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## AT BABY'S BEDTIME.

This is baby's bedtime;  
My little one comes to me  
In her snowy little nightgown,  
And kneels down at my knee;  
And I fancy a sweet child-angel  
Is for a time my guest,  
And she says her little prayer over  
With her hands upon her breast.

"Now I lay me," she whispers,  
In low voice, "down to sleep;  
I pray the Lord"—and the blue eyes  
Half close—"my soul to keep.  
If I should die, Oh! the shiver  
At my heart!—before I wake  
I pray the Lord"—and the eyelids  
Drop low—"my soul to take."

Then I lift up the little one, clasping  
Her close to my loving heart,  
And give her warm good-night kisses  
Till the closed lids break apart  
As the leaves do folding a flower,  
And the violets of her eyes  
Look up in their drowsy fashion,  
And smile at me angel-wise.

"Good-night," she whispers me softly  
And sleepily, with a kiss  
That lingers with me in slumber,  
And stirs my heart with bliss,  
As I think of the little one, dreaming,  
With her head against my breast;  
Till my sleep is as full of rapture  
As her dreaming is of rest.  
—Eben B. Rexford.

## A HABITUDE OF "THE FOLLY."

It was not a cheerful cafe, but it was near the entrance to The Folly, so I paused and peered through the steaming glass. The linen had a forlorn look, and the single waiter, so far as I could judge, must have been perplexed by the burden of his doubtful nationality, but the place seemed quiet, and I pushed my way through the swing doors without further thought. At the far end of the room was a kind of raised platform, with two tables; at one of these sat a man who took my attention more by his attitude than face. He seemed to have shrunk into himself as a refuge from doubtful contacts, yet he had, too, the air of a gentleman half-submerged in comfortable equanimity. His dress was untidy, yet worn with a certain remnant of distinction, and I observed that his hands were delicate and carefully preserved. I took a seat opposite him, and said something about the condition of the streets.

"It rains?" he queried.  
"It drizzles mud," I said; "the pavement is damnable."  
"Ah!" He took a slip from his glass, folded his paper, and looked at me. Then he glanced at the clock, sighed, and settled back into his chair. While I dined we scarcely spoke two words together, yet I felt myself drawing closer to the man and my interest trembling on the verge of pity. When I had done, and had a glass before me, we drifted into talk.

"You know this place well, I suppose?" I asked.  
"I dine here six nights a week. You see, it is convenient for me. The place itself is not all that one could ask, but when a man has learnt a little of the philosophy of life he takes things as easily as I do," I assented. "And, after all," he went on, "what does it matter? At the end of every avenue one sees—that? Death. Now it seems to me that I shall have less to bind me to life if I dine every night in surroundings like these. A rich man, a lover of good vintage, a browser in fat pastures, has to die for every fancy. He multiplies torture and feels dissolution in every approach of death."  
"You have had some experience of the world," I said, "and have found it necessary to learn the doctrine of compromise?"

"I have had enough experience to make me content to sit here and drink with a stranger," he answered, smiling. "and if"—he half emptied his glass—"there are any other unhappy turns of fortune in front of me I shall doubtless meet them half way. I never fight; I accept."

He swept his hand across the cloth, and his tired eyes brightened for a moment. "I can see all my life spread out before me there." He paused and glanced at me. "But perhaps I bore you," he said, "and you may wish to go."  
"I have half an hour to spare and do not want to stir."

"So have I; precisely half an hour. When time fits in that happy way it is evident we meet for a purpose."

"You were going to speak," I said, "about your life."

"True," he said. "If I seem to talk too much, forgive me on the ground that I so seldom have the opportunity now of speaking in my own way." I begged him to make no apology. He eyed me kindly, and I think he had an impulse to shake hands with me. He refused, however.

"I have not always," he said, "lived in this kind of place, but no reverse of fortune could ever serve to make me resent my destiny. When I tell you that I am happy I ask you to believe it candidly."

