CORVALLIS, BENTON COUNTY, OREGON, TUESDAY, MARCH 3, 1903.

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A Tale of the Early Settlers

of Louisiana.

BY AUSTIN C. BURDICK

CHAPTER VII .- (Continued.) "Speak to me, Louise," uttered Goupart, now speaking quickly and eagerly,

"and tell me if you have forgotten those words I used to speak. Have you for-"Then let me speak them again. Let me now speak them as one who knows

the ways of life; and to one who can judge for herself of the deep meaning that passing years have given to all those emotions that have outlived the destroying wear of time. In the heart where thine image was first enshrined, none other has ever come. I have cherished your sweet face, and in humble prayer have I begged that I might see you once more on earth. And, at times, my soul has been wild enough in its flights of hope to picture that one most holy thought of all-life-union with the dearly loved one. When my feet first touched these shores, I dreamed not that I was near to thee. But I found you, and here I sat me down to pray with more of hope, and to hope with more of promise. And now, Louise, let me ask you, as I have asked you a hundred times before, will you be my

"Goupart, I have a father whose every earthly wish is for the good of his children, and not for worlds would I-I--" "I understand," said St. Denis, as the maiden hesitated and stopped. "And be assured that I would not ask, even for

life itself at thy hands, against thy noble father's wish. But suppose I ask him and he bids me take you?" "Then I am by his permission only what in heart I have been for years."

A short time longer those two sat there. and their words had a solemn, prayerful cast, such as marks the holiest gratitude of the human soul; and as they walked towards the house, they spoke not of the subject upon which their life joys hung. It was already dusk when they reach-

ed the hall, and while Louise went to remove her moccasins, St. Denis went to seek Brion St. Julien. He found him in his library. "How now, Goupart?" cried the old

man, as his young friend took a seat. "What has happened? Any more In-"It is a deep and sober subject which is

on my mind," answered the youth. "Then out with it, for I am father con St. Denis knew the marquis too well to

hesitate, and he spoke boldly and to the "My friend," he said, "that I love ev

ery member of your immediate family must be apparent to you; but you will not be jealous if I also inform you that my love for Louise is rather stronger than for any one else."

St. Julien arose and placed his hand upon the youth's head, and, while big tears gathered in his eyes, he said:

"Goupart, my noble boy, you have made me the happiest of men. O. I have prayed for this moment many a time. and now it has come. Among all my ac quaintances, you were the only one to whom my hopes could turn. You shall take my child, and you shall take me. I am growing lazy, if not old, and not much longer will Simon remain with me," "Ah," uttered the youth, with a look of relief, "is Simon going?"

"Yes. He isn't just the man for me I will not have dissension, and so we keep peace; but yet much of my nephew's conduct makes me nervous. I do not like his plans about the estate, and yet he shows an abrupt, willful spirit if I offer a word of expostulation. He seems bent on realizing all the ready money he can from the place without the least regard to its future worth and improvement. I do not like it. Yes, yes-Simon must seek some other home.

"Hark!" interrupted Goupart, "What was that noise?"

"I heard nothing," said the old man. "Let me look a moment." And thus speaking, the youth went to the door and looked out. But he saw nothing. He stepped out into the entry; but there was po one there. "I must have been mistaken," he said, as he returned to the library and closed the door after him.

Ah! he did not look in the right place, Had he cast his eyes up to the ceiling. he would have seen a small hole where the host once had a copper pipe lead down to feed a showering bath. And had he but gone up into the small lumber room overhead, he would have found a man there, lying flat, like a serpent, with his eye to that small aperture; and he would have seen at a glance that the watcher could both see and hear all that transpired in the library!

CHAPTER VIII.

