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DIARY OF A BOARDER.

MONDAY. Roast beef to-night for dinner! I ate to beat the Dutch. A treat like that's unusual; We don't get many such. TUESDAY. The aftermath we've garnered Of yesterday's delight. From that fine roast they gave us Some nice cold cuts to-night. WEDNESDAY. That luscious roast of Monday Is lingering with us yet; 'Twas served to us this evening. Disguised as beef croquette. THURSDAY. It seems Miss Skimp's investment In roast was not so rash As we supposed. This evening 'Twas served again—as hash. FRIDAY. To-day we were all grateful To get a little fish. No beef, we hope, remaining To form another dish. SATURDAY. Ah, me! To-night we greeted Once more our dear old friend— The beef bones boiled for "potage!" Well, this must be the end. SUNDAY. Gee whiz! This beats the record! Last Thursday's hash—oh, my— With crust and raisins added, Is served as hot mince pie. —Catholic Standard and Times.

MARTIN'S FIREMAN.

Did you ever hear of a railway president running as fireman on an engine? Well, I know of one who did, and, if you've got time to listen to it, I will tell you the story now. It was in the summer of 1885 that I was firing on a single track line that runs up from Junction City through Georgetown, a matter of 110 miles. The line was owned mostly by a man named Theford, who was president and superintendent all in one. I had been riding on the line for two years back; all the time with one driver, Bob Hunter by name, and a finer man never lived. I suppose it would be only natural for me to speak well of Bob, anyway, for I was clean head over ears in love with his pretty daughter, Molly, and was only waiting for a bit of rise in my pay to make her Mrs. Jim Martin. Though I didn't see any chance for that rise where I was, I didn't like to leave and go on another line, for that would take me away from Molly. One day Bob says to me: "Jim, ain't you and Molly never going to get married?" "Just as soon as I can get my rise," says I, "but I don't see how I'm going to get it here." "Why don't you go and ask Billy?" says he. You see, Billy was always what we called Mr. Theford—behind his back, of course—for warrant you, we were mighty polite to his face. "He won't do anything for me," says I, "for you know either one of the cleaners up here, George and I came mighty near to jump into my place, and he ain't going to give me a rise just to please me." "Well," says Bob, "it won't do any hurt to try it." So next day I washed up and went to the company's office, and asked for Mr. Theford. After a few minutes he sent word to me that he would see me, and in I went. There he sat—a large, heavily built man, with his side whiskers and a pair of gold-rimmed glasses on his nose. "What is it, my man? I'm very busy," says he. So I up and told him what I wanted. "How much are you getting now?" says he. "Forty-five dollars a month," says I. "I don't see how we can give you anything more, my good fellow. You see, yours is not a very responsible position; merely one that requires a little bodily strength. And we can find plenty of men who would be only too glad to take your place at that salary." With that he turned to a letter he was writing, and I knew I had no more business there. I tell you I felt sore to be told it didn't take much to know how to fire an engine, and I came mighty near throwing my job up and trying to get on another line. But Molly persuaded me to hold on a little longer. Now, before I come to the particular point of this yarn, I want to tell you a little about the line. I have said it was a single track one running from Junction City to Georgetown. The latter place was a little town of 500 or 600 inhabitants; but in the summer a great many Chicago people came up there, and so I suppose the line paid. Anyhow, Theford, who had a summer place there, was rich enough to run it for himself alone if he wanted to. Bob lived at Georgetown and I boarded with him. Our trips began at 8 in the morning, and we generally ran the 110 miles in five hours. Then at 3 in the afternoon we came back, getting home at 8. As soon as we reached the roundhouse at Georgetown our day's work was over, for the cleaners took the engine then, cleaned and polished her, and laid the fire ready to start the next morning. Well, as I said, I hung on to my job, hoping that something would turn up that would give me a lift, till one day

