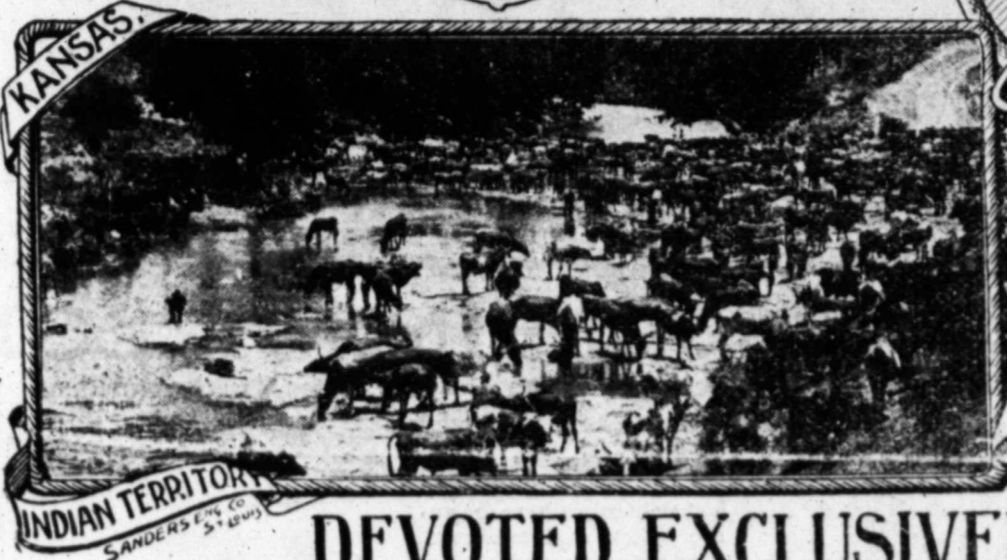


The LIVESTOCK



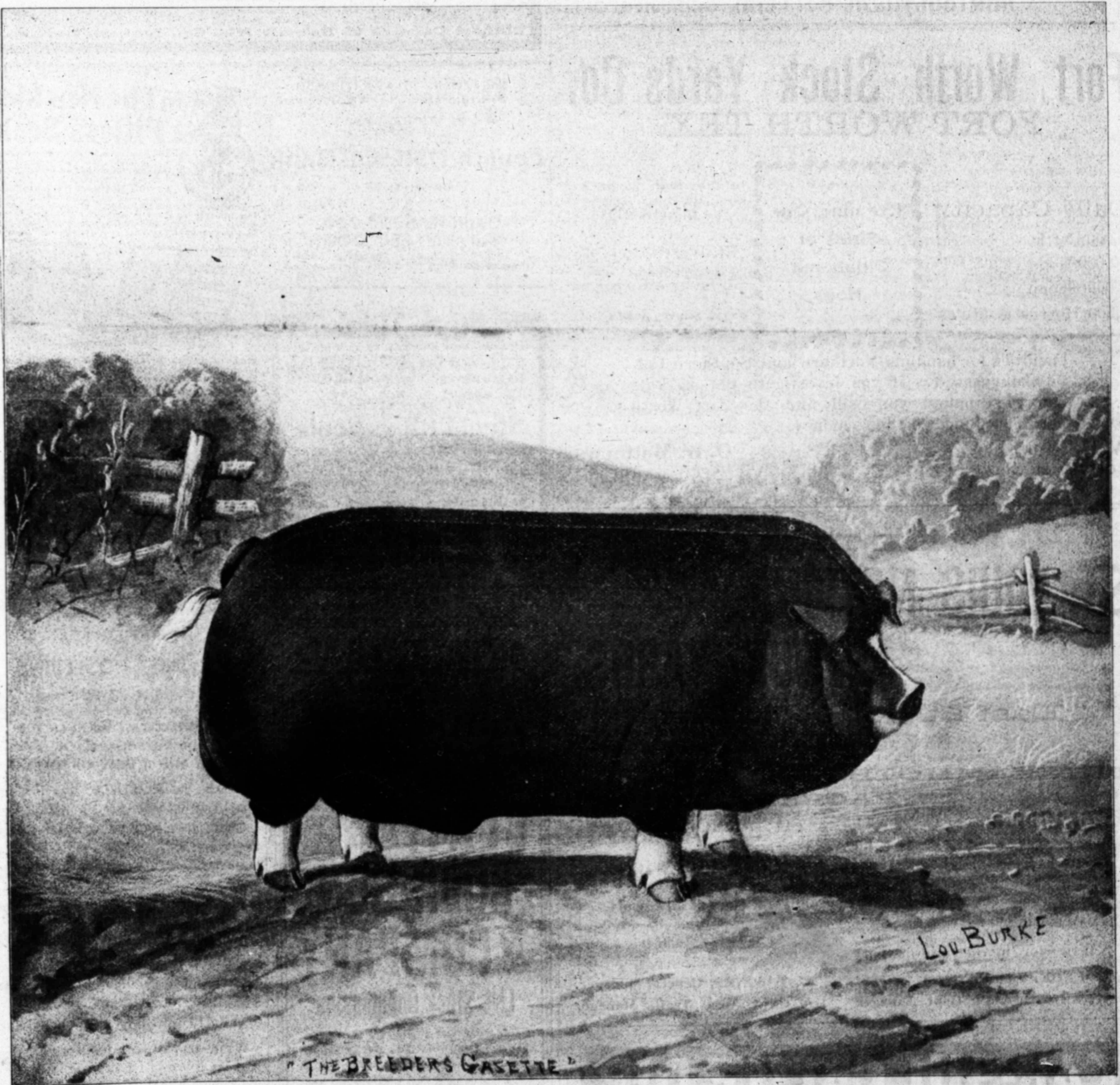
INSPECTOR

DEVOTED EXCLUSIVELY TO LIVE STOCK INTERESTS.

Eleventh Year,
No. 14

Woodward, Oklahoma, and Kansas City, Missouri, June 15, 1905.

\$1 Per Year



Lou. BURKE

"THE BREEDERS GAZETTE"

AN OKLAHOMA MONEY-MAKER.

