# CORVALIS



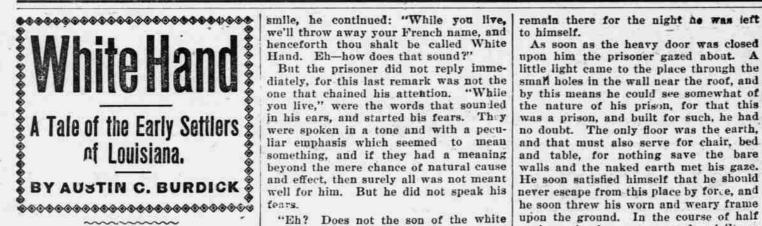
## UNION Estab. July, 1897. GAZETTE Estab. Dec. 1862. [Consolidated Feb., 1899.

fears.

out disturbing him.

# CORVALLIS, BENTON COUNTY, OREGON, TUESDAY, MARCH 10, 1903,

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CHAPTER IX.

Far away, in the depths of the forest, where a deep river ran, and where the cypress trees grew thick and tall, a party of Indians sat down to rest. Only ten red men are here upon the edge of the cypress swamp, and eight of them repose themselves to sleep, while the other two keep watch. It is near noon, for the sun has almost reached its highest point, and these men have been upon the trail since early last evening.

But these Chickasaws are not alone. Close by the side of a huge cypress log. one end of which is bedded in the swamp. lies the form of a child of the pale faces. The hands and the feet are bound, and a cord from the lashings of the h n is leads along the ground, and is clutched a fire were plainly visible against the by one of the sleeping Indians. In those fair features, now shaded by the large log, there is something of the look of Louis St. Julien; but even now the flesh seems sunken, and the beholder would think that many days, instead of only a few hours, of suffering had rested wi.hin that frame.

Thus the party rested until nearly four o'clock, and then one of the Indians, who had been placed a little way up the river to watch, gave a low, shrill whistle, and on the instant the whole party were upon their feet, and had seized their arms. On the next instant, a crashing of the day had dawned, but as soon as his the bushes was heard at no great distance, and not long afterwards, a party of six Indians made their appearance. He was informed that the party were He who led the newcomers was very tall now to start on, and he was soon ready. and athletic. It was the Natchez warrior, Stung Serpent.

The stout chieftain spoke not until he past midnight. For two or three hours had seen the pale youth who still slept by the trail was dubious and difficult. It the cypress log, and then a grunt of sat- lay through a deep growth of oak, and isfaction escaped from his,lips. He spoke the ground was uneven, and in some with the chief of the Chickasaws for places wet and boggy from the late some time in his own strange tongue, and rains. In the morning they stopped for then he turned to where the youth slept, breakfast. During the forenoon a deer and-awoke him. The sleeper started up. was shot, from which they took the skin and with a look of terror, gazed around, and as much of the meat as they want-"Where is-is-where is my sister?" he ed; so at noon they built a fire and had asked, in a low, thrilling tone. some venison steak; only White Hand

"She has gone on further south while would have liked it much better could he you slept," answered Stung Serpent, "But have had a little salt with his meat. the daughter of the white man is safe. Another night came, and again the No harm can come to her, for her life youth slept with his hands confined; and

we'll throw away your French name, and to himself. As soon as the heavy door was closed henceforth thou shalt be called White Hand. Eh-how does that sound?" upon him the prisoner gazed about. A But the prisoner did not reply immelittle light came to the place through the diately, for this last remark was not the small holes in the wall near the roof, and one that chained his attention. "While by this means he could see somewhat of you live," were the words that soun led the nature of his prison, for that this in his ears, and started his fears. They was a prison, and built for such, he had were spoken in a tone and with a pecu- no doubt. The only floor was the earth, liar emphasis which seemed to mean and that must also serve for chair, bed something, and if they had a meaning and table, for nothing save the bare beyond the mere chance of natural cause walls and the naked earth met his gaze. and effect, then surely all was not meant He soon satisfied himself that he should well for him. But he did not speak his never escape from this place by force, and

"Eh? Does not the son of the white chief like his name?" "Yes-yes."

