professor's wife," replied the woman, giving a quick, apprehensive look at it over her shoulder.

"Then," replied my companion, "it's no wonder the professor took no more voyages after his marriage?"

"I said he collected no more seaweed, sir," responded the housekeeper. "He made one voyage directly after his marriage, and took his bride with him. The vessel was wrecked in a terrific storm and only a few of the passengers were saved. Mrs. Linwood was among the lost."

"That was an odd coincidence—that she should be lost and he be saved," I said, half-questioningly.

"Well, sir, that leads up to the most peculiar story you ever heard. As long as the professor lived I never dared breathe it, but now he's gone I might relate a strange circumstance in connection with this room."

We encountered her so much that the good woman began immediately.

his bride to China, he going there on business for his firm.

"It must have been hard for the two poor young things to be doomed to such a long voyage, under such circumstances, especially as the professor was of an intensely jealous disposition and forbade his wife to speak to her cousin."

"But, as I said, the vessel ran aground in a storm and sank almost immediately. Mrs. Linwood was drowned, and her husband came back a changed man, broken in mind and body. He had even lost his interest in his particular, and I have seen him shudder at the sight of a piece of seaweed. He looked up his room, and I never saw him enter it again except on one notable occasion."

"What was that?" inquired my companion.

"Well, you see, not having his scientific studies to take up his mind, the poor man became very lonesome and morbid. He never wanted to be alone and must needs have a houseful of company the whole time. This was easy, for he had a great many nephews and nieces, and they, with their friends, kept us in a state of commotion, especially during the holidays and in summer vacations."

"One Christmas eve, his favorite nephew, Jack Newton, came late in the evening, and to save my soul I didn't know where to put him to sleep. He was a merry, rollicking lad of 17, and he said he'd sleep in the attic—anywhere so that he got a chance at dinner next day—always thinking of his stomach, like any healthy boy."

"The attic was out of the question. Suddenly a thought came to me, and I asked him if he'd mind sleeping in the seaweed room."

"Just the thing—awfully jolly," said the boy, giving me a squeeze that nearly broke my neck.

"Then not a word to your uncle," I said as soon as I could speak.

"Mum's the word," said the boy with a wink.

"So I fixed him up a bed on this 'ere couch we're a-sitting on, and as it was bitter cold started a bit of fire in the grate. Then I locked him in and carried away the key, so that if by some strange chance the professor should stray up there late in the evening he would find the key gone, and probably think it had been mislaid, for it usually hangs on a nail beside the door."

"If I'd known the queer tricks of this room then as I do now I'd never have locked the boy in."

"What happened during that night I got straight from Jack myself. It seems he went straight to sleep, and never woke till the faintest bit of daylight was stealing into his window. Then he was aroused, poor chap, by a low murmur of voices, and sitting up he saw on the earth two figures talking together—one a girl with long black hair and the other a young man who held her hands and was bending his face down to hers. Both of 'em was dripping wet, and he could hear the trickle of the water as it fell on the big sea he heard they were standing on. Their faces were turned from him, but in the girl's hair was tangled a quantity of seaweed."

"Did I tell you Jack was a plucky little fellow? He was, to the backbone. He said to himself that what he saw was 'an optical delusion,' I believe he called it, that there was nobody but himself in the room—there couldn't be, because the door was locked. 'What do you want—who are you?' he cried, and with that jumped out of bed and came straight toward the figures. As he advanced they retreated toward the window, and when he reached the window there wasn't anything there, though the window was shut except for a little space at the top."

"Well, Jack went to bed and lay thinking it over for an hour, then fell asleep again. He was perfectly healthy, Jack was, and hadn't much idea of supernatural."

"But now comes the strange part of it—for as he was dressing the next morning what did the boy find but a pool of salt water on the stone hearth, in that little hollow you can see from here that has been worn in it, and lying in it a bit of fresh seaweed, in which was tangled a long black hair! Then, as Jack told me, his own hair began to rise in good earnest, and he was scared."

"So that morning after breakfast he takes the bit of seaweed to his uncle and asks him if he'd ever seen any like it."

