

### Market Reports.

Prices Paid by Logan Merchants,  
August 20th, 1907.

Apples	.....50c to \$1.00
Butter	.....17c
New Potatoes	.....80c
Chickens	.....8c
Dressed Chickens	.....12c
Broilers	.....12c
Eggs	.....16c
Old Wheat	.....90c
New Wheat	.....85c
Corn	.....85c
Old oats	.....60c
New oats	.....30c
Timothy hay	.....17.00
Mixed hay	.....16.00
New hay	.....8.00
New straw	.....5.00
Hogs	.....5c
Dressed hogs	.....6 1/2 to 7c
Steers	.....3 1/2 to 4c
Heifers	.....3c to 3 1/2c
Cows	.....2 1/2 to 3c
Bulls	.....2 1/2 to 3c
Calves	.....5c
Lambs	.....6c

### Sheep Need Variety.

It is often that farmers don't understand what sheep like to eat, or else they are very indifferent in supplying it. Next to poultry no domestic stock enjoy a variety of feed so much as sheep. The subject is very nicely put up by a short article in the Arkansas Homestead as follows:

"Sheep, like other live stock love a greater variety of feed than any they usually get, but sheep especially are of change and variety. They adapt themselves quickly to a change of conditions and no matter how luxuriant the pasture they will leave it daily and frequently nip the sprouts and eat the weeds. In fact, I have sometimes thought that the more grass they eat the more noxious and bitter weeds they will consume. Thus by changing them to different fields by turning them, especially the lambs, into the corn fields after you have laid them by, or into the clearing when the sprouts are young and tender, they will thrive and wax fat, and unless the size of your farm is greatly in excess to the size of your flock, two blades of grass will grow where one grew before, and you will have to mark the price of your land up in order to keep it. The flock's profit will be, or should be, 100 per cent. with a fighting chance for more. The fleeces always has paid and will now more than pay the cost of keep."

### Plants for the Farm.

Many women on the farm are asking the question, "What to plant in the flower garden?" They want something that will give the greatest returns for the least amount of time and money expended, and if they will read the advertisements in the American Farmer they will find reliable dealers who will be glad to send

## When the Hair Falls

Then it's time to act! No time to study, to read, to experiment! You want to save your hair, and save it quickly, too! So make up your mind this very minute that if your hair ever comes out you will use Ayer's Hair Vigor. It makes the scalp healthy. The hair stays in. It cannot do anything else. It's nature's way.

The best kind of a testimonial—  
"Sold for over sixty years."  
Solely by J. C. Ayer Co., Lowell, Mass.  
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**Ayer's**  
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Solely by J. C. Ayer Co., Lowell, Mass.

them catalogues upon application. One of the finest plants for groups or beds is the hardy perennial phlox, which will thrive in any position and can be used to advantage in the hardy borders, in large groups on the lawn or planted in front of shrubbery, where, by pinching back and removing faded flowers, a constant succession of blooms may be had until frost. These plants are admirably adapted for cutting. There are twelve distinct, beautiful colors, and they can be purchased at 10 cents each. Few plants will give better satisfaction to the amateur than hardy phlox. The ease with which they are cultivated, their entire hardiness and the extended season of blooming, combined with the varied and beautiful coloring make them particularly valuable for garden planting. Rubecbia is of easy culture. It commences blooming in July and continues until frost, which is a point in its favor. It blooms with great freedom, sending up a dozen stout stalks, every branch laden with buds and blossoms in all stages of development, producing a grand effect. They grow in height from five to seven feet. Giant daisy is a plant upright in growth, attaining four to five feet, with bright green foliage. The flowers are snowy white, with yellow centers, the bloom being from two or three inches across. They will bloom from midsummer to autumn.

### Men Past Sixty in Danger.

More than half of mankind over sixty years of age suffer from kidney and bladder disorders, usually enlargement of prostate glands. This is both painful and dangerous, and Foley's Kidney Cure should be taken at the first sign of danger, as it corrects irregularities and has cured many old men of this disease. Mr. Rodney Burnett, Rockport, Mo., writes: "I suffered with enlarged prostate gland and kidney trouble for years and after taking two bottles of Foley's Kidney Cure I feel better than I have for twenty years, although I am now 91 years old." Bort & Co.

