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FROM POORHOUSE TO PALACE

BY MARY J. HOLMES

CHAPTER XI.

In the old brown school house, overshadowed by apple trees and sheltered, on the west by a long, steep hill, where acorns and wild grapes grew, Mary Howard taught a little flock of twenty-five, coaxing some, urging others and teaching them all by her kind words and winsome ways to love her as they had never before loved an instructor.

When first the good proposal of a teacher in Rice Corner, Widow Perkins, and a few others who had no children to send, held up their hands in amazement, wondering "what the world was coming to, and if the committeemen, Mr. Knight, 'spood they was going to be rid over roughed by a town panper; but she couldn't get a stiffener for the orthodox minister, wouldn't give her one; and if he did, the Unitarian minister wouldn't!" Accordingly, when it was known that the ordeal had been passed and that Mary had in her possession a piece of paper about three inches square, authorizing her to teach a common district school, this worthy conclave concluded that "either everybody had lost their senses or else Miss Mason, who was present at the examination, had sat by and whispered in her ear the answers to all hard questions."

"In all my born days I never seen anything like this," said the widow, as she distributed her green tea, sweetened with brown sugar, to a party of ladies, who she was entertaining. "But you'll see, she won't keep her time no'n half out—Sally Ann, pass them putcakes. Everybody's going to send their children to a pauper. There's Miss Bradley says she'll take her'n out the first time they get ticked. Have some more sass, Miss Dodge. I want it eat up, for I believe it's a-wor-kin'—but I telled her that wasn't the table, Mary's too soft, they're burt a mikeraker. And so young, too. It's government she'll lack in. If anybody'll have a piece of this dried apple pie, I'll cut it."

Fortunately, Mary knew nothing of Mrs. Perkins' banquets and no one dreamed that any feeling existed toward her save that of perfect friendship. Since we last saw her, she had grown into a fine, healthy looking girl. Her face and figure were round and full, and her complexion, though still a trifle yellow, was clear as marble, contrasting well with her dark-brown hair and eyes, which no longer seemed unnaturally large. Still, she was not beautiful, it is true, and yet Billy was not far from right when he called her the "inest looking girl in Chappell; and it was for this reason, perhaps, that Mrs. Campbell watched with jealousy.

Every possible pains had been taken with Ella's education. The best teachers had been hired to instruct her, and she was now at a fashionable seminary, but still she did not possess one-half the ease and gracefulness of manner which seemed natural to her sister. The two girls had seen her, her mother, her father, and oftentimes when Ella met her sister she merely acknowledged her presence by a nod or a smile "how d'ye do?"

When she heard that Mary was to be a teacher she said she was glad, for it was more respect than she had ever known, factory or working out. Mrs. Campbell, too, felt in duty bound to express her pleasure, adding that "she hoped Mary would give satisfaction, but 'twas extremely doubtful, for she was so young, and possessed of so little dignity."

Unfortunately Widow Perkins' red cottage stood directly opposite the school house, and as the widow belonged to that stirring few who always "wash the breakfast dishes and make the beds, before anyone is up in the house," she had ample leisure to watch and report on the proceedings of the new teacher. Now, Mrs. Perkins' clock was like its mistress, always half an hour in advance of the true time, and Mrs. Campbell taught a week ere Mr. Knight, "the committeeman," was duly hailed in the street and told that the "schoolmarm wanted lookin' to, for she didn't begin no mornin' till half-past nine, nor no afternoon till half-past one! Besides that," she added, "I think she gives 'em too long a play spell. Anyways, seems of some on 'em was out o' doors the half hour."

Mr. Knight had no much good sense about the widow's complaints, and merely replied: "I'm glad out. Five hours is enough to keep little shavers cramped up in the house—glad out."

The widow, thus folling in her attempts at making distance, finally gave up the strife, contenting herself with cursing the older girls, and asking them if Mary could do all the hard sums in arithmetic or whether she took them home for Mrs. Mason to solve!

In spite, however, of these little annoyances, Mary was contented and happy. She knew that her pupils loved her, and that the greater part of the district were satisfied, so she greeted the widow with her pleasant smile, and by always being particularly polite, finally overcame her prejudice to a considerable extent.

land, or you would have mentioned him to me. I like him very much, indeed, and yet I could not help feeling a little jealous when he manifested so much interest in her. Sometimes, Mary, I think that for a brother, I am getting too selfish, and I do not wish anyone to like you except myself, but I surely need not feel so toward George, the best friend I have in Boston. He is very kind, lending me books, and has even offered to use his influence in getting me a situation in one of the best law offices in the city."

