CORVALLIS GAZETTE.

SEMI-WEEKLY.

UNION Estab. July, 1897. GAZETTE Estab. Dec. 1862. | Consolidated Feb., 1899.

CORVALLIS, BENTON COUNTY, OREGON, TUESDAY, SEPTEMBER 23, 1902. VOL. III. NO. 22.

A STUDY IN SCARLET

BY A. CONAN DOYLE.

CHAPTER VII—Continued.

Mr. Gregson, who had listened to this address with considerable impatience, could contain himself no longer.

"Look here, Mr. Sherlock Holmes," he said, "we are all ready to acknowledge that you are a smart man, and that you have your own methods of working. We want something more than mere theory and preaching now, though. It is a case of taking the man. I have made my case out, and it seems I was wrong. Young Charpentier could not have been engaged in this second affair. Lestrade went after his man, Stangerson, and it appears that he was wrong, too. You have thrown out hints here and hints there, and seem to know more than we do, but the time has come when we feel that we have a right to ask you straight how much you do know of the business. Can you name the man who did it?"

"I cannot help feeling that Gregson is right, sir," remarked Lestrade. "We have both tried, and we have both failed. You have remarked more than once since I have been in the room that you had all the evidence which you require. Surely you will not withhold it any longer?"

"Any delay in arresting the assassin," I observed, "might give him time to perpetrate some fresh atrocity."

Thus pressed by us all, Holmes showed signs of irresolution

He continued to walk up and down the room with his head sunk on his chest and his brows drawn down, as was his habit when lost in thought.

"There will be no more murders," he said, at last, stopping abruptly and facing us. "You can put that consideration out of the question. You have asked me if I know the name of the assassin. I do. The mere knowing of his name is a small thing, however, compared with the power of laying our hands upon him. This I expect very shortly to do. I have good hopes of managing it through my own arrangements; but it is a thing which needs delicate handling, for we have a shrewd and desperate man to deal with, who is supported, as I have had occasion to prove, by another who is as clever as himself. As long as this man has no idea that any one can have a clew, there is some chance of securing him; but if he had the slightest suspicion, he would change his name, and vanish in an instant among the four million inhabitants of this great city. Without meaning to hurt either of your feelings, I am bound to say that I consider these men to be more than a match for the official force, and that is why I have not asked your assistance. If I fail I shall, of course, incur all the blame due to this omission; but that I am prepared for. At present I am ready to promise that the instant I can communicate with you without endangering my own combinations I shall do so."

Gregson and Lestrade seemed to be far from satisfied by this assurance, or by the deprecating allusion to the detective police.

The former had flushed up to the roots of his flaxen hair, while the other's beady eyes glistened with curiosity and resentment.

Neither of them had time to speak, however, before there was a tap at the door and the spokesman of the street arab, young Wiggins, introduced his insignificant and unsavory person.

"Please, sir," he said, touching his forelock, "I have the cab down stairs."

"Good boy," said Holmes, blandly. "Why don't you introduce this pattern at Scotland Yard?" he continued, taking a pair of steel handcuffs from a drawer. "See how beautifully the spring works. They fasten in an instant."

"The old pattern is good enough," remarked Lestrade, "if we can find the man to put them on."

"Very good, very good," said Holmes, smiling. "The cabman may as well help me with my boxes. Just ask him to step up, Wiggins."

I was surprised to find my companion speaking as though we were about to start out on a journey, since he had not said nothing to me about it.

There was a small portmanteau in the room, and this he pulled out and began to strap.

He was busily engaged at it when the cabman entered the room.

"Just give me a help with this buckle, cabman," he said, kneeling over his task, and never turning his head.

The fellow came forward with a somewhat sullen defiant air, and put down his hands to assist

At that instant there was a sharp click, the jangling of metal, and Sherlock Holmes sprang to his feet again.

"Gentlemen," he cried, with flashing eyes, "let me introduce to you Mr Jefferson Hope, the murderer of Enoch Drebber and Joseph Stangerson.

The whole thing occurred in a moment—so quickly that I had no time to realize it.

I have a vivid recollection of that instant, of Holmes' triumphant expression and the ring of his voice, of the cabman's dazed, savage face, as he glared at the glistening handcuffs, which had appeared as if by magic upon his wrists.

For a second or two we might have been a group of statues. Then, with an inarticulate roar of fury, the prisoner wrenched himself free from Holmes' grasp, and hurled himself through the window.

