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FROM POORHOUSE TO PALACE

BY MARY J. HOLMES

CHAPTER XXII.—(Continued.) While the family were making arrangements to move from Glenwood to the new home, Henry for the first time in his life began to see how little use he was to himself or any one else. Nothing was expected of him, consequently nothing was asked of him, he began to wonder how he himself was henceforth to exist. His father would be in California, and he had too much pride to lounge around the old homestead, which had come to them through George Moreland's generosity. Suddenly it occurred to him that he, too, would go with his father—he would help him repair his fortune—he would be a man, and when he returned home, hope painted a joyful meeting with his mother and Jenny, who should be proud to acknowledge him as a son and brother. Mr. Lincoln warmly seconded his resolution, which possibly would have been the same had not Henry heard of Miss Herndon's engagement with a rich old bachelor, whom he had often heard her rail upon. Cursing the fickleness of the fair lady, and half-wishing that he had not broken with Ella, whose fortune, though what he had expected, was considerable, he bade adieu to his native sky, and two weeks after the family removed to Chicopee, he sailed with his father for the land of gold. But alas! the tempter was there before him, and at the most inopportune moment he fell. The newly made grave, the narrow coffin, the pale, dead sister and the solemn vow were all forgotten and a debauch of three weeks was followed by a violent fever, which in a few days short his mortal coil. He died alone, with none but his father to witness his wild ravings, in which he talked of his distant home, of Jenny and Rose, Mary Howard and Ella, the last of whom he seemed now to love with a madness amounting almost to fanaticism. He had handfuls of his rich brown hair, he thrust it into his father's hand, bidding him to carry it to Ella and tell her that the heart she had so earnestly coveted was hers in death. And the father, far more regretted when he saw his first-born daughter die, promised everything, and when his only son was dead, he laid him down to sleep beneath the blue sky of California, where not one of the many bitter tears shed for him in his far-off home could fall upon his lonely grave.

temples, exclaiming: "It's come! It's come! I remember now—the large garden—the cross old man—the dead mother—the rosy-checked Ella I loved so well. "That was my mother—my mother," interrupted Mary. For a moment Sally regarded her intently, and then catching her in her arms, cried over her, calling her "her precious child," and wondering she had never noticed how much she was like Ella. "And don't you remember the baby Jane?" asked Mrs. Campbell, who was present. "Perfectly—perfectly," answered Sally. "He died and you came in a carriage, but didn't cry—nobody cried but Mary." It was in vain that Mary tried to explain to her that Mrs. Campbell was her sister—once the baby Jane, Sally was not to be convinced. To her Jane and the little Alice were the same. There was none of her blood in Mrs. Campbell's veins, "or why," said she, "did she leave us so long in obscurity, me and my niece, Mrs. George Moreland, and you?" This was the title which she always gave Mary when speaking of her, while to Ella, who occasionally spent a week in her sister's pleasant home, she gave the name of "little cipher," as expressing exactly her opinion of her. Nothing so much excited Sally, or threw her into so violent a passion, as to have Ella call her aunt. "If I wasn't her kin when I wore a six-penny calico," said she, "I certainly am not now that I dress in purple and fine linen." When Sally first went to Boston George procured for her the best possible medical advice, but her case was of so long standing that but little hope was entertained of her entire recovery. Still, everything was done for her that could be done, and after a time she became far less boisterous than formerly, and sometimes appeared perfectly rational for days. True to her promise, on Mary's twenty-first birthday, Mrs. Campbell made her to her one-fourth of her property, and Mary, remembering her intentions toward William Bender, immediately offered him one-half of it. But he declined accepting it, saying that his property was sufficient to support himself and Jenny, for in a few weeks Jenny, whose father had returned from California, was coming and already a neat little cottage, a mile from the city, was being prepared for her reception. Mary did not urge the matter, but many a girl came of furniture more costly than William was able to purchase found its way into the cottage, which, with its overhanging vines, climbing roses and profusion of flowers, seemed just the home for Jenny Lincoln. And when the birds sang amid the trees, and the summer sky was bright and blue, Jenny came to the cottage, a joyous, loving bride, believing her own husband the best in the world, and wondering if there was ever any one as happy as herself. And Jenny was very happy. Blithe as a bee, she flitted about the house and garden, and in the morning a tear glistened in her laughing eyes as William bade her adieu. It was quickly dried, and all day long she bustled herself in her household matters, studying some agreeable surprise for her husband, and trying for his sake to be very neat and orderly. There was no place which Ella loved so well to visit, or where she seemed so happy, as at the "Cottage," and as she was of but little use at home, she frequently spent whole weeks with Jenny, becoming gradually more cheerful—more like herself, but always insisting that she should never be married. The spring following Mary's removal to Boston, Mrs. Mason came down to the city to live with her adopted daughter, greatly to the delight of Aunt Martha, whose home was lonely, and it was not long before for George was gone, and Ida, too, had recently been married to Mr. Elwood and removed to Lexington, Ky. And now a glance at Chicopee, and our story is done. Mr. Lincoln's California adventure had been a successful one, and not long after his return he received from George Moreland a conveyance of the farm, which, under Mr. Parker's efficient management, was in a high state of cultivation. Among the inmates of the poorhouse but few changes have taken place. Miss Grundy, who continues at the helm, has grown somewhat older and crosser, while Uncle Peter labors industriously at a new fiddle, the gift of Mary, who is still remembered with much affection. Lydia Knight, now a young lady of sixteen, is a pupil at Mount Holyoke, and Mrs. Perkins, after wandering and wondering where the money came from, has finally concluded that "some of George's folks must have sent it." (The end.)