WICHITA UNION STOCK YARDS CO.

WICHITA, KANS.

CAPACITY 3,000 CATTLE,
5,000 HOGS.

Private Yards for Texans
Perfect Sewerage and City Water
All Pens Covered.

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PERCHERON STALLIONS. Bred and raised at the Oklahoma Agricultural College Stillwater, Oklahoma.

FOR SALE—Two very fine black individuals that are conceded to be the best Percheron stallions in Oklahoma and their breeding is unexcelled.

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Bear in mind that they are not culls that some one has sent to Oklahoma to be sold; and that these stallions may be purchased for one-third the price that has been paid by local stallion companies for inferior animals.

For description, pedigrees and prices, call or write.

AGRICULTURAL COLLEGE, Stillwater, Okla.

Fort Worth Stock Yards Co.
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Daily Capacity

5,000 Cattle
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1,500 Horses & Mules

Examining Our
Sales of
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Facilities for handling Northern and Southern Cattle unsurpassed. If you investigate the markets before shipping, you will find the Fort Worth Market will net you more money.

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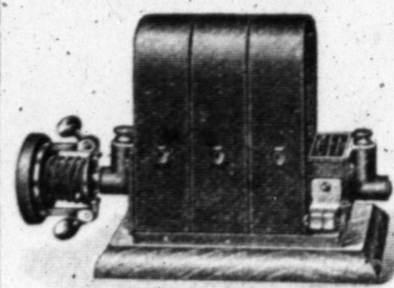
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It is better and more durable than any Dynamo. Its governor regulates the speed regardless of speed of fly wheel. Its governor adjusts to imperfect fly wheels. Its governor insures a constant and uniform spark. The spark does not burn the contacts of the engine. All strains are removed from the

bearings of Magneto.
FULLY GUARANTEED.
AGENTS WANTED.

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32 YEARS SELLING DIRECT

We are the largest manufacturers of vehicles and harness in the world selling to consumers exclusively.



No. 544, Stanhope. Price complete \$99. As good as sells for \$25 more.

We Have No Agents

but ship anywhere for examination and approval, guaranteeing safe delivery. You are out nothing if not satisfied as to style, quality and price. We make 200 styles of vehicles and 65 styles of harness.



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Elkhart Carriage & Harness Mfg. Co., Elkhart, Indiana.

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Fourth National Bank
OF WICHITA.

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Surplus, \$50,000.

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Do you know how much you lost last year by not owning a correct stock and wagon scale? You admit you need one. Why don't you write for our catalogue.

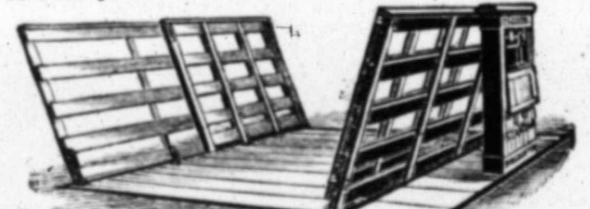
**"New Idea"
Steel Pitless Scale**

Just out. All complete, ready to weigh on except platform plank. No pit. No wall. All steel. New construction. You will like it. We make all kinds of scales. Do you know a good agent for us? Do us and him a favor, show him this ad. We want him Now.

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kinds of scales. By the way, do you know a good machinery man? Do him and us a favor. Show him this ad, and write us about scales for yourself.
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porter, 6th Dist., O. T.
 - G. E. Baker \$150.00; Court Reporter
31st. Dist., Kan.
- Any bright boy can do as well.
Write us for catalogue and term.

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STOCKMEN!

Insure Highest Market Prices
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**Cattle, Hogs
and Sheep**
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& COMPANY**
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Let us know what you have and when you expect to ship, and we will keep you well informed on the markets.

THE Live Stock Inspector

AND **FARM NEWS**
FOR STOCK FARMING AND THE HOME.

VOL II, No. 14.

WOODWARD, OKLA., June 15, 1905.

Subscription, \$1.00

South Woodward.

(WRITTEN FOR THE NEWS.)
Down in south west Woodward
We dine on pork and beans,
A few potatoes now and then
And pie melons for greens.
We haven't any high toned grub
Upon our plates at tea
But only common johnny cake
Is good enough for we.

For breakfast never buckwheat cakes
Nor maple syrup fine
But only common slap jacks
And sorghum (that wont rhyme.)
But we don't envy nobody his maple
syrup fine.

And by his plate so many duns
The poor soul cannot dine.

Nor do we want the richest pie
That sometimes for a sauce
Have mortgages and due bills
Enough to make one cross.
For each man this way,
Owns his farm;
And plows and tills it too,
And in the evening sits around
And smokes or takes a chew.

We get up when we ready are
And go to bed the same
And if we don't get up till noon
We've no one near to blame.

We do not worry 'bout the rent
But think of things sublime.
While fleecy clouds are floating 'oer
We think of Heavenly chymes.
The children play and romp about
For them no danger near
Of city slum or dirty street.
We have no need to fear.

Instead of well kept blue grass lawns.
We have the mesquite soft,
It does not need a bit of care
So thoughts can soar aloft.
And when the peaceful Sabbath comes
We'll hitch up to the trap
And go to meeting free from care
But never take a nap.

And when the winter comes along
And snow lies round our door
We'll burn what fuel we can find
Then go to bed and snore.
Now if my rhyme is getting long
I beg you will excuse
We have to study something up
To drive away the blues.

We know we have a county fine
When it has older grown
While railroads, cities, all in line
Will someday soon be known.
Our country will develop fast,
Tho' we'll be older grown
Our children will enjoy the things
That we in youth have known.

ADELL.

Editors Day at Chautauqua.

Saturday, June 24th, will be Editors' Day of the Winfield Assembly. It will be the second annual meeting of the Chautauqua Editors' Association of Kansas and Oklahoma. This Association was formed last year at the Assembly, F. H. Greer, of the Guthrie Capital being elected president and T. E. Leftwich, of the Winfield Tribune, secretary.

