

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

"Yes "

## CORVALLIS, BENTON COUNTY, OREGON, TUESDAY, FEBRUARY 17, 1903.

## VOL. III. NO. 43.

₹₽**\$**\$\$\$\$ hite Hand A Tale of the Early Settlers of Louisiana. BY AUSTIN C. BURDICK ed headlong upon the earth. **&\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*** 

## CHAPTER IV .- (Continued.)

For some moments Simon gazed upon the fair girl in utter astonishment. He was at a loss to understand whether she was making game of him, or whether she was in earnest. But had he reflected for a moment upon the character of the lovely pupil as he knew it, he would have known that she could not descend to sport with his feelings. Then he still might appeal to her heart.

"Alas!" he murmured, choking down his indignation, "you know not what you do. You know not the deep love that dwells like a consuming fire within. But I will not ask you to marry me now. Only promise that, some time, you will be mine. Give me your heart, and pledge me your hand. And then we will be married when you are older. O, do not refuse me this!"

"My conscience, Simon, if we wait for that, your hair will be gray, and you will have to walk with a staff. And then what a sorry-looking couple we should make! Don't, Simon-don't talk so any It's foolish in you to do so. I do more. really begin to think you are in earnest. But I don't want to hear you speak so any more-truly, I don't."

"Then you will never love me?"

"Why, I love you now, cousin. I have always loved you. Why will you be so foolish?

"Alas, Louise! you have struck the dagger to my soul. The lamp of my life has gone out, and all my hopes are sunk in utter darkness! You have done thus much. Now, in mercy, take my dagger and finish my pain. Take away the life you have cursed, and let my soul escape the agony it must endure while near thee when thou art not mine!"

"Stop, Simon," interrupted the maiden, just as he was putting on the finishing stroke and look of agony. "I can't be your wife; I never can. So there's an end of that matter. And now let us forget that we ever had any such foolish talk."

"And how long has this been your mind?" fairly hissed Lobois, as soon as he could so far recover from his utter amazement as to speak.

"How long?" repeated Louise, in surprise. "Why, you might as well ask me how long 'twas since I had resolved that I would not marry with old Tony, just as well-exactly. Nature set up the barrier when she made me your cousin eighteen years after your birth. Now-At this moment Louise heard her father calling her from the hall, and she

"Well, never mind. Let's secure this deer. He'll be done drinking soon, and then we may lose him. Let me fire first, this time, Louis." "Very well. Blaze away, and I'll be ready to follow, in case you don't bring ly what all this means, I'll dig a hole in ". down."

to his shoul in a moment more he fired. Th, poble animal gave a leap backward, - . . while he stood for a moment as though about to start on, Louis fired, but even as he pulled the trigger the deer gave a leap forward and plung-

member-head down!"

"Your ball killed him, Goupart!" cried Louis, as the two started forward together. And it was found to be even so, Goupart's bullet having entered just back of the shoulder, and of course penetrated the heart.

Louis had made a wound for the purpose of bleeding the animal, and Goupart was kneeling by his side, when they were startled by the whistling of something between their heads, followed by a dull 'chunk" close to them, and on raising their heads, they saw a long arrow sticking into a tree directly in front of them.

With a quick cry, they started to their feet, and the next thing that saluted them was a low howl close at hand. They turned and saw a party of six Indians coming towards them, with their tomahawks raised.

"Here's a scrape," utteerd Goupart, starting back. "What does it mean?" "I'll find out," returned Louis, calmly. 'But don't show your pistols, for they

know we've discharged our rifles, and the hope to take us at a disadvantage." Then turning to the red men, he asked: "What now, red brethren? What seek ye here?"

The Indians consulted a moment together, and then one of them advanced a single pace, and replied:

"We seek the young white chief and his friend. We would speak with them kind-"Then why did you send that arrow at

"We saw you not then. Only the head of the deer."