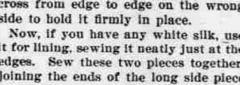
In August. The whole summer had been uncommon hot, but that day went ahead of anything I ever saw. Of course while we were running we had a breeze, but the minute we stopped it seemed as if we were in a furnace, and naturally, working as we were near a hot fire didn't improve things. On the home trip Bob was taken sick and had all he could do to hold out till we got to the home station, when he got home as soon as possible. After the train was emptied I ran the engine to the roundhouse, expecting to go straight home and wash up. But when I ran the engine in the first thing I saw was my two cleaners laid out on a heap of ashes, dead drunk. Here was a pretty mess, for it would certainly take me until midnight to get the machine in proper trim for the next day's run; and a hot, greasy job it was in any weather, but on such a night as that it was frightful to think of it. However, there was no help for it, and I started in. I had barely made a beginning when I heard someone coming in at the door. Looking up, I saw that it was Billy Theford. In a very excited voice he asked where Hunter was. "Home," I said, "and so sick he can't hold his head up." "Heavens!" said he; "I shall be ruined!" Then he went on to say that if he wasn't in Chicago the next day, some deal, I think he called it, would fall through, and it would cost him a quarter of a million. "There's a train goes through Junction City at 11:05 that will get you to Chicago in time," says I. "What good'll that do me?" says he. "I've been away for two days, and only just now got the telegram. If Hunter was here he might get me down; but as it is I may as well go home and let the morning go." "Mr. Theford," said I, "Bob is sick, but I can run this machine to Junction City in time to connect with the train you want; but you will have to fire for me, as my two cleaners are drunk, as you see, and there isn't another man in this village knows the engine from the tender hardly." I hope that I have been forgiven that lie, for there were two or three men that could have fired all right, but it struck me all of a sudden that here was a fine chance to get even with Billy, and let him see whether it took any knowhow to fire an engine for a 110-mile run. It so happened that we had just wooded up on the home trip at a little station three miles from Georgetown, so we had plenty of fuel aboard to make the run with. "Can you do it?" says he, "remember it is 110 miles, and it is 8:30 now, so you have only two and a half hours to make the run that generally takes double that time." "I can do it," says I, "if you will jump aboard, pull off your coat, and do just as I tell you." No sooner said than done, and in ten minutes we had the old engine on the turntable, turned her around and were off. If the road was rough when we ran at our usual speed, that night, making double time, it was just awful. As we flew around the curves it seemed as if we should lose the track at every turn of the drivers, and the poor old machine rocked and swayed so that, used as I was to it, I could hardly keep my seat by the lever. If it was hard on me, what must it have been to poor old Billy? I could hardly keep from laughing in his face, as I watched him and heard him groan as he handled the heavy sticks we used for fuel. The heat of the weather, added to that of the furnace and the unusual work made him look as if he was in a Turkish bath. The water ran down his face, his stiff, white collar hung down on his shoulders like a wet rag, and his beautiful, smooth bosom looked as if some one had thrown a pall of dirty water over him. His hands were torn and cut from handling the wood, and take it altogether he was the most unlikeliest looking railway president I ever saw. Once in a while I had to shout at him to lay the wood even in the furnace, and would tell him he would get the knock of it in time. Whenever he tried to rest I told him we were losing steam, and if he wanted to catch that train he mustn't idle over the work. If I had thought to hitch a car on the engine, we started we should have run much smoother; but it was too late to think of that now, and so on we rushed now through woodlands, now past grain fields, lurching first to one side and then to the other, until I expected every minute to land wrong side up in the ditch. However, luck was with us that night, and we pulled up at Junction City at just 11. Poor old Billy could hardly climb down from the engine, but he managed to gasp out: "Come to my office at 2 o'clock next Saturday." I learned afterward that, finding the Chicago train was behind time, he hunted up a clothing shop and rigged himself up so as to look like a civilized man, which he didn't when he left me. I managed to find a fireman who was willing to make the run back with me, and I finally got home at 3 o'clock, and finding the cleaners a little sobered up, got to bed as soon as possible, for I was clean played out. I told Bob about my trip next day, and thought he would die laughing; I think of old Billy playing fireman. But all he said was: "I'm afraid that'll settle your hash, Jim, for he'll find out that you work'd him more than was needed." The next Saturday, at 2 o'clock, I reported at the president's office, wondering whether I was going to be rewarded for my extra work or get kicked out for my impudence. When I entered the office there sat the old man, spick and span as ever,