Governor LaFollette will deliver an address at two o'clock in the afternoon, and at four o'clock the Editors' Congress will convene. This will be in the nature of a love feast participated in by a number of the best speakers of the two states of the profession. The detailed program for Editors' Day is given herewith, and also the day following, or the Sunday program.

JUNE 24TH.

- 9:00 A. M. Lecture by Dr. Geo. L. Robinson, of Chicago. "Proverbs, the Essence of Hebrew Wisdom."
- 10:00 A. M. Mrs. Lamoreaux on Child Study. "The Will and Habit Formation."
- 11:00 A. M. Mrs. Bertha Kunz Baker, of New York, Lecture on Literature: "Misole Plays"
- 2:00 P. M. Platform lecture by Governor LaFollette, of Wisconsin.
- 4:00 P. M. Editors' Re-Union and Love Feast.
- 7:00 P. M. Special Concert—Caman's Military Band.
- 8:00 P. M. Musical program with Moving Pictures.
- 8:30 P. M. Dunbar Male Quartette and Hand Bell Ringers.

SUNDAY, JUNE 25TH.

- 9:30 Chautauqua Sunday School, Mrs. Lamoreaux.
- 10:30 Morning Sermon, Rev. J. Wilbur Chapman.
- 2:30 Afternoon Sermon, Rev. Sam Jones.
- 4:00 Y. M. C. A. Mass Meeting.
- 5:00 World's Fair Indian Band.
- 7:00 Vesper Service, with Bible Reading by Dr. Byron W. King.
- 8:00 Sacred Concert, Program by Dunbar Quartette.

Try This Method.

I was on a suburban trolley car a few days ago and about 11 o'clock a. m., the car was stopped at a little vine-clad cottage and the motorman's wife ran out with a basket of dinner for her husband. As the door of the cab slid to receive it the motorman greet-

ed her with "hello, sweetheart!" Her pleasure was evidenced by a smile and a hastily thrown kiss over her shoulder as she tripped back to the porch. The sunshine of the incident pervaded the whole car, and even the staidest passengers smiled their approval. I ventured the prophecy, that there is a happy home and that motorman has the choicest bits that can be prepared by dainty hands. I can almost hear the little wife's heart singing for joy all day long for that cheery "Hello, sweetheart!" But, you say, what has all this to do with new ideas? Oh, I don't know. I have seen and heard so much of the other kind of greeting that the practice of this method might be a new idea to some of us. May all of us who have wives try the "hello, sweetheart" method and see if the world—our world, at least—is not the brighter for it.—New Ideas.

Oklahoma Flag Day.

Patriotism is the rock from which flows the stream of national life. Teach it to the young. Instill it into the mind and heart of every citizen. Let the present as well as the coming generations know that a people who would live as a nation must cultivate a love for flag and devotion to country. The greatest government that the world has ever known is the one over which floats our own starry banner. Wherever that flag floats it is an emblem of liberty and hope. It represents the same thing at all times and in all places—no difference whether kissed by the breezes of our own native land or standing sentinel and keeping vigils in the vanguard of liberty on foreign shore.

Every good citizen should aid in cultivating a sentiment of patriotism and in promoting a healthy national spirit.

Therefore in harmony with a commendable public desire, I designate and proclaim Wednesday, June 14, 1905, as Flag Day and respectfully commend that the American Flag be displayed over home, church, school house, public and private buildings, and in any other place where it can represent the patriotism of a liberty loving people.

In testimony whereof, I have herewith set my hand and caused the Great Seal of the Territory of Oklahoma to be affixed at Guthrie, this 18th day of May, 1905.

T. B. FERGUSON,
WILLIAM GRIMES, Governor.
Secretary of the Territory.

American Royal for 1905.

Kansas City, Mo., May 20.—To make the horse department of the American Royal Live Stock Show as thoroughly representative of the draft and coach horse industry as the cattle department is now of the beef breeds was the object of action taken by the directors of the show at a meeting held in this city May 18. A classification calling for \$4,000 in cash premiums for draft and coach horses was adopted. This is three times the total of last year's premiums. But in addition to the cash premiums, a number of valuable trophies are already guaranteed.

It was decided to have this year a classification for draft geldings in harness, and assurances have been given that Pabst, Busch, Morris, Armour and Swift will exhibit their magnificent turnouts. A classification has also been provided for mares and for shaft animals bred and owned by exhibitor.

The following were appointed a committee to have charge of the horse department: William McLaughlin, Kansas City; J. C. Robinson, Towanda Kas.; J. C. Wolsott, Kansas City. O. P. Updegraff of Topeka, Kas., was appointed superintendent of this department.

Two night exhibits, with special horse programs, will be given this year. This year's show will be held October 9—14, following immediately after the Priests of Pallas festivities.

A preliminary classification covering all departments of the show will be ready for distribution June 15. Heretofore separate classifications have been issued by the several breeders' associations participating in the show. Copies of the classification will be mailed as soon as issued on request addressed to C. R. Thomas, General Manager, 221 West 12th St., Kansas City, Mo.; or Jno. M. Hazelton, Sup't of Publicity, 1710 West 16 St., Kansas City, Mo.

JNO. M. HAZELTON.

A story is being told of a young man who went to work for a stingy farmer out in Barton county. At 3 o'clock the next morning the farmer called him to begin the day's labors. A few minutes later the hired man went downstairs with his grip. "You ain't going to take that grip to work are you?" asked the farmer. "Naw," replied the man scornfully, "but I am going to find some place to stay all night."

Retrospection.