### Progress in Poultry.

When Columbus reached the shores of America there was not a chicken to be seen anywhere. The Indians of the Isles, those of the continent stretching north the Atlantic, as well as the Aztecs of Mexico, and the Incas of Peru, were wholly unacquainted with the luxury of hen eggs, and had never heard a rooster crow. The wild duck, of course, was known everywhere that water flowed, and the wild turkey was familiar to the residents from northern Mexico to Hudson Bay, but nowhere in the Americas was there a duplicate of the now so common occupants of the coops and barnyards. It was not until well into the sixteenth century that chickens were imported into the colony of Virginia, and nothing but the common dunghill fowl was known in what is now the United States until the new republic was well under way. So the poultry industry, as we now know it, one of the marvels of the modern world, was practically the growth of the nineteenth century, and principally of the last sixty or seventy years. It was not until the fanciers took up the business and began scientific breeding that the varieties were increased and proved until at present they number more than a hundred.

As explained heretofore in these columns, the original of all our poultry was the jungle fowl which was found wild in India, subsequently domesticated and spread over China and other countries of Asia. It does not appear, however, that any effort was made in these countries to evolve improved breeds, and in Egypt they still have the exact duplicate of the chickens that pecked in the straw around the pyramids during the reign of the early Pharaohs. The original supply was brought from Asia Europe, but it is England and America that have been foremost in developing new breeds. The results accomplished by the

fanciers in these two countries in recent years have been nothing short of marvelous. By careful selection and mating, persisting experimentation, a system of culling and excluding along the lines taught by the Darwinian philosophy, fowls of all sizes have been produced, from the diminutive batman to the mammoth Rocks, one a tiny bit of feathered vanity weighing only a few ounces, and the other weighing many pounds. Results equally as wonderful have been accomplished in color effects. There are varieties in red, black, brown and white, with nearly all possible combinations, besides buff and Andalusian blue. Not content with this, the fanciers have shown that they can lace, stripe, spangle or bar the feathers of their birds in any way to satisfy their individual fancy. In fact, it seems that about all there is left for them to do along this line is to put their initials on the feathers of their birds, which, in the light of what they have already done, is not as impossible as it may sound.

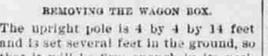
It was a wharf in ruins, and almost as badly dilapidated was the oil house that stood on the end of it, with great doors that opened out over the water. But these doors were never opened now, nor was the little sliding door that shut down fairly into the water when it was raised, opened a channel into which a boat could be floated. Both of these doors were fastened on the inside, and the door that opened on the wharf was fastened with a padlock as big as a small cabbage and as rusty as if it had been towed astern of the Harmony Home during a whole cruise. The Harmony Home was the whaler that used to discharge her cargo into the oil house. She had been owned and sailed by Captain Tranquil Warble, and for a long while she and her commander had the reputation of being the luckiest ship and the luckiest captain afloat.

Captain Warble was coming money, the Greysheels people said—Greysheels was the name of the little port—and was getting richer and richer every year. Moreover, he was hoarding his money in coin. "No banks for me," said Captain Warble, "and no real estate, neither. I tried banks in 1837, and what was I after they all broke, I'd like to know? An' I tried real estate in 1850, and after 't' man I'd bought it from got clean off to California another man come along and proved a mortgage on it, an' where was I then? No, no! Hard dollars hid about in a place that nobody but me knows about—there's my style!"

This was all very well as long as good luck attended the Harmony Home's cruises, but when the news came down from the northern seas that the Harmony Home had been tipped in the ice and had gone to the bottom with every soul on board of her the captain's financial methods did not make quite so satisfactory a showing. For the captain's widow had not the least notion in the world where the fortune in hard dollars that now was hers was to be found. She looked in the likely places for it and in all the unlikely places she could think of—and she thought of a good many—but not a trace of it did she find. At last, while she still was looking for it, she died. Then her daughter, Miss Ruth Warble, who was then a young girl and very energetic, thought that seemed hard to believe now, began the

