

Local Market Report

Wheat per bushel	\$ 1.25
Oats " "	.45
Bran per ton	28.00
Wheat chop per ton	41.00
Oat chop " "	28.00
Barley Chop " "	30.00
Flour per sack	1.80
Eggs per dozen	.36
Butter per pound	.35
Chickens, hens per lb	.11
" " spring " "	.12
" " roosters " "	.07
Turkeys " "	.17
Geese " "	.09
Ducks " "	.10
Beef " "	.06
Veal " "	.74
Hogs, live per hundred lb	8.00
Hogs, dressed " "	9.00
Mutton " "	8.00

Federated Church

SCIO, OREGON
Sunday School 10 a. m.
Preaching 11 a. m.
Christian Endeavor 6:30 to 7:30 p.m.
Song Service 7:30 to 8:00 p.m.
Prayer Meeting, Thursday 7:30 p.m.
Brother Meikeljohn, Leader.

H. B. Iler, Pastor.

Dr. T. K. Sanderson

DENTIST

Phone 27-7

SCIO - - - OREGON

H. C. ROLOFF

AUCTIONEER

WATERLOO - - - OREGON

R. F. D. No. 1 Phone 12x Sweet Home

Sale dates arranged for at The Scio
Tribune Office, Scio, Ore.

NOTICE

We have cheap Eastern money
to loan on improved farms at
low rates, interest payable
annually and prepayment
privileges. Why not improve
your farm with some new
buildings, or a new barn or
buy that adjoining 40 acres?
We furnish the money.

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LEBANON OREGON



You May Pay Less

BUT YOU WILL NOT GET WORK
THAT IS SO GOOD AS WE DO

You May Pay More

BUT YOU WILL NOT GET WORK
THAT'S ANY BETTER IF AS GOOD

These statements refer to Job and
Book Printing. ¶ Our facilities are
complete. ¶ We use only the best of
material, and our prices are right for
first class work. We do no other kind.
¶ We always satisfy our customers.

THE SCIO TRIBUNE

The Chase of
An Aeroplane

And What Resulted
Therefrom.

By AGNES G. BROGAN

When the house that had been build-
ing opposite where Madge Carlton
lived was finished, the refuse removed
and the grounds had been leveled and
sodded Madge looked upon the place
with envy. The house was as dainty
as a Swiss cottage. On the grounds
here and there were little clumps of
evergreens, while the whole was sur-
rounded by a hedge.

"I'll bet that house," said Madge to
herself, "was built by an artistic archi-
tect and the grounds were laid out by
a landscape gardener."

Madge had a taste for pretty places,
and the burden of her desires was to
be mistress of one. The house oppo-
site suited her exactly.
The next passion to covetousness
that took possession of Madge Carlton
was curiosity. Who would occupy it
when finished? Would it be an old
woman living alone, with no one to
comfort her? Would it be a middle
aged couple with many small children?
That was the womanly way of ex-
pressing it. It was not: Would he be
handsome? Would he be manly? Would
he be honorable? No; it was not any
of these alone, but all in one, and that
one was expressed in the word nice.
She hoped there would be a single
man in the new house, that he would
be nice, and on these hopes rested a
third. We shall see whether or not
this third hope was gratified.

One morning large posters decorated
the town where Madge lived announc-
ing that an exhibition would be given
by an aeronaut. Every member of
her family except Madge was on tip-
toe of excitement to see the performance.
On the morning of its occurrence she
was sitting on the porch. She was
looking at the new house opposite
which was now occupied. From it she
turned her gaze upon the throng who
passed continuously on their way to
the city pleasure grounds, where the
famous bird man was due to arrive in
his wonderful aeroplane, and to give
there his exhibition. Her own family
had gone long ago, and Madge had
shaken her head in decided refusal at
her brother's invitation to join them.

"No, thank you," she answered. "I
wouldn't walk as far as the corner on
a hot day like this to see all the aerop-
lanes in the world. This cool veranda
suits me much better."

She rocked back and forth now, en-
joying the light breeze which softly
flapped the awnings, her little bare
arms clasped high above her head. The
last footfall died away, and the shady
avenue was unusually silent, when
presently there came from out the sky
a loud humming noise as of a giant
bee. Nearer it drew—still nearer,
echoing and resounding in the stillness,
until at length, pell-mell from verandas
and doorways, people ran flocking into
the street.