I told him that I was ready to accept any statement he was pleased to make. "Many years ago," he continued, "I took my degree at Cambridge. It was only a pass degree, but it was good enough to please my people. I had a turn for geology and worked hard. Then I broke down." He tapped his chest. "You understand?" he asked. I nodded.

"I was sent to Switzerland. There I managed to pick up enough strength to make me face the future again; but just as I was ready to work my father died. His affairs were not involved; there was, indeed, nothing but the simplest issue. He had lived almost up to the last pound of his income; when he

was gone the pockets of his children were light. I had enough for an annuity of £50. I sunk all my capital to make it certain." He made two little piles of salt upon the tablecloth, and coughed.  
"England," he said, "and particularly London, did not suit my chest. I couldn't work; I simply dragged on for ten years. On a fraction under a pound a week a man can only be a spectator. I watched life and learnt my philosophy."

"You have had what people call bad luck," I said.  
His eyes shone, and he waved his hand again.  
"Not at all," he said. "Indeed, I've had the best of luck."  
I involuntarily glanced at the steaming windows, the speckled linen, the polyglot waiter.

"You doubt me," he said; "but I've not quite finished. I fear my story must stop now. I must go."

"I, too," I said, "must make a move."  
"May I ask," he said, "whether you are going to be here later on?"

"I'm afraid not," I said; "I'm just going to look at The Folly."  
Then he did grasp my hand: "I'm going there, too," he said. "My story can keep for a time."

We went out together. I noticed that the attendants passed him in. He was evidently known at The Folly.

The performance was such as I was wearily acquainted with. The same tricks of voice, the same dead level of humor, the same atmosphere of musk and stale tobacco smoke; My companion affected no interest; he sat, for the most part, with his eyes closed. But when the sixteenth turn came he pulled himself together and laid his hand upon my arm.

"Now," he said, "you'll see something really graceful—the true artist knows I'm here and it gives her courage. It's a hard life. You understand now why I'm happy?"

"I do," I said. "I understand perfectly."  
I ceased to pity him. If I envied him it was a painless envy. The conditions of his life passed beyond the commonplace. I doubt if London contained a happier man.—C. K. B., in Black and White.

## GREAT ANTI-FAT REMEDY.

Adipose Philadelphia Climbs Stairs

Not so very long ago The Saunterer got off at the twelfth floor of a big office building not 1,000 miles from city hall instead of the eleventh, as he had intended. As it was a case of going down instead of up, he concluded to walk back to the floor he wanted instead of waiting for the elevator.

At the foot of the stairway he almost ran into an acquaintance, whose office was on the twelfth floor, and whose weight very nearly approaches 300 pounds. The acquaintance was puffing and blowing as he prepared to ascend the flight of steps leading to the floor above.

"Makes you blow to climb a flight of stairs, doesn't it?" remarked The Saunterer.

"Climb a flight of stairs?" disdainedly rejoined he of the 300 pounds between pulps. "Why, young man, I've just climbed eleven flights and I'm going to do another."

"Mean to say you've walked all the way up here?"

"That's just what I mean. Elevators are running, too."

"I know that. Came up in one myself a few minutes ago. But how on earth do you account for doing all this climbing? You don't look crazy."

"Neither am I. Never was more sensible in my life. Just made a new discovery, that's all. Realized how fat I've been getting the last two or three years."

The Saunterer nodded in the affirmative.

"Well, it was in spite of everything I could do to stop the accumulation of tissue. I was afraid I'd soon do for the fat boy act in a side show until one of my friends bet me a bottle of ginger ale that I couldn't climb three flights of stairs in this building. I won the bet, and in doing so discovered when I weighed myself a few minutes later that I had lost nearly a pound in weight. That gave me a tip and the next day I climbed five flights, the next day six—and well, now I do the whole blamed twelve every day, and I'm losing flesh so rapidly my clothes have to be taken in once a week at least. It's a great scheme and it isn't patented, either, so if you know any other fat men in town I don't mind your letting them into the secret."

The Saunterer hereby lets them in.—Philadelphia Inquirer.

Occasionally you will find people so sure that they are welcome anywhere, that they would break in on a newly married couple.