After reading this letter Mary sat for a long time thinking of George Moreland—all of the time when she first knew him—of that William Bender had been to her since—and wondering, as girls sometimes will, which she liked the best. Bill unquestionably had the strongest claim to her love, but could he have known how much satisfaction she felt in thinking that George still remembered and felt interested in her? He would have had some reason for fearing, as he occasionally did, that she would never be to him what she was to a sister.

CHAPTER XII.

The summer was drawing to a close, and with it Mary's school. She had succeeded in giving satisfaction to the entire district. Mr. Knight, for whom Mary was a great favorite, offered her the school for the coming winter, but she had decided upon attending school herself, and after modestly declining his offer, told him of her intention.

"But where's the money coming from?" said he.

Mary laughingly asked him how many lags of shoes he supposed she had stitched during the last two years.

"More'n two hundred, I'll bet," said he. "Not quite as many as that," answered Mary; "but still I have managed to earn my clothes and thirty dollars besides; and this, together with my school wages, will pay for one term and part of another."

"I'll help you if I could," returned Mr. Knight. "I'll help you if I could," returned Mr. Knight, "I'll help you if I could, go ahead, and who knows but you'll one day be the president's wife."

When Widow Perkins heard that Mary was going away to school she forgot to put any yeast in the bread which she was making, and baking Sally Ann "watch it until it rix," she posted off to Mrs. Mason's to inquire the particulars, reckoning up as she went along how much fourteen weeks' wages would come to at nine shillings per week.

But with all her quizzing and "pump- ing," as Judith called it, she was unable to ascertain anything of importance, and, merrily styling Mrs. Mason, Mary, Judith and all "great gumpheads," she returned home and relieved Sally Ann from her watch over the examination.

Both Mrs. Mason and Mary laughed heartily at the widow's curiosity, though, as Mary said, "I was no laughing matter where the money was to come from which she needed for her books and clothing."

Everything which Mrs. Mason could do for her she did, and even Judith, who was never famous for generosity, brought in one Saturday morning a half-worm meringue, which she thought "mebbe could be turned and served as an examination, something decent," adding, in an undertone, that "she'd had it out airin' on the clothes horse for more'n two hours."

A few days afterward Jenny Lincoln came galloping up to the school house door, denouncing the school, and saying that school was out, and having a good time.

"I hear you are going to Wilbraham," said she, "but I want you to go to Mount Holyoke. We are going, a whole lot of us—that is, if we can pass examination. Rose isn't pleased with the idea, but I am. I think 'twill be fun to wash potatoes and scour knives. I don't believe that mother would ever have sent us there if it were not that Ida Selden is going. Her father and her Aunt Martha used to be schoolmates with Miss Lyon, and they have always intended that Ida should graduate at Mount Holyoke. Now, why can't you go, too?"

Children's Corner

A Surprise for Three.
"I'll do it," thought Teddy, "because I'll please grandpa so much. And I am not afraid of no one—single—milt! Not—one—milt!" he added slowly, as he walked toward the barn. That morning at breakfast Grandpa French had told them about poor Dobbin. He was lame, and he had to stand in his stall all day long.

"I'd like to put him out, but he would get into the newly planted garden," said Grandpa, "and I can't spare one of the men to tend to him, so the poor fellow must stay in the barn."

Teddy was only seven, and he felt just a wee bit frightened of horses, for you see he lived in the city and not on a farm. He screwed his forehead all up in a knot he thought so hard, and then he said, "I'll do it!"

"Come along, Dobbin!" he said bravely, as he untied the big halter and seized the end of it firmly his hand. Dobbin walked hurriedly out over the barn door, clumpy clump, through the door and into the bright sunshine. Then he stopped.

"Get up!" said Teddy. Dobbin tossed up his head and snorted, and then he did go along in good earnest. He hopped and he catered and ran limping. For the ground so fast that Teddy had to run to keep up with him.

"Whoa!" he shouted. "Whoa, Dobbin!" But Dobbin didn't whoa till he stood under Teddy's oak-tree, and then he laid down on the soft green grass and rolled and rolled.

