UNION Estab. July. 1897. Consolidated Feb., 1899.

CORVALLIS, BENTON COUNTY, OREGON, TUESDAY, FEBRUARY 24, 1903.

VOL. III. NO. 44.

A Tale of the Early Settlers \$ of Louisiana.

BY AUSTIN C. BURDICK 

CHAPTER VI. The two companions walked on for some distance without speaking, for they both had plenty to think of, and each

ed to keep from the other. Goupart was the first to break the silence. "Louis," he asked, in a half careless tone, "does Simon Lobois love your sis-

seemed to have thoughts which he wish-

Louis fairly started at the strange question, and after regarding his companion for a moment, as if to assure himself that he had heard aright, he replied:

"Love her? Simon live Louise? What do you mean?" "I mean what I ask. Has Simon Lobois ever thought of marrying with

"Why, what a question! Are your wits turned? But why do you ask?" "Simply because I-I wished to know."

"Ha! Goupart, you suspect something. Now, out with it, If you love me, tell me all. 'Am I not right?" "I cannot say that I really suspect,

Louis, but I can see some small straws in the wind, and I should like to find which way they lie." "Go ahead. Speak on,"

"Then listen, Louis. You heard the answer that red villain made when you asked him who sent him to kill us? said they did not mean to kill you. Do you believe he spoke the truth then?"

'Yes, Goup; they meant to kill one of us, and only one. The arrow that came near your head was meant for you, only you must have moved after the shaft started. Had they meant death for both of us, we should hardly have known what killed us, for then they would have been at home in their work. When we started up, they could not well shoot you without endangering my life, and thus they got bothered. They were mistaken in their estimate of my character, for they really believed, when they drew their tomahawks, and commenced their death-howl and dance, that we should be frightened out of our wits."

"They were mistaken, in truth." returned Goupart. And then, in a changed balanced between astonishment tone, he added, "But you see they meant in his brave boy. to kill me, and only capture you. Now, what does it mean? Can you inform me of any possible pin whereon to hang a thought?

For some distance Louis walked thoughtfully on, and when he spoke, his voice was very low and distinct. "You asked me if Simon Lobois loved

my sister? Had you any reason for suspecting such a thing?"

It was now Goupart's turn to hesitate, but it was not for a long time. "I have reason to believe that he hates

me. Now, why should he be ro? While I knew him in France, we were on the most friendly terms. To be sure, I used to beat him at the pistol, but then he more than made up for it in the sword play. But we were the best friends imaginable. Now, however, he hates or gars me, and the more he tries to hide it, the more plainly can I see it. whence comes it, if not from his fea

losing Louise? "Goupart, there's a show of substa there! Yet I never thought that Sir was a man to love deeply."

"To love what?" "Why-any female,"

"Ah." returned Goupart, "he may h a strong affection, however, for thousand pieces of hard, yellow The dying man said, if you remem that there was a strange bird in eagle's 'nest!" "Yes-yes."

"I might have feared that suspice would fall on me, had not I been one the intended victims. But tell me, Lo what you think of it."

"I know not what to think now! you have touched a strange point. will watch Simon Lobois when we res

"We will," uttered Goupart, eager "We will watch him,"

"Ay," resumed Louis, upon who mind the startling suspicion seemed work now, "we will work it so that will come upon him suddenly; and wh we tell of our adventure, we will no his face. I have loved that man in day gone by, for he has been faithful to m yet I have found him growing somewhat strange of late, Ha! what's that Louise, as I'm a sinner! Goup, I'll as her a question now, ere we reach th

The two hunters had now reached th field next to the dwelling, and they say Louise, accompanied by Tony and or female slave, coming to meet them. A soon as the first merry greetings wer ever, and Tony had taken the venisor Louis drew his sister aside,

"Louise," he said, assuming a smilthough he felt it not, "I know you wi pardon me if I ask you a very foolis question, but yet I hope you will answe me truly. Has Simon Lobois ever sai anything to you whereby you could su pect that he wished to possess you fo

"Why, Louis, what has put such thing into your head?" uttered the bear tiful girl, looking her brother in the fac with a smiling expression. "The thought has come to me, and it

really for my interest to know. Now te me if he has ever let drop any word t that effect."