What has become of the old-fashioned man whose letters contained many messages to "tell" some one "howdy" for him?



## FOR THE YOUNG FOLKS

At the Sign of the Cone-Tree.  
Now what sort of an inn do you suppose it is with that sign? Why, just as beautiful, grand old cone-tree, that is as tall again as the house beside which it stands.

The house was built before the tiny evergreen was planted, but has never grown since the builder finished it; and the little tree has been climbing up, up toward the blue sky ever since its roots first began to feel at home in the soil in front of the gray stone house.

It has room now for hundreds of feathered guests, and during the summer hundreds enjoy its cool green apartments.

But it was not until after a flock of pine grosbeaks came down from the northern fir forests, one old March, and stayed for several days in the tree, that any attempt was made to feed the birds that lodged there.

While the boy who lives in the house over which the cone-tree swings and sways its sign was watching the bright birds flitting about as if in search of food, a happy little thought came into his head, and he quickly ran and asked his mamma if he might feed the birds.

"Because you know, mamma, the ground is all covered with snow, and I don't see how they can get anything to eat if I don't feed them. And they are so pretty I want them to stay!" he added, coaxingly.

His mamma said, "Of course you may feed them, and I think a bone with scraps of meat on it would be nice for them. But you must hang it out of the reach of Kitty and Carlos."

Straightaway our sturdy little fellow got a beef bone of cook, and tied a string to it. Then he went out to the tree and threw it up as high as he could. Down it came in the snow; but he dug it out and tried again, with the same result.

He kept at it manfully, tossing it up many times before his effort was rewarded; but at last the string caught on a twig and wound about so that the bone hung in the tree, where the birds could safely peck away at it.

He was not satisfied with giving the pretty creatures meat, but he would provide sweets, also. When his mamma again looked from the window toward the cone-tree, what did she see?

Why, some of cook's fresh fried cakes tied to the lower branches with red ribbon! They looked as if some of the brown cones had curled themselves around in a ring; but the birds soon left nothing but the ribbon.

The boy was so pleased that some of every batch of fried cakes now find their way to the cone-tree.

This may be the reason the birds occupy so much room there year after year. They know the board is good and easy to get, yet they pay well for all they have with sweet songs and by making war on the insect enemies of the tree.

It is a very house of refuge for the robins and plovers that come before all the March storms are over, and for the related birds in the fall.

Any boy or girl who loves birds can at least try the experiment of a "refuge-tree" for them, and they may be sure the birds will remember the "sign," be it a "cone" or a cedar or a maple.—Youth's Companion.

Minister Wu's Son.  
Chao-chu, the 14-year-old son of Wu Ting Fang, Chinese minister to the United States, has been very successful during his attendance for three years at school in Washington, and his father is very proud of the way he has acquitted himself. Three years ago he could not speak English and was unacquainted with our customs, but he has already completed a four years' course of study. He seems to have splendid qualities of mind. He rides to and from school on his wheel, is a fine athlete, of sturdy build and a general favorite with his schoolmates. At present he is much interested in his father's automobile. At Cape May last summer he learned to swim. He dresses in full Chinese custom, with the exception of his American shoes.

Where Eliza Go.  
A little boy once asked his father if the house flies went south for the winter like the birds and then his father told him a long story about different insects and what became of them during the cold months. He told the boy that when autumn comes the death-knell of millions of flies is sounded. They do not prepare for winter as many other insects do. The majority die and their little bodies are blown away in the passing breeze. A few



CHAO-CHU.

hardy flies will linger in cracks in the walls, creep under the doorframes or into crevices in the woodwork and some naturalists believe that these few lingering flies are the parents of the multitude that appear in the warm days of June, for they lay thousands of eggs.

Chinese High Graves.  
Chinamen, with all their faults, revere the graves of their ancestors, and there is no greater crime than desecrating a graveyard. Good Chinamen visit the graves of their ancestors as often as possible. At one time all the resting places of the dead in China were flat. Confucius, the wise man of the empire, going on a journey once, and desiring to know his mother's grave when he returned, moved it into a mound. Some believe that this act of the most revered man in China was the origin of high graves. Because graves are everywhere in the empire, the first railroad built there has to follow a very circuitous route in order to avoid them.

