



SEMI-WEEKLY

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CORVALLIS, BENTON COUNTY, OREGON, TUESDAY, MAY 7, 1901.

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HEADS UP.

Don't kick and whine, Just get in line. With the fellows who've grit and pluck; Don't frown and scowl, Look grim and growl; Stop prating about ill luck. Lift up your head, Don't seem half dead. Stop wearing a wrinkled face; Give smiling hope Sufficient scope, And joys will come apace.

ANOTHER JOHNNIE.

"I shall never marry," said a man's voice from the depths of a huge lounge chair. "People are fond of telling me I shall change my mind, because I've got a title and a fair amount of money. That shows all they know. It makes me laugh when my people wisely tell me I shall have it one of these days, and have it badly. I've had it, old chap, as badly as I could have it to live, and I'm inoculated for all time." "So that's it, is it?" murmured Graves, sympathetically. "Yes, that's it. The only girl I ever loved," Lord Kiddersleigh went on, not looking at Graves, but staring hard up at the ceiling high above their heads, "loved another Johnnie. Now, I take it, when a Johnnie loves a girl that loves another Johnnie there's nothing to be done but clear out, so I cleared out of the old Black Horse into this regiment for no other reason than that it would bring me out here, and at least keep me from seeing the other Johnnie having it all his own way." "Is she married yet?" "I suppose so. I really don't know, for I never heard a word about her. My people never mentioned her in their letters, as they don't know I take any interest in her—they think I haven't had it," he added, with a burst of rillad laughter that all the same had a ring of wretchedness in it. "Do you know the other man?" asked Graves. "No, I haven't the least idea who he is, and I don't feel like making any particular inquiry on the subject. But that's why I never moon about after the women, old chap; I'm off all that kind of thing." "I never suspected it," said Graves. "I've often wondered why you kept yourself as you do, but, by Jove, I never guessed at the reason."

"I ain't going home," said he. "Look here, old chap," said Graves. "Don't you think you're paying that girl too high a compliment altogether? No woman in the world is worth a man's life, and that's what you're giving in this case." "Do you say I shall die?" "Yes, if you stop here." For the life of him Graves could not keep his voice quite steady, and afterwards he admitted that he had never felt so helpless or so lonely in his life as he did at this time.

"Well, then, I'd just as soon," said the invalid, tenacious of his one idea. Graves jumped up and went out of the room. For the life of him he could not have spoken at that moment. He went out on the veranda and winked the scalding tears back from his eyes, and swore a little under his breath, and then he took a resolve. It was that he would write again to Lady Kiddersleigh. And so, that same evening, he did, laying bare his whole idea to her, and begging her to use her best efforts to persuade her son to go home. "I am breaking a sacred confidence," he wrote in conclusion, "but I am sure it is the only thing to do, the only way in which I can serve him. Dear Lady Kiddersleigh, the bottom of it all is some girl—I don't know her name, but he told me she was in love with another man, and he came out here to be out of the way. He never told me her name, but last night, when he was thoroughly off his head—which he is most nights—he kept calling 'Tita—Tita.' From what he told me she must be married by this time, but I think if you were to send out the papers with my accounts of it he would feel that it was really over, and resign himself to the inevitable."

It was exactly three weeks after Graves had planned his second epistle to Lady Kiddersleigh that he received a telegram from home. "Coming at once, Julia Kiddersleigh," it said, and Graves shoved it into his pocket with a long breath of intense relief, knowing that whether his friend lived or died he had done the right thing, and could never be reproached with having unduly kept his people in the dark. At last he went to meet the train which would bring her, and stood there scanning the different carriages with eager eyes. Yes; there she was, a tall, slight woman, my, very young looking to be the mother of a big fellow like Kiddersleigh, and with her was a very smart-looking maid and a courier. Graves went forward, Lady Kiddersleigh knew him by instinct and came forward, too. "You are Mr. Graves?" she said. "I can never, never thank you enough. How is he?" "Very ill, but not worse than the last few days," he replied. "I'm so glad you've come, Lady Kiddersleigh. You'll do him more good than anyone."

Lady Kiddersleigh smiled. "I don't know about that," she said. "I fancy my niece here will do more than any of us. Mr. Graves, this is Tita, about whom I wrote to me, otherwise Miss Vallence." Miss Vallence blushed a fine scarlet color as she returned Graves' bow. "You have come none too soon," he said, gravely. "Shall I take you to the carriage now, Lady Kiddersleigh?" She put her hand upon his arm in a friendly way, and he bowed and went to her. "I've had a journey and a half, Mr. Graves," she whispered rapidly. "There's been a mistake—she adores Kiddersleigh, always has done. She has almost broken her heart and— Oh, yes," with a quick change of tone, "it will be nice to be settled down for a few days. It's a horrid journey."