Woodwork and glass gave way before him; but before he got quite through Gregson, Lestrade and Holmes sprang upon him like so many staghounds.

He was dragged back into the room, and then commenced a terrific conflict.

So powerful and so fierce was he that the four of us were shaken off again and again. He appeared to have the convulsive strength of a man in an epileptic fit.

His face and hands were terribly mangled by the passage through the glass, but loss of blood had no effect in diminishing his resistance.

It was not until Lestrade succeeded in getting his hand inside his neckcloth and half strangling him that we made him realize that his struggles were of no avail; and even then we felt no security until we had pinioned his feet as well as his hands. That done, we rose to our feet, breathless and panting.

"We have his cab," said Sherlock Holmes "It will serve to take him to Scotland Yard. And now, gentlemen," he continued, with a pleasant smile, "we have reached the end of our little mystery. You are very welcome to put any questions that you like to me now, and there is no danger that I will refuse to answer them."

PART II.

The Country of the Saint.

CHAPTER I.

In the central portion of the great North American Continent there lies an arid and repulsive desert, which for many a long year served as a barrier against the advance of civilization.

From the Sierra Nevada to Nebraska, and from the Yellowstone river in the north to the Colorado upon the south, is a region of desolation and silence.

Nor is nature always in one mood throughout this grim district. It comprises snow-capped and lofty mountains and dark gloomy valleys.

There are swiftly-flowing rivers which dash through jagged canyons; and there are enormous plains, which in winter are white with snow, and in summer are gray with the saline alkali dust. They all preserve, however, the common characteristic of barrenness, inhospitality and misery.

There are no inhabitants of this land of despair.

A band of Pawnees or of Blackfeet may occasionally traverse it in order to reach other hunting-grounds, but the hardiest of the braves are glad to lose sight of those awesome plains and to find themselves once more upon their prairies.

The coyote skulks among the scrub, the buzzard flaps heavily through the air, and the clumsy grizzly bear lumbers through the dark ravines, and picks up such sustenance as it can among the rocks. These are the sole dwellers in the wilderness.

In the whole world there can be no more dreary view than that from the northern slope of the Sierra Blanco.

As far as the eye can reach stretches the great flat plainland, all dusted over with patches of alkali, and intersected by clumps of the dwarfish chaparral bushes.

On the extreme verge of the horizon lie a long chain of mountain peaks, with their rugged summits flecked with snow. In this great stretch of country there is no sign of life, nor of anything appertaining to life.

There is no bird in the steel-blue heaven, no movement upon the dull, gray earth—above all there is absolute silence. Listen as one may, there is no shadow of a sound in all that mighty wilderness; nothing but silence—complete and heart-subduing silence.

It has been said there is nothing appertaining to life upon the broad plain. That is hardly true.

Looking down from the Sierra Blanco, one sees a pathway traced out across the desert, which winds away and is lost in the extreme distance.

It is rutted with wheels and trodden down by the feet of many adventurers.

Here and there are scattered white objects which glisten in the sun and stand out against the dull deposit of alkali.

Approach and examine them! They are bones; some large and coarse, others smaller and more delicate. The former have belonged to oxen, the latter to men.

For fifteen hundred miles one may trace this ghastly caravan route by these scattered remains of those who had fallen by the wayside.

Looking down on this very scene, there stood upon the 4th of May, 1847, a solitary traveler.

His appearance was such that he might have been the very genius or demon of the region. An observer would have found it difficult to say whether he was nearer to forty or to sixty.

His face was lean and haggard, and the brown, parchment-like skin was drawn tightly over the projecting bones; his long, brown hair and beard were all flecked and dashed with white; his eyes were sunken in his head, and burned with an unnatural luster, while the hand which grasped his rifle was hardly more fleshy than that of a skeleton.

As he stood, he leaned upon his weapon for support, and yet his tall figure and the massive framework of his bones suggested a wiry and vigorous constitution.

His gaunt face, however, and his clothes, which hung so baggily over his shriveled limbs, proclaimed what it was that gave him that senile and decrepit appearance.

The man was dying—dying from hunger and from thirst.

He had toiled painfully down the ravine, and on to this little elevation, in the vain hope of seeing some signs of water.

Now the great salt plain stretched before his eyes, and the distant belt of savage mountains, without a sign anywhere of plant or tree which might indicate the presence of moisture.