The Doctor's Order.  
Mother (an invalid Johnny, don't you think I ought to punish you for being so bad?)  
Johnny (aged 5)—No, mamma. You know the doctor said you was not to indulge in any violent exercise.

The Usual Sign.  
Little Ella—Mamma, is the minister coming here to-day?  
Mamma—Not that I know of, dear. But why did you ask?  
Little Ella—Because I saw papa dusting the Bible off this morning.

An Apt Reply.  
Teacher—Name something of importance existing to-day that was not in existence 100 years ago.  
Small Pupil—Me.

NEW UNIFORM FOR TOMMY.  
British Soldier Will Soon Wear Fawn-Colored Varsity Suit.  
It is probable that in a very brief period there will be considerable changes made in the material used for clothing the army on home as well as on foreign service, says the London Telegraph. The committee dealing with the subject, which has been in session for about a couple of years, has at length been able to come to a final decision. Probably the events in South Africa have helped the members to make up their minds. At all events they have chosen an excellent woolen serge-like material in which for the future practically the whole work of the troops will be performed. It is not khaki-colored, though; that well-known and serviceable dye, somewhat coarse as it is, is not to be used. The new material is of a yellowish-fawn color, and is of excellent quality. It was selected from a great number of samples submitted to the committee, and has been approved by the war office. Two other materials of the same tint, but of rather stronger texture, have been selected for the mounted branches, and a stout Bedford cord of the same color will be used for riding breeches. The same pattern of jacket will be used for all branches of the service, but each unit will wear a distinguishing badge on the cap and shoulder strap.

It is not, however, intended that the new clothing shall entirely supersede the old style of dress. The tunic is to be worn for full dress, so that on full-dress parades the familiar blue and scarlet and black will still greet the eye. It will be more handsome than khaki, while it will be far more comfortable and serviceable, and so far as experiments go to show it will possess equal invisibility. It is to be hoped that a suitable headgear may soon be devised for the army. The helmets worn by the regular troops in South Africa are excellent and greatly superior to the much-vaunted "smasher" felt hat, but they are hardly suitable for home use. A peaked cap of the new cloth, lined with scarlet lining and made somewhat approaching the Russian pattern, would look very smart and be suitable for general wear. At all events the ridiculous forage and field service caps should be relegated to the museums, along with the blue and scarlet serges now about to be superseded by the new uniform.

The British Empire.  
The British empire is fifty-three times the size of France, fifty-two times that of Germany, three and one-half times that of the United States of America, three times that of the United States, with the population of all the Russias. It extends over 11,000,000 square miles, occupies one-fifth of the globe, contains one-fifth of the human race, or 350,000,000 people, embraces four continents, 10,000 islands, 500 promontories and 2,000 rivers. It is estimated that the empire possesses one-third of the sheep of the world, one-fourth of the cattle, and one-twelfth of the horses. The total shipping under the British flag is 10,452,000 tons.—Indianapolis News.

A Genuine Patriot.  
There is a story of a politician whose reminiscences of the Civil War were so profuse and heroic that a jealous rival undertook to look up his record. To his amazement he found that the man had never been enlisted. Determined, says the New York World, to overwhelm him with his discovery, he waited until the orator was before a large audience, and then discreetly propounded a question something like this: "You've got a good deal to say about the war. Now tell us what part you had in the war." "By heavens, sir," retorted the orator, "I had a heap to do with it, sir; I helped bring it on."

So few people know beans when the can is open.

