

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

CORVALLIS, BENTON COUNTY, OREGON, TUESDAY, APRIL 30, 1901.

VOL. II, NO. 1.

THE RETURN.

While wandering down a shady lane One summer day, not long ago, I listening, caught the sweet refrain Of happy voices, soft and low, Fond memory brought back childhood's day.

When I had tripped along this nook, And passed into the old church, gray, Behind which sings the silver brook. Oh, many years have come and fled Since last I walked beneath these trees; The friends of youth are scattered—dead—

I hear their requiem in the breeze, Not one in all my native place Is left, who can remember me: I look into each passing face, But all are strange; no friend I see.

The babbling brook is just the same, The stepping-stones across it, too; And here's the tree; but, ah! the name, O'ergrown with bark, is lost to view. Mine and another's, deeply traced, The letters clear and intertwined, Time's finger has long since erased, But left the scar for me to find.

Perhaps upon this Sabbath best I may, beneath the old church tower, Find happiness and peace and rest To strengthen me in sorrow's hour. And with the worshippers I sit, The broad, low windows reach the floor, And through them song birds swiftly flit.

From near the roof there comes a song, A solo from a feathered throat, And then a chorus 'mid the throng, With not a harsh, discordant note. The humble worshiper looks up In wonder at the sweet refrain, The birds with peace have filled my cup, And sweetly bade me welcome there.

The Woodpile.

THE woodpile was a mountain for height. It towered above the mills which it fed; and the men who carried the wood to the furnaces tunneled in the mountains like ants. That is to say, the Town of Lead lived on the mills—the mills ran by reason of the existence of the woodpile. For years the logs had poured down from the nearer and the farther hills to sustain it. For years the furnaces had flamed and the great crushing and reducing works had turned out their



"THE WOODPILE IS AFIRE," SHOUTED JANS.

bricks of precious metal—\$35,000 and \$45,000 to each massive brick. The people, reckless, wasteful, devil-may-care, had a veneration for this one thing—for the mountain of wood, the visible foundation of their prosperity. Had it come to an end their never-ending dancing and merry-making would have ended, too. The buying and the flaunting of cheap finery would have become bare. The easily obtained drink and the pleasures of the gaming table would have been lost. To the more sober it meant the home comforts and privileges for the children. To the intelligent overseers, the scientists, the owners, it represented the base of operations. To Nell Onderdock, the daughter of one of the overseers, it represented a poetical idea.

She was a thoughtful girl, and she saw the rude picturesqueness of all about her, and most all felt the power and value of the woodpile. She had often spoken about this to Jans Jensen, the serious-visaged Swede who paid lover's court to her, and he, a student and adventurer, full of the weird imagination of his race, saw it, as she did, with eyes of philosophic appreciation.

He appeared to see all things much as she did, but that fact, which he appreciated to the full, had never won from her any response to his devotion. She was an American, with a prejudice in favor of American lovers; and while among all her acquaintances there was no one so obviously ambitious and aspiring as Jan, yet she felt annoyed at the account that made his speech alien, and at the strong racial characteristics that marked him of the land of Sweden. As for him, he adored her with the concentrated and consecrated devotion of a homesick and lonely man, isolated by reason of his dreams, his bookishness, and his refinement from many of those about him. All would have been well with him, he often said to himself, if only Nell would have loved him.

One day, while walking alone and thinking of his grief in love, he saw a plume of smoke hovering above the mountain of wood. It was a sight he

had never seen before. He hesitated, wondering if it were not a drifting cloud. But the plume flouted itself against the sky, mounted and swept along like the wing of a fateful bird. "The woodpile is afire," shouted Jans to the solitude, and ran for the town. There was a hand fire engine at Lead, and the fire company had an enthusiasm for their task, but though they worked all night and all day they made no impression on the fire that had eaten into the core of the wood mountain.

Nell Onderdock, watching the men in the faint twilight of morning, saw them swarming over the top of the woodpile and crawling in its tunnels. They hurrowed in it like ants—ants for size, in comparison to that pile! They fought with axes, with flails, with water, with tarpaulins. They tried to drown it, to smother it, to beat it out, and to blow it out. But their efforts availed nothing. The mills were run with a minimum of men. Every one who could be spared was out to fight the fire. The big boys were taken from the school; the women sat on the hills near, their babies in their arms, watching, or they carried water and food to the wearied men. In the churches the people prayed that the fire might be quenched by a miracle. In the mills the men talked of agencies—dynamite, hydraulics, pneumatics. And the common men, half-suffocated, obstinate, courageous, fought with blackened faces, aching lungs, and blinded eyes; while over the whole town the wrathful cloud of smoke hung, like an Afrid of the desert.