In all that broad landscape there was no gleam of hope. North, and east, and west he looked with wild, questioning eyes, and then he realized that his wanderings had come to an end, and that there, on that barren crag, he was about to die.

"Why not here, as well as in a feather bed, twenty years hence," he muttered, as he seated himself in the shelter of a bowlder.

Before sitting down, he had deposited upon the ground his useless rifle, and also a large bundle tied up in a gray shawl, which he had carried slung over his right shoulder.

It appeared to be somewhat too heavy for his strength, for, in lowering it, it came down on the ground with some little violence.

Instantly there broke from the gray parcel a little moaning cry, and from it there protruded a small, scared face, with very bright, brown eyes, and two little speckled, dimpled fists.

"You've hurt me!" said a childish voice, reproachfully.

"Have I, though?" the man answered, penitently; "I didn't go for to do it."

As he spoke, he unwrapped the gray shawl and extricated a pretty little girl of about five years of age, whose dainty shoes and smart pink frock, with its little linen apron, all bespoke a mother's care.

The child was pale and wan, but her healthy arms and legs showed that she had suffered less than her companion.

"How is it now?" he answered, anxiously, for she was still rubbing the towsy-golden curls which covered the back of her head.

"Kiss it and make it well," she said, with perfect gravity, shoving the injured part up to him. "That's what mother used to do. Where's mother?"

"Mother's gone. I guess you'll see her before long."

"Gone, eh?" said the little girl, "Funny, she didnt say good-bye; she 'most always did if she was just goin' over to auntie's for tea, and now she's been away for three days. Say, it's awful dry, ain't it? Ain't there no water nor nothing to eat?"

"No, there ain't nothing, dearie. You'll just nee dto be patient awhile, and then you'll be all right. Put your head up agin me, like that, and then you'll feel better. It ain't easy to talk when your lips are like leather, but I guess I'd best let you know how the cards lie. What's that you've got?"

"Pretty things! fine things!" cried the little girl, ethuisastically, holding up two glittering fragments of mica. "When we goes back to home I'll give them to brother Bob."

"You'll see prettier things than them soon," said the man, confidently. "You just wait a bit. I was going to tell you, though—you remember when we left the river?"

"Well, we reckoned we strike another river soon, d'ye see. But there was somethin' wrong; compasses or map, or somethin', and it didn't turn up. Water ran out. Just except a little drop for the likes of you and—and—"

"And you couldn't wash yourself," interrupted his companion, gravely, staring up at his grimy visage.

"No, nor drink. And Mr. Bender, he was the first to go, and then Indian Pete, and then Mrs. McGregor, and then Johnny Hones, and then, dearie, your mother."

"Then mother's a deader too," cried the little girl, dropping her face in her pinafore and sobbing bitterly.

"Yes; they all went except you and me. Then I thought there was some chance of water in this direction, so I heaved you on my shoulder and we tramped it together. It don't seem as though we've improved matters. There's an almighty small chance for us now!"

"Do you mean that we are going to die, too?" asked the child, checking her sobs, and raising her tear-stained face.

"I guess that's about the size of it."

"Why didn't you say so before?" she said, laughing gleefully. "You gave me such a fright. Why, of course, now as long as we die we'll be with mother again."

"Yes, you will, dearie."

"And you, too. I'll tell her how awful good you've been. I'll bet she meets us at the door of heaven with a big pitcher of water, and a lot of buckwheat cakes, hot, and toasted on both sides, like Bob and me was fond of. How long will it be first?"

"I don't know—not very long."

The man's eyes were fixed on the northern horizon. In the blue vault of the heaven there appeared three little specks which increased in size every moment, so rapidly did they approach.

They speedily resolved themselves into three large brown birds, which circled over the heads of the two wanderer, and then settled upon some rocks which overlooked them.

They were buzzards, the vultures of the West, whose coming is the forerunner of death.

(To be continued.)

WENT HIM SOME BETTER.

Girl Improved on Excuse Offered by Her Little Brother.