Now Louis simply knew that they were ying to him, and as this became apparent he knew that they meant him harm. "If you have anything to say to us, say

it at once," he said. "Let our white brothers not fear. If they will come with us, we will tell them what shall be to their good." "I will speak with my friend." And

thus saying, Louis turned towards his companion. "Goupart," he said, speaking quickly,

and in a low tone, "those are Chickasaws, and they mean to take us prisoners. In all probability they hope for a high ransom from my father for us. We have two pistols each. You never

missed your mark yet in my sight. Are our nerves steady now? "As steady as ever," returned Goupart. not a little surprised to see how calm and fearless his youthful companion was. "Then have them in readiness, and mind my word, for I know those fellows ame Casey's turn, and the Clifton Erawell. Yet keep your rifle, for you'll ne it for a club." Next Louis turned to the Indians an said: "We have concluded not to follow you upon Casey's snow-white hair. but if you have anything to tell us, we will listen." Upon this, the red men conversed to gether again for a few moments, and then, with quick, wild gestures, and a low howl, not unlike the voice of a hungry wolf, they sprang forward with their tomahawks uplifted. In all probability they supposed this would be sufficient to down a bit. awe the white youths into immediate sub-

wards the sun. "And," he uttered, "bury me so.' "Look ye!" cried Louis, grasping him

by the arm, and gazing intently into his face, while Goupart stood by reloading the rifles, "if you do not tell me instantthe earth and you shall be buried with Accordingly, Goupart brought his rifle your head down. You know very well

where you'll go to then. Now tell me, who sent you to kill us?' "We didn't mean to kill the pale boy," replied the Indian, speaking slowly and

with difficulty. "But who sent you to capture him? Re-

"You had known better, had you spared another. That man was our chief; he knew."

"But you know something. Tell me all, or, as sure as I live, you go in feet up!" .

"'Twas white man's gold. The pale boy and the pale boy's friend both have enemies. There's a strange bird in the eagle's nest." "Speak plainer! Tell me-" Louis stopped, for he saw that the

death shade had passed over the red man's face, and as he let go the now heavy hand, the body fell over sideways upon the turf. "Is he dead?" asked Goupart.

"Yes; and the secret of this strange scene is dead with him, so far as our means of arriving at it are concerned. Goupart, there's something here we had better understand!"

But St. Denis knew not what to reply. for a suspicion had come to him, but he dared not speak it too suddenly. So the two hunters stood for some moments

and gazed upon the dead men in silence. "Well," said Louis, after a while, "let's eave these bodies here, and in the morning we'll send our negroes out to bury them. Now, let's fix our venison, and then start for home, for we've had adventure enough for one day. You begin

now to see some of our Louisiana life. How do you like it?" St. Denis gazed upon his companion some moments in silent admiration, and

then he said: "O, this is much better than nothing, hough once a year would be often enough

for such sport." "So it would. But now for our other game." They went to where the deer still lay, and having removed the skin from the

head, neck and fore shoulders, they separated the carcass, and then rolling the one more look at the fallen Indians, they turned their faces towards home. (To be continued.)

CASEY'S HAIR TURNED WHITE.

Had a Bad Scare in a Hostile Indian Country.

Col. D. C. Casey, superintendent of



Agriculture in Country Schools. Enough spasmodic theorization on teaching practical agriculture and esthetic nature study in country districts has been expended to pay off the national debt, says the Rural World. Let

us pass into the next stage of the argument and get down to ways and means. If our children are to receive elementary instruction in chemistry,

soil physics, vegetable biology, botany and all the rest of the list, it follows that some one must teach them. How many are really capable of teaching anything beyond the "a, b, abs," with their hands tied behind them? It is not enough that a teacher may call up

the class in geography and perfunctorily conduct a recitation with her eyes glued to the book. A teacher should inspire pupils with the love of

study. He should make the recitation interesting. All this applies not only to the teachings of agriculture but to all branches taught in the country school, and serves to emphasize the need of adopting the central or

township school system. It is very difficult for any teacher to develop the proper interest and enthusiasm in the work of any branch of study with only an attendance of two or three

pupils. On the other hand, it is a great waste to employ good teachers for only two or three students when they can better instruct several times

that number. Under the present system there is a large number of schools where the number of pupils is no larger than the above. When the centralized plan is adopted it will be possible with the same outlay to supply a much better class of instruction in all branches and with 94 per cent of the schools eliminated we believe it would saddle up, they shouldered it, and giving be possible to obtain an instructor for each of the remainder that would be competent to give instruction in the

