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CHAPTER XIV.—(Continued.)

"So, so you were saying on me!" cries he, in little gasps. "What brought you, eh? That door below was locked—has been locked for fifty years. Is there a conspiracy against me, then, that you can thus force yourself into my presence, in spite of bolts and bars?"

"The lock gave way," stammers Vera; "it must have been old, broken by age, rusty. I had nothing to do. It was by the merest chance I came here, and you can thus force yourself into my presence, in spite of bolts and bars?"

"I don't believe it; there is more that you keep behind. Speak, girl; speak, I command you! Who showed you the way here?"

"I have told you," says Vera, tremulously; "you must believe me. If I had known I should not have come. I—I am sorry I have so frightened you, but—"

"Who says I am frightened?" He turns upon her with a bitter scowl and a piercing glance. "Why should I care about being disturbed when I was merely idling away a dull hour by looking through my own will?"

"You're," says Vera, innocently enough. "Ay, whose else?" he asks, with a snarl of anger. "What do you mean, girl? Do you doubt my word? Whose else should it be—eh, eh? Go, leave me," cries he, furiously; "and cursed be the day you ever saw my house!"

He waves to her to leave him, and more nervous than she has ever been in all her life before, she retreats behind the heavy curtain and runs with all her might down the dark corridor without, down the steep stairway, and so out into the passage into the hall.

CHAPTER XV.

Going to where Tom Peyton is diligently working, Griselda takes him to task.

"Why didn't you tell me your sister was the sweetest woman on earth?" demands she, in quite an aggrieved tone.

"Because she isn't," says Tom, striving with a giant dock that has treacherously concealed itself beneath the spreading leaves of a magnificent dahlia; "you are that!"

"Nonsense!" says Griselda; and then, "Oh, Tom! what do you think she is going to do—at once? She is going to make an effort to induce Uncle Gregory to let Vera and me stay with her at the Priars! Only fancy if she succeeds! Wasn't it perfectly lovely of her to think of it?"

"Oh, she isn't bad," says her brother, broadly; "but may I ask how she proposes tackling the old gentleman?"

"Through Seaton," says Tom.

"If Seaton helps her—"

"The words die on his lips, his jubilant air forsakes him—having turned a corner of the secluded pathway they had chosen, they run right into the arms of Seaton Dysart! For a moment the two men gaze blankly into each other's eyes. "What is the meaning of this masquerade?" demands Dysart presently with an angry frown; "what brings you here, Peyton, in that dress, and with my cousin?"

"You certainly have every right to ask," says Peyton, with a rueful glance at his disheveled clothing, "but surely you might guess the answer. The fact is, I'm in love." He makes this confession with a careful artlessness not to be surpassed.

"In love?" exclaims Dysart, frowning still more darkly.

"Quite so," amiably; "five fathoms deep. And your father being so—exclusive," making a hard fight for a civil word, "I couldn't manage to see her in any orthodox fashion, so I took service here."

"Her?" whom? asks Dysart, changing color. A sudden light flashes into his eyes; to him, as to Tom Peyton, there is but one "her" in the world.

"Why, Griselda," says the latter, as if amazed at the other's stupidity.

"And what do you suppose will be the upshot of all this?" sternly.

"That, my dear fellow, is what I have never yet gone into. But marriage, I hope."

"Pshaw!" says Dysart, impatiently; "and what of Griselda?"

"Griselda has confessed that she—likes me a little. I say, Dysart," with a sudden change of tone, "you won't tell your dad—eh?"

"I am much more likely to tell your sister," says Seaton, angrily.

"You needn't. She knows. She was here just now, and is full of a desire to kidnap Griselda and carry her away to the Priars. I say, Dysart, my sister depends upon you to make your governor give his consent to the girls going on a visit to her; you won't disappoint her, eh?"

"I'll do what I can," gravely; "but I shouldn't advise you to be too sanguine as to the result of my interference."

True to his word, Seaton managed, after a hard fight, to secure his father's consent that Vera and Griselda might pay a two weeks' visit to Lady Riversdale.

