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HERR STEINHARDT'S NEMESIS

BY J. MACLAREN COBBAN.

INTRODUCTION.

My name is Unwin—Gerald Unwin. "Rev. Gerald Unwin, B. A." I am usually styled on the backs of envelopes; for, though I have laid aside clerical duties, for the present at least, I am still in orders. Now that I enjoy leisure and the absence of those petty worries which prey upon the subordinate cleric more than the lay mind can conceive, I set myself to write out the strange narrative of event and experience which, in the Providence of God, have worked such a change in my condition. I promised myself and my friends some months ago that I would do this, but until now I could not bind myself to my desk; I have had too much other occupation, desultory, perhaps, but agreeable in short, like the man in the parable, I have married a wife. Yet that is the very reason why my friends in town have pestered me, and now grow clamorous to know all about it. They have been good enough to remind me that, though it is proverbial for clerical men to get handsome wives, yet it is quite out of the common for so ordinary looking a priest as myself to win a lady of beautiful and distinguished as (they are pleased to say) my wife is; and, further, that though it has been whispered fine looking clerical tutors have had the audacity to aspire to ladies of very high rank indeed, their aspirations have usually been overwhelmed with contempt; and, lastly, they are consumed with wonder that I should have lighted upon a refined and delicate Frenchwoman in the wilds of Lancashire, in any of the places. Perhaps, they add, with a touch of sarcasm which I can complacently endure, I was the only creature like a gentleman she had ever seen. But my story is all too terrible and serious to be introduced with persiflage.

CHAPTER I.

About two years ago I accepted a curacy in the village of Timperley, within a few miles of a large Lancashire town. If I had had much choice I would not have chosen a cure of souls among mill hands and miners. I would have preferred to perform my duties under a clear sky, rather than under a canopy of smoke; within call of fields and chimneys, and black heads of coal pits. But since I was despatched to my village of a cure in a certain pleasant village of Sussex, I resolved to go to Timperley in Lancashire. So when one dark afternoon of February I alighted at the nearest station on a branch railway, and asked a fellow passenger, who looked like a native, and who was hurrying away, whether he could direct me to Timperley—when I was answered with a curt "Now," I was not displeased. I received a somewhat unintelligible direction from a station porter, and leaving orders concerning my luggage, I went into the dark and the drizzle to walk to Timperley. I tramped for half a mile or so along a well paved road, and then (according to direction, I thought) I turned down a narrow lane between a hedge and a wooden fence. I trudged some distance through deep mud, now splashing upon my boots, and now plunging into holes, when the lane seemed to lose itself in a field. I hesitated a little and then resolved to return to the road. My eyes were now used to the dark, and I perceived a foot path across the field inclining back toward the road. I struck into this, thinking it would save me some distance. But I soon found to my vexation that "the shortest way across is the longest way round." I persevered over the sodden grass, and sometimes something else besides grass, and presently began to scent somewhat of the pleasant odors of rusticity, and my spirits rose a degree or two. I passed a low black wooden building, and guessed it was a cow house; I heard the animals pulling at the manger and munching their feed. By-and-by I found myself again on a tolerably good road, came upon some houses of the suburban semi-detached villa description (at one of which I knocked and inquired my way), and soon, stumbling and splashing through expiring mud and cinders, came out upon the edge of the valley in which Timperley lay. I stood and gazed around me. Such a spectacle I had never seen before. I listened and I felt the feverish rush of the life of Lancashire industry. The birr and buzz of thousands of spindles, the swift click and thud of shuttle and loom, and the regular sob and respiration of mighty engines mingled with the rush of water and the plaintive panting of some machine as of an enslaved genii of the Arabian Nights. I could not at first appon the sounds to the various groups of buildings be nearest me. On my right was a many storied mill, whose bright windows were reflected in the glassy surface of a pond, on the banks of which there grew, pensive and forlorn, a few scrubby trees. On my left an aggregation of long low buildings with glass roofs, that looked with their shining backs like monstrous, crouching dragons of antediluvian days. Farther up the valley was another group of buildings wrapped in a cloud of steam. Immediately before me was a ruined mill, unroofed and gaunt, with its bell tower and its tall, cold chimney outlined against the sky; behind it was another group of irregular buildings. A dozen tall chimneys poured their smoke into the sulphurous air, which was pervaded by a certain glow—insufficient to dissipate the darkness, but enough to make the stream which wound down the valley gleam like a black gigantic snake.