Serpent entered and set down a wooden tray and an earthen drinking cup. and The other Indians had stood near at without speaking he retired. The youth hand, and as they heard the name thus found the contents of the tray to be boilbestowed, they smiled, and repeated it ed corn, and the cup was filled with watseveral times. In a little while longer er. He ate a little and drank a little, the party prepared for the tramp and and again he lay himself down upon the set out. For a distance of some miles hard earth. they followed the stream to the northward and eastward, and finally they left the river and struck into a narrow, du-Some time during the night, White bious trail. It was dark when Stung Hand was moved by strange dreams, Serpent gave the order to stop. They Once he dreamed that Stung Serpent had reached a small lake, or deep bayou, came to him to kill him. Then the stout upon one hand of which arose a steep bluff, directly beneath which they halted. White Hand saw that some one had dragon, and blew fire from his mouth. stopped here before; for the traces of Thus the prisoner was set on fire, and as the flames began to gather about the face of the rock, and as he walked over dreamer he started up in aff. i.ht. A the spot beneath it he could feel the dry sharp cry escaped from his lips, for a coals. A fire was soon built, and then glare of flame was really flashing in his one of the party produced some dried venison, and some sort of esculent root

but a light hand held him down. that resembled the common artichoke. "Let the White Hand not fear," pro-The prisoner was hungry, and he ate nounced a soft, sweet voice, in gentle heartily, and then he was allowed to lie tones, "for Coqualla means him no down and sleep, Stung Serpent having

taken the precaution to secure his hands. harm.' The youth gazed up, and he saw an so that he could not move them with-Indian girl stanling over him with a small torch in her hand. She was a When White Hand was aroused he beautiful creature for one so dusky in started quickly up, and at first he thought hue, and the sweet smile that rested upon her lips was peculiarly grateful to senses were fairly at work he found it the prisoner. As soon as she saw that was the moon that gave so much light. she had quieted his fears, she removed her hand and stepped back. And now White Hand had more opportunity to The moon was nearly at its zenith, and survey her. She was young-not more he judged that it could not be much than sixteen-very slim and straight, an l lithe as the willow branch. Her features were faultlessly regular, and her eyes large, black and brilliant. The

he soon threw his worn and weary frame

upon the ground. In the course of half

an hour the door was opened and Stung

CHAPTER X.

all others, were bent and hardened by work and drudgery.

"You do not fear me," she said, gazing upon him with a look in which inquisitiveness was about equally blen led with a warmer feeling.

"No-O no. Why should I fear one like rou?"



#### Home-Made Snow Plow. One of the troubles of the farmer located in sections where the snow fall is heavy is getting to his stock after a heavy fall of snow. All of us are familiar with the scene of a farmer shoveling snow all day when the barn contains several horses actually suffering for exercise. The use of a plow like that illustrated, which may be readily fashioned at home, would overcome all this trouble. The plow should be made of heavy planks of any desired size, and should be higher in front than at the back; eighteen inches is a good Indian seized him, and in the struggle height for the front. The top is shown how three boards are placed for the best support. The sides should be

braced with two long iron bolts with nuts. The handle should be fashioned as shown and made with a ferule and eyes. He would have started to his feet, a crooked piece of hoop iron. Arranged as indicated the plow may be



youth had seen many of the Natchez easily guided with one hand, the other women, but never one like this before, being used in driving. The expense and the thought quickly came to him of such a plow will be small and most that she was one of the royal blood, for of the work may be easily done at home.-Indianapolis News.

A Horse's Sense of Smell. A horse will leave musty hay untouched in his bin, however hungry. He will not drink of water objectionable to his questioning sniff or from a bucket which some odor makes offensive, however thirsty. His intelligent nostril will widen, quiver and query over the daintiest bit offered by the fairest of bands with coaxings that would make a mortal shut his eyes and swallow a mouthful at a gulp. A mare is never satisfied by either sight or whinny that her colt is really her own until she has a certified nasal proof of the fact. A blind horse now living will not allow the approach of any stranger without But the princess did not seem at all showing signs of anger not safely to anxious to know what the youth had be disregarded. The distinction is evidently made by his sense of smell, moments in silence, and during that and at a considerable distance. Blind horses as a rule will gallop wildly about a pasture without striking the surrounding fence. The sense of smell informs them of its proximity. Others will when loosened from the stable go direct to the gate or bars opened to

ner; the coops are scattered through it. The chickens get the summer shade and in return eat up the larvae of the fruit destroyers. They certainly did in this orchard, as it shows some fine and perfect fruit this fall, and all neighboring orchards are destitute of anything but a few wormy, knotty apples.