### A LIFTING DEVICE.

An Arrangement For Removing a Wagon Box to a Platform. There are various ways of removing a wagon box from the trucks, and in the following plan, described in Iowa Homestead one of these is brought out:



REMOVING THE WAGON BOX. The upright pole is 4 by 4 by 14 feet and is set several feet in the ground, so that it will be firm enough in its position to stand the strain which is required of it. The platform on which the rear end of the wagon box rests when it is to be raised from the wagon may be made any height so as to suit the height of the trucks. Two guy wires should be attached to the pole a foot or so from its top and be secured eight or ten feet in the rear of the platform. The rope which is used to do the lifting is attached at one end of the upright pole near its upper end. From there it continues on to a pulley hooked in a rope which passes around the front end of the wagon box, then back over a pulley in the top of the pole and down to a windlass at the rear end of the platform. When the wagon box is in its final position on the platform, it should stand upright and should be left attached to the rope, so that it cannot be blown down in case of winds.

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Roof and Iron Paint

For New and Old Metal, Felt, Canvas, Paper, Burlap, Rubber and Asbestos Surfaces.

We positively guarantee Rubberkote Roof and Iron Paint to last six years. In any case where it fails to do this we agree to supply, free of charge, sufficient paint to keep surface in good condition for the stated length of time.

### STOPS THE LEAKS

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for children's safe cure. No substitute

## AN INTERESTING SHORT STORY THAT WILL PLEASE ALL OF OUR READERS.

### The Hidden Treasure.

By ROLLIN HUME.

Copyright, 1907, by Thomas Clark.

A BAR had formed off Warble's wharf, so that a whaler could not lie at it or anywhere near it. But this was not a matter of any special consequence, for more than thirty years had passed since a whaler and that wharf had had anything to do with each other. It was a wharf in ruins, and almost as badly dilapidated was the oil house that stood on the end of it, with great doors that opened out over the water. But these doors were never opened now, nor was the little sliding door that shut down fairly into the water when it was raised, opened a channel into which a boat could be floated. Both of these doors were fastened on the inside, and the door that opened on the wharf was fastened with a padlock as big as a small cabbage and as rusty as if it had been towed astern of the Harmony Home during a whole cruise. The Harmony Home was the whaler that used to discharge her cargo into the oil house. She had been owned and sailed by Captain Tranquil Warble, and for a long while she and her commander had the reputation of being the luckiest ship and the luckiest captain afloat.

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ing on. With this double purchase, by putting out all his strength, he was able to raise the boat's stern. It was the queerest thing in the world, he thought, that the stern of that boat should be so heavy. It seemed as though it were made of solid iron. At last he got the boat clear of the checks and got the line made fast just in time to meet the jerk on it that came as the boat, now hanging free by the falls from the ridgepole of the roof, swung across nearly the whole width of the loft with such a lunge that the ridgepole bent and creaked and the whole framework of the old oil house swayed as though it were coming down.

Teddy was glad to take a good rest at this stage of the proceedings, while the boat swung backward and forward like a great pendulum flashing through the rays of sunlight.

By the time that the boat had stopped swinging and hung steadily by the falls just clear of the floor he was pretty well rested and ready to go to work again. To open the trapdoor he must raise the boat about six feet. He went at the ropes with a will, hauling away easily at the bow fall and tugging at the stern fall with the double purchase with all his might. At last the bow was high enough, and one more tussle with that dreadfully heavy stern would make everything clear for him to open the trapdoor and lower away. Teddy strained away at his tackle with all his strength, stopping to rest and to puff like a porpoise after each round, but gaining steadily. At last the boat swung level, a clear six feet above the floor, and victory was almost within his grasp.

It was just as he had reached this almost triumphant point in his labors and had turned to make the rope fast to the belaying pin while he opened the trapdoor—at this critical moment Miss Ruth Warble's spectacled face showed at the top of the stairs, and Miss Ruth Warble's sharp voice exclaimed:

"Why, Teddy Rodford! Of all created things, what badness are you doing here?"

Teddy jumped as if he had been shot. The rope slipped from his hands and whizzed through the blocks, and that tremendously heavy stern of the boat flashed downward through the sunlight. With a bang and a crash of splintering wood it struck a beam with such force that the old oil house swayed and trembled and seemed in a fair way to fall to pieces there and then.

