

FARM GARDEN

NEW STRAWBERRIES.

Two Are Immense Croppers and Strong Growing Plants.

Greater progress has been made the last three or four years along the strawberry line than ever before. The Sample is about the only variety that holds its own, but from present indications even that berry will be set one side. The Cardinal, a pistillate variety like the Sample, just now is creating quite a sensation. The illustration here shown was taken from a cluster of last season and is a correct like-



THE CARDINAL STRAWBERRY.

ness of the berry, not one of those overgrown berries, but will average good size, an immense cropper and the most vigorous growing plant ever sent out. It will be a mortgage lifter, says an eastern grower in American Cultivator. Golden Gate is another new berry of great promise. This is a fancy berry, like the Marshall, only it is worth a dozen of it, being of fine quality and a good cropper.

The Abington, sent out two years ago, has proved about what the originator claimed and is a safe berry to plant. Another berry, the Dicky, that has not been put upon the market yet is a strong, staminate variety, an immense cropper, very firm, colors well and is a long season berry. I have no plants of it on my grounds, but as soon as I can I shall set largely of it.

Field Dodder.

Dodder, or love vine, is a great enemy of alfalfa. It is a parasitic vine growing on the stems and taking out the life and vitality of even the roots. The vine entwines itself about the alfalfa stems in great clusters and grows thickly or small in exact proportion to the growth of alfalfa. When the alfalfa is cut, this vine appears in dry, hairy bunches about the stems. It is so repugnant to horses and cattle that it will not be eaten except as a last resort before starvation. The best way to keep free from dodder is to buy only clean seed. In some cases farmers use fanning mills and try to reclaim the seed before sowing. If the plant gets started in a field, the best plan to get rid of it is to scatter straw over the alfalfa stubble and burn the entire field. This does not injure the alfalfa, but kills the dodder and other noxious weeds.—Kimball's Dairy Farmer.

Hen Manure For Crops.

Hen manure gives good results on all crops, but probably best on such plants as make most of their growth above ground, like cabbage, corn or grass. Some great results, however, are reported with hen manure on potatoes. We generally use it on garden crops and strawberries. The most effective use of this manure is, as we have often described, to crush it fine and mix with chemicals, such as muriate of potash and acid phosphate. This makes a fair mixture for many crops. The hen manure is richer in nitrogen than in potash and phosphoric acid, and these chemicals give it a good "balance."—Rural New Yorker.

Injurious to Trees.

The most effective insecticide yet employed against the oyster shell bark louse during the dormant period of the tree is the lime sulphur, or lime sulphur salt wash. An application of this wash during the latter part of March or first weeks in April, followed in the case of badly infested trees by a second application before the buds have swollen much, will generally suffice to eradicate the scale. Such treatment is also effective in destroying the apple scab fungus spores. The oyster shell bark louse is readily distinguishable from other scale insects by its elongated, rather slender curved form, being about one-eighth inch in length.



OYSTER SHELL BARK LOUSE.

Orchards in Grass. The majority of good apple orchards nowadays are in cultivation. The old fashioned plan of seeding the orchard down to grass is in disfavor. Still there are some exceptional cases in which apples do fairly well or even better than that while growing in sod.—F. A. Waugh in Gardening.

SACRED HORNS.

The Queer Adornment of a Peculiar Chinese People.

Adjoining the Chinese prefecture of Chienchang is a deep gully barred by a river which no Chinaman is permitted to pass until he finds bail for his good conduct in Lolodom.

The Lolos are a slim, well made, muscular race, with oval reddish brown faces, high cheek bones and pointed chins, from which the beard has been carefully plucked. They are far taller than the Chinese and indeed than any European race, but their marked peculiarity is the horn. Every male adult gathers his hair in a knot over his forehead and then twists it up in a cotton cloth so that it resembles the horn of a unicorn.

The horn is considered sacred, and even if a Lolo settles in Chinese territory and grows a pigtail he still preserves his horn. The Lolo man's principal garment is a wide sleeveless mantle of red or black felt tied about the neck and descending almost to the heels. The trousers are of Chinese cotton with felt bandages. No shoes are worn, but a conical hat of woven bamboo covered with felt furnishes a head covering as well as an umbrella.

The Chinese divide the Lolos into two classes, which they call respectively "black bones" and "white bones," the first being the nobles and the latter their vassals and retainers. There is also a third class of captive Chinese and their descendants, called "watzu," practically slaves, who are tattooed on the forehead with the mark of their tribe.