It is quite five o'clock when they arrive and enter the spacious hall of the Priars, that now is filled with a delicate, somber light. A crimson stream from a painted window, somewhere in the distance, casts a flood of glory, blood-red, at Vera's feet, and a comfortable tinkling of spoons clinking against china smites their ears.

At the top of the room, reclining in a rather listless fashion on some velvet cushions, are two little girls, quite lovely enough to arrest the gaze of any casual observer. They have given in to the curiosity attendant on the entrance of the new guests, and fix their large blue eyes on Vera, who, in turn, looks back on them with a certain interest.

Lady Riversdale, by a word—an intensely proud, fond word—had intimated that they were her children. The younger, taking her courage in both hands, slips her little slim fingers under the

narrow gold bangles that adorn Vera's wrist, and begins to push them up and down with a childish, diffident gesture. "What's your name?" asks she, gravely.

"Vera," Both children repeat the word with a sort of gratification. "But—tell us—you have another name, haven't you?"

"Dysart," confesses she, softly.

"Why, that's Seaton's name," cries Dolly, brightening, and looking up at the tall young man who is standing near them; "isn't it, Seaton? Why, you must be something to him. Sister—eh?"

"No," says Vera, shaking her head. "You can't be his mother!" hazards the younger child, uncertainly.

Vera laughs lightly. "No," she says again.

"I have it! I know it!" exclaims Dolly the wise, glancing up triumphantly; "you are his wife!"

This innocent bombshell spreads dismay in the camp.

"Who is that pretty little girl over there?" Vera asks, with a wild longing to change this embarrassing conversation, pointing to where the girl who had first attracted her is sitting, quite opposite, in the red-and-white gown? Do you see her? Everybody knows Mary Butler. We love her, so does everybody else."

"Mamma says Seaton does," says little Flopsy, "perhaps that's why he won't marry you."

"It was true, then," thinks Vera. A great sense of disgust rises up within her, swallowing all other thoughts. And she would have frowned himself. Would have—may, he would do so still. Oh, the shamelessness of it!

Perhaps something of her secret scorn communicates itself to him, because even in the midst of his apparently engrossing conversation he lifts his head abruptly and his eyes seek hers, and read them as though he would read her soul.

And then a curious light flashes into his eyes, and he rises and moves, quick and unobtrusive, as though he would rise and go to her, but even as he does so, someone steps out from the shadows behind her, and, bending over her, holds out his hand—a young man, tall, well favored, smiling, with an air about him of sudden, warm delight.

"You remember me?" he says, so distinctly that Seaton can hear him across the room. "To think that I should have the happiness of meeting you—here—to-day, in less than a hundred manuscript pages, was a dream of my youth. Venice, Rome, that last carnival, Vera, say you are glad to see me!"

Some people walking past them, and suddenly standing still, obliterate them from Seaton's view, but when next he looks the stranger is sitting beside her, and Vera, with flushed cheeks and brilliant eyes, full of an unmistakable will, is murmuring to him in low, soft tones.

"Who is the man talking to my cousin?" asks Seaton, indicating Vera's companion by a slight gesture, and speaking in a tone so changed that Miss Vera involuntarily lifts her head to look at him.

"Lord Shelton," she says. "George Sandes he was. Don't you know him? Great hunting man. He came in for the first time eight months ago. That brought him back from his big game in the East."

CHAPTER XVI.

In the last four days Peyton has mysteriously disappeared, no one knows whether, except perhaps Griselda, his sister and her mother, he was going to Vera, he said to his friends, "To-day, however, he has turned up again, admirably dressed as ever, and as radiant as a good conscience should make any man."

"I'm so glad Tom has got back in time," says Griselda. "I quite feared Uncle Gregory would be too many for him. Vera, what makes you look like that, darling? Now tell me what it is that has annoyed you."

"I must be mad to be annoyed," says Vera, with angry self-contempt. "Seaton again?"

"It is always Seaton," with an increase of her irritation, "when it isn't his father. Was there no other path into which fate could have flung me, except this? Yes, it is Seaton."

"But why think so much about him? He cannot interfere with you now, be his father never so persistent in his idea of marrying you to him, because all the world can see he is as good as engaged to Miss Butler."