Jans Jensen, in charge of a crew of men, sat on the side of the hill thinking. Nell Onderdock was near him, regarding him with coldly critical eyes. She wanted him smoke-begrimed, with bare arms; she wished to see him leading on his men desperately, shouting, hoarse and frantic. She was excited, and she desired to see her possible hero heroic. But he smoked a pipe, stared at the streaming cloud above him, and said nothing. It was humiliating. However, after a time, without noticing her particularly, he went away to the mills. He returned with an added force of men, and he went to the top of the pile. Then the men were called out of the tunnels. Every one was put out on top.

"We are to fight the fire from the top," he said, "and we will do it by stopping the draft." Orders were sent to the hills to continue the driving of the logs. They swept down the great chutes in hundreds. They closed the air passages, and the men directed them till every opening of the pile was closed. The smoke took to itself a heavier quality, as it does when flame is quenched. The whole town argued pro and con. Some thought the whole mass doomed. Some believed it was saved. On the outcome, obviously, depended Jans Jensen's reputation. The smoke turned from black to copper color; it grew dim. It grew gray. It faded. The fire went out.

Back into the mills swarmed the men. The furnaces were heated to their height; the great caldrons of amalgam seethed and bubbled, the mighty ingots were cast.

And Jans Jensen put on the finger of Nell Onderdock a little ring made from the gold of Lead and set with a glittering pebble of the Black Hills.—Chicago Tribune.

Honesty at a Discount. "I think I am an honest man," said the man with a scar on his chin, "as honest as the average, but when the owner of a Boston news stand changed a \$10 bill for me and gave me \$5 too much the sudden temptation overcame me. I crowded the money into my vest pocket and hurried away."

And when at a safe distance you counted it over," queried the man with the Shakespearean forehead. "Exactly." "And instead of finding \$5 too much you found yourself a dollar short?" "Two dollars short, sir." "And you—you cussed?" "I did." "And hunted for something to bite on?" "Yes, sir." "And declared it the most damnable outrage of the twentieth century on an innocent, honest man?" "You've hit it. And now, sir—" "Oh, no explanations are needed," interrupted the other, with a long-drawn sigh. "I've been right there myself, and as honest men you and I have no change against the world and can only hope to receive our reward when we die."—Boston Globe.

True hospitality always has in it something of the element of personal consideration, and that is why its spirit is so seldom found where entertaining is a wholesale business enterprise and invitations are engraved or written by a secretary. To hear certain persons talk of entertaining, and to see the trouble and expense they take to get up elaborate dinners and to have everything "just so" for a guest, you would imagine that the only reason the guest was invited was to fill his stomach. He must be given something out of the ordinary or he is not properly entertained. But this is as far as possible from what the sensible guest wants. As Robert Burdette once said, "I do not go to my friend's house for the meal he is to give me, but to get a very good dinner at a hotel for fifty cents or half a dollar. I go to my friend's to see him and to have an hour in his company; I go for a certain quality of welcome that comes from his personality, not from his food."—Woman's Home Companion.

It is not the height some men attain that makes them giddy—it is looking down with contempt on the crowd beneath them.

USE OF TOBACCO IN EUROPE.

It is Three Hundred and Fifty Years Since the Weed Was Introduced.—Three hundred and fifty years ago, according to the allegations, Jean Nicoit introduced tobacco into Europe. It was from his name that the word "nicotine" was derived. The French government has just made an appropriation for the erection of a bronze statue to Nicoit. It is to be set up in front of the main government tobacco factory in Paris. This French claim to the introduction of tobacco into Europe is somewhat at variance with the general supposition that Sir Walter Raleigh first carried the fragrant weed across the water to the old country. Raleigh smoked his Virginia tobacco in the presence of Queen Elizabeth in or about the year 1585. Thirty-four years earlier, however, Jean Nicoit, while French ambassador to Portugal, purchased some tobacco seeds that had been brought over from Florida and sent some of them to France. A year later he presented some of the plants to Catherine De Medici, and together they smoked the dried leaves in pipes. It is interesting in this connection to recall that when tobacco smoking was first introduced into Europe, first by Nicoit and later by Raleigh, it was extremely unpopular. It was called "the stinking habit," and at least two popes, Urban VIII, and Innocent XI, issued decrees against it. A Sultan of Turkey—in which country smoking is now almost universal—made it a crime punishable by the offenders having their pipes thrust through their noses. In Russia the noses of the smokers were cut off. King James I. of England characterized smoking as "a custard loathsome to the eye, hateful to the nose, harmful to the brain, dangerous to the lungs, and in the black, stinking fume thereof nearest resembling the horrible Stygian smoke of the pit that is bottomless."—Savannah News.