## TRUMPET CALLS.

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

L IKENESS is not equality.  
Never fall, never rise.  
Sin is our only enemy.  
God's glory is His grace.  
A bad conscience burns.  
After all there is no holiday like a holy day.  
There is always hope for a boy who can blush.  
It is only the hopeless whom Christ can heal.  
God approves our toll by setting us new tasks.  
The devil wastes no powder on stuffed prophets.  
His heart of sympathy is behind His hand of strength.  
He who makes light of the Bible will get no light from it.  
Destiny is the measure of a man rather than descent.  
When evil men slap you on the back look into your heart.  
A man is not dry the minute he is saved from drowning.  
The worship of the true religion is not bowing down, but looking up.  
It does not relieve the heart of malice to use the tongue as an outlet.  
True praise is a receipt for God's faithfulness and a pledge of ours.  
The average Christmas gift represents more of commerce than of Christ.  
If God permits the wicked to get rich it ought to teach us their true value.

Figure 1 is the knife. The handle (A) is made of a 2x4-inch scumblum and is 3 1/2 feet long. The blade (B) is made of a piece of steel procured at the hardware or iron store, 15 inches long, 3 inches wide and a quarter of an inch thick, but three-sixteenths of an inch might do. The manner of setting the blade is sufficiently explained by the figures.

Figure 2 is a side view of the box and frame. The box is made of boards one foot wide and 3 1/2 feet long. By putting the bottom board between the side boards the inner measure of the box is 12 inches wide by 11 inches deep. Across the top of the front end of the box there is nailed a board (B) 12 inches wide, and underneath it, inside of the box, is an inclined board, as indicated by dotted line, which forms the mouth and throat of the machine. This helps greatly to hold the fodder in place for cutting. The last made of 1 1/2 x 2 1/2 inch stuff, stand with their edges to the box, and are 3 1/2 feet high; bottom of box 2 1/2 feet from the floor. The supports (S S) are nailed firmly to the legs, and the box is nailed both to the supports and to the legs, which, with the braces (P P), make the machine firm and strong. The support under front end extends four inches to the right to hold the upright pieces (U) in place, between which the end of the knife handle is held. There are also two other upright pieces (R R), one in front of each of the front legs, which are adjustable to crowd the blade of the knife up close to the mouth of the machine.

Figure 3 is a front-end view. The crosspiece at the bottom, which is of the same thickness with the knife handle, projects eight inches on either side of the frame to form a wide base, so that the box cannot be easily overturned, and the workman can place his foot on the end next to him, and thus hold the machine in place. In Figure 3

the pieces U and R R can be more clearly seen.

Figure 4 is a bit of steel, shaped up with a square, smooth face for the knife to cut against, and is so nicely set in the mouth of the box as to form a smooth surface, so that stalks will not catch against it when feeding them through to the knife. The blade, of course, is made with a beveled edge and set so as to cut like a pair of shears.

My cutter cost me, all told, besides my own labor, not more than \$2, and does more work and does it better and more easily than any of the cheaper machines on the market, says the Ohio Farmer writer who describes the foregoing.

Lighter Horses Better.  
Farmers who have watched the ease with which the large draft horses handle heavy loads on good roads or city pavements have been led to think that a heavy horse must be the better animal in all cases, and we see many farm teams that are far inferior in the amount of work they can do in plowing or in drawing a load upon soft ground than a much lighter team would do easily. Then the heavy horses are driven over our billy roads often at a rate of speed that causes them to pound the earth so that the legs give out, and they are quickly lame. It certainly requires more food to sustain a 1,600 pound horse than one weighing from 1,000 to 1,200 pounds, and when not constantly employed drawing heavy loads the amount of work done by the heavy horses does not compensate for the extra cost of maintaining them. As farmers will have next spring to buy horses or many will advise them to turn their attention to the smaller horses from Canada if they can be found rather than to the Percherons and Shire horses that have been so popular lately. They will cost less prices, cost less to keep, do about as much work and endure much longer.—American Cultivator.