"The professor looked at the piece of wet weed, and his color went like the going out of a lighted taper. 'It's an uncommon variety,' he said, 'as it's never found except on the bodies of drowned people. Where did you get it, Jack?' And he looked at the boy wild-like, for I was a-watching of 'em from the passageway."

"I found it in my room," blurted out the boy. "There was a couple of people in there last night, uncle, dripping wet."

"What do you mean?" gasped his uncle, looking at him strangely.

and fell back on the floor unconscious. He came back to life, but never was well after, and he died six weeks afterward. Before he went he became communicative, and the secret of his wife's death came out. He and his wife were in a small boat, and the last to leave the sinking vessel, together with a few other passengers and one sailor. The professor, being a man of authority and a well-known seaman, was in charge of the boat. Just as they were pushing off they saw a figure clinging to the mast just above the water. It was Mrs. Linwood's cousin and former lover. At this she cried to her husband to put back to the ship and rescue him, and took on so at his danger that the demon of jealousy entered her husband's soul, and he swore it would be impossible to go back, and that to take another person into the boat would sink it. At that moment the man appeared, and as it did so the young man sprang into the sea waving a farewell to his cousin. Then, with one look at the professor that he never forgot to his dying day, Mrs. Lawson jumped overboard and probably sank immediately—at least, the boy could not be recovered."

"Yes, it was a strange thing, those two coming back. It was them—to his room; those who have book learning can make it clear, perhaps, but I'm only an ignorant old woman and don't understand these deep things; I can only tell it to you just as it happened."

"Both of the old school."

But the old gentleman rather got the better of the old lady.

There is a wealthy old lady in Detroit, as there probably is in every city of any size, who would rather have her own way than to have her own fortune doubled. With her is a niece, put down as the prospective heiress, and the young man whom she wants to marry went to ask for her hand. He was promptly informed by the old lady that he was useless generally, that he was a specious hypocrite, that he could not have the niece, and that if they married without her consent the girl should never inherit a dollar, relates the Free Press.

Next day the young man's grandfather called on the tyrannical aunt and profusely thanked her for what she had done.

"We are of the old school, you know," he said, suavely. "We have lived to see a time when wealth has become all-important, but you and I cling to the sentiment that pride of birth is far better. I know that you do from the fact of refusing your niece to my grandson. It was good of you, and I came personally to thank you for it. I could never have been happy again had he married the girl, and he backed from the room, while she was trying to sputter forth her overwhelming indignation."

"I'll show him," after she had averted apoplexy, "the aristocratic old aunter. Never be happy again, hey? I'll see that he's not," and her pen flew while she blustered to herself. "Thought I wouldn't know how to avenge myself, did he? The conceited old survivor of a crazy prejudice!"

In answer to the note came the young man, flushed and expectant. He could be married to the niece quietly that evening or give her up forever. Of course the ceremony came off, and the aunt was enjoying internal ecstasies over the way she had outwitted the old gentleman. Later the new nephew turned to her and innocently remarked: "Good old granddad told me he was sure he could get your consent but I can't conceive how he did it."

"They revived her with smelling salts and helped her to bed. She was still there in the morning, but sent for the man servant and said, emphatically: "If that old blank dares call here kick him out!"

Learning How Not to Sneeze.

Sir F. Hastings Doyle in his autobiography relates how during the '50's Lord Halifax was walking with Lord Dundas, when the latter suddenly began to make hideous faces to such a degree that Lord Halifax became seriously alarmed and gasped out: "Shall I run for a doctor?" Lord Dundas gave a peremptory "No" as far as he was able. When he had recovered from his paroxysm he said: "I was only in the agonies of trying not to sneeze. The awful court etiquette in regard to this matter has made me really ill many a time. Nowadays I cannot, from long habit, really sneeze, but the sensation that brings about sneezing simply agonizes me."

Drove Stage 93,000 Miles.

With a record of having traveled a sufficient number of miles to have taken him four times around the globe, David E. Little, of McConnellsburg, Pa., has resigned as stage coach driver, after a service of fifteen years. During these years Little carried over 13,000 passengers across the Cove mountain, among them some of the distinguished men of the country. He has crossed the mountain in his daily trips over 9,300 times, has driven 93,000 miles, and has lived in the coach and on the road 3,000 days of ten hours each. In all this time he has never missed connections with the trains on the other side of the mountain.