"It is coming," they called to each
other; "it is coming, it is here."
Madge leaned forward excitedly.

high over the cloudless blue, with
great outstretched wings like some
monstrous bird, there rushed a dark
object. Onward it went, straight as
an arrow, never swerving from its
course, never ceasing in its mad flight
until screening trees hid it from view
of the watchers.

Wildly the crowd gave chase, hoping
to get another glimpse in the next
clearing of this wondrous, whirling
thing.

Without an instant's hesitation
Madge, who had scorned her brother's
enthusiasm, now breathlessly followed
the crowd. Over the lawn and down
the street twinkled the heels of her
little white shoes. She felt at the curb
and when a kindly hand assisted her
to rise hurried on again without a civil
"thank you." With fine disregard she
tripped lightly across the road before
the very lamps of a racing automobile.

"There it is!" said a triumphant
voice.

"Where?" she cried.

"Above the tallest tree," the voice
answered.

"I cannot see it," Madge said impa-
tiently.

A hand reached over her shoulder,
pointing upward.

"If you will look exactly where I tell
you," the owner of the hand suggested,
"you will see it."

"I do now," she replied. "It is grow-
ing smaller. It must be very high up."

"About 1,500 feet," the voice answer-
ed exultantly.

Madge gave a little cry of disap-
pointment.

"Oh, it is gone!" she said. "Can't
we see it farther on?"

The man looked around quickly.

"Tala way!" he called, and ran
swiftly up a wide, graveled path. She
started bravely in pursuit, then stood
still.

"I cannot go another step," she an-
swered wearily.

The man turned back.

"Let me help you," he said, and im-
mediately slipped his arm beneath her
own. It was a very strong arm.

Madge accepted its aid unquestioning-
ly and was conscious of a comforting
sense of protection throughout her
confusing flight. They rested at last
upon a broad expanse of lovely lawn.

"Stand just here," the man com-
manded, "and you will have an unob-
structed view."

Madge the willful meekly obeyed,
gazing in awed silence until the "ship
of the sky" had sailed far into the
distance, its thrilling engines sending
back no sound. Then with its disap-
pearance her strange excitement seem-
ed to vanish. She turned, half disap-
pointed, to look into the eyes of her com-
panion.

"Where are we?" she asked slowly.

The young man in turn regarded his
surroundings with a puzzled air.

"I don't know," he stammered. Then
his dark eyes twinkled. "Look! Is
somebody's flower garden?"

It was indeed a flower garden.
Blooming geraniums bordered the
hedge, and roses clambered riotously
up their trellises.

"We are trespassing," the girl said
severely. "You should not have
brought me here."

"Brought you?" the young man ex-
claimed reproachfully. "Why, you
were so keen on seeing that aeroplane
I just had to help you along."

Madge studied her escort with inter-
est. He had evidently started out
upon this chase as unexpectedly as
she, for he was both hatless and coat-
less. She put up her hand to smooth
her disheveled locks, flushing with
embarrassment that her sudden inter-
est in aeroplanes should have led her
into this peculiar position.

"Never mind," the young man said
kindly. "Give me permission and I
will see you safely home. The streets
will be filled with the returning crowd
at this time."

As Madge lingered irresolutely a
heavy rumbling overhead caused both
to look up in apprehension; then with-
out further warning down came a
heavy shower. Great sheets of rain
swept the garden; it blew in their
faces; it soaked their rumpled hair;
it lay in little pools across the drive-
way. The man caught her hand, draw-
ing her compellingly toward the house
in the background.

"Place seems to have been vacated
for the summer," he said as they
found shelter beneath a veranda roof.
"Otherwise you might ask for protec-
tion inside. The best thing under the
circumstances for you to do is to wait
here while I go for an umbrella."

Madge looked up at him indignantly.

"Do you think I would be as selfish
as that?" she said. "Why, you would
be drenched before you could reach the
gate."

The man smiled.

"Then we both had better stay
where we are for the present. This
shower cannot last long."

She flashed a glance at him as he
dropped easily into a seat at her side;
then, as their eyes met, her laughter
rippled merrily.

