

UNION Star, July, 1897.
GASSETT Star, Dec. 1899. (Consolidated Feb., 1899.)

CORVALLIS, BENTON COUNTY, OREGON, TUESDAY, OCTOBER 20, 1903.

VOL. IV. NO. 26.

The Contrabandist; OR One Life's Secret!

A
TRUE
STORY
OF
THE
SOUTH
OF
FRANCE

CHAPTER VII.—(Continued.)

A few days after the first visit of Robin, he came again to the cottage. This time he had obtained work at the farm of Antoine Lebrun, the first place at which he had applied. It is needless to say that both were glad to hear of his good fortune.

It was at sunset when Robin came. He had come immediately on finishing his day's work, and Hugh invited him to stay with them an hour or two. This invitation Robin was nothing loth to accept; for it was given with a degree of cordiality that was rare with Hugh; and whether the beauty and shy grace of young Rose had any influence in Robin's decision to remain, we leave others to judge. At all events, when he had stayed perhaps two hours, and was taking his departure, Hugh invited him to repeat the visit. And Robin answered, quietly: "You are very good, monsieur, and I confess that I am only too glad to come; for I am somewhat strange yet among the work-people on the farm, and being in a new place, it makes me rather lonely. And I feel more acquainted with you, perhaps, because this was the first place at which I sought for work. I shall be pleased to come, monsieur, and then, if I may, I will come early enough, that mademoiselle, glancing towards Rose, 'will show me her garden, of which I hear you speak.'"

Hugh promised that this should be the case. And Robin departed.

On the third day, in the middle of the afternoon, Robin appeared. Hugh was surprised at seeing him so much earlier than usual, since the usual hour for leaving work was at sunset. But Robin said that Antoine Lebrun had allowed him to come earlier, because he had done more work on the two preceding days than any other of the men. And he had wished to see mademoiselle's garden in full daylight.

So Robin was conducted to the garden, and here, although he praised its beauty, yet he also found ample space for improvement, and volunteered, if Hugh was willing, to come down and work in it occasionally.

As there appeared to be no serious objection to such proceeding, the arrangement was made; and nearly every afternoon, thenceforth, Robin came half an hour before sunset, and with spade, rake, scissiors and pruning knife, busied himself in the garden, making such alterations for the better and training the favorite flowers of Rose to the sky, so that they became even finer and more abundant than they had been in the earlier part of the season, when they seemed to want no addition to their beauty.

And while Robin worked among the flower beds, Rose sat at the garden door, with her sewing or embroidery, or perhaps, a book; for Robin, she was pleased to find, was as fond of books as herself, and many a pleasant half-hour was passed thus by them. Robin had no father, no mother, no sisters, nor a home, such as others had, and he told them that this seemed to him to be his home, as he always hastened to the cottage as soon as he was released from work and had eaten his supper, and not unfrequently remained a part of the evening with them. These visits were pleasant ones. Robin enjoyed them, and Rose always liked to see him coming; while Hugh Lamonte, though he said little on the subject now, seemed to regard him as a welcome visitor. Rose sometimes wondered at his evident liking for the young man, being usually, as he was, of a mood so unsocial; but she could not but admit that for one so handsome, so amiable and kind-hearted as Robin, to win the friendship of those about him, was not at all strange, and, therefore, it was less surprising, that as every one else seemed to like him so well, that her father should be also attracted towards him.

The Marquis of Montauban, late one afternoon, made his appearance at the cottage of Hugh Lamonte. This was no common occurrence; for visitors were generally rather repelled than attracted by the reserve and taciturnity of Hugh.

This afternoon, Hugh Lamonte, with Robin, who had just come from the farm, and our pretty Rose, were together in the garden, when a knocking was heard within the kitchen, and Rose, being nearest the door, ran in to see who was there. The Marquis was standing by the casement.

"Good evening, my child," he said, kindly, as she entered. "I have come to see your father. Is he at home?"

"Yes, monsieur," answered Rose. "I will call him."

She went out and informed her father of the desire of the Marquis, and while he entered the kitchen, proceeded to assist Robin in tying up a rose bush, which had been bent down by a shower on the previous day.

