



SEMI-WEEKLY.

CORVALLIS, BENTON COUNTY, OREGON, TUESDAY, APRIL 21, 1903.

VOL. III. NO. 52.

UNION ESTABLISHED JULY 1897. GAZETTE ESTABLISHED DEC. 1869. (Consolidated Feb., 1899.)

White Hand A Tale of the Early Settlers of Louisiana. BY AUSTIN C. BURDICK

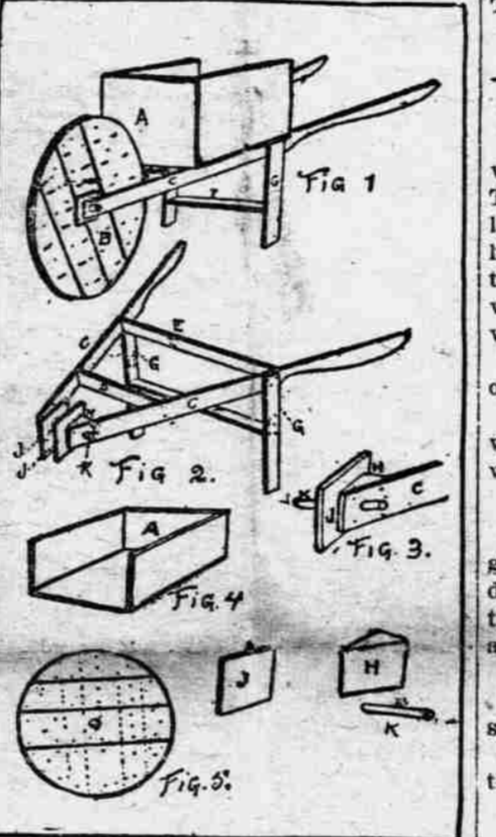
CHAPTER XVII.—(Continued.) And so, for the while, that darkest affliction was forgotten; but after Simon's wound had been properly dressed, it came back again, and the duel became only a passing cloud that was soon lost to the deeper cause of grief. The excitement was gone, and the soul remembered now to weep over the loss of its loved ones. For several days Simon Lobos remained in his chamber, not showing himself at all, save to Peter, who waited upon him; and when he became able to go out, he seemed to take especial pains not to be seen by the uncle and his guest. As might be expected he cherished a bitter hatred towards Goupard, but yet he had a deep consolation in the remembrance of the heart-blow he had inflicted upon the youth. He knew Goupard's sensitive nature, and he knew how deep and abiding were his affections, and knowing this, he knew how keen must be the anguish of the disappointed lover. And during all this time Goupard St. Denis was much alone, wandering about in the woods. Of course he had given up the idea of going for Louise. If she was married to Louis, then the companionship he would necessarily have with her under such circumstances could only make him more miserable, and, perhaps, add new pang to his grief. At the end of eight days Simon set out on his return to New Orleans. He did not see St. Denis, for the youth had purposely withdrawn himself. "You will bring my child home?" said the old man, in a broken, forced tone. "Of course I shall, and I trust you will receive her kindly." "Kindly? Alas, poor Louise! She will have need enough of kindness."

CHAPTER XVIII. While the things just narrated were transpiring at the chateau, and at the distant metropolis, how fared White Hand and his dusky princess? Gradually White Hand became used to the primitive fashions of the Natchez, and though he had many hours of sorrow and grief, yet he showed only content to the warriors. But to his wife he was not so reserved of his true feelings. She sympathized with him in his sadness, and she even went so far as to assure him that if the honorable opportunity ever offered itself for his escape to his own people, she should not oppose his wishes. Early one morning, the Great Sun received an invitation to visit the settlement of the white men, and taking with him an escort of his trusty warriors, he set out. It was past noon when he returned, and his brow was clouded, and his stout form bore the marks of a powerful emotion. His first movement was to send for White Hand. The youth went, and found the Great Sun alone with Stung Serpent. "White Hand," he said, overcoming all outward signs of his deep emotions, "you must fast and pray. The hour is dark, and evil comes upon us. The white man's heart is hard, and his soul is base. You remember your pledge. Will you pray?" "I will," answered White Hand. And he was then dismissed. As soon as the youth was gone, the Great Sun started up from his seat and leaped down. His brow grew dark again, and his hands were clenched. "Stung Serpent," he said, "go and summon your council at once. Summon only the wise men and the tried warriors, for we want no women nor children now. Bid them attend me here." Stung Serpent asked no questions, but with quick movements, he called up the men who were fit for deep counsel, and soon they were all collected in the place of council. They knew that something important had happened, for never were they called together save on occasions of emergency. "Warriors of the Natchez, listen!" commenced the Great Sun, speaking calmly and slowly, but with fearful emphasis. "You know how the white men have abused us—how they have trampled upon us, and how they have proved recreant to every trust we have reposed in them. But you do not yet know the most wicked thing of all. The white chief has demanded the beautiful village of the White Apple. As you know, this village is in the big village away towards the salt water has demanded it. I told him he could not mean it, but he only laughed at me. I told him we had lived here in peace ever since we settled upon the banks of the mighty river—that our people were here, and that here, in the quiet vale, we had laid away the bodies of our departed friends. And even at this he scoffed, and swore he would possess our village."