GAVE UP MILLION TO WED TYPEWRITER GIRL.

Clarence Ott's romance, which culminated in an elopement to Jeffersonville, Ind., has a sequel. He is the son of a Louisville widow of wealth. As he was but 19 years old, his mother objected to his paying court to Annie Peyton. She was one year his junior, pret-



MRS. CLARENCE OTT.

ty as a picture, and for three years has earned her own way in the world as a stenographer. Mrs. Ott's objections were overruled. Young Ott slipped away from the military school at Asheville, N. C., to which his mother had bundled him, and he married his heart's idol. His mother refuses to forgive him, but he is now working for \$3 a week, but happy, while his bride will hold her position until his income is larger.

One of Them Didn't Get On.

Visitor (looking at the photograph album)—You have a fine-looking family of boys, Mr. Bilkerson. And they all seem to have turned out remarkably well. This is Henry, isn't it? Mr. Bilkerson (proudly)—Yes, that's Henry. He's in the music hall line. Gets 600 a week for merely singing what they call a topical song. Henry's a good deal of a genius. That next one is Christopher. He's a jockey. Made \$7,000 out of it last year. The one on the next page is Oliver. He keeps a Stock Exchange "bucket-shop." Built a fine house out of what he made out of it last year and the year before. Yes, my boys are doing pretty well. Come out with me to the stables. I— Visitor—But you have another son, haven't you? Mr. Bilkerson (reluctantly)—Ye-es. His name's Gabriel. He's a professor of Greek, or theology, or something of that sort in a college. Gabe is a good enough fellow in his way, but he doesn't seem to get on. Come out to the stables, Mr. Swackhammer. I want to show you my new pair of grays.—London Tit-Bits.

Extra Coverings.

Some birds and animals put on extra foot coverings for winter use in walking on snow and ice and boring into it for food. Among these are the ruffed grouse, the ptarmigan and Westermarck rabbit. The latter is sometimes known as the "snowshoe rabbit," because of the long and stiff hair which appears on its feet in cold weather. The ptarmigan has broad, stiff feathers on its feet, and the ruffed grouse a sharp-pointed fringe. These drop off in the spring of the year.

Inks of the Ancients.

The inks of ancient days were much like black paint, and, on account of the large quantity of gum used in their manufacture, the letters stood up in relief on the parchments as though embossed. It is an art to be able to conceal the defects of art.



Children's Corner

What is Inside a Watch? If you own a watch, open it and look at the little wheels, springs and screws, each an indispensable part of the whole wonderful machine. The busy little balance wheel alone is the result of hundreds of years of study and experiment. The watch I have before me is composed of ninety-eight pieces, and its manufacture embraces more than two thousand distinct and separate operations. Some of the smallest screws are so minute that the unaided eye cannot distinguish them from the steel filings or specks of dirt. Under a powerful magnifying glass a perfect screw is revealed. The slit in the head is 2-1000 of an inch wide. It takes 308,000 of these screws to weigh a pound, and a pound is worth \$1,585. The hairspring is a strip of the finest steel, about nine and one-half inches long, 1-100 part of an inch wide and 27-10000 of an inch thick. It is coiled up in spiral form and finely tempered. The process of tempering was long held a secret by the few possessing it, and even now is not generally known. Their manufacture requires great skill and care. The strip is gauged to 20-1000 of an inch, but no measuring instrument has yet been devised capable of the fine enough gauging to determine beforehand by the size of the strip what the strength of the finished steel will be. A 20-1000 part of an inch in the thickness of the strip makes a difference in the running of a watch of about six minutes per hour. The value of these springs, when finished and placed in watches, is enormous in proportion to the material from which they are made. A comparison will give a good idea. A ton of gold is worth \$627,915. A ton of steel made up into hairsprings when in watches is worth \$7,882,290—more than twelve and one-half times the value of pure gold. Hairspring wire weighs one-twentieth of a grain to the inch. One mile of wire weighs less than half a pound, does a few compasses. Take, for illustration, a locomotive with six driving wheels. Let its wheels be run till they have given the same number of revolutions that a watch gives in one year, and they will have covered a distance equal to twenty-eight complete circuits of the earth. All this a watch does without other attention than winding once every twenty-four hours.—Cincinnati Commercial Tribune.