Annie was late, and like a sensible child, she recognized the fact and stopped running. Not so Johnnie. He belonged to the class that never knows when it has enough of either joy or trouble, so he kept up his laborious trot until the school door was reached. There he leaned dejectedly and breathed heavily. Annie eyed him with a scorn that grew as she looked. Later on they stood in the office looking like a set of illustrations for a new version of the "Lives of the Hunted," and Johnny was talking. "I couldn't mean it," he sobbed. "It wuz me big sister Katie's fault. She made me eat three eggs, an' me mudder says I can't hold that much till I'm nine years old, and—" He would have babbled on indefinitely, the tears rolling off his fat, foolish little face, but the principal handed him his admission slip and turned to Annie. That young lady had a passion for acquisition, so without further ado she acquired Johnnie's excuse.

"I ate too many eggs, too, and it made me late," she explained.

"Indeed," said the principal, "and how many did you eat?"

Annie's lips curled scornfully as she remembered Johnny and his miserable little three eggs.

"I ate seventy-four," she replied, blandly.—New York Evening Sun.

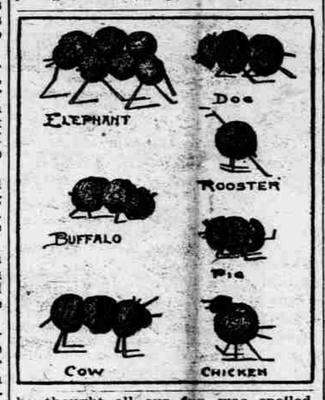
What Alligators Eat.

More than once curious things have been found in the stomach of a shark, but never has such an extraordinary collection been found as was discovered recently in the stomach of an alligator. This alligator was killed in the Soudan, and was more than 12 feet in length. In its stomach were discovered eighty-five stones, several birds' claws, two human finger nails and three hoofs of a donkey, to one of which a piece of rope was attached.

The Doughnut Menagerie.

Grandma used to fry the little pieces she cut out of doughnuts, and she would give them to us children all smoking hot, and we'd stick toothpicks in for necks, legs, tails, horns, or any other parts of animals we wished to make.

One day Rob and I together had made a chicken, a rooster, a cow, a pig, a dog, a buffalo and an elephant, and we were just making pens for them out of sticks of wood, and were going to play that we had a menagerie like the one in Central Park, when in came Rover, grandpa's big dog, and almost at one mouthful ate up all our menagerie, toothpicks and all. Rob, who was younger than I, began to cry because



he thought all our fun was spoiled, but I was really troubled for fear poor old Rover would choke and die because he'd eaten all those toothpicks. Grandma only laughed and said that a dog that could chew up bones wouldn't be hurt by those little toothpicks. And then she gave us some more little doughnuts, and we made another and better menagerie, and played that there had been a big earthquake that had swallowed up all our first one.—Youth's Companion.

Rhyme of Table Manners.

Attend my words, my gentle knave,
And you shall learn from me
How boys at dinner may behave
With due propriety.

Guard well your hands; two things have been
Unfitly used by some;
The trencher for a tambourine,
The table for a drum.

We could not lead a pleasant life,
And 'twould be finished soon,
If peas were eaten with the knife,
And gravy with the spoon.

Eat slowly; only men in rags
And gluttons old in sin
Mistake themselves for carpet bags
And tumble victuals in.

The private pinch the whispered tease,
The wild, unseemly yell—
When children do such things as these,
We say, "It is not well."

Endure your mother's timely stare,
Your father's righteous ire,
And do not wriggle on your chair,
Like flannel in the fire.

Be silent; you may chatter loud
When you are fully grown,
Surrounded by a silent crowd
Of children of your own.

If you should suddenly feel bored
And much inclined to yawning,
Your little hand will best afford
A modest, useful awning.

Think highly of the cat; and yet
You need not therefore think
That portly strangers like your pet
To share their meat and drink.

The end of dinner comes ere long,
When, once more full and free,
You cheerfully may bide the gong
That calls you to your tea.
—Walter Raleigh.

Who Was William Tell?

At one time the story of William Tell was regarded as actual history, but later critics have shown it to be only a legend common among the nations of the Aryan race. And the story of the Swiss patriot is simply the old legend changed to suit Swiss circumstances, and thus represent the spirit of freedom as manifested in Switzerland.

According to this legend, William Tell was a mighty marksman with the bow and arrow, who lived in peace and happiness with his family at Burgelen, in the canton of Uri. At that time, about the year 1307, Switzerland was a province of Austria; but the people had already begun a struggle for freedom, and William Tell was one of their ablest leaders.