They only uttered commonplaces as they drove toward the bungalow which Kiddersleigh and Graves shared. "I'd better go and prepare him," said Graves, as he helped them to alight. He found Kiddersleigh lying in his long chair, staring blankly at the ceiling. He was not smoking, for he was too ill to care for his pipe any longer. Graves' heart smote him as he noted the sharp outlines of temple and wrist. "Old chap," he said in a voice that, try as he would, he could not make an ordinary one, "don't be startled. Your mother's come to see you." "My mother? Did you send for her?" "Yes." "Old chap," said Graves, "I don't want you to croak without making an effort to straighten things out a bit. She's come, too. There's been a big mistake somewhere."

But the girl Tita waited no longer, there was a rush of light feet, a sob and a choking kind of laugh, and she was down on her knees beside the long chair. "Keddie! Keddie!" she cried. "I've almost broken my heart!" "But the other Johnnie?" he asked. "There wasn't another Johnnie," she cried, the tears running down her face and almost drowning the smiles in her eyes. "I don't know what you mean, Keddie. There never was any one but you."

"Tita—my Tita!" he murmured; and then he quietly fainted away. Then, when they had brought him round again, he said with a weak chuckle: "Don't let Tita go. I want my revenge on the other Johnnie."—St. Louis Star.

Burdette's Idea of Hospitality. Robert Burdette once said: "I do not go to my friend's house for the meal he is to give me. I can get a very good dinner at a hotel for 50 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 for his food."

DEATH'S VISITS IN SLEEP.

Apoplexy Frequently Attacks Its Victims While in the Slumber. The frequent occurrence of apoplexy during sleep was illustrated in the case of Col. Albert D. Shaw. He had made a patriotic speech during the evening and had retired in apparently good health. In his instance there was a combination of causes to bring about the result—a banquet, mental excitement, probable indigestion and a coincident lowering of vital tone. In some respects the circumstances were similar to those attending the demise of Henry George, who was likewise stricken after forced efforts on the platform. Why the accident in question should occur at a time when all the bodily functions are seemingly at rest is at first thought somewhat difficult to explain. When, however, the arteries of the brain become brittle by age the slightest change of blood pressure is often enough to precipitate a rupture of those vessels and cause the escape of a clot either upon the surface or into the substance of the brain. High mental tension, being always associated with congestion, is in itself an active predisposing cause of apoplexy. This condition is apt to continue during a more or less troubled sleep, and with an overtired nervous system there is less resistance to overstretching of the cerebral arteries than during the waking hours. Nature, instead of rebounding, simply succumbs. The fullness of the vessels increases until the final break occurs. Generally the effusion of blood is sufficiently large to be followed by instantaneous death, causing one sleep to pass quietly into the other. As evidence of this peaceful ending, it is often noticed that the patients are found as if in natural slumber, comfortably lying on the side, with bed clothes undisturbed and with countenances perfectly calm.—New York Herald.

RECENT JUDICIAL DECISIONS.

A faction of a political party which is not and does not claim to be in itself a distinct political party is, in *Wheat vs. Toney* (Ky.), 50 L. A. 105, denied the right to have inspectors at an election. Information given to detectives in regard to larceny, stating a suspicion, with a reason therefor, that a certain person is a thief, is held in *Shinglemeyer vs. Wright* (Mich.), 50 L. A. 129, to be privileged. Repeal of an ordinance requiring a license tax for carrying on the business of real estate agents is held, in *Dennings vs. Young* (Kan.), 50 L. A. 103, not to operate retroactively so as to make valid a contract by such an agent which was originally invalid because he had not complied with the ordinance. Nonresident holder of stock in a corporation is held, in *Howarth vs. Lombard* (Mass.), 49 L. R. A. 301, to be bound by the action of the court in appointing a receiver for the company and determining the amount necessary to satisfy the statutory liability of stockholders for its debts, and liable to an action in his own State by a foreign receiver to whom the statute has given legal title to the funds to be realized from the stockholders.

Killing of a person on a railroad track in open daylight on a straight piece of road, where he could be seen for 150 yards ahead of the train which struck him, is held, in *Neal vs. Carolina Central Railway Company* (N. C.), 49 L. R. A. 684, not to make the railroad company liable, although the train was running at a prohibited speed and without ringing its bell, as required by ordinance, or keeping a proper lookout, where up to the moment he was struck he could have prevented the accident by stepping off the track.