elementary principles of agriculture. We believe our agricultural colleges have the capacity to turn out such in-

nect with the cow's teats, and the structors as fast as they would be. wanted for such positions; and, as in pressure, it is claimed, causes the milk all other things, whenever a demand to flow readily. We know nothing of is created the supply will be forthcom- the merits of the machine. The illuswas one of a party

as to be able to shape the trees in the future, and also for the purpose of

eached an advanced stage in the Michigan apple belt. For instance, in the case of the Fruit Growers' Association of Ludington, the stock amounts to five hundred shares, and each subscriber must take at least one share for five acres of orchard. The company owns a large packing house, with a side track on one side and a wagon drive He can make all sounds of beast and

the roots. Shorten back the tops, so

on the other. There is a wide veranda on both sides, enclosed with slats. Six roller grades, which separate the fruit

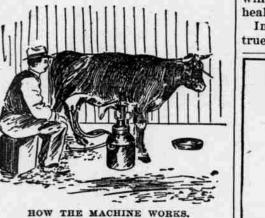
into three sizes, are used. Baskets are He can crow or cackle, chirp or cluck, stored in the second story, and drop Till he fools the rooster, hen or duck, down through chutes to the packing He can mock the dog or lamb or cow, And the cat herself can't beat his "metables, which are covered with canvas. When the fruit is delivered, each man receives credit for the proper number He has sounds that are ruffled, striped, of bushels of the given varieties. The fruit is then graded and packed, and He can thunder by like a railway train, each person receives his share of the Stop at the stations a breath, and then proceeds when the fruit is sold. The

secretary of the company looks after the buying and selling, and has charge of the packing house. In this way a uniform product is secured which large buyers can depend upon, and the middleman and his exactions are excluded.

An Automatic Milker.

Here is a machine for milking cows. It is a can-shaped reservoir of special construction, made airtight so that a vacuum may be produced by the airpump on the cover. Rubber tubes con-

-Massachusetts Ploughman.



Apply the steam and be off again. He has all his powers in such command, He can turn right into a full brass band, With all of the instruments ever played,

do:

bird.

ow.'

or plain;

And march away as a street parade. You can tell that a boy is very ill If he's wide awake and is keeping still; But earth would be-God bless their noise!-

And a thousand more they never heard.

GAZETTE.

A dull old place if there were no hoys.

Changing the Rose. It is a very pretty trick to present a little girl with a white rose, telling her that though the flower looks pale, it will revive and glow with the blush of

health if she will wear it a few hours. In order to make your prediction true you must select not a naturally



Pecks and Pints



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County Clesk

What a Boy Can Do.

. The two sisters were running races These are some of the things a boy can with the spaniels, Dot and Don, when they heard mamma's voice. He can shout so loud the air turns blue.

"O, dear, now it's pecks and pints and bushels again!" grumbled Madeline, as she led her sister a chase up the stairs. She stopped short at the schoolroom door, and gazed at the table in wonderment.

"Wh-y!" gasped Janet, over her shoulder.

On the table was an army of cups and glasses and boxes, a large pail of sand and another of water. The mother smiled to see their faces.

"We'll learn about the measure in a new way," she said. She pushed the glasses and tin pails to one end of the table, beside the water. "Those are to measure liquids in," she explained. "We will take water for our liquid, and play it is milk."

"Oh, that will be fun!" cried Madeline. "May I measure it out in those cunning glasses?"

"Yes, you can take charge of the 'milk,' and Janet may have the dry measure end of the table, and she can learn to measure out salt and pears and apples."

"It is only sand," laughed her sister. "Just as much salt as your water is milk," returned Janet, good-naturedly.

What delightful work it was! Madeline took the little gill glass and filled it four times to make the pint cup

full to the brim. Then that had to be filled twice and poured into the quart bowl, and the bowl four times before the big gallon pail was full.

Meantime Janet had been conquering the dry measure table with her sand and her pretty, round, coverless boxes. The girls changed sides, and the fun went on till dinner time. The next day the girls took turns in keeping grocery store. The trade was very brisk, and before the day was over both sisters knew dry and liquid measures perfectly .--- Youth's Companion.