One Election Curiosity.

It is one of the curiosities of the Presidential election that the banner Republican township should be located in North Carolina. In the Shelton Laurel township in that State McKinley got 210 votes and Bryan none.

Meat Spiced by Tobacco Smoke.

An experienced chemist says that fresh meat in a room filled with smoke of tobacco absorbs nicotine readily and may become badly tainted.

Beauty unadorned may be all right in some cases, but a little dressing always improves the turkey.

### CHILDREN'S COLUMN.

#### A DEPARTMENT FOR LITTLE BOYS AND GIRLS.

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

Rough-house is the expression used by the boy of to-day when he is describing a general scuffle, and he always smacks his lips over the word. But rough-house has its disadvantages, as many sprains and bruises can testify, and if the same amount of fun may be had from some less trying amusement, an amusement, say, which is quite as energetic and quite as exciting, the boy of to-day will certainly adopt it in preference to rough-house.

A trerrier fight is exciting, and it is funny—it is also energetic—and victory depends quite as much upon the skill of the fighter as upon his strength. Furthermore, a trerrier fight is not brutal. No boy will hurt himself while engaged in this sport. As shown in the illustration, two boys are placed facing each other in the center of a room, hands clasped beneath the knees and a stick just under the elbows, as shown.

Each contestant endeavors to push the other over; but as it requires considerable attention to keep your balance at all when in this position, the attack is no easy matter.

To suddenly give way to a maneuver almost sure to upset your adversary, but unfortunately it is very apt to upset you at the same time, and only after considerable practice will you be able to overcome a man in this way. The pivot, a sudden swing to the right or left, is safer, though not quite as effective. Always remember that the best trerrier fighter invariably makes his opponent throw himself down, and it is a skillful man he is sure to go over. Never try a hard push except in the last extremity, when everything else has failed.

A trerrier fight consists of three one-minute rounds, with thirty seconds' rest between each round. The one scoring the largest number of falls during the time set is accounted the winner.—Chicago Record.

A Queen's Dolls.

The Queen of Romania was sponsor for a peculiar manufacturing exhibit lately held in London for the benefit of certain charities and hospitals. She placed on exhibition her famous collection of dolls dressed in the costumes of various countries. The Queen of Holland herself dressed some Dutch dolls, and, indeed, dollies of every nation, dressed as fine ladies and as peasants, were represented. In order that some distinctive American dolls might be in the Queen's family, the New York Tribune offered prizes for five typically American in costume. Four "lady" dolls and one "gentleman" doll took the prizes. The latter prize approximately went to a boy, a New Jersey lad, whose doll represented "Uncle Sam" in gorgeous attire. Of the others, one in rich brocade and fine cap represented Martha Washington, one was a negro mammy in white apron and brilliant turban, a third was Precilla, the Puritan maiden, in simple frock and hooded cloak, the fourth was Pocahontas in beaded dress and moccasins. Altogether the American children can have no cause to be ashamed of their exhibit.

What African Maidens Learn.

Immediately after a girl enters the Sandy a mark designating her rank is tattooed on a conspicuous part of her body, says Mottressor Paul in an article on "Boarding Schools for Native Girls in South Africa," published in Woman's Home Companion. During her stay at the school she is instructed by this faculty of old women in singing, in plays and in the dance, and is required to commit numerous songs to memory; she is taught to cook, and instructed in other domestic duties, and is shown how to knit hats and to fish. At intervals the girls are permitted to visit their parents at their homes in the villages. But before making these visits they must first satisfy the requirements of what is deemed the conventional toilet. Their whole bodies are thoroughly rubbed with white clay, and then aprons made of the fiber of the leaves of the Palmyra palm are put on them, as the use of cotton stuffs are prohibited.

Mr. Nobody.

Who has a funny little man, As quiet as a mouse, Who does the mischief that is done In everybody's house. There's no one ever sees his face, And yet we all agree That every plate we break was cracked By Mr. Nobody.

'Tis he who always tears our books— Who leaves the doors ajar; He pulls the buttons from our shirts And scatters pins afar. That squeaking door will always squeak, For, prithee, don't you see, We leave the door to be done By Mr. Nobody?