For the first time. He rose and angrily rang the bell. Presently we went in to dinner. I, of course, sat next to him on his right, and noticed with some curiosity, as he carved, that his hands seemed encased in very fine lemon-colored gloves; a second look assured me that they were merely stained. His son's hands were similar, but of a deeper hue. For the first time it occurred to me that my host was the lord of the Chemical Dye Works. "They were your works, I suppose, M. Steinhart," I said, "that I passed after entering the village?" I was alone on my side of the table, and had to speak to him, or be silent. "Yes," said he, rather abruptly. Then after a pause, "You came by that road then?" So I related how I had lost my way, and how I had been struck (I did not say, "disagreeably") with the impression of ferocious energy my first view of the valley gave me. "Ferocious energy," he repeated, with a smile, looking at me as if he liked the phrase, and thought the better of me for having uttered it. "It is a great place for industry, and it will be greater yet." I asked him how it happened that a large mill was unused and falling in ruins. "That is mine," he answered. "It is unlucky. It was a spinning mill; once one of the floors fell through, killing many people, and twice it was burned, all in 10 years—yes, all in 10 years." "And today it seems to have added to its work of killing," he looked at me. "You have not heard, perhaps," I said. "I related what I had seen and heard. 'Have you heard of this?' he asked, glancing from one to another. 'No; None of them had heard.' 'I must see to it,' he said, and stirred as if he would set out at once; but he added, 'after dinner.'" And after dinner he set out; and I thought better of him than I had at first been disposed to do because of his kindly feeling, though it was only for pigs. "In the drawing room, however, I was struck with the altered manners of the family in the temporary absence of its head. Mrs. Steinhart was gossiping and kind—even motherly; Frank threw off his awkwardness and shyness, and delighted me with his skill on the piano; while Mademoiselle Lacroix was very bright and winsome. Yet, now conversing with her and now observing her (when, for instance, she sat near Frank at the piano), I could not but remark that a look of sadness overspread her sweet face—of sadness, and as of anxiously waiting for something or some one—whenever she was left to her own thought. This expression I was able to account for satisfactorily very soon. "I had been some time in the drawing room when the door bell sounded a loud peal, and at once I saw that snubbed expression of patient waiting on Miss Lacroix's face flash up into one of eager expectancy. For a moment she looked at the door with her pale face gone paler, and listened with quick ear, till she heard the voice of the visitor, when her eager hope collapsed and sank into deeper sadness than before. It was a rich, cheery voice I heard come from the hall. "Is th' new parson come?" it asked of some one. "That's Jim," said Mrs. Steinhart with a laugh—"my brother." This, then, was the gentleman who had come to smoke a pipe. He entered—a tall, stout, ruddy Englishman, some somewhat grey. He at once took possession of the room and of the persons in it. His bright and ample presence extinguished the gaudy, gorgeous furniture, and his voice, instinct with humor and unself-consciousness, filled the void which usually reigned in that room. (To be continued)

FOR THE YOUNG FOLKS

Surprising Mamma. Elizabeth Eliza, While mother was away, Thought, 'How can I surprise her When she comes back to-day? 'I'll plant some seeds this minute, Here in this pretty bed.



And there'll be flowers in it By afternoon," she said. For this dear little maiden Had notions rather queer As to the time seeds stay in Before the shoots appear.



Then with the planting ended She got her watering pot. Elizabeth Eliza, You naughty little elf! In faith you did surprise her— A-blooming there yourself! -Chicago Chronicle.

How It All Happened. Tommy had a cold on Washington's birthday. It was just a few bits of a cold, not enough to count, Brother Fred said; but then Fred didn't know anything about it, of course. "An' I can't bring in the kindling-wood or feed the chickens or go to school," announced Tommy, jubilantly, and then he coughed, such a funny, made-up cough that Brother Fred laughed "Ho! ho!" and Sister Kate laughed "He! he!" and Mamma Stone said, "Deary me! You're not a bit like George Washington, are you?" Tommy didn't know what it was all about, and he said so, and then mamma laughed, a bright, cheery laugh. "Do you know who George Washington was?" she said. Tommy stood very straight and tall. He put back his shoulders and let his arms hang down by his sides. He looked just exactly as he did when he stood at the head of his class at school. "George Washington was a great general," he said, quickly. "an' he was a soldier, an' a President of the United States, an' he was the 'Father of His Country,' 'sides lots of other things.'" "Good!" said mamma. "An' George Washington was never too sick to do his duty, and that is one reason why he was a great general and a good soldier."