"Really, Louis, I ought not to-" "Aha! you've exposed yourself. No

out with it." "Well, then, he has,"

"I thought so." "I told him I should fear he was craz if he ever spoke so again."

"Then he spoke plainly-he-"I'll tell you, Louis. He swore should die if I did not wed him; and laughed at him, and told him he wa crazy. I never dreamed of such a thin

"And when was this?" "On the very next night after Goupart's

Shortly after this the brother and sister allowed St. Denis to rejoin them, and Louis was not long in making him

way around back of the barn, so that no one could see them from the house until they arrived, and thus they entered by the postern; and when they reached the hall, Louis just caught a sight of Lobois standing upon the piazza, and looking earnestly off in the direction of the river path. 'The youth bade Goupart remain behind, and then he walked out upon the

piazza. Lobois started when he saw "Ah, safe back!" uttered Simon. 'Where's St. Denis?"

"Alas, I fear he's a prisoner!" returned Louis, sadly. "A prisoner! How?" articulated Simon. And as he spoke, the youth looked in vain for the first expression of sor-

"Why, I left him just now with Louise, and upon my soul, I think the poor fellow's captivated! But what's the matter, Simon?"

"Nothing-nothing; only you startled me somewhat when you said St. Denis was a prisoner, for I knew not but that some roving band of Indians might have fallen upon you. Jesting upon such matters is rather out of place." And with this Simon Lobois walked away.

"Aha, Simon Lobois!" muttered Louis. to himself, after the man had gone, "you were startled in the wrong place, 'Twas the truth that startled you, and not the

Lobois did not show much of his real feelings when he sat down to the table, for he came in smiling to the supper room, and hardly had he taken his seat

ere he turned to Goupart and said: "St. Denis, master Louis came nigh frightening me a short time since. He told me you were a prisoner, and, for the moment, I feared you had really fallen into the hands of the Indians." "Well," returned Goupart, "we both

of us came within an ace of it; so Louis had some foundation for his report." "How? What?" uttered the marquis.

Did ye meet with any danger?" "Only six stout Indians, who tried to kill Goupart, and take me prisoner," returned Louis.

Simon Lobois did not appear surprised, but he trembled, and the color forsook his cheeks. Sharp eyes were watching him. Louise looked up with a startled, incredulous expression, while the old man made three ineffectual attempts to ask a question. But Louis relieved him by commencing with the first sight of the deer, and ending with the death of the fellow who died by the tree. "They were Natchez," said the mar-

quis, breathlessly. "No. They were Chickasaws-all of

For the next few moments, various were the questions asked and answered, and the old man seemed about equally

"But what could it mean?" uttered Siman, who felt it necessary to say some-"Ay, what could it?" repeated Louise.

trembling with apprehension, but yes strangely indeed, looking oftener and onger upon Goupart than upon Louis. "Yes-that's it!" cried the old man. What could they mean?"

"Why," returned Louis, "I can imagine but one cause. They know your wealth, father, and they must have hoped that if they could secure me, they would have received a great ransom for me. They probably saw that Goupart was a stranger, and so they meant to put him out of the way, in order that he might not expose them."

Simon breathed very freely now; and the marquis looked upon this as a very probable explanation of the mystery.

"Yes, Goupart; I remember very well." "Ah, those were happy times, Louise!" "Yes-yes. And yet, in all, they were no happier than we find them here now, for my father was not happy there." "I know-I know. And, after all, what is happiness, but the offspring of con-

the old garden at Clermont, and I have seen some happy ones here." "O-and we'll see a great many more," "I hope so-I believe so. But tell me, Louise, do you remember how we used to laugh and talk there, in that old gap-

tent? Those were happy hours there in

den, and in the old chateau, and how you used to plague and pester me?" "Yes. I remember very well. And

how well you used to bear it!" "And do you remember how you used to pinch my cheek, and box my ears?" "Yes.'

"And why was it? Why did you do those things?" "Because-because vou used to pes

ter me.' "How did I pester you? Come-now tell me." And as Goupart thus spoke, he reached out and took the fair girl's

But she made no reply. Her eyes were bent upon the ground, and the warm, rich blood mounted to her cheeks and temples.