As the Great Sun sat down, a low murmur ran around the room, and angry gestures marked the movements of the dark warriors. Stung Serpent started to his feet, and in a moment all was silent. The towering chieftain gazed around with a flashing eye, and when he spoke his voice was like low thunder. "Let the souls of the Natchez be firm now, and let the hearts of her warriors be strong!" were his first words. "The white man came to us, and we gave him a home. He asked us for land, and out of our abundance we gave him much. He asked us for friendship, and we gave him our whole hearts. But how has he repaid us for all our kindness? Where now is our peace? The white man calls the Indian a secret foe. Why is it so? Because the pale faces are not to be trusted; because they speak fair when they cheat us. Look around; look to your homes, to your sacred temple, and to the graves of your ancestors. Will you give all up? I can read your answers in your looks as well as in your words. Once more, and I am done. Let the white men be exterminated! Let them be swept from our land at once and forever!" On the next day messengers came from Chopart, the commander of the French fort, to learn what the Natchez had agreed upon. They were informed that they had not yet been able to agree upon a place to which to move, and the Great Sun, after two months which to prepare, promising, meantime, to pay a new tribute of corn to the French. This message was conveyed to Chopart, and he agreed to the terms, fondly believing that in another spring his people should share the rich land spoils of this fairest Natchez village. And now the work went on slowly but surely. Word was sent to every tribe, all were solemnly pledged. The day was fixed upon which the fatal blow was to be struck; and that there should be no mistake, a bundle of sticks was prepared for each village, corresponding in number to the days that must elapse before the death stroke. These bundles were placed in their respective temples, and each day the chief was to go in and take one stick away. And when they were all gone—on the day that saw the last stick removed—the avengers were to strike. From the shores of the Mexican gulf to the Zaxoo, and from the waters of the Tombebee to the Sabine, every warrior was armed for the occasion, and eagerly awaiting the coming of the fatal moment. The whites were watched at every step, and each red man had his victim marked. Slowly, one by one, as each succeeding sun rolled over, those fatal sticks were removed, and Chopart only waited patiently for his rich prize. One of the wives of the Great Sun was called "Bras Pique," or Pricked Arm, from the many strange devices which she had marked upon her arms. Pricked Arm loved the French, and she failed not to serve them on every occasion when she could. She saw these secret meetings of the warriors, and her suspicions were aroused. She knew of the demand that had been made for the village of the White Apple, and she knew that these meetings of the council were touching that matter. She noticed the fierce looks of the men, their angry gestures, and their vengeful glances towards the French fort, and she feared that some calamity was to befall her white friends. Pricked Arm made up her mind to save the French if possible, not only the Natchez, but at all other points; and to this end she must not only put Chopart on his guard, but she must cause the Natchez to give a premature alarm, and thus the whites in other sections would take warning, for she dared not attempt to convey intelligence to other stations for fear of being detected by her own people. Her first movement was to make her way to the temple, but she could not gain access there, no woman ever being allowed within the sacred building. Two nights in succession she skulked about the place, but the warriors within, who watched the fire, were too vigilant for her. In this extremity, she thought of White Hand, and late one night she went to him and called him out. "White Hand," she said, when they had reached the very tree under which the Great Sun had once before spoken with the youth, "have you the courage of a warrior?" "I have the courage of a man," he replied, in astonishment. "Then can you keep an oath?" "If it may be kept with honor." "The oath which I require may, but I will not ask it of you, for your own safety will hold you. Know, then, that there is a plot on foot for the massacre of the entire extermination of every white man, woman and child in the country. And mark me—this plot is deep and well founded, and it moves on to its consummation as surely as the now absent sun moves on towards the morning." "All—every one?" uttered White Hand, in alarm. "Yes. Every tribe has the signal, and the one fatal day is set. It is to be on the day when our people pay their tribute of corn. Every white man is marked, and unless something be done to thwart the red men, the terrible blow must fall." Louise clasped his hands, for his thoughts were of his father and of his sister and of his friend St. Denis. "Can there be no stop to this?" he asked. "Yes—if you have courage." "Then put me to it." "Listen. I can warn the people at Natchez, but that will not save the others. In the temple there is a bundle of cypress sticks. They are hung by two bunches of beards on the altar. In that bundle there are as many sticks as there are days between now and the fatal blow; could we remove seven of those sticks, the Natchez would make a