The Lolos never marry except in their own tribes, captive Chinese women being given to their bondsmen. The marriage of a "black bone" is a time of great festivities and many banquets. The betrothal is celebrated and ratified by the present of the husband to the bride's family of a pig and three vessels of wine.

On the wedding morn the bride is richly dressed with many ornaments. She is expected to weep profusely, whether she feels so inclined or not. In the midst of her tears the groom's relatives and friends dash in, seize the bride, the best man carries her out of doors on his shoulders, she is clapped on a horse and hurried off to her new home. Here she finds horses, cattle and sheep, provided by the groom's family, while her own people send clothes, ornaments and corn. Women occupy a high position among the Lolos, and a woman chief is not unknown among the tribes.—New York Herald.

A Modest Village Blacksmith.

The little village could not boast of having many entertainments, and a concert was an event which was looked forward to with delight by the inhabitants. It was at one of these "musical feasts" that a stranger sang with great feeling "The Village Blacksmith."

In response to a vociferous encore the singer was about to start "Rocked in the Cradle of the Deep," when the chairman tugged his coat tail.

"Better sing the old 'an over again, mister," he whispered. "I 'appen to be the chap you've been singing about—the village blacksmith—and I reckon it'd only be fair to me if you was to sing it all over again and pop in another verse sayin' as 'ow I let out bicycles."—London Mail.

A Conscientious Parson.

A wedding took place a short time back in a large town in the north of England, the service being conducted by a rather eccentric vicar. Two days after the ceremony he called at the house of the bridegroom's mother, but she happened to be out, so he said he would call again, which he did later in the day, carrying two large bags under his arm.

This time he found her in. So he began by asking them to clear the table a little. Then he opened the green bags, from which he took the registers. These he opened and in a most solemn tone said:

"Mrs. Williams, you have forgotten to dot the 'i' in Elizabeth."

The family breathed once more.—London Answers.

Chaining the Child.

She may have been either a wicked little girl or simply one of those children who refuse absolutely to "stay put," but whatever her ailment her mother certainly made enough of a parade of it. The pair were strolling along the other afternoon, and around the left wrist of the child was a stout dog collar of leather, to which was fastened a heavy chain of steel links, the end of which was held firmly in the mother's right hand. The chaining might have been done in all kindness, but the effect on the passing throng was to arouse a keen sense of pity for the child.—New York Press.

FELL INTO MILLIONS.

The Slip by Which a Rich Gold Mine Was Discovered.

One of the most productive mines in California was discovered through an accidental fall of the discoverer. He was one of a hunting party that had gone out from San Francisco during the Christmas holidays. While passing along the side of a steep hill on a narrow trail his horse suddenly slipped and with his rider went down into the gulch.

Happening to be the last in the line and some distance behind the others, he was not missed for some moments, but when his absence was noticed the party turned back to look for him, fearing some untoward accident. He was nowhere to be seen, but the place where his horse had slipped and fallen over the bank, together with the traces of the fall, was plainly visible. Following the tracks made by the falling horse and man, and when near the bottom, the men suddenly came upon an interesting spectacle. Just behind a clump of bushes which the man and his steed had crashed through on their way down stood the horse, apparently uninjured, while near by, on a slab of rock projecting from the snow, the man was capering like an Indian at a ghost dance.

The first impression of the rescuing party was that the man had gone suddenly crazy, but as he caught sight of them he suddenly ceased his gyrations and shouted for them to approach. They came, when he showed them several lumps of almost pure gold he had hastily knocked from the edge with a stone for a hammer and announced his discovery of a gold mine. The sliding horse had brought up against the ledge, and the restive animal, kicking vigorously in the efforts to rise, had struck off the moss from the stone and disclosed the fact that it was a gold bearing ledge of unusual richness. The find was appropriately named "The Christmas Gift," and a valuable gift it proved to be.

Animals Tried In Court.

Down to a comparatively late period in continental Europe the lower animals were considered amenable to the laws. Domestic animals were tried in the common criminal courts. Wild animals fell under ecclesiastical jurisdiction. French antiquaries have discovered the records of ninety-two processes against animals, conducted with the strictest formalities of justice, from 1120 to 1740, when the last trial and execution, that of a cow, took place. Thus there was a lawsuit that lasted from 1445 to 1487 between the inhabitants of St. Julian and a kind of beetle, and at Lavigny in 1457 a sow and her six young ones were tried on a charge of having murdered and partly eaten a child. The sow was found guilty and condemned to death, but the little pigs were acquitted on account of their youth, the bad example of their mother and the absence of direct proof against them.

The Rival Hairdressers.