Lessons from Sherlock Holmes. The methods used by Sherlock Holmes, the great fictional detective, have so impressed the authorities of Massillon, Ohio, that they have provided the police with books telling of the greatest achievements of Holmes. The officers are under instructions to apply the Holmes principles in all cases possible. Accordingly, when it was reported that a trunk had been broken open and \$85 stolen at John Stevenson's boarding-house the other day, Officer Seaman proceeded to investigate along Holmes' lines.

He found that the brass hasps securing the trunk lid had been severed with a sharp instrument. None was in the vicinity. The landlord was asked if he had an ax. He produced one from a coalhouse, where he said he always kept it. There were small particles of brass on the blade and it just fitted the cut in the trunk. The officers argued that if a robber had committed the crime he would not have lugged away an ax. Therefore they decided it must have been the landlord. When they arrested him he was so amazed at their line of reasoning that he admitted his guilt. He is now in jail.—Pittsburg Post.

Negro Colony at Cape May. A rival to Booker T. Washington's Tuskegee Institute is to be established on 1,400 acres of level ten miles north of Cape May by Rev. J. W. Flahburn and his associates, who have assumed the name of the National Equal Opportunity Association. They bought the land from State Senator Robert E. Hand and have raised all but \$400 of the first installment of the \$14,000 which they will pay for it. The association also has in hand over \$5,000 for beginning the construction of an industrial school and manufacturing plant. Farms will be allotted to colonists and only negroes will be allowed to do any work.



Children in Spanish states. In the Spanish city of Seville there are no kindergartens or other places where the busy mother can leave her little children to be cared for while she does the housework or helps her husband in his little shop. The baby is left to care for itself and does so very well—that is, the baby who has not learned to walk yet.



BABY AND ITS BASKET. The Old Song Broke the Crust on a Grief-Hounded Heart.

Out in a Western forest, where a little log cabin had stolen a bit of ground for itself in the very shadow of the forest trees, a lady traveler found herself benighted. The dwellers in the cabin were simple, kind-hearted people, who had lived so long in their primitive surroundings that they missed neither the world nor its conveniences. Everything looked as if they were contented and happy, but the visitor, by what seemed like an accident, learned that one heart was sad. Ella Higginson tells the story in the Seattle Times.

After supper the traveler, who had observed a little old-fashioned melodeon in one corner of the room, went over to the instrument and was about to open it. The action was arrested by the movement of a young girl, who came hurriedly to the stranger, and with a look of fear on her face whispered: "Oh, you mustn't play! Grandma don't let me touch the melodeon since grandma died. She says music is only for happy folks."

For a minute the lady hesitated; then with a pitying glance at the old, bent figure by the fireplace, she opened the melodeon, and touching the yellow keys began to sing in a low, sweet voice the words of "Auld Lang Syne." Each word as it dropped from her lips quivered through the silence that had fallen upon the room. The child stood beside the visitor, awed and frightened, but the old white-haired woman by the fire only leaned forward and listened.

Presently, as the full meaning of the simple, tender words stole in upon the narrow, grief-hardened mind, her hands began to tremble, her head sank upon her breast, and tears fell from her eyes. When the song was finished, she was sobbing like a weary child that in its sorrow no longer refuses to be comforted.

The Beefsteak Was Good. It may be a question whether Thackeray cared very much for the pleasures of the table, but at least he wrote as if he did. Take the following reminiscence from one of his essays, and judge whether it could have been more lovingly composed if the subject had been a romantic one, and not merely a beefsteak. He says:

After the soup we had what I do not hesitate to call the very best beefsteak I ever ate in my life. By the shade of Hellogabriel! As I write about it now, a week after I have eaten it, the old, rich, sweet, piquant, juicy taste comes smacking on my lips again; and I feel something of the exquisite sensation I then had. I am ashamed of the delight which the eating of that piece of meat caused me.

And I had quarelled about the steak; but when we began on the steak we looked at each other and loved each other. We did not speak; our hearts were too full for that. But we took a bit, laid down our forks, looked at each other and understood each other. There were no two individuals on this wide earth, no two lovers billing in the shade, no mother clasping her baby to her heart more supremely happy than we.

As you may fancy, we did not leave a single morsel of the steak; but when it was done we put bits of bread into the silver dish, and wistfully sopped up the gravy. I suppose I shall never in this world taste anything so good again.

