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CHAPTER XVII.—(Continued.)

That night is still as death itself, and the sparkling brilliance of the slow moving waters contrasts with it in tender fashion. Strangely attracted by it, Vera goes forward, moves down the stone steps that lead to the garden, and with eager footsteps gains the little pathway, steep and sudden, that leads to the beach. Suddenly she draws in her arms, and a shiver runs through her, she turns her head to see Dyrart.

"You are going to marry Lord Shelton?" he says, his tone more assertive than questioning.

"It is an impertinent question," says Miss Dyrart, calmly.

"You are disinclined. If he has not yet asked you, you know he only waits the opportunity to do so. When he does—"

"He checks himself abruptly, knowing he has gone too far.

"A little flame leaps into Vera's eyes. "Has it occurred to you that I am very forbearing?" she asks, with a curious smile. "Does it not strike you as very remarkable that I do not on my part question you back again? That I do not ask you whom you are going to marry?"

"He looks as if he was about to make her an angry rejoinder, but she checks him.

"No—don't be afraid, I am not going to put the question," she says, coldly; "and after all, why should I?"

"Do you mean," he goes on, "that you know of someone I want to marry?"

"Let there be an end to this hateful hypocrisy," cries she, turning to him with a burst of passionate anger. "You acted your part for Griselda this morning most admirably."

"Vera!" cries he, hoarsely.

She turns as if startled by that impassioned cry, and then, he hardly knows how it is, he hardly dares remember afterward, but somehow she is in his arms, and he is looking down into her frightened eyes with a terrible entreaty in his own.

"Do you know what you are doing?" he says, his miserable voice scarcely above a whisper. "My darling, my soul, have pity!" More closely his arms bind her. He bends his face to hers—nearer, nearer still, and then, suddenly, a great foaming of himself fills him. He draws back with a sharp shudder, and almost pushes her from him. "Not so," he says, vehemently; and in another moment she has turned the corner of the winding stairs, and is gone.

Gone! With a heavy groan he flings himself face downward on the cool, sleek, shivering sands, that moon-smiten lie trembling, waiting for the dawn.

CHAPTER XVII.

As Mr. Dyrart takes his way slowly around the house, the sound of rushing footsteps coming toward him from a side walk attracts his attention. It is Grunch, wild-eyed, haggard, her thin gray locks, unbound through her unusual haste, flying at the end of this hateful hypocrisy, cries she, turning to him with a burst of passionate anger. "You acted your part for Griselda this morning most admirably."

"More haste, worse speed," says he, sarcastically. "Is the house afire, or my precious niece dead, that you rush upon me with such indecorous abandon?"

"Hush," says she, sternly, with a glance behind her, "this is no time for words like those. Think only of this, Dyrart, pausing and panting for breath, "that I have seen a ghost."

The old man laughs.

"Be silent!" hisses the woman savagely; "cease your gibes, I tell you. The ghost I have seen is—"

"My worthy father, for example," suggests he, with sneer. "No? Well, come, who, then?"

"Michael Sedley!" The words fall from her as though they burn her lips in passing.

The sneer dies from Mr. Dyrart's lips; a dark flush suffuses his face, turning it almost black for the moment, to fade presently beneath the ashen hue that makes him look like a corpse—a corpse with eyes of fire! He staggers back against a tree, and his hands catch convulsively at the bark of it.

"You are mad, woman!" he says, in a terrible voice.

"Ay, may be. So I say. Mad I am, if it was his ghost I saw. But if I saw him in the flesh, how then, Dyrart? Why, shall I tell you, with growing excitement, "that I have seen a ghost?"

"It is I, Dyrart—Tom Peyton. Come out, come out quickly. Your father," panting, "is hurt—very ill!"

"My father?" says Seaton, as if not believing. "But where—how?"

"In the garden—up there in the old ruin. Oh, hurry, man, hurry; you can hear all afterward."

Seaton hardly dares to venture a remark, but, having with trembling fingers clothed himself, follows Peyton out through the window in the chill night air, and soon the two young men are tearing like hunted things through the gardens to that fatal old ruin at the end of them.

Here everything is just as Peyton left it. The old man lying dead, with a more peaceful expression on his face than had ever been there while he lived—the other, the stranger, almost motionless as his enemy, save for a faint quiver of the lips and nostrils every now and then.

Who was he? What had brought him here? Peyton turns to Seaton with these questions on his lips. It is imperative that something about the stranger be discovered—living and breathing.

