

School Notes.

The fifth grade has begun the study of the poem, "Paul Revere's Ride," by Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.

Pearl Peterson has come back to school after a week's absence.

Hazel Maurer and Ruth and Leo Dahlin were absent from school on Wednesday afternoon.

Mr. Throckmorton visited school Wednesday morning. He gave the children an interesting account of the children of the slum districts of the large cities.

Minnie Drummond re-entered school Monday after a couple week's absence.

The primary pupils are busy making Easter decorations.

Bernice Malmstad of McHenry was a visitor in the primary room Friday.

The following original story was written by Esther Halling, a pupil of the ninth grade:

An Imaginary Goose Hunt.

One day when I was out walking I met one of my friends. After greeting him we started to talk about geese, ducks, and other wild fowl. After a few minutes conversation on this interesting topic, he suggested that we try our luck at hunting geese the next day; so after consenting to his plans, and promising to be ready bright and early next morning, I departed for home.

True to my promise I was up with the birds next morning. The first thing I did after coming downstairs was to prepare a good luncheon. My housekeeper had offered to do this for me but I wouldn't listen to her getting up so early. After fixing my luncheon, I put on my hunting jacket, slipped on my rubber boots, and put some bullets into my pocket. I then examined my gun to see that it was in good order, and finding everything satisfactory, I called my faithful hunting dog, Sport, to my side, and, followed by him, I started for my friend's house. He was ready, and we started off with a feeling of good-will towards everyone in particular.

We decided that we would go towards a little pond, two miles southwest of Binford, which was famed for its numerous wild geese and was commonly known by the name of "Goose Pond."

Upon arriving at the pond we kept a sharp lookout for any geese unfortunate enough to come within shot of our faithful guns. We were rewarded, after an hour's unsuccessful hunt, by seeing a flock of geese high up in the skies. We know them to be geese from the fact that they were flying in a V shaped line.

We stooped down among the high grasses surrounding the pond, hoping that the geese would alight on the pond nearby, and with loaded guns we awaited their coming. Lower and lower they descended until they finally alighted in the high reeds only a few yards away. The greater part of them went toward the water, expecting to enjoy a swim.

"Now's the time to shoot," I whispered to my companion, and taking careful aim at a particularly fine looking bird, that was just on the brink of the pond, I fired. When the smoke cleared away, I saw the goose, with a broken wing, make for the reeds.

In the meantime the remaining fowls, frightened at the noise of the shots, had taken to their wings, and were almost out of sight.

As for my friend, I am sorry to say, he didn't succeed in shooting a single goose.

It didn't take Sport long to find the goose. He soon came dragging it by its neck and deposited it at my feet. It attempted to stand, but I put a bullet through it and it lay motionless.

"Just my luck," grumbled my companion. "Didn't get a one, and such a good chance as I had too."

"Better luck next time, perhaps," I retorted, trying to comfort him.

Not another living thing did we see all morning although we went quite a distance from the pond.

"We might as well eat our luncheon now," said my friend Tom, "even if we can't find another goose today."

After satisfying our hunger we felt our spirits rising and again resumed our hunt. We found the geese plentiful enough but not a solitary one could we shoot. The trouble was due either to the geese or to ourselves. Both my friend and I were considered good shots but on this particular day something seemed to be the matter, although I fear we blamed the geese more than our-

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HAMMER-THIN

Binford,

selves.

Finally a solitary goose alighted on the pond. We both took aim at it, and, wonders of all wonders, we both managed to hit it at the same time.

"After him, Sport, after him, old dog!" I shouted.

Sport, in obedience to my commands, plunged into the water. Although he had some difficulty in finding the goose, he at last came with it, and laid it on the ground, wagging his tail and looking at me as if he expected praise.

As we were not successful in shooting any more geese we decided to start for home, thoroughly disgusted, both with ourselves and the geese in particular.

The next day the following words appeared in the news column of the Binford Daily Times: "Jack Heath and Tom Woods spent a pleasant day hunting at Goose Pond. Each gentleman returned home loaded with one goose." Then below were written the words: (Editor's Note) "We wish to heartily congratulate the two gentlemen on their "Wild Goose Chase."

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