

**FOR THE CHILDREN**

**FOR THE HOUSEWIFE**

**THE LONE APPLE TREE**

Those on the lone tree are white there will be a curious mixture. One summer morning Gretchen was passing the lone apple tree and stopped to look at the fruit. While doing so a man came and, leaning on the fence, began to talk with her. He had a very restless eye and was constantly changing his position. He asked her a number of questions pertaining to locality and finally began to talk about the tree.

**One Old Ox.**

This is a game of memory in which you pay forfeits for mistakes and also for laughing. The players sit in a circle. One begins by saying solemnly, "One old ox opening oysters." Everybody repeats this in turn. Then she begins again, "One old ox opening oysters; two tired turtles trotting to Trenton." This goes round the circle. The next repetition is, "One old ox opening oysters; two tired turtles trotting to Trenton; three tame tigers taking tea." This is repeated by each one, always beginning at "One old ox," adding a new alliteration each time. Some examples are given, but it is more fun to make them up as you go along:

- "Four fat friars fishing for frogs."
- "Five fairies fighting furious fire-flies."
- "Six soldiers shooting snipe."
- "Seven salmon sailing southward."
- "Eight elegant engineers eating eggs."
- "Nine nimble noblemen nibbling nuts."
- "Ten tinklers tentatively tolling."
- "Eleven earnest emigrants eating early complaints."
- "Twelve terrible talebearers telling truths."

**The Signalman.**

This is a game calculated to break any stiffness in a party and is much enjoyed by children, even some of larger growth. Place a row of chairs two less in number than the players. For example, if there are ten players put eight chairs. The players then take hold of each other's dress or coat so as to make a chain. One stands blindfolded, with a stick in her hand, and sings: "Take your seat as soon as you can. When you're called by the signalman. The others walk solemnly round the table till the leader gives three quick taps with her stick on the floor, when each one endeavors to get a chair. Two, of course, left out, the blind one and another, who becomes signalman, a former signalman joining the line. These resume their walk and catch for the next signal. Each time the first a chair is removed, and one who are left without one are out of the game" except the one made prisoner. The one to capture the chair wins the game.

**A Pencil Tract.**

How would you feel if you were a self-sufficient, conscientious pencil? Somebody was writing with you? You were rather a fussy pencil that had always belonged to a particular old gentleman, who knew all the spelling and punctuation, and would be bent you to his grand-uncle and she made you write all the ridiculous things, with queer illog. Wouldn't it make you shudder? Maybe that is why slate pencils look so dreadfully. They are almost always used by children, and, of course, children don't know how to use and spell properly, so the poor, conscientious pencils have a terrible time. So this is a plea to you, then, to be humane to your pencils, not show them into stubby points, but make them spell badly, and make them write such ridiculous things as this.—Chicago News.

**The Stone Tree.**

There is a tree which grows in Mexico called the "chijol," or stone tree, of enormous proportions, both in substance and height. It has a few branches spreading out and carrying leaves of a yellow-green color. The wood is extremely hard and easily worked in a state. It is not given to either splitting or splitting. The wonderful about it is that after being cut wood gets gradually harder, and in course of a few years it is as hard as iron, whether left in the air or buried in the ground. From timber houses can be built that in a few years become completely impregnable and would last as long as the world.

**Do Good Work or None.**

As we learn a trade, my boy, is a good thing. It is better than having a large premium. But to get a premium the trade must be done in a plated silver affair. When you learn a trade do so with the intention to win, to be at the head of the class, to depend upon yourself and holding it. Make up your mind what you will be, and be it. Stand around, but hold your own down and labor for the gold. Determine in your mind to be a workman or let the job out—San Diego.

**Child Heroes.**

Twenty-seven of the 125 Carnegie heroes were seventeen years old or less. Fifteen of them were from 1 to fifteen years of age. In all but one of the twenty-seven cases the child had been heroism was the result of a person from drowning.

**Yule, Merry and Tommy.**

YULE. I think I'll be merry and true. TOMMY. I think I'll be merry and true. YULE. I think I'll be merry and true. TOMMY. I think I'll be merry and true.