How Much Will Corn Shrink?  
In the fall of 1898 an experiment was undertaken by Prof. Atkinson at the Iowa experiment station to ascertain the amount of moisture contained in ear corn. A crib was constructed upon the platform of a pair of scales, the scales so constructed that an exact register of the weight could always be

made. Seven thousand pounds of corn were husked and placed in the crib Oct. 19, 1898. The crib was 13 1/2 feet long by 7 1/2 feet wide. The corn was then weighed once each week for a year. During the first three months the loss was 630 pounds, or 9 per cent of the original weight. During the next three months, from Jan. 19 to April 19, the loss was 390 pounds, or 5 per cent of the original weight. During the next three months the loss was 220 pounds; during the last three months the loss was 190 pounds. The loss during the full year was 1,430 pounds, or a trifle more than 20 per cent. This means that a bushel of corn weighing eighty pounds when husked like this sample will weigh sixty-four pounds at the end of the year.

How to Handle Bees.  
A person commencing to keep bees should learn their habits and approved methods of handling them. They should buy a few hives of bees from a reliable bee keeper. The best time to buy is in the spring. Be sure that you have a strong colony in the hive and enough honey to feed them until they can gather their food from spring flowers. If you have shade trees, place your hives near them so the bees can be sheltered from the direct rays of the sun. If the land slopes have an eastern exposure, if possible, if you have no natural shelter, provide one. We are just old-fashioned enough to believe that it pays as well to shelter bees as any other live thing on the place. All energy consumes power. Energy has to be expended in the shape of honey. It takes honey to provide the energy for the bees who fan the hive in the extreme heat, also to keep the bees warm in the cold; shelter will reduce both heat and cold. So if the farmer keeps a few hives he will find it to his interest to invest in a small amount of lumber. Bees, when they can gather a full supply of honey, send off new colonies. The management of bees at and before swarming time would take more space than the editor can spare, so we will leave that for another paper. Of course, in these days only movable comb hives are used, as you will wish to control your brood comb and queen cells; also have your honey in section combs. The new hives and sections should be in stock, for you know not the day or hour when the bees may swarm.

Good Year for Fruit Growers.  
Secretary Wesley Greene, in his annual report to the Iowa Horticultural Society, said: "Each year brings some new experience which characterizes it from all others. A year ago our thoughts were engaged with the problems presented by the unusual climatic conditions which proved so destructive to the roots of trees, commonly known as root killing. The lesson was an expensive one and hard to learn, but it will not soon be forgotten, and in the future we will give more attention in our study of plant life toward strengthening this part of the plant by avoiding combinations which have proven so disastrous to our orchards and fruit plantations. In 1900 the crop was not a large one, but prices were satisfactory, and the whole season was one of encouragement. No killing frosts occurred, however, until late in the fall, so that many of the trees retained much of their foliage into December. Some fear has been expressed as to the result, but we see no occasion for alarm so long as the weather conditions are not too severe."

Bulls in the Tread Power.  
When grinding feed for our herd, says an Ohio farmer, we use a tread power and two thoroughbred bulls. Not only is this economical, but the bulls are kept in better condition, being easy to manage, and are better breeders. All our grain is ground, whether it is fed to young or matured cattle. We are satisfied that it is much more thoroughly digested and consequently much more valuable. During winter we feed ensilage twice a day and clover, hay or millet once. The grain feed is bran, old process oilmeal and gluten feed.

Don't Try Notes.  
A drake and six ducks make an excellent mating.

The hens should always have some place to dust.

With young chickens, for a time, at least, cooked food is best.

Bran should always be scalded before feeding to the hens.

Sorghum seed makes a good feed, whether ground or fed whole.

Never make a dust bath of wood ashes; it bleaches the fowls' legs.

Give your chickens lime water, crushed oyster shells or old mortar.

When coal ashes are used in the dust bath the coarse grit should be sifted out.

Eggs turned half over every other day will keep much longer than otherwise.

A filthy drinking vessel will cause disease sooner than almost anything else.

In nearly all cases a hen that is a good layer is an early riser. Feed them early.

The falling over of a rooster's comb is a good indication that he is in bad health.

Grease closes the pores of the eggshells and often prevents them from hatching.

Turkeys are naturally very thirsty fowls, and may be given milk instead of water.

When hens are crowded the weaker ones will become poor and the stronger fat and vigorous.

Scattering air-slacked lime liberally about the quarters is one of the best preventive of gapes.