#### Building Potato Land.

In many sections of the country potatoes always bring a good price, but the soil is too light to grow heavy crops. A successful method of bringing up such soil to the point where it will bring good results is the followgood condition, and if in sod dress with acid phosphate and muriate of potash,

turn under and prepare thoroughly for corn. Follow the corn with rye, which should be plowed under in the spring. Sow cow peas after dressing soil again with acid phosphate and muriate of potash and harvest for forage. In the fall go over the ground with a disk harrow and break up thoroughly, sow rye and turn under the following spring; then prepare thoroughly for the that ensued, his captor turned into a in the lower illustration, indicating potatoes, and the crop, under proper conditions of culture, will be all that is desired. Other methods quite as in it with this lovely new umbrella. good will bring the same results with- Dear, dear, I do hope it's not going to out doubt, but this one has been repeat- amount to much. Of course, it's very

edly tested and found to be all that nice to have the umbrella along, but I is claimed for it. Work to Do in Winter.

I do believe it's going to pour in a min-Any intelligent, progressive farmer ute or two! How vexed dear mother will find plenty to do during the win- will be!"

"Now, let me think! However shall ter, even though he may not have many animals to care for. A moment's I manage to keep the umbrella dry? thought will bring to mind the things This is the only way that I can see. that will be needed during the busy I'll just wrap it up in my cloak; and isn't days of spring, and that many of these it a fortunate thing that I brought my things can be prepared now. The care- cloak along with me! I believe I can ful farmer has long ago put his farm reach home without getting a drop on machinery in perfect repair-painting the umbrella after all if I hurry and the wooden portions, putting in bolts cover it up before.

THE DEPARTURE.

where needed, oiling the necessary it rains hard." parts, and, in short, is ready for busi-"Oh, mother, I'm ness. There is still time to do some wet through and winter plowing during the open days, through! My hat, enable one to work the ground sooner and everything! den to be looked after, the hotbeds to ling down my back be put in shape and the strawberry in streams, and has plantation to be mulched, if the work almost soaked has not been already done. All this through my ears. is work that is necessary to success But I do believe with the next crops, and will keep the

the umbrella is all farmer busy and enable him to keep right. Oh it was such hard work to ahead of his work.

The Ice Supply. new umbrella!"



GAZETTE.

The New Umbrella. | We were studying an unfortunate There, my dear; you'd better take porcupine which had been caught in my umbrella. But be very careful of an apple tree and we had made good ing: Select a soil that is in fairly it. If it got broken or soiled or any- illustrations of certain bones, when one

thing I should be day the girls took an old lounge greatly vexed. It's apart. Having watched the operation a beautiful umbrel- for some time, he came running to me, la. I don't suppose his eyes on fire with excitement, his even Aunt Molly, cheeks flushed and his locks flying beup in Philadelphia, hind him: has such a nice one.

"Come, come," he cried, "if you want So be as careful as to study Phiserology, now's your ever you can be." change. The girls have got the lounge "Yes, mother." all to pieces."-Little Chronicle. "Well, well, I'm

nearly sure that Sore Points. was a drop of rain, The pencil heaved a weary sigh, And murmured to the pen: and here I am out 'I haven't felt so out of sorts Since-oh, I don't know when!

"The penknife treats me very ill, It cuts me in the street, almost wish I had not brought it. Yes, And really is extremely sharp Whene'er we chance to meet:

> 'And when I broke the other day Beneath its bitter stroke, It said it didn't see the point; Neither did I the joke!

"With many troubles I'm depressed, My heart just feels like lead." The pen mopped up an inky tear: "I weep for you," it said. -Cassell's Little Folks.

It Couldn't Be. The other morning, little Howard got up unusually cross. Roy tried to play with him, but at last he became impatient, and said:

"I guess you got up on the wrong side of the bed."

Little Howard promptly replied: "No, 'Oy. I dot up on Mamma's side."

Modern Conveniences. One day my little three-year-old brother was visiting at our neighbor's. He came home very excited and said: "Mamma, you ought to have a pump like they have at Camery's, you turn keep it from getting wet. And wouldn't it like a gasoline stove and water comes it have been a pity to spoll such a bran out like a washing machine."

go to her But you ca now. You must go with the Stung Ser- morning. Another meal from the fresh pent to the village of the White Apple. What can Louis St. Julien fear from his brother?"

