

THE TEXAS STOCKMAN-JOURNAL

VOL. 29.

FORT WORTH, TEXAS, MAY 19, 1909.

NO 1.

Col. Poole Out in Presidio County

Editor Stockman-Journal:

Saying adieu to the boys on the Vinegar or Middle ranch, we headed for the upper or headquarter Poole ranch, eighteen miles away. Passing out through the Bunton pastures which join the Poole ranches on the east and west, we made it in before 12 o'clock, in time to enjoy a good old-fashioned ranch dinner. My good old sister-in-law was expecting us. She and her housekeeper had a good country ham raised and put up here on the ranch. I have a weakness for such grub as this. Just think of it, Mr. Editor, boiled ham, peach and plum preserves and jellies, canned peaches, all raised here on the ranch. They have about 500 bearing fruit trees which are loaded down to the ground with luscious fruit, so you can imagine what I am doing here, and I want to tell you I am making a full hand at the table. Plenty of good ranch milk and butter, with plenty of wild honey taken from the bee caves in the sides of the mountains. There are six or seven of these bee caves on the ranch, which would furnish honey enough for a dozen families like this, which costs nothing, only the trouble of carving it out with a big butcher knife. I prefer that some one else do the robbing act, as these bees all have hot feet when they pay a visit to a fellow's face and hands. A big old black bear broke in on one cave last fall about a mile from the house and lived fat on honey for ten days or two weeks before anyone on the ranch found him. Brother John turned his bear dogs loose after him and they soon brought him to bay; one shot from his trusty Winchester brought the bear down. He was smeared all over, from head to foot, with honey. A bear will risk its life any old time for honey. He made a fine pile of meat, but he had been eating honey so long that his meat tasted quite sweet, somewhat like honey.

John A. Poole, Sr., located here twenty-three years ago and has lived here continuously ever since. Two large springs near the house supply enough water to irrigate 500 fruit trees, garden and about five acres of sweet clover, which grows the year round, furnishing fine grazing for milk cows, saddle horses, hogs, chickens and turkeys. Mrs. Poole raises loads of chickens and turkeys every year. Here in these mountains in the little valleys it seldom gets cold enough to make a little skim of ice,

hence fruit never gets killed. The house stands one mile from the foot of Chinatte mountain, which is the highest peak in this country. It reaches up towards the heavens 8,792 feet above sea level. The balance of this range of mountains, which skirt the Rio Grande river for over a hundred miles are not so tall, but are known as the Chinatte mountains.

This is a splendid little ranch, covering about eight miles square, and is watered entirely by cold running springs the year round, which are nicely located in different parts of the pastures. It is a rough and rocky

country. Nothing but red polled cattle on this ranch from seven-eighths to registered. The bulk of cattle on this ranch are registered. Brother John furnishes all registered bulls out of this herd for his other two ranches and has quite a good lot of young bulls to sell each year. It is a whole lot of work and trouble to keep up with all the calves that drop and keep them registered properly on so many cattle as there are here. His two herd bulls that stand at the head of the herd are Eureka 4845, bred by J. T. Hoover, Princeton, Ill., and sired by Duke No. 3331, dam Purple Pan-

sey No. 5557. Calved, October 14, 1903.

Barney No. 4624, bred by Freeman Current, Lost Nation, Iowa, sired by Gold Standard No. 1327, dam Bridget No. 4086; calved November 14, 1902.

These two bulls are 5 and 6 years old and are perfect models of red polled cattle, dark rich red color and are busting big fellows, and their calves are all molded after them. I presume they are equal to any in the United States. I never tire looking at the pretty red muley cattle. They are perfectly docile and easily handled and managed.

The lower ranch is fifty miles to the south and east of here, in the same range of mountain, eighty-five miles from Marfa, Presidio county. There are several big springs on this ranch and three running creeks fed by these springs, but as a rule these creeks only run about three miles each and then sink into the sand. However, during the rainy season these creeks run several miles each.

This is a fine winter ranch, but a little too hot for a summer range. On the river cattle and horses get good and fat there in winter time. This is called the Bufficilas ranch. Takes its name after the largest creek in the pasture, to-wit, Bufficilas creek.

Bob Breeding, who married one of my nieces, is foreman and manager on the Bufficilas. He is a jolly cuss, always in a good humor. He declares there is no use to keep hens to set on eggs down there. Just cover your eggs up in the sand near the creek and in due time the young chicks will be seen digging out of the sand without mammy or daddy. Bob is a brick and a first rate cowman. His wife says he is all right until he gets out of tobacco, and then it's all off. He vows he never will live at another place eighty-five miles away from where he can get tobacco. Habit becomes second nature, you know, and I imagine a fellow would get as hungry for tobacco as he would for bread, but, thank God, I do not chew. I do not want to chew or eat anything that a hog will not eat.

Yes, there is a whole army of men in Texas that use from \$30 to \$75 worth of tobacco each year, that, if there wives were to insist on them buying a dollar's worth of candy each month, they would kick like bay steers.

Now, I maintain that the legislature should pass an act forcing these old tobacco chewers and smokers to fur-

Angelo Wool Season On

It is estimated by local wool men that a crop of two and a half million pounds will be received in San Angelo this spring. The selling of the wool will take place about the first of July, and in spite of the drouth it is declared that last year's crop will be equalled or even excelled.

The reason for the good outlook is the fact that although the sheep are producing about an average of two pounds less per head, more sheep raisers and wool growers are bringing their clip into San Angelo. There are a large number who formerly took their clip elsewhere who are interested in the Wool Growers' Central Storage company and naturally store with the concern in which they hold stock.

It is estimated that a half million pounds of wool are already in storage in San Angelo and the buyers from various points are beginning to drop in and get a line on the situation and to figure on how much wool they can expect to see sold out of this place.—San Angelo Standard.

A local expert says:

"Although we are getting about two pounds a head less from the sheep than last spring, this will be more than offset by the fact that more of the growers will ship into this point. We expect to get at least 100,000 pounds that used to go to Kerrville and many other points will now be tributary that we did not used to get. This is because the Wool Growers' Central Storage company has sold stock to many of the growers who used not to send in here and now they are going to ship to Angelo to protect their own interests.

"The organization controls practically all of Crockett county, and I figure that there is about 325,000 pounds of wool already in the local warehouses, and the crop has not really begun to come in heavy as yet.

"The sheep are shearing light because they have not got the grease in the wool. We would get at least 800,000 pounds more this spring than we expect but for the drouth. At that, however, the sheep have stood up remarkably well considering the dry weather they have had to contend with.

"The lambing season this year has not been as good as last, when we had nearly 100 per cent. It will run about 70 per cent this year on account of the dryness."—San Angelo Standard.

EXPECTS HEAVY CLIP.

Captain Charles Schreiner of Kerrville says he has received about 1,000 bags of wool so far, and that the clip this spring will be heavier than usual. He is very cautious, however, about making predictions on prices, but this is not because he is inclined to be bearish, but rather to a cherished hope that prices will exceed his present expectations. "The mohair market will, as it has been for some time, be flighty," said he, "and is difficult to reckon with. Sometimes after a period of depression one manufacturer will make a good-sized purchase, and this is nearly always followed by a prompt general demand, and the stock will be cleaned up in a few weeks. We will have perhaps 250,000 pounds for sale when it is all in."—San Antonio Express.

nish candy for their wives. It would be a better law, in my judgment, than a lot of laws that have been passed in the last three or four years. I am always ready to champion the cause that helps the ladies, because, as a rule, they do not get a square deal. Dodgast these old tobacco chewers; make 'em come to limerick with plenty of candy and chewing gum for their dear sweet wives! It is nothing but justice and right.

Shafter, twenty miles away to the southeast of here, is the place where the great silver mines of Texas are located. They have been running in full blast for twenty-five years and still they are piling it out by the thousands of dollars every month. They are employing a large force of men daily and have been using Beaumont oil for three or four years; keep several six-mule teams constantly on the road hauling this oil from Marfa to use in the smelter, which they claim is equal if not cheaper than coal.

The ranchers in this country employ Mexicans for ranch work, as it is impossible to get enough white men to do the work. These Mexicans are at home on a horse and make fairly good hands, yet have no mercy on horseflesh.

It is very gloomy for the stockmen in this part of the country as there has been no rain or snow in these diggin's since last September. There is plenty of old grass, but it seems to contain very little nutriment and hence cattle and horses are looking hard and some cattle are dying. A good old-fashioned ground-spaker would be in order now, as it would put new life in both man and beast.

Lindsey & Palmer of Denver, Colo., are here buying young mules. Brother John and his son Buck sold to them 139 coming 2s and 3s off this ranch, which they had picked up last year. Buck started with them to Marfa yesterday, Saturday. These mules are as wild as snakes, having been raised here on the range, and when a lasso is dropped over one's head it will bawl and tear up the ground in a manner equal to that of a bull yearling. I enjoyed the fun ever so much, but you must understand I kept at a good distance, as they would kick and bite a Mexican or white man, too, as long as the rope was on him. Lindsey & Palmer will ship them out of Marfa to Denver Monday morning.

West E. Love points this ranch on the northwest, with 6,000 cattle. West has made lots of money here the last ten years and does not have to sleep with the out cattle as he did in former years.

T. A. Childers joint the ranch on the northeast and has in his pastures about 2,500 head of good graded cattle. All the ranchers in this country are using well bred bulls in their herds.

My young friend, Thomas F. Cross, formerly of Taylor county, and he is not so dadgasted young; is foreman

on the Childers ranch. Mr. Childers, I am sorry to say, is in very feeble health, hence Thomas Cross leads what Mexicans they work on the ranch. Thomas wants me to say through The Stockman-Journal that he would greatly prefer to lead some fair young lady or dashing widow to the altar and let a preacher make a little speech to them. Yes, old boy, I think you are dead right; nothing to equal it that I ever tried.

Yesterday evening Brother John and I drove down one and a half miles east of the house to take a peep at two bee caves in a bluff in Bear creek. We could see great flakes of comb honey as long as a man's arm. I presume there was as much as five bushels of honey in sight. However, I took the precaution not to get nearer than twenty-five feet of this luscious honey, as the bees quickly got on their war paint and treaded their hot feet, and I said to them, "Peace and prosperity be with you, but I may call on you late next fall or winter."

One hand has put in almost every day here on this ranch for the past two months cutting sotol for the cattle. It grows spontaneously all over this part of the county. It grows from two to four feet tall and is shaped somewhat like a pineapple, and has long rough blades growing all over it. It is two feet long and one inch wide; the edges of this blade are like a saw blade, sharp and rough, which prevents stock from breaking in on the inside head, which is usually about the size of a large drum-head cabbage; often as large as two cabbage heads. Cattle, sheep, goats and deer are all very fond of it. A good brisk hand with a light crowbar can burst open, ready for the cow to eat, about 500 to 700 heads per day. This is fine feed for cattle, especially when all other vegetation is dry and dead. It has a stalk growing from the center of the head in summer about five to six feet tall. This stalk has beautiful blooms and is very prolific in the way of seeds, about half the size of wheat, often a quart to a stalk. All kinds of birds and fowls are very fond of these seeds. Quail get hog fat on them and there are thousands upon thousands of these beautiful quail in this country, the blue and a short-legged fellow colored like the Bob White, and about the same size. Both kinds are of the Mexican family or variety and are certainly a fine fellow for the table. However, I am not very fond of quail, but I can manage to worry down two or three of them at a meal. They are inclined to be domesticated, as I see them here in the orchard, barn lot and yard associating with the chickens and turkeys.

Brother John does not allow any shooting in or around the barn lot or the yard around the house. The law forbids shooting quail at this season of the year, but say, Mr. Editor, do you believe it is against the statutes to kill quail with rocks when they make a fight at you any old time.

I am tired and sleepy and will ring off for tonight, but may have something more to say when I get up to Marfa, and I sure dread that fifty-mile drive over a rocky, rough country.
C. C. POOLE.

DRY FARMING MAKES GOOD. BY PROF. W. H. OLIN.

The third dry farming congress, recently held at Cheyenne, Wyo., demonstrated beyond the question of a doubt that some farmers on the non-irrigated lands of the West with less than twenty inches of rainfall made

good" in 1908, our hardest crop year for more than a decade.

The farmers explained their method of growing crops and had an exhibit of 1908 crops which was an unanswerable argument of the truth of their assertions. Theorists might theorize and tell how it should be done, but these farmers "delivered the goods" and told the hundreds of visitors just how they succeeded, a most helpful feature for every new settler of the West.

This experience meeting was a most helpful feature in the sessions of the congress. They told us that farming in the West calls for the highest class of intelligence and that we need to discourage the settlers who cannot "mix brains with the soil."

From the most excellent addresses given and discussions heard, I gleaned the following as fundamentals which every new settler should realize as essential and all important:

First—Choose a soil adapted to farming, with a clay subsoil. Shun a sandy subsoil, since it tends to leach moisture and makes it difficult to maintain a soil reservoir, where, by capillary action, moisture reaches the plant as it has need. A sandy surface soil needs different treatment than a clayey or clay loam surface soil. Hence, do not treat all soils alike.

Second—Have one cash money crop, but make the major portion of the farm feed crops, which will give back to the soil at least 75 per cent soil value of the crop fed, to keep up the fertility of the farm and maintain humus.

Third—Therefore, keep live stock on the farm, the kind of live stock to be determined by the farm environment, market conditions and farm capital the owner can invest.