Seaton is still holding his father's body in his arms, inexpressible grief upon his countenance. The old man had been stern, hard, begrudging, but he had loved his son, and the son knew it. Peyton touches him lightly on the shoulder.

"Hush yourself," he says, in a low, earnest tone. "You know this man?"

"No—not at all. I never saw him before."

"What! you can tell me nothing? Oh, think, Dyrart!" says Peyton, with increasing anxiety. "If you know nothing we shall scarcely be able to see how to act. Exert your memory, man."

"It is useless. It is useless. I never saw him before. He compels himself to look again at Sedley, and a shiver of disgust shakes him. "I know only this—that he has killed my father."

"You forget," says Peyton, very quietly. "He would have been thankful, glad, to be able to leave his friend in this belief, but he knew it would be impossible."

"I saw the whole thing. There was a quarrel, about what I did not hear, but it was your father who knocked that fellow down."

"Well, it killed him," says Seaton, excitedly. "The excitement of that quarrel was too much for him. I still maintain that that man caused his death."

He covers his face with his hands.

"Nevertheless, we cannot leave him here to die. Come, Seaton, take your courage in your hands. Think if there be any way to avoid the scandal that must necessarily arise out of all this. For the sake of your poor father's memory, bestir yourself."

It is a potent argument. Seaton flushes hotly, and the old touch of power returns to his face.

Together they carry the two bodies into the house, under cover of the silent night. Mr. Dyrart to his own room, and then up the stairs, and through the endless corridors, that other groaning, scarcely living being, up always until a disused chamber in a remote corner of the old tower is reached, where it is beyond probability that any one in the house save these three who know, will ever seek.

(To be continued.)

HATS OF OUR ANCESTORS.

Changes that Have Taken Place in Manufacturing Headgear.

"Speaking of the hat business," said a veteran of the business to the local historian, "most wonderful changes have taken place since 1850. In olden times soft felt and derby hats were not known, and it was as late as 1843 when silk dress hats were first introduced in this country, this being a French invention, and all silk plush used for hats in the world, up to this time, made in France. When Kossuth came to America he introduced the soft felt hats, wearing one himself. It did not take American hatmakers long to take up the idea, and in less than one year old and young Americans were wearing hats with Kossuth hats. They were in shape nearly the same as tourist hats now, only being trimmed up with a nice, long ostrich plume. Along about 1858 an English tourist came along with the derby hat, and in a very few years they became the general headgear in the country, and up to the present date the demand for soft hats and derby hats is nearly evenly divided."

"In those days all the best class of soft hats were imported from France, and stiff derbies from England. This, however, has taken a material change, as American hats are now sold in all parts of the globe, and it is a known fact that we produce the most stylish and best hats made. Before the arrival of Kossuth and the English tourist, however, the Americans did not go bareheaded, but contented themselves with napped otter and napped beaver hats, for the more expensive, and the so-called scratch-up or brush hats for the cheaper. Brush or scratch-up derive their name from the fact that nap was raised on them by means of a stiff brush constructed of whalebones. The first manufacturers who made American hats in those goods popular and world-renowned and who forced French and English hats out of this market, were Rinaldo M. Waters, John B. Stetson, J. D. Bird and B. J. Brown.

"During the early periods of 1840 and 1850 a dealer was a hatter in fact, else there would have been no room for him, as all made the hats they sold, all handwork, no machines of any kind, and one who knew how to make a napped otter or beaver hat was an artist, earning \$40 to \$50 per week, being nothing unusual, many making from \$75 to \$100."—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Great heaven! What has happened? Has he killed that old man? Peyton springs forward, looks upon the inner room, he stops short, as if shot, to stare at the scene before him.

Upon the earthen floor lies a huge figure, apparently dead, while standing over it is Mr. Dyrart, his face slightly with a ghastly glow, his wild eyes gleaming. A heavy oak stick is in his hand. The murderous bludgeon is uplifted to complete the already begun—to finish his work, to make sure of the helpless victim at his feet, when Peyton, uttering a loud cry, rushes from the spot where until now he lay concealed.

There is an instant's lurch, a strange hush, and then a convulsive shiver runs through the old man. An ashen grayness has risen from chin to brow. He flings up his arms, for a second or two, clutches foolishly at the air, and then falls with a dull thud across the body of his enemy.

Peyton runs through the garden, never pausing or drawing breath until the house is reached. Knocking impatiently with his knuckles and receiving no answer, he so far gives way to the agitation that is consuming him as to smash a pane with a stone. This brings Seaton to the window in a minute or two, partially dressed.