**MERRY.**

I think I'll be merry and true. I think I'll be merry and true. I think I'll be merry and true.

**TOMMY.**

I think I'll be merry and true. I think I'll be merry and true. I think I'll be merry and true.

—Chicago News.

**Bean Croquettes.**

Boil two cupsful of white beans that have been soaked in cold water overnight. Add one sliced onion and cook until beans and onion are tender. Pass through a sieve and season with a heaping tablespoonful of butter, melted; two eggs well beaten, salt, pepper and minced parsley. If necessary moisten the mixture with gravy or hot water flavored with beef extract. Mold into croquettes, roll in egg and bread-crumbs and fry in deep hot fat. Serve with tomato sauce.

**Nut Corn Balls.**

Pop enough corn to half fill a bread pan when sorted and all hard corn discarded. Add a generous cupful of nut meats. Pour over the corn a candy made of three cupsful of molasses, one scant cupful of sugar, one tablespoonful of vinegar and butter the size of an egg. Boil till it hardens in water. After pouring the molasses mixture over the corn and nuts work all together thoroughly with a strong iron spoon. Dip your hands in cold water and make the corn balls before the candy cools.

**Lardered Calf's Liver.**

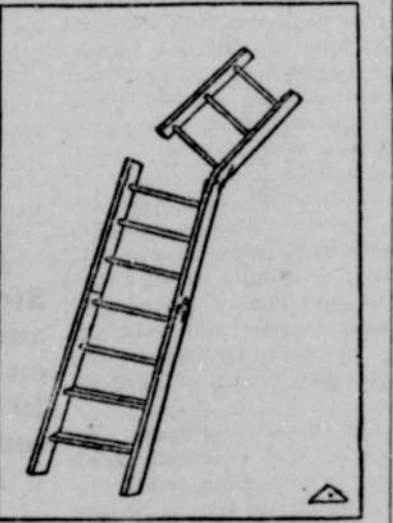
Clean the liver well; then with a sharp knife make incisions clear through it an inch apart. Into these put strips of fat salt pork. Put a tablespoon of minced onion, some parsley, a dash of pepper and one-half cup of strained tomato juice in a pot. Lay the liver in, sprinkle with salt and onion, cover and set on range where it will not boil under an hour. Gradually increase the heat. In two hours remove from the pot, thicken the gravy and pour over the liver.

**Steamed Cabbage.**

Cut cabbage the same as for sauerkraut. Add three slices of fat bacon cut up in small pieces. Fry out until brown. Put cabbage and bacon in frying pan, add one-fourth of a cupful of vinegar, cover with water and season with salt and pepper to taste. Cover closely in frying pan and steam moderately for two hours.

**A Ladder In Sections.**

Not every family has a long and a short ladder about the house, and it often happens that where one of these will not suit the other will. A Canadian has invented a ladder that answers both purposes and when folded takes up less room than even the old style small ladder. This invention consists of a ladder made in three sections.



A FOLDING LADDER.

One on the other and hinged together on one side and in the back. On the other side are pins to keep it in place when it is extended to its full length. After the top section has been bent down on one side it folds back, and when the second section is down the three fold together like a three part section.

**Boiled Salad Dressing.**

Beat together the yolks of three eggs, one teaspoonful of mixed mustard, two teaspoonfuls of salt, three tablespoonfuls of sugar and one dessertspoonful of flour. Stir these ingredients into a cup of boiling vinegar and cook in a double boiler. When thick and smooth remove from the fire and when cold set in the icebox until wanted.

**Brown Bread.**

Two even cupsful of yellow meal, one cupful of flour, two-thirds of a cupful of molasses, one teaspoonful of soda dissolved in one-third of cupful of hot water, one teaspoonful of salt and one pint of sweet milk. Add milk gradually and mix thoroughly and steam for six hours. This is a well tested New England recipe.

