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FROM POORHOUSE TO PALACE BY MARY J. HOLMES

CHAPTER XX.—(Continued.)

Just then Ella came singing into the room, but started when she saw how excited Mrs. Campbell appeared, and how swollen her eyelids were.

"Why, what's the matter?" said she. "I never saw you cry before, excepting that time when I told you I was going to marry Henry, and Ella laughed a little, spiteful laugh."

"Hush—hush," said Mary, softly; and Mrs. Campbell, drawing Ella to her side, told her of the strange discovery she had made; then beckoning Mary to approach, she laid a hand upon each of the young girls' heads, and blessing them, called them "her own dear children."

It would be hard telling what Ella's emotions were. One moment she was glad, and the next she was sorry, for she was so supremely selfish that the fact of Mary's being now in every respect her equal gave her more pain than pleasure.

Of course, Mrs. Campbell would love her best—everybody did who knew her—everybody but Henry. And when Mrs. Campbell asked why she did not speak she replied, "Why, what shall I say? Shall I go into ecstasies about it? To be sure I'm glad—very glad that you are my aunt. Will Mary live here now?"

"Yes, always," answered Mrs. Campbell; and "No, never," thought Mary. Mrs. Campbell that evening tried to devise some means by which to atone for neglecting Mary so long. Suddenly a new idea occurred to her, upon which she determined immediately to act, and the next morning Mr. Worthington was sent for to draw up a new will, in which Mr. Howard was to share equally with her sister.

"Half of all I own is theirs by right," said she, "and what I want is that on their twenty-first birthday they shall come into possession of the portion which ought to have been their mother's, while at my death the remainder shall be equally divided between them."

The will was accordingly drawn up, signed and sealed, Mr. Worthington keeping a rough draft of it, which was thrown among some loose papers in his office. A few days afterwards Henry, coming accidentally upon it, read it without hesitation.

home, bringing a note from Ida, saying that the carriage would soon be found for Mary and Jenny, both of whom must surely come, as there was a pleasant surprise awaiting them. While Mary was reading this Jenny was eagerly questioning Uncle Ezra with regard to the sale, which he said "went off uncommon well, going chiefly, he reckoned, 'to a tall and mighty good-looking chap, who kept bidding up and up, till he got 'em about where they should be. Then he'd stop for someone else to bid.'"

"Who was he?" asked Mary, coming forward and joining Jenny. "Dunn know, miss; never seen him afore," said Uncle Ezra, "but he's got heaps of money, for when he paid the planner he took out a roll of bills near about big as my two fists!"

"Oh! I'm so glad you can have your guitar again!" "Mr. Bender bought that little fiddle of yours," continued Uncle Ezra, with a peculiar wink, which brought the color to Jenny's cheeks, while Mary exclaimed: "Oh! I'm so glad you can have your guitar again!"

Here the conversation was interrupted by the arrival of the carriage, which came for the young ladies, who were soon on their way to Mr. Selgen's, Mary wondering why the surprise was and Jenny hoping William would call in the evening. At the door they met Ida, who was unusually merry—almost too much so for the occasion, it seemed to Mary, as she glanced at Jenny's pale, dispirited face.

Aunt Martha, too, who chanced to cross the street, and who was as warm as wax as if she had not seen her for a year, and then with her broad, white cap strings flying back, she repaired to the kitchen to give orders concerning the supper.

Mary did not notice it, then, but she afterward remembered that Ida seemed quite anxious about her appearance, for, following her to her room, she said, "You look tired, Mary. Sit down and rest you awhile. Here, take my vinaigrette—that will revive you." Then, as Mary was arranging her hair, she said, "Just puff out this side a little more—there, that's right. Now turn round, I want to see how you look."

"Well, how do I?" asked Mary, facing about as Ida directed. "I guess you do," returned Ida. "I believe Henry Lincoln was right when he said that this blue merino and linen collar was the most becoming dress you could wear, but you look well in anything, you have so fine a form."