"I pity her, then, with all my soul! What a family to enter! She is too good to be sacrificed so cruelly. I believe he is employed by his father to watch me, to report all that I say or—Ah! she breaks off abruptly, and points almost triumphantly to the pathway outside, where indeed Seaton stands.

"That it is one of the most public walks at the Priars, that Seaton might have, nay, indeed has, come this way without intention of any kind she does not allow herself to believe.

"I told you," she says, vehemently, "it is to spy upon my every action he is here! Oh, fool that I was, to dream of being free for even these few days!"

She has come a step or two forward; a scarlet tide of indignation has been dyed her cheeks. She still points toward Seaton with one trembling hand, while he, advancing slowly, looks with some anxiety from her to Griselda, who is sorely troubled, as if to demand an explanation.

"I think you must be mistaken, darling," she says, nervously, laying her hand upon her sister's arm. "I feel sure Seaton would not undertake the part you have assigned him. Seaton, speak to her; tell her it is impossible that you should do this thing."

"What thing? Of what does she accuse me?" his brow growing dark.

"She imagines—or, of course, it is all a mistake—but she has somehow got it into her head that you are here—to watch her."

"Is that how it strikes you?" says he, slowly; a sudden, short, miserable laugh breaks from him. "So that is how you look at it? Great heaven, to think how I have loved you—such as you—so poor a thing! It shames me now to think of it!" He draws his breath sharply, though she writhes. "No, you shall hear me! I have heard much from you, first and last—this shall be the last, I swear! Here, even now, in this moment when I find you so altogether contemptible a creature, it is my misery to know that I still love you! Day after day you have heaped insults upon me. Your every look has been an affront. I have said too much," he continues, wearily, but with a little eloquent gesture she renders him silent.

"Oh, not too much, but perhaps enough"—she smiles again, that cruel smile that hurts him like the sharpest stab—surely it would be hard to expect you to find another insult to-day. Tomorrow, perhaps. And now let me say one little word. Have I no cause to doubt you?"

"None, none!" declares he, vehemently. She throws out her hands with a little expressive movement. "I leave that to your own conscience, to your own sense of right and wrong," she says, shrugging her shoulders, finely. "But once for all," raising her voice, and throwing up her head, "I warn you. Rather than marry you," making a slight gesture of horror, "I would accept the first man that asked me!"

A faint rustle among the bushes outside, a footstep—and Lord Shelton steps into view.

"I hold you to your word," cries he, gayly; he steps lightly into the flower-crowned arched, and looks straight at Vera. He is smiling, but underneath the smile lies a longing to be taken seriously. "You give me a chance," he says; "I here, before witnesses, declare myself a suitor for your hand"—his expression is still wavering between mirth and gravity, and he holds out to her both hands.

"You are not, however, the first to ask her," says Dysart, in a voice vibrating with many and deep emotions. His brow is black, and anger lights for mastery with despair in his dark eyes.

Vera, pale as death, but with a little indignant frown, steps between the two men.

"What does it all mean?" she asks, contemptuously; "would you make a tragedy out of a farce? If so, at least be good enough to assign me no part in it."

She sweeps both men out of her path by a slight imperious gesture, and passing them, walks swiftly away in the direction of the house.

(To be continued.)

"There is one thing that I used to take great delight in," said a certain jolly old grandfather, "that I have never seen in the hands of any child of the present generation, that is, the quill popgun."

"The gun barrel of this popgun was made from a section of goose quill which we used to cut as long as we could, and yet have it of pretty nearly uniform diameter from end to end. Then you whittled out a piece of wood, hard wood preferred, a plunger to go into this quill leaving on one end of this plunger a chunk of wood from which you whittled it, to serve as a handle and to make a shoulder so that the plunger would go into the quill only just so far. The plunger you made long enough to go almost through the quill, but not quite, and it was whittled down small enough to go into the quill freely, but still not so small that it would wobble around in it. The quill and the plunger constituted the gun; the ammunition was potato."