It was twilight time when the Marquis left Hugh, and getting into his carriage, drove away in the direction of the chateau. They heard him go away—Robin and Rose. But Hugh did not come out again; and when they went in, they found him seated by the table, in the gathering dusk, and leaning forward on it, with his face buried in his hands.

He rose immediately on their entrance, and went to get light; but he did not speak, and as the flare of the light shone on his countenance, both observed that it was unusually pale. Perceiving his silence and depression, Robin, filled with sympathy for him, shortly withdrew, without inquiring into its cause; for he saw plainly that Hugh was not ill, but that something unpleasant pressed upon his mind had taken place within the last hour.

As soon as Robin was gone, Rose went to her father and sitting down by him, begged him to tell her the cause of his downcast appearance. But he would not reply to her troubled inquiries.

"Rose, my dear child," he said, tenderly and sadly, "I cannot tell you what it is that affects me; at least, not now. Do not ask me. Be happy, and do not trouble yourself about me." It was all he

would say; and the depression which that visit of the Marquis had left on him continued to mark his manner from that time.

Rose was anxious and uneasy. That this sudden change had been caused by something said or done during the time in which he had conferred with his guest, she could not doubt. And if so, what could that cause have been?—what was his nature? She exhausted her imagination with vain endeavors to guess at the truth. All remained in darkness. She retired to rest unhappy and perplexed.

Hugh worked as usual in the garden and the field all the next day; he made no allusion to the occurrences of the past evening, and affairs went on with the same quiet regularity as ever, at the cottage, without bringing any further unpleasant consequence from the visit of the Marquis than what already displayed itself in her father's altered demeanor. That of itself was sufficiently productive of anxiety to Rose.

Robin made his accustomed visit at sunset. It was a relief to her; for if it could not divert her mind from the thoughts of her father's sadness, it at least served to break the almost insupportable silence that had reigned within the cottage all day long.

To-night, Hugh would not join them in the garden, but remained in the kitchen, reading, or seeming to do so. And Robin and Rose sat in the garden together, without working as usual, for she could do nothing but think of her father, and the young man, sympathizing deeply and earnestly with both, tried to console and cheer his fair companion with hopeful words and soothing tones. And Rose could not but take a sad pleasure in listening to his words, for Robin's friendship had already become dear to her.

CHAPTER VIII.

There was a knock for admittance at the cottage door. Hugh Lamonte started uneasily from his chair. Every knock—every approaching footstep, of late, he imagined to be that of the Marquis of Montauban; for a time of restitution was coming, and it was to cost him dear. He hastily crossed the room, and flung the door wide open. An angry exclamation burst from his lips. Rose, seated by the



ROBIN, THE GARDENER.

casement with her sewing, trembled and turned pale; for the newcomer was Gasparde.

"Good afternoon, uncle," said the rogue, frankly.

"How, Gasparde," uttered Hugh, in incensed astonishment, and without noticing the salutation—"how come you here?"

"I have come," answered the man quietly, assuming an expression of the deepest seriousness, "to ask your pardon, and that of mademoiselle Rose, for my old behavior; and I honestly hope you will forgive me."

Hugh looked at him, half incredulously, and with a searching glance he stepped back a pace, but made no answer. Gasparde followed up the movement, and stepped just within the door, so that he now beheld Rose. Apprehension and annoyance were plainly expressed on her countenance as she beheld him. His words as unimpassioned as ever, though his words were certainly very fair.

"Good afternoon, Cousin Rose," he said, with gravity; and noticing the indication of her disposition towards him in her countenance, he hastened to add, with an air of penitence and sorrow: "O, I see, Rose, that you have not forgotten how I used to annoy you. I know I do not deserve that you should; but I confess I had hoped you would overlook it by this time; for I am sincerely sorry for my impertinence."

The young girl made no reply at first, the suddenness of all this astonished her. Hugh Lamonte stood silently regarding him with a half-angry, half-perplexed air. He doubted whether to put faith in the fair declaration of Gasparde.

Cousin Rose," said the latter again, deprecatingly, "I promise you that I will never behave so impertinently again. I wish you would try to forget my insolence, and forgive me."

Rose looked up.

"Since you are sincerely repentant, Gasparde," she said, "I will endeavor to do both." And then she resumed her work.

