

OREGON STATE ITEMS OF INTEREST

PROJECT HELD UP.

Land Opening by Deschutes Irrigation Company Must Wait.

Salem—After listening to an extended argument by C. E. S. Wood, representing A. M. Drake, of Bend, the desert land board decided to hold up the application of the Deschutes Irrigation & Power company for the opening to sale of 2,320 acres of land, embraced in its latest Carey act project on the Deschutes until the board can find time personally to inspect the project at its forthcoming visit to Eastern Oregon, within a month.

Wood made an exhaustive argument, charging that the Deschutes Irrigation & Power company is not complying with the plans and specifications for the reclamation of the arid lands under its Carey land contracts with the state; that it is wrongfully diverting the water taken from the Deschutes for the reclamation of one segregation for the temporary reclamation of lands listed under another contract so it can place the land on the market; that the company is heavily burdened with financial difficulties and has mortgaged the settlers' rights to cover its deficiencies; that it can never insure the settler a perpetual water right under the circumstances which now exist and are in prospect; and charging the desert land board with open violation of its obligations to the state and the settler under the provisions of the Carey act and the irrigation laws of the state in granting the irrigation company increases of lien and other privileges.

DALLAS-SALEM ROAD.

Good Progress Being Made in Construction Work on New Line.

Dallas—The Salem, Falls City & Western railway company will have completed the work of tracklaying on its new line from Dallas to Salem by the middle of August, and regular freight and passenger service will be established within a month from that time.

The grading work is practically completed, having been carried to within two miles of the West Salem terminal. Steel has been laid as far as the Pierce Riggs farm near Eola, a distance of about nine miles from Dallas. Only about six miles of track remain to be laid.

The new track contains few bridges, the most important being the Brunk bridge over the Rickreall river at Eola. No bridge will be built across the Willamette river, the road terminating on the Polk county side, in West Salem. Communication with the Marion county side will be carried on by means of a launch service, which has already been established.

The company will install for its passenger service on the new line, one of the new gasoline cars similar to those which the Southern Pacific plans to put in use on some of its Oregon lines.

Chautauqua Grounds Improved.

Oregon City—The work of improvement of the Chautauqua grounds at Gladstone is being pushed. Fourteen hundred feet of fence is being built on the front side of the park. A good pump and an adequate water system are being installed. The Ladies' aid, of the Christian church of Gladstone will have charge of the restaurant on the grounds. Rev. W. H. Sellick, pastor of the First Methodist Episcopal church of Salem, will respond to Congressman Hawley's address of welcome.

Ashland Wants Mountain.

Ashland—The Ashland Commercial club will petition Governor Benson's recently appointed state board of geographers to change the name of Ashland butte, the source of Ashland's water supply and one of the chief scenic attractions of this vicinity, from Siskiyou peak, which is said to have been applied to it by some of the government publications, to Mount Ashland. A resolution to this effect was passed at a recent meeting of the club.

Open Land Near Burns.

Burns—The local United States land office has been notified that the Harney Valley Improvement company segregation, known as the famous Carey lands, has been canceled; and these lands, 59,000 acres of which are located close to Burns, will be opened at once to public entry. It is thought that every acre of this land will be taken in a very short time.

Six-Inch Guns Arrive.

Salem—The two big six inch guns from the battleship Oregon promised the city of Salem, have arrived and will be one of the attractions of the cherry fair. The guns will be mounted on the state house lawn after the fair. They were procured through the Oregon delegation at Washington and cost the city of Salem only the freight.

Monmouth Normal Opens.

Monmouth—The enrollment of the summer normal school is very satisfactory, there being between 80 and 100 enrolled the first day. Next week Professor L. R. Travers' course begins and from 30 to 50 additional students are expected. Prospects are for the most successful summer normal ever held at this place.

Big Prices for Farms.

Jacksonville—William Stewart this week sold to some Wisconsin parties his 170 acre farm and orchard two miles north of Jacksonville for \$85,000, an average of \$500 per acre. Another tract of 218 acres near the Stewart farm was sold this week for \$80,000.

BIG COLONIZATION SCHEME.

Vast Tract in Northern Morrow to Be Cut into Small Tracts.

Pendleton—More than 18,000 acres of wheat land in the northern part of Morrow county are to be colonized by thrifty German and Hungarian families, according to J. G. Crawford, of Heppner.