premature attack. The people at the fort would be prepared. In other places down the river, and on the great salt lake, the red men will distrust nothing, and while they wait eagerly for the passing of the next seven days, the alarm can be spread. Do you understand?" "Perfectly," returned White Hand. "And will you do it?" "I will try, even to the death." "Good. But let it be soon." By different paths the two returned to the village, Pricked Arm retiring to her own dwelling, while the youth spent some time in walking thoughtfully about the great square. When he at length entered his own dwelling he found his wife asleep, but he did not join her. He spent some time in walking up and down the place, and his face betrayed the deep anxiety that moved within him. He had marked the stern, angry looks of the stout warriors, and he had noticed their frequent councils, but he did not dream of such a dreadful plan had occupied their thoughts. He fancied they were at most, only planning some means for self-defense. But now the truth was apparent. His father was in danger—all his countrymen were in danger. Thus he was walking up and down the apartment, when his wife awoke and looked for him. "White Hand," she said, sitting up in the bed, "why walk you thus when the night is waning?" "I was thinking of my home, Cousin's," the princess arose and approached her husband. "And thou art sad," she murmured, looking up into his face. "Yes, Cousin—very sad. I would go into the temple and pray." "Then why go you not in?" "Because I cannot gain admittance there. I am not a warrior, and none but warriors are admitted there." "But thou art by marriage a Little Sun of the Natchez, and as such, thou canst demand admission there, and none shall dare refuse thee. Take thy offering of walnut wood and go. Say to the guardians there, 'I come as a Sun of the Natchez, and I would pray to the Great Spirit. Accept my offering, and open to me the way.' They will not dare refuse thee." As Coqualla spoke she went to the fireplace, and from the wood there piled up she selected ten sticks of walnut, from which she removed the bark. It was a religious law, given by the first Great Sun, that only walnut wood should be used for the sacred fire of the temple, and that the bark must be carefully removed before it was carried in. White Hand took the wood in his arm and went to the temple, and when he reached the door, he demanded admission as a Little Sun of the Natchez, and after some questions he was admitted. He carried his offering to the altar, and one of the priests placed some of it upon the fire. After White Hand had deposited his offering, his next movement was to step towards the back part of the temple, and kneel down. The warrior-priest whose turn it was now to watch, stood and gazed upon the youth for awhile, and then turned his attention to his fire. Still kneeling, White Hand looked about him, and close to him, against the wall, he saw the bundle of cypress sticks. Seven of the watchers slept, and only one was awake. Slowly the youth worked his way to the wall, still on his knees. The sticks hung loosely in the thongs; he could reach them where he was. He cast his eyes towards the watcher, and that individual was poking up the fire. Quickly the youth raised his hand and counted out seven sticks. His heart beat quick, but he thought of his father, and his nerves were strong. Silently he withdrew the fatal time-tellers, and hid them behind him. The watcher still worked upon the fire. With a quick movement, White Hand placed the ends of the sticks in his bosom, and forced them down into the clothing until they lay along his side, reaching from the arm-pit to the knee. Then he arose, and having walked about a few moments with as careless an air as he could assume, he left the temple. After breakfast the next morning Stung Serpent came in, as was his wont. He lighted his pipe, and after smoking for some time in silence, he looked up. His brow was clouded, and his countenance wore a sad, moody expression. "White Hand," he said, "are the French a very forbearing people in their own country?" The youth imagined he saw the old chief's drift, and after a moment's thought, he replied: "Not under wrong, my father." "I thought not. But suppose another people should come upon their soil, seize the homes of their subjects, steal their cattle, rob them of their rights and desecrate their temples?" "Then the French would drive them off," answered the youth quickly. "And they would drive them off with the sword and gun, eh?" "Yes." "And put all to death they could find?" "No, my father—only such as held out in resistance." "But have not the French put whole great villages to the sword, as they call it, and murdered all?" With a shudder, the youth answered in the affirmative. Stung Serpent gazed sharply into White Hand's face, but he could see no mark of suspicion there. He smoked away awhile longer in silence, and then he arose and left. "What does he mean?" asked Coqualla, after her father had gone. "I do not know, unless he desires to know how much consistency my people have," returned White Hand. "I fear our warriors meditate some revenge upon the whites. But you need not fear, dearest one, for no harm shall come to you." As the bright-eyed princess thus spoke, she threw her arms about her husband's neck. He kissed her, but he dared not whisper the terrible thing he knew—not that he would trust her, but he had sworn that he would not.