"You took a potato and cut off a slice across it, and then, by pressing the larger end of the quill down through that slice you cut out of it a little cylindrical wad of potato, which, as you



pressed the quill down, was, of course, pressed up into that end of the quill. Then, with the plunger, you pressed that potato wad along through the quill from that end to the other, which might be described as the muzzle of the gun. Then you pushed the bigger or butt end of the quill down through the slice of potato again, the quill, of course, cutting out as it was pressed down through the potato, another wad of it, as at first. So now there was a potato wad in each end of the quill; the gun was loaded. Now to fire it."

"To do this you simply put the end of the plunger against the wad in the butt end of the quill and pressed it forward in the quill toward the other. As you press it forward you compress the air ahead of it, between it and the wad in the other or muzzle end, more and more, until finally the air pressure behind the wad is forced out of the quill, flying with a loud pop."

"As I said, I used to take the greatest delight in quill popguns, and I fired away more potatoes! My mother used to say that she believed I used up more potatoes that way than we cooked."

"In my youth these quill popguns were common; but now they seem to have disappeared. My children, anyhow, have never had one. They have come in, at one time and another, with many an old forgotten game or toy that has brought back my own childhood vividly, but they seem, somehow, to have missed altogether the old quill popgun."



THE FILIPINO SCHOOLBOY.

He Learns Very Little About the United States.

It has been frequently remarked that the Filipinos could have no conception of the extent and resources of the United States or they never would have been deceived into the hallucination that they could successfully combat us. In going through their school here I found a little manuscript volume in which, in less than a hundred manuscript pages, was comprised all of syntax and geography that was taught the children here. And it must be remembered that Malolos, before the insurrection, was an important city in this part of the world, and one where the children would be expected to receive the average education. Turning to one of the pages in this book that I picked up, I found the United States of America, discussed upon, immediately after Nicaragua, and just before Mexico. Here is the entire lot of information given as to the United States, in the form of questions and answers:

"Where is this country (the United States) situated? In North America."

"What are its boundaries? To the north, British America; to the east, the Atlantic ocean and the Bahama channel; to the south, the Strait of Florida and the Gulf of Mexico, and to the west, Mexico and the Grande (Pacific) ocean."

"What is the form of government? It is a federal republic."

"Of what is this republic composed? Of forty different States."

"What are its rivers and mountains? The most notable rivers are the Mississippi (literal spelling), the Niagara, the Missouri (again the literal spelling), the Colorado and the St. Lawrence, and the principal mountains are the Cumberland and Rockies."

"What is the capital? Washington, but the most important city is New York."

"Protestantism prevails, but there are Catholic archbishops."

And this is the sum total of what the average Filipino boy has been taught about our rather considerable and somewhat prosperous country—Manila Letter in Leslie's Weekly.

Milk and Eggs a Bad Diet.

"People over 30 would do well to give up milk and eggs in any form as a diet," said a well-known physician. "These are the structure-forming food of animals which mature in a short time, and when taken in quantities by human beings whose structures have already formed they tend only to the hardening and aging of the tissues. I have seen people who were beginning to find stair climbing difficult, and who were losing their elasticity, much benefited by eliminating these articles from their diet. That there has been a great increase in the duration of life before the age of 30 statistics prove, but beyond that period there has been no improvement. In my opinion, the person over 30 would have as good a chance to preserve life as the child just beginning its struggle with existence if he would only suit his diet to his years."

A Harem Car.

Central Asian railroad managers try to meet the desires of their public. A harem car with latticed windows has been constructed for the Emir of Bokhara.

The population of the world increases 10 per cent. every ten years.

cards is written the name of some country that a traveler would cross on a trip around the world. The cards are then shuffled, and from the pack each person draws one, or two if only a few persons are playing, in order that all the cards may be drawn.

The leader in the game now announces from what point the traveler in his long trip will start. The one holding the card bearing the name of that country then must tell some interesting story about that country or its people. While relating his tale he must speak as if he were the traveler who had made the journey and this was one of the experiences he had met with. When he has finished his story the one whose card bears the name of the next country then passes through by the traveler begins his narrative. Thus one after another each of the persons is given an opportunity to try his skill in storytelling.