He says that the J. E. Woolery estate, consisting of this acreage of practically level land, has been taken over by a Portland real estate firm, which has already made arrangements to put 1,000 families on the tract, and that the colonization will be complete by fall.

This is probably the largest tract of farming land in Morrow county and offers an ideal opportunity for a colonization scheme of this kind.

It is said that the heads of many of these families are men of means and that the immigrants will prove a valuable addition to the county.

Mr. Crawford is also authority for the statement that the crops of Morrow county are to be much better this season than was expected a few weeks ago. Then it was considered that a total failure was inevitable, but now it is believed almost an average crop will be harvested.

The unusual season of cool weather which has prevailed over Eastern Oregon this spring and summer has turned out to be a blessing for the farmers, for with the customary amount of hot weather this season's crops would have been burned up, as the precipitation has been practically nothing.

Fine Imposed on Road.

Salem—Attorney General Crawford has commenced action against the Corvallis & Eastern railroad for the collection of the penalty for the alleged failure of the railroad company to comply with the railroad commission act. Some time ago the commission, after an investigation of a complaint of inadequate depot facilities at Lyons, ordered the railroad company to build a new depot. The company hauled in a couple of old freight cars and rigged them up as an evasion of the law, and the attorney general was requested to commence action to collect the fine of \$10,000 provided by the law.

Huge Private Water Project.

Prineville—County Surveyor Fred A. Rice has just completed the survey of a private irrigation project on the Ochooc east of this place. It will be one of the largest private irrigation projects in the county. The lands effected are owned by T. H. Lafollette, E. T. Slayton and J. S. Watkins, the entire acreage comprising more than 2,000 acres. The canal will hold 1,200 inches of water and will be six miles long. The cost will be about \$5,000. Construction work will begin as soon as the plats of the survey are approved by the state desert land board.

Two Plants in Prospect.

Milwaukie—At an adjourned meeting of the Milwaukie council a 20 year franchise was granted J. L. Johnson & Co. to construct and operate a water works plant east of the Southern Pacific railroad. The ordinance granting the franchise was passed as drawn up without amendment. It obligates the company to provide water free for fire protection. The plant is under construction. Milwaukie will then have two water companies.

PORTLAND MARKETS.

Wheat—Bluestem milling, \$1.30; club, \$1.18@1.20; valley, \$1.17.

Corn—Whole, \$35 per ton; cracked, \$36 per ton.

Oats—No. 1 white, \$41 per ton.

Hay—Timothy, Willamette valley, \$17@20 per ton; Eastern Oregon, \$20@23; mixed, \$16@20.

Fruits—Apples, \$1@2.50 per box; strawberries, \$1.50@2 per crate; cherries, \$3@7c per pound; gooseberries, 4@5c per pound; currants, 8c per pound; loganberries, \$1.25@2 per crate; raspberries, \$2@2.25 per crate.

Potatoes—\$1@1.50 per hundred.

Vegetables—Asparagus, 75@90c per dozen; lettuce, head, 25c; onions, 12@15c; peas, 3@4c per pound; radishes, 15c per dozen; rhubarb, 3@3.5c per pound.

Butter—City creamery, extras, 26.5c per pound; fancy outside creamery, 25@26.5c; store, 18c. Butter fat prices average 1.5c per pound under regular butter prices.

Eggs—Oregon ranch, candled, 23.5c @24c per dozen.

Poultry—Hens, 12@12.5c per pound; springs, 16.5@17c; roosters, 8@9c; ducks, young, 12@13c; geese, young, 9@10c; turkeys, 18c; squabs, \$2@2.25 per dozen.

Pork—Fancy, 10c per pound.

Veal—Extras, 8@8.5c per pound; ordinary, 7c; heavy, 6c.

Hops—1909 contracts, 15c per pound; 1908 crop, 11c; 1907 crop, 6c; 1906 crop, 3c.

Wool—Eastern Oregon, 16@23c per pound; valley, fine, 23c; coarse, 21.5c; mohair, choice, 24@25c.

Cattle—Steers, top, \$4.50@4.60; fair to good, \$4.25@4.40; common, \$4@4.15; cows, top, \$3.50@3.65; fair to good, \$3.25@3.50; common, to medium, \$2.75@3; calves, top, \$5@5.50; heavy, \$3.50@4; bulls and stags, \$2.75@3.25; common, \$2@2.50.