Boys And Girls Little Stories and Incidents that Will Interest and Entertain Young Readers

How to Make a Wheelbarrow. There is a good way, as described by the American Boy, to make a wheelbarrow that will be of real use to carry loads of considerable weight. Take the two heads out of a barrel, so that the wood shall not split. Now, lay these two heads on top of each other, so that the cracks in the upper one will be at right angles to the cracks in the lower one, as shown in figure 5. Nail the two heads to each other with short nails, driving some in one side and some in the other. Carefully smooth off the edges of the wheel that has been thus made, so that it will be perfectly round. Be careful to plane only a very little at one time. Now, get the two pieces of wood about 4 inches wide three-quarters of an inch thick and 4 feet long and shape the ends into neat, comfortable handles, as shown in C in figure 1. To the square end of each handle (at K, in figure 2) nail a wedge-shaped block. This block should be made of a piece of wood about 4 inches square on the sides. One edge should be pointed, just like the wedge. The other end



A HOME-MADE WHEELBARROW.

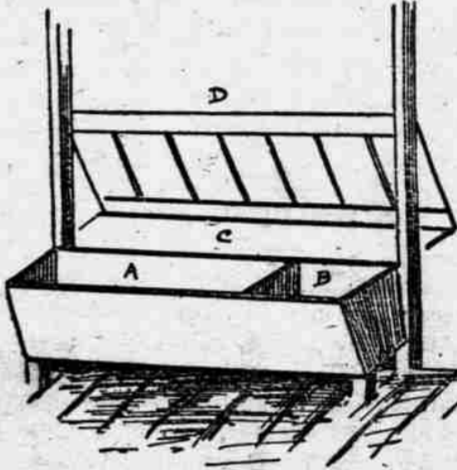
of it should be about three-quarters of an inch thick. Nail this to the square end of each handle, as shown in H, figure 3. The axle, K, is merely a piece of broomstick six inches long. The wheel blocks are intended to give the wheel a steady support, so that it will not wobble on the axle. They are made of a piece of wood about half an inch thick and six inches square, and are nailed firmly to the wedge, as shown in figure 3. Now, bore holes through the handles, wedges and wheel blocks to admit the axle. Then bore holes through the wheel, but be careful to make this hole a little smaller than the others; for the object is to have the wheel grip the axle so firmly that instead of the wheel revolving on the axle, the axle will do the turning in the handle. After the wheel has been properly adjusted, the handles will be in just the position that they are to maintain in the completed wheelbarrow. All they need are braces to keep them rigid, as shown in D and E, figure 2. It is better to screw these to the handles. Nails are likely to work loose after a while. Now, attach the legs G and G in figure 2. These must be strengthened with the frame F, as otherwise they would spread apart when the wheelbarrow is loaded. The body of the wheelbarrow is a much more simple matter than the rest of the work, for you need only to knock the top and end out of an ordinary soap box. Set this on top of the frame as shown in T, figure 1. Screw or nail it on firmly. "Who Can He Be?" The game "Who Can He Be?" is instructive, and also helps to refresh the memory. One of the party selects a historical personage without naming him, and relates an anecdote or anything that is interesting about him, and names the country in which he lived. The player who guesses the name—having previously the privilege of asking one question—gives a description of another character, and so the game progresses. Here is an example: "There was a celebrated Swiss, a famous archer, a champion of liberty, and who was the first to strike a blow for freedom. He refused to bow to the Austrian governor's hat, that had been placed on a pole, that all should do homage to it; and as a punishment for his disobedience he was ordered to shoot an arrow at an apple placed on his son's head, or else the son should be put to immediate death before his sight. With horror at the fearful alternative he at first refused, begging that vengeance might fall on him only; but the son assured him that he did not fear the result, and begged him to make the trial. He yielded to his persuasions, took aim, drew his bow and struck the apple without injuring his son. Who was he?" "Who but William Tell?"