The youth gazed into the face of the powerful Natchez, and for awhile he was utterly unable to speak. At that emotions flew wildly through his mind. He saw his father and St. Denis still from his mate.

length asked.

"No," was the answer.

"And why may we not be together?" "Because it is impossible. Remember the Stung Serpent has spoken."

This was pronounced in a slow, mean ing tone, and Louis St. Julien knew enough of the Indian character to know that no appeal would move his captors from such a purpose. He looked around of the Chickasaws were gone, he knew that his companion had gone with them. upon the coin. Louis clasped his hands -for they were free now-and his frame | mensions. shook as his former doubts grew to confirmations. Who could have placed that gold in the hands of the Natchez warrior? To be sure, there was a French fort near the Natchez villages; but then | tive. Louis knew that they had no gold to spare there. Thankful must the Inlian be who could get even a few pieces of silver from the people of Fort Rosalie. Then who could have paid this gold but Simon Lobois? The thought came, and it was fixed. The prisoner's head was bowed, and when again he looked up, there was a shade of determination upon the finely chiseled features that contrasted strangely with the fear marks that had before rested there. He folded his hands upon his bosom, and for a single instant his eyes were turned heavenward. With a satisfied look, the Chickasaw leader emptied the money back into the purse, and having placed it in his bosom. he turned to his followers and gave the signal for starting. They quickly gathered up their arms, and in a few moments more they were lost to sight in the thick wood.

"Now," said Stung Serpent, turning to his prisoner, "we will be on our way to our home in the domain of the Natchez. Can you walk?"

"Yes; but I am weak now, and shall hardly be able to keep pace with you if you hurry."

"The white youth speaks calmly for one in distress," pursued the chief, looking his prisoner sharply in the eye. "Perhaps he thinks he shall escape." "If I speak calmly," returned the

youth, "it is because I hope you mean me no harm." "Ugh!" That was all the answer Stung

Serpent returned upon that subject. In Stung Serpent was received with lively a moment more he took the prisoner's hand and gazed upon it. "I did not tell the Chickasaw that it

was you who slew his people," the Natchez said. Louis trembled.

for a warrior such as you have proved prisoner's, thus making the youth's deli- right piece was pinned. This door was

was resumed. During the next day the prisoner came several times near failing for want of strength, for however strong may have been his close-knit frame, he was not used to this kind of labor. Howmoment a hundred various thoughts and ever, the Indians helped him some, and he managed to move along without much show of pain or complaint. He knew searching for the hiders, and he heard that if he would expect kind treatment at their notes of alarm, and saw their tears the hands of his captors he must be savof grief. Then he ran over the fearful ing of complaint and trouble, and he rejourney through the deep forest, and he | solved that he would stand up under the wondered why he was thus separated trial as unflin hingly as possible. When they had stopped for the night again he

his time he was allowed to sleep

deer meat was made, and then the trail

"Can I not go with my sister?" he at asked his captor how much further they had to travel. "Not much," Stung Serpent replied.

"One more day will bring us to the village where we are to stop. Does it please the White Hand, eh?"

"It will surely please me to rest, for I am weary and faint, and had we much further to travel I fear I should be a burden to you."

The Indian shrugged his shoulders, but once more, and when he saw that half made no further reply, and shortly afterwards White Hand lay down to sleep. In the morning they were once more In the meantime, Stung Serpent was in motion, and before noon they struck performing a work that startled the pris- into a broader trail that gave evidence oner not a little. After he had given his of much travel. The sun was some two last answer to Louis, he approached the hours high when they reached the top Chickasaw chief, and gave to him a of a gentle eminence, and upon looking heavy purse. The latter too it and emp- down into the valley beyond, White H nd tied its contents into his broad paim, saw quite a village of Natchez huts. and Louis saw that it was gold. The | There were some fifty or sixty dwellings, Chickasaw's eyes sparkled as they rested | built in a sort of circle, while within this circle stood four buildings of larger di-

> "Does the White Hand see yonder village?" asked Stung Serpent, as the party stopped upon the hilltop.