**Care of Windows in Winter.**

In order to keep windows free from frost apply a little glycerin on a dry duster. A brilliant polish will result. If the glycerin is rubbed on the inside of the glass just after being washed it prevents steaming. A little kerosene oil added to the water used in washing will add a polish.

**A Baking Hint.**

When creaming butter and sugar for cakes and cookies add two tablespoonfuls of boiling water, then deduct this amount from other liquid used. Beat hard with a spoon and the mixture will become a light creamy mass in one-third the time it would otherwise take.

**Fried Bananas.**

Peel ripe bananas, cut in halves, roll in eggs beaten with cold water or milk, then in flour, and fry in deep hot fat until a golden yellow. If you wish to serve them for dessert sprinkle with sugar and lemon juice; if as a vegetable sprinkle lightly with salt.

**How a Girl Discovered a Murderer by Offering Him an Apple.**

By ETHEL BOYER. (Copyright, 1910, by American Press Association.)

On Lake Thun (Thunder lake), in Switzerland, is the little town of Oberhofen, with its schloss and tiled roofed houses and quiet narrow streets running in so many diagonal directions that if the town were not very small one could never find his way from one end to the other. A short distance from Oberhofen, bordering the lake, is a little fruit farm that for generations has belonged to a family of the name of Zeltner.

About a hundred years ago there was growing up on the farm Gretchen Zeltner, one of those plump, fair, flaxen haired Swiss lasses who are attractive even to this day. And today on going to church of a Sunday the Swiss girls wear the same costumes that Gretchen then wore—a short skirt of bright colors, a black velvet bodice, with silver chains hanging the one



"WON'T YOU HAVE AN APPLE?" SHE ASKED.

end from the bosom, the other from the shoulder blade. On Gretchen's head was a dainty white muslin cap. A pretty girl in such a costume was not likely to want for lovers, nor did Gretchen, but she gave her heart to one Max Beck and had no encouragement for any other.

One day a peddler passed through Oberhofen and stopped at the Zeltner farm. Herman Zeltner, Gretchen's father, was seen to walk away from the house with the peddler in earnest conversation. They climbed up the mountain side and passed through a wood, beyond which was an open space, where grew a single apple tree. Zeltner returned to the house, but the peddler did not. Later his people, who missed him, tracked him to the Zeltner farm, but could gain no trace of him after his departure. The last person by whom he was seen was Herman Zeltner.

Naturally suspicion fell upon the farmer of having murdered the peddler, for it was known that the latter had a good deal of money on his person. Zeltner was arrested and taken before a magistrate. There were no witnesses, and he was simply questioned. He said that the peddler had told him that he had made enough money to buy a farm and was desirous of doing so. He asked Zeltner to show him over his own farm and give him some instructions as to what he would need. Zeltner had done so, and when the two reached the apple tree which marked the farthest point the farm extended up the mountain side they had stood under it for awhile, Zeltner telling the man what implements he would need and where to procure them. While talking some loose stones were detached above and came down the incline. Thinking it was some animal, they had listened, but heard nothing more. Then the peddler had gone on, having inquired the way to one of the villages higher up on the mountain side.

There being no evidence against Zeltner, he was discharged from custody; but, though he had previously borne an excellent reputation, many people believed him guilty. Unfortunately for Max and Gretchen old Carl Beck was among this number. He told his son that the Beck's had for generations borne a spotless reputation and that he would never consent that the daughter of a murderer should come into the family. This meant that the young man should give up Gretchen.

"Max," said Gretchen one day in tears, "if we could but find the murderer that would relieve father of this suspicion which is killing him." "He was grafting yesterday," said Max. "I saw him from the height above. He was at work on the lone apple tree."

"That is the only work he has done. He goes up there often, but usually to sit and brood. You know that is where he left the peddler or the peddler left him when he went away. I wish father wouldn't go there. The neighbors see him sitting under the apple tree and think he is drawn to the place where they say he killed his victim."

"What fruit did he graft on the tree?" "A branch from the red apple tree over there."