FARMS AND FARMERS

er's grain will produce from 50 to 100 per cent more pounds of baby beef than it will of beef from the mature steer, and for the past three years the baby beef animal has sold for as high prices per hundred as has the average steer. In producing baby beef the farmer can market his heifer calves at the same price as his steers, and will usually get more for the twelve-month-old heifer than he would for the same animal if kept until maturity.—Kansas Experiment Bulletin. Using Old Hens. Expert poultrymen claim that after a hen has passed her second year she is no longer fit for laying purposes, and should be sent to the carcass market. This may be so in many cases, and no one will question the fact that the best egg results come from fowls two years old and under. On the other hand one frequently finds individual hens that lay better at three and four years old than when younger, and when such is the case it would be folly to kill such a bird. Before deciding to send all of the hens over two years old to the carcass market, ascertain what each of them is doing in the way of egg production. Then, too, these old hens, many of them, are extremely useful at hatching season, even though the main dependence is placed on an incubator. Be sure the old hen has lost her usefulness before you sentence her to the block. The Man Who Knows How. Is it not strange that in every county and in almost every precinct that you may visit there is at least one farmer known as a corn grower? He rarely or never fails. The dry and the wet seasons come and go, but he "makes corn" and "sells corn." So in every county there is found the man "who grows his own meat" and regardless of cholera and bad crops keeps his smokehouse on his own farm. This peculiar man is sometimes a successful truck grower or fruit raiser. He may assume one of several forms, but we may safely call him "Mr. Know How." The average farmer often looks upon him as somewhat of a conjurer, but at bottom we find his success due to intelligent effort. In intelligence can insure crops in the face of disease, chinch bug, boll weevil, fall-worm, drought—yes, and floods, too.—Farm and Ranch. A Promising Potato. The Early Norwood potato, shown in the illustration, is one of the new varieties sold as yet in limited quantities. Although it has been grown near the place of its origin for several



As the average manger is built there is a great loss of food where large numbers of cattle are kept. The manger illustrated, this week is of simple and inexpensive construction, and will pay for itself in the food saved during a year. In the end of an ordinary six-foot stall build a deep manger fifteen inches from the floor and partition off one end of it for grain, as shown in the illustration. At the back of the manger attach a wide board. See letter C in cut, and a rack, D, set on a slant as shown. This board and rack will prevent the animal from tossing the hay out and the board also catches the grain, which is scattered by the animal in the movements of eating. In the arrangement as shown the space marked B is for the grain and A for the hay.



A HOME-MADE MANGER.

or it may be kept for corn fed on the ear, or for any root crops that may be given. This manger as constructed in the most economical arrangement possible, and would be particularly desirable for use in the stall of a horse inclined to be restless and wasteful in its manner of feeding.—Indianapolis News. Doing the Spring Plowing. With the vision of acres of soil to plow before him, the farmer begins to see the advantages of fall plowing under certain conditions. If a portion of the soil was plowed in the fall, all necessary this spring is to harrow it and prepare the seed bed. If the bulk of the plowing is to be done this spring the first to be plowed should be the sod land. This is contrary to the operations of most farmers, who prefer to get all the growth possible in the early spring to turn under, but there are advantages in early plowing of sod land to offset any that may come from obtaining the grass growth to turn under. If the sod land is plowed early it will resist drought much better for in its preparation for a crop the sun will have no chance to dry it out rapidly, as it will later if the plowing is left until then. Then, too, there is the advantage of being able to get out to sod land before it would be possible to put a plow into soil that has been under cultivation. Try the plan this year and compare the crop with that in former years when the sod land was the last to be plowed.—St. Paul Dispatch.