The golden sun is sunken
Far beyond this western plain,
And I'm sitting on the floor-step
Of my soddy on the claim:
Listening to the lonely dog owl,
To the turtles mournful coo,
And the hoarse voice of the gray wolf
As he barks the whole night thru.
Mid the silence-save these sounds
of solitude—
Sit I all alone and ponder,
O'er my boyhood's happy days,
And their memory grows fonder.
As I think of dear old parents,
Sisters and brothers, true, affectionate
and kind.
And of friends whose kindly faces
Ne'er have faded from my mind.
Then, Oh! my heart yearns for the
past:
I long those blissful days again to see.
Oh! I would that time might back-
ward turn.
That I a boy once more might be.
Oh for one glimpse of the home of
my youth!
Just for to rest on the old door sill,
For only one breath of that air so sweet
Just for a drink from the dear old well.
But they are gone, those scenes
are fled:
Those cherished days of yore,
Are vanished far into the past;
They will return again no more.
And such is life, earth's pleasures
transient be.
There's no use of shed or less of sheen,
As farther on our way we go,
And sadder does our journey seem.
When as we descend life's steep
declivity—
As we approach our setting sun,
Those who have journeyed with us long
Drop from beside us one by one.
But there's a hope beyond this life
A home beyond the skies
Where the day is ever pure and bright
And storm clouds never rise.
Then way-worn pilgrim seek that
home;
Oh! mortal strive to gain that rest,
Where there is balm for wounded
hearts;
Where weary souls are ever blessed.

L. A. BANES.

SUPPLY.

Just west of the old Fort Supply stands the flourishing little town of Supply, located in that part of Woodward county known as the Great Beaver Valley and Old Fort Supply county. It is near the central part of the county, eighteen miles northwest of Woodward, the county seat, and about twelve miles north of the Santa Fe Railway.

It was here at Fort Supply that the last legislature located the Asylum for the insane. In no part of the county can be found a more beautiful tract of land than here, and it is fast proving a veritable farmer's paradise. Here, where a few years ago thousands of cattle roamed the great fertile valley, now on every hand can (at this season of the year) be heard the hum and rumble of machinery as the thrifty farmers are harvesting their immense crops of wheat and oats.

Last year but few people got settled on their lands in time to get their ground in condition for crops, but next year will find thousands of acres of wheat and oats, in this portion of the county. Here the surface soil is

mostly a rich lay or sandstone decomposition, mixed in the valleys with alluvial deposits and is highly productive. The soil of a sufficient depth and character to render it almost inexhaustible, and it will stand many successive crops before needing fertilization.

The U. S. Government record kept for many years, here at old Fort Supply show that two-thirds of the yearly precipitations occur during the five months of the growing season, and that the rainfall at this point is 25 per cent. greater from April to July than at Wichita, Kansas. Good water has been found on almost every section at a depth of from 15 to 100 feet.

Uncle Sam always selects the best. This body of land was selected by the government in 1867, when they had all the Southwest to select from, as it was selected as a government fort, as it had the natural advantages over anywhere else in Oklahoma. First, a healthy location; second, as to abundance of pure water. There are two running streams, Beaver and Wolf creeks, which are fed by numerous springs that cross this tract. These two streams from the North Canadian river on the reservation. One large spring is piped to the government barracks, which supplied the fort with an abundance of pure water. Fourth, fuel, as Beaver and Wolf creeks are fringed with stately elms, cottonwood, and other varieties of timber, which assured an abundance of fuel for the fort.

A prosperous and brilliant future is in store for all who locate in the valleys of Beaver and Wolf creeks. The land in these valleys is adapted to all kinds of farming as well as stock raising, a there are 6,000 acres of excellent bottom land, almost level, black-sandy loam soil, which is adapted to all kinds of farm products, especially alfalfa, as this is sub-irrigated land only five to eight feet to sheet water. Ten to twelve thousand acres of good agricultural upland, slightly rolling, heavy, dark soil, with very little sand, clay sub-soil, balance is rolling upland, gray sandy soil, and is covered with blue-stem grass, two to three feet high, part of which is good agricultural land, but would make an ideal ranch. Wheat, corn, oats, rye, sorghum, kafir corn, broom-corn, cotton, alfalfa and vegetables of all varieties do exceedingly well here. Six thousand cattle were pastured on this land during the summer season of last year, twenty five hundred were pastured all winter without any feed and are in fine condition. It is to your interest to investigate old Fort Supply lands before deciding on an investment, before paying a high priced farm, before putting your money out at interest, before the inevitable rise in prices comes, as the land adjoining this tract is all settled up and is advancing very rapidly in price. This 27,000 acres would have been settled had it not been a government reservation. Investors as well as homeseekers will find this a profitable field in which to operate. Business openings are waiting only for enterprising men to fill them.

The business men of Supply are energetic, wide awake and pushing anything for the advancement of the town.

New business houses are opening daily and all are welcome to partake of the good things of the west.

The Asylum.

IN a picturesque spot, between the junction of Wolf and Beaver creeks stands old Fort Supply, built many years ago on this broad western prairie, and inhabited by the brave soldiers of Uncle Sam. These men had all the daring and endurance of youth and many were the hard battles fought with the Indians who roamed these broad western prairies. Yet life in the old Fort was not all strife for many families lived there and a peculiar aristocratic air surrounded the

social life at the old Fort. Many scenes of life,—love, hate, birth and death were enacted within those walls, now standing empty and many a silent room whispers an old romance.

The day of the Indian is past and now the old Fort, with its beautiful surroundings, is vacant, but before many days those unfortunate ones of God's creatures, the insane, will have found a home within its walls. The old barracks will be transformed into rooms for the patients. The old amusement hall, where many a courtly soldier danced in days gone by, will be used for the same purpose. The administration building will be used by the superintendent for the same purpose, the different rooms being used as offices. The home of the commanding officer, a quaint old southern house, will be occupied by the superintendent, Rev. Elliott. In sixty days Fort Supply will be no longer the old Fort but the Oklahoma Insane Asylum. The Asylum will have an ice plant, electric lights and water works, with the best sanitary system possible. All the buildings will be remodeled and no spot in Oklahoma has ever been found more beautiful, more beautiful for a public institution. But who had this thought in mind? None other than Hon. J. P. Gandy, who for years has worked in securing the location of the Asylum at old Fort Supply. He has worked faithfully in securing this and has spared neither time nor expense. Mr. Gandy served two terms in the upper house from Woods county and one

term in the lower house from Woodward county and all that time worked for the interests of the people he represented.