The prisoner answered in the affirm:

"That is the village of the White Apple, the home of the bravest warriors of the Natchez, and the abode of peace There lives my brother-the Great Sun, and the chief of all our people. That is tinguished author happened to saunter his dwelling next to the temple. But does the White Hand see where those trees seem to break away, as though the fire had run through the deep forest on a wide trail? Look-away towards the setting sun. Do you mark it?"

"Yes," replied the youth, looking in the direction pointed out.

"There travels the great Father of Waters in his way to the great salt lake. And do you mark that point? Ah! you can see a piece of cloth fluttering in the breeze. Do you not see ?- away off there? -like a rag playing in the wind?" White Hand looked, and he saw what his guide had pointed out. It was just visible over the intervening tree tops.

"I see it." he said. "That is the village of the white man. He has built a fort there, and he calls

it Rosalie. They tell me 'tis called so from a woman's name. Is it so?" "It is."

The Indian watched his prisoner with keen glance while speaking of the fort, and a simple "ugh!" was his only reply to the youth's last answer. wearily. In a short time they started down the

hill, and just as the sun was sinking from sight they reached the village. The men and children came flocking out, and while demonstrations of joy, looks of the most cager curiosity were fixed upon White Hand. But his captor did not stop to

exhibit him. He pursued his way at once to a long, narrow building near the temple, the walls of which were formed of

"For if I had, I should not have found close-fitting timbers driven into the you alive, having once passed through ground, while the door, which swung to his hands. You have a small white hand and fro on wooden hinges, was uncommonly stout and strong, being formed yourself to be." And Stung Serpent laid of a succession of hewn logs secured tohis own hug, hand by the side of his gether by cross-bars, to which each up-

knew not but that my coming might disturb you. But I came for your good. I knew my father had brought a prisoner from among the sons of the whites men.

"Your father? Is the Stung Serpent, then, your father?" "Yos." "And your name-" "Is Coqualla."

"And you are the next heir to the throne of the Natchez?" "Next after my father." "I have heard of you often."

heard of her. She remained for some time she seemed to be studying e.e.y line of the prisoner's face. "The White Hand is not a great man

in bulk," she at length said, thoughtfully; "but yet he must be a brave man, for my father says he slew six of the Chickasaw warriors." "Not alone, Coqualla. His friend was their accustomed feeding grounds, and with him."

"So my father said. And yet you must be brave; and so I would save you." "Save me?" uttered the youth, starting now to his feet. "-sh! Speak not too loud, for no one

knows that I am here. I would save

"But what danger threatens me?" "I cannot tell you surely; but yet I think I can save you. If you have anything to fear, it must be from my father. Therefore, promise him whatever he may ask. If he means you ill, that ill will be death, and if he offers you life, you must accept it. I have come to assure you that he never speaks idly. If he makes you an offer he means it, and you must speak truth with him."

(To be continued.)

Bargain Day. A very rich anecdote is told of Thomas Bailey Aldrich, says the Ladies' Home Journal. One day the disinto an auction room while a sale of rare editions, old manuscripts and autographs was going on. The auctioneer, holding in his hands a bundle of letters, said: "Ladies and gentlemen, I have here two autographs which were written by a man named Thomas Bailey Aldrich. I shal now start them for you at the price of two for five cents." No bids were made and they were sold for that sum.

Mr. Aldrich, in speaking of the inciperiment.-Exchange. dent afterward to a friend, said: "I

wouldn't have cared at all if they had gone for five cents each, but 'two for five' reminded me very forcibly of little apples."

Grim Humor. "Do you wish your missionary steal rare or well done?" asked the most high chef, with an obeisance. "What was the victim's occupation,

in life?" replied the cannibal chief, "He was a collector, your majesty,' esponded the chef. "Well dun," concluded the chief, who

enjoyed his own jokes hugely. The court attendants broke into a labored guffaw, for whoever did not laugh did not live .- Ohio State Journal.

He Wanted to Know. Minister (to Sunday cyclist)-Young man, you are on the path to perdition. Cyclist-That so? How are the roads?

-San Francisco Examiner. There are ordinarily from thirty to apple crop being a complete failure-

when desiring to return after hours of careless wandering will distinguish one outlet and patiently await its opening .- Detroit Free Press.