Poor little Teddy just glanced at those flying feet, and then he frightened to say a word. Oh, if grandpa would only come! He screamed and screamed at the top of his voice, "Grandpa! grandpa!"

"It's Dobbin," he explained, when grandpa discovered him. "I was going to spruce you and take Dobbin out, an' then he rolled—an' then—his voice was very low, 'an' then—I climbed up here—an' Dobbin's in the garden!"

"Well, well," laughed grandpa. "I guess we've had a surprise party all around! You surprised Dobbin, he surprised you, and you both surprised me, that's certain!"

"If I'd had a clothes-line," faltered Teddy, "I could have held on when I climbed up here. I'll get it next time, grandpa," he added, brightly.

But grandpa answered very decidedly: "There mustn't be any next time, Teddy, remember! One surprise party is a plenty for one summer!"

And then he went to hunt for Dobbin—YOUTH'S COMPANION.

Children's Corner

Sally's Answer.
"Sally, what is it 8 minus 6?" Sally could not answer, which was nothing unusual, whereupon the teacher, thinking it might aid her by stating it less abstractly, said:

"Now, Sally, if your mamma went to the barn and found 8 eggs, and used 6 of them to bake a cake, what would she have left?"

With a smile of contempt, Sally answered, "Why, shells!"

Papa Was Saving.
"Here," said Benny's papa, showing the little fellow a coin, "is a penny 300 years old. It was given to me when I was a boy."

"Well," cried Benny, "just think of any one's being able to keep a penny as long as that without spending it!"

What Mamma Called Him.
Stranger—What is your name, little boy?
Little Boy—Willie.
Stranger—Willie what?
Little Boy—Willie Don't I guess. That's what mamma always calls me.

Particular About His Treatment.
Small Tommy was sent home ill from the kindergarten one day and as he entered the house he said: "Mamma, I'm just awful sick, but I don't want you to try any faith cure on me."

ODD WHITE HOUSE INDUSTRY.
Mrs. McKinley's Pleasure in One of Her Chosen Avocations.

A recent visitor at the White House found the wife of the President busy, as usual, knitting the woolen tops to slipper soles. A pleasant protest that the first lady of the land should so steadily employ herself was well answered. Why shouldn't she knit do in her state of health?

And then the gentle lady told with undisguised satisfaction of the sale of a pair of her slippers at a New England fair for a good purpose. The slippers had brought \$350, which had gone for the benefit of the cause. If there existed a desire for the possession of a pair of slippers knitted by the wife of the President measured by such a sum, why should she not try to meet it, and thereby extend help to worthy objects? Mrs. McKinley defended her vocation admirably. Frequent requests for some handwork of the President's wife to be utilized for the benefit of charity or church came to the White House. None is refused so long as Mrs. McKinley has the strength to fulfill them.

Relating to the leather soles of these slippers, there is a story which enhances their value. Mrs. McKinley told it recently. On one occasion, early in the first term, Vice President Hobart came into the presence of the lady while she had her knitting in hand. He picked up from a table near by a sole upon which work had not begun.

"Where do you get these?" he asked when he had learned of the charitable purpose of the industry.

Mrs. McKinley replied that she bought the soles by the dozen.



FARM AND GARDEN

Raise the Calf.
Evidently there is a better chance for profit now in growing young stock either for the dairy or for beef than at any time in the past ten years, and perhaps in the last twenty years. But we have the statistics for the past ten years as sent out by the Agricultural Department at Washington. In 1890 there were in the United States 30,649,024 cattle. In 1897, 34,964,216. Since that time there has been a steady decrease of about two million head per year, until in 1899 there were but 27,974,225. In 1899 there were 580 cattle to each one thousand inhabitants, and in 1899 only 373 to each thousand. As the number has decreased the price has increased. The reports of the Kansas City stock yards show the following prices for prime steers on Aug. 10 for three years: In 1897, \$4.80 per hundred pounds, 1898 same date \$5.25, and in 1899 \$6.20. It is said that there are not as many cattle in Texas now as in 1895 by more than 2,500,000. Nor is the decline in numbers in the United States alone. Cuba was said to have about eight hundred thousand cattle in 1895, and at the close of the war had but twenty-five thousand. There must have been a great reduction in South Africa since the Boer war began, and Australia has been heavily drawn upon to feed British troops. If five or ten years ago farmers in New England or any of the United States could not raise or fatten beef profitably to sell at the price Western beef cattle cost when brought here, it does not follow that they cannot do both now. Six dollars and a quarter per hundred pounds in Brighton for the best grade of steers to-day should leave a margin for profit to the feeder, if he feeds to the best advantage, and if he grows his own young stock, and most of his own food for them, it seems as if nearly all was profit, or at least pay for his labor. And while they are growing, the manure heap is increasing in size, to help add fertility to the farm and increase its productiveness.—American Cultivator.