His Length of Service. Visitor to Country Town (who has been shown over the church)—And how long has your present vicar been here? Sexton—Mr. Mole, sir, has been the incumbent here, sir, for nigh on forty years, sir!—London Punch.

Not Play to Him. Briggs (taking up a book)—Ah! You have Prynne's play here. Griggs—What was his play has been my work. I have tried to read it.—Boston Transcript.

never learn the knack, however much they tried. When a boy throws a stone he crooks his elbow and reaches back with his forearm, and in the act of throwing he works every joint from shoulder to wrist. The girl throws with her whole arm rigid, whereas the boy's arm is relaxed. The reason of this difference is one of anatomy; the feminine collarbone is longer and is set lower than in the case of a male. The long, crooked, awkward bone interferes with the free use of the arm. This is the reason that girls cannot throw well.

"Cinderella" the First. Under Article 88 teachers may be appointed to elementary schools on satisfying the board that they have attained the age of blooming eighteen, and that they have been vaccinated, says the London Express. The results are often humorous to the onlooker, but unfortunate for the children. An "Article 88 teacher" stood up the other day and announced: "Now we will have our history lesson. We will take the Queens of England first, beginning with Cinderella. Find your place."—Little Chronicle.

Sunflower Seeds. Raising sunflowers is a paying enterprise in Russia. The seeds are salted and regarded a fascinating edible. At street crossings in all the provinces of Russia there are stands where peddlers with big baskets sell the salted product of the big sunflower. A good crop of sunflowers as it stands in the field is worth \$25 an acre.

"AULD LANG SYNE."

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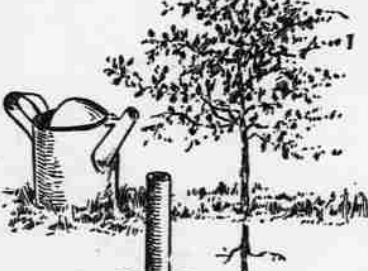
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FARMERS' CORNER.

New Fertilizing Apparatus. Among all the numerous devices and schemes to induce plants to grow the idea which is illustrated below is probably a novelty, and it is not unlikely that it will serve its purpose to some advantage in the forcing of shrubbery, plants, etc. The inventor is Gardner M. Sherman, of Springfield, Mass., and he claims that the arrangement is not only of great utility and value in accelerating the growth of plants by giving them with the utmost directness the most suitable fertilizing ingredients which they are known to require, but in experimenting, in series modifying or varying the constituents employed, with a view to the observation and comparison of the results. The device is a hollow, porous receptacle, with a vertical tube at the top. The device is buried when the plant is set out, leaving the end of the tube exposed above the surface of the earth. Then the ingredients of the fertilizer are mixed and poured through the tube, being absorbed through the porous vessel by the roots of the plant. In this manner the roots



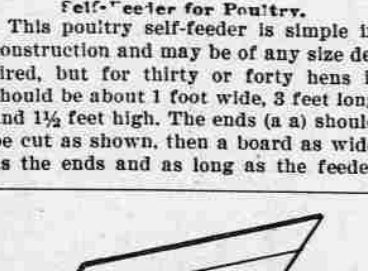
PROVIDES FOOD FOR PLANT ROOTS.

and eventually the whole shrub are stimulated and made to mature rapidly. It would seem that even an application of warm water at intervals would be of advantage, in that it would warm the ground and moisten it at the same time, which could not help but stimulate plant growth.

Lighter Horses Fetter. Farmers who have wanted 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 do in plowing or in drawing a load upon soft ground to a much lighter team working more easily. Then the heavy horses are driven over our hilly 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 1,000-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.—Exchange.

Self-Feeder for Poultry. This poultry self-feeder is simple in construction and may be of any size desired, but for thirty or forty hens it should be about 1 foot wide, 3 feet long and 1 1/2 feet high. The ends (a) should be cut as shown, then a board as wide as the ends and as long as the feeder should be nailed horizontally between the ends as they stand upright and four inches below the shoulders. Cut the sides (b) and nail in position; next make a V-shaped trough as long as the feeder and invert between the lower edges of b to keep the food from running out too much at once. Nail on strips (c), which should be four inches wide, and put on a cover with hinges.



POULTRY SELF-FEEDER.