The game can be made very interesting, especially if some humorous incidents are related. Thus, the traveler may have taken the course of the Philippines, and it is the duty of the leader to tell what course was taken. While at those islands he may have taken a ride upon the water buffalo, which became frightened, as these animals often do, and have thrown its rider into a stream where it made its escape.

Or the traveler may have passed through Egypt and there met with some funny experiences riding upon camels. The curious customs and modes of dress afford very good topics. It is a good plan to distribute the cards at the time the invitations are made to the evening's entertainment, for then each one may have some time to look up some information upon his topic.

Do the Arms Help the Legs?

Does swinging the arms help in walking or running? It is a habit inherited from our ancient ancestors who supposedly went on all-fours.

In reply to this question, which has lately come up, it is urged that the movements of the legs tend to give the trunk a rocking rotary motion on a vertical axis, and that the arms, each swinging in a unison with the leg on the opposite side, give a contrary motion and so balance the body. People in crawling also move the limbs as do four-legged animals. So arm swinging may be both a trace of the quadruped and an aid in traveling.

Bessie's Impression.

Little 5-year-old Bessie had just paid her father a visit at his office and was much interested in the working of a typewriter. Upon her return home she exclaimed: "Oh, mamma, I saw papa's dressmaker write a letter on her sewing machine!"

Willing to Take Chances.

Mamma—Now, Harry, you must not eat any more plum pudding. It will make you ill.

Harry—Oh, don't let that worry you, mamma. It won't hurt you and I'm willing to take chances.

Origin of Hail and Snow.

Said 4-year-old Agnes.

"What, darling?" asked her mother.

"The angels up in heaven sweeping off the sidewalks," was the reply.

The Object System.

Aunt Mary—Does your teacher employ the object system in teaching?

Little Nellie—I think so. She's always objecting to something or other.

VALUE OF THE FARM LANDS.

How and Why They Increase and Will Continue to Advance.

There are increasing evidences that real estate investments in the country are of increasing value. There are reasons for this that will continue and grow more potent with time. It has dawned upon the intelligence of the American people that the abundance of our surplus lands is rapidly dwindling. The ability of Uncle Sam to give every man a farm is terminated, and the time is not far distant when he will have none beyond the holdings required for his own use.

Another fact affecting values in this line is that population is rapidly gaining upon food production. This is true in the United States, and to a large extent that farming becomes more profitable and the land on which to conduct it more valuable.

When machinery was introduced in the "boundless" West the immediate result was to depreciate farms in the East and to drive young men from the country to the city. There was a congestion of labor in these centers, and much of the trouble it has encountered is the result of this cause. But the West has filled up.

Skill and ingenuity have done about all possible in the output of agricultural machinery. This again puts the East on a basis of profitable production. Its farms are advancing in value, and many of those that were abandoned during the Western boom are being reclaimed. The most depressing demand for help is now in the country, and a vast amount went to waste during the last season because the labor required in harvesting was not to be had. Now there is a tide setting in toward the country.

The income of the farmer is practically assured and the demands upon his products are bound to increase, with each year. The means of communication are greatly improved, and new and paying crops, such as beet sugar and northern tobacco, are being raised; the farmer is now in touch with the world, and the outlook for him was never brighter.—Detroit Free Press.

Spain's Paper Currency.

The paper currency of Spain now stands at 43 per cent loss on the gold standard.

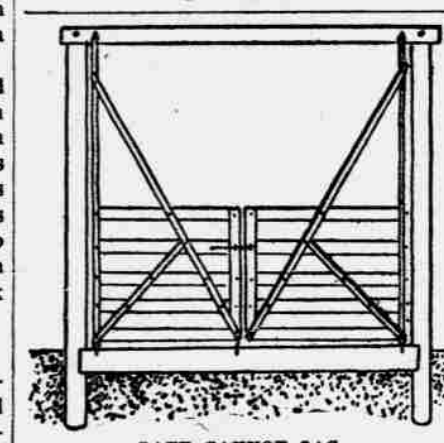
If women looked like the pictures in fashion magazines every man would take to the woods.



Gate that Cannot Sag.