Fun in Handkerchief Tussles. Look at the diagram and see if you can discover a way for the boys to get away from a few compasses. Take, for illustration, a locomotive with six driving wheels. Let its wheels be run till they have given the same number of revolutions that a watch gives in one year, and they will have covered a distance equal to twenty-eight complete circuits of the earth. All this a watch does without other attention than winding once every twenty-four hours.—Cincinnati Commercial Tribune.

Fun in Handkerchief Tussles. Look at the diagram and see if you can discover a way for the boys to get away from a few compasses. Take, for illustration, a locomotive with six driving wheels. Let its wheels be run till they have given the same number of revolutions that a watch gives in one year, and they will have covered a distance equal to twenty-eight complete circuits of the earth. All this a watch does without other attention than winding once every twenty-four hours.—Cincinnati Commercial Tribune.

RIVER BOATS IN RUSSIA.

Strange Looking Craft that Ply the Waters of the Muscovite Empire. Everywhere up the Volga, and its hundred tributaries ascend as the iron barges of the Caspian sea off fleet, while through the canals to St. Petersburg alone pass annually, during the 215 days of free navigation, thousands of steamers and barges bearing millions of tons of freight. Every known means of locomotion is used, from men, like oxen, tramp the towpaths, hauling the smaller barges, to powerful tugs that creep along by means of an endless chain laid in the bed of the canals and minor rivers, dragging after them at small pace great caravans of heavy barges.

From the greater streams immense craft nearly 400 feet long, 15 feet in depth, carrying 5,000 tons of freight, drift down to the Caspian, where they are broken to pieces to be used as firewood on the steamers going up stream. In all there are 8,000 miles of navigable waterways in the valley of the Volga, or, if the streams which float the giant rafts that form so large a part of the traffic of the rivers are included, the mileage is increased to nearly 15,000, or as much as that of the valley of the Mississippi.

Fifty thousand rafts are floated down the Volga annually, many of them 100 feet long by 7 thick, and this gives but a faint idea of the real traffic of the river, for in addition there are 10,000,000 tons of produce passing up and down the river during the open season. Much of this centers at Nijni Novgorod. To this famous market steamers and barges come from all parts of Russia, bringing goods to be sold at the great annual fair, over \$200,000,000 worth of merchandise changing hands in a few weeks; 30,000 craft, including rafts, are required for this traffic; they come from as far north as Archangel, as far east as the Ural, from Astrakhan in the south, St. Petersburg and Moscow to the west, while great caravans of ships of the desert arrive daily from all parts of Asia.

Making Fudge.

One day a friend of mine invited another girl and myself to come down to her house that evening to cook. So, after school was over, we all three started for the girls' home. When we reached there the first question asked was, "What shall we make fudge?" and finally we decided to make fudge. I had made some at home one night, but as my sister usually made it, I was not very good at it, but I knew the receipt. We took two cups of sugar, one cup of cream, two small squares of grated chocolate and a little butter. We then placed it on the stove to cook. We girls said that, if it turned out all right we would each be glad to claim the honor of having made it, but if it

was not good, we would each say it was the other made it. After it had cooked about ten minutes, we took it off the stove and went out doors and began to stir it. Pretty soon our hopes began to rise, for it was beginning to look and taste like fudge. We decided that we had stirred it enough, so poured it out on buttered pans and went out in the barn to play, running in every now and then to take a piece of fudge that we had made ourselves. Eighteen is Old Enough. It appears from President Eliot's report of last year's work at Harvard that boys enter college a trifle younger than they did generation ago, and a few of them proportionally are now prepared by private tutors. The number entering from public schools is steadily increasing. Dr. Eliot thinks that the excellence of the preparatory schools ought to still further reduce the average age of entrance. "There is no good reason why nine-tenths of all the boys who mean to go to Harvard College should not be fully prepared for admission at 18 years of age," he says.

NEITHER ARMS NOR LEGS.