Fourth—Adoption of moisture conserving methods of tillage is vital and all important. Deep plowing, in the average soil, is a requisite of prime importance.

Fifth—Use acclimated seed of the most drought-resistant type which can be made to fit into a purposeful, practical rotation for the farm. At least one legume should be grown in all rotations chosen.

Sixth—Some capital is absolutely essential for all settlers on Western lands. In every instance of failure which the writer has been able to trace in the last four years, he finds in the start a dearth of capital. We must frankly, candidly and fairly state that some capital, here, as elsewhere, is required to build a home.

Seventh—Back of soil, climate, seed, system and capital must be a resourceful, determined, intelligent farmer, one willing to learn from his neighbors and to adapt himself and his methods to his environment.

Such a man is the one who will, through utilizing flood water, or a well, supplement the main farm with a vegetable or fruit garden which he can irrigate when rains do not come at the proper time for best result. Such a man will give his family an attractive home with modern conveniences throughout. He will also make the dairy cow, hog and hen bring in a regular income, incidentally manufacturing cheap home-grown feeds into products which the market constantly demands.

Good business management often measures the difference between success and failure on the farm.

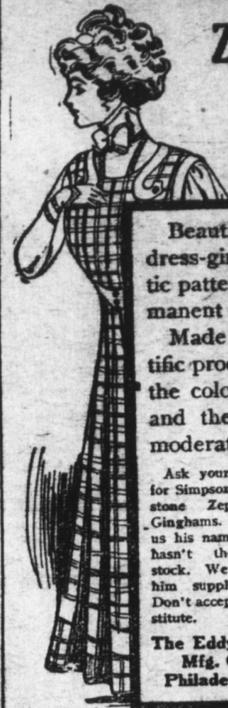
It has been the men who put in practice the three cardinals of the congress—education, conservatism, cultivation—who are blazing the road for the rest of us to follow.

We received at this congress the unqualified statement of farmers with more than a quarter of a century's experience that they had actually "made good" all these years. When we realize that these men represented the varying conditions to be found in traveling from Western Texas to Eastern Washington, we were made to realize that "dry farming," so-called, in

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the United States has passed from an experimental to an accomplished fact and is now on a commercial basis.

Dr. Macdermid, from the Transvaal, South Africa, and Senator McColl, from Australia, told us that dry farming operations have been carried on in these countries for several decades. We also were reminded at this congress that the Pueblo and Aztec natives of the Southwest practiced dry farming for centuries in the crudest way and grew crops.

A safe, sane, conservative, well-organized movement was arranged for at this congress which will make it a positive, permanent, most helpful factor to every farmer in the West on our non-irrigated lands who will subscribe to its membership. It seeks to encourage the farmer to study the why, how and when of all farm operations and to let up only when he wrests success from the struggle and the problem of successful cropping of his land is solved.

HEARING MAY 26.

United States Examiner to Take Evidence Here in Cattle Cases.

A special examiner of the United States court will take testimony in the cattle rate case in Fort Worth, beginning May 26. This will attract a large gathering of railroad attorneys, rate experts, executive officials and cattlemen. Judge Sam H. Cowan will return from Washington in time to attend this hearing.

A hearing in Denver, immediately following this one, will close the case.

This is the case in which Southwestern railroads are seeking to have rescinded the interstate commerce commission's order for lower rates on live stock effective several months ago.

European Trip

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Advice to the Aged.

Age brings infirmities, such as sluggish bowels, weak kidneys and bladder and TORPID LIVER.

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have a specific effect on these organs, stimulating the bowels, causing them to perform their natural functions as in youth and

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to the kidneys, bladder and LIVER. They are adapted to old and young.

SAN ANTONIO PICKINGS

The goat business is being overdone in Hawaii as the animals run wild there and have during recent years become a menace to agriculture in the new territory of the United States. They are ruining the mountain forests, which conserve the rainfall on which the water for irrigation is dependent. In some sections of the mountain districts once heavily wooded there is scarcely any vegetation at all.

Ike West has left to join his family at the ranch. He had three or four loads of steers on the Fort Worth market, but as the telegram was sent to him at Uvalde instead of here there was no local information as to what they brought.

John W. Warren has bought a new seven-passenger car and tried it out Sunday afternoon for the first time. He has served notice on the farmers' chickens that it is dangerous to feed out in the lanes, and is advising his friends who have machines and do not care to get dust in their eyes not to challenge his right to the speedway. He is going to cover several states this summer and has agreed to wire a number of friends here from the top of Pike's peak as soon as he climbs the hill.

"The packer is a hard man to keep your finger on these days," said a cattleman yesterday. They say there is no demand for beef still they paid right around 6 cents in St. Louis last week. The cattle were worth it, of course, from the cattleman's point of view, but if I had been a packer I wouldn't have paid that price when I could have bought them cheaper and still left the shipper satisfied. Steers weighing less than 900 pounds sold at \$4.50 in Fort Worth last week. If I had been a packer I would have showed the price a quarter just because the seller would not have been surprised nor very angry."

Some man in Kansas City, who claims to know, says that cattle are going to sell soon at \$7, and some Colorado fed Mexican lambs sold in Chicago last week at \$9.30. The predicted high price for cattle is based on the impending famine and the skyward trend of mutton is accounted for by the fact that the public always clamor more lustily for it as it goes higher.—San Antonio Express.

J. M. Chittim will shortly finish receiving the cattle bought from Furnish Brothers at Spofford. The estimate at the time the purchase was made was about 3,500 head, including about 1,500 cows and 2,000 steers. Mr. Chittim is now moving the last of the steers, except such as are in condition to go direct to market, to his ranch at Paloma. Most of the cows were moved some time ago.

The cattle bunch is making its calculations to go West early next fall. John W. Bennett, Jr., is going over some plans now which contemplate a "stamping ground" for them down on St. Mary street, just across from the Hotel Gunter. The details are not worked out as yet, but a large and commodious ground floor apartment with private offices to meet the requirements are among the possibilities and the cattlemen generally approve the idea.

Get out your pencils. On load of

1,230-pound cake steers from Hood county topped the market in Fort Worth Tuesday at \$5.50 and W. R. Bigham sold 345 of the C. B. Lucas steers in St. Louis the same day, averaging 963 pounds, at \$5.55. The Fort Worth sale was the best one, numbers considered, of course, and it is not necessary for the Fort Worth boomers to argue the point nor for St. Louis to deny it. What the Express would like to know is what would have happened if conditions had been reversed and St. Louis had sold the 1,230 pound load and Fort Worth the Lucas cattle.

Warren V. Galbreath of Fort Worth spent the day here Wednesday. He did not come down for anything in particular except to advise the cattlemen who are interested in Oklahoma that everything has been made lovely by the rains of the past few days and to show them likewise that he was just as glad to come to San Antonio after fat stuff had been shipped out as before. He said several new houses were going to be built in Fort Worth soon, but when he was pinned down as to which was the best town he suddenly changed the subject and said that South Texas would surely get some rain right away, if there was anything in signs down this way.

Gus Black of Spofford, but whose ranch is in Maverick county, was here on a short business trip and went back Wednesday. "We have had a little rain lately," said he, "but it was scattered and light, but we are going to get some this month. Usually we get it by the 5th, but Mr. Foster and I have set tomorrow as the day for the floods to begin. We will get them though, along about the 11th, the 16th, or some other day, and in time to keep the cattlemen from losing faith in us as forecasters." Mr. Black has a string of aged steers, but he is not calculating to market any of them before the late summer or early fall, but of course the price will be the determining feature of his sales. When his steers get big fat and the price gets high he has some difficulty in preventing the speculators from taking them away from him, and even then he doesn't succeed sometimes, as he knows when he is offered enough for them.

Bud Hilderbrandt is back from a trip down south, where he has been scattering sunshine and a few of his hard-earned pennies among the owners of fat grass cattle for two or three weeks. He says that while conditions are as a rule far from ideal, the rains of a week ago helped out considerably. There are a few fat cattle still to be found down that way, but his only complaint is that the producer knows a fat animal just about as well as the man who happens along and wants to buy them. In other words, the speculator has to pay for everything he buys.

Taylor Whitsett of Campbellton, who has been up two or three days, went back home yesterday. He sold his steers recently to Davis & Jennings and therefore is not so much exercised about range conditions as he was a while back. He figures that a man not inured to city ways should not spend too much time in a metropolis where autos whiz by at the rate of three a minute and where bad boys may induce him to go to baseball

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BREEDERS' DIRECTORY

All breeders advertising in this directory are invited to send photograph of their herd leader, with a short, pointed description. A cut will be made from the photograph and run from one to three times a year, as seen from the picture below. No extra charge for it. Don't send cuts. Send photograph. The continuation of this feature depends upon your prompt action.

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HEREFORD HOME HERD of Herefords. Established 1868. Channing, Hartley county, Texas. My herd consists of 500 head of the best strain, individuals from all the well known families of the breed. I have on hand and for sale at all times cattle of both sexes. Pasture close to town. Bulls by carloads a specialty. William Powell, proprietor.

DURHAM PARK SHORTHORNS, headed by Imp. Marquis 266464, whose calves won Junior Championship calf herd and four get of sire, San Antonio and Dallas Fairs, this year.
DAVID HARRELL, LIBERTY HILL, TEXAS.

games on Sunday; besides, he says, this town is a hard place for a man from the "rooral" districts either to make money or hang on to the little wad he has.—San Antonio Express.

S. R. Guthrie of Aipine was back in the city Tuesday on his way home from a trip down to Yoakum and left for the West next morning. "Corn is looking very well down there, but it will need some more rain before long," said he. "Cuero and vicinity seems to have had more rain than any other section below here. I haven't heard from home since I left there, but if there had been any rains of consequence I would, I suppose, have seen it in the papers. This is not our season for rain, but we would like to have some just the same."

Thomas O'Connor, Jr., of Victoria, will make a new departure this spring in seeking an outlet for South Texas steers, as he sold his steer yearlings, about 1,100 head, to a buyer from Wyoming, and they will be shipped to Gillette about June 1. It will, of course, be necessary for them to be free of ticks and it will be necessary for them to have a certificate to this effect before they can cross the quarantine line. Mr. O'Connor proposes to make this possible by dipping them. He sold them, so the report goes, at \$14 a head. The Express will endeavor to keep its readers posted on the results of this invasion of the Northwest by steers from the tick region which promises so much in the way of an additional outlet for some well-bred cattle that cannot be marketed at home.

HORSE VALUES.

Just before the automobile ushered in the "horseless era" a fairly respectable horse could hardly be given away, and good roadsters, draft and saddle animals could be purchased for a song of something less than a Patti

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GERALD O. CRESSWELL, Oplim, Texas, Champion Herd of Aberdeen-Angus below quarantine line. Bulls for sale.

or Caruso value. Horse stealing lacked the advantage of profit, and was little indulged in. Now the theft of horses is a common thing, and every state has special societies to aid the law in hounding the thieves. In fact, the price of horses was hardly ever better than it is at present, and the demand never so large. The lid for the racing game may have limited the demand for thoroughbreds, but the ordinary serviceable animal was never of greater worth. Still, there is a quarter of a billion dollars invested in automobiles in the country, and this is being increased every month. Two situations which show that this is a big country, and prosperous: There is room for the horse and motor car, and money to pay for both.

HAGELSTEIN BUYS MULES.

George Hagelstein of San Angelo has recently purchased about 150 head of mules from various parties in the Concho country, the aggregate price for which was between \$7,000 and \$8,000. Here are the names of the parties selling to him:

Field & Son, Sonora, seventy head of yearling mules at \$50 per head; total \$3,500; Elder & Co., Eldorado, twenty head yearling mules, \$45 per head, total \$900; Elder & Co., Eldorado, ten head 2-year-olds at \$65 per head, total \$650; Jones Brothers of Irion county, sixteen head of 2-year-olds, \$70 per head, total \$1,120; Jones Brothers, Irion county, sixteen head yearling mules, \$50 per head, total \$800; Hall Brothers, San Angelo, ten head 2-year-old mules, \$70 per head, total \$700. Mules delivered at Hagelstein's Lipan Creek ranch.

WOOL AT COLEMAN.

COLEMAN, Texas.—The Coleman county wool clip has begun to arrive. It is being stored here and will not be offered for sale until the shearing season is over. The clip will amount to between 250,000 and 300,000 pounds.

Sheep Shearing in Wyoming

Again to the great red desert of Wyoming, whereon have been wintering those thousands upon thousands of sheep, has come spring—blowing now warm, now cold, but bearing the one message. And once again the Wyoming wool crop is ripe for the gathering. Here in famous Carbon county, and here at Rawlins, typical and important among the big sheep shearing points of the mighty West, we are all on the alert for the first inflowing band of the "woolies." In the shearing pens the shearers are ready; the supplies of twine and sacks and provisions are on hand.

But, although Carbon county now shears each spring its 60,000 sheep, and the total bids fair to increase, verily times have changed. In the old days—and not so very old, either, but thus differentiated—of Wyoming, the rollicking, boisterous "California" shearer were the whole thing; the spring marked the annual influx of them. At Rawlins and other sheep towns the saloons and gambling dens flung wider, if possible, their doors, and the gamblers prepared for a harvest. Picturesque nomads were these California shearers, leading a gypsy existence, doing no other work than shearing. Their circuit was from California, after the first shearing there, out through the "East," even to the Nebraska line; thence back again, swinging northward, and then to California again for the second or fall shearing. They constituted a peculiar guild of traveling craftsmen, and their like as rapid shearers is produced no more by the districts which once gladly employed them.