"Don't believe all her flattery," said Jenny, laughing loudly. "She's only comparing your tall, slender figure with little dumpty me; but I'm growing thin—see," and she lapped her dress two or three inches in front.

had been trying for a chance to thank George, but now when she attempted to do so he prevented her by saying: "Oh! don't—don't—I can imagine all you wish to say and I hate to be thanked. Rose and I are particular friends, and it afforded me a great deal of pleasure to purchase it for her—but," he added, glancing at his watch, "I must be excused now, as I promised to call upon my ward."

"Who's that?" asked Jenny, and George replied that it was a Miss Herndon, who had accompanied him from New Orleans, to visit her aunt, Mrs. Russell. "He says she's an heiress, and very beautiful," rejoined Ida, seating herself at the piano.

Instantly catching at the words "heiress" and "beautiful," Henry started up, asking "if it would be against all the rules of propriety for him to call upon her thus early."

"I think it would," was George's brief answer, while Mary's eyes flashed scornfully upon the young man, who, rather crestfallen, announced himself ready to listen to Ida, whom he secretly styles "an old maid," because since his first remembrance she had treated him with perfect indifference.

That night before retiring the three girls sat down by the cheerful fire in Mary's room to talk over the events of the day, when Mary suddenly asked Ida to tell her truly if it were not George who had paid her bills at Mount Holyoke.

"What a silly girl," said Ida. "He was perfectly able and more than willing, so why do you care?" "I do not like being so much indebted to anyone," was Mary's reply, and yet in her secret heart there was a strange feeling of pleasure in the idea that George had thus cared for her, for would he have done so if—She dared not finish that question even to herself—dared not ask if she hoped that George Moreland loved her one-half as well as she began to think she had always loved him.

Why should he, with his handsome person and princely fortune, love one so unworthy, and so much beneath him? And then, for the first time, she thought of her changed position since last they met. Then she was a poor, obscure school mistress—now flattered, caressed and an heiress. Years before, when a little penniless at Chicopee, she had felt unwilling that George should know how destitute she was, and now in the time of her prosperity she was equally desirous that he should, for a time at least, remain ignorant of her present condition.

"Ida," said she, lifting her head from the table, "does George know that I am Mrs. Campbell's niece?" "No," answered Ida. "I wanted to tell him, but Aunt Martha said I'd better not."

"Don't, then," returned Mary, and re-suming her former position she fell into a deep reverie. From such a little aroused by Jenny's asking "if she intended to sit up all night?"

Children's Corner

Camping Out. As a rule only plain, substantial food should be taken into camp. If you have planned to go into the wild interior many miles away from any base of supplies, ample provisions should be taken along.

An ordinary vacation camping-out is a much more simple matter to arrange, as camp is pitched usually within touch of some farm, store or supply boat. In any event it will not do to depend on the fish you catch and the game you kill or the visit of the supply boat. Sufficient canned soups, meats, smoked hams, vegetables, condensed milk and dried or evaporated fruits to last at least a week should be carried with you into the forest.

You will find it much more desirable and convenient to be provided with a folding chafing dish or with one of the camp-kits of which there is so great a variety on the market. When traveling, the stand, lamp, extinguisher, handle and dish being placed inside the hot water pan. A camp-kit consists of various necessary cooking utensils and a stove which fits closely into another, the whole going snugly into a camp boiling pot, the lid of which may be used as a wash hand basin, or into a basket which can be used for marketing purposes.



A CAMP BY A RIVER.

All cooks know the value of a brisk fire. How to build one properly and keep it alight is the most important secret of the woodsman. In building a fire, place a hole in the ground from one to two feet and about four feet long, on a slope, if possible. Line the bottom and sides with stones. At one end of this space place your firebrand. The other end will make an excellent baking oven. The fire dying down will leave the stone lining red hot and a floor of hot ashes on which many delicious dishes may be cooked. When you have to have the heat for a long time place the utensil containing the food to be cooked in the hot ashes at the bottom, fill up the sides of the hole around the pan with other stones, and thoroughly cover it with more hot stones and timber. By watching your fire and keeping the heat above the cover of your pot, the stones around the sides and bottom will retain their heat for hours.