Days flew on now upon golden wings, and suspicion had ceased to work in even Goupart's mind. Old Tony had watched carefully, but he could find nothing to excite fear. Only one thing came up to help the doubts the young men had entertained, and that was a sudden visit of Simon Lobols to New Orleans. He professed to have business there. He said he would see how much corn he could find a market for, there being several hundred bushels now in the granary; but the marquis informed him that he need not trouble himself about the corn, as he already had a use for it, meaning to keep a large quantity on hand to serve in case of a failing crop. Yet Simon must go, for he had business of his own: and one fine morning, down the river he went, in company with some men who had come down from Fort Rosalie

Lobois had been gone a week, and the remaining members of the family were having some joyful times. In a few days more, the priest would be there, and then the two waiting hands would be united. Father Languet sometimes made it his home at St. Julien's place, but he had now been for some months upon a mission among the Yazoos; but he had been

heard from, and he would soon be there. It was a bright, moonlight evening, and the young people had been more gay than

as they went out and snuffed up the hardly fair. They ought to have spoken sweet, baimy air of the beautiful evening, Louise clapped her hands and proposed a game of "hide and seek." The others shouted acquiescence, and even the old man was bound to join in the sport. Louise and her brother knew all the hiding places within the enclosure, and the former pulled Louis aside, and

whispered merrily with him. "Now, none of that," said Goupartnone of that! It is not fair for you to conspire against me. If you two put your heads together I'll go and charter old Tony to come and help me. Now *************************

But the only answer he received was a joyous laugh as Louise ran away to dress herself for the out-door sport.

The moon rode high in the heavens, and her face was but slightly turned away from earth. In the wide courtyard the merry voices rang tunefully out upon the calm night air, and the glad notes were caught up and flung back by the distant forest. Away over the brow of a gentle hill,

where a copse of beautiful acacia trees were left standing, moved many dark objects. They were crouching in the wood, and listening to the shouts that came from the distant dwelling. Anon they gathered together and conversed in a strange tongue, and then they moved slowly up the hillside, and crept down towards the corn field. On they moved, like specters in the moonlight, until they neared the high barricade, and then settled lower down and crept on like huge cats approaching their prey. Straight they moved towards the postern, and there they lay, beneath the wooden wall, and listened to the merry voices from within. Soon one of them arose to his feet. He was in the shade of the wall, but yet the many colored paint upon his dark skin could be seen, and the duskybrowed warrior was no more concealed. They were all-a score of them-painted in the same fantastic manner, and the same dusky hue marked the brow of each. He who had arisen to his feet produced something from his pouch, and applied it to the lock of the heavy post-

lien's gate? The shouts now come from the garden. Hark! Yes-they are all there upon the other side of the house. They have just found Goupart, and are now dragging him forth from his hiding place.

ern. It was a key! And how came that

child of the forest by the key of St. Ju-

Carefully the Indian turns the key in the lock, but the gate is fastened within. The heavy bolt has been surely thrown back, and yet the gate opens not. But there is no time to be lost. The red men panion's shoulders cannot quite reach the tops of the stout pickets. Another man and then he above places one foot upon the second shoulder thus offered him. Now a third man springs nimbly up, and having mounted upon the shoulders of him who stands thus elevated, he gains the top of the barricade, and in a moment more he drops upon the ground within. Soon the postern is opened and without, and then the gate is almost closed, and thus held, so that it can be opened when need comes.

Away towards the stable these specters glide, and soon they are hidden; for they, too, will play at the game that the pale faces have set on foot.

Many times had Goupart hidden, and as many times had he been easily found. And now he and the marquis chose to hide together, and after a deal of shouting, the brother and sister pull them out from behind the thick cluster of vines that grow against the garden fence. Next Louis and Louise scamper away, laughing and clapping their hands, for the utter delight of the father, when they purposely let him find them, has warmed them into almost a frenzy of joy.

"Stop-stop!" cried the marquis, as his children start. "Isn't it becoming too damp for you Louise?"