Cooking Food for Stock,

Only a few years ago quite a number of appliances for cooking food for stock were advertised, but few are offered at this time, and the assumption is that there is no demand for them. In some sections cooking at least a portion of the food for the stock is still done, but the majority of feeders claim that the results do not warrant the expense. This is proba-

bly true where a number of animals are kept, but where there are but few animals it undoubtedly pays to at least warm a portion of the food given to them during the winter. It is known that with poultry this cooking of the food pays, for the majority of successful poultrymen consider the warm mash as an essential part of their feeding plans. Undoubtedly, too, if one has a large quantity of potatoes that are to be stock fed. It will pay to cook them, provided the apparatus used is not too expensive. Notwithstanding the fact that the concensus of opinion seems to be against the cooking of food for stock, it is a

The Horseradish Crop.

All our best horseradish comes from the middle West. Perhaps its soil is especially adapted to horseradish; perafter instead of before milking the hape the central State farmers are odor is not imparted to the next milkmore skillful in culture; but this young merchant, though blindfolded, can instantly tell if a piece comes from New England or the West. The New England root does not hold its strength as long. Horseradish raising has become a very profitable business in certain sections of the middle West, whose farmers realize as high as \$300 an acre from this crop. The Western horseradish root is well developed. with few pits, while the wild horseradish must be scraped by hand with the right sort of a knife .- New York in them. Commercial.

Poultry and Fruit. Poultry and fruit trees certainly go together, says Twentleth Century ners. This should be done, even if it Farmer. We have seen this verified in entails an extra job after the plowing one place close by last summer. The is performed, as it is such sources from

whence come most of the crops of Interested In the Lounge's Anatomyforty varieties of fish in the Honolulu as much from reason of insect enemies weeds and seeds, which spread over Five-year-old Georgie had been tak-

The ice supply put up during the winter performs a merciful mission How It Cleared Off.

during the heated season. Not only Such a time! And to think it all does it add to the comfort of living. "came out of a clear sky!" as Aunt but prevents much waste that would Esther would say. A minute before otherwise take place in the foods used Meg and Kathie had been cozily chatduring the summer. Where one is lotering, with their arms round each cated near towns where large ice supother. Then came the thundershower plies are stored it may be cheaper to that bade fair to settle down into steady purchase it at intervals during the raining.

summer than put up a supply in win-Aunt Esther happened to be in the ter. For the ordinary farm home an other room, and this is what she heard. ice house 10x12 and 10 feet high is Meg began: considered to be of sufficient size. A "It's in Webster's Under-the-bridge."

dead air space around the walls will "Webster's On-the-bridge, you mean," prevent melting, while ventilation is Kathie interposed, briskly. exceedingly important and should be "Under-the-bridge." arranged for when houses are con-"On-the-bridge." structed. Drainage is also essential.

"Kath-rine Trundy, I guess I know The cost of building an ice house va-My father's a minister!" ries from \$10 to \$50.-Iowa Home-"Meg'ret Merriweather, my father's

bridgemaker, an' I guess I know, so there!" This was too much for Meg for a

THE RETURN.

I have a bag holder of which I inminute, but she recovered presently. close a drawing. Any man can make "I don't care, it's Webster's Underand put it up ready for use in about the-bridge. My brother's in college, the same time it would take to get his and I guess he knows!" wife out to hold the bags. It is made

"Poh! If I had a brother I guess he'd of a piece of inch board, 2 feet long know enough to know it's Webster Onthe-bridge!" "'Tisn't!"

"'Tis, too!" "Kath'rine Trundy, I don't s pose my nignoramus! Here's your coral ring." "Here's yours." The exchange was made stiffly. Both

little girls held their heads very high and looked dignifiedly hostile. The little red spots in their round cheeks flickered. Their bright eyes snapped.

"Wait!" Aunt Esther called, just as they were parting "forever." She took them each by the hand and led them into the library, up to the dictionary-stand. Then she pointed to the big title-word.

"U-n-a-b-r-i-d-g-e-d," she spelled, distinctly and slowly.

"Oh, my!" breathed Meg, ruefully. 'We didn't both of us know!" "No, we didn't," Kathie admitted. And when they went out again their exhaust itself in the growth of weeds, arms were clasped, and the little coral

> Companion. The Rabbit a Coward. Here is a little talk between a boy

than medicine. Always resort to a who is a great hunter for his age and change of food when the animals seem a woman of his acquaintance, which shows that cowardice sometimes de-It is stated that if turnips are fed pends on the way things are looked at: "A rabbit," said the young hunter, "is the most awful coward that there ing. A teaspoonful of saltpeter added is in the world. My, how he does run from a hunter!"

to a pail of lukewarm water as a drink "So you think that the rabbit is a for the cow is claimed as a remedy coward?" for the difficulty when turnips are fed.