"Those on the lone tree are white there will be a curious mixture." One summer morning Gretchen was passing the lone apple tree and stopped to look at the fruit. While doing so a man came and, leaning on the fence, began to talk with her. He had a very restless eye and was constantly changing his position. He asked her a number of questions pertaining to locality and finally began to talk about the tree.

"It was here," said Gretchen, "that my father more than a year ago parted with a peddler whom he had been showing over his farm. The peddler has never been heard from since." "What became of him?" asked the man, looking away and changing his position from one foot to another.

"My father was accused of murdering him." "And was it proved against you to that?" asked the stranger. "No. There were no witnesses. My father is as innocent as you or I." Gretchen thought she saw the man's pale face grow a little paler. "And is he believed to be guilty?" "Some people think so because he comes up here at times and sits under the tree. They say that something draws a murderer back to the scene of his crime."

Gretchen saw the stranger tremble. Her mind was absorbed in her father's trouble, which also kept her and her lover apart. This made her garrulous. She kept on: "I've tried to persuade father not to come up here. But he will in spite of all I can do."

"Doesn't that look as if he were guilty?" asked the man. "No. It seems to me that he expects to meet the real murderer here. And if it's true that murderers revisit the scenes of their crimes perhaps father will find him here someday."

The man hurriedly turned to go. Gretchen noticed that the hand he moved from the fence was trembling like a leaf in the wind.

"Won't you have an apple?" she asked. "No, no, no!" Then, suddenly checking himself, he added: "Thank you, my girl. I never eat apples. They're sour and hard."

"These are not. They're sweet as July." She moved toward him, holding out one of the apples she had plucked from a lower branch of the tree.

"No, no, no!" repeated the man, staring at the apple as if there was something about it to be dreaded.

Gretchen looked at him in astonishment. Then, as if to show him that the fruit was harmless, she raised it to her mouth, took a big bite and held the exposed pulp up for him to see.

Down at the farmhouse Herman Zeltner heard a wild cry. It seemed to him that it came from the direction of the lone apple tree. Bound up the incline, in another moment he came in sight of his daughter. A man was standing on the other side of the fence holding to the top.

"Take it away!" cried the stranger. "There's blood on it! It's from his veins! It has grown up through the trunk and has got into the apples!"

Gretchen stood speechless. Suddenly her father dashed up to the stranger, leaped the fence and, grasping him by the shoulder, forced him down into a kneeling position.

"You fiend! You killed him and let me to suffer for your crime! What do you mean by blood from his veins? Where did you bury him? Under the tree?"

"Yes," gasped the man, his terror at the blood stains, as he supposed them, in the grafted apple dominating his terror at being accused of the crime.

Zeltner called for assistance, and some of his farm hands came running toward the party.

"There is the murderer," he said. "He killed the peddler and has buried him under the apple tree. Bring spades."

Spades were brought, and the body of the peddler was exhumed. His murderer refused to look on it, covering his face with his hands.

"So you took a grafted apple for blood stains, did you?" cried Zeltner, white with rage. "Thank heaven, who prompted me to put a red apple on that tree, for heaven, who sent you back here, must have led me to furnish the means to draw out your confession." Then to the others, "Take him away to jail."

When the man had gone Zeltner questioned Gretchen as to how it had occurred, and when he found that she had been freed from the incubus that had been resting upon him he took her in his arms and wept tears of joy.

"The good book says," he cried, "that a woman tempted a man with an apple. It has been for you, my child, to convert a man with the same fruit and exonerate your father."

A more detailed confession showed that the prisoner, who was walking from Interlaken to Thun, was resting on the mountain side on the day the peddler left Herman Zeltner. He saw the peddler take out a handful of gold and attempt to induce Zeltner to accept one of the pieces in recompense for the information he had received. Throwing himself in the peddler's path, the man struck him from behind a tree, as he passed, on the back of the head, stunning him, then killed him. He hid the body till night, then buried it under the apple tree, thinking if it was found that the murder would be attributed to the owner of the farm, as indeed it was.

Max now had no difficulty in getting his father's consent to marry Gretchen, and the wedding occurred without delay. The hero, hearing of the incident, gave a fete to the young couple at the Schloss.