Children's Corner.

Polly's Lesson.

Polly was sitting in the orchard under the old apple tree. Its pink and white blossoms were sending her their sweetest fragrance and the little bobolink, as he flew about, sang his sweetest song to her.

But for all this, Polly was not happy. She knew that very soon her mamma would call her to get ready for school.

"Oh, why did anyone ever think of having schools?" exclaimed she at last. "I wish I were that pretty little bobolink, with nothing to do but sing and be happy all the day long."

Just then a slight noise attracted Polly's attention, and looking around she saw a beautiful fairy.

"Do not fear, little girl; your fairy mamma heard that very soon her mamma would call her to get ready for school."

Then, before Polly had time to think, the fairy had gone, and she found herself changed into a pretty bobolink.

She flew into the air and down into the meadow among the sweet clover, mingling with the rest of her kind, always giving forth the richest music.

The days came and went, but the little bobolink never sighed to return to her former life. The beautiful spring changed into summer, the clover blossoms disappeared; the little bobolink sings her sweet songs no more.

She has changed her beautiful black glossy dress into one of a dusky russet color.

She has no time now to think of anything but eating. She perches herself upon the weeds where before she lighted tinkling forth her sweetest notes, only to devour their seeds.

Then, becoming tired of the homely fare around the house, which a short time since she thought so beautiful and where she had been so happy, she flew away in search of a better living. She found among the reeds along the Delaware.

As she was banqueting among the reeds one day she heard the loud report of a gun, and looked up in time to see four or five of her companions fall bleeding to the ground. She was thoroughly frightened and did not know what to do or where to go.

Just then Polly rubbed her sleepy eyes and found that her mamma was calling: "Get up, Polly, the sun is shining brightly and the little birds are singing their sweet morning songs."

Oh, how happy Polly was to find it had all been a dream.

"I do not think I should care to change places with a bobolink, or even grow to be an ignorant woman with nothing to think of but eating and sleeping," she said as she trudged cheerily to school that bright spring morning.—Farmer's Union.

Principle of Magic Squares.

Magic squares of odd numbers are such that the figures added in perpendicular, horizontal or diagonal rows make the same sum are found in books of puzzles, but the principles on which they are based is never given.

There is a principle, and it is applicable without limit, from one square to any odd number of squares indefinitely. For illustration, twenty-five

17	24	1	8	15
23	5	7	14	16
4	6	13	20	22
10	12	19	21	3
11	18	25	2	9

squares are given and the sum of each of its rows of figures perpendicular, horizontally or diagonally is 65.

Now for the rule. Always write your numbers consecutively, diagonally, upward, to the right. If that direction carries you outside of the squares, then go to the opposite end of the row at which you stand. If you reach a square that is occupied, or the upper right hand corner, then drop to the square below the last one used, and proceed as before. Begin with 1 in the upper center square. Now try it.

For Busy Hands.

According to a Chinese legend, says the Cincinnati Commercial Tribune, there lived in Canton 2000 years before Christ an artist named Lim-Kao-Pong, who won an immortal reputation owing to the fact that he was able to fashion out of a bean pod a boat, complete with rudder, sails, mast and all other necessary appurtenances. Moreover, on the exterior of the boat were engraved various maxims by Confucius. For this masterpiece, it is said, the Emperor Tai-Fou paid him 1,000 taels.

In these days pretty baskets are made out of hazelnuts and chestnuts, and heads of peacocks and parrots are deftly fashioned from the stones of apricots. It is with orange peel, however, that the most attractive, though not the most durable, work can be done.

With a few skillful incisions of the pen-knife, the eye, nose and lips of a man or woman can be cut out of such peel, and by placing a suitable cap on

top the oddity of the countenance is remarkably increased. Furthermore, much fun may be obtained by placing this head on a handkerchief which rests on a tumbler; for, if one of the four corners of the handkerchief be then gently pulled, the head will wag most comically to one side, and as it has no neck the effect produced is most ludicrous.

A Little Helper.

"My father says I'm a great helper," said little Miss Dorothy Gay.

"There's just only one and our Bridget. So I have to work every day."

On Monday I help do the washing. By wiping the plates dry and bright. On Tuesday I help Bridget iron. By folding the towels just right; On Wednesday I help do the mending. By threading the needles up, fast.

And Thursday I help clean the silver. By counting it over at last; And Friday I help with the sweeping. By dusting as hard as I can, And Saturday I most do the baking. By buttering every pan.

And Sunday—well, Sunday, my father says he doesn't actually know. But he'd break right down in his sermon at meeting if I didn't go!