One of two hairdressers by way of advertising himself cuts his hair in the most faultless manner, according to the latest fashion plate. The other, on the contrary, cuts his in the most clumsy way imaginable. The first customer who entered his shop did not fail to take him to task about it. "How in the world, being yourself a barber, do you have your hair so badly cut?"

"Why, sir, the reason is simple enough. I cannot possibly cut my hair myself, but am obliged to have recourse to my colleague over the way, and he is such a duffer!"

"And I suppose you cut his in turn?"

"Of course. And you can judge for yourself whether he oughtn't to be satisfied."—Rome Journal.

Posting Him.

Shopwalker (severely)—I heard you tell the lady she would find the ribbons at the third counter to the left.

New Shopwalker—That's where they are.

Shopwalker—Yes. But you should have told her to go to the right past the necktie bargain counter, turn to the left past the stocking bargain counter, then three counters to the right past the counter where the millinery bargains are, and so on. You'll never make a shopwalker.—London Standard.

Got Her Talking.

The geography period at school has no terrors for Georgie. He has a teacher who loves to explain things to the children, sometimes at such length that she has no time to question them as to their own knowledge of the subject of study. "I was afraid she'd stick me the other day," said Georgie, "so I switched her off quick. I asked her the difference between a volcano and an earthquake, and she talked to the limit."—Exchange.

A CASE OF CONSCIENCE.

Why an Editor Could Not Be Judge in a Literary Contest.

The editor of a magazine was invited to act as a judge in a prize story contest. "Is it to be an anonymous contest?" the editor asked. "Yes, indeed." "And I suppose all the stories will be typewritten?" "Certainly. We have particularly stipulated that." "I'm very sorry," was the reply, "but I can't possibly."

"But—but you will be asked to read only the best of the stories submitted," reminded the publisher. "A staff of competent readers will sift the wheat from the chaff, and"—

"I'm very sorry, but I'll have to refuse, and I can't tell you how it grieves me to say this, for I appreciate the great compliment you are paying me, and I would appreciate equally the remuneration you offer. But the fact is this—my conscience would smite me if I undertook the work. You see, I have had about twenty years' experience in editorial work, and during that time I suppose the manuscripts of every popular and unpopular author of the day have come to my desk for attention. I have been in such long correspondence with many of these authors that I know their handwritings well, and even a glance at my morning's mail will tell me who my correspondents are. And—do not smile—I know their typewriters equally well. I know the various makes they own, and those who prefer elite type to the ordinary size, and those who use italics and inverted quotation marks. I can even recognize an author's peculiar method of making a caret and his own manner of punctuation. But all this is nothing to my ability to spot at once an author's style. Attempts have often been made to deceive me, but only on rare occasions have they succeeded. But you must not think this so astonishing after all. I have been tied down to my one line of work for a long time now, and the number of really successful writers is not so great after all. It would be quite remarkable if I had not learned something about their characteristics after all these years. Almost all of them would doubtless submit stories in your contest, and perhaps the majority of their manuscripts would be passed up to me by your readers. If, recognizing any particular writer's work, I pretended to give an opinion based on supposed complete ignorance of that writer's identity, I should not be doing the fair thing. For that reason I must decline to act. You understand me, I hope." "Yes," said the publisher, "I do. But whom shall I ask in your place?" "Some one who is not cursed with quite so much conscience," replied the editor.—Bookman.

Alligator as Food.

There is reason to believe that the flesh of a young boiled alligator is barely distinguishable from veal, says an English traveler. It is probably cleaner and more tender than much of the meat of the animals that are usually consumed as food on the continent or in the east end of London. I have never desired to taste the flesh of alligators, cooked or uncooked. But in India I have seen the Sontals and other casteless natives greedily devour the flesh of an alligator without waiting to cook it. The flesh was very pale in color and probably was much superior to the flesh of snakes and rats and such like vermin which form the ordinary food of the predatory Sontal when hunting in his native woods.

A Little Ambiguous.

A group of interested citizens was observed standing in front of a billboard in one of Chicago's suburbs reading a large poster that had just been put up. Some of them were greatly amused, while others were highly indignant.

A nearer inspection showed that the purpose of the poster was to advertise a "genuine colored minstrel's entertainment" that was to be given at one of the local amusement halls. The particular portion that had roused the emotions of the crowd was printed in great, flaring letters:

"It will be enough to make a mule laugh! Bring your wives and children!"

Lost Dignity.