Children's Corner

A Poll-Party. A "sick party" I called it, because it happened when I was sick. I had a fever, and when you have a fever it takes a long time to get well. First I could sit up against my pillows, and then I could have the bed made, and have on the beautiful blue dressing-gown my aunt made me for a birthday present. After that I had to lie down again, but I could have the pillows up high, and have my pictures, papers and books to look over for a while. I always have a party on my birthday, but you can't have parties when you are sick, only sick parties. But they are very nice when you can't have a real one. It was such a surprise! I was sitting there with my dear old fluff cuddled up beside me. I had smelled of the cologne, touched the lovely flowers in the vase, and had some nice jelly, but it was lonesome. I was missing my real party, when my sick party began. Mamma came in with Dell Allen's new doll. Dell had sent it over to spend the afternoon with me—her new doll! Wasn't she good? Then nurse brought in Freda Wallace's baby doll, in its long white dress and the sweetest blue knitted sack and cap. Freda had lent her to me for the afternoon, too. When aunt brought in Jenny Mayo's doll, I just squealed. "It is a doll party," she said. "We couldn't have the little girls, because they would laugh and talk, and tire you too much. But they said they would send their dolls, and so you could have a quiet party." Mamma and aunt kept bringing in more dolls. At last they brought in Freddy Bond's horse, a fine, big, hair-colored one. Freddy hadn't a doll, of course, so he asked if he might send his horse to spend the afternoon with me. Didn't I laugh? "Horses don't usually go to parties, except to take people there, but this horse was as quiet and nice as the dolls. Mamma and aunt said the best thing about a doll party was that you didn't have to give them real things to eat, and so it couldn't hurt me. But we had a supper just the same. We had the cutting table spread with a big towel and my new dishes. And aunt made the things to eat right there. It was great fun watching her, for she made me guess them. They were mostly tissue paper things. Yellow pieces crumpled into little balls were oranges, and white pieces rolled into sticks, the ends snipped like fringe, were celery. Green paper made lettuce scattered on them was lobster. The dolls seemed to like them, and when I could see the girls I told them it had been a beautiful party. Freddy Bond's horse and all—YOUTH'S COMPANION.

Dunster; Charles Bulfinch, 1781; Charles Sumner, 1830; John Quincy Adams, 1787; Henry Wadsworth Longfellow (hon.), 1830; Oliver Wendell Holmes, 1829; John Winthrop, 1732; James Otis, 1743; William Ellery Channing, 1798; Nathaniel Bowditch (hon.), 1822; George Bancroft, 1817; Samuel Adams, 1749; Washington Allston, 1800; Francis James Child, 1846; Jeffrey Wyman, 1833. The names of many men are, of course, conspicuous by their absence—Francis Parkman for example, and Phillips Brooks and the Harvard heroes of the war for the Union. These names will be added later. Of those now chosen four received only the honorary degree—Longfellow, Gray and Agassiz, who were closely connected with Harvard as teachers, and Bowditch, the famous writer on navigation, who was a fellow, or trustee of the corporation. Of the less popularly known names Bulfinch was the architect who built the capitol at Washington; Prof. Child, the chief authority in this country on Chaucer and in the world on ballad literature; Dunster, the first Harvard president; Petre, the famous mathematician; Winthrop, the Harvard professor of natural philosophy at a time when physical research was in its infancy in America, and Jeffrey Wyman, the well-beloved Cambridge physician who was the companion and teacher of so many of the famous men who what they are.

