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CORVALLIS, BENTON COUNTY, OREGON, TUESDAY, APRIL 23, 1901.

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BOYHOOD'S HAUNTS.

Ho! I'm going back to where
We were youngsters. Meet me there,
Dear old barefoot chum, and we
Will be as we used to be—
Lawless rangers up and down
The old creek beyond the town,
Little sunburnt gods at play,
Just as in that faraway
Water nymphs all unafraid,
Shall smile at us from the brink
Of the old mill race and wade
Tow'rd us as we kneeling, drink
At the spring our boyhood knew,
Pure and clear as morning dew,
And, as we are rising there,
Doubly d'we'd to hear and see,
We shall thus be made aware
Of eerie piping heard
High above the happy bird
In the hazel, and then we,
Just across the creek, shall see
(Hah, the goaty rascal!) Pan
Howl o'er the sloping green,
Mad with his own melody,
Aye, and (bless the heavy man)
Pumping from the grassy soil
Brined scent of deer-dells
Bonnet, mint and Pennyroyal.
—James Whitcomb Riley.

A LOVERS' QUARREL.

BOB JAMIESON stamped around
his room, dropped his favorite
pipe, said something unmention-
able, and picked up his cap.

He paused for want of breath, his
eyes flashing, his nostrils dilating—with
calm contempt, it is to be supposed.

"No, my dear Dolly. I dare say you
will be expecting me to come and apolo-
gize, and implore you to come out on
the river with me, but you'll have to
send for me first."

With which noble display of inde-
pendence Robert Jamieson flung out of
his room and down to the river, met
apologetically patting himself on the way,
and all the time dreading the blank in
his life which he would feel as soon as
his rage should cool down.

Dolly Parsons put on her prettiest
white frock and a picturesque sun hat.
"If Mr. Jamieson calls, tell him I am
out," she said to the maid. "I am going
on the river."

She told herself this last piece of in-
formation was for the benefit of the
servant, in case she required to know.
"When he comes and finds me gone
he will be furious. He will see my
canoe and stay out till quite late. I'd
love to frighten him thoroughly."

Miss Parsons' bright, brown eyes
flashed a little. A faint flush appeared
on her pretty cheeks—it was a flush of
anger, but it was eminently becoming.
She looked maddeningly pretty as she
sat in her canoe and paddled away up-
stream. It was a glorious afternoon,
and the river was looking its best; but
Dolly Parsons' eyes were not filled with
appreciation of the beauty around her.
She repeated to herself again and again
the horrid things Bob had said.

"No, she would not forgive him for a
long time; it would not do; the circum-
stances were too aggravated. He would
be coming back expecting her to forgive
everything—some girls must be so silly,
but he would find she was made of dif-
ferent stuff."

And all the time she knew that she
dared not let her anger cool, for a hor-
rid, absorbing pain would fill her heart
at once, and a wretched feeling of lone-
liness and depression, and she hated to
be unhappy.

She paddled on and on, until the other
boats were all left behind. She was
very tired, but she would not stop. Her
mind was made up on one point; she
would frighten Bob Jamieson into an
appreciation of her worth.

It was almost twilight when she
turned to go home; the river seemed to
have suddenly become lonely and de-
pressing; the sun had gone down and
a chill wind had sprung up. Dolly pad-
dled fast and splashed the water over
her pretty frock, and grew cross and
miserable. She had quite expected Bob
would have followed her to "make it
up," she had decided how long she
would keep him in suspense, and how,
at last, to forgive him.

A clock in the distance struck 7. Dolly
paddled faster and faster, though she
was so tired she hardly knew how to go
on. She looked anxiously along, when
swiftly around the bend she had just
cleared shot another boat, close in her
wake. It came so swiftly it was almost
on her before the sound of the oars
made her glance up; it came so close
that her cry to "look ahead!" came too
late.

She screamed with alarm and missed
her stroke. The man in the other boat
looked around with annoyance written
on every feature, and then before he
could back water, the impetus of his
last stroke brought the nose of his boat
with a crash into the stern of her canoe,
which filled and sank instantly.