Not on the Menn. One day when my brother was a little boy, my grandfather was a guest at dinner. That afternoon a neighbor said to my brother: "You had your grandpa for dinner, didn't you? "No, sir," was the prompt reply; "we had turkey."

providing more nourishment at the start. How Fruit Men Co-operate. Co-operation in fruit selling has

started up. "You hear?" she uttered. "My father wants me. Now you won't think anything more of this-will you? Put off that ugly-looking face as soon as you can and then come out and join us in our social enjoyment. There-he calls again. Here I am-coming!" And with these words, the buoyant, happy-hearted girl tripped out from the room.

For some moments, Simon Lobois stood like one thunderstruck, and seemed watching, with a vacant stare, the place where the young lady had been standing as if a lurid gleam of vivid lightning had made its transit. Then he started back apace and clenched both his fists.

"By heavens!" he uttered, while his face turned livid with rage, "and shall I bear this? Shall I sit calmly by, and see another carry off the maiden and pocket the half of St. Julien's fortune? Shall I see that wealth which has been so long in my grasp-that wealth which I have looked upon as mine, now wrested from me? For years I've cherished this fond hope-this picture of wealth, and now it must not be blown away thus. St. Julien is worth this day five hundred thousand crowns, and they shall not have it all-they shall not!"

CHAPTER V.

A week had passed away since Simon had confessed his romantic love for Louise, and during that time he had maintained much of his wonted composure. For a day or two after the mortifying repulse he had been moody and taciturn, but he gradually overcame it. and now he smiled as usual, and made himself generally agreeable. One afternoon, as soon as dinner was over. Goupart and Louis started off on a hunting expedition. Their pistols they concealed within the bosoms of their hunting shirts. so that they might not catch in the bushes, and their knives were in like manner protected. They both had excellent Toledo rifles, and set off in high spirits. With quick steps they made their way up the river, until they had passed the bounds of the clearing, and then their steps became more cautious, for they hoped there might be a deer somewhere at hand.

They had hunted about in the forest for nearly an hour, when a movement among the bushes at some distance attracted their attention, and upon creeping carefully up, they saw a large deer drinking at a small brook that emptied into the river close by.

"See," whispered Goupart, "here are his tracks.'

Louis looked at the spot which his companion pointed out, and a sudden start caused Goupart to ask him its cause.

"That's the track of a man," said Louis.

"Some of the negroes have been out here," suggested Goupart. truth?" "No, no," returned the other. "They

have not been out here to-day." "But that may have been made yes-

terday, or several days ago." up his neck, which was bleeding profuse-"No," said Louis, still gazing upon the ly, and just as he had finished the job "This was made to-day. Just track. look, and you will see that these leaves the Indian put out his weakening arm, are still damp on the upper edges where and laid his hand upon Louis' shoulder. "The pale boy has the heart of a great the foot has pressed them up. These other leaves, you see, are dry where the edge is free of the earth. Then herewarrior. He would not have escaped us had we known how brave he was.' see this broken twig: see where it has "But why did you try to do this?" been pressed down. Now look!" And as asked Louis. "Remember now, you promhe spoke, he lifted the twig, and showed ised to speak truly." "White man brought gold here, and we the place where it laid was perfectly have learned to love it. Much gold had been ours, and we-" The Indian dry, whereas, had it lain there even over night, its bed would have been damp. n there's been an Indian here,

easy prey, and very likely they knew that the other was a newcomer into the coun try, and hence imagined that their terrible appearance and fearful antics would strike him with terror.

"Now!" whispered Louis. "You take the two men on your side, and I'll take the two on the other side. Don't waste a ball.'

In an instant the two companions had drawn their weapons, and at the same instant they both fired. Hour after hour. and day after day, had they practiced together at pistol shooting, and their aim was as quick as it was sure. The two outside men staggered, and on the next instant, the youths fired again. At this movement, the savages were thrown into a state of alarm. Three of their number were shot through the head and had fallen, while the fourth had received a ball in his neck and was staggering back. In a moment, Goupart and Louis saw their advantage, and they seized their empty rifles and sprang forward and in a few moments more the six In dians lay prostrate. A full minute the two victors stood and gazed upon the

work they had done, and then Louis turned to his companion and said: "If we's killed 'em all, we shall never know surely what this all meant." "Are these two last ones dead, think

you?" returned Goupart. "They may be only stunned. 'We'll see; but I think you'll find the one I struck with his brains rather dis