The superintendent of the Oklahoma Hospital for the insane, Dr. C. G. Elliott, needs no introduction to the people of Oklahoma. Dr. Elliott is a graduate of the St. Louis Medical College 1891, now known as the Medical department of the Washington University at St. Louis, Mo. Was an assistant at the City Hospital at St. Louis for one year; also at the City Insane Asylum, St. Louis, for some time. Came to Blackwell, Okla., in the race Sept. 16, 1893. Was city physician, county physician and also special Territorial health officer for Kay county during the great smallpox epidemic a few years ago. Was also a member of the examining board for the Norman Asylum under Gov. Jenkins and also under Gov. Ferguson, until resigning on account of business requiring his attention. Was great medical examiner for the A. O. U. W. for one year. While at Blackwell was surgeon for the H. & S. R. R. Blackwell, Emid and Southwestern R. R. and A. T. & S. F. R. R. Was a member of the 3rd legislature. A man who has made a great success in his profession and also a success as a business man. Honored and esteemed by all who know him. Such is the new superintendent, Dr. C. G. Elliott.

THE DAIRY DEPARTMENT

Dairying is a question of feed as well as of breed.

Milk when fresh is a thin emulsion of fat in a watery solution of albuminous matter.

When butter is worked very dry the grains of salt left in it are not dissolved and remain in a gritty condition.

If a cow is kept for butter she is not profitable unless she will make 200 pounds per year.

The colder butter can be churned the better, and the better it will stand up after it has been churned.

Often a good cow fails to manifest her goodness until she gets into the hands of a painstaking, intelligent breeder.

In making good butter, there is always plenty of time to do everything just right; if you find there is not time, then you are not making good butter.

Sunshine and exercise are two of the necessities for brood sows this time of year. They are not expensive requirements and should be indulged.

The best dairy cow is the one that produces the greatest amount of butter fat at the least cost. No cow can do this unless she has been bred for it or unless she be a freak, and that sort of a freak is not very common.

It is a common knowledge that many a herdsman and milker has by his gentle and genuine love for his cows so completely won their confidence that no one else has ever been known to get the same amount of milk that he can.

CONTENTED DAIRYING.

Dairying is what the dairyman makes it. He can either dairy contentedly or be pessimistic in his views. Contented dairying means dairying

with advantage. He who is pessimistic farms at a disadvantage, for he looks with a sort of scorn at the work he has done or is doing. No dairyman or any man, for that matter, following other vocation can do his best when he does not respect his work. To love his work means contentment for the dairyman. He who is discontented should look about him and find the real cause, then let him apply the remedy to straighten out the kink. Look on the right side, work on the right side and you will be on the right side.

Dairymen would not have nearly so much trouble with unruly and kicking cows and heifers if more attention were paid to the calves. They should never be allowed to get wild, for when they do it is a difficult task to tame them and make them as gentle as is desirable for dairy purposes. Children are nearly always fond of calves, and it does no harm to let them play together. If the calves are treated kindly they make good playmates and the children can easily break them to lead. Where that is done it is but little trouble to keep them tame until they are ready for the dairy staple. Heifers that have been thus handled while they were calves seldom, if ever, prove to be kickers unless there is some trouble with the udder.

The water a milk cow drinks daily varies greatly with the animal. Some are great drinkers of cold water. In some cases the teeth of cows are very sensitive to the cold and such animals find it a great hardship to be given very cold water. The writer remembers such a cow in a herd. When a pail of cold water was placed before her, in the winter, she would approach it very gingerly, as if the cold water repelled her, then she would stick out her tongue and lap it for a long time

before beginning to drink. Frequently if the water was unusually cold he would suddenly turn on the pail of water and hook it over. The inference was that her teeth were so sensitive that the water hurt them. Such cows should be furnished tepid water. Since we have not yet come to cow dentistry we should make it as easy as possible for the animals with defective teeth.

But leaving aside the question of tenderness of teeth, cows differ greatly in the amount of water they drink, just as certainly as they do in the quantity of food they eat. This is natural, for the big eater requires much water to help digest her food. The system of the cow does not eat, it drinks. That is, the food in the various stomachs is merely worked over and reduced to a condition where it can be carried through the large intestines in a liquid condition. It requires a great deal of water to make solid foods liquid, when this water has to be in addition to what is cast off by the lungs. The nourishment from the food is absorbed through the walls of the intestines and has to be in a perfectly liquid state.

Now it is evident that the cow that is a light feeder and a light producer of milk requires less water than the cow that is a large producer of milk and consumes much food out of which to make milk. We have seen farmers in the winter time give each cow just so many pails of water, perhaps two.

They would say "those other cows are regular hogs. Two pails of water is enough for these cows and they will have to get along with that amount." Well, if a man shuts off on the water a cow needs to help digest her food he must be satisfied with a decreased flow of milk.

WASHING MILK UTENSILS.

Milk utensils should be washed first in tepid water, and a good stiff brush should be kept handy for the purpose of scrubbing at this stage of the cleansing operations. Soda dissolved in warm water greatly helps matters at this time, especially if the milk utensils have stood dirty for some time. In bottling plants where the bottles come back with milk stuck to them that has been there for a day or so the bottles are soaked in water for several hours, soda having been first dissolved in the water. In the brightening of such vessels, salt is one of the best things to be used for scouring. In the cleansing of milk vessels, cloths should be avoided, and they should certainly never be used to wipe the vessels dry with. They are likely to contain too many germs to make their use safe. These germs will be for the most part lactic acid ferments, those naturally found in milk and harmless, but they will start the new milk to souring, which of course is to be avoided in most cases.

for some time. While the wound is open, it is well to apply once or twice a day a little of a lotion made as follows: Sugar of lead one ounce, sulphate of zinc six drachms, carbolic acid two drachms, water to make one pint. Shake before using. You had better label this preparation as "poison."

GRINDING GRAIN FOR HORSES.

At the North Dakota experiment station ground oats and bran gave slightly better results than unground oats and bran. This was found true at the Iowa experiment station. It is the opinion of horse breeders that colts, brood mares and horses with defective teeth do much better on ground feed. At the Maryland experiment station it was found that ground corn and oats were more thoroughly digested than the unground grain.