"Bob! Bob! Bob! Help!" But before
the cry was past her lips Dolly had gone
under.

"Great Scott! It's Dolly!"
In a second Bob had sprung into the
water after her. A stupefied face rose
above the surface and two hands strug-
gling wildly to clutch something; then
she sank again. In desperation Bob
made a wild plunge down, and this time
caught a bit of her sleeve. It was bare-
ly enough to support her by, but having
got a hold he made the most of it and
managed to keep her up until he could
grasp her firmly, then by degrees he
drew her to the bank, and in time man-
aged to lift her into his boat, which for-
tunately had drifted to the bank. She was
conscious again by that time, and he
held her in the boat and wrapped his
coat about her. She was not really
hurt, only overcome with the shock and
weariness; but she looked a very pit-
iful and forlorn little creature as she
lay shivering in the bow while Bob
pulled as quickly as he could to the

CHARLES M. SCHWAB, ELECTED
PRESIDENT OF GREAT STEEL COMBINE.

From salesman in a country store at
\$5 a week to the presidency of the
greatest steel-manufacturing concern
in the world, with a salary unparal-
leled in the business world and about
\$50,000,000 in stocks and bonds, is the
record of Charles M. Schwab, who is
the head of the new \$1,000,000,000 steel
trust formed by J. Pierpont Morgan,
Carnegie and others. And all this
came with less than twenty years.

In Williamsburg, Blair County, Pa.,
Mr. Schwab was born Feb. 18, 1862.
Ten years later the Schwab family
moved to Loretto, on the crest of the
Allegheny mountains, where "Char-
ley" was sent to school to the Francis-
can monks who have a college there.
He fancied engineering and took a
scientific course. At the age of 18 he
left the institution to make his living
and came to Braddock, where some
friends from Loretto had located. He
obtained employment in Diney's gen-
eral store, which was not far from
the Carnegie steel works.

Past the store on his way to and
from the mills came Capt. William R.
Jones, at the time general manager of
the works. He stopped in the store to
buy tobacco and noticed young Schwab.
The latter seized the opportunity of ac-
quaintance with Capt. Jones and the
latter offered him a position.

In 1881 Schwab was made chief engi-
neer and assistant manager of the
Braddock furnaces and steel works,
and held the place until 1887, when he
was sent over to Homestead as super-
intendent. He was there when the first
Homestead strike occurred in 1889.

In spite, though, of her
boathouse. In spite, though, of her
boathouse, she did not feel as depressed
as she had been before the plunge,
nor did the world seem so utterly de-
void of happiness.

"Bob," she said, after silently watch-
ing him for some moments, "Bob—why
were you up the river so late?"

"Why were you?" answered Bob, not
without embarrassment.

"Will you tell me if I tell you?"
"Yes," he said, his color heightening.

"Well, I was angry with you, and I
wanted to—frighten you, and I
wanted to—frighten you."

"You carried your scheme to perfec-
tion, dear."

"But, Bob, I didn't—oh, Bob," in a
great state of consternation; "you can't
think I fell in on purpose?"

"No, dear; I am quite convinced of
that."

Dolly looked at him thoughtfully for a
moment.

"Bob," she said, severely, "what do
you mean?"

"Well," he answered with conviction,
"young women don't put on their pret-
tiest dress when they contemplate a
dive."

Dolly had the grace to blush.

"My poor dress!" she said, dolefully;
"and I was looking so nice when I start-
ed," she added, regretfully. "I must be
a fearful fright now, though," with sud-
den consciousness. "Am I, Bob? Do I
look very dreadful?"

"I have seen you looking better, dar-
ling."

Dolly's brow puckered again.

"Now tell me why you were up here
so late."

Bob did not answer; he seemed deep-
ly interested in something on the bank.
—American Queen.

Blaine's Wonderful Memory.
Speaker Henderson told a Washing-
ton Post reporter a good story of one
of his initial experiences among pub-
lic men in Washington. It was before he
had been elected to Congress, probably
twenty-five years ago.