Early Garden Vegetables.
There is a time when the gardener who had his produce ready for the market earlier than his less enterprising neighbor was well repaid for his care and trouble by better prices for the products. Then the early bird caught the wealthy customer. Now the early worm in the Northern States finds his profits if not himself picked up by those in a Southern climate, who can plant, grow and put on the market a crop before the plow can penetrate the frozen soil of the Northern States. We are inclined to think the chance for profit to-day, for market gardeners here, is in growing such crops as will not mature until Southern produce no longer fills our markets, and perhaps in putting that in cold storage that it may not be brought out until there are indications that it is much wanted by those who are willing to pay liberal prices for it. Let early crops pass by, and strive to grow crops of such quality as will sell even those who have been using the earlier products of the South, which are no improved by long transportation.—Massachusetts Ploughman.

For Washing Vegetables.
A combined washing tank and drying table for vegetables is illustrated in the Ohio Farmer. A is the tank, B the table, hinged to tank, and the legs hinged to table. When not in use, the two legs are folded over on the table, and the table folded over so to make a lid for the tank, the legs folding inside out of the way. The tank can be set anywhere for convenience. The bottom of the tank should be lower at one corner, with a hole there to let out water by withdrawing a plug. Potatoes and other vegetables should be washed before taking to market. They present a nice, clean appearance that makes them sell better.

Cranberry Butter.
It is reported that in the vicinity of some of the best creameries in the butter-making sections it is difficult to obtain a package of really good creamery butter, unless it is sent from the city dealers who may have bought it right there. An ironclad contract places it all in the hands of certain dealers, and even those who place their milk in co-operative creameries are not able to obtain good butter for home use. This is not a mistake, for those which have a good reputation could easily have a certain number of pounds or tubs to be retained for home patrons, and it is said that some do this, avoiding their contracts by putting special brands on such lots.

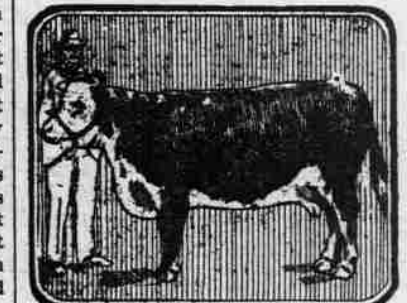
Barley and Oats.
At the North Dakota Experiment Station they made a trial for nine months of the comparative value of feeding oats and barley to three horses and two mules. In every case of animal working in pairs at the same work, the one given barley made less

gain or lost more flesh, according to the work they were doing. When changed about the result was the same. The one that gained flesh on oats lost it on barley. Beside this if the barley feed was continued long, the animal that had it would refuse to eat the barley, sometimes for several meals. The rough fodder was the same, good timothy hay in all cases. They therefore decided that barley was not as valuable food for horses as oats when fed in equal weights.

The Cranberry Fireworm.
The larvae of Rhipoptoba vaccinia, or cranberry fireworm, cause considerable damage to the cranberry crop of Massachusetts. The larvae of the first brood seldom cause much injury, while those of the second brood are often exceedingly destructive. Where the cranberry bogs can be flooded with water at the proper season for destroying the larvae, this method is very effective, but in many cases it is impossible to use water in this way. Experiments were tried with arsenate of lead, which was used as a spray at the rate of 9 pounds to 150 gallons of water. The first application was made in the early part of June. The second brood of caterpillars appeared during the first part of July, and a second application was made, the insecticide being used at the rate of 1 1/2 pounds to 150 gallons of water. Nearly all the larvae were destroyed, and a great saving in the cranberry crop was the result of this method. It was found that three men with a good outfit could spray eight acres of cranberry bog in ten hours.

A \$5,000 Cow.
This cow was purchased at the Chicago stock yards recently for \$5,000 by N. W. Brown, of Delphi, Ind., and is

a Hereford, Carnation, a Kansas City cow, held the former world's record. A few weeks ago, at an exciting sale, J. C. Adams, of Moweaqua, Ill., bought the animal for \$3,700.