The finger marks upon the doors By none of us are made; We never leave the blinds unclosed To let the curtains fade.

The ink we never spill; the boots That lying round you see, Are not our boots! They all belong To Mr. Nobody!

Scheme of a Bright Boy.

A bright boy in New York makes a fairly good living by visiting stores and offices and sharpening the lead pencils of lawyers, clerks and other men of business who have little time to look after such comparatively trivial affairs of office work.

How He Measured Time.

Teacher—Charles, what is the shortest day of the year? Charles (from experience)—The day your father promises to give you a licking before you go to bed.—Columbus Dispatch.

The Colors Reversed.

A curious butterfly existed in India. The male has the left wing yellow and the right one red; the female has these colors reversed.

GUARDED HIS REPUTATION.

Mountaineer Would Not Say He Missed a Deer to Save \$25.

"A business matter took me out West last fall," said the well-known attorney, who was in a reminiscent mood. "and I was in a reminiscent mood. 'and I took advantage of the opportunity to make a trip into the mountains for a week's hunting. I hired an old man to act as a guide and do the cooking and I enjoyed myself to the utmost. The mountains were full of big game, but the state had lately passed a law prohibiting the killing of deer, which was particularly aggravating, as we were continually running across them. Now, I am a respecter of the law—unless I am retained on the other side—and I found it hard work to refrain from shooting at the deer that presented themselves as if they knew that they were free from danger. But along toward the last our meat ran out and I told the old man that we would have to have some fresh meat, even if we had to kill a deer. He agreed with me and I wasn't ten minutes later that deer sprang up ahead of us. I wasn't prepared for him, but the guide was, and he made a clean miss, much to his disgust. That was the last deer that we saw and we returned without having broken the law. But no sooner had we arrived at the point where we had started for killing a deer, and I took it upon myself to defend him, as I knew him to be innocent. I took the stand in his behalf, and thinking it best to make a clean breast of the matter, admitted that he had shot at a deer, but missed him. Then I put the old man on the stand to corroborate my testimony."

"You admit having shot at the deer?" said I when the old man took the stand.

"That's what?" he answered.

"And you missed him?" I continued.

"No, street!" he shouted. "I killed him, b'gee!"

"That took the wind out of my sails and I collapsed, the result being that the old man was fined \$25."

"After the trial I took him aside and asked him what he meant by swearing to a lie and convicting himself."

"See byar!" answered. "I've bin lyn' for twenty years about never havin' missed a deer that I shot at, an' you don't think that I would ruin my reputation for \$25, do ye?"—Detroit Free Press.

PECULIAR KIND OF EARTH.

Properties It Possesses that are Little Understood by People.

It is safe to say that the majority of people never even heard of the peculiar kind of earth called loess, yet it is a most interesting formation and is found in Europe, the United States and China. In China it is held responsible for the vagaries of the Yellow River, which changes its bed whenever it feels so disposed. William Starling says of this peculiar earth:

## FARMS AND FARMERS

is covered with a specially prepared paper. As the plaster is a bad conductor of heat, says the Scientific American, the temperature inside the hermetically sealed receptacle remains constant, being unaffected by external changes. The cost of packing is only about two cents per pound. It is used to a great extent in Australia. Butter has been sent from Melbourne to Kimberley, in Africa, and the butter was found to be in a perfectly sound condition. Cases are now made which hold as much as 800 pounds of butter.

Starting Early Potatoes.

The plants tested at the Rhode Island stations of sprouting seed potatoes in trays so that they would be fairly grown, or as large as they usually are at the first hoeing, when they were set in the field, seems to be so simple and to have so increased the yield, as well as given an earlier crop, that we cannot refrain from mentioning it again, in the hope that some of our readers will try it. They used trays 3 1/2 feet long and 1 1/2 feet wide, a convenient size for one man to handle, and holding about a bushel each when they were spread out. The sides of the trays were but about an inch high, and the bottom was of laths placed an inch apart. Then these were placed on a rack so as to leave eight or nine inches between them, and that placed so as to give each tray air and sunshine above and below, in a room only moderately warm. Thus they had on each piece a strong vigorous sprout three or four inches high when ready to set them out and they found that the increase in yield at the time they were ready for digging or when first fit to sell was 27 per cent over those kept in a cool cellar and planted in the open ground, while when fully mature the gain was 40 per cent, with more large potatoes.