With this banging and crashing was also a most curious jingling sound, and very astonishing was its cause. As the stern of the boat struck the beam the stern sheets were broken all to pieces, and out of the stern locker poured a stream of gold and silver coins which jingled as they fell and which blazed and glittered as they went rolling every which way over the floor.

In the silence which followed this outburst of noise Miss Ruth Warble and Teddy Rodford just stood and stared at each other across more silver and gold and five dollar pieces and ten dollar pieces and even twenty dollar pieces than either of them ever had seen anywhere and certainly more than they ever were likely to see again lower on the floor of a sail loft.

And so the boat fortune that Captain Tranquil Warble had hidden in this queer place before he sailed away in the Harmony Home to his death in the northern seas was found at last.

Ruth's garden and drove them out before any great harm had been done, he almost had succeeded. To Miss Ruth in her poverty the loss of her garden stuff would have been a very serious matter. She was truly grateful to Teddy for saving it and told him so with some warmth. Being thus encouraged, he was emboldened to ask her if she wouldn't some time or another let him take a look around in her oil house. And Miss Ruth, still mellowed by her gratitude, said almost kindly that maybe some time or other she would.

Nye's wharf down on the point was where the boys usually went in swimming. Warble's wharf was nearer, but because of the bar the swimming was not very good there, even at high water. But it happened one hot June day that Teddy felt too lazy to walk all the way down to the point, so he thought he would just step down to Warble's wharf and get cooled off a little.

Although it was low water and the bar was bare, there was a cool looking pool just in front of and shaded by the head of the wharf. This pool he set down very comfortably. While he was sitting on the sandy bottom in this pleasant place, with only his head out of water, he made a very exciting and delightful discovery.

It was dead low tide, and the stone foundation wall of the oil house was bare clear down to the tops of the piles on which it rested. The sliding door was out of water entirely. To his joy Teddy perceived that so large a part of one corner of this door had been knocked away, probably by a bang from the nose of some badly steered boat in a long past time, that a boy twice as big as he was could wriggle through the hole.

He gave a look up and down the river to see if anybody in a boat was in sight, and then, having assured himself that the coast was clear, he slipped out of the water and across the bit of bare sand and through the hole.

He found himself in something like a little open dock in the floor of the oil house, evidently a place where in former times a boat had been kept. Steps, black rotten with age, led to the level of the floor. Up these slippery steps Teddy went gingerly. His first object of investigation was the shadowy place under the stairway. He found that he had been right. It was a cannon, a little six pounder, such as whalers used to carry to fire signals with, and it was a regular little beauty.

He did not stop to examine the other interesting things which were scattered about him. With these, thanks to his frequent peepings through the cracks, he already was tolerably familiar. The sail loft was an undiscovered country that he longed to explore, so up the stairway that led to it he went two steps at a time. The loft was far lighter than the room below, for the sunbeams came through the cracks in the walls. It was a great bare place, with some old sails piled up in one corner, some sail making gear still lying on a little bench and some chalk marks still on the floor that doubtless showed the exact cut of the Harmony Home's last suit of sails.

There was something a little awe-inspiring in finding all these things just as Captain Warble, years and years before, had left them, but unpleasant thoughts of this nature were driven quickly and completely out of Teddy's head as he caught sight of a delightful fat little tub of a boat standing close to the side wall at the end of the building nearest to the water carefully checked up on blocks so that it stood on an even keel. The oars and a little mast with the sail wrapped around it lay fore and aft on the thwarts, and the rudder, all ready to be shipped, was lying in the stern sheets. A running tackle was rove to rings in the bow and stern, and to stout hooks in the ridgepole of the roof. The ends of the lines were coiled away neatly over belaying pins in two of the upright beams.

Then Teddy perceived that a great trapdoor rigged with counterweights opened in the floor just over the little dock below. Obviously this was the identical boat for which the dock had been built.

As he thought of what fun he could have in that boat, along with Noah Barkum, and Lem Hart and Pud Nye and perhaps Sam Wyburn, he forgot everything else in the world.