Gessler, the Austrian bailiff at Kussnacht, wishing to show his authority and humiliate the Swiss, raised his cap on a pole in the market-place of Altorf, and ordered all passers-by to uncover and bow down to it in token of submission. Tell refused to comply with the arrogant order, and in consequence was condemned to death. Gessler, however, upon learning of Tell's remarkable skill with the bow, offered to release and pardon him if he would agree to shoot an apple from the head of his own son. Tell accepted the alternative, but determined that if he failed, or in any injured his little boy, the bailiff should suffer for it.

When the appointed time came, Tell ventured the shot, and sent an arrow whizzing through the center of the apple, while his son remained uninjured. In the meantime the bailiff had noticed that Tell had put two arrows in his quiver, and asked why he had done so.

"To kill thee with, if I had harmed my son," answered Tell.

For this bold avowal Tell was put in chains and taken on board the bailiff's boat, to be brought to Kussnacht. While crossing the lake the boat was overtaken by a fearful storm, and the crew, alarmed for their safety, implored the bailiff to release Tell, who was an expert pilot, and let him steer the vessel. The request was finally granted, and as they neared a certain point now known as "Tell's Leap," Tell leaped ashore and escaped.

The storm had now abated, and the crew brought the vessel safely to shore. Meauwhile, Tell concealed himself in a narrow defile through which the bailiff had to pass, and mortally wounded him with an arrow. The fall of the tyrannical Gessler was occasion for a general uprising in the canton, and the Austrians were driven from the country. In all of these movements William Tell, by his own heroic example, inspired the Swiss people with hope.

It is said that Tell was drowned in the Schachen, while heroically trying to rescue a boy.

A Large Bee Farm.

Mayor Swink, of Rocky Ford, Colo., who has perhaps the largest bee plant in America, is going to take his bees to the world's fair at St. Louis, and they will work there from the time the exposition opens until it closes. Mr. Swink is willing to construct of bee hives a miniature of the Colorado State house at Denver. This will require about 640 hives, and in it about 5,500,000 bees will work. Colorado is a great honey-producing State. One Colorado apiarist keeps his bees busy collecting honey all the year around by turning them loose in his alfalfa fields in the summer and in winter shipping them to a plantation in Florida.

A Good Thing to Write.

"What shall I write on my slate?" said Harry to himself. He could not write very well, but he sat down, and wrote, "A good boy." Then he took it and showed it to his mother.

"That is a good thing to write," she said. "I hope you will write it on your life as well as on your slate."

"How can I write it on my life, mother?" said Harry.

"By being a good boy every day and every hour of your life. Then you will write it on your face, too, for the face of a good boy always tells its own sweet story. It looks bright and happy."—Olive Plants.

Fishing for Sponges.

Sponges are gathered by means of a long pole with a hook attached to the lower end, with which the sponge fisherman is very expert. He lies upon his stomach in the stern of a boat looking through an ordinary water bucket with a glass bottom, which does away with the glare from the water and allows him to survey the bottom leisurely while the boatman rows or sculls the boat. A schooner lies at anchor near by, from which a half dozen or more of these small boats fish. It returns when it is loaded or at night, as the case may be.

Presidncy Would Have to Wait.

"How would you like to be President of the United States, Johnnie?" asked the visitor of a bright 5-year-old.

"Well," replied the little fellow, "I might take the job after I get too old to be a base-ball pitcher."

The First Meal.

"Now, Harry," asked the teacher of the juvenile class, "what is the meal we eat in the morning called?" "Oatmeal," was the little fellow's prompt reply.

KELVIN'S ODD EXPERIMENTS.

How He Made Use of Familiar Objects to Illustrate His Lectures.

Lord Kelvin, during his long occupancy of the chair of natural philosophy in the University of Glasgow, made use of many simple and familiar objects to illustrate his lectures. Eggs, jellies, shoemaker's wax, tops, globes and bottles were among the most common. One of his favorite demonstrations was to aim and fire a rifle at a pendulum bob, measuring the displacement of the latter to show the velocity of the bullet. Before the smoke had disappeared he was at the blackboard, figuring out the solution.

A more significant and perhaps a more popular experiment was spinning an egg which was suspended in air. If this was hard boiled it would whirl a long time; if not, it would soon cease, owing to the friction between the contents and the shell. His inference was that the interior of the earth cannot be fluid, or the globe's rate of rotation would have been checked long ago. It is related that the students once conspired to change the eggs which had been supplied for this illustration. Not one would spin properly, and the lecturer easily guessed the reason.