"Do you know," she said, "I think
that in some unaccountable way I
have slipped back to my childhood
days. Surely it is an unusual pre-
ceding for a grownup to go racing
about chasing a big balloon with—"

"A big boy," the man finished laugh-
ingly. He bent over her. "Let us

keep up the game for a while," he said
impulsively. "One is not often privi-
leged to return to the happy hours of
childhood. Now, when I was a kid
we became acquainted by simply ask-
ing two questions—'What is your
name, and where do you live?'"

"Very well," Madge agreed demure-
ly. "What is your name, little boy, and
where do you live?"

"My name," the young man answered
gravely, "is Thomas Westinghouse
Chalmers, generally known as Tommy,
and I live on Beechwood avenue."

The girl's eyes widened. "Why, so
do I!" she exclaimed.

"Your number?" Tommy asked ea-
gerly.

"Two hundred forty-four. And
yours?"

"We are neighbors—near neighbors,"
the young man answered delightedly.
"Mother and I moved recently into the
house directly across from yours."

"Really?" said Madge. "How very
strange that we should meet in this—
er—informal manner."

"Isn't it?" said Thomas Westinghouse
Chalmers. His eager eyes sought hers.

"It will not be our last meeting if I
can help it," he added fervently.

The sun had removed all trace of the
shower when he finally stood at the
entrance of Madge's home bidding her
a reluctant goodbye. Then as he reach-
ed the gateway he slowly retraced his
steps.

"I have a confession to make," he
began diffidently. "Please pardon a
poor, lonely sinner. You see, I knew
that you lived in this house all along.
Fact is I spend most of my time just
looking over here—and—and it was my
overwhelming desire to know you
which prompted me to deliberately fol-
low you this afternoon."

Madge looked up at him, gently ac-
cusing. Then her lips curved into an
inextinguishable little smile. "I knew that
you followed me," she replied. "I
hoped you would when I started."

And when her family returned later,
damp and weary after a tiresome wait,
because of overcrowded cars, they
found that young lady calm and serene
rocking to and fro on the veranda.

"You were wise to remain at home,
my dear," her mother said. "For gazing
at airships is but a foolish pastime."

Madge's eyes shone dreamily. "I
think it's a lovely one," she said.

How Madge made the acquaintance
of the young man who had moved into
the house opposite none of her family
could find out. The rest of it was plain
enough. He called, he sent her flowers,
he took her out to ride in his car, he
proposed to her and was accepted, but
until Madge, as his wife, entered the
place and took possession no one knew
how she had angled it and caught it
on her hook when the rest of them
were gazing skyward.

For Dipping Hogs.

This is the cement constructed hog
dipping vat recommended by the Wis-
consin experiment station. It has a
chute at either end, and there is a re-
turn drain apron at the end where the
hogs come up out of the dip. By hold-

ing them on this incline for a few
minutes a great deal of the dip is sav-
ed by running off them and into the
tank. The vat proper is sixteen inches
wide at the bottom, twenty-four inches
wide at the top and four feet deep.
It is ten feet long.

VALUE OF BORIC ACID.

Its Use as a Disinfectant and as a
Healing Remedy.

A physician writes to Farm and
Fireless saying "that the very best
disinfectant known to science does not
seem to be known to some people at
all."

"I allude to boric acid or, as some peo-
ple call it, borax acid. It is exceed-
ingly efficient, safe and economical.
It is a white powder and makes the
best dressing for wounds that modern
doctors have ever discovered."

"In using peroxide or hydrogen it is
always necessary to remember that
while it is a disinfectant it is not a
healing remedy at all, as it is acid in
reaction and stimulating rather than
healing to wounds."

"Boric acid is mild and safe in its
action, promotes rapid healing of
wounds, can be used as a dressing
powder or dissolved in water as a
cleansing solution. Boric acid in solu-
tion makes an excellent gargle for sore
mouths or a lotion for sore eyes, and
as it is not at all expensive a pound
box of it should form part of the do-
mestic supplies of every family."

"Always remember that boric acid is
nonpoisonous in any ordinary quantity
usually used, while bi-chloride of mer-
cury and carbolic acid are exceedingly
poisonous."

Scotch Consolation.

Sandy took a big bite from his apple
and began to sputter.

"I believe I swallowed a worm!" he
exclaimed.

"Well, well, mon, and what if you
did?" encouraged his Scotch friend.

"Twill put new life into ya!"—New
York Times.

GROWING ALFALFA SEED.

