



SEMI-WEEKLY.

UNION ESTAB. JULY, 1897.  
GAZETTE ESTAB. DEC., 1862. (Consolidated Feb., 1899.)

CORVALLIS, BENTON COUNTY, OREGON, TUESDAY, JUNE 12, 1900.

VOL. I. NO. 7.

## WE TWO.

We two make home of any place we go;  
We two find joy in any kind of weather;  
Or if the earth is clothed in bloom or snow,  
If summer days invite, or bleak winds blow,  
What matters it, we two are together?  
We two, we two, we make our world,  
Our weather.

We two find youth renewed with every dawn;  
Each day holds something of an unknown glory.  
We waste no thought on grief or pleasure gone;  
Tricked out like hope, time leads us on  
And thrums upon his harp new song or story.  
We two, we two, we find the paths of glory.

We two make heaven here on this little earth;  
We do not need to wait for realms eternal.  
We know the use of tears, know sorrow's worth,  
And pain for us is always love's rebirth.  
Our paths lead closely by the paths of heaven;  
We two, we two, we live in love eternal.  
—Century.

## Alicia's Experiment.

ALICIA WELLINGTON was 26 years old and she had never received an offer of marriage nor had a lover. Her two younger sisters were both happily married—Gertrude to a young man who had adored her from childhood and Lottie to an elderly widower who had fallen in love with her at her coming-out party. Gertrude had refused three offers before marrying John Nelson; Lottie, who was a born coquette, had received homage from almost every man she knew from the time she could talk.

Alicia was serious and rather haughty. Her friends called her "intellectual," and this same intellectualism made her unpopular with men, who were generally her inferiors in her chosen style of conversation. If not in depth of thought, until now Alicia had affected to despise the other sex. Lottie's flirtations and Gertrude's conquests had seemed frivolous to her. But she wished to be a well-rounded woman and it suddenly occurred to her that she knew nothing of love, although it was one of the chief things of life. The fact that she was different from other girls and their inferior in one respect



"SHE THINKS ME CLEVER."

was thought to her by a meditation on love and matrimony which followed the receipt of a letter announcing the engagement of the only unmarried one of her classmates. To be sure, Alicia was younger than the other girls, but she had come out the same year.

"It is all very well not to marry," she said to herself in conclusion, "but it is odd not to attract a single suitor. There must be something lacking in me. I have always known that I didn't like men, but it is strange that men don't like me. I can accomplish almost anything if I make up my mind to it. I will have a lover. I need not marry him, of course, but I will have him desperately in love with me, so that I shall have an impassioned offer; then I will refuse him."

Alicia cast about her list of male acquaintances with a view to selecting a suitable man for her experiment. Finally she chose Reggy De Greve. Reggy was a year younger than Alicia. He was as frivolous as any girl and decidedly effeminate in his looks and ways. He had been one of Lottie's numerous admirers, in an impassive way, but he had never gotten up courage to propose to her. He had not been sure that he wanted to do so. Now he came to the house rather because he was used to coming to see "the ladies," once in so often. Alicia's mother was fond of him, for she had known him since he was a boy. Of Alicia he stood somewhat in awe.

"Reggy will be a good one to begin with," thought that young woman. "He will be easy to influence. After I have refused him I can try some one more difficult."

Thus Miss Wellington began her career as a flirt. That evening Reggy came to the house. He found Alicia wonderfully interesting. She talked about cotton figures, pretty girls, fudges, and golf. Reginald was in demand as a cotton leader, he was a chevalier des dames, an expert chaffing dish cook, and an aspiring golf player. "Gavacious, I never thought she knew so much," he said to himself as he left the house. But this was only because Alicia had displayed knowledge of the subjects with which Reggy was con-

versant, for he had always known that she was "intellectual."

It was scarcely a week before Reggy again presented himself at the Wellingtons. He asked for Miss Wellington instead of "the ladies." He was unconscious of the neglect of Mrs. Wellington, but wary Alicia smiled when she, alone, was summoned to the drawing-room.

"Oh, Mr. De Greve," she said—heretofore she had called him Reggy—"I am so glad to see you. I know you can help me solve something that has been worrying my poor brain."

She took a seat beside the young man and submitted the "something" that had been worrying her. It was only a charade, an intricate one, however, to which Alicia knew the answer. Reggy did not suspect that and he was good at puzzles. He solved this one easily and explained the elaborate process to Miss Wellington.

