

Farms for Sale

40 acres fine clay, all cleared, good house, barn, orchard and outbuildings; on good road close in. Price with crop **\$5,500**

66 acres river bottom, new house, barn, and orchard—a fine place. Price **12,000**

40 acres clay, all cleared, good buildings, close in—fine place. Price **\$6,000**

40 acres unimproved clay land. Price **\$550**

Houses in town from \$550 up to \$2,500
Town lots from \$60 up.

We have a long list of farms for sale.
W. I. Baker & Company

COUNTRY CORRESPONDENCE

Items from Wisner

Mr. Marquart sold his place for \$4,500 last week.

W. H. Dorr is back from the East. He says he saw some fine farming land but there is no place that suits him like Whatcom County.

Messrs. Shoups, Frost, Farwell, and Charlie Bartlett spent Friday and Saturday at Birch Bay. As the tide was wrong the supply of clams was limited.

Riverside.

Mr. De Jong attended to business in Lynden one day last week.

Mr. and Mrs. Paul Belcoe were business callers in Lynden, Friday.

Mr. and Mrs. P. A. Brooks enjoyed a very pleasant day at the mountains Sunday.

Mr. A. Theil received a carload of tiling and is very busy hauling it to his place.

Miss Bertha Boeringer from Greenwood called on Miss Hannah Blankenforth, Sunday.

A party of young folks called on Krouse's Saturday evening and passed a very pleasant evening in playing games. Those present were: Misses Myrtle Davis, Mattie Pullner, Lola Davis, Fae Krouse, and Fern Krouse; and Messrs. Russel, Ross Davis, and Earl Brooks.

Delta and Sunny Side

C. R. Axling and family visited at the A. E. Baldwin home, Sunday.

Mabel Plank visited at the C. Erickson home, Saturday and Sunday.

P. A. Axling went to Bellingham last Friday to visit several days.

Clarence Freden of Bellingham, spent Sunday at the Wheeler home.

Mr. and Mrs. A. G. Freden spent Saturday and Sunday in Bellingham.

The Busy Bee Sewing Society met with Mrs. C. P. Nelson, last Thursday.

Joe Axling and Miss Currie, of Ferndale, visited in this neighborhood Thursday and Friday.

There will be a Sunday School Institute held at the Delta church next Friday, Saturday, and Sunday. All are cordially invited to attend.

The bear hunters returned home last Saturday very tame. They have no thrilling adventures to relate; but if they had seen a bear, my, what would have happened. That is all right boys you did well for the first time and Mr. Randall can give you all the information you wish about fishing.

Northwood.

Mr. G. W. Whipple is also cutting wood for himself, this week and last.

Mr. Joe Whipple is cutting wood for C. L. Hamilton on the Worth place this week.

Mr. L. E. Whipple and family of Rotton Row were visitors at G. W. Whipple's of Northwood, Sunday.

The people of this vicinity started up the literary last week. The first meeting was held in the old school-house, Friday night.

The Boeringer threshing machine did the threshing at Northwood last week. The largest setting was 1200 bushels at William Moffat's.

FOR SALE—Good cow, giving milk, inquire of T. H. Smith. 3tpd.

Greenwood

Billie Peters spent Sunday with his brother.

Christie Boeringer called on Lena Elsner, Sunday afternoon.

Edward Peters was a business visitor in Bellingham Saturday.

Mr. and Mrs. Freudenberg spent Sunday with friends in Bellingham.

Greenwood was well represented at the Concert in Lynden, Saturday night.

Elsie Oltmans entertained a few of her little friends Sunday in honor of her birthday.

Boys! get your old saws and guns ready for the charivari. The wedding bells will ring soon.

Mr. and Mrs. Elsner went to Bellingham Saturday to attend Mr. and Mrs. Broken's silver wedding.

An entertainment and box social will be given at the Greenwood school house, Friday evening, Oct. 16. The boys are requested to bring their purses, and the ladies to bring boxes.

Roos' Mill had a close call, Sunday morning. One of the men was awakened by the noise and upon arising found the mill on fire. After an hour's hard fight the flames were extinguished but not until some damage had been done.

Booth's Corners

A. C. Palmer was a Ferndale visitor, Monday.

Mr. Anderson and Miss Palmer took a pleasant drive to Blaine, Sunday.

Mrs. Nellie Nace of Custer, was a Saturday visitor in this neighborhood.

Mrs. Scrimger and daughter, Evelyn, spent Thursday with Mrs. Giles in Lynden.

Mr. and Mrs. C. H. King and Leon spent Sunday at the W. W. Palmer home at Fairview.

Mr. M. F. Palmer, Mr. and Mrs. G. A. Palmer took dinner Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Swope.

A few friends gathered at the Freeman home Friday evening and enjoyed a very pleasant evening.

Mr. and Mrs. Litton are entertaining their eldest son, who has been living east of the mountains.

Mr. and Mrs. Floyd Vaughn and daughters, Bert Nace and George Krieder are spending a few days in Custer.