That your fire may be protected in rainy weather, build around the hole you have dug a wall of small timbers, plastering the ends with mud or notehing the logs. Make the wall higher on the north and northwest, as the winds and storms which would soon put your fire out come more quickly from this direction than any other. For further protection erect four posts, over which draw a piece of tenting, or lay saplings from post to post and make a covering of boughs, at a sufficient height to permit the cook to stand upright. It is well also to prevent your fire from being extinguished by a sudden overflow to dig a trench around the logs.

Monkey and Violin. It may surprise many persons to learn that monkeys, despite their cleverness, are not enduringly susceptible to the influences of "higher education," for in fact is their innate depravity. I found them ready enough to learn, but persistent in refusal to display their knowledge when required to do so by their patient teacher. This peculiar side of monkey nature was forcibly impressed on me when I tried to form an orchestra, or string band, among the simians of my menagerie.

We were in winter quarters, and as it was my custom to devote my spare time during the cold term to taming and training wild animals for the next season, I had a family of monkeys confined in an apartment adjoining my reading, smoking and music room. One morning upon entering the cage my ears were greeted by the sound of my 'cello. I paused, wondering what visitor had provoked my rich-toned instrument to such unseemly discord. Then I approached closely and through a window saw a laughable scene.

Seated upon a chair, with a smoking-cap on his head, spectacles on his nose and meerschaum pipe in his mouth, was Joe, the largest monkey of the menagerie, sitting away at the 'cello with bow in hand. Several of the smaller monkeys were in postures of surprise and delight at Joe's performance. I had omitted to lock the door of the monkey room, and that accounted for the intrusion on my sanctum.

Highly entertained, I stood for a time a silent spectator, until seen by a little monkey, which notified its fellows of my presence with a sharp cry. In a twinkling the animals dashed from the room, Joe, minus cap, spectacles and pipe, bringing up the rear and carefully closing the door behind him.

Upon entering the house I found all the monkeys safely ensconced in their proper room looking as innocent as lambs, while the old ringleader was snoring and apparently sound asleep. From this occurrence the idea of trying to form an orchestra of monkeys came into my mind, for I well knew that such a troupe, even if it produced anything but melody, would be a strong attraction.—Youth's Companion.

Holidays. If Dorothy her wish would speak she'd have her birthday every week. Just think! And when the year is through, Her age would gain by fifty-two!

If Harriet could have her way it would be always Christmas Day; She wishes Santa Claus would come And make her chimney-place his home.

July the Fourth is Johnny's choice—The time when all the boys rejoice; But if that day were always here, We'd soon be all burned up, I fear.

And merry old St. Valentine Would be the choice of Angelina; But, ah! I know if that were so, The postmen all on strike would go.

So don't you think perhaps it's best For holidays, as well, to rest, And be on hand with joy and cheer Just once in all the great long year? —St. Nicholas.

USE OF DRUGS IN VERMONT.

People of the State Seem Given Over to Narcotic and Stimulating Potions. Dr. A. P. Grinnell, a prominent physician of Vermont, has been making a thorough canvass of the stores of that State with a view to ascertaining the extent to which the people are given to the drug habit. The results of his investigations are startling to those who have looked upon that state as a land of steady habits. In sixty-nine towns, from which the doctor obtained statements of sales, it was found that the monthly sale of gum opium was 47 pounds 12 ounces; of morphine powder, 19 pounds 15 ounces; of morphine pills, 3,338 grains; of dovers powders, 25 pounds; of paregoric, 32 gallons and 1 quart; of laudanum, 32 gallons and 1 quart; of cocaine, 27 ounces 1 dram and 30 grains; of chloral, 32 pounds 4 ounces; of Indian hemp, 37 ounces; of quinine powders, 15 pounds 10 ounces; of quinine pills, 74,200.