Rare Example of Humans Being Without Trace of Limbs. This remarkable person, who was exhibited in Paris at the time of the exposition, is one of the rare examples of a human being who has been born deprived of his arms and legs. He was born in France in the department of Morihan (Brittany), his father and mother being in easy circumstances and living upon a small farm. Both the parents are of good constitution and physically normal. Their son, now about 25 years of age, has no apparent trace of arms or legs, and hence is generally known by the name of l'Homme Tronc, or trunk man.

Outside of this remarkable peculiarity, the rest of his body does not present any marked variations from the normal; the head is somewhat large in proportion to the body; the capillary system is but little developed, and the hand shows a premature baldness. His parents have always taken great care of him, and he lives in a normal way (apart from the use of his members), as none of the essential organs of life are wanting. He eats, drinks and digests like another person, but if left to himself he would undoubtedly die, as it is impossible for him to move his body in order to procure food. It may be thought that his condition would react upon the mind and that he would be of a sad disposition and place but little value upon existence. On the contrary, he seems to be satisfied with life.

The writer questioned him upon this point and he responded that he was quite contented with existence. He does not suffer from want of occupation, as might be supposed, as he has different kinds of work to keep him busy. One of his chief occupations is that of making small tables and chairs and other objects by nailing together pieces of wood which have been previously cut out for him. He takes a nail in his mouth, plants it in the wood and drives it in very adroitly. He can also throw a needle with his mouth, and can take up a glass or metal cup which is given him to drink and empty it without spilling a drop. He seems to be sufficiently intelligent without being particularly so.—Scientific American.

THE HAPPY CALF AND ITS FEEDER.

What an awful disappointment it must be to a calf to wake up some morning and find its mother missing and no warm breakfast waiting, and how disgusted it must feel when the farmer comes in a little later with a pail of skimmed milk, straddles the calf's neck, inserts his finger in its mouth and tries to convince it that drinking is the proper method of feeding from that time on. Happy would be that calf if the farmer would provide it with the feeding arrangement here shown, and happy would the farmer be if he did not have to waste his time in teaching the calf to drink. The calf seems to get along fairly well until the farmer undertakes to withdraw his finger and make the calf go it alone, but then rebellion rises and an upset pail is the result in some cases. Once introduced the calf to this device and he may hunt to his heart's content without upsetting the milk. The arrangement consists of a reservoir, suspended from the wall, with a tube leading to a block underneath, on which is mounted a rubber nipple. As the nipple is screwed on the block it

Early Pasturage.

The first grass in spring is watery and has very little nutriment in it, partly because it is usually to be found on the low lands, where the better grade of grasses do not grow. Yet we used to like to get cattle and sheep into it as soon as it was large enough to give them a fair bite, as such grass is poor at the best, and almost worthless after it gets tough and harsh. But we never depended much upon it as food for the year, excepting for its succulent qualities. We fed as much hay and grain the morning before we let them into pasture as if they were to remain in the yard. Then we took them in early, and at night they were fed with the barn again. The green grass loosened the bowels, and perhaps we had a little more milk, or a little thriffter growth, but it made the change from hay to pasture more gradual, and they seemed to relish it, especially if the roots were all gone, as they usually were likely to be at that season. That was before the days of the silo, and if we had only well filled we might think it better now to feed ensilage, and let the bog grass grow to be used as bedding, or to be used as a covering for strawberries or spinach, or as a mulch for some other crops.—American Cultivator.

Butter Separators.

Butter makers kick on farm separators, says the Northwest Farmer. Some of the butter makers are making a lively kick against the introduction of the farm separator. They might as well kick against a stone wall, for kicking will not stop its coming. There is only one thing that will check its rapid introduction, and that is better skim milk from the creamery. Farmers are getting more and more determined to raise good calves, and they propose to do this with separator skim milk. If the butter makers don't clean up their pumps, pipes and tanks and give the skim milk a thorough pasteurizing the farmer is certain to lend an attentive ear to the farm separator agent, a separator will be installed on trial, and you can count on its staying. It will then be too late to protest, for after a farmer pays \$100 for a separator he is quite apt to find a factory that will take his cream. Dairy men of experience have found that the best of calves can be raised on good separator milk, and every intelligent butter maker knows how to return it in good condition.

Linseed Oil Cake.