Hogs—Best, \$8@8.15; fair to good, \$7.50@7.75; stockers, \$6@6.50; China fats, \$6.75@7.

Sheep—Top wethers, \$4; fair to good, \$3.50@3.75; ewes, 5c less on all grades; yearlings, best, \$4.15; fair to good, \$3.75@4; spring lambs, \$4.75@5.25.

RAISES ITS PRICES.

Beef Trust Says Cattle Are Scarce and Corn High.

New York, July 5.—The beef trust has again ordered the price of its product raised. Fourteen cents a pound for pot roast to 23 cents for porterhouse and sirloin steaks is the price. Thirty cents will be demanded for the latter cuts in a few days, while average beef will cost the dealer 10.5 cents a pound, as against the hitherto prevailing price of 10 cents.

The high price of corn and the scarcity of cattle are the reasons assigned by the trust for the increase in prices. As to why cattle should be any scarcer now than at any other time no answer is forthcoming.

Retail butchers explain that the working people are too poor to buy beef; that there is a lessening in the demand and consequently a raising in the price. It is pointed out that Pattee's corner in wheat has increased the demand for corn as an article of human consumption, and that therefore the price of that grain has so increased that it is no longer profitable to raise corn-fed cattle.

The officers of the beef trust in the East are very reticent in discussing the condition of the beef market. When an expression of opinion was sought from the representatives of the trust, such as Armour's and Swift's, the inquirer was referred from one official to another. Finally a vague statement was made to the effect that the market was normal and that existing prices were due to natural trade conditions.

BODIES IN RUINS.

Work Suspended at Messina on Account of Hot Weather.

Rome, July 5.—Thousands of bodies of the victims of the December earthquake that devastated Messina are still in the ruins of that city and will not be dug out to receive burial until winter. In an effort to convince King Victor that it is doing every possible thing toward the ends desired in Messina, the Interior department today submitted its first comprehensive report. It is understood tonight that the king, though not doubting the honesty of the officials, was angry that there had been so much delay, and had demanded speedier work.

In reply to the accusation that no excavation had been made in the ruins, the Interior department declares it has been found necessary to suspend all work of this nature during the warm weather. Up to that time 39,000 bodies had been recovered. An average of 300 bodies were removed daily in April and 900 bodies were awaiting burial for lack of grave diggers.

GOLD ORE AS BALLAST.

Santa Fe Road Bed Rich in Precious Metal.

Chicago, July 5.—Officials of the Santa Fe road are inclined to believe that through the accidental discovery of gold and copper in the ballast used on the Belgen cut-off a new rich mining district will be developed in the Manzano mountains in Torrance county, New Mexico.

A fact that adds romantic interest to the gold discovery is that the region is adjacent to the deserted city, which is supposed to have been Spanish and which is known as Gran Quivira. There are legendary stories of old Spanish mines which are supposed to have been productive hundreds of years ago, but which were abandoned. Now that gold has been discovered in the region these stories are being revived and many are flocking into the mountains and are staking out claims everywhere.

The discovery of gold is largely due to one of the engineers of the company, who is located at the general offices in Chicago. Not along ago this engineer was walking track between Belen and Willard and while in a deep cut he picked up a chunk of ballast which had a chemical stain upon it. The stone was brought to Chicago, and it was found to be highly infused with gold. Some of the ballast which was being used on the Belgen cut-off was then sent for and was found to assay about \$3 worth of gold to the ton.

Four Killed in Cyclone.

Winnipeg, Man., July 5.—Reports received tonight from Southern Saskatchewan show that four persons were killed and more than 50 hurt, and that immense damage was done by the cyclone which swept that district late last night and early this morning. In the Gainsboro district three persons were killed and nearly 50 injured, while a child was killed near Carrievale. The cyclone struck first at Redvers, turned south toward Carrievale and Gainsboro, and then went east to Pearson, Manitoba.

Educator Says Nothing is Right.

Denver, July 5.—Charging that the whole present day school system is radically wrong and that American homes and society are directly responsible for elements in the schools which corrupt morals and make for crime and criminals, J. C. McNeill, superintendent of schools at Memphis, Saturday dropped a bomb into the camp of the National Educational association's convention at the council meeting preparatory to the opening of the convention.

Trust in No Danger.