A subscriber sends to the Tribune Farmer a description of a gate which he constructed several years ago on a farm where he then lived. Its great merit is that it never sags. For gateposts he used 8x8 timber, set fully twelve feet apart. With the idea of letting a load of hay through, the cap piece ought to be fully twelve feet above the ground, and may be advantageously cut out by 6x8 stuff. The posts should be set in stone or cement, so as to be proof against the action of the frost. A sill or threshold is also provided. This should measure 6x8 or 8x8, and consist of oak or chestnut. The better the timber for the rest of this frame the longer it will last.

The full length upright of each gate



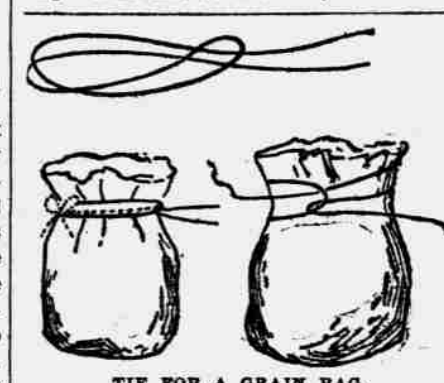
is made from 4x4 hardwood scantling. The upper ends are rounded, and inserted in holes bored in the lower side of (but not entirely through) the cap piece. The pins of the lower ends should be of metal. Pieces of sawmill plate, in which holes have been punched, should be fastened to the sill for these pins to play in. Thus the pins will be kept from wearing the wood. A similar plate should be placed where the gates meet, to accommodate the vertical bolt on one of them. The other gate should have a latch.

The slats and braces may be made from stuff 1 1/2 inches thick and four inches wide. They are attached to each other and to the uprights with bolts. The short braces are on the opposite side of the slats from the long ones, so that the same bolt may go through both where they overlap. When finished, the frame and gates should be well painted.

It will be seen that these gates can be used singly or together, and that they swing in either direction. It is always a convenience to have a gate swing away from you, no matter from which side you approach.

How to Tie a Grain Bag.

Not all farmers know how to tie a grain bag when filled so that the cord will not slip. The cord used should be strong, and for the ordinary bag about eighteen inches long. It should then be doubled and both ends passed through the loop, as shown in the cut, after slipping the doubled cord around the bag. Pull the cord closely around the



neck of the bag and draw the ends in opposite directions, then tie in a firm bowknot.

A Good Location Necessary.

The first thing required in starting in the poultry business is a location. This ought to be near a good market, but cannot always be—that is, without paying too high for it. All extra expense should be curtailed in this business, as the income comes in small amounts. After a location is set upon, a free range is a necessity. This gives the needed exercise, and prevents an accumulation of lice. The next thing is an adaptability to the business. If one cannot be content with small earnings, and cannot save them as they come in, he should not undertake the business. The poultry should be breeds that lay in winter, when eggs are high, if one breeds fowls for the eggs. This branch of the business I like best. I prefer it to raising poultry for the meat, though the latter may be more profitable in some localities.—Mrs. L. W. Osborne, in Poultry Farmer.

Curing Cheese.

Curing is one of the important processes of cheese manufacture. The cheeses should be placed in a room which can be kept at a uniform temperature of 55 to 70 degrees. They should be turned at least once a day and thoroughly rubbed with the hand. Some advise removing the cloth as soon as the cheeses are put on the shelves, while others suggest leaving it on until ready for shipment. While new it is a good practice to turn the cheeses twice a day.

Treatment of Staggers.

Staggers is a species of brain fever, and there is no known cure for it. If the brain is badly affected, the animal will die, but if properly cared for, it may recover. If properly cared for, if moldy corn is being fed, stop its use.