Tommy sniffed. "I guess George Washington never had a cold like mine!" he exclaimed. "Ho! ho!" laughed Brother Fred. "He! he!" laughed Sister Kate again. "Never had a cold?" said mamma. "Once upon a time he had a fever, and he had to stay in his bed for days and days, but the minute he was able to get up and go out again, back to his soldiers he went! Are you able to go out, Tommy, or must I put you to bed?" "Tommy asked solemnly, "I don't want to go to bed!" he said, decidedly. "Then," said mamma, "a whole army of wood-sticks wants to see you, and some feathery soldiers want their breakfast, and a whole schoolroom of boys and girls will expect you to lead the march. If you wish you can play you are George Washington, instead of Tommy Stone, and only one thing you must remember if you play that play, that you are never too sick to do your duty!"

And that is how it all happened that Tommy fed the hens and filled the wood-box, and when he went to school he had a new George Washington story to tell; and it was such a good story, that the teacher put a star on his slate, which means that it was a very good story, indeed. When Tommy came home at noon his cough was gone and he had forgotten all about his cold, which all goes to prove that Brother Fred was right. It was not enough to count.—Youth's Companion.

Facts About Flags. What the various signals mean in the flag code is told thus in the last number of New Education: 1. To "strike the flag" is to lower the colors in submission. 2. Flags are used as the symbol of rank and command, the officers using

them being called "flag officers." Such flags are square, to distinguish them from other banners. 3. A "flag of truce" is a white flag, displayed to an enemy to indicate a desire for parley or consultation. 4. The white flag is a sign of peace. After a battle parties from both sides often go out to the field to rescue the wounded or bury the dead under the protection of the white flag. 5. The red flag is a sign of defiance and is often used by revolutionists. In our service it is a mark of danger, and shows a vessel to be receiving or discharging her powder. 6. The black flag is a sign of piracy. 7. The yellow flag shows a vessel to be in quarantine or is a sign of a contagious disease. 8. A flag at half-mast means mourning. Fishing and other vessels return with the flag at half-mast to announce the loss or death of some of their crew. 9. Dipping the flag is lowering it slightly, then hoisting it again to salute a vessel or fort. If the President of the United States goes aboard, the American flag is carried in the bow of his barge or hoisted at the mast of the vessel on board of which he is.

Grammatical Errors. Avoid saying— It is me, for it is I. It was him, for it was he. It was them, for it was they. He spoke to John and I, for He spoke to John and me. Between you and I, for Between you and me. Those kind of people, for That kind of people. These kind of things, for This kind of things. Each child must keep in their seat, for Each child must keep in his seat. I do not think I shall go, for I think I shall not go. I will try and see him, for I will try to see him.—Popular Educator.

Medicine of Dog Barks. Little Ethel, aged 4, and her grandmother were great chums. One day the old lady was taking a dose of medicine, and the child inquired: "Grandma, what's 'at?" "That is medicine, my dear." "What is it made of, Grandma?" "Out of leaves and roots and barks," replied Grandma. "Oh, grandma," said Ethel, as her big eyes opened in wonder, "is it made of little dog barks?"

He Missed One Year. Two boys were on their way to school, and conversation passed between them respecting each other's ages. First Boy—Then how old are you? Second Boy—Ten. And how old are you? First Boy—I'm 11. I should have been 12, only I was sick a year.

A Funny Moon. One summer evening a little girl was out doors washing her feet. After a while she happened to look at the moon, just under a cloud. She jumped up and ran into the house as fast as she could, and said: "I'm not going to stay out there, and that moon slipp'n' and slid'n' round like that!"

Jack's Puzzle. "Daddy," asked little Jack, "where does a snake begin when he wants to wag his tail?"

QUAINT SAYINGS OF A JUDGE.

Some Philosophical Comments Made by a British Jurist. Judge Bacon, who presides in the London (England) County Court, is one of the wits of the British Judiciary. He has to deal with all races and all classes, and has become famous for terse decisions and quaint sayings. Here are some of the utterances that he recently delivered from the bench: On the veracity of woman—"Women tell stories so much more easily than men."

Concerning Interpreters—"People who translate a language they do not understand into one they know less." When the evidence was contradictory—"There is nothing astonishing in perjury. It has long ceased to surprise me; it only saddens me now."

About money lenders—"My own impression is that the lender is about as honest as the borrower. As a rule there is no misrepresentation that a man will not make when he wishes to borrow money, and when he does not want to pay it back he will repeat the operation."