and showing no signs of his hard work. "Well, young man," says he, "you helped me out the other night, but I would not go through the same experience again for \$10,000. At the same time I think you were trying to get even with me for not doing what you asked about your salary, and I have concluded that this line can dispense with your services." At this my heart went down into my boots, for I can tell you it isn't an easy thing to get a new job when you can't bring a recommendation from your last place. Then he went on to say: "I have a letter here from the superintendent of the Chicago and Western, asking if I can recommend to them a driver who has a sharp eye and cool head to run their new fast night express. I have written in reply that I can recommend such a man, one James Martin, who will report for service the 1st of September. The pay will be \$100 a month. I may add to you privately that I shall never apply to you for the position of fireman. Good day, sir." That's all there is to my story. Molly and I were married and went to Chicago to live. I took the new train, and have brought her in on time every trip I've run, so you can see I've a pretty good record with the company. I've never seen Billy since, and I don't believe he wants to see me, for Bob told me the last time I saw him that they called the old man "Martin's fireman," that he knew it, and naturally didn't like it. The only thing signaling for me now, sir, and I must go. MADE A SLIGHT MISTAKE. White Ribbons Do Not Mean the Same Thing in All Places. During the recent convention of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union in this city members of the reception committee were on duty at the railroad passenger stations for the purpose of according a proper welcome to incoming delegates. Among those assigned to the work at the Pennsylvania depot was a particularly attractive young woman, who was ambitious as she was inexperienced as regards the work of greeting strangers. A train rolled in, and as the passengers alighted therefrom the attractive young woman was all in a flutter. She scanned the stream of humanity as it filed through the big gate and at length espied a well-dressed gentleman, who not only wore a silk hat but also a white ribbon attached to the lapel of his coat. The attractive young woman rushed to meet the well-dressed gentleman as eagerly as though he were her long-lost brother. "So glad to see you," she exclaimed. "Come right along and I will conduct you to comfortable quarters." The wearer of the silk hat and the white ribbon was rendered speechless for a moment. He finally managed to gasp: "Beg pardon, miss, but isn't this a mistake?" "Can't be a mistake," the attractive young woman hurriedly declared. "You see, we both wear the white ribbon." "And what does yours represent?" the stranger then wanted to know. "Why, it's the badge of the W. C. T. U." "Well, mine is the color of the winning horse in the last race at the Benning race track this afternoon," smilingly explained the well-dressed gentleman. "Consternation and apologies followed." —Washington Star. AS HE SAW A GRAND OPERA. Philadelphia Reporter Gives His Impressions of the Performance. At the opera last evening Philadelphia's best and bonniest turned out to listen to the delightful strains. Mme. Melba sang the leading role and every box was filled with the most excellent condition—in all three tiers. De Rezke also sang, the Van Buren-Biddies occupying the first proscenium box of Germantown. Mrs. Van Buren-Biddle wore a cor-colored gown trimmed with Yildiz sequins in bunches, the bodice cut on the slant. De Rezke never sang his role with better effect. Three of the boxes contained the Biggs-DeCauxes wedding party, while the fourth in the lower tier was occupied by Mrs. Fitz Boodile, it being her first appearance in society since obtaining her decree. The orchestra was unusually good, though the gems of the score were somewhat outclassed by the gems displayed by Mrs. Fairmount Todgers, whose tarra was a blaze of iridescent splendor. The entrance of a majority of the elite was largely marred by the stupidity of the manager, who persisted in continuing the first act while so many of our society's best were seeking their seats. Another gaucheerie that was widely criticised was Mme. Melba's lack of good taste in responding to a final call when her leading society dames had already quite as much as they wanted of the opera, donning their ermine and sable wraps preparatory to returning home. All in all, however, it was a highly successful performance, it being roughly estimated that there were at least \$250,000 worth of good jewelry displayed by the gilded social favorites who favored the operatic management by their presence. The opera was "Faust"—Philadelphia Inquirer. Taking His Measure. "What kind of a man is this John Smith?" "Oh, he's the kind that thinks he can hold on to his umbrella by having his name engraved on the handle." —New York Evening World. "So dark and yet so light," said the funny man as he looked at a ton of coal the driver had just delivered.



Children's Corner

For Ingenious Girls. A little cover to make the glass of medicine in the sick-room look pretty is made as follows: Cut a circular piece of cardboard, about three and one-quarter inches in diameter, a second piece one inch wide and about eleven and a quarter inches long, or just long enough to pass around the edge of the circular piece to make the side of the cover. The outside of both pieces may be covered with any gay-colored silk, taking stitches criss-



FOR A MEDIUM GLASS.

cross from edge to edge on the wrong side to hold it firmly in place. Now, if you have any white silk, use it for lining, sewing it neatly just at the edges. Sew these two pieces together, leaving the ends of the long side piece after it is sewed around on the circular piece; the edges should meet exactly. A bright round brass button, or a small length of two or three strands of sewing silk twisted together, with a tiny silk tassel on the end, may be sewed in the center of the circular piece, as a sort of handle.

A pretty needlecase may be made with two pieces of cardboard, four inches long by three inches wide. Cover each of them on both sides, with a very thin piece of cotton wadding, and on the outside with gold-colored satin or silk, and if you can do so, paint or embroider a crimson carnation across the middle of each.



