

Common Sense Says Get An IDAHO

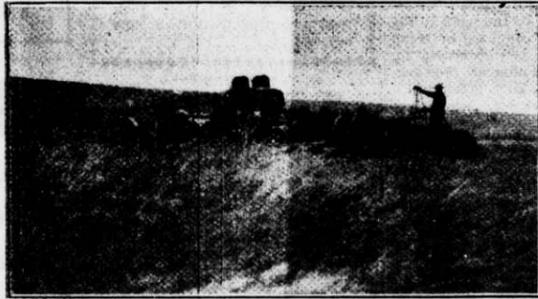
Plan every day common sense tells the thrifty farmer to get an IDAHO NATIONAL HARVESTER.

Good sound business judgment in the coldest, reasoning way convinces even the most skeptical that the Idaho makes the harvest work easier, does it better and CUTS THE COST.

Your neighbors—your friends have tried the Idaho—tested it thoroughly. Every one of them that owns one says it does his work better than he ever had it done before and SAVES HIM MANY DOLLARS each year.

Take Mr. Oliver Chase's Experience

It Cost Mr. Chase
\$3.95 per acre in cash paid out to harvest with binder and thrasher.
He got as much grain with less work with the Idaho as with the other methods; that his work was easier; that he had no worry with labor; that he saved SEVERAL HUNDRED DOLLARS. And Mr. Chase is a man whose word can be absolutely relied on.



OLIVER CHASE AND HIS IDAHO IN 50 BUSHEL WHEAT

It Cost Mr. Chase
\$4.21 per acre in cash paid out to harvest with headers and thrasher.
He got as much grain with less work with the Idaho for \$1.00 per acre and he kept the dollar.

Mr. Chase used all three methods of harvesting on his ranch near Grangeville this past season. He cut and threshed seventy-five acres with headers and thrasher, paying out for the work \$215.75 in cash, or an average of \$4.21 per acre. With the binder and thrasher he handled 60 acres at the cost of \$4.93 per acre paid out, while with the IDAHO he cut and threshed 170 acres for \$1.00 per acre—and HE KEPT THE DOLLAR. Mr. Chase says he got as much grain with the Idaho as with the other methods; that his work was easier; that he had no worry with labor; that he saved SEVERAL HUNDRED DOLLARS. And Mr. Chase is a man whose word can be absolutely relied on.

Doesn't that experience of Mr. Chase mean something to YOU? Isn't it reasonable that a machine that will do that much for him will do the same for YOU? With the experience of not only Mr. Chase, but of Mr. Sherwin, Mr. Cole, Mr. Fenn, Mr. Manning, Mr. Sidney Brown, all the owners of the Idaho, before you, does not your common sense, your business judgment, say: GET AN IDAHO.

We feel sure it will and we suggest that you place your order now before they are all gone.

Idaho National Harvester Co.

MOSCOW, IDAHO.

M. C. PRIDDY, Agent Grangeville, Idaho.

CERTAINTY IS WHAT A MAN SEEKS IN EVERYTHING

The man who buys a

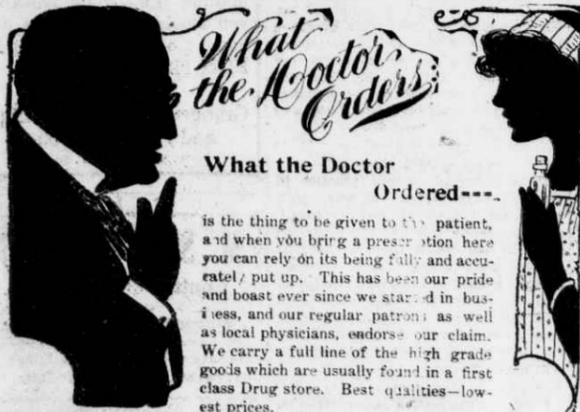
Model 10 Visible Remington Typewriter



buys absolute certainty; a certainty of satisfaction guaranteed by the greatest typewriter makers in the world

Remington Typewriter Company
(Incorporated)

S. 7 Washington Street, Spokane, Wash.



Hughes Drug Store.