And so it proved with both of them for upon examination it was found that their skulls were both broken in, and that life was extinct. But while they were thus engaged they heard a group close at hand, and on turning they saw that one of the Indians who had been shot had worked himself almost into a

sitting posture against a tree, and was now trying to work further around, so as to get his face towards the west. Both Louis and Goupart hastened to him at once, when they found that he had recan.

ceived a ball through the neck. "Water, water!" he groaned. "Stop," uttered Louis, as his companon started towards the brook. And then

turning to the dying Indian, he said: "If we'll get you water and turn your eyes to the setting sun, will you tell the

"I will-I will!" The water was brought in Goupart's

turbed."

canteen, and upon drinking, the poor fellow seemed to revive. Goupart bound

go to sleep.

of old-time New Mexicans who hap- ing. The instruction may be crude at pened to congregate at Clifton a short the start, as are most new enterprises; time ago, and naturally fell to telling but everything must have a beginning stories of their early life. At last it and strength is gained by growth and

reports his version of a thrilling experience with the Indians. The reminiscence was called forth by a comment Well, said Casey, I'll tell you how it happened, boys. It was the year that Judge McComas and his wife were

killed by the Indians in the Burro houses and so forth. Mountains-'83 or '84, I've forgotten which. It was some time after that affair, however, when things had quieted

I had been in the hills, and was remission. The pale boy they thought an turning to Silver City through the Burro Mountains, and of course was on the lookout for Indians. My horse fell sick, and I stopped to let him rest, I

pulled off the saddle, tied him to a tree, spread out my blankets and lay down. I was soon fast asleep, and how long I slept I do not know. I was awakened by some one prodding me in the back. As soon as my eyes were opened I saw that I was surrounded by twelve or

ons, and had them in their hands. Well, sir, I was so badly frightened that I could not speak or move-I was the Indians, and they looked at me. I it was standing straight up. I thought of every mean thing I had

done in my life. Pray? No, I couldn't lift a hand to bless myself. I knew they would kill me, and my only hope was that they would shoot me. I could almost feel their lances sticking through my body. It seemed to me that they stood there an age and looked at me,

and I looked at them. Their ugly faces are stamped on my memory forever. I should recognize any one of them in a crowd to-day, if I should meet him. Soon I noticed one or two other Indians fooling with my horse, as he was too sick to try to get

ıway from them. Presently they began to go, one at a time, and soon they were all gone, except one who seemed to be the leader: After the others had all gone he addressed me in good English and said: "Good day, Dan Casey!" How he knew my name has always been a mystery

strange invasions of new weeds. to me. He may have seen me on the reservation, or possibly my name may When filling an ice house, place a have been on some part of my outfit

and he could read, as many of them After he had gone I sat still there so badly scared that I was unable to move | side walls, cutting the blocks carefully for I don't know how long. Then like and evenly to make the mass solid and a flash it came to me that they were government scouts. I leaped to my feet, and, though my horse was sick. I beat all records to Silver City.

I have been blown up in a mine, and had my body crushed with dynamitecaps, but I never was scared before or since. There is no scare on earth like an Indian scare. Well, inside of a week from that time my hair was well sprinkled with gray, and inside of a

year it was as white as it is now." What Dreams Come. Bobbs-Old Titewadd is about dead from insomnia. Says he is afraid to As many insects and diseases may be distributed from nurseries, all trees

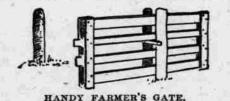
Dobbs-Does he fear burglars?

and Ranch. experience. Some of the European

countries have been going ahead of us in putting these things into practice. For example, in the rural districts of Sweden a garden is attached to every school, and the children receive practical instruction in the cultivation of flowers, fruits and vegetables, and in the management of hot beds, green-

Handy Gates.

The following sketch shows a farmer's handy gate made of 1x3-inch slats throughout that need no braces and does not sag. The posts at the center and on hinge end rest on slats fastened



fifteen Indians. They all carried weap- to the posts, as shown in the diagram.