**Portland & Tillamook Transportation Co.**

**Steam Ship**

**"GOLDEN GATE"**

Gives Quick Dispatch of Freight between Portland, Astoria and Tillamook City.

	FROM PORTLAND.	FROM ASTORIA.
FEED, FLOUR AND GRAIN.....	\$4.00 Per ton.	\$4.00 Per Ton.
CEMENT.....	4.00 ..	4.00 ..
CEMENT-TEN TON LOTS.....	3.75 ..	3.75 ..
HAY.....	6.00 ..	6.00 ..
COAL.....	4.00 ..	4.00 ..

For rates and further information, apply to agents as follows:  
 D. L. SHRODE, Tillamook, Oregon.  
 F. O. BOZARTH, Bay City, Ore.  
 CALLENDER NAVIGATION CO., Astoria, Ore.  
 OPEN RIVER TRANSPORTATION CO., Oak st. Dock, Portland, Ore. Telephone Main 2800.  
 Office at FRANKLIN & CO., 134 Front st., Portland, Ore.

**C. S. Atkinson.**

**MOLINE PLOWS,**  
**Osborne Harrows,**  
**STUDEBAKER,**  
**WAGGONS AND BUGGIES,**  
**GRAIN.**  
**WHITE RIVER FLOUR.**

The Best Bread Maker on the Market.

**C. S. ATKINSON,**  
 Both Phones,

**MOKATIL.**

What is it? Where is it Made?

**A Pleasant Physic.**  
 When you want a pleasant physic give Chamberlain's Stomach and Liver Tablets a trial. They are mild and gentle in their action and always produce a pleasant cathartic effect. Call at Lamar's Drug Store for a free sample.

**How Good News Spreads.**  
 "I am 70 years old and travel most of the time," writes B. F. Tolson, of Elizabethtown, Ky. "Everywhere I go I recommend Electric Bitters, because I owe my excellent health and vitality to them. They effect a cure every time." They never fail to tone the stomach, regulate the kidneys and bowels, stimulate the liver, invigorate the nerves and purify the blood. They work wonders for the weak, run-down men and women, restoring strength, vigor and health that's a daily joy. Try them. Only 50c. Satisfaction is positively guaranteed by Chas. I. Clough.

**For Diseases of the Skin.**  
 Nearly all diseases of the skin, such as eczema, tetter, salt rheum and barber's itch, are characterized by an intense itching and smarting which often makes life a burden and disturbs sleep and rest. Quick relief may be had by applying Chamberlain's Salve. It allays the itching and smarting almost instantly. Many cases have been cured by its use. For sale by Lamar's Drug Store.

**Would Have Cost Him His Life.**  
 Oscar Bowman, Lebanon, Ky., writes: "I have used Foley's Kidney Remedy and take great pleasure in stating it cured me permanently of kidney disease which certainly would have cost me my life." —C. I. Clough.

**Foley's Kidney Remedy** will cure any case of Kidney or Bladder trouble that is not beyond the reach of medicine. No medicine can do more.—C. I. Clough.

**S. VIERECK,**  
**Tillamook Bakery.**  
 OPPOSITE THE ALLEN HOUSE.

SPECIALTY IN ALL KIND OF CAKES  
 ALL KIND OF BREAD.

**Diarrhoea**  
 When you want a quick cure without any loss of time, and one that is followed by no bad results, use Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy. It never fails and is pleasant to take. It is equally valuable for children. It is famous for its cures over a large part of the civilized world.

**A Morning Reminder.**  
 You awake with a mean, nasty taste in the mouth, which reminds you that your stomach is in a bad condition. It should also remind you that there is nothing so good for a disordered stomach as Chamberlain's Stomach and Liver Tablets.

They build up the system, assist nature to restore natural conditions, and are so gentle in their action that one hardly realizes a medicine was taken. Chamberlain's Tablets are sold everywhere. Price 25c.

**FOLEY'S HONEY AND TAR**  
 stops the cough and heals lungs