"O. no! Never fear for me." "But the dew is now fairly wet upo the grass, and I fear you'll take cold. "No-no, father!" cries the joyous girl. 'Don't let the first chill frighten you.' "Well-go this once, and then we'll

go in. I'm growing chill and cold." "Ay-you shall have a job before you find us. Now watch for the word." Away they went towards the barn. and as they turned the angle of the house, and were thus lost to sight, Goupart remarked:

"It is growing cold." "Ay," returned the old man. "This dew is falling fast, for I can feel the damp ness on my feet. While we were excited I did not feel it. But I can stand it only I feared that Louise might take some cold; and you know that would not

be pleasant." "No," said Goupart-and the tone of his voice showed that he, too, had enter- a similar case once. When she and tained some fears. "Hark!" he added. "I think I heard them call. Ah, they've got some deep hiding place this time, for heard the voice as though it were stifled. But we'll find them. Come!" And away they ran towards the point from which the voice had proceeded. They searched all around the barn, under the cart, in the straw, behind the doors: and then they went to the stable, and here, too, they overhauled everything they could move, the old man even mov-

ing a board that lay against the fence. "They must have slipped around int the garden," said Goupart. And so back to the garden they turned They hunted and hunted, but the hiders

could not be found. "It's getting too late," said the marquis, at length. "I think I must call

"I'll give up in welcome," returned Goupart; "for I'm sure I should never find them. Shall I call to them?" "Yes.

So Goupart shouted that he gave up the game. "I give up!" he cried, at the top of his roice. "Come, Louis!"

He waited a few moments, expecting to se assailed with a burst of joking at his want of success. The smile was already on his face, and the exclamation with which to meet the hidden ones was upon his lips all ready for utterance. But no one came.

"They could not heve heard," suggested St. Julien. "Ah," uttered Goupart, "they must

to us. But we'll find some way to punish them." They then went into the house, but neither was there.

"Why, it's funny-isn't it, Goupart?"

"It is, rurely." "I'll start up some of the boys." And accordingly, half a dozen of the men were sent out in different parts of the enclosure to inform the hiders that the game was up. But they returned bootless. It was old Tony who announced that they couldn't be found. The marquis gazed upon Goupart, and Gou-

part gazed upon the marquis, and thus they stood for some moments. "Do you think any danger can have befallen them?" whispered the youth,

with a trembling lip. "I don't think there could," returned the old man, nervously. "But we must

search." In a very few moments the whole ousehold was in alarm. The startling adventure with the Indians some time before had prepared the minds of the people for an easy access of fear, and as soon as it was known that Louis and Louise were not to be found, consternation was depicted upon every face, Huge bundles of pitch-wood were always kept in readiness to be used in case of alarm at night, and some of these were lighted. and soon the whole household were in the wide court. They divided at the barn. and in fifteen minutes they all met there again. But they had found nothing.

Pale and trembling, the old man turned to the gate. It was locked, but the bolts were not shot. He called for the key. Tony had it, and the postern was soon flung open, and the torches flashed out upon the broad hillside back of the buildings. Suddenly a sharp, quick cry from old Tony startled the party, and quick as thought, Goupart was by his

"What is it?" the latter asked. "See that foot!" the black man gasped, trembling like an aspen. "What of it?" "It had no heel! It is the print of a

moccasin!" While the people were crowding about the spot, one of the women found an arrow, and in a moment more a moccasin was picked up.

"The Chickasaws!" exclaimed Tony as soon as he saw the moccasin. "O heavens!" gasped Brion St. Julien. And with a deep groan he staggered back. But he quickly revived, for the thought of pursuit came to him. Goupart hastened the men to pursuit in wild,

Just as the great old clock in the hall told the hour of four in the morning, the whispered together a moment, and then party returned to the house, pale and faone of them bends upon his knees, and | tigued. The first gray streaks of dawn when a second has mounted upon his were pencilling the eastern horizon as the shoulders, he arises. They are both tall | marquis and Goupart stood in the sittinglamp, and the youth started when he saw how pale his host looked. And St. Justands firmly by the side of the lower one lien started, too; for he looked into his companion's face, and it looked terror-

stricken even to death. They spoke not a word. The old man moved forward and extended his hand, and on the next moment his head was pillowed upon Goupart's shoulder, and such deep, mighty sobs broke forth from his lips that it seemed as though his six men enter, leaving the remaining ones | heart were rent in sunder. And one by one the eager servants came into that room, for they dared not yet trust themselves to sleep. They stood and witness ed the great grief of their loved master, and with one accord they wept with him. Truly that was a dark hour!