To a defendant who declared she "couldn't stay there and listen to such lies"—"Think of me; I have to listen to them every day of my life." A woman pleaded inability to pay a debt on account of illness. Four doctors had attended her.—Judge Bacon: "Four doctors! And you have survived? Wonderful!"

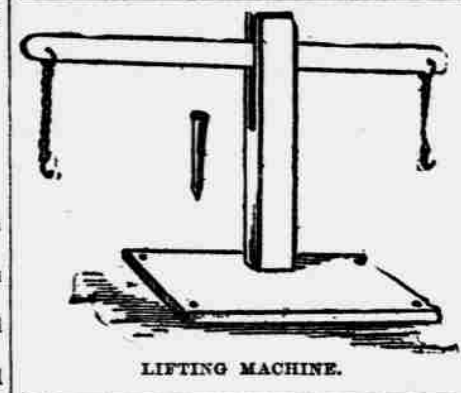
Suggested by a solicitor's undeciphered signature—"It must have taken him a good deal of time and trouble to hit upon such a signature as that, with dots and scrolls all over the place. I suppose he considers illegibility a sign of intellect."

At Whitechapel County Court—"The morality of the Hebrew ought to be as high as that of the Christian. It is derived from the same source, and the rabbis indicate a standard of just dealing of the purest and highest character."

Few Savers in Sheffield. Not 10 per cent of the large wage earners in the English cutlery trade save a farthing, declares the Lord Mayor of Sheffield. Be charitable. Every ton of coal given to the poor in this world will be so much fuel saved from use in the next.



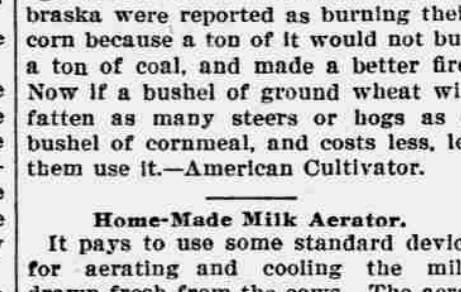
A Lifting Machine. The device shown is just the thing for the farm that is operated by one man with occasional help, as many farms are run. A platform, of any dimensions desired, is built of heavy oak planks with a hole cut in the middle in which is inserted a post made of timber three or four inches square. A slot is cut in this post to extend nearly one-half its length, and is an inch and a half wide. The lever should be made of timber one and a half inches wide so as to fit snugly in the slot. This lever is bolted into position. A number of holes should be bored through this lever so that a longer arm may be had



on one side of the post when wanted; as a rule the lever works best when it extends about double the distance on one side. If the object to be moved is heavy it may be best to spike the platform to the ground, which may be readily done by the use of long wooden pegs driven through holes bored in each corner of the platform. It will be noticed that two holes are bored in the post, below where the lever arm is fastened, permitting the operator to lower the arm to suit the work he has to do. This lifter will be found very handy in moving logs, grain in bags and other heavy things which must be handled on the farm.

Wheat as Stock Feed. The Topeka State Journal says that a miller and grain dealer in McPherson, Kan., says there is less wheat in McPherson County than for many years at the same date. The scarcity of corn and its high price have led many to feed it to stock. He claimed to know of some who had fed out 5,000 bushels, and one man, who sold 7,000 bushels last July, had since bought 8,000 bushels to feed out, and another had bought 15,000 bushels for the same purpose. He estimated the amount fed on corn farms in that county at not less than 500 bushels on each farm, and the total as not less than half the crop of 1901. White wheat these figures may be a little exaggerated, or more than a little if applied to more than the one county. We do not find fault if they are true. Though in the Eastern States, we used to think wheat four bread a luxury compared to that made from cornmeal, or "rye and Indian" meal. If the farmers there can grow wheat so that it costs less than corn, let them feed it, as it has about the same nutritive value. Not many years ago the farmers of Kansas and Nebraska were reported as burning their corn because a ton of it would not buy a ton of coal, and made a better fire. Now if a bushel of ground wheat will fatten as many steers or hogs as a bushel of cornmeal, and costs less, let them use it.—American Cultivator.

Home-Made Milk Aerator. It pays to use some standard device for aerating and cooling the milk drawn fresh from the cows. The aeration of warm milk is very important in several cows are milked. For a small quantity of milk in shotgun cans a home-made device can be utilized. The accompanying cut illustrates its construction and use. Procure a good hand bellows and have a tinsmith solder on a small tin tube, somewhat like that shown at A in the cut. B represents a brace soldered on to make the attachment more rigid. A clamp can be attached at C to fasten to the edge of the can, though the bellows can be easily operated without it. It may be necessary to extend the tube of the bellows at D. This arrangement will work satisfactorily in quickly aerating a can of warm milk and can be done while the can is setting in water to cool down.—Hoard's Dairyman.