Where the returns were indefinite the amounts were put down as zero, and in summing up his report on the subject, which was read before the Vermont Medical Society, the doctor stated that his figures should be multiplied by five to obtain the actual amount of drugs sold in Vermont monthly, for he had not included drugs sold from wholesale stores, nor those used by practicing physicians for their medicines or those used by manufacturers of medicines.

Analysis of the actual figures obtained, without their being multiplied at all, shows that sixty-nine towns in Vermont pay for morphine alone, at a cost of 10 cents a grain, more than \$1,000 a month. The consumption of opium in the State, the doctor says: "In the regular drug stores, and in 100 of the 172 general stores in the State of Vermont, there are sold every month 3,900,000 doses of opium, besides what is dispensed in patent medicines, and besides what the doctors dispense, which gives one and one-half doses of opium to every man and woman in the State above the age of 21 years every day of the year. By dose I mean one grain opium, one-eighth grain morphine, one-half ounce paregoric and twenty drops of laudanum. The amount consumed each month means a half dose for every man, woman and child in the State every day of the year."

He further says: "In one place, so small that it hardly shows on the map, three and one-half pounds of gum opium, six ounces of morphine, five plants of paregoric, five plants of laudanum and three ounces of powdered quinine are consumed in a month."

Good Place for Lazy Men.

Henry Sandham, the well-known Boston artist, who with his family is now pleasantly located in the Azores, writes home most enthusiastically of the place and the air of hospitality which is to be found everywhere. "Fanny the joy of living," he writes, "in a place where you do not breakfast till 11, dine at 4 and have tea at 10:30; where it is always warm and comfortable; where everyone on the street bows to you and runs eagerly to do you some service; where there are great, large tropical gardens filled with every flower in the world, familiar and strange; where fish, the most delicious imaginable, are pulled from the sea onto the fire, and thence to your table; where you can live like a duke for 90 cents a day and where you can go to church every day in the week if you are fond enough of sculpture and carving, fairer than you have ever seen elsewhere."—Boston Transcript.

Eyesight Still Unimpaired.

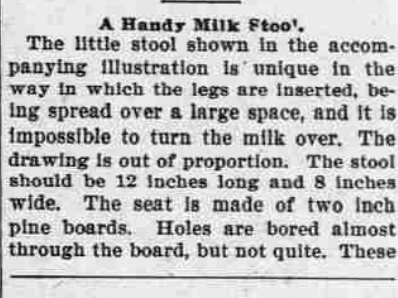
We visited Uncle Amos last Saturday. The old gentleman's memory is still unimpaired, and he was as chipper as a cricket. At dinner we inquired about his eyesight. "Well," said the sturdy veteran—how he did swear when he was drafted—"I'm a little hard of hearing, but my eyesight is as good as it ever was. I think I'll have another potato." And with that he speared a doughnut with his fork and began to peel it.—Boston Journal.

Forgot His Language in Jail. A Cherokee Indian, after having been in the penitentiary five years, returned to his tribe, but he had forgotten their language.

FARMS AND FARMERS

Making a Permanent Pasture. On many farms it would certainly pay to abandon the old pasture as soon as possible, and do the work necessary to get the new field in shape. Most farmers are not inclined to take for pasture fields anything but such meadows that no longer yield profitable crops of hay. This is a mistake, for they are, often times by this practice, turning land into pasture fields that is too valuable for that purpose, and which might be reseeded after the proper manipulation, and be made to yield large crops of hay. One of the best growers of hay in the country recommends the following mixture for permanent pasture: Red clover, 6 pounds; Alsike clover, 4 pounds; Kentucky bluegrass, 3 1/2 pounds; orchard grass, 3 1/2 pounds; meadow fescue, 3 1/2 pounds; reedtop, 3 1/2 pounds; timothy, 5 pounds. These seeds are well mixed, and the quality given is the seedling for an acre. The seeding is done about the 1st of September, after preparing the ground thoroughly during the summer. If started at once the ground may be plowed now and sowed to buckwheat, which should be plowed under when in bloom. This would add the desired humus to the soil. After plowing under the buckwheat, just before the sowing of the grass seed mixture, the ground should receive the following fertilizer: One hundred pounds of acid phosphate, thirty pounds of dried blood, twenty pounds of nitrate of soda and thirty pounds of muriate of potash. This gives 180 pounds of mixture to the acre, to be well harrowed in before the seed is sown. After the seed is sown, the ground should be well rolled. The first season after seeding, the grass might be cut, but the cattle should not be turned into the field until the second year.