DOLLY II.

Fodder Corn.
The farmer who does not plan to have a field of corn fodder to use this summer for his milk cows will deserve no pity if he finds his milk supply so short next summer that it will not sell for enough to pay what it cost him for feed. The excess of rain during the first four months of this year may be taken as a good indication of a drough later on, and the crop is so easily and cheaply grown, so valuable if needed for feeding green, and so easily kept for winter use if not fed in the summer that there seems no excuse for failing to produce it. There are other forage crops that have been highly recommended, but we think the corn crop is as well adapted to New England as any, and almost any one knows the soil and climate needs. We would put in one field in May and follow with others up to the middle of July to give continuous feeding when needed.—New England Homestead.

About Cows.
The Farm Journal says that a cow giving 5,000 pounds of 4 per cent milk will produce only \$50 worth of butter while one that will produce 8,000 pounds of 5 per cent milk will produce \$100 worth of butter, and her calf is worth three times as much as that of the first. There will be little difference in the cost of keeping the two cows, so that where the first gives a profit of \$30 the latter will net the owner \$100 if we count the first cow's calf at \$10 and the other at \$30. Some people do not think there is much difference in cows, but some cows forget to pay their board bills, while others take great pleasure in supplying the table with luxuries, paying the interest, clothing the baby and paying the hired girl. The good cow is a poor farmer's friend.

Water and Drinking Vessel.
One of the most important things to be looked after in raising chicks is their drink. They should have fresh water placed in clean drinking fountains. A fountain that cannot be opened and cleaned never should be used, for a silny substance will form on the inside of the fountain and unless removed will surely cause bowel trouble. Many persons have lost nearly all their chickens from this cause and then wondered why they are not successful.—Exchange.

Salting in the Churn.
Salting in the churn is practiced by many butter-makers and especially by farmers. The butter granules are allowed to reach the size of a grain of wheat, the salt is then added and the churn slowly revolved. It will not take the salt long to become thoroughly incorporated in the butter. The maker will soon be able to estimate the amount of salt required for any one churning.

Flies and Horses.
To prevent flies from worrying horses, take two or three handfuls of walnut leaves and pour thereon boiling water—about one pint to each handful of leaves. Let this "walnut leaf tea" cool, bottle it off and, before the horse goes out, damp his ears and other parts most troubled by flies with the infusion, using a sponge for the purpose.



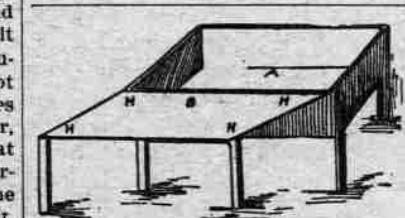
MAISIE AND THE GARDEN HOSE.

And decided to water the flowers near which she did very well, till she happened to spy The kitten, the imp, and turning to look, She pointed the hose at fat Susan, the cook.

Who was not at all pleased with the sudden cold bath. And promptly complained to her mistress in wrath.

A Boy Fiddle Maker.
"The Fiddle Maker of Tamarack" is the title won by Harry Evans, a 14-year-old boy living at Syracuse, N. Y. Last March the boy started in to make a fiddle after the Stradivarius model. He got books from public libraries treating on the subject, and then supplied himself with fine seasoned woods from far away places. Then with the best tools he could get he went to work, getting up at 4 o'clock in the morning, that he might have time for his violin making before school. When his first violin was completed he found that it weighed too much, according to the Stradivarius standard, so with infinite patience he took it all apart and smoothed and sandpapered the surfaces until it was reduced to the proper weight. Then he invited all the musicians of note in the city to come and hear it, for he is something of a violin player as well as maker. Every one proclaimed the fiddle a marvel in workmanship and tone, and its maker a genius. He is a nephew of the actor, Charles Rice, of New York.

The boy has a sister who is deserving of mention. She is 15 years old and is in business for herself, having opened a grocery which promises to develop into a department store, having already a meat market, a drug depart-



TANK AND DRYING TABLE.

ing inside out of the way. The tank can be set anywhere for convenience. The bottom of the tank should be lower at one corner, with a hole there to let out water by withdrawing a plug. Potatoes and other vegetables should be washed before taking to market. They present a nice, clean appearance that makes them sell better.

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