"None of them boiled!" was the only comment of the lecturer.

So profound was the admiration of the students in his learning, originality, enthusiasm and amiability that they rarely indulged in mischievous pranks. It is related, though, that on one occasion, while his back was turned, he was struck on the head with a big paper wad. On this occasion, says the Brooklyn Eagle, he betrayed heat that was highly exceptional with him. Facing about, with eyes aflame, he shouted:

"If I knew who dared throw that pellet, by heavens, I would crucify him!"

As Explained.

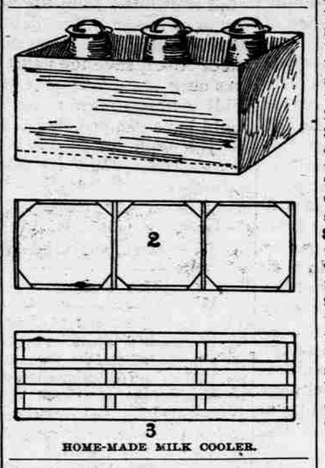
Judge—Why didn't you go to the assistance of the defendant in the fight?

Policeman—Shure, an' Oi didn't know which av thim wuz goin' to be th' defindant, yer honor.

Home-Made Milk-Cooler.

Where one does not have sufficient milk to have an elaborate method of keeping it cool, or where such a plan is not warranted, a substitute may be found in the homemade cooler shown this week. Secure a strong box, large enough to hold three or four cans, and line it with zinc to make it water-tight.

Have the box high enough so that the water may come to within six inches of the neck of the cans. A rack made of strong strips an inch thick and two inches wide (see Figure 3) is fitted in the bottom of the box, and another rack (see Figure 2) is fitted to the top of the box to prevent the cans from slipping over or upsetting when the box is full



HOME-MADE MILK COOLER.

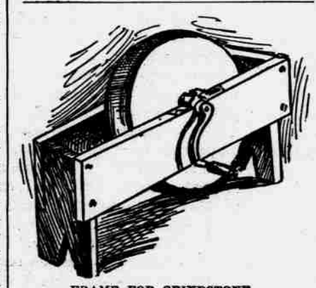
of water or when one or more cans are removed. The detail shown at Figure 2 shows how this top rack is braced at the corners.—Indianapolis News.

Mounting a Grindstone.

For ordinary stones, says a Farm and Home correspondent, the frame should be built 18 inches wide, 30 inches high and 36 inches long. Make the ends of 3 by 8-inch stuff and the sides of 2 by 8 inch. Plane it up nicely, bolt it securely together and give it a good coat of paint.

One can buy very good sets of grindstone irons now for 50 cents, including a mandrel roller, bearings and crank. I have one very serious objection to the common grindstone mandrel, and that is that the crank does not screw on, but has a square end, on which the crank does not fit, but flops about "any old way" and very often causes the one who is furnishing the power to bruise or skin his knuckle against the frame.

The first thing I would do with such a mandrel would be to take it to the nearest blacksmith shop, saw the square end off with a hack saw, run a drill through the square hole in the crank and make it round, run a tap through the crank and thread the end of the mandrel. By so doing you have a good, steady, easy-going crank, without any backlash. Fit a piece of wood in the square hole in the stone, find the exact center with your dividers; then bore a hole the size of the mandrel



FRAME FOR GRINDSTONE.

through the block. Use a piece of thick pasteboard on each side of the stone between the iron washer and the stone. Put the stone on the mandrel, observing to use the washers as above, and screw the nut up hard and fast.

Treatment of Celery.

The first thing to do is to prevent rust and blight, which is readily done by spraying, and this should be done when the plants are not more than two or three inches high. Use bordeaux mixtures applied gently while the plants are small, and make a second application when the plants are six inches high; if a third application is needed, give it regardless of the size of the plants. After the care in spraying or rather along with it comes the cultivation and this, must be done, at least in part, by hand, for the weeds must be kept out of the rows at all cost. Blanching is next in order, and the board process is by far the best, for it enables the plants to get plenty of light, so as to keep up their growth. Place the boards close to the rows of plants holding them in place with stakes. After the plants grow above the height of the boards, bring the latter close together at the top, without bruising the plants, so that the space is dark and the plants will continue to grow.

Raspberry and Blackberry.