"And you also, sir?" said Gasparde, turning to Hugh.

"The less said about that the better," returned Hugh, dryly; "but you may be grateful to Rose for forgiving you, which is more than you merit. And now, if you wish to say anything to me, you must come into the garden, for I am going there."

confident in his sincerity, was almost sorry that her father treated him so ungraciously. She had some curiosity to know what could be his business with her father; but that was impossible. They remained in the garden for some time—perhaps half an hour; but both re-entered, Hugh saying to his companion:

"Well—well; come again to-morrow, and, meanwhile, I will think about it." "That will do," returned Gasparde. And as he crossed the room to the opposite door, he nodded to Rose, saying, respectfully: "Good morning, cousin."

"Good morning, Gasparde," she responded, as he went out.

When Hugh had shut the door and come back into the room, Rose could not but see that he was more thoughtful and gloomy than before. All day he preserved the same moody air; and Rose was unhappy, alike in being unable to divine the cause of his increased perplexity and trouble, or to alleviate it. He had not yet made any allusion to the object of the Marquis' recent visit; but she knew that he was thinking of it continually.

He knew, however, that she should only annoy him by seeming to notice his mysterious dejection, and so she became silent. In the afternoon, Robin came as usual, after his day's work was done, and Rose even persuaded herself that he, too, seemed somewhat serious. He went out into the garden with her father, and thence to the field; and she could see them standing there, as if talking together, for a long time. They did not work as usual. At length, however, they left their post and came slowly up through the garden. They were conversing still.

"What is it about, I wonder?" asked the young girl, mentally.

The two entered. Robin did not speak; but Hugh advanced straight to Rose.

"Rose," he said, gently, "here is our good neighbor Robin, who wishes to marry you. What do you say to it?"

"Wishes to marry me?" iterated the young girl, faltering and blushing.

"Exactly. Is it not sufficiently plain?" Rose was silent, her eyes cast down to the floor, and her fair cheek reddening still deeper. The tears fast gathered in her eyes. Robin wished to marry her. Hugh turned away, and, with folded arms, paced the room. Robin came to her side.

"Dear Rose," he said, softly, taking her hand, "your father has told you what I have intended for some time, and I wish to marry you, if you are willing. I did not think you disliked me. Will you show me that you do not?"

She did not answer, but sat with her eyes still cast down, and her hand in his. "I know, dear Rose," he said, again, "that I am asking a great deal. I came here only a few weeks ago, and I was a stranger. I came seeking for work, and found it. I am poor, and have yet no home of my own, but that I trust to have some day. I love you, Rose, and I ask you if you will promise to marry me when I am rich enough to buy a little farm of my own."

"But—my father," she hesitated, raising her eyes sorrowfully, as she thought of his loneliness. "No—no; I cannot leave him!"

"Rose," said Hugh, turning to her, "the future is not in your hands. Do not think of me. If you love Robin sufficiently well to marry him, answer him at once. All will be well."

"Then I will marry you, Robin," she said in a low tone.

"You will forget that I am poor, and a stranger?"

"I do not need to forget it," was her answer. And her glance of timid, affectionate confidence was raised to his.

He bent forward with a thrill of inexpressible delight, and pressed his lips to those of the blushing girl.

"And you will never break your promise, though you should meet with trial and temptation and danger?"

"No; never—never, Robin; But why do you fear—and what?"

"I cannot tell you, Rose. But it will be a long time before we can marry, perhaps; for I will not ask you to share my lot with me until I have risen higher—far higher than I am now. And no one knows what may happen at that time. It will be a long time, I continued, after a while; but I shall be patient; for I want to rise to something better than I am now, Rose. You are too good to marry a farmer, or a gardener. For your sake, I shall strive to render myself something higher than either."

"You need not be better than you are, Robin," said the girl, gently.

"But I mean to become more worthy of you, nevertheless," was his rejoinder. And now Hugh Lamonte turned to them.

"Since this is done," he said, "I give you both my blessing, my child, and he laid his hand solemnly on her fair head, "be true to Robin until he comes to claim you, and you will be rewarded."