"Thank you, Mr. De Greve, you are so clever," said Alicia, exactly as she had heard Lottie say the same words to different men at least a hundred times.

"That evening as Reggy went away his predominant thought was 'She thinks me clever.'"

In the course of time Alicia convinced Reggy that she was uncommonly pretty, agreeable, not too wise, and altogether charming—just the woman to preside over his house and help him spend his rather large patrimony. She also convinced him that he was good-looking, clever, witty, and manly. Indeed, under the sun of her approval he grew wonderfully until he was quite a different Reggy.

At last the scheme for proposal took place. Satisfied with himself and much more than satisfied with the accomplished Alicia, Reggy asked her to be his wife. Alicia foresaw the coming offer, of course. She made ready to refuse it. She even chose her next victim, William Giles, a lawyer of skill and renown. He would be difficult to enthrall, but a foeman worthy of her steel.

But she did not think of William when Reggy proposed. She watched "the boy," as she called him in her heart, with a curious pride. "How well he does it," she thought. "Love has made a man of him." He is desperately in earnest; he is charming—he is adorable.

"Why, Reggy," she said aloud, to her own astonishment, "I believe I do love you. Yes, I will marry you, after all, yes, yes I will."

The happy Reggy did not notice the peculiar wording of Alicia's acceptance of his heart and fortune. He had won her and his joy seemed complete. No one but his wife ever knew that he had been the subject of an experiment—Chicago Tribune.

## NIGHT IN A BUFFALO HIDE.

Queer Imprisonment of a Hunter in the Northwest.

A party of scouts from the stations on Bledsoe's Creek, in Sumner County, was in on Wilson on a tour of observation for Indian signs, says the Portland Oregonian. As they prepared to camp late one winter afternoon Capt. Jennings, who was one of the number, started out to kill a buffalo from a herd which was near by.

There was a heavy sleet on the ground, and he found it difficult to get a good range on account of the noise of his feet on the cracking ice, but after following the game for several miles he at last killed a very large bull. Fearing that the meat might be injured if left until the next morning, he skinned the animal and took out the viscera. By the time he was done night had come, and he decided to remain with his meat instead of seeking camp in the darkness. So, wrapping the huge hide around him, flesh side out, he lay down and slept very comfortably until morning. On waking he found himself tightly imprisoned in the hide, which had frozen hard and now resisted all his efforts to escape.

Hour after hour rolled by in agony to the captain. He yelled at the top of his voice for help and strained and kicked with all his might at the rigid inclosure, but it proved stubborn to the last degree. He doubtless swore many a bitter oath, for he was of too irascible a temperament to submit tamely. He expected his companions to search for him, and they did, but with a great deal of caution, fearing that he had been killed by the Indians. His prolonged absence could be accounted for in no other way. He caught up all hope of extricating himself as the hours wore away, but help which he had not thought of was to save him from a death which would have been extremely mortifying, at the least, to a man who had escaped Indian bullets and swam icy rivers like a beaver. We will let him relate the issue in his own words: "Well, the sun came out in the afternoon, and this softened the hide on the top so I could get one arm out, and when I got one arm out I worked like pizen until I got my body through."

## Archibald Forbes.

The recently deceased Archibald Forbes' entrance upon the career of war correspondent was, it is said, decided by chance. His first step was to enter a cigar shop at the bottom of Ludgate hill, where he bought a cigar, and threw the names of the four or five principal daily newspapers into his hat before drawing lots to decide which of them he should first approach. The name that he drew out was that of the Daily News. Without delay he sought out Mr. (now Sir J. R.) Robinson, whom he then met for the first time, and was promptly engaged.

**Economy in Wire ess Telephony.**  
In one case \$200,000 has been saved owing to the establishment of wireless telegraphy between the East Goodwin Lightship and the South Foreland.

## OUR BOYS AND GIRLS.

THIS IS THEIR DEPARTMENT OF THE PAPER.

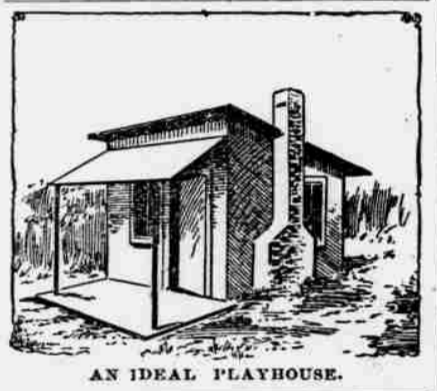
Quaint Sayings and Cute Doings of the Little Folks Everywhere, Gathered and Printed Here for All Other Little Ones to Read.