"If you will not tell me, may I tell you?" whispered the young man, tremu-

lously. "But I may have forgotten what you mean," said Louise, casting a furtive glance up into her companion's face, but dropping her eyes again when she found how eagerly his gaze was fastened upon "You used to pester me in many ways."

"Yet I can remember of but one. Shall I speak it?"

"Certainly you may speak," "Then 'twas for calling you my little wife that you used to do these things. And more, too; you used to assure me that when you became my wife in earnest, you should be strong enough to pinch and box me as I deserved. Don't you remember?"

"But-but I was a child then," murmured Louise, trembling. "Ay-and we were both children. You were then a laughing, buoyant girl of ten, and I a wild youth of seventeen. Those were times when the heart hid none of its emotions. Ah, Louise, many a time since then have I looked back upon those hours, and tried to analyze the emotions that moved me then. It seemed strange that I should have then taken an image upon my heart that the hand of time could never efface and that, too, the image of a mere child. But do you remember when the painter, Viviani, came to the old chateau, and I hired him to paint your miniature on ivory?"

"Yes," murmured Louise, now looking St. Denis opened his vest, and from beneath it he drew a golden locket that opened by means of a spring. He pressed it, and the case separated, revealing a sweet face—a childlike countenance, vet full of soul and life. The golds hair hung in wild profusion about the dimpled cheeks, and a beaming smile dwelt in the deep blue eyes, and upon, the parting lips. "Do you know whom that was taken

for?" Goupart whispered. "O, yes-'tis me; 'tis mine. I remember it well. O, how like Louis it looks!" "Because it looks even now like you, But listen, Louise. Seven years-yes, ing all that time, has it left my posses-Never have my eyes closed to sleep but it has rested upon my bosom, and never a waking hour but I have worn forgotten the sweet love of my boyhood?"

(To be continued.)

Bringing Him to Terms.

tative of the sensational journal,"

notorlety."

cago Evening Post,

Looking Forward. Old Gotrox-So you want to marry my daughter, eh? What are your fi-

nancial prospects? Young Brokeleigh-First-rate, thank you-especially if I succeed in getting the position I am after.

Old Gotrox-And what, may I inquire, is the position you speak of? Young Brokeleigh-That of son-in-



Little Stories and Incidents that Will Interest and Entertain Young Readers

The Clever Kittens. "My cat speaks French," said little Jeanne.

"As plainly as can be: Says 's'il vous plait' (that's 'if you please'), And thanks me with 'merci!' know, because I understand

And mine speaks German," with a nod, Said Lisa from the Rhine; Says 'bitte' when she wants a drink, And 'ja,' of course, and 'nein;"

Each word she says to me."

wouldn't have a cat that spoke A different tongue from mine!" 'That's thrue for you!" sweet Nora said With merry look demure; "Me own shpakes Oirish! Whin I set

An' ask her would she like some milk, The darlint tells me 'Shure!' met those kittens afterward, No matter where nor how; listened well to what they said, Would you believe it now? They spoke in English, every one, And all they said was "Misow!"

A saucer on the flure.

Woman's Home Companion. Chinese Shadow Pictures. We will show you a simple way of making shadow pictures that appear in front of the spectators, while all preparations are being made behind them (see illustration). Place a light, preferably a candle, on the table and sheet of white paper on the wall in the same height with the light. Place

had been able to reach because of the snow and ice, the northernmost place in the world.

"I choose to be Captain Peary," he said, "and you're the crew. Now let's get ready." Captain Peary came over to the fireplace and sat on the crew's knee while

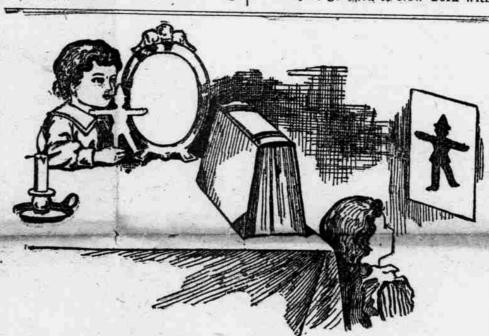
she got him out of his every-day tions represents a one year old grapeclothes and into his arctic suit. "Hadn't I better take some provis ions for the voyage?" he inquired.