There was a moment of deep silence. The young lover bent down, and tenderly kissed his betrothed bride, from whose gentle eyes the tears stole down.

And though the momentary casement glared and gleamed a pair of fish-like eyes upon that little group. The bright and loving, Gasparde, had heard every word—witnessed every look and action within. They did not see him; they did not hear the bitter curses hissed through his sharp teeth, nor the clenched hand that menaced them.

(To be continued.)

Joy Enough. Mrs. Subbubs—You didn't get much pleasure out of your walk, did you, dear?

Mr. Subbubs (beamingly)—Indeed, I did.

Mrs. Subbubs—But, that shower of rain. See how wet you are.

Mr. Subbubs—Oh that doesn't matter. What do you think? I found a golf ball I lost last summer.—Philadelphia Press.

Not Yet.

"Kite-flying time has arrived," remarked the Observant Boarder.

"But the kites do not keep up with modern progress," added the Cross-Eyed Boarder.

"How's that?"

"I have seen no stringless kites yet."—Pittsburg Chronicle.

Mixed.

Nebb—Who is that ordinary-looking woman with Mrs. Meek?

Nick—Mrs. Meek is the ordinary-looking woman; that swell-dressed creature with her is Mrs. Meek's hired girl.—Ohio State Journal.

The only position some men can hold is opposition.



Boys And Girls

A New Game. Percy Saunders had come up to Perryville to spend a week. He had been there just twelve hours, having come the night before, and he had already been classified and pigeonholed by the Goodrich twins, his country cousins, whom he was visiting. He couldn't climb a tree; he couldn't swim; he threw a ball like a girl; the delights of using a sling were unknown to him; and he had to go to bed at half-past seven. As he was a year older than the twins,

who were eight, this last stamped him as a molly-coddle.

After breakfast the three boys went out to the barn, where the twins ran out ladders and walked the narrow crossbeams thirty feet above the floor as unconcernedly as if they were on the ground.

Percy caught his breath. "Oh, I wish I could do that! I'd love to do all those things, but mamma won't let me because it makes me dizzy."

"Oh, it's as easy as pie. See me fly." And Albert took a flying leap of fifteen feet into the hay, followed by his brother.

Then they compared muscles, and found that Percy's were "awfully flabby." Their own were like iron. But showing off soon palled on all three boys, and they began to wonder what they could play.

"I made up a game the other day," said Percy, in the slow, sober tones that had struck the twins as curious. They chattered as fast and as shrilly as monkeys themselves, in spite of their mother's hourly protests.

"Did you?" said Albert.

"Out of your own head?" said Herbert.

"Oh, it's easy. I often make 'em up," said Percy, delighted to have made an impression on these athletic boys, who could do so many things which he could not, although he was so much older.

"Tell us how you play it," said the twins, together, eager for some novelty.

"Well, it's a kind of tag. I'll be it, and I'll start to run after you just the same as I would in tag." As he spoke, the twins, who had been lying in the hay, jumped to their feet and ran out of the barn.

"Hold on," said Percy. "I must tell you something about it first. As I run after you, I holler out a letter of the alphabet, like C, and then if you think of an animal whose name begins with C, and about it, I can't tag you; but if you don't about, then I tag you, and you're it, and must run after the others and holler out a letter. It must be some animal, or if you choose you can call out flowers. But it must be either animals or flowers or countries or fruits; you mustn't mix 'em up in the same game. Now you start and I'll follow."

"I hope he says the same letter again, because I've got a bully animal all ready," said Herbert to Albert.

The boys had not run fifty feet before they found that, whatever else Percy could not do, he certainly could run. He was almost upon Herbert before he shouted, and then he yelled, "C!" as before.

Herbert waited until Percy reached out his hand to tag, and then he shouted, "Seal!"

"Tag!" said Percy, with a burst of laughter.

"That's no fair," said Herbert. "I said 'seal' before you touched me."

"But seal doesn't begin with a C; it begins with an S," said Percy, soberly.

"How about seahorse?" Isn't that a C-I-I-I-n-g?"

"The plaster one is, but hunting the animal isn't," said Percy, with authority.

"He's right, Bert," said Al, who had run up. "You're it, fast enough."