Blaine was then Speaker. Naturally
he was one of the statesmen that Gen-
eral Henderson much desired to meet,
and the opportunity came of a morning,
just as the Speaker was passing
through the lobby on his way to the
marble rostrum. The formal greetings
were exchanged in a brief moment, and
General Henderson was left to see the
swinging doors close on the form of
the Republican leader.

Six years later General Henderson
again came to Washington, this time to
get Iowa divided into two judicial dis-
tricts. He put up at Wormley's, where
Blaine also lived, it being in those days
a fashionable and flourishing hotel.

Muskegon, Mich., which has been
brought into notice by the claim of
former Judge James B. Bradwell of
Chicago to some sixty-eight acres of
business and residence property, is a
thriving city of 25,000 inhabitants. The
main portion of the city borders on the
landlocked harbor of Lake Muskegon,
and the total length of docks and slips
is twenty-five miles. The port does the
largest marine business of any on the



CHARLES M. SCHWAB.

When John G. A. Lelshman, at pres-
ent minister to Turkey, resigned as
president of the Carnegie Company in
1897 Mr. Schwab, who had been elected
a member of the board of managers of
the company the preceding year, was
chosen president. At that time H.
Frick was chairman of the board of
directors and the active head of the
company. When Frick left Mr. Schwab
was given the chairman's duties. He
filled them so successfully that when
the business was reorganized last
spring Schwab was elected president
of the Carnegie Company, the capital
stock of which had been increased to
\$100,000,000.

A week or so after his arrival from
Iowa, as General Henderson was enter-
ing the dining-room, he met Blaine,
after having passed and repassed him
many times. The Maine man grasped
him cordially by the hand, called him
by name and inquired about Iowa.

"I had heard of Speaker Blaine's won-
derful faculty for remembering names,"
said General Henderson. "When I had
seated myself at the table I beckoned
to the head waiter."

"Hain't Mr. Blaine asked you my
name?" I said to him. "Now think hard
and be sure of your answer."

"Yes, sah," replied the waiter. "He
done called me ovah las' night an' ask-
ed yo' name an' all about yo'. I told
him yo' was Mistah Henderson."

Bring a Mower on a Barrow.
Old George Todd made his regular
visit to Syracuse, N. Y., one day last
week. He walked into town pushing
a wheelbarrow be-

fore him. The wheelbarrow was
loaded with money, as were also
Mr. Todd's coat and trousers. The
old man, who is
80 years of age,
has visited Syra-
cuse regularly ev-
ery year since
1870. He always comes loaded down
with coin which he deposits in the
Syracuse banks, having a large ac-
count with three of them. He claims
to live in "Four Corners," Canada, and
all the money he deposits is Canadian.
He talks to nobody in Syracuse except
the bank officials, and after completing
his business disappears as mysteriously
as he comes, not to be seen again for
another year.

Some Standards of Beauty.
The Sandwich Islanders estimate
women by their weight. The Chinese
require them to have deformed feet
and black teeth. A girl must be tattooed
sky-blue and wear a nose-ring to satisfy
a South Sea Islander. Certain African
princes require their brides to have
their teeth filed like those of a saw.

When a woman goes away on a visit,
up to the time she reaches 60 her let-
ters home indicate that the men are
paying a great deal of attention to her,
and her husband has cause to be
jealous.

Peculiar Things in Nature.
In the British Zoological Gardens is
a lizard with two tails. When the lizard
by some accident loses a part of its tail
the missing portion is replaced by a
new growth. This animal's tail was
injured, but no part of it lost. How-
ever, a new tail proceeded to grow, and
now this particular lizard has two tails.

The lantern fly, which lives in the
Malay peninsula, jumps a distance of
five or six feet without spreading its
wings. It does this by drawing its nose
back under its body and striking it sud-
denly against the surface upon which it
is resting. The insect is thrown for-
ward somewhat as is the stone from a
boy's slingshot.

We usually think of California as the
home of the big tree, but the States of
Oregon and Washington also boast of
forest giants. The first of these States
often range from twelve to fifteen feet
in diameter and grow to the height of
400 feet.

A new type of cave salamander has
been found that cannot only crawl up
the side of a wall, but can travel like a
fly, upside down, along the ceiling.