—Youth's Companion.

Dogs in Cold Storage.

Dogs are now being shipped from Russia to the antarctic regions in a cold-storage ship. They are worth \$150 each and must be kept in a cold atmosphere. This was made necessary because the dogs are used to a very low temperature, and the heat of the tropics through which they will have to pass would enervate them and unfit them for the hard work which is planned for them. These dogs are wonderfully well trained, and are strong and willing to drag heavy sledges over the snow and ice. Their diet is dried fish.

Before God Learned How.

Some George was looking at a book containing pictures of various animals. "Mamma, who made camels?" he asked.

"God, my dear," replied the mother. "Many years ago people used them instead of horses."

"That must have been before God learned how to make horses," commented the little fellow.

Jonah's Own Discovery.

Teacher—Johnnie, can you tell me who first discovered whalebone? Johnnie (promptly)—Yes'm. Jonah.

WHITE ANIMALS.

Facts About Polar Bears, Arctic Foxes, Ptarmigan, Blue Hares.

A polar bear would not have a chance in stalking seals if it were of a darker color. The only black spot about it is the tip of its nose. The sailors who first landed on various unknown arctic shores and bays stated that the bears used to take them for seals, and begin to stalk them at a considerable distance, lying down flat on their bellies in the attitude in which the well-known photograph by Gaudier Bolton shows the old polar bear at the Zoo, and wriggling along in that position until they came up to an ice hummock, when they would get up, peer over to see if the "seals" were alarmed, and wriggle on again. The sailors added that they could always see the black nose when the bear got near, and vowed that the bear put his paw over his muzzle to hide it.

The arctic foxes, the "blue" hare, the ptarmigan, rhyper, and ermine all undergo the seasonable change to white by an identical process. The hair or feathers, as the case may be, lose color and turn pure white by what may almost be described as an instantaneous process. In the foxes and birds the white comes in patches; but the speed of color change is remarkable. There are many stories of people whose hair has turned white from shock "in a single night." Judging by the birds and foxes these stories must be true. No one ever sees the process of fading going on. The feather or patch of fur which was brown or smoky-gray suddenly whitens. Yet no one has actually seen the color going. The explanation usually given is that it takes place by night. There seems no "half-way" tint between the white and the original color.—Spectator.

Didn't Relate Any More.

"Miss Paraffine," said Mr. Gollygity, who wanted to relate another personal reminiscence, "were you much impressed with that tale I told you recently concerning the way I detached myself from the main body of the British army and threw myself directly in front of the long knives of the Afghans?"

"Yes, indeed," said Miss Paraffine. "I told mamma what a wonderful deed of bravery it was."

"You didn't either," cut in her bright little brother. "You told mamma that 'winged with pain, a coward's fears take flight,' and 'fools rush in where wise men fear to tread.'"—Indianapolis Sun.

On the Bargain Counter.

A well-known society woman was taking a drive in the park, says the New York Times. The coachman was too lively in his use of the whip, and nearly ran into another vehicle.

"James," said the lady, after they had returned home, "you were very careless to-day. What was your head given you for if not to use?"

"Pardon, mem," replied James. "If I had any head I'd not be workin' for thirty-five dollars a month!"

Cloud-Covered Mountain.

Mount Revere, in equatorial Africa, is about 20,000 feet high, has twenty miles of glaciers and is nearly always cloud covered.

Cost of Ocean Cables.

The cost of a cable from San Francisco to Honolulu is put at \$3,000,000.



Farms and Farmers.

Protecting Stable Windows.

To ventilate a stable without exposing the animals to direct drafts of air, take three half-inch boards and arrange them at the bottom and slides of a window. These side boards will cut off any side drafts and enable one to leave the window open a considerable space. Then take another half-inch board and hinge it to the top of the window cas-

almost any kind, it will be beneficial to the animals and still lose none of its manurial value. All sorts of plans may be tried in soil fertilization, but the fact still remains that the best results are obtained, all things considered, when stock is used in connection with farming. That many dairy farms do not pay is admitted, but, on the other hand, there are few farms that are profitable if stock is not kept on them. Regular farming is meant, not truck raising. Further, and this has been demonstrated time and again, there is no farm used for general work that would not be more profitable if more stock was added up to the number that could be supported from the farm.

Soil Culture in Fruit-Growing.