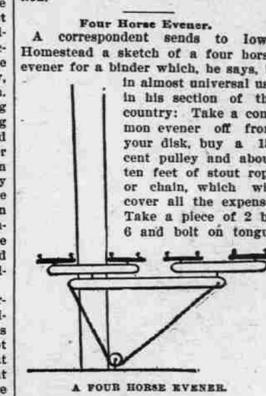
THE HORSE PLAYED A JOKE.

Walked Up to the Country Store in Spite of Everything. "You may think horses haven't any sense if you want to," remarked a lady from Mississippi to a group of friends seated around one of the tables in the Peabody cafe, according to the Memphis Scimitar, "but I had an experience when I was a girl that taught me they have sense enough to get one in all sorts of predicaments. "I carried a friend of mine driving one afternoon. We had to pass through a town where there was a young man from New Orleans serving as a clerk in one of the large supply stores that were a feature of the country town a few years ago. He had paid me a great deal of attention, and, to tell you the truth, I liked him very much, and though I was not willing to admit it at that time, and denied the accusation with true feminine promptitude in such matters, I always made it a point to go to that store for something every time I went to town. "On this occasion, however, I had no excuse to go to see him and did not intend doing so, as he had caught on to the fact that I never came to town without seeing him. But as we crossed the railroad, right in front of the town, the bridle bit came in two and I, of course, lost control of the horse, and he, finding that no one was guiding him, turned himself around and marched as straight back to that store as if I had driven him with the utmost precision. "And that's not the worst of it," said she in conclusion, "no sooner had he got to the store than he gave one of those little nicker's peculiar to himself, and familiar to the young man. The young fellow was there in a jiffy, and I—well, I wished that I wasn't. My face turned all the colors of the rainbow and wound up in the most delicate touch of crimson. I explained to him in my confusion that I had not intended to come to see him, and he didn't object."

FARM AND GARDEN

Value of Irrigation. The universal use of irrigation in the West has practically revolutionized farm values in many regions. These methods of supplying the crops with water are many, but they all show an amount of adaptation to conditions that proves the existence of Yankee genius here yet. There are more varieties of windmills for pumping up water than one could describe in a week. These windmills are not expensive affairs, but in most cases are built of ordinary articles picked up on the farm in second-hand shops. They perform the work required of them satisfactorily, and that is all one can ask of them. The construction of a good working windmill on any farm, and a pumping attachment, with irrigation canals and reservoir, adds a hundred or two per cent to the value of a farm in a region where summer droughts are heavy drawbacks to farming. With a little extra work during the winter season it is an easy matter to make such improvements on almost any farm. The system can be enlarged and extended season by season, and the farm gradually enhanced in value. A farm that has a fair home-made irrigation plant is practically independent of the weather. The farmer is then sure of his crop no matter how hot or dry the season may prove. The great benefit derived from an irrigation plant is so apparent that it seems strange that so few are in existence. It is not always necessary to build a windmill for irrigation, for there are often natural advantages which any farmer can avail himself of. When brooks flow through farms they furnish in the winter and spring seasons an abundance of water, but when summer advances they often dry up and prove of no earthly good. The question of importance is how can such a stream be converted into use for irrigating the plants. It would not be so difficult if a reservoir was dug and built on the farm, so that the water could be stored. Such a reservoir could easily be increased in size each year, and with the water stored in it, what would prevent digging ditches to carry the water to the fields when needed? Some will say that such work represents an immense amount of labor; but if the farmer intends to live permanently on his farm, will it not pay him to do a little toward the improvement each year, even though it may take ten years to complete the job? He can rest assured that he is increasing the value of his farm fully 10 per cent every year, a fact which he will realize when he comes to sell it.—Professor James S. Doty, New York.