A Boy Official.
Cornelius J. Simmons is but 13 years
of age, but he is Vice President of one
of the street railway companies of the
United States, viz., the Collins Park
Railway Company of Atlanta, Ga. He
not only attends to the many duties of
his office, but is also practical enough
to be able to operate a motor car, and
has worked on a car both as motorman
and conductor. He had served for some
time in the shop, and has a thorough
knowledge of the complicated machin-
ery which makes up the plant. He

FOR THE
YOUNG
FOLKS

A Future King.
His Royal Highness, Prince Edward
of York, the great-grandson of the late
Queen Victoria, will, if he lives, reach
the throne of an empire on which the
sun never sets. He is 6 years old and a
very interesting boy.

He has blue eyes and luxuriant hair.
It isn't everybody that gets to kiss this
boy, and Mrs. Gladstone, when accord-

ed the privilege, two years ago, consid-
ered it a rare honor. Prince Edward
rides a pony with great skill. He salu-
tates those who salute him, in a very
dignified manner, and is very indignant
if his salute is not returned. The long
journey he has ever undertaken was to
his late great-grandmother's castle in
the Highlands.

Fanny's Birthday.
There was once a little girl whose
name was Fanny. Her mother said to
her one day, "Fanny, to-morrow is your
birthday. What do you want for a
present?" She said, "I want a big
freezer of ice cream and two nice, big
cakes, and then I want you and papa
to go out for dinner while I invite some-
one."

Her mother promised. Fanny started
out along the railroad, and after some
time she saw some men. She said, "Are
you tramps?" and one of them said,
"Yes." Then she said, "Come up to that
house on the hill to-morrow at 1
o'clock."

They thought she was fooling, but
they came. Fanny served the ice
cream and cake to the tramps until
they were all asleep. Then she went
away. One of them said, "Fellows, let's
raise something for that little angel."

That night, when the tramps came to
gether at the railroad and built a fire,
they put the money they had begged
into a tobacco bag, and the next morn-
ing they went to a jewelry store and
left it there.

About 4 o'clock in the afternoon
Fanny's mother heard a knock at the
door. When she opened it she was
frightened when she saw six rough-
looking men. One of them said, "Missis,
is your little girl in?" Fanny heard
them and came to the door, and when
they saw her one of them put a pack-
age in her hand and walked away.

When she opened it she found a tiny
silver watch, on the back of which was
carved six funny names, Jim, Stumpy,
Plumber, Jo, Greene, Mickey and Reddy.

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to be able to operate a motor car, and
has worked on a car both as motorman
and conductor. He had served for some
time in the shop, and has a thorough
knowledge of the complicated machin-
ery which makes up the plant. He

takes a special interest in mechanics
and electricity. At the last meeting of
the railway company he was regularly
elected to the position of Vice Pres-
ident. His father is head of the com-
pany.

Rajah, the Bad.
Rajah, the world-famous elephant,
who died but a short time ago with the
brain fever, was famous for two things.
First, for his size, being a trifle larger
than the renowned Jumbo; and second,
for his man-killing propensities, nine
human lives being the awful record of
his thirty-seven years of life.

His last victim was his keeper, Fish-
er. Catching him in his trunk, Rajah
dashed him to the ground, and then,
snarling, crushed the unconscious man
nearly flat with his broad head. He
belonged to Lemon Bros.' circus, and
was valued at \$25,000.

He Incorrected Himself.
"It was funny to hear that man talk
at the political meeting," remarked
Johnny. "He said 'between you and
me,' all right enough, and then he cor-
rected himself and said 'between you
and I.'"

"You mean he incorected himself,"
said Tommy severely.—Youth's Com-
panion.

Had All the Marks.
Teacher—And how do you know, my
dear, that you have been christened?
Scholar—Please, mum, 'cause I got
the marks on me arm now, mum.—Les-
lie's Weekly.

Whistling a Sin in Iceland.
Whistling in Iceland is considered as
much of a sin as profanity. There are
some parts of the world where those
who whistle are fined and put in prison.

ONLY TWO-THIRDS OF A MAN.
Hemorrhage Ends the Life of One Who
Displayed the Marvels of Surgery.