The front has two slats extending five inches farther out than the main gate; these drop in a slot or notch cut in a paralyzed. I sat there and looked at 1x3-inch piece nailed on the front post offer.-American Cultivator. at right angle. This gate can be confelt my hair stiffen out, and I knew that structed and hung in an hour,-E. F.

Isley, in Epitomist.

twenty million per bushel. Such re-

sults explain the cause of some mys-

Storing Ice.

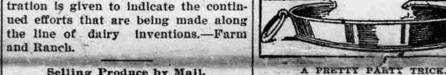
top of the ice. If sawdust cannot be

had, chopped straw, wheat chaff, or

marsh hay can be used, but sawdust

Handling Young Trees.

Farmer.



Selling Produce by Mail.

It is not hard for a farmer to work white rose, but a red one, which you up an interest by advertising a desirhave bleached in the manner illustraable article in the right way, and ted in the picture-by holding it over through the right means. But half the the fumes of burning sulphur. battle is in properly answering the in-The rose can be bleached almost or quiries received. By lack of promptquite white in this way, but the natness, clearness, definiteness and test ural color returns after a few hours' some letter writers will drive away exposure to the air.

possible customers about as fast as good advertising brings them in. Use

"Two pints make one quart; two a typewriter, which can be bought second hand for a few dollars; answer quarts-no, four quarts make one peck; letters the same day received; by next eight pecks make one gallonmail if possible. The first satisfactory "You're not getting that right," inreply that reaches the buyer is likely terrupted Janet. "Pecks don't make to get his order, and in making the gallons! You mean eight pecks make a

reply satisfactory everything counts. bushel. O, dear! I wish mamma didn't Inclose a sample or picture of what is make us learn them!" being sold, if expedient, and try to Mamma came in from the next room. fix his choice on a definite article or "Put on your things and take a run, specimen at an attractive stated price, children, just to get freshened up a udging what he wants from his letter. bit," she counseled.

It is this tact in adapting the reply to the prospective customer which counts as much as anything in securing orders. His confidence is to be secured his questions and scruples clearly and

How to Grind Kaffir Corn.

tactfully met, and his imagination

aroused over some special and definite

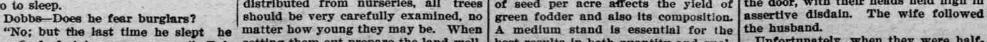
I thought it might be of interest to many of your readers to know how to Revelations of the Seed Tester. In a test of five hundred varieties of grind Kaffir corn, as most sweep mills lettuce by the United States Depart- will not grind it fine, and the millers want too much for grinding it. If the ment of Agriculture, it was found that 132 of them were Black-Seeded Tennisburr is quite worn, so much the better. Ball under other names. A sample of Have the Kaffir corn dry, put a bascrimson clover seed, costing \$5.75 per ketful into a good, solid barrel, chop with a long-handled, sharp spade; add bushel, contained so little live seed some more heads and chop, and so on. that \$704 worth would contain only a bushel of good seed. Some Kentucky Fill your mill and continue to chop Bluegrass was so poor that a pound of and grind. You can have it fine as flour if you like, and it makes fine sample of timothy tested at the rate swill to feed thick or thin. The Kafof \$47 per bushel for the live seed. fir corn stem keeps the seed from feeding too fast and it grinds nicely, but enough, but the plants were of the not so fast as corn, probably about five bushels per hour. This depends clover seed contained 338,000 weed on how fine you grind it.-C. J. Hugseeds in a pound, or at the rate of gins, in Kansas Farmer.

Food for Fattening Fowls.

Always fatten a fowl as quickly a terious crop failures and equally possible. Ten days is long enough to get a fowl fat, and it should be confined either in a coop or a number in a small yard. Give plenty of fresh layer of sawdust fully a foot deep upon water, and feed four times a day, be the bottom, then put in the ice, packginning early and giving the last meal ing it closely to within a foot of the late. A mixture of corn meal, three parts, ground oats, one part, shorts, one part, crude tallow, one part, scaldcompact. A twelve-inch space should ed, is the best for the first three meals, be allowed, and the sides should be with all the corn and wheat that can filled with sawdust. Do not fill nearer be eaten up clean at night. Weigh than three or four feet of the roof, and put about six inches of the sawdust on measure.