(To be continued.)

COULDN'T FOOL THESE GIRLS. They Had Heard of City Frauds and

Were Wary. It was a brand-new and enterprising advertising dodge that caused these two young women to think they had been "bunkoed" and likely to get into difficulties. The "dodge" consisted in a 15-minute vaudeville performance which one of the big retail houses put on in a room in its building to amuse customers and to make people talk about the store.

The two young women were from one of the suburbs of the city, and on the lookout for traps and sharpers. Having finished their shopping they were in the elevator on their way out when the elevator man called:

"All out here to see the famous

With the other passengers the two young women left the car, and found themselves in a little theater, says the New York Times. It was dimly lighted, had a small stage, a smaller orchestra and chairs in which a number of people had seated themselves. Suddenly an idea occurred to one of the young women.

"Helen," she whispered to her companion, "this is some trap that we have fallen into. I know mamma told me of papa were spending their honeymoon twenty-three years ago at Niagara Falls they went into a show that was all just as this is. On the outside there was a sign which said: 'Entrance Free.' All went well until it came to going out, when there was another sign, 'Exit \$1.' That is what this thing is, and I know it. Let's get out before the show begins."

They made at once for the door of the elevator shaft. "The show will begin in an instant," politely announced the attendant, at whom the young woman looked scornfully.

"You must think we are easy," said

one of the girls, falling into slang to

show that she was no ordinary proposition to be dealt with. "We know this dodge, and have seen it before." Then both went down to the street feeling sure that they had escaped one

of the shrewd "dodges" of a great city. Paid the Freight. "Your wife," remarked the old friend,

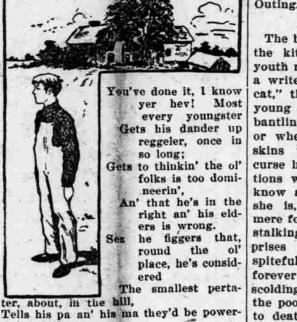
'tells me you are getting into society

"No," replied the plain man, who had to pay for his wife's ambitions, "society getting into me."-Philadelphia

Dead ancestors are said to occupy too much of the areable land in China. left alive in Concord. had been playing at childish games, and "So they have," said the father. "That's country was not one vast cemetery.



Little Stories and Incidents that Will Interest and Entertain Young Readers



ful sorry Ef he run off an' left 'em-an' reckons he will!

Once I tried it myself. Won't fergit I reckon! Got to threatenin' round I wuz goin Thought 'twould frighten the folks into treatin' me diffrunt— Didn't hev no intention of doin'

though. Got riled an' talked uppish an' peart Never see That father an' mother wuz kind an unselfish. An' a-wearin' their lives out, a-workin

Well, father he called me ter where he was settin', An' smiled, kinder sober-like, into my

face, An' sez: "Son, I'm sorry we can't seem ter suit yer, An' yer wants ter leave mother an' an' the place. When you're ready, though, boy, I won't from her arms ran up to a big front

make no objections; in' ter say. But yer needn't sneak off without tellin' 'Cos I'll hitch up an' carry yer part er the way.",

I dunno how it wuz, but the way that he sed it Sorter took all the starch outer me quicker'n scat; An' I tell yer, I didn't hev nothin' par-

Ter say about runnin' away, afte jest see how thunderin', ornery foolisl I'd bin. An' I hope that ef ever again get one er them tantrums-some fel-

ler'll be handy Ter bring me up standin', as father did then.