Upon the care given the plantations of raspberry and blackberry plants after fruiting largely depends the crops of the next season. Cultivation of the space between the rows and around the plants should be thorough so that the weeds may be kept in subjection and the moisture in the soil conserved that the canes may make all the growth possible. It is necessary to obtain strong, healthy and well ripened lateral growths during the growing season if the plants are to give a full crop the next season. By keeping up the cultivation the plant is kept growing and the foliage clings until cut off by the frosts in the fall; if cultivation is not done the plant, weakened perhaps by heavy fruiting, is likely to shed its leaves and the new growth of vine is subjected to the warm weather of the late summer.

Broom Corn.

Almost every family has one or more brooms in the house, and very few have any idea where the broom corn comes from, or how it came to be grown here. We may have told before, but it will bear to be repeated, that Benjamin Franklin picked the first seed that were ever planted here from an imported broom, and sent them to a lady friend to be planted. In 1899 the State of Illinois had 95,137 acres in broom corn, and produced 60,665,520 pounds, valued at $2,357,066 in the hands of the growers. Kansas had 34,383 acres, and the product was 11,813,310 pounds, worth $458,481. Oklahoma had 12,366 acres and a crop of 3,418,490 pounds, worth $129,813, and Missouri with 10,219 acres had 3,693,930 pounds, worth $159,990. It will be seen that the largest acreage does not always produce the largest crop or the most money. Texas had 3,743 acres and a crop of 1,638,150 pounds, worth $60,313; Arkansas 879 acres, producing 304,609, worth $12,558, and Indian Territory, 397 acres, with 147,020 pounds, worth $7,018. There are amounts grown in other States that bring the total crop up to 90,947,370 pounds in 1899, and that was thought a short year, though the yield was probably less in 1900. California, Iowa, Nebraska and Tennessee are among the other States producing broom corn. The value of the broom corn crop averages about $80 per ton, or $20 an acre.

Low Farm Wagons.

An enormous amount of force is wasted in loading material into high farm wagons. It is fortunate that this truth is being discovered and lower gears are put into use. This sketch shows a convenient low farm wagon, commodious and light, but strong enough to make loading a very easy matter. The long body has a truss under it to support the middle, the chain being attached well under the body at the front, to avoid the wheels in turning. Side and end pieces can be put upon such a body and a wagon box

HOME-MADE LOW-DOWN WAGON.

made if needed. Let the wheels be not only low, but let them have broad rims, so they will not cut into the land when hauling across the fields.—M. D. Emerson, in Farm and Home.

Government Whitewash.

The United States government uses a whitewash mainly on lighthouses, that is brilliant and durable. Considerable whitewash ought to be used on the farm. Poultry houses may be covered with it inside and out, and it may be used to advantage on fences. The recipe is as follows: Slake one-half bushel of quicklime with boiling water, covering it as soon as the water is applied. When slaked strain it and add a peck of salt, dissolved in warm water, three pounds of ground rice that has previously been boiled in boiling water to a thin paste, half a pound of Spanish whiting and one pound of clean glue, which has been dissolved in warm water, mix well together and let stand for several days. The wash should be applied hot, using a brush or making it sufficiently thin so that it may be applied by a spraying pump.

To Stop a Sucking Cow.

To stop a sucking cow take a piece of half inch basswood six inches long and four inches wide and cut into the shape shown in picture. Put this in her nose. If she does not stop, put sharp nails in, as indicated by dots. If she is cute enough to milk herself with the nails in, then put on a halter and a surcingle. Fasten a stiff hardwood stick on each side from halter io surcingle, placing the surcingle of course just back of the fore legs. If she is so determined to suck herself that she will throw herself with this harness, I should feed her abundantly upon fat forming foods and visit the butcher.—Rural New Yorker.

ANTISUCKING BOARD.

Garden Hints.

When getting the window boxes and garden urns ready use good, fresh soil. Nothing is gained, and much may be lost, by economizing in the matter of earth.

If the violets and other spring and autumn bloomers show signs of mildew or mold because of too much rain, cut off close to the ground immediately. The plants will find it easier to make renewed growth than to recover from this creeping and insidious disease.

After all, the scarlet geranium can scarcely be surpassed as a garden standard. It can be set out at any time, and a number of good geraniums will yet save the summer's happiness for the flower lovers whose treasures have suffered from the unusual weather. Let them buy red geraniums and be comforted with vivid bloom.