One morning Wyoming shearing pens found themselves confronted by a situation. At a set of pens near Rawlins, to which had come the same gang of Californians for twenty-one consecutive years, the men demanded higher rates—alleging that the wool was so dirty it dulled their shears and wasted their time. In the crisis the wool growers and the shearing pens sent broadcast word for help. Denver heard and gallantly responded. At the pens where the strike had been inaugurated was installed a likely looking gang, Denver-sent, and the proprietor deemed himself lucky. But from rise to set of the sun this gang of thirteen "shearers" sheared thirty-nine sheep (about the number that one Californian would shear in three hours). Well, exit the California shearers; exit the Denver shearers; enter the Mormon shearers, the present incumbents of the Wyoming field and fields surrounding.

Aye, the old days—when at a shearing time a sheep town of the frontier was as unruly as any wide-open cow town after the fall shipments; when shearers made their money only immediately to spend it in riotous flying—are gone forever. The Utah shearer (the so-termed Mormon shearer), is sober rather than gay; he sends his money home; frequently he has a family, and above the door of his bunk house may be read "Blessed are the pure in heart," "Know that the Lord He is God," and other quotations of a religious trend.

Out at the Peterson pen, a few miles west of Rawlins, the shearing shed and the corrals, erected apparently out of an invisible supply of timber, here on the gravelly desert,

showing sharp in the crisp, clear atmosphere, the thirty shearers under contract are on hand, and waiting. They have arrived on time, much to Mr. Peterson's gratification, coming in by squads from Bingham and other points in Utah, and from certain Colorado towns. These Mormon shearers, now loafing about, reading papers, whittling, chatting, resemble honest mechanics as much as anything else.

The initial band of sheep has entered the corral; and now the shearers troop into the shearing shed and vault into their pens. The shed is long and low, divided into pens, with a narrow passage or chute skirting it on the corral's side and a broad aisle traversing its middle. Out in the corral the wranglers close in behind the bleating animals and with shout and waving of gunny sacks drive a detachment of them into the chute. The chute is filled. The gate of each pen swings out, across, and thus partitioned off, the sheep are urged through the opening. They jostle in; the gates are pulled to, inclosing the sheep, and each pen has its quota of eight, ten or fifteen.

Every shearer has his shears, the "buck" or buckskin thong in place over the back of his hand; the bunch of new strings for tying his fleeces is hanging from the side of the pen. "Let her go!" whoops the foreman. Promptly every shearer grabs by the hind leg a sheep from amongst its comrades huddling together at the far end of the pen, and, drawing it toward him, flops it upon its side. The sheep struggles, but rarely bleats. He whirls it, and, propping it upon its broad haunches, has it with its back against his knees. It looks imporingly up into his face with that servile, snaky gaze of the most defenseless of beasts, and he swiftly "opens it up" by plowing a furrow adown its brisket. Unhesitatingly he snips along, over breast and flank and belly and back, trimming around its ears and legs. The clean under wool shows white as snow behind the shears—and blood also follows as now and then a nip of flesh is taken. The sheared wool rolls in a billowy mass to the floor until the shearer is standing ankle deep. He ruthlessly twists and jerks his victim, straddling it anon; and in a jiffy, bleeding from its cuts, and singularly ungainly, now stripped, it is released and scrambles indignantly away.

Stooping, the shearer gathers the wool into a compact mass; this bundle is his fleece. He passes a piece of twine from his bunch under it and around it, and in about three motions has tied it securely with a jam knot like a half-hitch—a deft fastening made without effort, using one end of the twine only. He tosses the completed fleece into the aisle of the shed and grabs another sheep.—Edwin L. Sabbin, in Sports Afield for May.

GRASS TO KEEP THE SOIL.

BY EX-SENATOR HARRIS.

Grass, after all, is the thing to be reckoned with in the conservation of the fertility of the soil.

I never can talk about that subject without thinking and dwelling on it over and over again and I don't think I can ever call the attention of cattlemen and stockmen of all kinds who are interested in the prosperity of



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The Texas Stockman-Journal
FORT WORTH, TEXAS.

the country, often enough to that wonderful article on grass written by Senator Ingalls of Kansas some twenty-five or thirty years ago. He said that "next in importance to the divine profusion of water, light and air, those three great physical facts which render existence possible, may be reckoned the universal beneficence of grass. Grass is the forgiveness of nature, her constant benediction," and he concluded by saying: "It bears no blazonry of bloom to charm the senses, yet its homely hue is more enchanting than the lily or the rose. It bears no fruit in earth or air, and yet should its harvest fail for a single year famine would depopulate the world."

Grass, of course, is the foundation of our live stock industry, and the more grass we grow, the more we conserve the fertility of the soil and the more meat products of all kinds we are ready to supply the world, and I want to congratulate the stockmen, cattlemen and sheepmen upon the great fact that concerns their industry, and that is that in the multitude of exports which will grow and increase as we gain a greater and greater share of the commerce of the world, there is one fact to be remembered—that is for every steer, for every bullock, for every hundred pounds of meat that leaves our shores, while benefiting and helping foreign people, it leaves our country better and richer than it was before. There is hardly any other product of which this can be said. Every ton of steel or iron that goes abroad is a permanent diminution of our store of that great natural bounty. Every ton of coal consumed is a permanent diminution of our supply, while continued exports of cotton and tobacco and wheat work permanent impoverishment of our soil.

The Hebrew prophet, in a melancholy mood, exclaimed "All flesh is

grass." We may, in a spirit of exultation and optimism exclaim "All grass is flesh," and our patriotic and far-seeing statesmen should in every way encourage the increasing growth and production of all forms of live stock and make the way easy for the export of that class of products. The more grass we grow, the more flesh we can produce. The more flesh we produce, the more wheat, the more corn, the more tobacco and more cotton and all other agricultural products can be supplied to the world.

We should be opposed to the export of anything upon which American energy could be used in perfecting it for the use of man. Our meat products are the final and complete result of the labors of the cattlemen and farmers of this country, so that I believe we should from every standpoint work with the utmost energy to encourage our exports of meat and meat products.

SPRING GRASS LATE.

In a few favored sections the first blush of green is stealing over the landscape, but taking Wyoming, the Dakotas and Montana in general the rise of grass is seriously belated. This is not causing cattlemen such concern as another influx of settlers. Said one of them at the South Dakota meeting: "I am looking for a place to alight, but is begins to look as if the cattleman has nowhere to go but up in the air. Most of the big outfits have cleared up and the man who has been running a few hundred to a few thousand head has no alternative but take the same horn of the dilemma. We certainly cannot make fat cattle with the population of the range congesting in this manner. Putting in stockers with such a prospect would be sheer folly."—Chicago Live Stock World.

Sheep Men Hunting Grass

R. L. Carruthers was in San Angelo last week en route to Oklahoma to lease several thousand acres of grass. He is a big sheepman of the Pecos country near Sheffield, and the object of his trip to arrange for grass for his sheep which he will ship this month.

Mr. Carruthers has about 5,000 head of sheep grazing in the western portion of Crockett county, and this bunch will be loaded in the cars at Comstock, on the Southern Pacific, just as soon as sufficient grass is leased in Oklahoma. The 5,000 sheep this spring produced 25,000 pounds of wool, most of which has already been brought to San Angelo and stored with Charles W. Hobbs. In speaking of the conditions in the Pecos wilds this morning, Mr. Carruthers said:

"Recently there have been fairly good rains in the portion of the country where my ranch is located and the sheep range is as good as could be expected. The green bushes furnish fine picking for the sheep and will continue to do so, I think, for several weeks to come. When coming over, I found that the country on the other side of the divide is in much better shape than that on this side. Of course, we would appreciate more rain, but we are not howling because we don't get it."

"How about the lamb crop?" he was asked.

"That proved far better than was expected at the beginning of the lambing season," replied Mr. Carruthers. "My crop averaged 70 per cent (that is, there were seventy lambs for every hundred ewes). While this is not as large a crop as last year, it is considered a good average for this spring. No, there is no truth in the report that stockmen killed part of their lamb crop because of the dry weather. We were prepared for the drouth when the lambing season started and had

LIGHT BOOZE.

Do You Drink It?

A minister's wife had quite a tussle with coffee and her experience is interesting. She says:

"During the two years of my training as a nurse, while on night duty, I became addicted to coffee drinking. Between midnight and four in the morning, when the patients were asleep, there was little to do except make the rounds, and it was quite natural that I should want a good, hot cup of coffee about that time. It stimulated me and I could keep awake better.

"After three or four years of coffee drinking I became a nervous wreck and thought that I simply could not live without my coffee. All this time I was subject to frequent bilious attacks, sometimes so severe as to keep me in bed for several days.

"After being married, husband begged me to leave off coffee for he feared that it had already hurt me almost beyond repair, so I resolved to make an effort to release myself from the hurtful habit.

"I began taking Postum and for a few days felt the languid, tired feeling from the lack of the stimulant, but I liked the taste of Postum, and that answered for the breakfast beverage all right.

"Finally I began to feel clearer headed and had steadier nerves. After a year's use of Postum I now feel like a new woman—have not had any bilious attacks since I left off coffee."

"There's a Reason." Read "The Road to Wellville," in packages.

Ever read the above letter? A new one appears from time to time. They are genuine, true, and full of human interest.

splendid luck, if such our success might be called.

"No, I am not the only ranchman who is going to ship to Oklahoma from my part of the country. Corder & Russell will be the heaviest shippers. They have about 35,000 sheep on the range in the Pecos country, and if this number they will send about 17,000 from Comstock to Oklahoma. They control about 200,000 acres on the Pecos. Their lamb crop, I am told, also averaged 70 per cent.

"R. S. Brennard, the man who bought my ranch several months ago, has about 4,000 to ship to Oklahoma. He recently marketed 3,000 head, which he fattened on sotol, at Kansas City at \$5.35 per 100 pounds. They averaged eighty-nine pounds."—San Angelo Standard.

WYOMING WOOL 20 TO 25 CENTS.

LAS VEGAS, N. M., May 17.—Wylie Rankin, who has just returned from Cheyenne after a five weeks' absence, says that many Wyoming flockmasters have disposed of their 1909 clips at from 20 to 23 cents a pound, while others are refusing similar offers and are holding out for 25 cents per pound.

WILLIAM PENN ANDERSON ON THE DROUTH.

William Penn Anderson, traveling live stock agent for the Pecos valley lines of the Santa Fe system, who is in thorough touch with live stock interests throughout the Southwest, was in Roswell, N. M., last week in conference with several prominent cattlemen and Northern cattle dealers relative to the movement of cattle to Kansas and the Northwest. Mr. Anderson says that the general opinion of the cattlemen tributary to the Pecos valley lines and along the Texas & Pacific railroad contiguous thereto is that only a small percentage of the cattle on the ranges could be gathered until there is rain enough to supply stock water. Thus far there have been no concerted round-ups. What cattle have been brought together have been found around the water holes and windmills.

About 1,000 cars have been shipped out of and through the valley, out of about 3,000 cars ordered. Many of the car orders canceled for Kansas pastures will find lodgment in the Panhandle of Texas and other sections later on in the season.

The losses on cows will be extremely great in localities where water is most abundant from the fact that such ranges are being overcrowded with cattle from sections where stock water has dried up. Ranges out of the valley, in the hills and mountains, where water is procurable, present cattle conditions up to the average of other seasons. There seems to have been plenty of winter feed and the mesquite foliage now makes good browsing. In many cases where contracts for delivery could not be fulfilled, satisfactory adjustment has been made between buyer and seller by the refund of the forfeit money. Longer drouths have been known, but no other period do I remember of such atmospheric disturbances, the gyrations of wind which seem to have lifted the water almost in a night out of water holes never known to go dry before, this occurring always when unusual storms and cyclones have been reported elsewhere. The bad situation left by these drying winds was relieved somewhat in the

upper Panhandle of Texas and adjoining New Mexico by light snows in the after part of the winter.

In the many years of my experience in the Southwest I never before saw as many ewes brought to alfalfa pastures for lambing at this time. The number brought to the vicinity of the Pecos valley lines will run close to a quarter million, and even with that precaution the mortality to ewes and lambs has been exceedingly great. I know some breeders who lost money. However, there are a few who came in early and had good feed and plenty of water who have results up to the highest average.

KANSAS GRASS SUPPLY.

TOPEKA, Kan.—Kansas will supply the markets with more grass fed cattle this year than any other year in its history. This is due to the scarcity of corn.

Very few stockmen have any cattle on full feed. Thousands of cattle from the big ranges of Southwestern Kansas, Colorado and Texas are now being shipped into the big blue grass pastures of Wabunsee, Riley, Lyon, Greenwood, Butler, Chase, Marion and Morris counties to be finished for the market. Chase county alone has received 60,000 Texas cattle during the past month. Other counties have kept pace.

The owners of the big blue grass pastures in the counties mentioned have learned that they can make more money pasturing Western stock cattle than by raising cattle themselves, according to Live Stock Commissioner Mercer, a big cattleman. They got from \$4 to \$5 a head for pasturing cattle, which yields them a big profit.

MOHAIR STORING BEGUN.

The mohair clip brought to San Angelo this spring will almost reach the Wool Growers' Central Storage company's estimate of 100,000 pounds, made at the beginning of the season. Monday a consignment of over 7,000 pounds was received from McGonigal & Davis of the Devil's River country, and this places the total now stored here over 90,000 pounds. There are two or three more clips to come in, and it is thought that these will push the total up to 100,000 pounds.