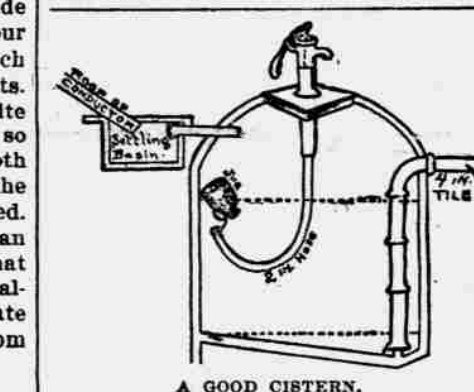
then put the horse in a large box stall, with plenty of bedding and feed mashes. Be careful in handling horses with staggers, for they are often in a fierce frenzy and likely to do one injury. Iodine of potash is sometimes used with good effect, dissolving one dram in water and given daily for three days.

Seedling with Clover.

When clover is sown early in the spring on the crop of wheat or other winter grain it may cost nothing but the price of the seed, which is not much, whether ten or fifteen pounds is used to the acre, and the labor of sowing. Yet we would prefer to increase its cost by going over the wheat with a light or smoothing harrow before sowing the clover seed. This will benefit wheat or rye if done at the right time, when the ground is not wet enough to cause the harrow to sink too deep and uproot the plants. This makes a good seed bed for the clover, and in a day or two after the first rain the little plants will be sending their roots down into the soil. Yet they will not make growth enough to injure the grain before it ripens, and when that is taken off the clover will be better looking and more valuable than the weeds that would be likely to take possession if the clover was not there. It will grow then through the fall and into winter, and in the spring it may be plowed under to enrich the soil, or if the catch is a good one, and it makes a good crop, it may be cut twice for hay and then add more fertility to the soil if plowed under in the fall or next spring than if the first growth was plowed under. Clover likes a mineral fertilizer, even if it is as cheap as one as sulphate of lime or land plaster, and also likes the phosphates and potash, but many supply these sufficiently in the fertilizer used for the grain crop.—American Cultivator.

For Fuse Cistern Water.

Mr. J. F. Grimes writes the Iowa Homestead: "I notice some inquiry in your columns about cisterns, and I thought I would like to give a description of mine for the benefit of your readers who may wish to build one. The cistern itself is constructed very much the same as all cisterns except that one side of the bottom is depressed, and made so it is easily cleaned out with a flat-bottomed shovel. For an outlet I put in four-inch glazed tiles cemented at the joints, letting them extend to the lowest



part of the bottom of the cistern, the first one resting on two bricks, and when there is any overflow it will carry out with it any sediment that should happen to be in the cistern. Wire strainers and a settling basin will keep out a great deal of the sediment. The clearest water may be always pumped out of the cistern, I tied a jug to the end of a piece of rubber hose, the jug being corked tight answers as a float and keeps the end of the hose always under water just a little way."

Winter Orchard Work.

In nearly all fruit sections hundreds of trees are destroyed each year by borers, and while the work of destroying them can best be done in the fall, it will pay to use all diligence during the winter to trap those that were missed in the fall hunt. Take a pall of soft tar, a scraper—an old caseknife, fairly sharp, will answer—and a few wires of different lengths and sizes. Get down to the surface of the ground, and examine the trunk of the tree, carefully scraping away loose bark and prodding suspicious spots with the wire. If holes are found, run the wire in as far as possible, then swab the place with the tar. In going over the orchard in this manner one will often find ravages of field vermin, especially among the young trees, and when such is the case the tree can be protected and saved. One of the most successful fruit growers in the country considers it necessary that his men make weekly trips through the orchards to ascertain, as he puts it, "if the trees need anything."

Pig Pen Pointers.

Many times pigs die from overfeeding the sow the first week after farrowing. Start business with a good hog. Good blood is requisite, and so is good care.

Sometimes when two sows farrow at the same time, one with a large litter and the other with a small one, the pigs can be divided equally between the mothers, though this should not be attempted after the pigs are three days old.

The first thing in profitable pig raising is to grow the frame, then put flesh on it. You cannot successfully do both at the same time.

Pure bred swine are all right, but don't treat them as you would scrub stock. High bred animals are very susceptible to surroundings and care. The farmer who is not willing to give time and attention to valuable stock would better stick to the scrubs. But any animal requires rational treatment for profitable results.

A writer has well said that it is simply impossible to put feed enough into a pig in cold weather to make him comfortable without keeping him in a warm pen with plenty of bedding.—Farmer.