A few years ago there were few farmers who had any faith in the efforts of skilled experimenters to induce them to conserve the moisture in the soil by a system of shallow cultivation during the summer. One by one they tried the plan, many of them in desperation during a season of drought, until now thousands have proved its great value. Fruit growers are becoming interested in the question and realize that with fruits that absorb immense quantities of water from the soil it is absolutely necessary that everything possible be done to keep in the soil for the use of the tree during the summer all that is possible of the water that falls during the fall, winter and spring. Nothing will accomplish this better than the system of surface culture during the summer. Then if this plan is followed by a cover crop during the winter to be turned under in the spring, the trees have every incentive to thrive, provided, of course, the soil is properly fertilized.

A Humane Stanchion.

The old-fashioned, rigid stanchion, consisting of two uprights, keeps an animal from moving backward or forward, but it also confines the head so closely that very little movement of this is possible, while the fact that the stanchion has no "give" in any direction causes a good many bumps upon the animal's horns, ears and shoulders when it is getting up or lying down. It is possible to make use of a stanchion, however, and yet have it admit of considerable movement of the animal's head, while still confining its forward and backward movements to very small limits. The cut shows the construction. The upright post turns freely at the base and at the top. Two iron L pieces hold the swinging upright at the bottom, as shown, while a swinging iron clamp at the top holds it when shut. With such a stanchion the cow can move back and forth but little, but can move the head about from side to side with great freedom, while the swinging of the stanchion causes it to "give" a little when the cow is lying down or getting up.—Tribune-Farmer.

Heat in Bee Culture.

While it is possible to do many things with artificial heat, all attempts to hasten activity on the part of the bees by artificial heat have proved failures—more, have been fatal to the colony. Prominence is given this now in view of several items going the round of the press advising the packing of hives in stable manure to furnish the artificial heat. In experienced brood rearing was hastened, it is true, and more bees hatched, but they were weak, and succumbed to the weather when they left the hives, and many of the honey gatherers started out earlier owing to the artificial heat, and never returned. The hives should, of course, be packed with some material so that the bees will not suffer during the winter, but all attempts to force them to gather honey before settled weather will result in disaster.

Feeding Skim Milk.

There is no doubt that skim milk will bring the greatest returns when fed to laying hens, provided one can get twenty cents or more a dozen for winter eggs, and if one has but few hogs and many hens the latter should have the skim milk by all means. On the other hand, it may be fed to hogs with profit, and if fed with corn meal will easily be worth twenty cents a hundredweight. The trouble is that not one feeder in a hundred feeds skim milk properly. It usually goes into the trough at any time when convenient, and is often mixed with other slop that is not so clean, and it is made to take the place of grain to some extent.

Care of Stock.

Feed and management have much to do with the health as well as thriftiness of stock. Young and growing animals require feed which will make bone and muscle rather than fat. Bedding liberally with some dry material will add greatly to the comfort of the animals during the winter.—Kansas Farmer.

Sore Throat in Calves.

Put one ounce turpentine in a pint of boiling water, and hold this under the animal's head for twenty minutes; repeat three times a day; also give a teaspoonful of the compound syrup of squills at a dose three times a day in a tablespoonful of common syrup.

Cotton-Seed Meal as a Fertilizer.

The plan of using cotton seed in various forms as a fertilizer is not a desirable practice. It is generally admitted that we may add to the soil's fertility by the direct application of several crops, the legumes, for example, but in very many cases these crops could be made to answer a double purpose. This is the case with cotton seed meal. If fed to the stock in small quantities together with roughage of

Some of the best corn crops of last season, a season of poor crops in all corn sections, as a rule, were from soils plowed in March or early April. Experience has shown that this early spring plowing is to be preferred to fall plowing, for corn. The stable manure is hauled to the field during the winter as made, and in March, as soon as the ground can be worked, it is plowed, the plowing being rather shallow. This plowing is done in the regular manner, but nothing more is done until corn-planting time, when the ground is further prepared for the crop. The seeding is done with drills and the summer system of cultivation started with the weeder early and continued as long as possible. The plan is comparatively new in some localities, but it has brought good results, and is well worth trying.

Three-Horse Evener.

To make a good three-horse evener take two pieces of hickory or red elm, or any tough wood one inch thick, six inches wide and thirty-eight inches long, for the main pieces, and a hook with an eye large enough for the center bolt to pass through. Then get two sticks one inch thick, three inches wide

and eighteen inches long and a single-tree eighteen inches long. A single-tree with an iron pulley will answer for the middle horse. A short twisted link chain should pass from the two ends of the eveners over the pulley. The illustration shows the manner of construction better than can be described.—Iowa Homestead.

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