A PRETTY NEEDLEBOOK.

The Fong of a Picture-Book. I was once a beautiful picture book. I lived in a wonderful shop with plenty of friends, and I fondly hoped that there all my life I should spend; but that from my place on the well-filled shelf, I was taken one day, and I thought I was for ever and ever.

Oh! yes, I was once so fair to see, With pictures all drawn so daintily. And verses and stories by dozens to read; A sweet little book I was once, indeed, When I dwelt in the days of long ago, In the beautiful shop where the picture-books grow.

The lady carried me off to her home And up to the nursery. When the children at first admired me And made quite a fuss of me! The stories and verses delighted them all. The pictures were sweet, they said; And I fear so many pleasing remarks Quite turned my poor little head!

But I know, in those days, I was fair to see, And the children made ever so much of me; They read my stories and verses through, And they loved to look at my pictures, too; And so, for a time, I was pleased to dwell In Nurseryland, where they loved me well.

But after a while they grew tired of me, The children in Nurseryland; Though what I had done to forfeit their love I never could understand; But they threw me aside most cruelly, Never glanced at my pictures again—My pages are torn, my cover quite gone, And my heart is broken in twain.

Al! yes, I was once so fair to see, But now I'm as ugly as I can be; My lovely pictures are all torn out, My pretty stories are scattered about, All crumpled and soiled, and thrown on the floor— Oh! would I were back in the shop once more! —Cassell's Little Folks.

Primitiv Way of Lighting a Fire. Sir Joseph Fayer, who served a long time in India as surgeon-general of the British army, gives an account of the method used by the Burmese natives in producing fire. Matches are unknown in many parts of the Orient; are not used, in fact, for most Oriental people are skilled in ways of obtaining flame through friction. A Burmese messenger brought a note to Sir Joseph one day and while he was writing the reply for the waiting man he noticed an object somewhat like a boy's pocket suspended by his waist. In reply to an inquiry the native told him that it was

an implement for producing fire and gave a practical illustration of its working. A small tube several inches long and closed at one end, held a tightly fitted piston; the latter was hollowed slightly at the lower end and smeared with wax to receive a bit of cotton or tinder, which adhered when pressed into it. Placing a small wisp of cotton upon the wax, the messenger fitted the piston into the tube and forced it down by striking it a sharp blow. When it was withdrawn the cotton was on fire, having become ignited by the sudden concussion of the compressed air.

Not What He Came For. It was little Willie's first day at school and the teacher called him to her side and pointing to the first letter of the alphabet said: "What letter is this, Willie?" "I'm not going to tell you," replied the little fellow. "Why not?" asked the astonished teacher. "Because," answered Willie, "I didn't come here to teach you."

All Had Leaves. Nellie, aged 4, was found by her father one day with her chubby hands full of roes from a bush upon which he had bestowed much care. "Nellie," said he, "didn't I tell you not to pluck one of these flowers without leave?" "Yes, papa," answered Nellie, innocently, "but they all had leaves."

Killed by Frost. Katydid, grasshoppers, crickets and beetles are killed by the frost and the eggs which they hide in the ground or conceal in the bark of trees furnish the supply for the next year. These hatch out in the warm days of spring.

An Offensive Weapon. On every rainy day the umbrella shows of what it is capable in careless hands. Few know how to carry this useful article in a manner conducive to peace. Why is it that the big, tall man who is passing one on the street draws his umbrella down as close to his head as possible and allows one, if she is a tiny little woman, to stand on her toes and stretch her arm to the breaking point in order to pass the dripping article he carries over her?

Why is it, one is also impelled to ask, that a man in a car unhesitatingly resists his umbrella against the knee of the feminine creature next to him, or so places it that brown drops from its surface fall into the shoe of his neighbor?

The etiquette of the umbrella seems comparatively unknown to humanity at large. Perhaps there isn't any written etiquette on the subject, and that's the reason that certain persons passing each other raise their umbrellas high above their heads at the same moment, lower them again and then stand and stare foolishly at each other until one or the other has presence of mind to fit by, carrying his reversed like a banner.

An umbrella in the hands of the absent-minded is really a dangerous weapon; at least that is what one young woman recently declared; but then she had just had an unhappy experience. For a careless mortal standing beside her under an awning had closed his with so much force that her new rainy-day suit, her gray hat and fluffy white silk collar were literally besprinkled and would have to be renovated by a cleaner.