Irish viceroys are stripped of their sovereign attributes as soon as they reach English waters, which gives point to the following story told of one viceroy and a lady with whom he was acquainted. They both found themselves on board the Holyhead packet. During the voyage from Ireland the lady treated the viceroy with ceremonious respect. So soon, however, as the packet entered Holyhead harbor she said to him, "Now, Bobby, you're no longer viceroy, so take my bag and make yourself useful."—London Truth.

Miss Beatrice Austin met with a painful accident, yesterday forenoon. While cutting grass, the knife slipped, cutting a deep gash across the back of the right hand. The injury is quite painful.

Why

Have a torpid liver when Herbine, the only liver regulator will help you? There is no reason why you should suffer from Dyspepsia, Constipation, Chills and fever, or any liver complaints when Herbine will cure you, F. C. Waite, Westville, Fla., writes: "I was sick for a month with chills and fever, and after taking two bottles of Herbine am well and healthy. Sold by Graham & Wortham."

Notice to Clean Up.

To whom it may concern: and it concerns every citizen of Corvallis. It is time now that the trash, boards, brush, boxes, ash barrels and rubbish of every kind that has accumulated during the past winter in all of the alleys, streets and many of the back yards about town should be removed to the rubbish dump or raked together and buried. Let every house holder see to it at once that the streets and alleys adjoining his premises are thoroughly cleared of rubbish of every kind, and avoid a more personal notice in the very near future, as provided by ordinance.

Respectfully yours,
W. G. LANE,
Chief of Police

Do You Open Your Mouth

Like a young bird and gulp down whatever food or medicine may be offered you? Or, do you want to know something of the composition and character of that which you take into your stomach whether as food or medicine?

Most intelligent and sensible people now-a-days insist on knowing what they employ whether as food or as medicine. Dr. Pierce believes they have a perfect right to insist upon such knowledge. So he publishes, broadcast and on each bottle wrapper, what his medicines are made of and verifies the same. This he feels he can afford to do because the more the ingredients of which his medicines are made are studied and understood the more will their superior curative virtues be appreciated.

For the cure of woman's peculiar weaknesses, irregularities and derangements, giving rise to frequent headaches, backache, dragging-down pain or distress in lower abdominal or pelvic region, accompanied, oftentimes, with a debilitating, pelvic, catarrhal drain and kindred symptoms of weakness, Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription is a most efficient remedy. It is equally effective in curing painful periods, in giving strength to nursing mothers and in preparing the system of the expectant mother for baby's coming, thus rendering childbirth safe and comparatively painless. The "Favorite Prescription" is a most potent, strengthening tonic to the general system and to the organs distinctly feminine in particular. It is also a soothing and invigorating nerve and cures nervous exhaustion, nervous prostration, neuralgia, hysterical spasms, chorea or St. Vitus's dance, and other distressing nervous symptoms attendant upon functional and organic diseases of the distinctly feminine organs. A host of medical authorities of all the several schools of practice, recommend each of the several ingredients of which "Favorite Prescription" is made for the cure of the diseases for which it is claimed to be a cure. You may read what they say for yourself by sending a postal card request for a free booklet of extracts from the leading authorities, to Dr. R. V. Pierce, Invalids' Hotel and Surgical Institute, Buffalo, N. Y., and it will come to you by return post.

A Pointer For Pigeon Breeders.

Those who grow for the fancy and the exhibition hall always divide the males and the females into separate rooms during the winter months. This is thought to strengthen them and improve their health and producing qualities. However, this is not the best for squab breeders, as they should be continually mated and kept together as long as they are constant one to the other. Whenever they grow tired, one of the other, they will drift apart and select other matings if the opportunity presents itself.

Soft Roasters.

The soft roaster is becoming quite an attractive feature with the best growers. Thousands of these roasters are grown throughout New England, dressed and sent to market about the same time that the capons are in demand. Some claim that some of the best finished Brahma cockerels, dressed upon fashion, as it is called—that is, leaving the neck feathers and the feathers around the shanks—will sell for as much as the capons.

Poultry Utilizes Waste.

On the farm poultry can utilize lots of food that would otherwise be wasted, and for that reason poultry raising on the farm should be more profitable than elsewhere. The fowls must be kept in a good average condition all the time. Don't let them starve one week and feast the next.

Shipping Baby Chicks.

Some people claim that shipping young chicks throughout the country is a cruelty. On the other hand, poultrymen who have received them a thousand miles away from their place of birth give evidence that they reached them in good condition.

Oats as Stock Food.