Mr. Freeman, who has spent the last two years in this neighborhood, moved his family to Ferndale, Monday.

THE JUDGE AND THE VIRAGO

An Ancient Joke of Which There Are Many Modern Versions.

The following tale was translated from a very old Chinese book for 'Collier's Weekly':

A certain magistrate upon opening his court observed one of his litigors whose face was covered with wounds and asked him what was the matter. Replied the licitor, "Yesterday evening I was reclining and enjoying the fresh air under my grape arbor, which was suddenly upset by a gust of wind and fell on me and caused these injuries."

But the judge was skeptical and said: "That is too thin. It is easy to see that the marks on your face are from scratches from nails. It must be that you have had a row with your wife and got a clawing from her. Is this not so?"

The licitor crimsoned all over and replied, "Your honor has truly guessed it."

Then said the judge: "Why is your wife so fierce as this? Wait till I summon her and give her a beating and you your revenge."

While he was yet speaking the Judge's own wife suddenly came out from the house and fiercely said, "Who is this you are going to beat?"

The magistrate hastily announced to the licitor and 'ling ch'at t's: "This court stands adjourned. Disperse instantly. It seems as though the court's grape arbor is also about to collapse!"

CROSSING THE LINE.

Old Neptune and the Ancient Order of the Deep.

The ceremony of "crossing the line" is a very much more elaborate affair nowadays than it ever has been despite the fact that Neptune day is so old a celebration that its origin is lost to history.

When old Neptune, impersonated by a sailor, makes his appearance on an American battleship nowadays when the vessel reaches latitude 0 degree, 0 minute, 0 second, to initiate the jacks who have never crossed the line before into the mysteries and membership of the Ancient Order of the Deep he is accompanied by his wife, Amphitrite, another sailor. They are both dressed fantastically in clothes which have been designed and worked upon ever since the vessel sailed. How they get on board is unknown, at least to the captain, who meets them and gives them permission to go ahead. An immense tank made of canvas is rigged up, and here the initiation of all the candidates takes place. Devices for getting the candidate into the tank vary on different ships and on different occasions. Often he is simply picked up and thrown in. Frequently he is made to sit down in a "barber's" chair close to the edge of the tank, and when as much soap as possible has been put into his mouth and eyes he is tipped over backward. Generally the soap has been mixed with tar, coal oil and many other ingredients and is impartially applied from the waist up, so that the bath is needed.

In the tank the candidate is attended, sometimes by "bears" with shaggy coats made of unraveled rope and sometimes by "cops" who act as the king's assistants and see that the candidate is held under water long enough to know it.

It is a great frolic, prepared for days in advance, and when it is over the certificate is issued and the candidates are free to get themselves as clean as they can before the next roll call—Philadelphia Record.

IF SNOW NEVER FELL

The Effect Upon the World's Crops Would Be Disastrous.

If all the condensed moisture of the atmosphere were to fall as rain and none of it was snow hundreds of thousands of square miles of the earth's surface now yielding bountiful crops would be little better than a desert. The tremendous economic gain for the world at large which results from the difference between snow and rain is seldom realized by the inhabitants of fertile and well watered lowlands.

It is in the extensive regions where irrigation is a prime necessity in agriculture that the special uses of snow come chiefly into view. All through the winter the snow is falling upon the mountains and packing itself firmly in the ravines. Thus in nature's great icehouse a supply of moisture is stored up for the following summer.

All through the warm months the hardened snow banks are melting gradually. In trickling streams they steadily feed the rivers which as they flow through the valleys are utilized for irrigation. If this moisture fell as rain it would almost immediately wash down through the rivers, which would hardly be fed at all in the summer when the crops most needed water.

These facts are so well known as to be commonplace in the Salt Lake valley and in the subarid regions of the west generally. They are not so well understood in New Jersey or Ohio, where snow is sometimes a picturesque, sometimes a disagreeable, feature of winter.

In all parts of the country the notion prevails that the snow is of great value as a fertilizer. Scientists, however, are inclined to attach less importance to its service in soil nutrition—for some regions that have no snow are exceedingly fertile—than to its worth as a blanket during the months of high winds. It prevents the blowing off of the finely pulverized richness of the top soil. This, although little perceived, would often be a great loss.—Chicago Tribune.

Time Reminders Unpopular.

A west side woman who wished to entertain a great deal one day wondered why her guests always seemed so uncomfortable.

"It is because of your clocks," said a candid friend. "There are three within hearing distance of your drawing room that strike. I don't know of anything that makes company feel quite so uncomfortable as to hear a clock strike. Somehow it is bound to give the impression that we have overstayed our welcome and the hostess is anxious to get rid of us. Of course that is purely a matter of fancy, yet somehow a striking clock always seems to say, 'You'd better be going.' The wise hostess knows that, and if she wants her callers to be thoroughly comfortable she shuns a clock that strikes."—New York Times.

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