-Farm and Home, How Early Sleds Were Made. From history we learn that the boys in the time of George III. coasted on sleds made of a small board with beef bones as runners, but these dropped out of sight when an inventive genius built one out of a barrel stave, for his invention was extensively copied. The barrel staves was called "jumpers" and "skippers," and were made of a single barrel stave of moderate width, to which was nailed a twelve-inch seat-post about midships. A piece of barrel head constituted the seat. To navigate this craft required no little skill, the revolutions and convolutions performed by the rider while "gitin' the hang of the derned thing" being akin to the antics of a tenderfoot on a bucking broncho. A more stable and docile jumper was made by fas-

side, but these were not considered as fast travelers as the single staves .-

Blackbirds and Kittens. The blackbirds have no confidence in the kitten; they regard neither her youth nor the season of the year, says a writer in Longman's Magazine. "A cat," they say, "is a cat, whether young or old, whether we have our bantlings to keep out of her clutches or whether we have only our own skins to protect!" Therefore they curse her, pursuing her with maledictions wherever she goes. You may know at any moment exactly where she is, because blackbird pere and mere follow her up; and this spoils her stalking game, for naturally her surprises do not come off while two spiteful, sharp-tongued persons are forever sitting or flitting over her head scolding, chiding, cursing, pillorying the poor thing until she must be sick to death of their voices.

What a nuisance they must be! They will not even allow her to sleep peacefully in some sunny spot she has found and occupied, but plant themselves close by to keep her awake with their maledictions. No wonder she rises presently, glares in their direction for a moment with a cold eye, opens her mouth as though to say, something, shakes herself, and goes nome in disgust.

In the Wrong Place. Little Josephine gathered up her doll

and playthings one day, and told her mother that she was going to visit her best friend, a dear old lady who dearly loved to see her. The mother only had time to call after her, "Be quiet and don't forget what you should say when ent used in the stable, and the amount vou leave!"

"No, mamma," came a voice from the other side of the street, as the lit- der it with his fork as he drives along. tle figure with doll's legs hanging -L. G. Spencer, in Farm and Home. door, and on tiptoe reached up to the blg brass knocker.

The friend opened the door, and little Josephine, anxious to do her mamma's bidding, stepped in and said, "Good afternoon, Mrs. Adams! I have had a very pleasant visit, thank you." Then her mind was free, and Josephine and her hostess had a delightful time.-Youth's Companion.

Domestic Statistics. One of little Paul's sisters had been married only a few weeks when he was asked by a workman to whom he time:

"How many sisters have you?" "One married and two alive," was he amusing answer.

A Thoughtless Boy.

Three-year-old Paul's father was playing Santa Claus, and in reply to a question said, "I'll bring you an old broken horse or something. What do you think of that?" "I don't fink nuffin," replied Paul, "Cos what I finks is naughty."

Nothing to Return. My little brother was crying for pencil and Father lent him one. At noon he asked my brother to return it, and he replied: "Oh, Father, I have sharpened it all up."

Reflected on Her Ancestry. Little Mary was fond of using big words she heard. One day she said, "I dess I's a doose" (goose). "Why," asked papa. "I dess I inherited it." .

REMAINED FIRM.

tening two or three stayes side by

Man Living Who Was Concerned Strike Lasting Forty Years.

"This investigation by Congress of me of the longest strike of which I have ever heard-or rather, I should say-of which I have ever known," said R. H. Rawlins, of Concord, N. H., Star. at the New Willard the other day.

"Forty years ago, when I was a boy. living in Concord, a man built a factory for the manufacture of sleds and wheelbarrows. It was a water power breezy young man who was selling inconcern, and I think the cost was cubators. The Green Bag, which tells about \$20,000. When the forty em- the story, says that the salesman gave ployes had turned out about one hun- Uncle Harvey the usual eloquent ardred wheelbarrows a difference of guments. There was not another such opinion arose between them and the incubator to be found, the prices were boss. I cannot recall just what it was, remarkably low, and so on. but it was stated over and over in after years that it would have made a dif- young man talked himself out and ference of less than a dollar a week on made no impression. Finally he said. either side. The owner wouldn't give "You don't seem to appreciate these in and the men stood firm, small as incubators." the matter was, and a strike took place-perhaps the first in New Hampshire. When the men walked out the save!" owner told them they could go, but at the same time informed them he look and said, "What do you suppose would see the factory rot to the ground I care for a hen's time?" before he would give in.