When given as soon as the croupy cough appears Chamberlain's Cough Remedy will ward off an attack of croup and prevent all danger and anxiety. Thousands of mothers use it successfully. For sale by Koepke Drug Co.

Joe Schober, who returned some time ago from his trip to Julietta, is confined to his bed at present and is said to be in a very precarious condition.

Swell your monthly cream check during the winter by feeding your cows on mill feed. Try it awhile and see if it does not pay big.

Notice.

I have my gasoline saw rig in first class running order and can do sawing at any time on short notice. I specially solicit your trade for the spring.

4 21.

LESLIE REED.

Notice to Farmers.

Notice is hereby given that on Saturday, Feb. 3d, at the regular meeting of the Cottonwood local, the matter of ordering sacks and twine for this season's use will be taken up and it is desired that all members be present at this meeting and be prepared to furnish estimates of the probable amount of sacks and twine they will need.

RILEY RICE, President.

Hog Cholera.

Hog cholera is the greatest scourge of the swine-raising industry, and, together with tuberculosis, is a mighty factor in the cause of high-priced pork.

When it is estimated that over twenty-five million dollars worth of hogs were swept away by this disease alone last year, its importance can be faintly realized.

While hog cholera is a comparatively rare disease in the Northwest, unless precautions are taken, it will soon be as prevalent as in the middle western states.

The exact cause of hog cholera is not known, but it resembles to a certain degree, acute typhoid fever in man. It is a very fatal disease, of short duration and spreads rapidly. When once infected, the pig usually lingers for some hours, gives a few convulsive grunts and dies.

The symptoms are variable. The animal may act dumpy, refuse to eat and seem oblivious to its surroundings. The skin on the abdomen may become very red, which is a characteristic symptom. A form of pneumonia, shown by a discharge from the eyes and nose, with a rise in temperature, is often present.

There is no known cure for hog cholera. Prevention is of the utmost importance. A hog may carry the germs of this disease in its intestinal tract for a long time, hence, when purchasing a pure bred animal from an infected district, isolate it from the rest of the herd for several months.

Should you suspect cholera among your hogs, wire your state veterinarian at once, who will send an expert to look after the trouble. If available, he will vaccinate the hogs not already sick, with the new serum which is proving to be of great value as a preventive measure. It is hardly necessary to suggest all carcasses should be burned and premises thoroughly disinfected with a ten per cent formalin solution.

Dr. E. T. Baker, Veterinarian, Idaho Experiment Station.

FERDINAND FINDINGS.

Lonnie Bales' son is on the sick list at present.

Tom Hanson made a business trip to Lewiston last week.

W. I. Long was in town the other day from Lewiston.

C. Manring went to Cottonwood Tuesday on business.

A. Haener has been on the sick list for about a week but now is better.

Mrs. L. Bales is at Spokane in the hospital and seems to be doing very well.

J. Twilleger and R. Twilleger purchased the Ferdinand meat market last week.

The Ferdinand people have taken advantage of the big sale at Bushue's general merchandise store.

Mr. Gehring and family, of Keuterville, were visiting at Henry Schaeffer's the fore part of the week.

L. Manring is building a residence opposite the public school where he intends living after it is completed.

Mrs. H. Schaeffer left for Keuterville for a visit with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Gehring, of that place.

Nick Kinzer returned last Friday night from California where he has been visiting during the winter, and reports having had a very good time. That country suited him very well for he has purchased some land. He will probably move there in the fall.

Medicines that aid nature are always most effectual. Chamberlain's Cough Remedy acts on this plan. It allays the cough, relieves the lungs, opens the secretions and aids nature in restoring the system to a healthy condition. Thousands have testified to its superior excellence. For sale by Koepke Drug Co.