There is more mohair here now than there has ever been in San Angelo. Heretofore, a large per cent of the clip in the Devil's River country had been going to Charles Schreiner, of Kerrville. Occasionally small lots were bought by Stokes of Lampasas, and shipped from San Angelo.

The mohair market at present is inactive, and the clip that is stored here will not be disposed of until the price gets better. Some think the market will look up by the latter part of this month.—San Angelo Standard.

CATTLE RUSTLERS CAUGHT.

Sheriff Fulch reports the capture and arrest of two of a notorious band of "cattle rustlers" who have been at work in Coleman and Runnels counties. This band has been operating around the Glen Cove, Atoka and Truitt communities, and have taken about 100 head of cattle in all, taking always from the small herds. A great many of the cattle have been located in different pastures over the counties. Sheriff Futch expects to make several arrests in the near future. This band has depredated about as long as any clan of its kind is ever allowed to exist in this country.

LEASE BIG RANCH.

Felix Mann Buys \$13,000 Worth of Cattle from Judge Whitten.

SAN ANGELO, Texas.—Felix Mann, a prominent stockman of San Angelo, finds it impossible to keep out of the cattle business. Only a short time ago he sold his ranch and bunch of stock, but he is now back in his old line and is not discouraged in the least by the dry weather.

Mr. Mann has leased the nineteen-section ranch of W. C. Jones for a period of three years at \$100 per section annually. The land is located on South Concho in Schleicher county, and will furnish good grazing for a big bunch of cattle. Mr. Mann has bought from Judge Whitten of Eldorado six hundred head of 2-year-old steers at \$23, a total of \$13,000, and he will likely make other stock purchases in the near future. The Whitten steers are now on the nineteen sections leased from Mr. Jones.

REWARD FOR THE KILLING OF WOLVES.

The Middle Park Stockmen's association of the Grand country of Colorado has issued a notice "To whom it may concern" that it will pay \$15 for all wolves killed in that county. Grand county will also pay a like figure and the Jones Cattle company will pay \$5 on each one killed. Texas trappers might make a rush for Colorado where wolves are worth as much to them as a good beef steer.

Now that we have had plenty of rain for the time being, Llano and Llano county have assumed a decidedly different appearance. Grass is coming fast, stock are beginning to move and things will soon liven up. Llano is a county that soon recovers from any temporary reverses. While the drouth caused some individual losses among stockmen, the farmers have their crops in and growing, and this year may prove to be a banner year.—Llano Times.

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Come to me in confidence. Let me demonstrate to you free of charge the wonderful rejuvenating powers of my newly discovered direct methods, the efficiency of which has been proven to hundreds of cured and grateful patients. I have such confidence in my ability to cure that I extend to you my unparalleled offer.



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FORT WORTH, TEXAS.

Founded 1881.

A. W. GRANT, Publisher.

Consolidation of the Texas Stockman Journal with The West Texas Stockman.

Published every Wednesday at Eighth and Throckmorton Sts., Fort Worth.

Entered as second-class matter, January 5, 1904, at the postoffice at Fort Worth, Texas, under the act of congress of March 3, 1879.

Subscription Price:

One year, in advance.....\$1.00

KEEPING IT AT HOME.

Gatewood of Cleburne had six loads of steers on Friday's market for which a Schwarzschild & Sulzberger buyer was moved to give \$5.50, a reasonably good price. Gatewood steers always command a reasonably good price, often a top, on the Fort Worth market, because they are always well fed.

The Cleburne steers are a continual demonstration to Texas cattlemen that there isn't any particular good reason why Northern feeders ought to be given every year a big slice of the profits in Texas cattle producing. Time was when no steers were fed in Texas. Time was also when all the steers were longhorns, but that day is past. There is yet to come the day when Texas feeders will not let a single yearling get outside the state for some Northern feeder to finish up and top the Chicago market with.

It is true, of course, that for many a year to come thousands of cattle will be moved out every spring to pasture, but that isn't the point of the situation. Texas can do more finishing at home, and when it does there will be more money in the cattle business than ever before. There are probably less than a score of feeders (not those who consider the science of feeding to consist in putting the greatest amount of cotton seed into a steer in the shortest possible time), now in Texas who are studying the feeding game with the thought it deserves, and balancing rations to get the biggest results at the cheapest cost. But these men are the forerunners of a large number who will one day be profiting by their example. Texas, as a feeding state, may strike some people as a novel proposition, but the time is coming.

\$16 HOGS.

On the Fort Worth market Friday were several cars of hogs that netted the shipper the comfortable sum of \$16 a hog. None of the hogs weighed as much as 300 pounds, indicating that they were young. The price paid for the hogs ranged from \$7.10 to \$7.25 a hundred. On the same day the best meal-fed steers, tipping the beam at 1,288 pounds, brought only \$5.85. Pound for pound the steers cost a lot more to produce than the hogs, and yet the packers show a preference of over 1 cent a pound in the packer's favor. The answer is Fort Worth wants hogs. It may not be profitable for a lot of Texas people to raise hogs, if one will take their statement of the case as authoritative, but it is none the less a fact that a lot of other Texas people are finding the hog about the most profitable piece of live stock they can keep about the

place. It is time the hog takes considerable work to be a reasonably safe return for investment, but to the man who will take the trouble he pays back for the work a hundred fold.

The Stockman-Journal will admit that for the twenty-five-section man the hog is hardly practical, but the twenty-five-section man is getting scarce. And the four-section man or less who doesn't have a bunch of hams and sides coming on is simply building a spite fence in his backyard to keep prosperity from sneaking in through the alley.

Sixteen-dollar hogs are profitable and Texas needs more of 'em.

DAIRY COWS MUST BE WELL BRED.

The scrawny, ill-bred steer and the milk cow that was bred to eat instead of give milk are equally unprofitable investments. The Denver Field and Farm quotes a dairyman of Colorado as saying that if the death angel should sweep over that state and in one night destroy the poorest third of all the cows the dairymen would wake up the next morning much better off financially.

If a man is breeding simply to ship the product to market himself there will be no one to gainsay his right to commit financial suicide, but if he is breeding dairy cows to sell to people who judge their value by the amount of milk they give, or breeding steers to sell to the man who proposes to mature them, then he must have something that fills the bill for the product of a brindle bull and a 500-pound cow will eat just as much as a high grade steer and barely bring enough in the market to pay the freight, and perhaps the commission for selling.

Cato Sells of Cleburne says that the mule is the best money maker on the farm, except possibly the hen. This is a bold statement, when the fact is considered that he cannot reproduce his kind. Mr. Sells' opinion is, and he seems to be borne out by stubborn facts, that a man is not compelled to take "flints, stones and turkey kowlers" for a mule when he wants to sell him, as there is always some one who needs him and has the money to pay for him. He says that farmers should use good producing mares instead of common ponies for farm work and breed them to good jacks. He says a 3-year-old mule is cheaper to raise than a 3-year-old steer and that he is worth about four times as much, while all men will probably not subscribe to Mr. Sell's theory as a whole, they will agree with him that mules are a good proposition and that his plan for producing them is the cheapest and the best.

One of the St. Louis daily papers in elucidating the tariff proposition says: "Moreover most of the raw materials are controlled by trusts which have no rights that the Republican party feels bound to respect. Especially is this true of hides, the duty on which adds to the profits of the cattle combine, but does not put a cent in the pockets of the cattle raisers." It does not state which element of the country constitutes the cattle combine, and since it admits the cattle raiser would not be benefited by a duty on hides, and since the packers have said that they do not care a continental whether hides are protected or not, the reader is left to form his own conclusions as to who has effected the cattle combine. The

milk in the cocoanut is discovered a little further along in the editorial. St. Louis, as is well known, is quite a shoe manufacturing city, and the big ones back East, backed up by local talent, threaten to do dire things to the advertising columns of the press if it dares to encourage free hide propaganda. This is shown in the concluding remark of the editorial writer, who knows nothing about the cattle industry except what he has learned by seeing a few of the animals unloaded in the St. Louis market. He says: "When the proposition comes up in the senate to retain the Dingley duty on hides or increase it, the consumers of shoes all over the country should join the shoe manufacturers in fighting for the house provision to place hides on the free list." Just how he figures out that the cattle raiser will not profit by a duty on hides is perhaps such an obtruse problem that he hesitates to trade it with the present supply of chalk on hand.

The members of the National Association of Boot and Shoe Manufacturers are about to lose some of that misplaced confidence they have had in Senator Aldrich. They have heard that he is not so insistent for a duty on hides as they supposed he was aforesaid, all of which means that the bureau established in Washington by the Texas Cattle Raisers' association and the American National Live Stock association is disseminating some information of a very valuable nature, in that members of the senate have been made to see that protected leather manufactures and free hides work one hardship on the consumer and tow hardships on the cattle raiser. The shoe men have sent an appeal for more remittances to the treasurer, accompanied by the information that the cattle interests are spending "hundreds of thousands of dollars" to defeat free hides. This latter would be really appalling if it was true.

A carload of grass cows sold last week on the San Antonio market at \$3.75 per hundred, and the Alamo city, which is clamoring for another packing house, is rather proud of her achievement. It was a Fort Worth concern, however, that paid that price for them. Armour & Co. keep a buyer down there regularly now and when something real good shows up they buy it and slaughter it there in order to save the freight back to South Texas. Until San Antonio lands enough packing houses to feed her own people Fort Worth will endeavor to have buyers there to see that the cattlemen get what their cattle are worth.

Patrons of the Kansas City market either do not know the difference between goat and mutton or they have no preference. H. E. McKeen of Kerrville, about seventy-five miles northwest of San Antonio, sold about 900 there last week at an average price of \$4 per head. This was all profit, for they masticated a lot of brush on Mr. McKeen's ranch, which nothing else would eat, and which he wished killed out.

The cattle market for last week held up first rate and the invasion of outside packers has been a distinct benefit to the market. So long as this continues shippers of good butcher stuff will have no special reason for complaint, albeit the producer of fat

cattle, sheep and hogs always, by his very nature, is a bull on prices. The packers will all stay at home this summer, for they will expect the Oklahoma, Kansas and Panhandle pastures to keep them busy until the feed lot cattle begin to move again. From the present outlook the corn crop will be exceedingly short again this fall, and it might pay the Oklahoma pasture men to begin to hedge early in the summer by contracting for several miles of hay rick sorghum and "sich" so they can winter a good string if prices ease off after the movement gets under way.

Yearling mules are selling in Texas on the breeding grounds at \$50 to \$70 per head, and there are plenty of buyers who are beating the brush for them at that figure. One San Angelo man, now that the activity in cattle and sheep is about over, has within the last few weeks bought about 150 head of them in Sutton, Schleicher and Irion counties. There is plenty of money for the breeding in selling the yearlings at \$50, but the man who is buying them will make the bigger profit, for they are easier to keep and none of them ever die. They will sell at \$150 at 3 years old.

The Chicago Drovers' Journal intimates that the market is getting to be a right healthy kid and says "Again we can all sympathize with the fellow who not long ago made up his mind that cattle were going to stay down in price and forthwith loaded 'em onto the cars and received for 'em several dollars per head less than they would bring today.

PROMINENT CATTLEMEN HELD.

CHEYENNE, Wyo.—The grand jury that had been investigating the recent raid on the sheep camp of Allemand & Emge, near Spring creek, yesterday returned indictments against George Saban, W. A. Alexander, William Dis, Thomas Dixon and Charles Ferris, all well known cattlemen of Ten Sleep, charging them with complicity in the murder of a herder named Lazier and Allemand and Emge. All of the men indicted are now in jail. It is asserted they were in Basin at the time of the raid.

On the night of March 2 the camp of Allemand & Emge was attacked by a party of eighteen masked men. The sheepmen were shot and the bodies of two of them burned with the camp. The sheepmen had been warned not to cross a certain line with their flocks.

QUEENIE TAYLOR RANCH SOLD.

STAMFORD, Texas.—A deal has just been closed whereby the Queenie Taylor ranch, four miles east of this city, has been sold to R. V. Colbert, president of the First National bank.

This ranch embraces some 8,000 acres, the consideration being \$120,000. This is one of the largest real estate deals here in some time.

The land lies in Haskell and Jones counties and it is regarded as one of the best ranch properties in this section of the state.

It is known that the Rock Island survey will pass through this property.

This deal does not include the live stock interests of the range, but it is quite probable that Mr. Colbert will purchase the cattle owned by Mr. Taylor.

That Pesky Heel-Fly

The heel-fly discussion simply will not end. The Stockman-Journal this week presents three letters, one from G. Wolf Holstein, one from H. A. Halbert, and the third from Glen W. Herrick, state entomologist for Texas, in which some new points are brought out. Most important of these, according to the opinion of The Stockman-Journal's expert, is the testimony of Mr. Holstein to the effect that one of his hands had noticed that a cow always turned and licked her heel after being attacked by a heel-fly. This seems to lend weight to the theory that heel-fly eggs find their way into the animal through the mouth. This is the assertion of practically all scientific writers and The Stockman-Journal expert will yield to it although the heel-fly Mr. Greer sent to The Stockman-Journal office was fully equipped with a stinger. Mr. Halbert's suggestion that pine or coal tar smeared on the heels of cattle might prevent heel-fly damage reiterates The Stockman-Journal's suggestion some weeks ago that to drive cattle in heel-fly time through a shallow dip of crude oil might prevent the deposit of eggs on the heels. Such a dip could be built cheaply and would not need to contain more than six inches of oil. To drive a bunch of cattle through the dip once every two weeks during heel-fly time might prevent the eggs being laid, or, if they were laid, might prevent the cows from licking the eggs off. This suggestion is offered for what it is worth.