Four Horse Evener. A correspondent sends to Iowa Homestead a sketch of a four horse evener for a blader which, he says, is in almost universal use in his section of the country. Take a common evener off from your disk, buy a 15-cent pulley and about ten feet of stout rope or chain, which will cover all the expense. Take a piece of 2 by 6 and bolt on tongue



A FOUR HORSE EVENER.

with one bolt where the evener goes to serve as prop for the evener, pass the rope through the pulley and tie on each end of the evener. This gives free play to both sides of the evener. There is no side draft, but put the heaviest team on the outside. This device can be used on either a right or left hand binder and gives perfect satisfaction. The illustration is self explanatory. There should also be a clevis from the center of the evener to fasten the evener to the outer end of the prop.

Protect the Farm Well. Tests made at experiment stations show that water from farm wells is frequently contaminated with some impurity drawn from surrounding stables, pens, etc., and a lack of drainage to carry off surface water. Wash and dishwater, both filled with animal matter, is thrown around the house, year in and out, until the ground is alive with the poison, which eventually finds its way into the well. The flies are attracted to produce healthy and abundant crop life, but seldom is a tile or ditch put down around the house to protect the well. When the water begins to run low in the well that is not driven below rock, is the time to begin to boil it for drinking purposes. Heat of water or sun destroys the typhoid bacillus. Enough water should be boiled at a time to allow it to stand several hours before drinking. It is the heat driving the air out of it makes it so sickening to taste. In a few hours the air will again get into it and restore the taste. Put it in jugs, and set the jugs upon the cellar floor, or in a cage prepared for this purpose. If you have ice, put it around the vessels, but never in them. There are high and specialized forms of life that ice will not kill, and some of the lower forms it preserves in all force, it seems. The contents of slop bowls from the room of the patient sick with typhoid had, if the sun is shining hot, better by far be thrown upon the ground than buried. A log heap is the proper disinfectant in these cases, kept burning night and day as long as there is anything from the sick room to throw into it.—Indianapolis News.

GOOD POULTRY HOUSE.

sort of a shelter for night use and for use on stormy days. A coop for these chicks may be built for very little money. One side of the coop is formed by the side of a building or a fence, and at the lower end comes within two inches of the ground. The roof of rough boards is covered with tarred or water-proof paper. An opening is cut in one side next to the fence or wall. Inside, roosts are arranged, and in one corner is placed a dust bath. The roosts will have to be put in before the roof is put on, as the house is not designed in any way so that one can even reach the inside except through the small hole provided for the entrance of the chicks.

Indigestion in Horses. It is difficult to give causes of indigestion in horses, for it may come from improper water, as from improper foods, although the latter are usually at the bottom of the trouble. A proper variety in the foods will do much to keep the digestive organs in good condition, particularly if in the variety there is considerable green food of a succulent nature, as most root crops are. When indigestion is caused by improper water, it is usually the case that the water is foul in some way, although very hard water often produces indigestion, or, what is worse, stone in the kidney or bladder, the latter being a disease quite common among horses in districts where the water is hard. If the food is of the proper kind and hard water is being used, attention should be given it before a valuable animal is lost. If possible, give rain water, but if this is not convenient, add a small quantity of caustic potash to the hard water, which will materially improve it.

Feed Instead of Breed.

The famous dairy expert, Blackwell, once gave us rules for the care of dairy cows, and of this number six referred to in some manner to the feed given them, showing that, in his mind at least, feed was much more important than anything else in the handling of the dairy. Much complaint is being made by dairymen that some of their cows are not profitable, and while, in many cases, the trouble is due entirely to some poor individuals in the herd which may be discovered by weighing the milk of each cow and keeping a record of it, there is no doubt but that poor feeding is at the bottom of the trouble in many cases. It is frequently found that an animal which is a loss in the hands of a breeder is profitable when Jones gets hold of the cow. In such cases it is evident that the method of feeding or the food itself was wrong in the first case. Dairymen who are complaining of their cows and thinking of bringing about improvement by changing the breed will do well to study the question of feed and see if they are not making some mistakes in that direction.

The Way to Please Him.

"They say the way to please a man is to talk to him about himself." "No; the way to please him is to let him talk to you about himself."—London Tit-Bits.

Mississippi Convict Plantation.