A Spook Farm

A Wrong Is Righted by Means of It.

By CLARISSA MACKIE

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When my law partner, Jack Rogers, returned from lunch I was agog with excitement.

"Guess what has happened, Jack," I crowed.

"No need to guess. Something in the detective line has turned up," grinned my partner as he tossed his hat on its accustomed peg and sat down in his chair.

"How did you find out?" I asked, chagrined.

"You always look especially foxy, old man, and nothing, not even a dead client, with prospects of rich pickings from the—"

"Oh, keep still!" I growled. "You talk like a bird of prey."

"I am—we are birds of prey. This detective side line of yours, Hal, or hobby, or whatever you call it, will run us out of our legitimate course of business if you don't slacken up a bit."

"Have you any important case on your mind?" I asked sardonically.

Rogers felt tentatively of his head.

"Nothing doing, I must confess. Hal, I know there's something on your mind. There's a look about you that says we must catch the two—something for somewhere—and it's 1:45 now." He glanced at his watch.

"The train leaves at 2:03. I'll tell you about it on the way up."

After we were comfortably seated in the smoker of the train and were headed up the bank of the Hudson river I deemed it expedient to unobtrusively myself lest in the telling of the story we might reach our destination before I had completed it.

That noon while I sat alone in the office I had received a call from a queer client.

She was a little old woman, sharp featured and white haired, with hard, cold blue eyes and a thin lipped mouth that seemed made for secrets. She was garbed in shabby black and carried a rusty satchel filled with bursting that she watched carefully.

I learned that her name was Sarah Penny and that she lived on a small farm near Poughkeepsie. She said she was a widow and, besides owning her farm, possessed a tiny income on which she lived. She also said that for two weeks past she had been haunted by a spectral farm that seemed to adjoin her own. She related that night after night when the moon was high in the heavens she had seen low lying farm buildings where in broad daylight nothing appeared but a grassy meadow dotted with ancient fruit trees. On dark nights the visitation appeared as a luminous glowing outline of buildings.

Mrs. Penny's old face seemed to become more wrinkled and careworn as she imparted these facts to me and when she had concluded, saying that she had visited me with the intention of making her will and had suddenly determined to confide her fears of the "spook farm," as she called it, hoping I might be able to explain away this horror in her solitary life.

I had promised to come up there to look the situation in the face, and I declared my intention of bringing my partner with me. So now that we were on the way I related all these facts to Jack Rogers, and together we tried to piece out some fabric of logical explanation of the phenomenon.

"Derry!" yelled the brakeman, throwing open the door, and as that was the nearest station to the spook farm we got off and watched the train wind out of sight among the hills. A station agent was putting around a couple of empty egg crates, and I approached him.

"Which road shall I take to reach Mrs. Penny's farm?" I inquired.

"One to the right," and he disappeared quickly, as if fearful of further catechism.

It led away from the river and then doubled back again, and this performance it repeated over and over until Jack announced that he felt as twisted as a spiral bed spring.

"I don't wonder your old lady sees things," he complained as he rounded another turn. "I feel all wound up just like a clock."

"I guess you can run down now," I said, for just then the trees and dense growth along the road thinned, and we could see the gray shingles of a weather beaten house just beyond.

Before we reached the house, which stood in a grove of gloomy cedars, we met a boy with an empty pail and berry stained lips.

"Son," said my partner kindly, "can you tell us where the Widow Penny lives?"

The boy turned a grimy little finger toward the weatherbeaten house. "In there," he half whispered.

"Do you know her?" pursued Jack carelessly displaying a silver quarter.

The boy nodded. "I'm afraid of her," he said with more spirit. "She's a miser; that's what my mother says."

"Who lives next door to Mrs. Penny?" I asked him as he clutched the silver coin.

"Hub" ejaculated my partner. In silence we approached the home of Mrs. Sarah Penny.

The shutters were all closed, and the place appeared deserted. The ground was quite flat here and a wide creek meandered through the rank grass back of the house, and the adjacent low lying ground appeared damp and marshy.