New York, July 5.—There is little probability that there will be any prosecution of the sugar trust until August, when United States District Attorney Wise, who sailed Saturday for Europe, returns to New York. The failure of the Federal grand jury to file indictments in its investigation of the American Sugar Refining company adds to this impression.

The Main Chance

BY Meredith Nicholson



HIS is an honest, straightforward picture of the life of to-day in a wide awake western town. It gives the reader a pleasant impression of a type of people and a phase of life well worth a closer acquaintance.

It is a crisp, forceful delineation of the career of William Parker, a prosperous banker and promoter, whose beautiful daughter, Evelyn, is the heroine of the story. John Saxton, an enterprising Bostonian, is sent west to close up some ranch and other investments for a Massachusetts trust company. This brings him in contact with varied types of humanity all of whom play an interesting part in a plot involving the manipulation of a traction line, the kidnaping of the banker's child and other events which go to make up an intensely graphic narrative.

THE MAIN CHANCE is a romance of youth, of love, and of success honestly won. It is buoyant, yet full of pathos, wholesome humor, convincing realism, admirable diction and bright sayings. Added to this is a rare, common sense touch that shows the practical side of real western life.

CHAPTER I.

"Well, sir, they say I'm crooked!"

William Porter, tipped back his swivel chair and watched the effect of his declaration on the young man who sat talking to him.

"That's said of every successful man nowadays, isn't it?" asked John Saxton. "They say I'm crooked," repeated Porter, with a narrowing of the eyes, "but they don't say it very loud, and I guess they don't any of them want to have to prove it. I'm afraid those Boston friends of yours have given us up as a bad lot, and they've sent you out here to get their money, and I don't blame them. Well, sir; that money's got to come out in time, but it's going to take time and money to get it."

"I believe they sent me because I had plenty of time," said Saxton, smiling.

"Well, we want to see you win out," returned Porter. "And now what can I do to stiff you off? I warn you solemnly against the hotels in this town; but we've got a fairly decent club up here, and you'd better stay there till you get acquainted. Just look over the papers till I get rid of these letters and I'll be free."

Porter turned to his desk. There was an air of great alertness in his small, lean figure as he pushed buttons to summon various members of the clerical force and rapidly dictated terse telegrams and letters to a stenographer. Saxton was impressed by the banker's perfect confidence and ease.

John Saxton had been sent to Clarkson by the Neponset Trust Company of Boston to represent the interests of a group of clients who had made rash investments in several of the Trans-Missouri States. Foreclosure had, in many instances, resulted in the transfer to themselves of much town and ranch property which was, in the conditions existing in the early '90s, an exceedingly stow asset. It was necessary that some one on the ground should care for these interests. The Clarkson National Bank had been exercising a general supervision, but, as one of the investors told his fellow sufferers in Boston, they should have an agent whom they could call home and abuse, and here was Saxton, a conscientious and steady fellow, who had some knowledge of the country, and who, moreover, needed something to do. Saxton's acquaintance with the West had been gained by a bitter experience of ranching in Wyoming. A blizzard had destroyed his cattle, and the subsequent depression in land values in the neighborhood of his ranch had left him encumbered with a property for which there was no market. His friends had been correct in the assumption that he needed employment, and he was, moreover, glad of the chance to get away from home, where the impression was making headway that he had failed at something in the vague, non-interest-paying West.

"Now," said Porter, presently, scrutinizing a telegram carefully before signing it, "I'll take you up to the office we've been keeping for your people, and show you what it looks like."

The room proved to be a small one at the top of the building. On the ground-floor door was inscribed "The Interstate Irrigation Company." The room con-

tained a safe, a flat-top desk and a few chairs. Several maps hung on the wall, engineers' charts of ranch lands and irrigation ditches.

"It ain't pretty," said Porter, critically, "but if you don't like it you can move when you get ready. The bank is your landlord, and we don't charge you much for it. You've doubtless got your inventory of stuff with you, and here in the safe you'll find the accounts of these companies, copies of public records relating to them, and so on. You're going up against a pretty tough proposition, young man. You'll hear a hard luck story wherever you go out here just now; people who owe your friends money will be mighty sorry they can't pay. Many of the ranch lands your people own will be worth something after a while. That Colorado irrigation scheme ought to pan out in time, and I believe it will; but you've got to nurse all these things. Make your principals let you alone. Those fellows get in a hurry at the wrong time—that's my experience with Eastern investors. Tell them to go to Europe—get rid of them for a while, and make them give you a chance to work for them. They're not the only pebbles. I'll send the combination of the safe up by the boy, and you can get a bird's-eye view of the situation before lunch. Mr. Wheaton, our cashier, is away to-day, but he's familiar with these matters and will be glad to help you when he gets home. When you get stuck call on us. And drop down about 12:30 and go up to the club for lunch. Take it easy; you can't do it all in one day."