There is really no reason nowadays why children should not have playhouses of their own, for portable structures for lawn and garden use are manufactured.

One house of this sort is 6 feet 4 inches wide, 9 feet 6 inches long and 8 feet 9 inches tall from the floor to the point of the gable. This house has one door and one window. The window is divided vertically in the middle, the two halves opening back on hinges at the side edges. The door has a glazed sash in its upper part, and it has also a lock and key.

These houses are built in sections, and they can be put up in different ways; that is, they can be set up with the door in the front and the window in one end of the house, or they can be set up with both the door and the window in front; the sections are interchangeable.

There is provided for use with the house a veranda roof, which is made in sections of the same width as the sections of the house itself, so that these veranda sections can be put up to-



AN IDEAL PLAYHOUSE.

gether, making a continuous veranda along one side of the house, or they can be put up one over a door and one over a window.

There are made also, for use with these playhouses, if desired, outside blinds and screens for doors and windows. The gable ends of this house, under the roof, are slung; the side walls are of matched pine, as is also the floor, which is made in two sections. This house can be put up and taken down in a few minutes.

All sorts of furniture in suitable small sizes can be brought for the furnishing of these houses, including chairs and tables and settees and various other articles in wood and in wickerwork, handsome little desks, and everything needed for parlor or library or dining-room, and there can be bought for kitchen and other uses the most complete outfits, including stoves of the most modern description and equipped with every sort of cooking utensils, and there can be had also little washing machines and ironing boards, and so on.

The playhouse, in fact, whether it be of one room or more, can be furnished as completely as a house of ordinary size.—Cincinnati Commercial Tribune.

## A Cannibal Story.

In the long winter evenings, while in South Africa commence in May, June and July, the little Boer children sit around the fires and listen to stories like this:

There was once a woman who had a son named Magoda. She became a cannibal and ate up all the people in the village.

One day her two nieces ran away from their home and hid in her house, but they did not know her. Their cousin Magoda came and talked to them. Then they hid. The woman said:

"I smell something nice. What is it, my son? Surely I smell fat children." Then she went to the woods and commenced to cut down a tree with an ax. When the first chips fell a bird called atungu sang:

Ntengu! ntengu!  
Chips, return to your places!  
Chips, return to your places!  
Chips, be quick!

The chips then went back to the tree. This happened three times. Then the woman caught the bird and swallowed it, but one of the feathers dropped out of her mouth. She tried to cut down the tree again, but this time the feather sang the same song, and the chips flew back to the tree.

The two nieces had been hiding in the branches of the tree. They saw three dogs as big as oxen. These they knew belonged to their father, so they called to the dogs, who ate up the wicked woman, and so the girls went back to their father singing the song of the feather.

## Saved by a Doll.

An exchange gives a story told by an Indian agent of the manner in which a doll averted an Indian war.

On one occasion Gen. Crook was trying to put a band of Apaches back on their reservation, but could not catch them without killing them, and that he did not wish to do.

One day his men captured a little Indian girl and took her to the fort. She was quiet all day, saying not a word, but her heady black eyes watched everything. When night came, however, she broke down and sobbed, just as any white child would have done.

The men tried in vain to comfort her, until the agent had an idea. From an officer's wife he borrowed a pretty doll that belonged to her little daughter, and when the Apache was made to understand that she could have it, her sobs ceased and she fell asleep. When morning came the doll was still clasped in her arms. She played with it all day, and apparently all thought of getting back to her tribe left her.

Several days passed, and then the little Apache girl, with the doll still in her possession, was sent back to her people. When the child reached the Indians with the pretty doll in her chubby hands it made a great sensation among them, and the next day the mother came with the child to the post. She was kindly received and hospitably treated, and through her the tribe was persuaded to move back to the reservation.

**Old Story, but Good.**  
A little girl was permitted one bright Sunday to go to hear her papa preach. Now, it chanced that on this special occasion papa's sermon was of the "warning" order. After the moment of breathless surprise and horror the little listener's soul was wrought upon with a great pity for the poor mortals upon whom so much wrath was descending. She rose excitedly to her feet, and, her wide reproachful eyes just peeping over the back of the seat, called out, in sweet, childlike tones:

"What for you scolding all the people so, papa?"