PRESERVING HARNESS.

The winter rains are very injurious to carriage and buggy harness, and it

is economy to keep the leather well oiled to prevent it from rotting. The Federal government prescribes the subjoined mixture as the best preservative for harness: One gallon neat-foot oil, two pounds bayberry tallow, two pounds beeswax, two pounds beef tallow. Put in a pan over a moderate fire. When thoroughly dissolved add two quarts of castor oil, then, while on the fire, stir in one ounce lampblack. Mix well and strain through a fine cloth to remove sediment; let cool and you will have as fine a dressing for harness or leather of any kind as can be had.

It is very important to keep colts free from lice and worms. If hens are kept in the vicinity of the stalls, the colts should be carefully and frequently examined to see that they do not become infested with the annoying parasites. The four things that should be most carefully guarded against are lack of exercise, lice, worms and thrush.

THE SWINE Department

HORSE AND MULE DEPARTMENT

Always see that your wagons are greased twice a week.

When breaking a horse, use as light a break wagon as possible.

Make your lessons short.

Never lose your temper. Always have plenty of patience.

Never drive fast down hill.

Let your horse walk up the hill.

Let him go on the level.

When you are coming down a drive and your horse is very warm, let him stand five minutes and steam before you put a blanket on him.

Never have your horse's tail cut off. He needs it to switch flies with in the summer. Any man that will order this to be done should serve five years in the state penitentiary.

The mule isn't handsome, doesn't make a good roadster, isn't stylish, doesn't "do himself proud" if hitched to a handsome yellow wagon, but what he lacks in appearance he makes up in actual usefulness on the farm.

Do not stunt the growing colts. The future horse depends a great deal upon the treatment the young things receive the first year of their existence. It is far better to breed a horse's head up than to rein it up. It seldom adds to the beauty of a horse to check up its head out of the way he naturally holds it. The draft horse is the leading American market horse, the world's greatest business horse, best on the farm, best on the market and best in profitable production.

BREEDING THE FILLY.

We would like to have an expres-

sion of the opinions of our readers as to the best age to breed the filly. There are two opposite tendencies observable. One is to breed too young and the other is to breed too old. What is the best age? Some of our best breeders breed the filly at three years of age with the expectation of having her drop a colt at four years of age. Little fault can be found with this arrangement. It has the virtue of not bringing into the world colts from very immature parents. Whether it would improve the quality of the produce to allow the mother to be still more mature is a hard question to settle.

Experienced horse breeders advise that young colts be fed a little ground oats and corn as soon as they will take such feed, and thus accustom them to such feed before weaning. In this way they will take on growth and keep in fine growing condition after weaning.

It is always well to pay attention to color in mating a team, as a fancy consideration, but size, and especially strength and action are much more important in mating a team for usefulness, and to make a team a pleasant one to drive or work.

If your horse gets a barb wire cut, give the wound immediate attention. Don't imagine "it will come out all right any way." Cut the hair around the wound away, and wash thoroughly, then disinfect with water containing about one table-spoonful of carbolic acid to the pint of water, wash with this disinfectant solution once daily

Be careful of the brood sows. This is the time that care and time given to them pays a big per cent. If you don't start out with a good sized litter you cannot make up afterwards. Save the litters by vigilance.

This new grass has proved itself invaluable in dry climates as a pasture crop for all kinds of stock. Hogs are very fond of it, and, in fact, where brome grass and clover are seeded together hogs will eat the brome grass before they will the clover. Brome grass should be seeded at the rate of from eighteen to twenty pounds per acre without a nurse crop, but it will not afford pasturage the first year. Wherever red clover grows well and where alfalfa has not proved itself to be adapted, this crop is another very important one for hog pasture, and should by no means be overlooked. Seeded on good, rich soil it will produce an abundance of valuable feed throughout the summer season. With a long list of forage crops at their disposal that may be seeded for hog pasture, we trust our readers will give more attention to this feature the coming spring than may have in the past.

FATTENING HOGS RAPIDLY.

To fatten swine quickly and with the least feed, one must go to considerable expense at the beginning. This will come back soon if managed properly. I believe a hog is something like a human being. He likes a change of diet. It has been my experience that in cooking feed once in a while the best of result were secured. I feed largely on wheat middlings. An eight or ten-horse power steam engine comes very handy in grinding feed.

Turn the ground feed into a tank or barrels and turn the steam into tank or barrels. In five minutes the feed

is cooked ready to feed when cool enough. If in cold weather, feed warm. The animals relish it better and it keeps up the animal heat.

Keep salt, ashes and charcoal handy and give a little two or three times a week. In wattering swine I think spring water best, for the hogs like pure running water. If the spring is convenient, put in a hydraulic ram and pipe to where you want it.

BERKSHIRE HOGS AT HOME.

It has been my good fortune to visit two large breeding establishments where Berkshire hogs are at their best, writes a correspondent of the Michigan Farmer. One gentleman had about seventy-five of various ages and sizes, and it was certainly entertaining and instructive to go about with him among the pens and listen to his talk in regard to them. His enthusiasm is just a little bit contagious; for if one has the least bit of latent liking for hogs he will have it kindled by a genuine breeder of them while listening to a recital of their good points. Another gentleman has 100 of them, and among the lot are some imported boars, lordly looking fellows, bearing such titles as Lord Oxford, etc. These old English boars sometimes attain a weight of 900 pounds—a size the old American Berkshires are not known to approach. The Berkshires are pre-eminently easy keepers quick to mature, and easy breeders, the sows being good mothers and heavy milkers. The hair is thin and glossy, entirely destitute of wooliness next to the skin, an undesirable feature that many hogs have.

To show the hardiness of the breed as well as their easy keeping qualities, I may state that the herd visited last February (100 in number) were liv-

(Continued on 7th page)

PURELY PERSONAL

R. H. Stotts has gone to Hooker, Ok., for a few days.

J. J. Gerlach made a business trip to Alva one day last week.

Hal French visited his brother Kirk at Higgins, Texas, several days the past week.