On the other hand, it has been pointed out by a number of correspondents that the "wolves" or warbles breath through small holes in the backs of cattle and that if these are smeared over with grease the larvae will be killed for lack of air. Obviously if the larvae were all killed for several seasons in succession there would be no more heel-flies hatched out. Whichever way the problem is solved it is up to the cowman.

Following is the latest correspondence The Stockman-Journal has received:

Editor Stockman-Journal:

I note in your issue of the 24th that the heel-fly is a puzzle to you. Why it should be so is equally a puzzle to me, and I think it can remain a puzzle to you only so long as you fail to reason and weigh the evidence for and against, and when I write evidence—I mean facts—not opinions or assertions. Is not the evidence of the existence of an insect, call it *hypoderma lineata* or heel-fly as you please, which inspires terror in the mind of a cow, absolutely incontrovertible? I think so.

Again, if my evidence is worthy of belief the warbles found in the backs of cattle is the larvae state of a fly called by entomologists *hypoderma lineata*. It may be suggested that I was perhaps mistaken, that the fly I found in the jar was not from the warble.

Now as to that I freely admit that I did not see the fly emerge from the larvae case, but I did see the empty case just where I had seen the warble. When I placed the warble on the earth in the jar it proceeded to bury itself, but not to any depth, my recollection being that it did not succeed in doing so completely, but that it could still be seen plainly, and after I found the fly I noted the empty case just where I, or it, rather, had

placed itself. You will remember that Professor Curtice, a trained observer, had about the same time obtained the same fly from the same larvae, and I presume from his letter that Mr. Halbert has done the same thing. So much for the affirmative. Now, what of the negative to the proposition? Absolutely nothing; not a single fact, simply this or that man's opinion.

In commenting on Mr. Arnold's letter you say: "It will be noted that he makes no bold assertions." While I fail to see that he does anything else, not a single fact beyond his statement that he caught a fly which, I have no doubt, he describes accurately, and believes to be the fly which worries cattle, yet he does cite another fact, which, however, has no bearing on the subject, viz., that he has taken grubs from the backs of horses, but does not attempt to say that they were identical with the larvae of the heel-fly.

I am informed that grubs are found in the backs of jack rabbits, but I have no knowledge that they are identical with the ox warble, though they must be the larvae of some fly belonging to the same genus *oestrus*. Now I do not pretend to know the fly; all that I think I have a right to say I know is that the warble found in the backs of cattle is the larvae form of a fly which every person to whom I showed it assured me was a sure enough heel-fly; it is very possible that some of my old Albany friends now of your city, can testify to this, but the best testimony, as I remember, was that of a young man in my employ who told me he had often watched the fly approach a gentle cow's heel in the same way as described by one of your correspondents, and that she invariably turned her head and licked her heel. Although entirely untrained, I had found this man to be a very close and accurate observer, so that when he told me that the fly which had just come from the warble was exactly like those he had seen deposit their eggs on, or, as he thought, in the heel of the cow, I had no sort of doubt of the fact. I may say here that at that time I too thought that the fly actually punctured the skin and deposited her egg under it. The genus *oestrus*—gad flies—contains numerous species; *hypoderma ovis*, the one under discussion, the one which deposits its eggs in the nasal passage of the sheep where the larvae mature and, working their way up into the brain cause great suffering and death from "grub in the head;" *gastro philus equi*, the bot-fly, which so greatly worries the horse, all belong to the same genus.

You say that you think any cow with cow sense would know better than to lick off the eggs. You evidently forget that a horse, which is considered one of the most sensible of animals, does exactly the same thing, except that the horse nourishes them in his stomach instead of under his hide, as does the cow. Why do animals do that which is, in its results, so injurious to them? I think the answer is that their actions are governed by what we call instinct, and not as man's, by reason, an animal can no more resist the call of instinct than it can cease to breathe and live. Noting instances of this kind, my friend, the late Professor Thomas Meehan, an eminent botanist and the greatest all-around naturalist it has

been my privilege to know, some years ago announced his theory of "Self-sacrifice in nature," where the individual sacrificed its own comfort, and in many cases its life, that another might live. Any one who takes an interest in nature, noting its apparently mysterious processes, will find this to be true in so many instances that he will be forced to the conclusion that it is really a universal law. It may appear very foolish in the old cow, and is very exasperating to her owner, but may she not be simply fulfilling her part, doing her duty in the great economy of nature?

Life is wonderful and in nature seems to be maintained in a state of equilibrium. It is only when man steps in, and in his selfish pursuit of pleasure and comfort destroys this that the trouble begins and he is obliged to use his reason in restoring that which that instinct had maintained, and he himself destroyed; the perfect balance found in nature.

G. WOLF HOLSTEIN.

MORE FROM MR. HALBERT.

Editor Stockman-Journal:

Two errors crept into my letter published in your interesting journal of May 5. First, when you make me say "These warbles are found in hogs," instead of saying horses. I never heard of them being in hogs, and I doubt if one ever was. The grease under the hog's hide would destroy them, I think. But they are often found in horses, and I am of the opinion the bot-fly that lays underneath and between the bones of the horse's jaw is the progenitor of this warble, and not the real heel-fly.

Second, you make me say, "There is another species that lay in sheep's noses and lay in the head "after" killing them. It should be "often" killing them, for they do not necessarily kill sheep more than bots kill horses or warbles kill cows.

I think President James Callan is the right man placed in the right position when the stockmen made him president of their association. He is a practical man and goes at a thing in a practical way and is not afraid to back his knowledge and judgment with his money. He is right in trying to devise the best method of destroying these pestiferous grubs. They are more harmful to cattle, in my opinion, than any other species of insect. The flies attack and annoy cattle at the very period of the year when they can ill afford to be chased and kept off the grazing grounds, and made to stand all day in water. They are weaker and poorer, as a rule, at this time than at any other period, and in sections of the state where streams are boggy many cows are chased into streams and there die unless found in time and pulled out.

No doubt but what any dip that will kill ticks will destroy these grubs by plunging the cows beneath it, or spraying their backs with it. Of course, it is the heel-fly, or whatever fly it may be (to those who doubt), while in the larvae stage going up the hind legs, or located as a grub on the back that does the most harm. And it is the instinctive dread of this harm that makes the cow flee for protection of bog or water more than any pain the fly inflicts. Then if the grubs or "wolves" are destroyed before they enter the pupae stage after going in the ground there will be no heel-fly or any other kind. Those who have a few milk cows can either draw out the "wolves" with a hooked wire, pour any kind of oil into the orifice

through which the grub breathes, and kill them, or else protect the cows' heels.

Pine or coal tar put on the hind heels, if put on often enough, in heel-fly time, would protect. Better still, get a piece of leather from an old shoe and put on a strap and buckle and fasten it around the hocks so it will touch the ground and cover the hind heels. Mr. Heel-fly will be fooled and insert his eggs into this leather, where they will perish for want of heat and nourishment. Of course, this would only be practicable for a small herd of gentle milk stock.

H. A. HALBERT.

Coleman, Texas.

TEXAS EXPERT'S OPINION.

Yes, indeed, there is a heel-fly, more properly known as the bot-fly or ox warble-fly, because it is this fly that causes the so-called ox warbles, or wolves along the backs of cattle. This fly lays its eggs sometimes upon the heels of cattle, but does not bite the latter, as is the popular notion. A similar fly lays its yellowish eggs upon the front legs and shoulders of horses, attaching them to the hairs. No doubt every farmer has seen these eggs, which are very conspicuous on horses in the summer time.

These flies do not sting or bite the horses, although when they are flying about the horse will stamp and throw up its head, as though it were being injured by the fly. As a matter of fact this movement of the horse is evidently instinctive to prevent the fly from depositing its egg, rather than because of any harm the fly actually does at the time. Exactly so with the heel-fly. Cattle stamp and run when these flies are trying to deposit their eggs, not because the cattle are actually stung by the flies, but evidently as an instinctive movement of protection against the deposition of the eggs.

These flies have a very curious and interesting life history. In the case of the horse the eggs are licked off and hatch in the mouth, where the grubs or larvae pass to the stomach and attach themselves to the lining of the stomach, constituting the so-called bots of horses. When these bots have attained growth they pass out with the dung, bore into the earth a short distance, and in thirty or forty days come out as adults ready to deposit eggs again in a short time.

In a similar way the eggs of the heel-fly are deposited on the hair around the heels of cattle, and are licked off by the animal into the mouth. Here they hatch into the grubs or larvae, which actually bore through the gullet, and get just under the skin of the neck. From here they actually work their way between the skin and the flesh through the loose blubbery tissue to their positions along the sides of the backbone of the animal. Here they are known as wolves. Each grub has an opening through the skin for air, and they may be killed by stopping these openings with grease. After the wolves complete their growth they come out of the skin, pass through the pupa stage and eventually develop into an adult fly, thus completing their life history. GLEN W. HERRICK,

State Entomologist.

College Station, Texas.

CATTLE SALE AT KENNEDY.

KENNEDY, Texas.—W. J. Rutledge sold and shipped 550 3-year-old steers to Mr. Thomas of Pearsall.

New Mexico Letter

LAS VEGAS, N. M., May 18.—Captain Fred Fornoff of the territorial mounted police, who has arrived in the city from Roswell says that the stockmen over in Eastern New Mexico report that the prolonged drouth is seriously affecting the cattle. The strong winds and lack of rain or snow-fall down in the southeastern counties are having a serious effect on the stock which have commenced dying. Many owners are shipping out their cattle to save them, and rain is badly needed. Similar reports come from the stock ranges of Luna and Grant counties, where excessive dryness has prevailed, the high winds drying up what moisture existed. Rain is needed all over the southern part of the territory. One stockman gives it as his opinion that unless rain comes soon the loss to the raisers will amount to hundreds of thousands of dollars.

Cattleman Sells Interests.
William Farr, head of the Farr Cat-

tle company, incorporated, owning a big meat business, ranch and slaughter house south of Albuquerque, has sold out his controlling interest in the company to his brothers, Ed Farr and Dave Farr, for \$30,000. William Farr intends to reside permanently in California, where he has for some time owned a ranch and cattle at Brawley, in the Imperial valley, and it is said his interests there are quite large.

Will Move Buffalo Herd.

Buffalo Jones has decided to move his herd of eighty-five buffalo and 1,000 head of Persian sheep from Garden City, Kan., to the Ramon Vigil grant and Jemez forest reserve, twenty miles west of Santa Fe, N. M., to form one of the attractions of the Parjarito cliff dwelling park and under the proclamation by President Roosevelt, before he went out of office, permitting Jones to place the animals on a forest reserve.

reason why this class of cattle should have been denied entrance to the Northwestern pastures, for had the producer began twenty years ago to inquire for a dip that would kill the ticks he might have been enjoying a Northwestern outlet all these years. Necessity became the mother of invention and two Texas cattlemen of the quarantine area concluded to take the initial step toward emancipating the South Texas ranchman from a predicament in which he has found himself. With the gates of Oklahoma practically closed his only outlet is the market where the cattle must be slaughtered. If these yearlings get through to Wyoming or rather of the dipping process is successful in killing the ticks the deal will answer a two-fold purpose as with thorough tick eradication cattle from any section of the state can go to the Northwestern rangers, or if fattened here can be shipped to the native division in the live stock markets where prices are higher as a result of stronger competition. H. W. Matthews of Gonzales has purchased the yearlings from Tom O'Connor, Jr., of Victoria.

CROCKETT COUNTY.

J. D. Sugg shipped two cars of steers and Montague Brothers twenty-nine cars of cows to Nelagony, Okla. This will likely be the last to the Osage country this season. The Foster & Davis cattle bought by Mr. Crabtree of Dunston, Okla., will be shipped today or Monday.

yearlings from Victoria county will be dipped at San Antonio the latter part of this month and shipped to pasture near Gillette, Wyo. This will be the first cattle from the quarantine area to go to the Northwest by rail. Since the government reached the decision that the tick was the sole carrier of splenic fever. There is no

GOVERNOR TO INVESTIGATE GLANDERS.

LAS VEGAS, N. M., May 17.—That Governor Curry will thoroughly investigate the evidence of glanders in Southwest New Mexico and the alleged unnecessary killing of horses by wholesale, is evidenced by the following letter he has written to the secretary of the Chamber of Commerce at Clovis: "Your kind letter at hand and I have requested the county attorney, Mr. Hervey, and Captain Fornoff of the territorial mountain police to go to Clovis and look into the situation carefully. I have also requested the cattle sanitary board to be very careful not to kill any stock that there could be any possible question about, and I understand from telegraphic reports that your committee has selected a veterinary surgeon from outside sources and that he is working with the government veterinarians in order to determine to a certainty whether the animals have glanders or not. Measures of this kind are always hard to enforce, but if the stock really has glanders it is a protection to your entire stock interests to have the animals killed. If I were not so busy I would go to Clovis personally, but I hope matters will be adjusted satisfactorily in the future, I am,

"Respectfully yours,
"GEORGE CURRY,

"Governor of the Territory of New Mexico."