**What Kept Him Late.**  
"How is it, Frank, that you're late home nearly every afternoon?"  
"Why, you see, mother, we've got such a big clock in our school."  
"But what has the clock to do with it?"

"'Cause it's so big it takes the hands an awful long while to get around. If we had a clock like papa's little one I'd get home a great deal quicker."

**Paid for His Humane Action.**  
Assistant District Attorney Osborne, of New York, who won notoriety by his energetic prosecution of the Mollneux case, tells this story:

"Some years ago I was spending a vacation at Rhinecliff, N. Y., trying to recuperate my shattered health. I stayed at a farmhouse which was the property of a man named William Travis. He was often subject to fits of melancholy, and in that condition was wont to say that he was tired of his life of drudgery and toil, and was almost tempted to end his wearisome existence. Things went along smoothly until one night he went out to attend to the stock and was gone rather long than usual. I thought he might have met with some accident, and started for the barn to look for him. My worst fears were realized, for there was Travis hanging by a harness trace from a beam.

"I hastily whipped out my knife and cut the trace, picked him up and carried him into the house and ran two miles into Rhinecliff for a doctor. He recovered, and gave his solemn word that he would never try to commit suicide again. I left there two days afterward, and upon asking for my bill Travis named an amount just \$2 over what I was sure I owed. Upon asking an explanation of the added \$2, Travis said:

"Well, Mr. Osborne, don't you remember the buggy trace you cut the night I tried to hang myself?"  
"I paid up and went away for fear he would find I owed him the doctor's bill."

**Wheat Lands to Be Opened.**  
The alarm about the early exhaustion or insufficiency of the world's wheat supply may be somewhat abated by the facts in connection with an application for charter of a new Canadian railroad. The title of the proposed road is the Quebec and Lake Huron, and its route is from the mouth of French River, on Georgian Bay, across the Ottawa at Mattawa and the St. Maurice at Grandes Piles, to Quebec. The distance is 440 miles, or 135 miles shorter than from Parry Sound. Included in the line is a great plateau, embracing 3,000,000 acres of forest and farming lands, now out of reach of railroads, and said to be capable of easily supporting a population of 500,000.

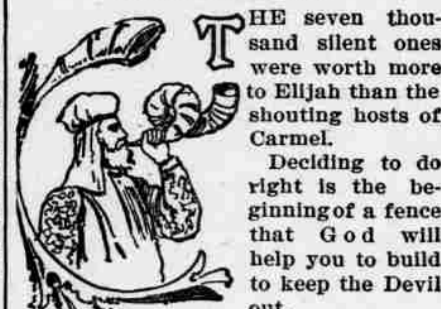
The region through which the new road will pass is well adapted to wheat growing, and the plan includes great grain elevators for the accommodation of this resource. Incidentally the project calls attention to the fact that Canada has other large tracts of undeveloped territory adapted to the growing spring wheat. This area, added to that about to be opened by the Trans-Siberian Railroad, will certainly post-poned for some years the shortage predicted by Sir William Crookes. Meantime the wheat farmer is not receiving a price for his product indicative of any popular fear or speculative belief in the failure of the supply.—Pittsburg Dispatch.

**Digestive Powers of the Ostrich.**  
The digestive powers of the ostrich have long ago passed into a proverb; the birds will swallow almost anything that they can get into their beaks. They are amusingly greedy, and will gulp down whole oranges more rapidly than they can take them into their stomachs, so that half a dozen may be seen passing down their long necks at the same time, each orange producing a queer-looking protuberance. When visitors stand near the fence of one of the inclosures the birds will peck in a most persistent manner at any bright object, such as the head of an umbrella or a walking cane, a watch chain, locket, brooch or button. It does not surprise us to be told by the attendant that indigestion is the prevalent malady among ostriches, and usually is responsible for their death. It is said that an attempt is sometimes made to relieve their systems of an accumulation of indigestible matter by administering half a gallon of castor oil in one dose.—Good Words.

**As a moss gatherer the rolling joke heads the list.**

## TRUMPET CALLS.

Ram's Horn Sounds a Warning Note to the Unredeemed.



THE seven thousand silent ones were worth more to Elijah than the shouting hosts of Carmel.

Deciding to do right is the beginning of a fence that God will help you to build to keep the Devil out.

Thericiest man is not the one who has the most, but the one who can be most thankful for the least.