Alfred Taylor, one of the most inter-
esting patients in the Pennsylvania
hospital, a man to whom the house
physicians pointed with pride as a liv-
ing testimony to the efficacy of modern
surgery, died recently of hemorrhage.

Taylor submitted to one of the most
remarkable surgical operations per-
formed in recent days. For nearly two
years he had served as orderly in the
hospital, with nearly one-third of his
body missing. From the point of the
jaw to the hip bone the line of his body
on the left side was almost straight.
Surgeons removed his arm, shoulder
blade, collarbone and portions of his
ribs. Once only before had a similar
case been recorded in the annals of sur-
gery.

The operation was performed in
April, 1899. Taylor was the victim of
a bone disease that made the operation
necessary. He came to this city from
England. For nine years he served in
the British navy and for eight years in
the merchant service. In the summer
of 1895, while carrying a box on his
shoulder, he felt a sharp pain. An ex-
amination revealed a small, bluish lump
on the upper edge of the scapula. In
six months it had grown to the size of
an egg. Taylor went to the Polyclinic
Hospital, where the growth was cut
out. It returned almost immediately
and he was admitted to the Penn-
sylvania hospital, where it was again re-
moved.

Taylor returned to his work and while
at sea the growth came back again.
With his arm and side terribly en-
larged, Taylor worked while suffering
intense pain until a few days before
the third operation was performed.
Little hope was given him when he
again presented himself at the Penn-
sylvania hospital. "One chance in a
hundred," was the verdict of the sur-
geons.

Taylor did not flinch. He was ready
for the operation, which was performed
by Dr. Robert G. Le Conte. For hours
the patient was under the influence of
ether. Next morning he surprised the
surgeons and attendants by eating a
good breakfast. Within a week from
the day he was cut almost to pieces he
was getting out of bed and going down
into the yard, where he was found com-
placently smoking a pipe. Since then his case had been
the subject of many lectures and he
has been examined by nearly 500 med-
ical men.—Philadelphia North Ameri-
can.

A Pathetic Story of Carlyle.
John Calvert Carlyle, of Minholm
Farm, son of the late James Carlyle,
of Scotsbrig, Dumfriesshire, Scotland,
and nephew of Thomas Carlyle, could
retail many interesting reminiscences
at the famous uncle.

A pathetic incident occurred on the
occasion of Carlyle's last visit in his
old age. His nephew was driving him
about as usual, and they came to a hill
which Carlyle liked to ascend for the
sake of the view. It was not a high
one, and they fastened the horse near
the foot, and went up together.

After gazing at the familiar scene,
Carlyle quietly descended, but when
they reached the bottom he said, "John,
let us go up again; it will be the last
time." Quietly the venerable author
plodded his way up again to take one
more look, and it proved to be indeed
the last time!

Ancient Jerusalem Aqueduct.
Recent discovery in Jerusalem proves
that the ancient aqueduct which
brought water from Bethlehem through
the Hinnah valley, thought to be the
work of Herod, was built by the Em-
peror Severus, 195 A. D. Inscriptions
to that effect have been found.

Days of Rain.
It rains on an average of 208 days in
the year in Ireland, about 150 in En-
gland, at Kazan about 90 days and in
Siberia only 60 days.

Experimental philosophy is repre-
sented by an attempt to borrow money
of an acquaintance; natural philosophy
is represented by his refusal to give up.



AGRICULTURAL

The illustration shows an improved
spraying apparatus for discharging
liquids on the foliage of fruit trees, the
machine being designed especially for
large orchards, where time is more
valuable. With the apparatus provided
it is possible to drive a team between
the rows at a fairly rapid pace, and
as two streams are provided the adja-
cent sides of two rows of trees may be
sprayed at the same time. There is
also a storage tank for the accumula-
tion of pressure, in order that if a tree
is discovered to be unusually infested
with insects the wagon may be stopped
long enough to treat them to an extra
large dose of the destroyer. The pipes
are arranged in such a manner that a
number of barrels of the liquid may be
carried at once, emptying themselves
automatically in rotation, without the
opening or closing of any valves when
the sprayer is once in motion. Thus a
large quantity of the liquid may be
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ator to devote his entire thought to