Perhaps some day a practical American will open a little school and give lessons in umbrella carrying, opening and shutting. Then we'll feel much safer when the raindrops fall.

Frail Human Nature. "The many schemes to which people resort in attempting to swindle us out of paltry sums of money are calculated to make a man lose all confidence in human nature sometimes," remarked the cashier of a Baltimore restaurant the other night. "A man who seemed to have plenty of money beat us out of a small sum to-day. He came in with a well-dressed woman and sat at a table with her. She came out first, with the man eight or ten steps behind her. She walked coolly past the desk without paying and out of the door. I said nothing, as I supposed, of course, that the man intended paying her bill, but I asked him as she reached the door, 'Is that lady with you?' He turned his head and pretended not to hear me. I repeated the question and still he did not answer, until he saw that she was some distance up the street, and then said, coolly: 'No, she was not with me; I never saw her before.' And yet I had seen them talking confidentially together at the table. I let pass, but as a matter of curiosity I sent one of the waiters after them and the man overtook the woman around the corner and they went off together."

Too Much. Some of the stories that come from South Africa have more than a touch of humor. A subaltern scouting with a small party saw a single Boer, and galloped after him. As he slowly gained the Boer turned round and emptied the contents of his magazine at his pursuer, but without effect. The subaltern was not armed, but riding near levelled his smoking pipe at the Boer and called on him to throw up his hands. The fear of the supposed pistol was too much, and the armed Boer became the prisoner of the unarmed Yeoman. His feelings may be imagined.

King of Sweden a Linguist. The King of Sweden and Norway is noted as an admirable linguist. When the oriental congress met at Stockholm, some years ago, he addressed the assembled scholars in the languages of the nationalities to which they respectively belonged, and spoke with equal fluency in English, French, German, Italian, Russian and Spanish.

Some men are like telescopes; you draw them out, see through them, and then shut them up.

FARMS AND FARMERS



New Farming Implement. Benjamin F. Brown, of Wedington, Ark., has designed the apparatus shown in the picture for use in destroying insects and noxious weeds and also for burning stumps of trees. It consists of a firebox, which burns either coal or wood, with a rotary fan to create intense heat by forcing the draught. The furnace is mounted on a two-wheeled carriage, which makes it easy to transport it from place to place, and arrangement is made for adjusting the size of the mouth through which the fiery draught is emitted and also for revolving the fan by hand when the machine is standing still, as when burning a stump. When utilized for destroying weeds or burning stubble the hood is adjusted close to the ground and the machine propelled at a rapid rate, when the gearing puts the fan in motion and drives a fierce heat through the opening in front, which cuts a

swath of ashes through the field. By providing for the substitution of a fertilizer-spreading apparatus or seeder in place of the firebox the machine's utility can be greatly increased, and it will be found a valuable addition to the stock of farm machinery.

Oleo and Process Butter. It is asserted that the renovated process butter can be readily and surely detected by placing a small piece on a glass plate and pressing it to a thin film with a cover glass. It gives out a mottled appearance of blue and yellow under a microscope with a selenite plate, while with butter freshly made there was only a plain blue appearance. The yellow appearance was due to fat crystals formed by heating and cooling during the renovating process. Normal butter has no crystals. Oleomargarine shows the crystallized appearance even more plainly than the renovated butter, which is due to the hard tallow in it, as those substances crystallize easily. Out of over 250 samples of alleged butter tested in this way 88 showed signs by crystallization of having been melted and cooled again, and most of these they were able to trace back to the renovating factories. While other tests were used on some of the samples this seems to be the most reliable.—American Cultivator.

Stile for Wire Fences. A wire fence is an ugly affair to cross either by climbing over or crawling under or between the strands. The accompanying illustration shows a handy arrangement where one must cross a wire fence occasionally and does not wish to lose the tension on the wires by cutting a gateway. This double stile can be put together in a few moments and will prove a very convenient affair.—American Agriculturist.



WIRE FENCE STILE.

How to Hang a Gate. I opened a gate to-day which was a back-breaker. It was sixteen feet long and six-board high, with braces. The owner is abundantly able to have gates on hinges. Every gate on my farm, used to any extent, swings on hinges. The post to which the gate is hung should be large. At the bottom should be spiked two pieces of scantling two feet long. The hole should be four feet deep. The dirt should be tamped in thoroughly from the bottom to top. A gate hung on such a post will never sag. The post will not yield a particle. It is a pleasure to go in and out at such a gate. A child can open and shut it with ease, nor will it break the matron's back to open and shut it while she finds it necessary, as all farmers' matrons will find it once in a while; at least, mine has and doubtless will more than once in the future. Hinges do not cost much and a little extra labor won't kill.—Twentieth Century Farmer.