"The reply of the men was that they would starve before they would yield, and so the factory was closed up and the strike went on. A score of attempts were made to arbitrate, but should last through posterity." without avail. The owner grew old "Nothing inconsistent about that. and gray and the hands died or dis-Bagsley makes a specialty of epitaphs." persed, and five years ago, by personal investigation. I found that only the owner and one of the strikers were

"Knowing them both I had a talk | country are of h with them about the strike, and both ture.

were still firm. I was in Concord again a month ago, and the last of the strikers was dead. The owner was hobbling about the streets on crutches the local coal condition as a result of When I asked him if he intended to the recent anthracite strike reminds start up the factory again, 'No,' he said, 'being as I have been a fool for forty years, I am going to keep it up the plow from running first to one the rest of my days."-Washington side and then to the other. The flar-

Time Was No Object A shrewd old farmer named Uncle Harvey was approached by a bright, Uncle Harvey did not respond. The

"No," said Uncle Harvey. "But just think of the time they will Uncle Harvey gave him one cold

Explained. "I was surprised to hear Bagsley, who so cordially hates Smith, say the other night that he would delight in inscribing a tribute to Smith that

-H. E. Warner, in Baltimore News Materials as Imports. One-half of the imports into this

A Dumping Sled. Manure may be easily and quickly unloaded from a dump sled. An old bob sled with an extra high bolster and an elevated cross piece built up from the race in front, works all right. The box is fastened to the high bolster by means of eye bolts. It is fastened down to the front support with a strong hook.

With a little practice, manure may be spread with this rig in winter, with very little fork work. For spreading, a block is fastened to the runners behind that stops the box at the proper angle to let the manure slide down and pay out slowly as the team moves

The angle must be different accord-

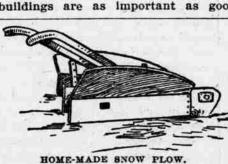


of straw or other substance used for bedding. The driver can help or hin-

Cows with a Cough. There is always considerable com plaint during the winter months about the cows being troubled with a cough. While there is always a possibility that this cough may mean tuberculosis, it is well to have the animal tested with tuberculin to ascertain if she has this difficulty. If it is found that her lungs are in good condition it will be safe to assume that ventilation and food need changing. Lack of ventilation may be the trouble or there may be too free draughts through the barn. The temperature for cows should be had been talking for quite a long about 55 degrees at night, with enough ventilation to have a current of fresh air, but not a draught. Then it may be that too much dusty food is being given, which may be readily overcome by wetting all of the food, including the hay. If these remedies are applied the cough will leave the animal,

provided her lungs are not affected. Most barns for cattle are kept too warm or too cold. There is a great difference between a comfortable barn and an over-heated one. All that is necessary to do is to keep out the draughts and give good ventilation can saw outside the end and not have and any well-built barn will be entire-the saw pinch. This would be inconly comfortable for stock.-Indianapolis venient, and the buck would tip end-

Making Snow Paths. Good winter walks about the farm buildings are as important as good



summer walks. A handy plow for the snow is shown herewith, the construction being plainly shown in the cut. The center board, it will be noticed, runs lower than the sides. This keeps ing top boards greatly assist in making a clean-cut path.-John Dibble, in part, as they then more readily strike Farm and Home.