Home Production Feasible When Mar-
ket Prices Are Prohibitive.

Attention has been called to possibi-
lities in home production of alfalfa seed
when market prices are prohibitive for
the planting of large areas, says the
Orange Judd Farmer. Western seed
still holds the reputation for seed of
the common or taproot varieties, and
this has been augmented by failure for
more eastern sections to get seed from
these varieties. It takes a drought to
make the plants set, and ordinary
years do not usually provide a long
enough period which is hot and dry.
The spreading root varieties, such as
Grimm, however, can usually be made
to produce seed under eastern condi-
tions, and the possibilities in home pro-
duction, both for the farm and com-
mercially, hold much in promise.

In preparing the land for alfalfa seed
production the soil is handled in just
the same way as when hay is to be pro-
duced. However, the seed is planted
in rows about eight inches apart and
dropped by hand or with a hand drill,
several seeds only to the inch. At this
rate it takes one and one-half to two
pounds for an acre, and with good luck
the acre may return five bushels of
seed. The success of the seed crop is,
of course, largely dependent upon the
weather, and common varieties may
not be expected to do well unless a
good drought stunts the plant growth
enough to throw the plant energy into
seed production.

An example of successful production
of alfalfa seed is found on the farm of
Lewis A. Morgan in Seneca county,
N. Y. In accordance with a campaign
conducted by the Lehigh Valley rail-
road in 1913 to encourage alfalfa pro-
duction Mr. Morgan planted one pound
of Grimm seed on an acre. The cut-
ting gave him five bushels, which was
enough for the land he wished to put
into alfalfa for hay, and also gave him
an opportunity to sell a little of the
seed at \$36 a bushel.

CORNSTALK DISEASES.

Rotation of Corn Advocated by Iowa
Experiment Station.

Diseases of cornstalks and roots cost
Iowa millions annually. That is the re-
ason the Iowa experiment station recent-
ly published a bulletin on cornstalks
and corn root disease. The station dis-
covered a new disease which is char-
acterized by falling of corn where the
stalks were broken close to the joints.
Such plants contained only small ears
or they were barren. When a farmer's
attention was called to this condition
the statement was usually made that
the stalks were blown over by the
wind or that the trouble was caused by
the corn root louse or corn root worm.

The disease attacks roots, stalks and
the ears. It has not been determined
whether all of these diseases are
caused by the same organism or not.
In many fields the corn was broken off
just below or above the joint. The
pith or soft material in the cornstalks
was destroyed and was brownish or in
some cases reddish in color. The fibers
were soft and easily broken off. The
station discovered three kinds of
molds attacking the kernels, husks and
cobs.

The only rational treatment is rota-
tion of corn. Corn should never follow
corn where this disease exists, since
the fungus remains where the corn is
planted in the same field the next year.
Young plants will become infected. It
is a wise plan to treat corn with formu-
lin at the rate of one pint to forty-five
gallons of water for fifteen minutes.

The Iowa station received numerous
complaints last year in regard to a
disease in cattle which goes under the
name of cornstalk disease, or forage
poisoning. It was so severe that some
veterinarians advised not to feed corn-
stalks. While it is not known that the
fungus here described is connected
with this disease in cattle, due to feed-
ing on moldy corn and fodder, there
are good grounds for believing that
these molds are toxic.

Old Boiler Standpipes.

Old boilers can be found in most ev-
ery junk yard and can be obtained at
a very reasonable price. One farmer
bought an old boiler of a nearby city
council, transported it to his farm and
set it up on a concrete base. He uses
it for a water supply tank, which gives
him water under pressure in all de-
partments of the farm.

He took all the old tubes out of the
old boiler and sold them for junk,
which paid him for hauling the outfit
to his farm. The old boiler was given a
coat of white paint inside and out.
During the cold winter months this
farmer used the water from freez-
ing tanks to grow around it.—Farm
Products.

Bamboo Opals.

Bamboo opals are peculiar gems
which are sometimes found in the
stem of the bamboo. This gem is
very rare from the fact that not one
in a thousand bamboo stems con-
tains it. These vegetable growths
are called tobacco by the Filipi-
nos. Some of them are so similar—
that is, they exhibit so perfectly the
characteristics of the opal—that
even experts frequently fail to dis-
tinguish them from the real gem.