It is an English tradition that something like a century ago a farmer used the refuse from a linseed or flaxseed oil mill to manure a field, and then turned sheep on it. Going there a while afterward he found that the sheep had eaten the grass and the manure as well, and had made a better growth than those in other fields. This is said to have been the beginning of feeding linseed cake to sheep. Possibly it is true, for some of our most beneficial discoveries have been made in ways as accidental or providential as this.—Exchange.

Strong Constipations.

Many animals lack in constitutional vigor, simply because their parents have been allowed to get too fat, and



THE HAPPY CALF AND ITS FEEDER.

What an awful disappointment it must be to a calf to wake up some morning and find its mother missing and no warm breakfast waiting, and how disgusted it must feel when the farmer comes in a little later with a pail of skimmed milk, straddles the calf's neck, inserts his finger in its mouth and tries to convince it that drinking is the proper method of feeding from that time on. Happy would be that calf if the farmer would provide it with the feeding arrangement here shown, and happy would the farmer be if he did not have to waste his time in teaching the calf to drink. The calf seems to get along fairly well until the farmer undertakes to withdraw his finger and make the calf go it alone, but then rebellion rises and an upset pail is the result in some cases. Once introduced the calf to this device and he may hunt to his heart's content without upsetting the milk. The arrangement consists of a reservoir, suspended from the wall, with a tube leading to a block underneath, on which is mounted a rubber nipple. As the nipple is screwed on the block it



THE HAPPY CALF AND ITS FEEDER.

What an awful disappointment it must be to a calf to wake up some morning and find its mother missing and no warm breakfast waiting, and how disgusted it must feel when the farmer comes in a little later with a pail of skimmed milk, straddles the calf's neck, inserts his finger in its mouth and tries to convince it that drinking is the proper method of feeding from that time on. Happy would be that calf if the farmer would provide it with the feeding arrangement here shown, and happy would the farmer be if he did not have to waste his time in teaching the calf to drink. The calf seems to get along fairly well until the farmer undertakes to withdraw his finger and make the calf go it alone, but then rebellion rises and an upset pail is the result in some cases. Once introduced the calf to this device and he may hunt to his heart's content without upsetting the milk. The arrangement consists of a reservoir, suspended from the wall, with a tube leading to a block underneath, on which is mounted a rubber nipple. As the nipple is screwed on the block it

What Remains to the Soil?

I would not seem to understand stable manure, but it is a mistake to suppose that land must grow poor when we cease to feed everything upon the farm. It is not necessary to sacrifice all income for the sake of keeping up the soil. Now that we know more about the composition of the soil, we know that productiveness depends in great degree upon the presence of organic matter in it, and not solely upon stable manure or commercial fertilizers. The ideal condition would be one in which a goodly number of live stock could be kept with profit on nearly every farm, but the cattle feeders of most fertile Eastern valleys must give up a farm scheme that makes for cattle and wheat the only cash products. The list of cash crops will be made longer, and clover, peas and sods must be freely used to supplement the manure.—Farm and Fireside.

Little Hay Goes a Long Way.

Hay for work horses should not be fed in excessive amounts when they are upon the road or worked hard. Stuffing with hay when required to exert their strength or speed is liable to cause serious and lasting injury. It is also without doubt a more frequent cause of colic than any other ailment in horses than in anything else. When either of these troubles exists it so aggravates the disease as to endanger the animal's life. At morning and noon only very little hay should be given, with enough grain to keep up the strength and flesh of the horse, but at night a liberal amount of hay should be fed.—Farm and Home.

Barbed-Wire Fences.

An animal will seldom go near enough to a barbed-wire fence to be badly damaged by it, if he is put to it when first put out, and allowed to learn how sharp the barbs are by a slight prick from them, which will do no real damage. But sometimes one will push another against it. The greatest danger is from a barbed-wire that is not in place, but has become detached from the post and has a part of its length lying on the ground to entangle the legs of any animal or person walking along and not noticing. See that all such fences are made safe before any animals are let out there.

Covering Tree Wounds.

Among popular conclusions arrived at from the general experience in using various preparations, such as shellac varnish, liquid grafting wax, tar and white lead paint, for healing wounds made in pruning trees is that, taking all things together, nothing seems to be better than covering the wounds with common lead paint, somewhat thick, and that grafting wax is a close second. Wax is the superior of paint in the matter of healing, but it does not last so well, nor is it so convenient to apply.

Milk Vessels.

Milk vessels should, as far as possible, be made without seams, and all soldered joints be made as smooth as possible.