The Woodward Stone and Material Company will begin making cement blocks soon.

B. W. Key was looking after business matters in Higgins, Texas, one day last week.

W. E. Gladstone said that nothing except the mint can make money without advertising.

Wolf creek has been on a rampage a part of the past week and been up to all kinds of funny tricks.

There will be a Fourth of July celebration at Elm Grove on Kiowa Creek. A fine time is being arranged for.

Bob R. Clark of Amarillo came up Friday and went out to his claim north of Fargo where he intends to reside.

A. M. Appleget has moved his law office to the building lately occupied by Judge Patton, two doors south of THE NEWS office.

Dick T. Morgan of the Woodward Land office, and wife came up on the morning train for a visit with friends in Alva.—Alva Pioneer.

Mrs. W. P. Wright and two daughters, Misses Connie and Willie, were in town from Shattuck Saturday and made this office a pleasant call.

Capt. J. A. Stine and Mrs. Stine were down from Alva and spent several days the past week at the home of their son, L. L. Stine, of this city.

Mrs. Edwin Word and son Walter, are here from Woodward, Ok., visiting her parents, Mayor and Mrs. French.—Lakin, (Kansas) Advocate.

E. G. Richter has severed his connection with the York-Key Mer. Co., and we understand has accepted a similar one in the Martinson-Raynor store.

The Woodward Inspector says M. A. Princehouse of Wellington has been transferred to Woodward. All regret that he was not brought back to Alva again.—Alva Review.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Walton Day and daughters Beulah and Nellie have gone to Hooker, Beaver county, for an overland trip and outing and to look after land interests there.

Dr. Elliot, the newly appointed superintendent of the Insane Asylum was in town Thursday night and went out to Supply Friday to be ready to take charge of the new institution.

S. Mullendore, aged 74, went out to his farm southwest of town this week and mowed with a scythe, raked with a hand rake and stacked two acres of alfalfa without any help of any sort. That is what the Oklahoma climate will do for anyone, as he was an invalid before coming here.

Miss Ida Nay left Saturday for Hutchinson, Kan., where she will join her sister Mrs. Blum and go to California where another sister is very ill. She does not expect to return immediately.

Wm. Brown was in town from Kibby Monday bringing his mother with him. Mrs. Brown has been spending a few weeks at her son's home near Kibby and left Monday night for her home in Kansas City, Mo.

Geo. L. Coleman, manager of the York-Key Lumber Co's., yards at Shattuck was in town Sunday shaking hands with friends. Geo. is doing good work there and if there's a "go" in he'll make it go.

Sheriff Charlie Brattain of Grant county, stopped in Alva between trains last week, while on his way to Woodward to get his cattle on pasture. Charlie is one of the best sheriffs in Oklahoma.—Alva Record.

In the recent Elocutionary contest held at the opera house the three receiving the highest grades made almost a tie, each one receiving first by some one of the three judges. The grades are as follows: Mary Ward 92, Grace Munsey 92 and Berta Lee Hudson 92 1/2.

E. O. O'Daniels and wife were arrested Wednesday morning at Supply charge with stealing two horses of Mr. Eby. They were brought to Woodward before Judge White where they plead not guilty. Mrs. O'Daniels was released while her husband was placed in jail awaiting a preliminary hearing next Monday.

Miss Eliza Bush a maiden lady employed as housekeeper for Sam Pollock seven miles northwest of town, and formerly housekeeper for the publisher here, has received notice that by the death of her brother in Michigan she has fallen heir to an estate valued at \$50,000. Miss Bush has a fine claim in the northwest part of Woodward county on which she has resided for the past four years.

Opelousasistia Brevet Lippencott, the jolly hardware man of Gage came up to Woodward a few weeks ago and liked the town so well that he came up again this week. He wanted to buy the Court House for an implement shed but considered it too cheap—said he could make a better one from the product of the new Gage Cement Stone works. The only thing that prevents "Lipp" from being level headed is the mould of his handsome rotundity.

Mrs. A. H. Tandy.

The many friends of Mrs. A. H. Tandy were shocked and much grieved Tuesday morning when the news reached them that that estimable and highly respected lady had passed from them. No one knew she was seriously ill and in fact she had been so only since about 3 o'clock that morning. She has been a sufferer for several years and at times it was almost more than she could bear. Monday evening she with Mr. Tandy were strolling over the grounds surrounding their home. Mr. Tandy left on the late train for New Mexico but was intercepted by messages which at some point in Texas. Mr. and Mrs. Brownlee and Miss Flo were the only members of the family at her bedside.

Mrs. Tandy was a lady of very fine

qualities and loved by all who knew her, a loving wife, a kind and indulgent mother and a true friend to everyone. Since her residence here she has made many friends and kept them all.

The funeral services were held this morning at 10 o'clock from the home and the body laid to rest in the nearby cemetery.

Mr. Tandy and three sons, Walter, Will and Lacy arrived Wednesday. Others of the family came later.

The deceased leaves besides her husband, four sons, Will and Walter, of Canadian, Texas, and Henry and Lacy who are still at home, and four daughters, Mrs. Scott of Haskell, Texas, Mrs. Lucian Morrison, of St. Louis, Mrs. J. E. Brownlee and Miss Flo of this city.

Lettuce Prevents Smallpox.

There are thousands of people who, during the latter part of winter and the first of spring, are not able to supply themselves with lettuce. This explains why smallpox rages during the winter months. In our cities many fresh vegetables are not to be had. In later years the rapid increase of green houses near the cities where fresh vegetables are raised under glass has brought lettuce within the reach of everyone. Every family can supply itself with a small quantity at least two or three times a week. If this is done not only will it act as a preventive to smallpox, but all other disease of a postular or serofutic character, Eczema, tetter, tumors, abscesses, boils, chronic ulcers, all these will be benefited as much as smallpox.—Medical Talk.

No Power could save her.