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Value of Roots for Feeding. According to the tables sent out by Professor Henry in "Foods and Feeding," the artichoke is the most valuable root for feeding, as while it has but twenty pounds of dry matter in one hundred pounds, while the potato has more than twenty-one pounds, it has more than double the amount of protein that the potato has, and its feeding value is reckoned at \$2.44 per ton, while potatoes are but \$1.06, and are not equal to parsnips, which are \$1.82. Next comes the sugar beet at \$1.42, the common beet at \$1.38, rutabagas at \$1.22, fat turnips at \$1.16, mangel-wurtzels at \$1.10, and carrots at the bottom of

the list at \$1.08. Never having grown artichokes we have not known much about their value for feeding. All the others we have used, and our experience would rank them about as in the analysis, unless it were to change places with fat turnips and mangel-wurtzels.—American Cultivator.

Education in Farming. Horace Greeley said that he left the farm because there were no books or papers treating on the laws on which the science of agriculture was based, or something to about that effect. We have no doubt that he often thought of the farm as they think of the farm if he could have had some of the knowledge about farming that used to have a place in the Tribune in after years, but we are not so sure about it. Even in those days there was more theoretical teaching of farming than of any practical knowledge that would reduce agriculture to an exact science, and we think if he had been on the farm and tried some of the methods advocated in the Tribune his language might have been as emphatic as any that he used in political campaigns. But since that date agricultural colleges and experiment stations have done much to educate the farmers and the farmers' sons, theories have been practically tested, methods have been so well studied that, under certain conditions, the results are almost as certain as mathematical demonstrations, making them more than adequate to do much of the hard labor, and plants or the farm animals can be fed as scientifically as the machinery, and is sure to produce certain effect from certain expenditure of power.—Exchange.

Butter Making. If the war between the producers and contractors drives some of those who used to make butter a quarter of a century ago back to trying it again, many of them will find that they cannot make butter of the same quality as they have been buying since they began to sell their milk, or of such flavor as they think they used to make. Their taste has been educated up to a standard that but few could reach then, and most of those only in June and September. But we think this trouble is likely to be the cause of the starting of more co-operative creameries, cheese factories, and perhaps condensing factories in the coming season. And we fear there are not enough graduates from our dairy schools to take charge of them all. When they can wage they should be given good wages.—American Cultivator.

Sugar Beet Pulp for Cows. At the Watsonville (Cal.) factory sugar beet pulp sells all the way from 25 to 50 cents per ton. As it can be held a long time in the silo and is fed to best advantage when old, it is available the entire year. According to notes collected by H. A. Pearson, of the dairy division at Washington, published in a recent bulletin, the fresh pulp is placed in a silo. This silo is very crude. It also costs very little. The pulp is very soft when first put in and generally settles considerably. Of course the top layers decay, and after a time the entire mass is covered with a protecting layer three to six inches thick. In a few months the individual pieces of beets, originally two or three inches long and quite slender, are broken down, and the material remains one of cold mud, grayish brown in color. Three tons of the fresh pulp make about one ton when cured.

Smut in Grain. The treatment of seed grain by dipping for about ten minutes in a solution of one pint of formalin in twenty-five gallons of water, to prevent smut, has proved so effective and so cheap that no farmer has an excuse for failing to try it. The above amount should be enough to treat about fifteen bushels of seed, or more if after a bushel has been soaked it is allowed to drip into another barrel or tub while the next lot is being soaked. The formalin is not dangerous or disagreeable to handle, though not safe for animals to drink. The same treatment is advised by potatoes to prevent the scab.

Corn in Pock. One of the growing problems in profitably carrying on the hog industry is to secure the large gains from a bushel of corn that at one time it was thought impossible, but is now being proved almost daily. While ordinary good feeding is eight to ten pounds gain, super-feeding brings fifteen pounds. We find the report recently made by C. G. Neff, of Ohio, that by careful feeding he made an average on a bunch of 500 hogs of fifteen pounds eight ounces gain for a bushel of corn, and after the second period a gain of fifteen and three-quarter pounds per bushel was made.—American Swineherd.

Preserving Butter. When buying corn save a number of the soft inner husks. Have your butter thoroughly washed free from all milk, worked and salted to taste. Scald and cool the husks. Make the butter in long rolls the size of a fat ear of corn, inclose with the husks, tie tightly at each end and drop in brine strong enough to bear eggs. The brine will not penetrate the butter, and when taken out, it will be as sweet and well flavored as fresh butter, and cut in half prettily fluted on a plate.

How to Tether a Horse. Fasten the rope to ankle of front foot, and horse will never get hind feet caught in rope, or otherwise hurt himself. A wide strap to buckle about ankle is best, as it will not rub or chafe skin. Have broken quite a number of horses to stand tethered that way and never had one get tangled or hurt. After they get used to being picked out they may be fastened by head or neck.