"I hope I shan't be a nuisance to you," said the younger man. "I'm going to fight it out on the best lines I know how—if it takes several summers."

"Well, it'll take them all right," said Porter, sentimentally.

Left to himself Saxton examined his new quarters, found a feather duster hanging in a corner and brushed the rick from the scanty furniture. This done he sat down by the open window, through which the breeze came cool out of the great valley; and here he could see, far over the roofs and spires of the town, the bluffs that marked the broad bed of the tawny Missouri. He was not as buoyant as his last words to the banker implied. Here he was, he reflected, a man of good education, as such things go, who had lost his patrimony in a single venture. He had been sent, partly out of compassion, he felt, to take charge of investments that were admitted to be almost hopelessly bad. The salary promised would provide for him comfortably, and that was about all; anything further would depend upon himself, the secretary of the Neponset Trust Company had told him; it would, he felt, depend much more particularly on the making over by benign powers of the considerable part of the earth's surface in which his principals' money lay hidden. As his eyes wandered to one of the office walls, the black train of a great transcontinental railroad caught and held his attention. On one of its northern prongs lay the region of his first defeat.

"Three years of life are up there," he meditated, "and all my good dollars are scattered along the right of way." Many things came back to him vividly—how the wind used to howl around the little ranch house, and how he rode through the snow among his dying cattle in the great storm that had been his undoing. With his eyes still resting on the map, he recalled to his early school days and to his four years at Harvard. There was a burden of heartache in these recollections. None of the professions had appealed to him, and he had not heeded his father's wish that he enter the law. The elder Saxton, who was himself a lawyer of moderate success, died before John's graduation; he had lost his mother in his youth, and his only remaining relative was a sister who married before he left college.

A review of these brief and discouraging annals did not hearten him; but he fell back upon the better mood with which he had begun the morning; he had a new chance, and he proposed to make the best of it. He put aside his coat and hat, and opened his desk. The banker had sent up the combination of the safe and Saxton began inspecting its contents and putting his office in order.

The books and papers began to interest him, and he was soon classifying the properties that had fallen to his care. He was so deeply occupied that he did not mark the flight of time and was surprised when a boy came with a message from Porter that he was ready to go to luncheon.

"You mustn't overdo the thing, young man," said the banker, amiably, as he closed his desk. "Don't you adopt our Western method of working all the hours there are. I do it now because my neighbors and customers would talk about me if I didn't, and say that I had lost my grip in my old age."

The Clarkson Club stood at the edge of the commercial district, and its brick walls rose hot and staring in the July sun as Porter and Saxton approached.

"Here we are," said Porter, leading the way into the wide hall. "We'll arrange about your business relations later. There's a very bad lunch ready upstairs, and we'll go against that first."

There were only a few men in the dining-room, seated at a round table. Porter exchanged salutations with them as he passed on to a small table at the end of the room. Those who were of his own age called Porter, "Billy," and he included them all in the careless nod of old acquaintance.

They went for the table for an inspection of the club, and arranged with the clerk in the office for a room on the third floor. They stopped in the lounge room, where the men from the round table were now talking or looking at newspapers. Porter introduced Saxton to all of them. Several of the men who shook hands with Saxton were railroad officials, but nearly every line of business was represented.

"If you're going with me," said Porter, "you'd better get a move on you." The whole group went out together, Porter leaving Saxton to the others, with that confidence in human friendliness which is peculiar to the social intercourse of men. They made him feel their honest wish to consider him one of themselves, making a point of saying to him, as they dropped out one by one, that they hoped to see him often. Porter led the way back down Varney street, carrying his hat in his hand. He said at the bank door: "Now you make them give you what you want at the club. I've got a house up here on Varney street—come up for dinner to-morrow night and we'll

see if we can't raise a breeze for you. It's hotter than Suez here, and you'd better take my advice about starting in slow."

He went into the bank and Saxton took the elevator for his own office.