RUE-BER-ÖID.

One of the most commonly mispronounced words in the English language is "R-U-B-E-R-O-I-D." Most people call it RUBBER-ÖID, although the correct pronunciation is as though it were spelled "RUE-BER-ÖID." It is commonly supposed that RUBERÖID is a "rubber" roofing—but nothing could be further from the truth. RUBERÖID contains no rubber, and a roofing containing rubber would be practically useless, as rubber rots under slight exposure to the weather. The base of RUBERÖID is an exclusive processed gum known as Ruberoid Gum. This resembles crude rubber, and is as flexible as crude rubber, but, unlike rubber, it retains its durability and flexibility after years of exposure to the weather. Do not confuse the genuine RUBERÖID with those cheap substitutes commonly known as "rubber" roofings.

YEARLINGS FOR THE NORTHWEST.

A shipment of about 1,100 steer

The Farmer's Wife

Is very careful about her churn. She scalds it thoroughly after using, and gives it a sun bath to sweeten it. She knows that if her churn is sour it will taint the butter that is made in it. The stomach is a churn. In the stomach and digestive and nutritive tracts are performed processes which are almost exactly like the churning of butter. Is it not apparent then that if this stomach-churn is foul it makes foul all which is put into it?

The evil of a foul stomach is not alone the bad taste in the mouth and the foul breath caused by it, but the corruption of the pure current of blood and the dissemination of disease throughout the body. Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery makes the sour and foul stomach sweet. It does for the stomach what the washing and sun bath do for the churn—absolutely removes every tainting or corrupting element. In this way it cures blotches, pimples, eruptions, scrofulous swellings, sores, or open eating ulcers and all humors or diseases arising from bad blood.

If you have bitter, nasty, foul taste in your mouth, coated tongue, foul breath, are weak and easily tired, feel depressed and despondent, have frequent headaches, dizzy attacks, gnawing or distress in stomach, constipated or irregular bowels, sour or bitter risings after eating and poor appetite, these symptoms, or any considerable number of them, indicate that you are suffering from biliousness, torpid or lazy liver with the usual accompanying indigestion, or dyspepsia and their attendant derangements.

The best agents known to medical science for the cure of the above symptoms and conditions, as attested by the writings of leading teachers and practitioners of all the several schools of medical practice, have been skillfully and harmoniously combined in Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. That this is absolutely true will be readily proven to your satisfaction if you will but mail a postal card request to Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y., for a free copy of his booklet of extracts from the standard medical authorities, giving the names of all the ingredients entering into his world-famed medicines and showing what the most eminent medical men of the age say of them.

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THIS OFFER GOOD FOR RENEWALS

The Unspoken Word

By MORICE GERARD

A Romance of Love and Adventure

(Continued from Last Week.)

"No, quite the exception nowadays." A few minutes later Ena said good-night and went to her room, avowing that she was tired. To her the personal equation was just everything, the political situation, grave though she understood it to be, a secondary matter. Captain Devigne had been to the house and had gone away without seeing her, without asking for her, probably, as she told herself, without even a thought that she was still a guest under Lady Mary Clyde's roof. To the young, depression comes easy, just as does its antithesis. Ena felt as if all the brightness and joy had gone out of life, that the grapes she had been tasting had suddenly turned acid and bitter in her mouth. She could hardly explain it to herself, the weariness, the listlessness, which had invaded her whole being. She submitted herself to her maid's attentions without a word. Juliette had never seen her young mistress so quiet and distraught.

Lady Mary Clyde sat reading the last edition of one of the evening papers; she had had no time to look at it before. There was nothing special in it, as she assured herself. The grave and imminent crisis in affairs had not leaked out. Newspapers sometimes record things which do not happen; by way of compensation they not frequently omit things which do. These often matter more than the others, but then, the public is not aware of it, except that very minute proportion of humanity which happens to be.

A knock at the door broke into her reverie. Before she was aware of it, Captain Devigne was shown into the room. She came forward, laid her hands on his shoulders, and kissed his forehead; he had bowed his head slightly, behind the scenes of life.

but she was nearly as tall as he was.

How much that unwonted salutation, that one exhibition of tenderness meant to this great lady, neither he nor she fully understood.

It was certainly an unconventional hour for a call, nearer midnight than anything else.

"You are wonderfully good to me," he said.

"Good to you!" she echoed ironically.

"Yes; no one but myself knows how good. Sometimes I wonder if even I realize the extent of the obligation." He went on hurriedly: "I am not referring to any one thing, but the sum of it all, in the years that have gone by, right up to tonight."

They walked back towards the easy chair in which Lady Mary had been sitting. She changed the subject:

"You have succeeded; I see it in your face."

"Very nearly. There is still a little to do, but I think I have it all in my grasp."

"Is it a big all?" Lady Mary inquired.

"Fairly."

"And then?"

"Ah!"

"She has gone to her room, but I do not think she is in bed. Shall I go and see?"

Devigne picked up a letter weight, balanced it in the palm of his right hand, looking at it critically, as if it represented all the interest in the world to him.

"You have not given me an answer," Lady Mary persisted.

"I came back to say good-night to you," he said.

"Shall I go and see if she has gone to bed?"

"How very persistent you are."

Lady Mary again kissed him on the forehead, went to the door, opened it, and passed out.

Devigne paced the room, wondering at the quickening of his own pulse,

the stir about his heart, almost wishing he had not come, yet giving no indication of going away. For a man of one purpose he seemed strangely irresolute.

Lady Mary knocked at the door of Ena's room.

"Come in."

Juliette was brushing out her mistress' beautiful hair with long soft sweeps of the brush; an art not every maid understands.

Ena saw Lady Mary in the glass. She half rose. "What is the matter? You are not ill?"

"No; do I look it?"

Lady Mary Clyde's eyes shone with satisfaction, happiness and affection. She crossed close over to the girl.

"Can you come down stairs again?"

Ena gave her a startled glance.

"How mysterious you are. Is it something very important?"

"I have a late visitor; I think he would like to say good-night to you."

Ena flushed, a beautiful rose pink, which extended to her ears, then she paled as rapidly; all the thoughts, the disappointment, the sense of depression of the past hour came back to the girl's mental vision.

"It is very late," she murmured.

"Yes; he could not come before."

"Do you think I ought to go down?"

"I should not otherwise have come for you, Ena."

The girl looked in the glass, a smile dimpled about her mouth. "I cannot go like this."

"Not quite," Lady Mary agreed.

Then she turned to Juliette, who had been standing passive during the colloquy, looking down, as if she neither heard nor saw anything, displaying, in fact, all the virtues of the well-trained lady's maid. "How long will it take you to make your mistress presentable?" she asked.

"About five minutes, m'lady."

"That means a quarter of an hour," was Lady Mary's mental comment; aloud she said: "Very well, be as quick as you can; just make her presentable, without any ornamentation."

Lady Mary went downstairs again, and joined Devigne. He looked across at her eagerly; perhaps trying to read more than one verdict in her eyes.

"I am too late, I suppose?"

"If so, it will be the first time in your life, Hugh; you will have to wait a few minutes. In the meantime, tell me when we may hope to see you again?"

"Tomorrow will be quite filled up," he replied. "I have a very important interview in the morning, and every hour I can spare will have to be given to helping Arbutnot; his department is overridden to the verge of insanity. In the evening I must run down to Dover again."

"Motor?"

"No, train; I left the motor behind me."

"A dangerous errand?"

"No, I think not; merely unpleasant."

"Take care of yourself, for all our sakes."

"You need not be afraid," Devigne responded. "After tomorrow I hope to be more free, unless matters at the admiralty assume a threatening complexion; then it will be a case of night and day for all of us."

"Do you think it will come to that?"

Lady Mary asked, eagerly.

"I think, myself, it will all blow over; the profession will be sorry, the country will be glad. We are all spoiling for a fight; it is such a long time since the navy has had its chance. However, the powers that be have put their foot down firmly, and I believe the other side will cave in."

"Thank heaven for that," Lady Mary exclaimed, fervently.

Hugh Devigne's eyes had never wandered from the door. Lady Mary was standing with her back to it, but she knew without hearing a sound, without turning round, that the door was

opened; she saw it in the man's eyes, and read there more, perhaps, than even he knew.

Ena came in. A wonderful picture of youth, of grace, of shy and shrinking modesty. Juliette had kept her word; she had coiled her mistress' hair in one long rope, twisted cornetwise above her head. The girl was wearing the low dress in which she had dined; not a single jewel, not even the narrow gold chain, which she wore habitually, broke the symmetry of her lovely neck.

Hugh Devigne felt himself stunned, as if all his senses had ceased for the time being to remain under his control; he could not move from his place, his eyes were fixed upon the girl as if he were in a trance.

Ena stood still close to the door, as if uncertain whether to come forward or to retire abruptly.

Lady Mary walked to the other end of the room; she sat down at a writing table.

A clock in the room chimed the hour—midnight.

CHAPTER XXIX.

Some moments in our lives, and the events or feeling connected with them, stand out sharp and distinct in the recollection afterwards; some others, on the contrary, appear blurred like the landscape seen through a summer haze, or hills crowned with a cloud which hides their summits. Strange as it may seem, these latter are not infrequently quite as important, sometimes even much more so, than the former.

Ena was sitting writing at Lady Mary's desk; at any rate, she had pen in hand. The rightful owner of the much-worn desk had gone out shopping, taking the dogs with her. Ena had remained behind to write to her mother. The task did not seem an easy one, for, with the exception of the opening words of salutation, not a line had been written.

Instead, the girl gazed thoughtfully in the direction of the window. It was a bright, sunny morning, but of that fact she was not absolutely conscious. She was trying to piece out what had happened; to recall the events, the feelings, the thoughts, of the previous night. The task proved beyond her powers.

What had Hugh Devigne said to her? What had he done?

A happiness shone in her eyes; she was looking into mystery, watching the dawn of a new life, finding unsuspected depths, hidden recesses in her own heart.

Standing out clear from the blurred background was the fact that somehow Devigne had conveyed to her that she was all the world to him; that he wanted to make her his wife.

There was, as yet, no engagement between them, hardly a verbal promise. Ena had assured her mother that she would take no step of that kind without referring to her judgment first.

This promise had been kept to the letter, but the girl knew that in the spirit it had been broken; she had surrendered herself wholly to the new love; she triumphed in it. Yet, at most, Hugh Devigne had only kissed her hand; he had not put his arms about her as much as he had done the night of the ball. Lady Mary had been present at the interview throughout. In spite of these negations, these two souls had pledged themselves to one another. Only a few minutes had intervened between her coming downstairs, in her frock of saffron with its billowy lace about her shoulders, out of which her throat rose like a stately column, and her return to her room, to fall again into the touch of Juliette's brush; yet those minutes had been an eternity; time and space had been bridged; the magic wand had touched her shoulder.

Looking back upon it, the marvel was that Hugh Devigne's love should have been bestowed upon herself. She was proud to think that the world looked up to him, that those who knew him best admired him most. Lady Mary had conveyed to her that morning, not merely how entirely she approved the understanding which had been come to, but the measure of her appreciation. She knew that, fond as Aunt Mary had been of her before, she now took a different place in her regard, in that shrewd lady's estimation.

Devigne had sought her out to be

his wife, and that fact made just all the difference.

Yet the girl placed her own immaturity by the side of her lover's experience, her own weakness antithetically to his strength; she weighed herself in the balance and found her side strangely wanting.

Yet that he was abundantly satisfied, nay, more than satisfied, infinitely proud of her, she had seen in his eyes during the one shy moment that she had been compelled to look up into his face while he held her hands.

At length she compelled her thoughts to concentrate, and her pen to write, finding the task easier when she had once started.

"I have something of great importance to tell you; I have had some difficulty in beginning! As I told you in my last letter, Aunt Mary had a dinner party last night; all the people I mentioned to you came, except Lord Marlow, who was too busy at the admiralty to get away. I was interested in hearing the talk that went on round the table, and in watching the faces of men I seem to have heard of all my life, and whose picture appear again and again in the illustrated papers. I must tell you, when I see you again, all I thought about Sir Charles Lavington, Mr. Villiers Stewart, and the others; they were all very nice to me, but I cannot put it down here, because I want to get on to what followed.

"While we were in the drawing room, before the men came back to us, Lord Marlow drove up with Captain Devigne. They had an interview with Sir Charles Lavington—and the others, I fancy, but I am not sure about that. Then they went away again. I thought the party was thoroughly spoiled afterwards, everyone seemed so triste; no one cared to talk, or even to play bridge. They left early, and I went up to my room.

"I am afraid I was rather cross; you see, there was some one who had been to the house and gone away without my seeing him. I was disappointed. I see it all much more clearly now than I did at the time.

"Well, I was in my dressing gown, Juliette brushing out my hair, when Aunt Mary came in—Captain Devigne had gone away on duty—I don't quite know what. As soon as he was free he returned. Aunt Mary said he wanted to see me!

"Dearest mother, my heart seemed to leap up. I remember little what happened afterwards. Juliette made me look presentable, I suppose, and dressed me again. I went downstairs. Aunt Mary was there, but at the other end of the room. Captain Devigne conveyed to me somehow—I am sure he did not tell me in so many words—that he loved me more than anyone in the world—and I know I admire and love him with all my heart. Of course, I have not promised anything; I want you and father to see and know him, and to tell me what you think of him. Today he is full of engagements, but he hopes to be free very soon.