The crew said that was a wise thought, and got him an oyster cracker out of the pantry. Then Captain Peary was wrapped up in a large gray shawl that trailed behind, and holding the crew's hand, started out of New York harbor.

First they sailed up the Atlanticwhich stupid people called the front all others having been removed. Cut 4 hall—till they came to Climbup Moun- represents the manner of making a tain. Captain Peary's legs were short trellis, and of bracing the end posts and the shawl was bothersome, but he so they will not pull over by the strain puffed bravely up to the landing. There of the tightened wires that support the the crew said, "If I may be so bold, vine. Cut 5 shows how a grapevine sir, I'll carry you; I've often carried may be propagated by lagering the young men up this mountain." And new green growth in July. Cut 6 rep-Captain Peary accepted this kind of resents the grapevine as it should ap-

After the mountain climb came a dash across the plain to the big iceberg for which they were aiming. Captain Peary scaled this, and slid right into the middle of it.

The crew saluted respectfully. "I'll any non-transparent object, a large be ready to go back to New York with



HOW THE PICTURES ARE MADE.

eight years. I have owned this sweet book, for instance, between the light you at 7 to-morrow morning, sir," said transcript, and not for one moment, dure and the sheet of paper. Stand a mirror on one side of the table in such a way that it throws a round or square light, according to the shape of the t next my heart. Think you I have mirror, on the sheet of paper. Little figures cut of paper are then placed Gradually the fair girl's head sank upon between light and mirror and set in her companion's bosom, and when she motion. Their shadows will appear looked up again, her eyes were filled with on the sheet of paper as shown in the

illustration. Boy Weavers of Persia. Boys from 8 to 12 years old do a great part of the carpet and rug weavgraph for an article to be published in ing in Persia. They are very deft. our Sunday paper," said the represen: Having been shown the design and coloring of the carpet they are to work, "Couldn't think of it," said the man the boys rely on their memories for the whose sudden fame was due to the rest of the task, says the American fact that his son had eloped with a Boy. It is very seldom that you will variety acress. "I have no desire for see on any of the looms a pattern set before the workers. The foreman of "Of course," was the reply, "if you a loom is frequently a boy of from 12 prefer to have me sketch you from to 14. He walks up and down behind day, about the strikes. When he came memory after I get back to the of- the workers calling out in a sing-song to the word union, he pronounced it manner the number of stitches and the onion. The next morning James asked "Take it!" cried the man, hastily ten- colors of the threads to be used. He dering the photograph. "I've seen seems to have the design imprinted in some of those memory sketches,"-Chi. his mind. A copy of a famous carpet now at the South Kensington Museum is being made. The design and the coloring are unique, but the boys who are working on the copy are doing it without the design before them and at father: the rate of from thirty to thirty-five stitches a minute. Nothing but handwork is employed in the manufacture of Persian carpets and rugs, and none but natural or vegetable dyes are used. This accounts for the superior quality of the Persian products. The secret of the beautiful dark blue dye used in the older days has been lost.

A Voyage at Night. The hands of the sitting-room clock seven. Carl watched them from out played very quietly. The hand moved nearer, nearer; it by the balloon.

touched. Mother laid down the sewing and went to the closet for Carl's night-"O mother, it is as cold as Greenland

up there!" he complained. "Must I go

"Captain Peary and his crew are just

"It is Greenland," responded mother in a matter-of-fact tone. "What?" demanded Carl, dropping his soldiers in astonishment.

starting on a voyage there," she con-Carl knew all about Captain Peary; how he sailed away for the frozen himself at least once in his life.

the crew. Captain Peary, cuddled warmly in the middle of the iceberg, and clasping the oyster cracker in one moist little hand, giggled comfortably.-Youth's I use a hot water circulation in iron places, so as to form eyes or hooks. Companion.