Beet Pulp as Feed. Seven thousand sheep and 150 steers are on feed on the beet pulp at the Fort Collins (Colo.) sugar refinery. The company also sells the pulp at 30 cents per ton, and the sheep eat between ten and fifteen pounds of it each day, while each steer tucks away from 100 to 150 pounds daily and often bawls for more. The feeding is largely of the experimental order as yet. The officials say that they will import some grain in order to finish the animals properly before sending them to market.

Cost of Keeping a Hen. There is considerable difference of opinion as to how much it costs to keep a hen. The cost depends upon the hen's ability to forage. It is a saving and clear gain to convert refuse into eggs and meat. The cost of keeping a hen has been variously estimated at from 50 cents to \$1.50 a year. It costs more in the Northern States than in the Southern States. It costs more if the hens are confined than if they are allowed to run.

A Barn for the Cows. Don't keep cows in same barn with other stock. Time is money, therefore the barn should be convenient for cleaning out, for feeding and for getting cows in and out. It should allow an abundance of sunshine. The ten dollar note, known as the "Buffalo Bill," has on it the face of a suicide, Meriwether Lewis.

Canada last year added 541 to its railroad mileage and Meriwether 640.

farm stock. The main trouble experienced with sorghum is in the curing—the crop seems to be as easily raised as corn, but it is best cured under cover by setting it in small shocks along the wall of a shed. It may be cured in the field, like corn, if put up in small shocks. Every farmer with cows or swine should give up an acre of ground this spring for sorghum. You may not be able to grow it with full success this year, but will learn its needs thoroughly, so that the next season it will be a success.

The Ideal Farm Home. Forty years ago this subject would have meant something quite different from what it does at present, says Indiana Farmer. Then a plain frame building, with plastered walls and a brick chimney would have seemed a great advance on the double log cabin, with its stick and mud chimney at either end, the well sweep in the yard, chickens roosting in the trees or in the front yard was not deemed out of place in early days, and shade trees, shrubbery and flower beds were exceptional, if not unknown. The ideal farm home as we now regard it, must have many ornamental features and numerous conveniences that in pioneer days were unthought of. As to externals our first thought is regarding walks and drives. They should be dry and clean. Mud should not be tracked into the house, and to prevent this gravel should be used freely, not only to make walks to barnyards and outhouses, but to build drives from the road in front to the wagon shed in the rear. A shed or covered way ought to extend from a side porch of the house to the drive so the ladies can enter or depart from the carriage dry shod. It must have a telephone connecting with all the neighborhood and the towns and villages near. It can have a daily mail, which it easily can have, if the roads are what they ought to be. It must have shade trees, vines, shrubbery and flowers in the blue-grass lawn, and a small fruit as well as a vegetable garden, well stocked with the best varieties and well tended, and it should be convenient to the kitchen, so as to be most available and useful.

Shield for the Crammer. J. F. Granger, of Waukesha County, Wisconsin, writes Iowa Homestead: "I enclose a sketch of a good plan to keep a horse that is an habitual crammer from getting his tail over the line and giving trouble. Buckle two lengths of light leather from hip strap around the tail above the breeching, making it fit easily and loosely over the tail. From the buckle of the crupper on each side of the rump, make a leather network down to the bottom piece, and one will have a device that will let the horse switch his tail and at the same time will prevent any trouble coming from getting his tail over the lines."

Does Sheep-Raising Pay. To this question the sheep raiser on land at a low value will undoubtedly answer yes, and the man on high price land no. It would seem as if something was wrong with this state of affairs. Year by year the raising of sheep in large numbers changes from the high price farm to the one where land is cheap. It may be true that in the East where farms are held at prices more than double that asked for and in sections of the West, farmers can not afford to raise sheep—yet why not? In any section where sheep can be raised without the winter season of feeding being too long sheep should be raised with profit regardless of the land value of the farm, within reason, of course. It is largely a question of intelligent management, just as with any other crop. Everything seems to point to a decided change in methods during the coming years, and the thoughtful farmer with some knowledge of sheep raising is beginning to feel that by keeping up the fertility of his farm he can raise sheep as profitably for his market as his distant competitor for his.

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