"Aunt Mary is so pleased; she thinks there is no one in the world like—Hugh! That is his name. I have not called him by it, but I have said it to myself hundreds of times. I like it awfully don't you? Aunt Mary thinks I had better return home tomorrow and tell you more about it by word of mouth; she says that Captain Devigne will drive her down in his motor directly he gets back to London.

"I am so happy, and I do hope and believe you and father will quite approve. I shall travel by the morning express; perhaps father will meet me at the station? I am counting the hours till I see you both. Ever your very loving daughter. ENA."

CHAPTER XXX.

Never had Baron Brunow been in such excellent form as on the night that he entertained his friends to dinner, and for bridge; he was in the best of spirits, witty, entertaining, a first rate host, a raconteur—second to none. He felt that he held winning cards, not merely at bridge, which was habitual, but in the game of life. While he still talked of the place he was about to buy in the country as soon as he could find something just suited to his requirements, in his heart of hearts he was hugging himself with the thought that before a couple of days were over he would have shaken off the dust of England from his feet. The climate of the country in which

The Unspoken Word

he had been disporting himself for the past three months did not suit his constitution; not that he suffered physically, for he was as hard as nails, and had never ailed in his life, but with reference to a nervous system stimulated to activity by certain reminiscences.

Brunow never felt quite sure when he awoke in the morning what the day might bring forth; when he went to bed at night it was with a doubt whether an unpleasant visitor might not rouse him before the day. These were not figments of a too active imagination, but the sober certainty of a man who had exploited to the full the seamy side of life. Now, however, the end was within sight, and with it the reward of all the stress and anxiety he had endured. De Bunsen was negotiating in town the financial side of the great coup which the active brain of the baron had conceived. The latter had heard nothing all day from his associate, but fully expected De Bunsen's return on the morrow with the proceeds of their joint transaction. A small proportion would go to the third and subordinate member of the triumvirate, who had been known under several aliases during his life, now called Henri Crocower, all the rest would fall to Brunow. De Bunsen was a rich man, and in no circumstances would he have touched a share in the ill-gotten gain; his reward was to be the surrender of the document on which his son's liberty and life depended. The irony of the situation aroused the baron much; he had laughed over it again even while dressing to receive his friends, for the document which had deceived De Bunsen and taken all the brightness and happiness of life from the city merchant, and his feminine connections, was a forgery, concocted by Brunow. Karl De Bunsen was in no way connected with the revolutionaries infesting Russia, as well as all the other countries of Europe; but his signature was so admirably traced that it might have deceived the young man himself.

The party included Lord Sturdevant, Sir Richard Tanaker and Colonel Sturgis.

The baron had a suite of rooms on the first floor of the hotel, a smaller sitting room opening out from the salle-a-manger connected by doors which could be pushed back at will. The dinner was worthy of the house in which it was served; Baron Brunow had planned it carefully, and the wines had been selected with a taste beyond cavil. Colonel Sturgis was the only member of the party who was not wholly at his ease. He had left word at the barracks that he was to

be summoned immediately, if anything transpired of importance during his absence. The country, as the colonel was aware, was on the verge of a most serious crisis. The papers that day had been full of ominous hints, speculations, some of them wild enough, based on inadequate information, or none at all. The stock markets were in a state of extraordinary ferment, which was reflected in all the bourses of Europe; consols had fallen to an extent almost unprecedented, and were talked still lower. In addition to the ordinary responsibility of his position as guarding the defenses of Dover, Sturgis had the anxiety of the insidious efforts, only too successful, which had been made to fathom the secrets of the new fortifications. All this pointed to possibilities of the most serious character in which Sturgis would have to play a prominent part, and for which he was not sure of his own suitability. It was with much doubt and hesitation that he had come, in the end, to the dinner. Brunow had seen him in the afternoon, and to a certain extent removed his scruples. He was so optimistic about war being averted, so sure that all would turn out for the best, that Sturgis was carried away by his host's enthusiasm, and agreed to be one of the party. Still the cloud rested on his brow; still he listened for every unusual sound, until the evening wore on without event and the wine had mellowed his too active imagination.

Bridge was begun soon after dinner; all four adjourning to the apartment next to the dining room, where coffee and liquors were served.

An hour and a half passed; partners were changed twice, Brunow winning steadily. On the mantelpiece was a small spirit jet for lighting cigars and cigarettes; it had been taken off the table when the cards were used. Choosing the opportunity when play was in the hands of his partner, Lord Sturdevant, and his own cards exposed upon the table, Brunow rose, walked to the mantelpiece to light a fresh cigar, cut off the end, then leaned towards the jet.

While thus preoccupied the door on the further side of the room away from the salle-a-manger opened. Simultaneously, the sliding doors which communicated with the dining room were moved back very quietly, sufficiently to allow the passage of a man's body. None of the three card players, absorbed in their game, saw what had happened. Brunow was drawing at his cigar. He heard a sound, and at once turned sharply around.

Captain Devigne, followed by Lech-

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mar, had come in by the smaller door, without knocking, without invitation.

Brunow drew himself up as if to resent a rudeness. The room was a small one; in two or three strides Devigne had reached him.

"You are wanted in the next room," the captain said, quietly.

As he spoke he glanced toward the folding doors. Brunow had his back to them. Warned by Devigne's glance, the baron turned round. In the open space made by pushing back the doors stood a tall man, intellectual looking, keen, intelligent, dressed in the ordinary walking attire of an Englishman.

Brunow turned livid on seeing this apparition, so wholly unexpected; his hand went instantaneously to one of the side pockets of his dinner jacket. Devigne, who had suspected something of the kind, gripped his wrist, while Lechmar ranged himself on the other side.

"It is useless resisting—Galvardi!" Devigne whispered; "unless you wish to make a scene before these gentlemen."

By this time the players saw the newcomers, both of whom were well known to them; they naturally imagined they had come by Brunow's invitation, and went on with their game, after nodding in the direction of the men.

It seemed as if "Brunow's" gaze was fascinated; he paid no attention to Devigne, but kept his eyes fixed on the tall man over his left shoulder. The latter had pushed the doors back a little further, and the figures of two or three other men were now visible in the salle-a-manger.

The tall man beckoned with his finger. "Brunow," without a word, moved towards him, Devigne keeping step by his side, and Lechmar, vigilant for every movement, bringing up the rear. They all three passed through the opening, and the door slid back behind them.

Directly "the baron" was in the dining room there was the click of a pair of handcuffs about his wrists.

The arrest was very quiet; the officers, headed by the tall man, who was no other than Detective Inspector Manlove, one of the best known Scotland Yard officers, conducted their prisoner quietly out of the hotel, where a carriage was waiting to convey the party to the station.

Devigne returned to the card room. That something amiss was happening had, by this time, dawned on the intelligence of the three players. They were standing up at the table in the center of the room. Devigne came up to them.

"I am sorry to disturb the harmony of the evening," he said, bowing; "I have a very unpleasant piece of news to convey."

All three looked an interrogatory, but no one spoke. Devigne continued:

"Your host has been masquerading under an assumed name. I have to inform you that he has just been arrested by Detective Inspector Manlove of Scotland Yard."

"This is extraordinary," Lord Daneville exclaimed. "I cannot understand it; are you sure there is no mistake, Captain Devigne?"

"Do you think, my lord, an innocent man would have left the room so quietly? No, I can assure you that there is no doubt about the matter. I brought Manlove down with me this evening, with some other officers, from Scotland Yard."

"What is he accused of?" Colonel Sturgis inquired. "What has he done?"

"It would be easier to say what he has not done, I think; probably all you gentlemen will remember Galvardi!"

"Galvardi!" Lord Sturdevant answered, "Galvardi! The name sounds familiar."

"I remember," Sir Richard Tanaker put in; "it was in connection with forging Bank of England notes. That was a long time ago, ten years, wasn't it?"

"Now it all comes back to me," Sturdevant remarked; "but surely that man committed suicide?"

(To be Continued.)



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Better Meals



Better Meals

Weekly Market Review

Fort Worth receipts of live stock for last week, compared with the preceding week and last year:

	Cattle	Calves	Hogs	Shp. H&M
Last week	19,425	4,080	16,065	5,955 91
Preceding wk.	21,730	3,374	19,432	14,587 210
Year ago	22,070	2,086	18,400	6,136 180

The General Market.

The week's receipts of live stock on the local market have shown a small decrease in cattle compared with the preceding week, a moderate decrease in hogs and a sharp reduction in the sheep supply. Beef steers and butcher cow stuff opened the week on a slow to lower basis, but a sharp reaction the following day put the market on a higher level than the close of the preceding week and the advance has since been retained. Stock cattle closed slow to lower and veal calves strong to higher. The hog market has shown slight up and down fluctuations, closing the week with a good advance and at the high point of the year. The sheep market has easily retained the strong advance of the preceding week.

Beef Steers.

The beef cattle trade opened the week on a steady to slightly lower level than the close of the preceding week, but on the following day with all buying interests active in the trade a strong advance was scored that put the market back to practically as high a level as at any time recently. The advance was retained on Wednesday and although the tone of Thursday's trade was a little easier, the close was strong and prices now ruling are generally 10c to 15c higher on most beef grades than the close of the preceding week.

Fed cattle constituted the big end of the week's supply and the run included a good quota of strong weight well conditioned heaves. Southern grassers have, with the exception of a few loads, been in light to medium flesh, showing the effects of continued dry weather in the Southern range country. The week's market was topped at \$6.50 by two loads of heavy, thick-fat but rather plain qualified Oklahoma corn-fed steers, lacking the style and smooth finish of the steers that have reached that price previously this season. Other good 1,125 to 1,240-pound corn-fed steers reached \$5.00 to \$5.90. The top on Texas fed steers was \$6.00, while caked cattle from Tarrant, Hood, Denton and Johnson counties, averaging from 1,150 to 1,288 pounds made \$5.50 to \$5.80 during the week. A large number of good 1,025 to 1,150-pound fed steers sold from \$5.00 to \$5.40, and most of the decent killing to fairly good 850 to 1,050-pound fed and grass-steers sold from \$4.25 to \$4.90. One load of 1,101-pound San Patricio county grassers sold Monday at \$5.25, but few straight grassers have been in good flesh, and only a few loads reached \$4.75, while a good share were suitable only for the stocker outlet.

Stockers and Feeders.

Stock cattle values closed on a little lower level than the preceding week. Demand for the less desirable grades of thin steers and the stuff slackened on Thursday, but most everything sold steady and some of the well-bred sorts looked fully as high as at any time this season. On Friday and Saturday, however, this feeling was very weak, particularly in thin she stuff suitable for stockers. Sales included right good qualified 425-pound steer yearlings at \$3.70, and desirable qualified 600 to 800-pound stockers from \$4.00 to \$4.15. Thin stock calves of a common dogie class are selling around \$2.50 to \$2.75, with a decent to fair kind at \$3.00 to \$3.40. Stock cows go largely from \$2.60 to \$3.00.

Butcher Stock.

After opening the week with a slow to 10c lower market, the trade on butcher cows and heifers reacted on Tuesday, and desirable killing grades have since sold about 10c to 15c above the extreme close of the preceding week, moving to an active demand, and a good class of fed cows selling in carlots up to \$4.25, with odd bunches and choice heavy individuals at \$4.40 to \$5.00. Medium to fairly good butcher cows are selling around \$3.25 to \$3.85, and are now no better than steady with a week ago. Canner and stocker grades have varied but

slightly from a steady basis though closing lower than at the week's best time.

The bull market has been active throughout the week, with the prices of the preceding week easily maintained. Only thin and off-colored kinds go below \$3, while most of the good fat fed bulls are selling from \$3.75 to \$4.00, with \$4.10 to \$4.25 quotable for choice heavy grades.

Calves.

The calf market was moderately active last week, showing a strong to 25c higher level on the first two days' trading and since about retaining the advance on desirable light and medium weights. The demand for killing grades from local packers has been augmented by strong competition from outside buyers and one bunch of choice vealers made \$5.75 on Tuesday, while most of the good light yeals sold from \$5.25 to \$5.65. Good calves of around 270 to 300 pounds sold up to \$4.00 to \$4.25, and decent to fair heavy killers from \$3.35 to \$3.65. Stocker grades show weakness and common thin lights at around \$2.00 to \$3.00 are unimproved, while fleshy heavy calves close a little lower.

Hogs.

After slight up and down fluctuations during the first four days of the week's trading, with Thursday's market on a weak to 5c lower level than the close of the preceding week, the hog market took a decided brace on Friday and a 10c advance on that day, followed by another 5c to 10c gain Saturday left the market on good hogs about 20c higher and 15c to 20c higher on other classes than Saturday of the preceding week, and in the high notch since the spring of 1903. One load of strictly choice 220-pound Oklahomas sold Friday at \$7.25, while choice 275 to 300-pound packers were quotable Saturday around \$7.35, although not available. The bulk Saturday, fair 148 to 193-pound mixed Oklahomas, sold from \$6.80 to \$6.90, with desirable pigs at \$5.00.

Sheep.

The preceding week's strong advance in sheep values has been fully retained. The moderate supplies here last week were mostly of medium to poor killing quality but most grades moved freely and good heavy sheep to a good active demand. A fair to good class of clipped mixed sheep sold from \$4.85 to \$5.50, some good heavy clipped fed wethers up to \$5.75 and a few very good spring lambs at \$7.

Prices for the Week.