Misdirected Efforts. My little sister was told to blow out the lamp and she did not know how,

so Mother said: "Dim the light and blow in the chim-She dimmed the light and took the

screen away from the fireplace and blew until she was tired, then ran to

"Mother, I blewed and blewed up the chimney, but the lamp didn't go out."

New Mining Product. James, a boy of 8 years, heard his elder brother reading in the paper one his teacher: "What kind of onions do they mine in Pennsylvania?"

A Watery Waste. A 3-year-old was taken on a steamer excursion. Looking at the foam-crested waves, he exclaimed to his grand-"Gampa, who frew dere soap away?"

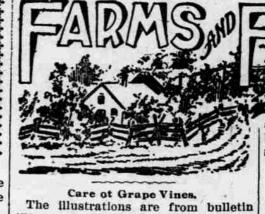
Might Have Overlooked It. During a lesson in spelling, Everett was asked to spell "anecdote." "Why, teacher," he exclaimed, "1 don't see any nannie goat in the les-

A Lark's Lofty Elight. Some Bayarian officers experimenting

with a balloon 6,000 feet aloft noticed were moving rapidly toward half past a little black speck which seemed to accompany them, and which they the corner of his eye. Sometimes he thought was one of the cards which glanced cautiously at mother. She they carry for throwing out reports. seemed to see nothing except the lit- and that the dropping of the balloon tle coat she was sewing, but Carl drew it along, but on looking at the knew from long experience that she barometer they found that the balloon never failed to notice when the min- was rising and not dropping. Suddenly, ute touched the half after. He kept however, a loud chirping showed that on playing with his solders, but he it was a lark, flying at this extraordinary height, which had been frightened

> In a Sad Predicament. A vaudeville artist out West recently adopted four pickaninnies, ranging in age from 4 to 6 years, in order that she might use them in a comedy sketch. Now she has lost her voice and her employment, and will be obliged to hustle for a livelihood in some other field in order to support the little negroes until they shall be

Some of the Men Escape. Sillicus-Every man makes a fool of North and stayed three years, searching for the north pole, which wasn't a men remain single,—Philadelphia Rec



156, entitled "The Home Vineyard,"

by W. H. Ragon. If you will apply to

and valuable treatise on the grape

without cost. Cut 1 of the illustra-

vine at planting, showing how deep it

should be planted and where the canes

should be cut off leaving only two

buds on the newly planted vine. Cut

2 represents the grapevine as it should

look after one year's growth, and the

line crossing the vine shows where it

should be cut off, leaving two buds to

grow to make the two arms that will

be needed for the next year. Cut 3

represents the same grapevine the sec-

and year with two branches produced,

pear at the beginning of the third sea-

Heating a Planthouse Cheaply.

pipes, and the heating is done by kero-

sene lamps under two tin boilers. The

mouth down. The hot air, after hav-

ing done its work of heating the water,

is controlled by a tin drum, at the top

of which is a smoke pipe, by which

all fumes are carried off. The lamps

were made to order by the tinsmith

and are fitted with common flat wick

burners. Four of them can be placed

under each boiler. Thus in the sever-

operation taking not over five or six

minutes each day. Under these cir-

CONSERVATORY HEATED WITH LAMPS.

cumstances my heating system has

worked admirably and has never fail-

ed. At 4 o'clock in the afternoon I

can light as many lamps as I think

necessary and leave them with the

most perfect assurance that I shall

find everything right the next morn-

ing or the middle of the forenoon, if I

Whitewash Formula.

Take half a bushel of unslacked lime.

Air

Rural New Yorker.

Here's a method for heating a plant-

trained.-Green's Fruit Grower.

at Washington is embellished by this brilliant whitewash. It is used by the government to whitewash lighthouses.