He wanted to go right to work at swinging the boat up by the tackle and then lowering her through the trapdoor, but he found, to his surprise, by the way that the light was fading, that the sun must be nearly down. Accordingly he went downstairs again and found that the tide was half in and that the hole in the door was a foot under water.

There was a pin that held the door down, and when he had pulled this out he found that he could raise the door easily, for it also was hung with counterweights; so he got out without diving and pulled the door down again. Even at high tide he saw that the water would not be much more than two feet deep. Now that the water was not fastened he would roll up his trousers and wade in whenever he chose.

It was just half tide the next morning when he went down to the wharf, and there was only about a foot of water at the sliding door. He was barefooted to start with, and it did not take him many minutes to roll up his trousers, slip down the edge of the wharf, open the door and shut it behind him and then scamper upstairs to the sail loft.

It is possible that Teddy would have been uneasy had he known that Miss Ruth Warble had happened to see him go down on her wharf and then disappear over the edge of it; that she had felt instinctively that something was going wrong and had made up her mind to go down to the wharf herself as soon as she had finished

paring a painful of June apples and see what he was up to.

Notwithstanding his excitement Teddy went at his work very judiciously. His plan was to swing the boat up by the tackle, hauling alternately at the bow and stern and making each line fast to its belaying pin before he went at the other, until she was free of the checks and high enough above the floor for the trapdoor to open, then, keeping a couple of turns of the ropes around the belaying pins so that the boat would not get away from him, to lower her first at the bow and then at the stern until he had her safe in the dock below. This was a good plan, but it encountered serious difficulties in executing it. The bow came up all right, but for the life of him he could not budge the stern. This was discouraging, but Teddy was a lad of expedients and had not lived all his life on the seashore without learning something about rigging. There were plenty of blocks and ropes lying around, and it did not take him long to rig a snatch block to a bolt and to the end of the line he had been haul-

ing on. With this double purchase, by putting out all his strength, he was able to raise the boat's stern. It was the queerest thing in the world, he thought, that the stern of that boat should be so heavy. It seemed as though it were made of solid iron. At last he got the boat clear of the checks and got the line made fast just in time to meet the jerk on it that came as the boat, now hanging free by the falls from the ridgepole of the roof, swung across nearly the whole width of the loft with such a lunge that the ridgepole bent and creaked and the whole framework of the old oil house swayed as though it were coming down.

Teddy was glad to take a good rest at this stage of the proceedings, while the boat swung backward and forward like a great pendulum flashing through the rays of sunlight.

By the time that the boat had stopped swinging and hung steadily by the falls just clear of the floor he was pretty well rested and ready to go to work again. To open the trapdoor he must raise the boat about six feet. He went at the ropes with a will, hauling away easily at the bow fall and tugging at the stern fall with the double purchase with all his might. At last the bow was high enough, and one more tussle with that dreadfully heavy stern would make everything clear for him to open the trapdoor and lower away. Teddy strained away at his tackle with all his strength, stopping to rest and to puff like a porpoise after each round, but gaining steadily. At last the boat swung level, a clear six feet above the floor, and victory was almost within his grasp.

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F. MEADE BOWEN, Cashier.  
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apr 6-ly Bank in James Block.

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FREE! Knowing what it was to suffer, I will give FREE OF CHARGE, to any afflicted a positive cure for Eczema, Salt Rheum, Erysipelas, Piles and Skin Diseases. Instant relief. Don't suffer longer, write F. W. WILLYAMS, 400 Manhattan Ave. New York. Enclose Stamp.

**Notice to Teachers.**  
The Board of School Examiners of Hocking County will meet at the School Building in Logan, Ohio, at 2:30 p. m. on the first Saturday of each month, for the examination of applicants for Teacher's Elementary Certificate and on the first Saturday of September, December, March and June for the examination of applicants for Teacher's High School and Special Certificate. Examinations for pupils desiring to enter high schools will be held on the third Tuesday of April and the second Saturday of May. J. C. STEVENSON, President  
L. E. HARRIS, Clerk  
C. N. WHITE, Vice President  
Logan Ohio, February 9, 1907-11

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