The penitentiary board of Mississippi has purchased 13,000 acres for a State convict plantation. A crust and a kind word are better than a feast and indignation. But little knowledge can be acquired in an easy chair.

Give the Boys Tools.

Almost all boys are naturally mechanical. The constructive and imitative faculties are developed, in part, at a very early age. All boys are not capable of being developed, into good, practical, working mechanics, but most of them show their bent that way. There are few cases in which the boy has no competent idea of the production of a fabricated result from inorganic material, but such cases are rare. Given the proper encouragement and the means, and many boys whose mechanical aptness is allowed to run to waste, or is diverted from its natural course, would become good workmen, useful, producing members of the industrial community. The mechanical boy ought to have a shop of his own. Let it be the attic, or an unused room, or a place in the barn or woodshed. Give him a place and tools. Let him have a good pocketknife, gimlet, chisels, gauges, planes, cutting nippers, saws, a foot rule and material to work. Let the boy have a chance. If he is a mechanic it will come out, and he will do himself credit. If he fails he is to follow some calling that does not demand mechanical skill.

Men Who Chase After Fires.

The latest thing for fire insurance agents to do is to be on the spot looking for new business while the old business is burning up. One of the canvassers of a New England company began to make money so rapidly a few months ago that some of his competitors tried to find out how he did it. They learned that he made a specialty of following the fire engines, and if the fire happened to be in a tenement house or flat he waited until the flames were subdued and reaped a harvest by insuring the other tenants and neighbors. Hosts of people are apt to be so badly scared by a fire near their home that if not insured they are glad to take out policies on the spot. It didn't take the other agents long to catch on, and it is said that the other day after a fire twenty-one agents wrote seventy policies in the immediate neighborhood.

Harvard's Great Sons.

Twenty-five Selected for the University's Hall of Fame. The great living-room of the new Harvard Union, which is to be the general social club of the whole university, is to be a kind of memorial to famous Harvard men, graduates or instructors. The dimensions of the room are to be about 90 by 90 feet, with oak paneling to the height of fifteen feet, and two oak mantels. One of these mantels is to carry a bust of Washington, who received his degree of LL. D. in 1776 while he was besieging Boston; the other an ideal bust of John Harvard, of whom no portrait is known to exist. The paneling will contain tablets with space for the name of 200 Harvard men, which will be inscribed in gilt in raised letters. The first selection of twenty-five names has already been made and is as follows: John Adams, 1755; James Russell Lowell, 1838; Louis Agassiz (hon.), 1848; Ralph Waldo Emerson, 1821; Joseph Warren, 1770; Cotton Mather, 1678; Joseph Story, 1783; Benjamin Petre, 1829; Edward Everett, 1811; Asa Gray (hon.), 1844; Henry

Mr. Furbush Buried Near Here?

asked George, and the landlady answered: "Little further than a stone's throw. I can see the very tree from here, and maybe your younger eyes can make out the graves. He ought to have a gravestone, for he was a good fellow." The new moon was shining, and Mary, who came to her husband's side, could plainly discern the buckeye tree, and the two graves where "Willie and Willie's father" had long been sleeping. The next morning before dawn the spot in which the mounds were often in years gone by by Sally Furbush had seen the moon go down, and the stars grow pale in the coming day, as she kept her tired watch over her loved and lost.

Willie was my cousin—your cousin.

said Mary, resting her hand upon the bit of board which stood at the head of the little graves. George understood her wishes, and when they left the place a handsome marble slab marked the spot where the father and his infant son were buried.

CHAPTER XXIV.

Bewildered, and unable to comprehend a word, Sally listened while Mary told her of the relationship between them; but the mist which for years had shrouded her reason were too dense to be suddenly cleared away; and when Mary wept, winding her arms around her neck and calling her "aunt," and when the elegant Mrs. Campbell, scarcely less bewildered than Sally herself, came forward, addressing her as "sister," she turned aside to Mrs. Mason, asking in a whisper "what had made them crazy?" But when Mary spoke of little Willie's grave, and the tree, which overshadowed it, of the green prairie and cottage by the brook, once her western home, Sally listened, and at last, one day, a week or two after her arrival in Boston, she suddenly clasped her hands closely over her

A Pre-Visible Possibility.

Solomon—Shall we pay that bill to-day, Ike? Isaac—Not to-day, Solomon. We may die before to-morrow.—Somerville Journal.

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