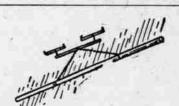
Saving Feed. Whenever we hear a man talking

about what fine stock he has and how little said stock eats we begin to get suspicious. There may be men who the United States Department of Agrihave developed and maintain fine culture you will get this interesting herds or flocks with very light feeding, but we have thus far falled to discover them. One of our friends used to be anxious to tell how little feed it took for him to winter a brood sow. He was a beginner then, and he was going to have a whole herd that would winter on roots and fresh air. He isn't talking about cheap wintering any more, but feeding mill feed and corn. He had some experience that knocked the cheap wintering, non-feeding foolishness completely out of him. He realizes now that those who have such good looking stock on extremely light rations are likely to underestimate some things. The man who is looking for good stock in order to save hauling out feed is going to be disappointed. The way good stock saves feed is not in eating less, but in making good use of what it eats, which is generally more than is allowed to common critters.-National Stockman.

> Value of Dry Earth. Farmers are continually advised to use such materials as gypsum, dried swamp muck and kainit in the barns and stables, yet very few have anything of the kind on hand. Many who would like to use preservatives and absorbents are checked by the cost. These will find a hint in the foreign experiments in the use of dry earth, from which it appears a substance so abundant and easily handled will answer the purpose. A covering of dry garden soil, only two or three inches thick, proved enough to hold the ammonia in a large heap of manure. It' is equally effective in the stable in taking up the liquid manure, preventing waste and odors. The earth when stored must be very dry, or there will be some trouble from frezing. chusetts Ploughman.

For Breaking Corn Stalks. When the ground is frozen hard, if the land is not too billy or rough, the breaking of the corn stubble is not difficult if the farmer has the proper implements. For those living handy to a railway, it is a good plan to buy an old rail or part of a rail discarded from the track. About four feet from each end of it a hole is drilled through the narrow part. A chain is attached at son's growth. The last cut shown is each hole by a bolt or hook, and the the vine in full fruiting properly chains being brought together at the other end, a ring is attached, to which three horses are hitched. The chains may be attached without drilling holes, if iron rods of suitable size be heated house measuring about 8 by 17 feet, and bent round the rail at the proper

Another good stalk breaker may be made by selecting a wooden pole of as boilers are bell shaped and set up with uniform diameter as possible and long



est weather there are eight lamps enough to break five or seven rows of burning, and they may burn 25 cents' stalks. After ascertaining the center worth of oil in a day. The planthouse of gravity by balancing over a log or walls were built with care to make some like object, cut notches at 31/2 or them warm, and I have a system of 4 feet on each side of this center. screens, made by stretching cotton Fasten chains around the pole at the cloth on wooden frames, which I put notches and to a doubletree and singleup every cold night under the glass trees, as shown in the illustration .- J. and take down in the morning, this G. Allshouse, in Ohio Farmer.

> Packing Eggs. A Danish experimenter, writing on the science of packing eggs, concludes after examining many thousand boxes, large eggs break much - more easily than the small ones. To prevent breakage, he recommends that poultry besupplied freely with lime throughout the year. The eggs, he says, should be graded carefully, and packing material should be used, since the loss by breakage exceeds the additional cost of the packing material.-New En-

gland Farmer. Farm Notes. Exposure of dairy cows to winter rains results in serious loss to the dairyman, and the dry cold of winter

days calls for additional feed. The egg industry of the United States is still growing. Ten years ago we imported many eggs and exported few. Now the exports exceed the imam as late as that.—Correspondence ports, but there is room for still greater development. There need be no fear of over-production of poultry and eggs in the near future.

- Where there is a large herd the easislake it with boiling water, cover dur- est plan is to spray with kerosene ing the process to keep in steam, emulsion. This will not only destroy strain the liquid through a fine sleve parasites, but will also clean the hogs or strainer, and add to it a peck of as well. If only a few are kept, a salt, previously dissolved in warm thorough washing with warm water water, three pounds of ground rice and soap and the free use of the scrubboiled to a thin paste and stirred in bing brush is exceedingly effective.

while hot, half a pound of Spanish Ground intended for onions should whiting, and one pound of clean glue, be plowed as early as the weather previously dissolved by soaking in will permit, as the onion crop is the cold water and then hanging over a first to go in. One method of producslow fire in a small pot hung in a ing onlong is to sow the seeds in hotlarger one filled with water. Add five beds and transplant the small bulbs gallons of hot water to the mixture, later. The seeds may be sown in the stir well, and let it stand for a few hotbeds in January or February. By days covered from dirt. It should be thus growing them there is a saving of