Fruit Tree Sprayer.
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Getting Ready for Potato Planting.
Go at the early potato field "hammer
and tongs." Put on the disk, spring
tooth, acme, smoothing harrow and
blank drag or anything else that you
have that will chop it up and help to
make it as fine as an ash heap. Then
do it again. Set the disk to cut deep
and fairly plow it up, crossing the piece
once or twice, allowing the disk to lap
one-half. Do not stop at pulverizing
the surface for this or any other crop,
but cut and mellow and make your soil
fine right down to the bottom of the
furrow if possible, which will give the
millions of tiny, hair-like rootlets that
will later penetrate to this depth every
opportunity to reach and feed on all of
the available plant food contained in
every small particle of the soil. When
satisfied that your soil cannot be better
prepared, you are then ready to make
the first application of fertilizers, in
which you can afford to be very liberal,
since any surplus left from the rank
feeding potato plant will be available
for the following or "second" crop, so
that no part of it will be lost.—Ohio
Farmer.

Farm Cattle.
It is not true that the cattle business
to be profitable must be conducted on
the broad ranges of the western plains,
says Texas Farm and Ranch. 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 prof-
itable, 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 fea-
tures of stock farming is that it can be
made to continually improve the fertili-
ty and value of the farm.

Mixing Fertilizers at Home.
There is one advantage in mixing
fertilizers at home, that if one has a
definite idea of the elements most
needed in his soil, or by those crops he
intends to grow, he can use them in
such proportions as he wishes, without
buying such as are not needed. He can
also usually buy the raw material at
such prices as may save him the usual
commission paid to the agents, and the
products in 1900 than they did in 1899.
The greatest advances were observed
in corn and hay, the advance in the
price of the latter giving the farmer a
crop of \$38,000,000 more in 1900, for a
crop of 50,000,000 tons than was receiv-
ed in 1899 for a crop of 50,655,756 tons.

Color of Draft Horses.
Don't worry about the color if you
are buying a draft horse. Don't pick
an inferior one because he is your col-
or. Get a good horse, and his color will
suit the market. Of course if you have
a set of breeders who insist on black
or gray or chestnut, they must be
pleased, but can they not be better sat-
isfied with a good horse than a good
colored one? Gray is the favorite color
among breeders. At least it does not
seem to be, when importers are
forced to bring over more blacks than
grays to please their customers.

Scabby Potatoes.
Some one expresses an opinion that
the scab on potatoes is worse where
the ground is packed solid or is allowed
to crust over. If this is true it is
true it should be less abundant where
a strawy manure is used than where
commercial fertilizers are used, which
is not often the case. A soil made loose
and porous by having green rye or a
heavy grass sward plowed under just
before the seed is planted will grow
potatoes free from scab almost invari-
ably, but we think that still decaying
vegetation kills the fungus that causes
the scab.—Exchange.

When to Plant Sugar Beets.
The Michigan station decides that it
is safe and wise to plant beets as early
in the spring as we do any farm crop;
that prolonging the date of planting
gives a longer period for thinning and
in ordinary years should lengthen the
season of ripening and harvesting, and
finally that the date of planting seems
to have but little influence on the per-
centage of sugar. Dr. Wiley says,
"Beets should be planted as early in
the spring as possible."

Profit in Sheep.
Many experienced and successful
sheep owners declare that the wool
alone will pay for the keep of the sheep
and that money derived from the sale
of lambs and mutton should be clear
gain. Upon such a basis there would
seem to be little doubt that the profit
from them must be greater than from
any other class of stock.

MUSKEGON AND MAN

WHO CLAIMS PART OF IT.



Muskegon, Mich., which has been
brought into notice by the claim of
former Judge James B. Bradwell of
Chicago to some sixty-eight acres of
business and residence property, is a
thriving city of 25,000 inhabitants. The
main portion of the city borders on the
landlocked harbor of Lake Muskegon,
and the total length of docks and slips
is twenty-five miles. The port does the
largest marine business of any on the