Oats are less digestible than corn, chiefly on account of the large percentage of hull which they contain. They have a much higher percentage of protein than corn, especially when considered in relation to digestible matter. They are the most satisfactory single grain for feeding horses. They are not suitable for hogs on account of the large percentage of crude fiber. They may possibly form a part of an economical ration for dairy cows, although in general the demand for them for horse feeding is so great that the price is nearly always out of proportion to the amount of digestible matter contained.

Additional Local.

Subject at the Christian church next Sunday morning, "Creation;" evening, "The Flood." These are the first of a series of twelve sermons by Rev. Handsaker on "A Journey Through the Bible." There will be special music by the choir in the morning and at night a selection by the male chorus.

All persons living in the vicinity of Mt. View school house are requested to meet next Sunday at 2:30 p. m., for the purpose of organizing a Sunday School. At 3:30 Rev. T. S. Handsaker will preach.

Mrs. J. L. Jones and Mrs. Norton Adams left yesterday for a three days' visit at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Bey Rickard, near Philomath.

Mrs. J. Fred Yates went to Wells, yesterday, for a visit with relatives. She is to return Sunday.

Mrs. Miles Starr is confined to her bed with an attack of la grippe.

Sam Whiteside, of the City Transfer Co., is having his truck worked over and repaired, this week.

FOUND—Sunday, near Mt. View, a lady's jacket. Owner proving property and paying for this notice can secure jacket at this office. 58

Tuesday afternoon the Missionary society of the United Evangelical church met and reorganized. The following officers were elected: President, Mrs. Margaret Cummings; vice president, Mrs. H. A. Minor; secretary, Mrs. C. L. Heckart; treasurer, Mrs. D. C. Montgomery.

Earnest Wilson and family have moved from Mt. View to one of the Jessa McHenry cottages in the western part of town.

Lafe Blakeslee departed this week for Oregon City, where he will assist his father in the laundry business.

Charles Blakeslee and family are to depart Monday morning for Oregon City, to reside, Mr. Blakeslee having purchased an interest in the laundry there with D. C. Heistand, formerly of this city. The Blakeslee residence property in John addition has been purchased by Prof. Cvevl.

The subject for Sunday morning at the United Evangelical church will be, "The Last Supper;" evening, "Why I Believe the Bible to be the Word of God." Everybody welcome.

"A Great and Happy Partnership" is the subject at the Methodist church, Sunday morning. In the evening the pastor discourses on "The World's Finest Romantic Story." Two questions have been sent out to the public by Rev. G. H. Feece. They are: 1st, "What Kind of Men Should be Elected to the Office of Mayor, Chief of Police and Councilman?" 2nd, "What Should be Their Policies in Conducting the Affairs of the City Government?" It is his intention to read several answers to these next Sunday evening, sometime during the regular services.

George Cathey is expected home today from Portland, on a visit to his parents.

At a meeting of the Corvallis city council, Wednesday evening, A. C. White, R. H. Colbert and Joseph Yates were appointed judges of election, and S. L. Henderson and C. A. Gould, clerks.

Mr. and Mrs. D. C. Montgomery left yesterday morning for a week's visit with friends up the Columbia.

Mrs. C. T. Hard and children went to Portland, yesterday, for a week's visit with relatives.

Sunday services in the Congregational church will be as follows: 10 a. m., Sunday School; 11, preaching. Topic "The Call of God to His People;" 7 p. m., Christian Endeavor; 8, evening services, subject, "The Cost of Idleness." All made welcome.

A communication has been received by the faculty of Willamette University from Sedgwick Post, No. 10, G. A. R., of this city, requesting that on next Memorial day no athletic contests be held. It has been the custom to arrange for several events on that day. Willamette University will honor the request. Similar requests were sent to the faculty and students of the Salem High School and the Young Men's Christian Association, and they, too, will arrange dates accordingly.—Telegram.

Last night the Barnacle club held a skating party at the rink from 9:30 to 11:30, none but members of the club being allowed in the rink. The band was also present to add to the pleasure of the occasion.

W. Lair Thompson, reading clerk of the last session of the lower house of the state legislature, has been admitted to practice before the United States circuit and district courts. Mr. Thompson lives at Albany, but it is said that he will remove to southeastern Oregon soon, where he will practice law.—Portland Journal.

Dr. Turney and wife, of South Dakota, passed through Corvallis, yesterday, en route to the "slets," where the latter will visit her mother, Mrs. C. G. Copeland.

A number of men are engaged in tearing out the front of the old building on Main street formerly occupied by Henkle & Davis, preparatory to putting in a new and modern front for the Bell telephone company's headquarters.

Jesse Moses, the Philomath merchant, was a Corvallis visitor, yesterday.