"Very well," said Bert. "Ready!" And the two fled before him. He pursued Percy, who ran fleetly into the road. After a long chase Percy stubbed his toe and Herbert gained enough on him to call out "G!"

"Gnu," yelled Percy. But, with a desperate laugh, Herbert closed on him and tagged him.

"I didn't say N; I said G."

"And I said gnu—g-n-u," said Percy, simply.

"Say, a fellow needn't ever get caught if he spells that way," said Bert, angrily. "G-o-o-n-y, pony. That's dead easy." But again Al came up and declared that Percy was right.

They played the game for over an hour. Sometimes even Percy did not think fast enough or run fast enough to avoid being it, and after a while they gave variety to the game by

changing to flowers; and there they rather got the best of Percy, who was not familiar with as many varieties as the country boys were. Bert made many laughable mistakes in spelling, and Al gave "phlox" as F flower.

At last, when they grew tired of the sport, they all went up in the hayloft together. The twins helped Percy up the ladder. They tumbled into the hay. "You're all right," said Al. "You can run fine, and that's a bully game."

"And you can spell 'out of sight,'" said Bert.

"I'd rather be able to climb a tree, like you fellows, than spell any word I ever saw," said Percy, modestly.

"Come on out, then, and we'll teach you," said the twins in unison.—St. Nicholas.

The Numbers. Number 1 is very straight; 2 is different; 3 is curly, 4 is curly; 5 is badly bent; 6 is never hard to make, 7 and 8 have one leg; 8 is double, 9 no trouble; 0 is like an egg.

Youth's Companion.

DANCED WITH THE POETESS. When Ella Wheeler Wilcox Escaped Being a Wallflower.

A poem by Wisconsin's gifted daughter, Ella Wheeler Wilcox, was the subject of conversation at our table recently, when a lady present related the following incidents:

"I used to know Ella well; we first met at a social given by the Young People's Guild of St. James' Church, Milwaukee. My husband and I were young folks with the rest of them, but he was one of the vestrymen, and I took pride in being attentive to strangers.

"On this occasion, I noticed a young girl and an elderly lady I had never seen before, and soon made their acquaintance. We conversed a while, and when I proposed introducing Miss Wheeler to my young friends she drew back shyly, saying:

"I'd rather talk with you, and look on, if you don't mind."

"I assented, and she told me first about her invalid mother, then gave me such vivid pictures of her country home and the surrounding scenery, that I forgot where we were until a wistful look in her soulful eyes caused me to notice that our social had resolved itself into an impromptu dance and I asked her if she liked dancing.

"I dearly love to waltz," she replied.

"My husband is the best waltzer here," I said, and summoning Gust, they were soon whirling away. After a few rounds my husband came back alone, saying, 'The boys have stolen my partner already.'

"I told him her aunt had been telling me that her niece spent her spare time scribbling poetry."

"Well, she is a genius, if she writes poetry as well as she waltzes," was his prophetic answer.

"There was no more seclusion for Ella, for the slender country girl, gowned simply in muslin, with her fair face and slim hands tinted by daily contact with nature, became the belle of the evening."

"She told us she had had a royal time when we bade her good-night; and turning archly toward Gust added:

"I should have been a 'wall-flower' but for your husband's courtesy."—Comfort.

Francis Wilson's Way. Once upon a time, when Francis Wilson didn't have as comfortable living quarters as he now has, he went room-hunting where rates were reasonable. In one place which he inspected he found a red-headed landlady who was extremely persistent, although the room she had to offer was about the last one Wilson would have chosen to live in. He didn't want to say so, however, and was departing without stating definitely what he would do, notwithstanding the fact that the eager landlady did not want him to escape in that manner.

"Will you take the room?" she asked, planning him down to a positive answer.

"Um—er," hesitated Wilson crawling toward the door. "Thank you very much, madam, thank you, no, I won't take it now; can't you perhaps send it to me?"—Collier's Weekly.

Reliable Information. "The finest bit of scenery in all this country, I understand, is on the line of the P. D. Q. Railroad," said the British tourist.

"Who told you that?" inquired the native.

"No one. I gathered the information myself from a little guidebook I found in my hotel, y' know."—Philadelphia Press.