	Top.	Bulk.
Monday	5.90	4.40@5.35
Tuesday	5.50	4.85@5.30
Wednesday	6.50	4.60@5.15
Thursday	5.50	4.50@5.35
Friday	5.80	4.75@5.50
Saturday	6.00	4.75@5.70
Cows and Heifers—		
Monday	3.75	2.75@3.60
Tuesday	4.65	2.65@3.50
Wednesday	3.75	2.75@3.65
Thursday	4.25	2.75@3.75
Friday	4.05	2.70@3.60
Calves—		
Monday	5.50	3.50@5.25
Tuesday	5.75	3.40@5.00
Wednesday	5.65	3.25@5.35
Thursday	5.55	3.30@5.25
Friday	5.25	3.00@5.00
Hogs—		
Monday	7.05	6.67½@6.95
Tuesday	6.90	6.55 @6.85
Wednesday	7.05	6.60 @6.90
Thursday	7.05	6.60 @6.90
Friday	7.25	6.65 @7.02½
Saturday	7.10	6.80 @6.90

Receipts by Days.

Receipts for the week by days were as follows:

	Cattle	Calves	Hogs	Shp. H&M
Monday	3,858	1,930	5,306	4,140 32
Tuesday	3,361	530	1,588	656 2
Wednesday	3,972	976	4,285	201 45
Thursday	4,200	710	1,368	310 8
Friday	3,605	740	1,368	310 8
Saturday	430	70	875	...

BLACKBIRDS TO EAT TICKS.

F. H. Evans, one of the largest cattle owners in the state of Kansas is the father of a somewhat novel plan to eradicate Texas fever cattle ticks. He claims that if a number of Siberian blackbirds are imported and handled under the protection of the game laws of that state that Texas fever can be wiped out. These birds live on the ticks with which the Southern cattle are infected and Mr. Evans believes that in time Texas fever will disappear in that part of the country

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if a number of Siberian blackbirds could be secured.

PACKING HOUSE AT TAFT.

It is a fact not generally known that there is a small packery at Taft, Texas, the little town in San Patricio county, owned by and named for Charles Taft, the brother of the president, but it was made apparent this week when V. Kohler sold it two carloads of fed stuff at a price better than the same class might have brought if put on the Fort Worth market. The packery, the Bee understands, is being operated in a small way, pushing its way in the market slowly and will be gradually enlarged until it will become a factor to be reckoned with by the bigger concerns.—Beeville Bee.

BIG CATTLE DEAL AT HALLETTSVILLE.

HALLETTSVILLE, Texas.—One of the largest cattle deliveries in some time was made here Tuesday when about fifteen hundred head of 3 and 4-year-old steers were bought by Oklahoma people from John Smothers, C. C. Turk, Charles Fenner and Byrd Kelly. They were shipped from here to Oklahoma, and took two trains to carry them. The steers brought \$21 a head. About \$30,000 was left here by the deal.

STORING WOOL AT LAMPASAS

LAMPASAS, Texas.—Wool is coming into this market in large quantities, much of it being stored to await a general sale direct to the manufacturers' agents, who visit here each year.

Lampasas wool is eagerly sought by the factories, as it is of the medium fine grade, light and usually free from dirt. A few sales have been made at 20 cents a pound.

LIVE STOCK

HORSES.

STALLIONS and brood mares for sale; it will pay you to use stallions raised by me, as I keep them constantly before the world and make a market for their colts. Henry Exall, Dallas.

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REGISTERED SHORTHORN CATTLE For sale or exchange for land. About 40 head, principally cows and heifers; a choice lot; splendidly bred; in good flesh. Will sell reasonably or would exchange for good land at its value. They are within three miles of Jacksboro; can be easily shown. Would lease fine pasture near town to keep the cattle on if desired, at reasonable price. Am prepared to give a good deal. W. P. STEWART, Jacksboro, Texas.

FOR SALE—Ten head of Hereford bulls, 1 to 4 years; good individuals; choicest breeding; raised in pasture; guaranteed immune; prices low considering quality. Address G. Wolf Holstein, Abilene, Taylor county, Texas.

A FINE Red Polled bull, bred by Dr. Clifton; good enough to head any herd; weighing over 1,900 pounds; 5 years old; very reasonable price. W. M. Glidewell, Finis, Texas.

RED POLLED CATTLE—Shropshire hogs and Angora goats. Breeder. W. R. Clifton, Waco, Texas.

B. C. RHOMB, Fort Worth, Texas.—Hereford cattle. Nice lot of young bulls and heifers for sale.

SHEEP.

PURE-BRED RAMBOUILLET rams. Graham & McCorquodale, Graham, Texas.

MISCELLANEOUS

WANTED—To give free consultation to every afflicted man and woman, for I am positive that my Special and Specific treatment is almost an infallible cure for eruptions, blotches, blood, skin and rectal and contagious diseases, syphilis, scrofula, gonorrhoea, leucorrhoea, spermatorrhoea, gleet, unnatural drains, impotency, etc. Weakened or lost vigor or vitality of the sexual organs, ovarian and womb displacements, irregularities or painful menstruations, nervousness, hysteria, scary feelings, backaches, kidney and bladder troubles, tired, and all run-down feelings. Should you be one of these unfortunate sufferers it might be to your interest to see me. Office, 611 1-2 Houston street, Fort Worth, Texas.

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Color in Shorthorns

Our British friends seem to be taking a great deal of interest in what is known as Mendel's law. This law was discovered by a monk named Mendel, who has been dead for thirty years, but who spent his spare time in experimenting with plants such as peas and beans for the purpose of determining the effect of crossing. He discovered that if the tall peas were crossed with the dwarf peas the first hybrids were as tall as the tall parent; but when these tall hybrids of the first cross were sown they produced tall peas and dwarf peas in the same proportion of three of the former and one of the latter. He found that these dwarfs from the cross bred true to type, and that about one-third of the tall peas bred true while the other two-thirds did not. He tried the same experiment with round peas, with smooth peas and wrinkled peas, with peas having a white flower and peas having flowers of different colors.

This was regarded as purely theoretical and is still so regarded by most farmers. The British folk, however, have taken this matter up quite seriously, not merely as to the colors of Shorthorn cattle, but the characteristics of different grains, particularly with reference to their "strength," by which they mean the sum of the good points that make flour valuable to the baker, and also with reference to rust and smut resistance. It seems to be the opinion among some of the scientists over there that this Mendelian law is not merely a scientific fad, but may be a matter of some practical value.

As applied to Shorthorn cattle, Professor James Wilson of the Royal College of Science for Ireland, at a recent dinner of the Irish Shorthorn

MEMORY MENDING.

What Food Alone Can Do for the Memory.

The influence of food upon the brain and memory is so little understood that people are inclined to marvel at it.

Take a person who has been living on improperly selected food and put him upon a scientific diet in which the food Grape-Nuts is largely used and the increase of mental power that follows is truly remarkable.

A Canadian who was sent to Colorado for his health illustrates this point in a most convincing manner:

"One year ago I came from Canada, a nervous wreck, so my physician said, and reduced in weight to almost a skeleton and my memory was so poor that conversations had to be repeated that had taken place only a few hours before. I was unable to rest day or night for my nervous system was shattered.

"The change of climate helped me a little, but it was soon seen that this was not all that I needed. I required the proper selection of food although I did not realize it until a friend recommended Grape-Nuts to me and I gave this food a thorough trial. Then I knew what the right food could do and I began to change in my feelings and bodily condition.

"This kept up until now, after six months' use of Grape-Nuts all my nervous trouble has entirely disappeared. I have gained in flesh: all that I had lost, and what is more wonderful to me than anything else my memory is as good as it ever was.

"Grape-Nuts has remade me all over, mind and body, when I never expected to be well and happy again." "There's a Reason."

Look for the famous little book, "The Road to Wellville," in packages.

Ever read the above letter? A new one appears from time to time. They are genuine, true, and full of human interest.

Breeders' association gave the results of the crossing of different colored Shorthorns on each other. He found that "438 reds crossed by reds gave 413 red, 25 roan; three whites crossed by red gave three reds; 71 reds, crossed by white gave three red, 68 roan; 514 roans crossed by roan gave 152 red, 278 roan, 84 white; 456 roans crossed by reds gave 226 red, 230 roan; 23 roans crossed by whites gave 14 roan, nine white."

The following is a concise statement of his conclusions:

"1. Red crossed by red should give red calves.

"2. White crossed by white should give white calves.

"3. Red crossed by white should give roans.

"4. Roans in-bred should give reds, whites and roans in the proportion of 1, 1, 2.

"5. Roans crossed by reds should give roans and whites in equal proportion.

"6. Roans crossed by whites should give roans and whites in equal proportion.

"If this be correct, then if the Shorthorn breeder wishes to avoid white calves, he is limited to three crosses, viz., red with red, red with roan and red with white. He gets whites when whites are bred together, when whites are bred with roans, or when roans are bred together."

IMPACTION IN HORSES.

Of late several cases of impaction in horses have been taken to the various veterinary hospitals throughout the Union for treatment. This is not an uncommon condition in horses, especially at this time of the year, and as it may easily be prevented a word of advice in this connection may not be amiss. The impacted mass is usually located far back in the digestive tract, in the small colon.

In studying the physiology of digestion we find a very plausible reason for this. As the food reaches this portion of the bowel it loses its fluid consistency, and, if coarse and not well digested, is likely to form a serious obstruction. This is not written for the purpose of discussing the nature of the disease or the treatment of the same, but rather to sound a note of warning as to the cause of the disease and how it may be prevented.

Treatment in a large number of cases is unavailing. No amount of physic or rectal injection will remove the impacted mass. Wheat and barley straw, as well as alfalfa hay that has become bleached by exposure to the weather, are the most prolific causes of this condition in many instances. Especially is this true if the water supply is limited.

With horses that are fed some grain with a fair quality of hay with plenty of water and exercise this condition is almost unheard of.

Remember that the horse's food is not cooked, and therefore his teeth must be in good condition to properly masticate his food. It will well pay every farmer to examine the teeth of all his horses at least twice a year. It is worse than throwing food away to give it to a horse that can neither masticate nor digest it. Poor feed and bad teeth are responsible for three-fourths of the colics and other digestive disorders of the horse.

Horses are worth money. It pays to keep these things in mind. Impaction in the horse is usually fatal.



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"THE BANK OF STEADY SERVICE."

GEORGE R. GREATHOUSE DEAD

George R. Greathouse, of Fort Worth, formerly a prominent citizen of Wise and Jack counties, died on Wednesday night at the residence of C. B. Beard, his brother-in-law. Mr. Greathouse had lived for some time in Fort Worth, where he was in business. About two weeks ago he was brought to Decatur to the home of his sister, Mrs. Beard.

His death leaves but one of an old-time, prominent family. Colonel Henry Greathouse of Decatur was the father. He established the H. Greathouse & Co. bank of Decatur in 1876 and for many years thereafter was one of the leading bankers of this section of Texas. George R. Greathouse, whose death is now chronicled, went into the first Greathouse bank as cashier. There were two other children, William Greathouse, who died at Fort Supply, Oklahoma, in 1893, and Mrs. C. B. Beard of Decatur. George R. Greathouse conducted a ranch for several years in West Texas, mainly Foard county, living there until he came to Jack county, and from Jack county to Fort Worth. He was born in California and was 58 years of age at his death.

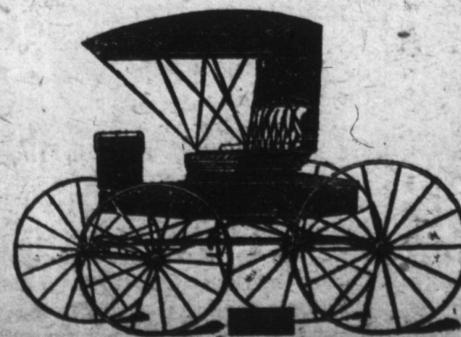
IMPROVEMENT OF THE TEXAS STEER.

The editor of the Chicago Live Stock Reporter takes a rather optimistic view of the outlook for good prices and while comparatively few Texas cattle go direct from the breeding grounds to that market many of them are in evidence there, having been finished in the corn belt feed lots.

"Not more than ten or fifteen years ago," says he, "the Southern steer was

looked down upon. It was along in '90 that the writer first saw a string of Texas steers, long-horned, wild-eyed and narrow hips, quite a contrast compared with the native Shorthorns of Illinois. But a great change has taken place in a short space of time. No class of live stock has improved more in the last ten years than Southern cattle. The producers have seen the benefit of purer bred sires and are today reaping the benefit of money and time expended years ago. Today the output of Southern steers is not limited to a small radius, but extends throughout the Northern and Western ranges, as well as to the cattle feeder of the corn belt. The Southern steer as a feeder and beef animal has won honors at all of our great shows in recent years. For example, the grand champion load of fat cattle at the Western stock show was Texas bred and Nebraska fed. Owing to the high priced land in the Eastern states, and the rapidly filling up of the Western ranges by Eastern farmers, the supply of stockers and feeders from the North and West has gradually decreased. That prices of stock cattle are materially higher than a year ago is not surprising, as all classes of fat cattle are selling considerably in advance of a year ago. From present indications there will be a fairly liberal movement of Southern steers to the Northern states this spring, with only a nominal supply."

PEARSALL, Texas. — W. F. Thompson shipped in here from Kennedy seventeen carloads of cattle to be put on the grass in his pastures near Pearsall. These cattle arrived at Pearsall Tuesday.



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