Every Christian life ought to be such that if all men were living it, the result would be a heaven on earth.

The church needs men who will get out and do the chores even though others are raising the shoores.

The human heart is like a graphophone cylinder and the sweetest records are often cut by the stylus of pain.

Many a man says the Lord's prayer every day who never thinks it worth while to try to hurt the Devil with his vote.

Salvation doesn't depend so much upon what the head thinks about God as upon what the heart is doing with Christ.

God is not worshiped in spirit and in truth in the church that has to go into the show business to raise money to pay its honest debts.

Many a gifted preacher can find time to read a new book every week, who couldn't find the parable of the prodigal son without a concordance.

In patiently tolling a hundred and twenty years without making a convert, Noah pleased God as well as Peter did by having "about three thousand" on the day of Pentecost.

## FOUR RICH FOREIGN MISERS.

Made Fortunes by Begging in Different Countries Across Sea.

In Austria a man who was without feet or arms seven years ago, lacking two months, sentenced to hard labor for that term of years, is said to be well and hearty and with eager longing looks forward to the day when he shall be liberated. Simon Oppasch is his name. Born legless and armless, he managed in the course of fifty years to make, purely by begging, \$60,000, and this huge sum he was in the habit of carrying about with him by day and hiding in the wall of the cellar where he slept by night. He got into trouble with the Austrian police by declaring that he was destitute and taking an oath to that effect.

Lately in England died one Isaac Gordon who had been a professional beggar, and when he was picked up lifeless out of the street it was found that he had \$15,000 on his person. And a writing was likewise found that signifies that he had made a will. Volunteer heirs are coming forward in numbers.

The miser of the story book usually hoards his money in good red gold under the hearthstone or in some such uncomfortable spot. Real misers of today seem as a rule to prefer bank notes. They are certainly more easy to handle. Tom, a notorious Italian beggar and miser, who died a little time ago, after a life of gripping want and misery, left \$400,000, all of which was hidden in boxes, tins and behind the tattered wall paper in his room. It was almost entirely in paper money. Another man of the same type who died at Auxerre, in France, in 1898, left a large sum in bonds, but most of his wealth he had invested in rare wine. No less than 400 bottles of one very choice vintage over eighty years old were found in the cellar at his death. In this he must have bought bottle by bottle. It was practically certain that he himself had never so much as tasted a drop of this liquid gold.

**A Serum for Leprosy.**  
Some success has attended the treatment of leprosy by the injection under the skin in various parts of the body of the antivenereal of Calmette. The case was a woman 36 years old, and in three months she received forty-seven injections. As a result she was much improved, having lost her leprosy expression and the infiltration in various parts of the body disappearing. The bluish color of the face changed to a healthy red. Some ulceration that was present disappeared with several tubercles. The skin became softer and fairer and she gained fourteen pounds in weight.

**The Angolanian.**  
Tom—I suppose Cholly Saphead is still pro-British?

Dick—Oh, of course. He has a new wrinkle now. Have you heard him speak of Joey Chamberlain lately?

Tom—I haven't seen him of late. Why?

Dick—He refers to him as "Camberlain." He heard somewhere that the British never could sound their "h's."—Philadelphia Record.

**Early Intelligence.**  
—Sunday-School Teacher (finishing the narration)—And that is the story of Jonah and the whale.

Johnny—Isn't it strange they knew what a Jonah was that long ago?—Harlem Life.

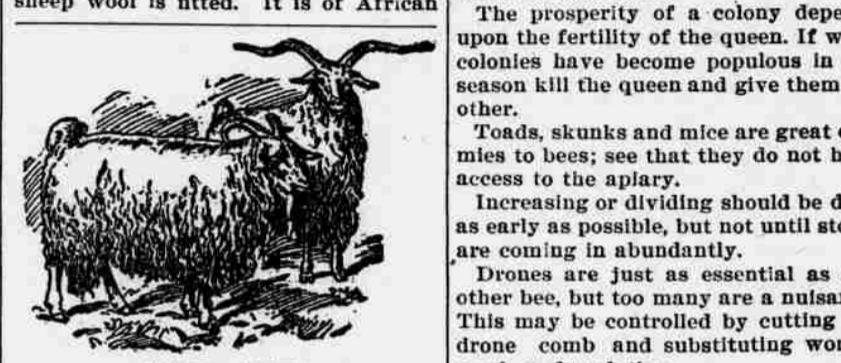
**Traveling Speed of Sound.**  
Sound passes through the air at the velocity of 1,142 feet per second; through water, 4,900 feet; through iron, 17,500 feet.