Spraying with bordeaux mixture to upward and outward direction, prevent potato blight is common and successful in the Aroostook district. ond working, is injurious, destroying Growers in the Michigan potato belt as it does the natural grain of the are beginning to believe that they butter, giving it a green, salvy conmust also spray. One of them who sistency. The aim in packing is to has tried it writes that the cost was exclude air and light. Covering with about \$12 per acre, and the result was brine is the only sure method of exseen in the prolonging of the season cluding air. Store in a sweet, cool of growth. Untreated rows had died place, where an even temperature can down early in September, while the be maintained somewhat below 60 detreated ones continued to remain green grees. nearly a month later. Another Michigan grower, Harold Jones, of Leeds County, also tried spraying, and found the cost to be below this estimate. Comparing his yield with those of his neighbors, who harvested from nothing to two hundred bushels per acre, Mr. Jones considers the practice profitable. Writing of his successful potato crop, H. P. West, Fayetteville, Wis., recommends for potato scab half a teaspoonful of sulphur planted with each piece of seed potato.-New England

One of the advantages of the creamery over the dairy is the making of ter of any kind should, therefore, be butter on a large scale, which con- avoided and every utensil used in the luct, says an exchange. Where a cream- water and thoroughly scoured.

ery gets a good reputation for a nice and uniform quality of goods in any quantity and style of package there is an advantage to both manufacturers and dealers in disposing of them without the necessity of personal inspec-

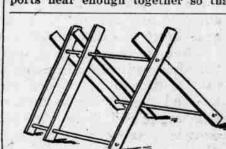
Farming by Steam.

In Pearson's is an interesting article by D. A. Willey, "Farming by Steam," in which is described some of the remarkable machinery used in modern farming. One of the most useful machines is the great traction engine, used in the place of horse-power. In California the new steam "tractors," as the engines are called, are finding high favor.

·Of course, small steam engines have long been in use all the world over to haul farm machinery along the country highways, to operate threshing machines and now and again for ploughing purposes, when the engine winds in a cable attached to the plough, and so draws the plough across the field. But the Western tractor does far more important work, and is quite a different type. In the first place, note its hugeness. The machinery is supported on three great wheels, having tires five or six feet in width, so that they appear like enormous barrels of steel. On either side a huge sprocket chain encircles the wheels, with links made of steel a foot long and an inch thick, each tested to withstand a pull of 250 tons. Every detail is on a similar scale of hugeness and strength.

In its wide tires lies one of the secrets of the tractor's strength. They gain such a grip on the surface, no matter how sandy or how soft the field or road may be, that they exert an enormous tractive force, and the wheels cannot slip under the heaviest

Handy Sawbnck. For sawing limbs and poles light enough to handle and yet too heavy to saw with a bucksaw I have used a sawbuck about four feet long made upon the plan of connecting two horses with three cross rods. We had worn out two in the last dozen years and about a month ago I built a combination buck which was convenient for both crosscut and buck sawing. It is shown in the figure. It is made of 2 by 4 oak scantling halved together, and the two nearest X's are only twelve inches apart from outside to outside. Our range takes wood seventeen inches long, and I put the supports near enough together so that I



CONVENIENT SAWBUCK. wise if it were not for the third X. which gives support to long sticks and makes buck sawing much pleasanter. as much of the fatigue in this kind of work comes from keeping in place the sticks that are being sawed .- Cor Ohio

Farm Notes. It has long been known that heavily stocking an old garden with red clover, allowing it to remain two years without plowing, will bring the soil back to its fertility and vigor. Asparagus is greatly benefited by air.

state of the weather and the atmosphere of the frame permits. At night preserve an equable temperature by covering up the frames with litter. In transplanting trees all the roots which may have become bruised or broken in the process of lifting should be cut clean away behind the broken

which should be given whenever the

out new roots from the cut parts. In all such cases the cut should be a Cost and Results of Potato Spraying, clean, sloping one, and made in an Much working, and especially a sec-

Milk absorbs odor from the moment it is drawn from the cow until the time it is churned. Whenever milk reaches the temperature of one hundred it is claimed to be in an active state of decomposition. But while milk is easily affected by outside influences, the adherence to strict rules of cleanliness will greatly aid the dairyman to avoid the changes that often occur. Cooling the milk renders the germs inactive and prevents decomposition for a while, but it should not be overlooked that milk absorbs odors very rapidly when cool. Exposure to odors, gases or volatile matduces to a greater uniformity of prod- dairy should be scalded with boiling