Where Creameries Prosper. Creameries cannot prosper unless in a community where good cows abound, and good dairymen are as necessary as good cows, says the Texas Farm and Ranch. None but good dairymen have good cows, and good cows have none but good dairymen. There is another necessity without which creameries cannot prosper, but it is rarely included in "good dairymen"—this is good farm or dairy papers. Where creameries ex-

ist, it is good policy for each contributing dairymen, as well as the creamery management, to encourage by every legitimate means the circulation of such papers in the community. It requires intelligence to make the butter factories go.

About the Horse. The ordinary mind the hair of the horse would seem to be strongly "conductive to healthy skin." Other writers say that "horse-clipping is a sanitary measure, as a long, heavy coat of shaggy hair cannot be conducive to healthy skin." It is beyond doubt that horses regularly clipped are subject to a number of ills that do not affect unclipped horses so generally or so seriously. Nature may be trusted in the matter of fitting to each animal its covering. The horse's coat is his entire wardrobe. His hair protects him in both summer and winter. If the hair should be clipped from horses, why should not the feathers be stripped or clipped from birds, the shells from turtles, and the hair and wool from all animals? What did nature intend, then, when she developed the horse and put upon him his hair, tail and mane? Who ever saw or heard of a diseased or unhealthy skin in a herd of wild horses? Removal of the natural coat must necessarily affect the horse's power to stand sudden chills when heated, or quick heating when he finds himself out in the hot sun, or radiation of warmth, or evaporation of perspiration.

Queer ideas are the order of the day in the horse world. For example, some horse writers insist that the working horse should go unshod. In soft and stoneless dirt a horse might go unshod and do considerable work, but in stony localities the hoofs of unshod horses would simply be broken and splintered up to the quick.—The Farmer's Voice.

Among the Poultry. A comfortable hen is generally a profitable hen. Remember that a thoroughbred male is half the flock. Before saying that poultry on the farm doesn't pay, think twice. A fat hen will cover eggs some better than a poor one, probably because she will produce more fertile eggs. At a recent convention held in the interest of poultry it was decided that 55 per cent is about an average hatch of an incubator.

The fowl that is "stunted" at any time while young never becomes the fowl that it would have been under proper treatment.

People, like trees, are known by their fruit in one form or another, and he who knowingly sells poor eggs will also be judged by his fruit.—Farmers' Voice.

Cabbage for Cows. A report received at the Department of Agriculture discusses the feeding of cabbages and cabbage leaves to milked cows. Cabbages are usually consumed as cow feed owing to their alleged effect on the flavor of the milk. A test made showed that the milk of cows fed on cabbages directly after milking was unaltered. In a report of the New Zealand Department of Agriculture it is stated that forty tons of cabbages per acre have been grown at the experimental farm and fed to cows with most satisfactory results. Up to twenty pounds was given to each cow night and morning, with the result that the increase of butter averaged one pound per cow.

Wool Out Cow Boarders. There are two varieties of cows, says the American Agriculturist, the cow that gives more than she eats and the cow that eats more than she gives. Which variety would you prefer in making up a dairy herd? Which variety do you actually have? Now there is no difficulty about telling the cow of one you? The answer is, of course, the one that gives more than she eats. There used to be, but there isn't now, the Babcock test does it. The apparatus consists of a small scale, a Babcock test, and a little gumption. By testing each cow separately a man can soon tell which ones are paying a profit and which are merely boarders.

Keep Up with the Procession. In the chicken business, as in every other, the knowledge of yesterday is not sufficient for to-day, says Poultry Success. With the new day come new ideas, new experiments, new lessons. We are constantly learning something, and the man who reaches a point where he is so sure he knows it all that he ceases making any attempt to learn becomes a back number in just about twenty-four hours.

Six Hours Afloat. A London paper relates the trying experience of an English sailor. He could not swim, and was six hours in the water during a storm. He had a life-preserver, but was in constant terror lest it should slip from his grasp. If it did he knew he could never regain it. He had fallen off the bow-chains of the vessel, and from midnight to daylight the life-boat was searching for him while the ship lay to. Many captives would have destined in an hour or two, but this one persevered, and the men were finally rewarded with a slight of their comrade a mile away. A day's rest restored his strength, and he returned his dangerous ordeal.

In Austria, mushrooms are grown in coal-pits.