**Request for a Providence Park.**  
By the request of Miss Anna H. Man, Providence is to come into possession of about \$200,000 for the maintenance of Roger Williams Park.



**The Angora Goat.**  
The accompanying picture shows what the Angora goat is like. Its chief value is in its fleece, which supplies a material known as mohair, that is now largely used in manufactures for serges and coarse woolen goods, braids and bindings, for which no sheep wool is fitted. It is of African origin, being kept in large flocks in that part of northern Africa known as Dongola, a part of the Soudan, where the British armies recently subdued the barbarous Dervishes. The skins of this kind of goat are extensively used for leather, of which the Dongola kid shoes for women are made. There is a large amount of the wool and skins imported into every civilized country, and especially into North America, where women and children do not go barefoot, and need light shoes. There is an extensive interest arisen of late in the United States in regard to this goat, and large flocks of them are being formed in many localities.

**Greenhouse Plan.**  
A plan of a greenhouse and the arrangement of pipes for heating is shown in the accompanying cut. The width is eighteen feet, the length as may be desired. The walls are four feet high. The benches are set on the ground and are eighteen inches high;



PLAN OF GREENHOUSE.

The side ones are four feet wide and the middle ones seven. The dark space in the benches represent the filling of stones or broken bricks for drainage of the beds. There are seven distributing pipes, one three inches in diameter at the top, which branches into four inch and a half pipes on the north side, and three on the south. Whether steam or hot water be used, the pipes must slope sufficiently to cause the water to flow in a steady current. The depth of soil in the benches is ten inches. The best way to heat a house of this kind is by steam. The steam is condensed on its passage and the water is returned to the boiler thus forming a steady circuit through the pipes.

**Good Pruning Knife.**  
Any one having tried to cut the old wood of raspberries and blackberries without a proper tool knows that the job is anything but a pleasant one. The force necessary to cut an old woody cane is sometimes quite enough to pull up a whole raspberry plant. To make cutting easy one should draw the knife across the object to be cut. A writer in Farm and Fireside says: I have lately come across a knife that works well. I have tested it and find it superior to anything I have seen. Looking at the accompanying illustration, one might suppose a knife of such shape would slip off instead of cutting. But that is not so. In testing it one will be surprised how nicely it will do the cutting. It will slip just enough to give the downward motion, and thus it will sever the hard cane from the stub with the least outlay of strength. The illustration represents the shape of the knife exactly as it should be. A good blacksmith should be able to make one out of a worn-out flat file. It should be inserted in an old hoe handle, or something of that order.

**Crops that Pay Best.**  
Small farms can be made to combine many advantages. Some poultrymen grow plums in the poultry yards, and also keep bees. Others grow early vegetables under glass and also grow two or three crops in the open ground. One gardener near Philadelphia makes a large profit on four acres, on which he grows only lima beans. Another makes peas a specialty, following the peas with late cabbage. To attempt to "farm" four acres in the usual way, with wheat, corn, oats, etc., would cause bankruptcy. The crops that pay best are those that require the most hand labor.

**The English Sparrow.**  
A law has been enacted in France exempting the sparrow from the protection which is given to insect-eating birds, and the farmers are declaring a war of extermination against them. The evidence of experts was taken who had examined the contents of the stomachs of hundreds if not thousands of them, killed at various seasons of the year, and they all pronounced them innoxious to farmers as being grain eaters and also destructive of fruits and leaf buds, and that the insects they ate were but few, and not among those most troublesome in gardens and orchards.

**Farm Economy.**  
Economy on the farm is where the profits are made. The utilization of foods that are usually wasted will permit of keeping more stock and cheapening the cost of production. A leading New York farmer states that the saving of only 1 cent a day on the cost of each cow in the State would amount to over \$6,000,000 a year. The gain of only one quart of milk a day would make an additional profit of \$12,000,000 in one year.

**Starting Grape Vines.**  
I have had good success in inducing young grape vines to make a vigorous growth the first year by the following method: When set they are cut back two or three eyes and from these they usually start a number of canes. Some let all of these grow the first season, others remove all but one. I do neither. Any plant to make a good growth needs plenty of leaves. When my vines start into growth in the spring I pinch