Mongoose's Prescription Pleased the Suffering Pig. The pig, suffering from overstimulation, went to the mongoose, who is esteemed to have the gift of healing above all animals. In his mouth he carried two fat snakes as an offering to that sagacious creature. "I'm feeling dreadfully ill," groaned the pig. "I can't think what's the matter with me." The mongoose saw what it was at a glance. But he knew better than to offend the pig by telling him. So he remarked, with an assumption of solemn sympathy, "Tut, tut; you do look bad, and no mistake. I see what it is. You are run down. We must do something to pick you up." "I felt as if a little hange to, say, the truffe grounds of Perigord would do me good," suggested the pig. "The very thing," replied the mongoose. "You could not have mentioned a more suitable resort. I recommend you to go there at once." "I will," answered the pig, delighted thus to have his suggestion confirmed by so wise an animal as the mongoose. So he departed, leaving behind him the two fat snakes, outside of which the mongoose promptly placed himself. But the mongoose's son, who had happened to witness the above interview, exclaimed, in great surprise: "But, papa, why did you tell the pig that he was run down and recommend him to go to the truffe grounds of Perigord, when all that was needed to cure him is that he should swear off pig wash for a bit?" "My son," smiled the sagacious mongoose, according to the London Truth, "you know nothing. The pig wanted me to send him to the truffe grounds of Perigord, and I wanted the pig's snakes. He has got what he wants, so have I." Moral: Ask your doctor.

Valuable Collection of Stamps. A collection of stamps formed by G. Owen Wheeler of the London Philatelic Society was sold by auction recently for

Most Costly Pun on Record. A stage coach full of passengers was held up by robbers in the Indian Territory. Everyone was required to leave the vehicle, and stand with their hands above their heads. A boy among the number laughingly said to the man who was relieving the others of their valuables: "This is a mighty high-handed piece of business. I'm getting tired." The robber laughed and did not investigate the little man's garments, where there was \$5,000 hidden away. A Musical Hero. Little Daniel was visiting at his grandfather's in the country for a few days, and on going to the barn to see the animals he heard cows lowing, and he said to his grandpa: "That is not what they are doing," said grandpa. "They are lowing." "Oh," said little Dan, "I thought they were blowing their horns."

In the Imperative. While the boys of a classroom were having a grammar lesson, the teacher said: "John, give me a passive verb." "Whoa!" answered John. "Now make it active," said the teacher. "Back up," replied John. Only a Difference in Degree. One morning four-year-old Rex said in his quaint, quiet way: "The fool telleth all his mind; the wise man keepeth it in till afterward." Mother, I don't see any difference between 'em; the wise man just waits awhile."

A Ferocious Equator. A small boy was asked by the teacher what the equator was. He thought a moment and replied: "The equator is an imaginary lion running around the earth."

GO T WHAT THEY WANTED. Mongoose's Prescription Pleased the Suffering Pig. The pig, suffering from overstimulation, went to the mongoose, who is esteemed to have the gift of healing above all animals. In his mouth he carried two fat snakes as an offering to that sagacious creature. "I'm feeling dreadfully ill," groaned the pig. "I can't think what's the matter with me." The mongoose saw what it was at a glance. But he knew better than to offend the pig by telling him. So he remarked, with an assumption of solemn sympathy, "Tut, tut; you do look bad, and no mistake. I see what it is. You are run down. We must do something to pick you up." "I felt as if a little hange to, say, the truffe grounds of Perigord would do me good," suggested the pig. "The very thing," replied the mongoose. "You could not have mentioned a more suitable resort. I recommend you to go there at once." "I will," answered the pig, delighted thus to have his suggestion confirmed by so wise an animal as the mongoose. So he departed, leaving behind him the two fat snakes, outside of which the mongoose promptly placed himself. But the mongoose's son, who had happened to witness the above interview, exclaimed, in great surprise: "But, papa, why did you tell the pig that he was run down and recommend him to go to the truffe grounds of Perigord, when all that was needed to cure him is that he should swear off pig wash for a bit?" "My son," smiled the sagacious mongoose, according to the London Truth, "you know nothing. The pig wanted me to send him to the truffe grounds of Perigord, and I wanted the pig's snakes. He has got what he wants, so have I." Moral: Ask your doctor.