> Sugar in Green Fodder. The sugar in the green fodder is

is the best material .- New England development it is an additional argu-If young trees are received from the nurserymen be careful and not expose ment for postponing cutting until the the roots to the action of dry winds.



They Needed Amusement.

A little girl, who had been watching some friends of her parents playing euchre, afterwards said to her mother: "I never saw such a sad lot of people in my life, they are always saying, 'hearts are lead.'

The Natural Location. "Mamma, where is the mouth of the Mississippi River?" asked Lucy. "I know," said little Johnny, looking up from his play, "it's wight under it's

Superior to Them.

Once my little brother wished to ride with papa. Papa said, "No, not under the circumstances."

My little brother replied: "Oh, I can ride on the circumstances, papa."

WIFE LIABLE FOR HER HUSBAND'S BILLS.

nose."

RECENT decision of the New York Supreme Court will undoubtedly be of interest to married women, for it will remind those who have 创 forgotten and inform those who never knew that a wife is liable for the bills of the family, including those of her husband, and family expenses are chargeable to her own property.

The decision was based on the following Illinois statute: "The expenses of the family and the education of the children shall be chargeable upon the property of both husband and wife, or of either of them. In favor of creditors therefor and in relation thereto they may be sued jointly or separately." (Rev. Stat., Chap. 68, Sec. 15.)

The case in point was that of a Chicago tailor who sued in New York both husband and wife for his bill against the husband, claiming that the clothes furnished the husband were a family expense. The only new point in the case was the ruling that the courts of New York would follow the Illinois statute because the debt was contracted in this State. It is well-settled law in Illinois that the wife is liable for her husband's tailor bill (Hudson vs. King, 23 Ill. App. 118), and she is also liable for all bills incurred for family expenses. Food, clothing, medicine, household and kitchen furniture, a piano, a lady's watch and chain-all have been held to be within the statute when such articles were shown to be provided for and actually used in the family. (Illingworth vs. Burley, 33 Ill. App. 394.)

Nor is the wife's liability under this law limited to necessary family expenses. The statute applies to the expenses of the famly without limitation as to kind or amount and without regard to its wealth, habits or social position. What is necessary depends very much upon the wealth, habits and social position of the person. What is a family expense depends upon none of these conditions. If the courts should undertake to classify family expenses into those which are and those which are not a charge upon the property of both husband and wife they would soon find themselves involved in an intricate and uncertain maze. The only criterion which the statute furnishes is: Was the expenditure a family expenditure; was it incurred for and to be used in the family?

## Shattered Dignity.

ped his glove, and stooped to pick it up. The crude humor that makes the Fate, the humorist, determined that the small boy want to throw a stone at a wife should keep her head so high that silk hat on a man bristling with dignity she did not see her husband stoop. She is not to be disposed of as a mere ill- went sailing on and doubled over him conceived prank of youth. There is in riotous confusion.

the articles given, and do not feed by deep in most people a spring of unsub- The congregation held its breath and duable humor that leaps gleefully kept its composure. The two recovered when conscious dignity gets a fair tum- themselves and went on. Hoping to ble. That is why, for all the solemnity escape quickly, they turned to what of the place, the soberest charity and looked like a side door. The husband practically all destroyed in the silo, the best-bred propriety in the world pulled it open with an impressive and since it is most abundant in the could not prevent a titter at a little swing. Before he could close it out corn plant in the early stages of ear farce that happened once in a church tumbled the window-pole, a long duster and a step-ladder. The congregation in Brooklyn. A gentleman and his wife, who were could hold its mirth no longer, and man

grain is full size and the sugars have offended at something the preacher and wife fied to the real exit in undigchanged largely to starch. The amount said, gravely rose and stalked toward nified haste, amid a general and perof seed per acre affects the yield of the door, with their heads held high in vasive snicker.

When a man resolves to turn over dreamed of giving away money."-Bal- setting them out prepare the land well, best results in both quantity and qual- Unfortunately, when they were half- a new leaf he should be in sober earn-

live seed would have cost \$2.18, and a Some of the seeds sprouted well wrong kind. Thus a sample of alleged