"Nice, malarious spot," I remarked as we walked around a weed grown path to the back door.

"Might raise a good crop of spooks here," said Jack, pausing and looking over toward the adjacent property.

"The kid was right; there must have been a farmhouse there one day. See the sunken rectangles of turf where the buildings once stood? You can even get an idea of how the yard must have looked in those days. There's a stone ball bush and a clump of lilacs and other flowering shrubs, and those trees in the background must be the remains of the orchard."

I followed the direction of his pointing finger and saw that he spoke the truth. We were speculating upon the location of the different buildings when I heard a slight sound and, turning, saw Mrs. Penny peering sharply from a kitchen window.

"Here we are, Mrs. Penny," I said cheerfully, introducing my partner.

"Mr. Rogers and I propose to sit tonight and lay all these spooks to yours."

She fingered her spectacles rather nervously and then removed them and rapped the table smartly with their eyeing me keenly.

"This is no joke, young man," she said gravely.

"Indeed, madam," I replied warmly.

"We do not consider it as such, spoke lightly because I wanted to allay your fears."

"Your own fears may need quieting after you have seen them."

"People, you mean?" asked Jack.

"They were once," she answered dully.

"You mean you have really seen them?"

"Yes; the whole family. They're dead now."

"You can recognize them from a window?" he asked incredulously.

She nodded an affirmative and sat in moody silence while Jack conferred together. The result of the interview was that my partner wandered about the spook ridden next door until Mrs. Penny summoned us to supper. We ate without reference to the object of our visit. In great depression seemed to have settled upon the three of us. The air was heavy and damp, but the sun shined brightly, and in the east a splendid moon was rising.

"You can sit in the side porch you want to," said Sarah Penny, shall be in the sitting room here waiting for it to come."

Jack and I both shuddered as she parted. We whispered to each other and marveled that any sensible person would care to return to such a gloom God forsaken spot as this. We lit cigars and tried not to admit the eerie sensation was creeping over us when Mrs. Penny's shrill old voice broke excitedly on the air.

"They are here—it has come!"

We lifted reluctant eyes and gazed upon the spook farm. There was fascination about the weird scene drew us to the dividing fence.

There had arisen before our gleaming eyes white misty buildings, farmhouse with adjacent wings, barns—and here and there were people, white wreaths with burning arms. It was a windless night, the moon shone brightly.

Sarah Penny's voice again broke stillness, this time harsh with anger. She was at my elbow. "Do you see it?" she whispered.

"Yes, I saw it, but—"

"Does he answer it, too?"

"Yes, but—"

"Then it is so!" she moaned.

She saw that she was holding her bag under her arm. "I must go to the papers, and perhaps they will away."

There was an instant of intense silence, and then I turned my head the spook farm and said quickly:

"Yes, you must give up the spook farm, Mrs. Penny, and right the wrong had better move away."

I led her into the house, broken in spirit.

"Yes, I will go away. I have a better in the west, who wants to come. I can sell this place—and are the deeds. I executed them ago, but I hated to part with it. I have so little money," she said pitifully, opening her black bag.

Little by little I wormed a confession out of her of how she had a mortgage on the farm next door, which was owned by a German farmer. She had coveted the land, but the farmer had been industrious and his interest promptly. Then one sorely tempted, she had set fire to the buildings, and when they lay in ashes on the ground she took land for the amount of the mortgage and the Germans were homeless penniless. They had gone forth, ed by charity, to make a new home and she had heard from some that each one had died years ago, and she had had a long time in to repent of her crime.

The next morning when Jack went down on the early train we tried proper legal papers conveying spook farm property, as well as home of Mrs. Penny, to the German farmer, Fritz Steber.

I may add here that in due course time his children were found and inheritance restored to them.

Penny, who possessed a comfortable fortune through her miserly ways, went west and was heard of no more. I never knew what became of the spook farm after that.