CHAPTER II.

Saxton was not over-sensitive, but the stiffness and hardness of the club house were not without their disagreeable impression on him as he sat at dinner toward the close of his first day in Clarkson. Two of the men to whom Porter had introduced him at noon proved to be fellow lodgers, and they exchanged greetings with him from the table where they sat together. They unobtrusively read their evening papers as they ate, and left before he finished. He was watching the fading colors of a brilliant sunset when a young man appeared at the door, and after a brief inspection of Saxton's back walked over to him.

"Aren't you Mr. Saxton? I thought you must be he. My name is Raridan. Don't let me break in on your meditations," he added, taking the chair which the waiter drew out for him. "I met Mr. Porter a while ago, and he adjured me to be good to you. I don't know whether this is obeying orders"—he broke off in a laugh—"that depends on the point of view."

"You are guilty of a very Christian act," Saxton said. "I was just wondering whether, after the sun had gone down behind that ridge over there, the world would still be going round."

"The world never stops entirely here," returned Raridan, "but the motion sometimes gets very slow. Mr. Porter tells me that you're to be one of us. Let me congratulate you—and you!"

Warwick Raridan was, socially speaking, the most available man in the Clarkson Blue Book. He was a graduate in law who did not practice, for he had, unfortunately, been left alone in the world at 26, with an income that seemed wholly adequate for his immediate or future needs. He maintained an office, which was fairly well equipped with the literature of his profession, but this was merely to take away the reproach of his busier fellow citizens. Raridan's office was the rendezvous for a variety of committees to which he was appointed by such unrelated bodies as the Clarkson Dramatic Club and the Diocesan Board of Missions of the Episcopal Church. He appeared every Sunday at the cathedral, which was the fashionable church in Clarkson, where he passed the plate for the alms and oblations of the well-dressed congregation.

He was capable of quixotism of the most whimsical sort. He had, for a year, taken his meals at a cheap boarding house in order that he might maintain two Indian boys in school. He was not at all aggrieved when, at the end of the first year, they ran away and resumed tribal relations with their brethren. He chafed himself about it to his friends.

It was not enough to say that Warrick Raridan could lead a german or tie an Ascot tie better than any other man on the Missouri River; for he was also the best informed man in that same strenuous valley concerning the traditions of the English stage, and was a fairly good actor himself, as amateurs go. He had a slight literary gift, which he cultivated for his own amusement. His humor was fine and keen, and he occasionally wrote screeds for the local papers, or mailed pleasant jingles to his intimate friends.

"I'll wager that if you stay here a year you'll never leave," said Raridan, as they went downstairs together. "I've been about a good deal, and know that we who live here miss a lot of comfort and amusement which go as a matter of course in older communities about things out here that I like, and I believe most men who strike it early enough like it, and are lonesome for it; if they go away."

"I think I understand how you feel about it," said Saxton. "There were times in Wyoming when Western life seemed pretty arid, but when I went back to Boston I was homesick for Cheyenne."

(To be continued.)

MODERN UNDERTAKING.

Methods That Have Greatly Simplified the Caring for the Dead.

Modern methods of undertaking now call for the highest possible skill in embalming and arranging every detail of burial.

From the old methods of placing a body on ice, with its attendant insanitary conditions, the undertaker has reached a high point of perfection in embalming, the New York Sun says, but not content with the advanced methods experiments are now under way which will, it is contended, make it unnecessary even to make any incision in a body when the embalming process is being performed.

One of the most advanced undertakers in this country says that within the next five years it will be possible to embalm by placing the body in an airtight chamber and by subjecting it to a pressure of the gases of certain embalming materials to perform the work which is now done by injecting fluids into the veins.

Several firms in New York and other large cities have done much to relieve families of the very troublesome work which follows death in small houses, boarding houses or hotels by fitting up chapels where bodies are taken until ready for burial. Embalming is done in the establishment, burial clothes are furnished and watchers if required.

These firms also have clergymen to perform services, lawyers to attend to wills or insurance papers.

Frying Eggs.

The most disagreeable part of frying eggs is the sputtering and flying of the hot fat. This may be avoided by sifting a little flour in the pan before adding the eggs. This you will find to work like a charm and especially will the difference be noticed where there is a large family to supply.

The State of New Jersey has imported five stallions from Great Britain to enable its farmers to produce a higher type of horses.