A Good Harrow.

I have made a new innovation in my neighborhood in the shape of a 3-A harrow, having fifty-eight 3/4-inch teeth, and taking a sweep of nine feet. To this I hitch three horses, and can go over thirteen acres a day, putting it in splendid order, as the teeth are laid out two inches apart, and counting the

width of the teeth, no clod over half an inch in diameter can pass through. This is as far ahead of the old few-toothed harrow as the binder is ahead of the cradle. The frame is made of 2x4's, and can be made any width desired. For braces bolt an inch thick plank across from side to side, and then have the blacksmith make four wagons tire a good hook and circular brace. As to draft, I find three horses can take this tool as easily as two horses can take a double A harrow, and do three times the amount of pulverizing.—J. S. Morrison, in Practical Farmer.

Raise Hogs on the Farm.

Every farmer should be a hog raiser; at least to the extent that hog products can be consumed on the farm. If he can do so, and nearly every one can, he should also raise some pigs for market. If his farm is large enough he should buy all means grow—and fatten enough hogs to fill a car, and just as soon as they are in marketable condition send them to the packery. On small farms it may not be convenient to raise many more than is necessary for home use. But one or two, or a dozen, or twenty, as the case may be, put in first-class condition and sold to people in the town or country, who will not or do not raise their own pork will prove profitable.

Poultry Notes.

Hens will not lay in cold houses. Arrange for plenty of sunlight in the winter. Do not place too much dependence in one kind of grain. Keep the late hatched turkeys until February.

Comfortable quarters for winter will be a saving of feed. To prevent egg eating make the nests high and dark. Old stock of any kind decrease in value as they become older. Those who raise fowls for market must keep young stock. Weight and condition come from the surplus nutrition in the food. If the chicks begin to droop, examine their heads for the large lice. If the young fowls droop from too rapid feathering, feed some meat. With fowls it is much better to keep the appetite sharp, compelling them to hunt for food.

While sour milk is relished by the hens, it should not take the place of water. Unless soft feed is being given, the trough should never be used for holding food.

Shying Horses.

Horses often have what is called the vice of shying—that is, of starting suddenly at the rustle of a leaf or a piece of paper or at the approach of any object to which they are not accustomed. Clearly this is the remnant of an instinct inherited from their wild progenitors in the steppes or prairies, where the sudden rustling of a leaf might indicate the presence of a wolf, and where everything that was strange was therefore suspicious. It is idle as well as cruel to beat a horse for shying. That only increases his alarm, and may easily reduce him to the state of terror in which he loses his head entirely. Horses in that state seem to lose not only their heads, but their perceptive senses, and a horse in that condition may dash headlong against a stone wall. The habit of shying when once formed is difficult to cure, but it may be almost always prevented by such consistent kindness of treatment as to overpower the inherited instinct of instant flight from possible danger in which the habit originates.

New Package for Butter.

A new use has been found for glass. It consists in packing butter in a box made of six sheets of ordinary window glass, the edges being covered with gummed paper. The closed box is then enveloped in a layer of plaster of paris a fourth of an inch thick, and it

can clean the slush out of a large ditch and work the team on bank. The length of chain can be regulated to suit the depth of ditch. We used a scraper similar to this last autumn on our farm and found it excellent to clean out slush and also to dress off overhanging banks.—Correspondence Ohio Farmer.

SLUSH SCRAPER.

Where a farmer has a large ditch running through his farm a slush scraper is indispensable. This one is made from two inch plank, sides five feet long, with one end patterned for the scraper and tapered to make suitable handles, as shown in cut. The scraper box should be four feet wide, two feet from front to rear of box, and one foot in depth. These dimensions will move almost a half yard of mud at each load, and a team will pull it easily. The top and bottom of scraper should be banded with the iron, which will make it more rigid and wear better. Any blacksmith can make the blade out of an old drag saw blade or suitable piece of flat steel. This should be bolted and riveted to the box and band irons of box and made quite sharp to cut well. The spikes shown in illustration near the blade are to fasten a log chain into. With this scraper one

TOP VIEW OF HARROW.