"Yes, of course." A drain that is stopped up is one that "Well, let us 'suppose a little.' Supis not only not serviceable, but a men-

pose you were about six or eight inches ace to health. When foul there is altall.' ways a disagreeable stench therefrom. "Well.' and, being always damp, substances "And had good, strong, swift legs." decompose quickly. Nothing is more

"Yes." important than to frequently examine "And didn't have any gun, and the outlets of drain pipes and ditches great big fellow came after you who in order to have a free flow of water did have one. What would you do?"

"What should I do? I would streak When plowing or clearing fields for spring operations a most important it like lightning." "I think you would, and I think, too, matter is to clear out the fence cor-

that you would have your own ideas as to who was the coward."-New York Recorder.

Recuperating.

One day little four-year-old Cora was trying to stand on her head. Her mother asked her what she was doing. She answered:

"I's standing on my head to rest my feet."-Little Chronicle.

Learning by Degrees. Little Charlie being asked by his teacher the subject of his Geography lesson, answered promptly: "Longitude and Shortitude."

The second se FRUIT INSTEAD OF DRUGS.

Druggists Would Starve if People Would Eat More Apples.

Many of our common fruits are just as useful and much nicer than doctors' prescriptions. The apple, for instance. Not only is the apple an excellent purifier of the blood, but it is a cure for dysentery, and has also the peculiar effect of restoring an intoxicated person to sobriety. A diet of stewed apples, eaten three times a day, has worked wonders in cases of confirmed drunkenness, giving the patient an absolute

distaste for alcohol in any form. The pineapple is another fruit most valuable in throat affections. Indeed,

it has saved many a life of a diphtheritic patient. The juice squeezed from mother'd want me to play with such a a ripe pineapple is the finest thing in the world for cutting the fungus-like membrane which coats the throat in diphtheria, and if used in time never fails to cure.

After a severe attack of influenza the throat is often relaxed and the tonsils painful. An old-fashioned remedy still in use in many parts of the west of England is a conserve of roses. This is a sort of jam made from the hips of the common wild rose. It is not unpleasant in taste and certainly possesses strong astringent properties.

To eat a grape a minute for an hour at a time, and to repeat this performance three or four times a day, eating very little else meantime but dry bread, may seem a monotonous way of spending the time. This treatment works wonders for people whose digestions All kinds of stock are subject to loss rings had gone visiting again .-- Youth's have got out of order from worry or overwork. It is no mere quack prescrip-

tion, but a form of cure recognized and advised by many well-known physiclans. Grapes are, perhaps, the most digestible of any fruit in existence.

A cordial made from blackberries is greatly recommended by the Devonshire country folk as a cure for colic, and many a farmer's wife makes blackberry cordial as regularly as elderberry wine. The latter, heated and mixed with a little cinnamon, is one of the best preventives known against a chill. The flowers, too, of the elder come in useful. An ointment made by layering them in mutton suet and olive oil is most soothing in case of boils. Nowadays doctors forbid gouty patients to eat any kind of sweet foods, but recommend them to eat at least a dozen walnuts a day. There is no doubt that walnuts are most useful to gouty subjects, or in cases of chronic rheumatism. Swelling goes down and pain decreases.

Her Palmy Days. Patience-When I was young I had at least 50 offers for my hand. Patrice-Those are what you might

call your palmy days, I suppose.

No one is able to discover that a rich

HANDY BAG-HOLDER. and 4 inches wide. Two-thirds in wire nails are driven through from one side and crooked with a hammer to make

Filling Bags Made Easy.

stead.

a hook. The nails, a, are 12 inches apart. It can be fastened anywhere by simply driving two nails through it. -James Dunlap, in Farm and Home.

Farm Notes.

The intensive farmer keeps his soll busy all the time and the extensive farmer grows a single crop and lets his soil rest the remainder of the time. There is such a thing as letting land question that must be determined by of appetite when the food does not

each feeder for himself by actual exconsist of a variety. A mess of cooked turnips may improve an animal more to lose appetite.