Valuable Collection of Stamps. A collection of stamps formed by G. Owen Wheeler of the London Philatelic Society was sold by auction recently for

er's grain will produce from 50 to 100 per cent more pounds of baby beef than it will of beef from the mature steer, and for the past three years the baby beef animal has sold for as high prices per hundred as has the average steer. In producing baby beef the farmer can market his heifer calves at the same price as his steers, and will usually get more for the twelve-month-old heifer than he would for the same animal if kept until maturity.—Kansas Experiment Bulletin. Using Old Hens. Expert poultrymen claim that after a hen has passed her second year she is no longer fit for laying purposes, and should be sent to the carcass market. This may be so in many cases, and no one will question the fact that the best egg results come from fowls two years old and under. On the other hand one frequently finds individual hens that lay better at three and four years old than when younger, and when such is the case it would be folly to kill such a bird. Before deciding to send all of the hens over two years old to the carcass market, ascertain what each of them is doing in the way of egg production. Then, too, these old hens, many of them, are extremely useful at hatching season, even though the main dependence is placed on an incubator. Be sure the old hen has lost her usefulness before you sentence her to the block. The Man Who Knows How. Is it not strange that in every county and in almost every precinct that you may visit there is at least one farmer known as a corn grower? He rarely or never fails. The dry and the wet seasons come and go, but he "makes corn" and "sells corn." So in every county there is found the man "who grows his own meat" and regardless of cholera and bad crops keeps his smokehouse on his own farm. This peculiar man is sometimes a successful truck grower or fruit raiser. He may assume one of several forms, but we may safely call him "Mr. Know How." The average farmer often looks upon him as somewhat of a conjurer, but at bottom we find his success due to intelligent effort. In intelligence can insure crops in the face of disease, chinch bug, boll weevil, fall-worm, drought—yes, and floods, too.—Farm and Ranch. A Promising Potato. The Early Norwood potato, shown in the illustration, is one of the new varieties sold as yet in limited quantities. Although it has been grown near the place of its origin for several



THE EARLY NORWOOD.

years, it has not yet been generally tested. Its good points are such, however, as to warrant giving the variety at least a fair test. It is described as being of good size and form, extra early and growing free from extra blight or rot. The vines are of medium growth, compact and bushy. The tubers are oval, white, with a pinkish tinge around the eyes, which are not large. The tubers grow of uniform size, and in quality are dry and floury. An especially fine cooking variety. These are all good points, and, as stated, warrant a test of the variety as soon as possible in any locality where potatoes are grown for the market.—St. Paul Dispatch. Farm Notes. Two pounds each of corn meal, cotton-seed meal and gluten meal, ten pounds of corn ensilage, and as much timothy hay as they want, is recommended by the Maine station as a satisfactory ration for milk cows. To be fed twice a day. Many farmers would doubtless prefer to substitute bran for cotton-seed meal. The farmer who can sell an article from his farm without taking from the land any of its fertilizing elements is sure to make a profit if the cost of the labor is not too heavy. When fat is stored on an animal, or butter is a product, the soil loses none of its fertility, as all of the starch, sugar and fat on the farm comes from the air. Plants absorb carbonic acid gas and give off oxygen through the agency of their leaves, and it is this carbon in the plants which finally becomes converted into butter, lard, suet, etc. A large number of German farmers will come to the United States to study our farming methods, making a three months' tour through the States to the Pacific coast and investigating general farming, live-stock raising, horse breeding, tobacco raising, sugar-beet culture, irrigation, the stock yards, experiment station work and the work of the United States Department of Agriculture, which will furnish a guide for the trip. It will be under the auspices of the German Agricultural Society, which has just completed a building at Berlin, in which will be installed a bureau modeled after that at