A Handy Milk Stool. The little stool shown in the accompanying illustration is unique in the way in which the legs are inserted, being spread over a large space, and it is impossible to turn the milk over. The drawing is out of proportion. The stool should be 12 inches long and 8 inches wide. The seat is made of two inch pine boards. Holes are bored almost through the board, but not quite. These are in slanting directions, so that the legs when fitted will occupy the position indicated in the drawing. Now take a pair of old broomsticks, whittle the ends so that they will fit into the holes, drive them in tight and saw them off any length desired.—Exchange.



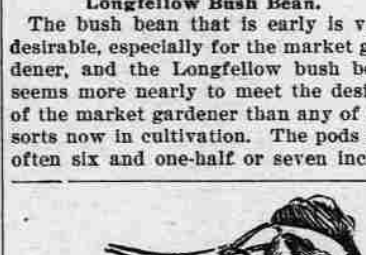
MILK STOOL THAT WON'T UPSET.

The Plum Curculio. In an old book we read some years ago a report from some one who tried the experiment of taking a rough board some six or eight feet long and coating it with coal tar, then nailing it to a pole that would raise the board well up among the branches of the plum tree. The odor of the coal tar was so offensive to the curculio that he had as many plums as the tree ought to stand under, although they had not produced a crop before for some years, and he had threatened to cut them down. The boards should be put up when the trees are in full bloom. He was led to try it by the fact that another had obtained a crop from a tree near which he put up a building and covered the roof with coal tar. If so simple a remedy will drive away those troublesome insects it should be known generally, as it is but little trouble or expense, though to be entirely effectual we think the tar should be renewed as often as every two or three weeks, as the curculio is about nearly from the time the fruit sets until it ripens. The poles or boards may be tied up to prevent blowing down.—Massachusetts Ploughman.

Longfellow Bush Bean.

The bush bean that is early is very desirable, especially for the market gardener, and the Longfellow bush bean seems nearly to meet the desires of the market gardener than any of the sorts now in cultivation. The pods are often six and one-half or seven inches

in length, pale-green in color, straight and round. They are entirely free from the tough inside skin usually found on string beans. The flavor is delicate. In season it is often a week earlier than any other good sort. The vines yield prolifically, and the crop ripens uniformly in size and nearly at the same time.



LONGFELLOW BUSH BEAN.

Clipped Work Horse. I have worked a clipped horse two summers and think I shall never work clipped. He used to sweat profusely, and the hair would twist up and make him look bad, and it would take a man an hour to clean him off and make him look decent. After clipping he hardly sweated at all, stood the work better, kept easier and was always clean.—Michigan Farmer.

New Varieties of Strawberries.

Two causes contribute much to the running out or rapid deterioration of new varieties of strawberries that are sent out with testimonials of large fruit and great yields. First, the large yields are obtained by heavier manuring and better care than they get in ordinary field culture, and in the haste to obtain plants to sell, the vines that have been weakened by heavy bearing are again forced to send out runners, as many as possible, and all are taken, whether they are near the old plant or at the extremity of the runner, where we think the young plant is but a weakling.—American Cultivator.

Raspberries and Blackberries.

Head back the young canes of raspberries and blackberries to three feet, and the laterals also when they get longer. They may be pinched with the thumb nail and finger in a small pinch, but this soon makes the fingers sore, and where there are many bushes to go over it is better to use a pair of shears or a sharp sickle.—Exchange.