A Dachshund. A little girl thus described a dachshund she had seen:

"It was one of those funny ones—you know, the ones that are a dog and a half-long and half a dog high. You must know the sort. It is a dog that only has four legs, but looks as if it ought to have six."

No, Corvallis, it isn't the proper caper to eat prunes with a pruning knife.



FARM AND GARDEN

Home-Made Grain Sieve. Where there is only a small quantity of grain to clean on a farm, a fanning mill seems to be in the nature of a luxury. Then there are often times when but a small lot of grain is to be cleaned for some special purpose. In either case the hand-made arrangement shown in the illustration will be found exceedingly useful. A box of convenient size is secured and handles fastened to either side for ease in handling. Inside this box strips are placed upon which the frames are to be run, as shown in the small cut on the right side of the engraving.

Frames of proper size and weight are covered with wire netting with meshes of various size. The upper mesh should be quite coarse and fastened into the box about three inches from the top. This is not to be taken out, but the frames below are to be made so they will slide in and out readily. It is a good plan to have

more frames, than slots, so that one may readily shift any grain as has. This little arrangement is inexpensive and any one at all handy with tools could build one in a short time.

Selection of Young Dairy Stock. Many persons who claim to have a pretty good idea of what a dairy animal should be, still adhere to the old notion that it should be deep in the flanks, and wedge-shaped, increasing in depth and width backward. So far as mature cows are concerned, there may be something in this, if we add depth of udder; but we have to consider points that are applicable to the young calf, the undeveloped heifer, and the sire as well. Many good cows lack depth of flank, nor are all heifers of great promise and bulls noted as great sires especially remarkable for deep flanks. Indeed, the reverse is generally the case. A deep flank is generally accompanied by a level or straight, bottom line, so desirable in young animals, but promising dairy youngsters is usually deep in the middle, with the bottom-line from the middle running upward to the brisket, and jagged, the flank, which shows good depth, through the middle of the body, but the reverse behind the shoulders and in front of the hips.—American Cultivator.

Double Saw-Horse. Unless coal is burned exclusively on the farm saw-horse such as is shown in the cut will be found a great labor-saving device. It is used for sawing both long and short pieces of wood, and if made four feet or more long it can be used by two men in operating a crosscut saw. The two cross strips at the close ends are but fifteen inches apart, so one is able to saw strips as short as needed for any stove. This double saw-horse should be made of tough material and be braced as shown in the cut. The horse from which the

DOUBLE SAW-HORSE.

DOUBLE SAW-HORSE.

DOUBLE SAW-HORSE.

DOUBLE SAW-HORSE.

DOUBLE SAW-HORSE.

DOUBLE SAW-HORSE.

DOUBLE SAW-HORSE.

DOUBLE SAW-HORSE.

DOUBLE SAW-HORSE.

DOUBLE SAW-HORSE.

DOUBLE SAW-HORSE.

DOUBLE SAW-HORSE.

DOUBLE SAW-HORSE.

DOUBLE SAW-HORSE.

DOUBLE SAW-HORSE.

DOUBLE SAW-HORSE.

DOUBLE SAW-HORSE.

DOUBLE SAW-HORSE.

DOUBLE SAW-HORSE.

DOUBLE SAW-HORSE.

DOUBLE SAW-HORSE.

DOUBLE SAW-HORSE.

DOUBLE SAW-HORSE.

DOUBLE SAW-HORSE.

balanced ration, furnishing the proportion of protein needed by stock during the winter. Dairymen have long recognized the necessity of feeding grains or other fodder containing protein, but grain under the expense when the protein feeds must be bought. If alfalfa will furnish the bulk of the expensive protein, as it undoubtedly will, a chance to save considerable in the cost of feeding is offered by growing alfalfa.

Don't Forget Plowing. When one is growing a diversified lot of crops there is little time for choosing seasons in which to do the necessary branches of the work. In many localities there is a rooted objection to fall plowing, and in some cases these objections may be sound, although in the majority of cases there are three good arguments in favor of fall plowing to one against it. There is more time to do the work, and as a result it is better done in the fall. Fall-plowed soil can be worked earlier in the spring, because it is open and warms up earlier. In the normal season one can plant in fall-plowed ground a week or ten days