Bound hand and foot and gagged the maiden was put into the gunny sack, and unable to move or scream, felt herself being carried down a flight of stairs, put into a buggy and then driven down the street. Ineffectually she tried to release herself from the

gag. Alas, she was bound too securely. Finally the conveyance was stopped. She was again carried into a building, fainting and grasping for breath. The sack was taken from her head. The villain, still masked, took the gag from her mouth and hissed through his tightly clinched teeth:

"There, my pretty bird, scream and yell as loud as you like, no human ear will ever hear you; you are in my power. Do you hear? Totally within my power!"

"Where am I?" she grasped.

"In a store that never advertises," was the response.

"Alas! Alas!" she moaned, "no power on earth can save me, for no one will look for me here."

And the poor girl fainted.—Exchange.

Parson Whatley returned home Tuesday from down into the old part of the state. He says that from Bowie to the east line of the state and from Red river to the gulf the country is literally flooded and that the excessively wet weather has ruined the cotton crop, farmers being unable to plant, or work the fields after they were planted. The same conditions exist in Louisiana and other cotton producing sections of the south, and Mr. Whatley predicts a big advance in the price of cotton and says that this year is the time for the people of western Oklahoma and the Panhandle to get in their work.—Canadian Record.

Just how well our financial institutions are safeguarded is shown by the statement that the theft of \$1,500,000 from the First National Bank of Milwaukee by Frank G. Bigelow was "discovered by the merest accident."

Advertising helps the small business grow large, and prevents the large business from getting small.—Advertising Review.

CAR-SUL-DIP

FOR CATTLE AND SWINE.

NO BETTER CAN BE FOUND.

The Only Dip Holding Sulphur in Solution.

For Sale at Office of

The Live Stock Inspector,

WOODWARD, OKLAHOMA.

Special prices on ten-gallon lots.

SWINE DEPARTMENT.

(Continued from 5th page.)

ing nearly altogether on cull beans from a large bean warehouse, which were fed to the hogs almost exclusively in the coldest weather of an unusually severe winter. They were having little bedding also, keeping warm by huddling together. The addition of a little corn to their diet would have produced a change and assisted in maintaining warmth, but they seemed to be doing well without it.

The introduction of English blood has done much to improve the size of the Berkshires. The purely American breed seldom produce more than eight pigs in a litter, more commonly five or six, but it is not now uncommon to see a litter often. I was shown a six-year old sow that had produced nearly 100 pigs, which, at the prices received for breeding stock, would be worth over \$1,000. From one of these herds eight were selected to ship to the Argentine Republic, South America. A rigid examination for disease was instituted before shipping, and the hogs were found to be

entirely healthy. They would have to be twenty-eight days in transit, but the long journey and the change of climate were without bad effect. It is to be hoped that this desirable breed of hogs will become more and more thoroughly disseminated.

PURE WATER.

It has been the experience of many farmers that pure water is necessary for the health of the herd of swine. It is easy to say give pure water, but it is not always easy to give it. The farmer that has a good windmill that is drawing water from a considerable depth is in a position to give pure water and an abundance of it. But we have too often seen the larger stock of the farm supplied with pure water and the hogs left to get water the best way they could from sloughs or from brooks almost dry in the summer time. Water is the solvent for the food, and in it all the food that goes into the body of the hog must be dissolved if it is to be used at all. The growing and even the fattening hog uses an immense amount of water. Experience has shown that contaminated water supplies are numerous.

have tried it. However, we do know that, as a rule, the hen that steals her nest and has it right on the "cold, cold ground" often brings up the best litters.

Just about now is the time to think of whitewashing the whole inside of the poultry house. About the whole cost of this is in the work it takes to do it, as the lime to make the wash costs a very few cents. Any old broom makes a good brush to spread the wash on with, as, with old clothes on, a person doesn't care if some is scattered. Besides, the floor of the average hen house needs some lime over it.

Every few years someone breaks out with a theory for telling the sex of the coming chick before the egg is even started on its three weeks of incubation, but it always ends the way most theories do. There is without doubt a fortune awaiting the man who will prove that he really has discovered this secret, but it is our opinion that the fortune will be waiting all through eternity.

How long eggs can be kept before being incubated with good success is a matter of how and where they are kept. Without defying that from a week to ten days old is better than to keep longer, eggs that have been kept right for four weeks will give nearly as many strong chicks per setting. Keep right means to have been kept in a temperature ranging 42 to 45; if in a tight box out of the air currents all the better, also. The per cent of live, strong chicks from eggs that have been kept "any old way" for four weeks, however, is apt to be disappointing.

In turkeys as well as in nearly all fowls, the size of the young is more largely determined by the size of the female, rather than by the male. Many will keep their small hens and get large males every year, and wonder why the size isn't increased; finally concluding "there's nothing in breeding anyhow." There is something—everything—in breeding, but it has got to be right breeding. If you want to increase the size of individual birds in your flock the quickest way is to get larger females; if color and fine finish is what you are after, then pick for the best males you can find.

After reading of the horrible destruction by the cyclone, wouldn't it be a wise act for the people in Beaver City to take some precautions against such occurrences, by building storm-proof houses, erecting a mammoth bell and having some one employed to watch at night and ring the bell of alarm on the approach of a storm? Some system of precaution should be understood and a committee appointed to instruct the people what to do in such cases. The most important thing to do is for no one to have lamps burning or have fire in any way that would set the buildings on fire. A fire at such a time would likely burn to death a great many people who had escaped in their storm resorts or who might be crippled and maimed and unable to extricate themselves from the wreckage.—Beaver Journal.



Using butter on a burn at once gives almost immediate relief.

A good lamp is cheap, and boys and girls appreciate nice bright rooms.

A little butter used in cooking starch will give a nice finish to the clothes.

Be "comrades" with the children. You get their love and obedience best that way.

MAPLE CREAM.—Put one pound of maple sugar and one-half a cupful of water in a saucepan over the fire and boil slowly without stirring until a little dropped from a spoon looks like spun silk. Set aside until this is a little more than blood warm, then begin to stir steadily, always in one direction and keep it up until you have a smooth, snowy cream. Drop on waxed paper.

ENGLISH EVERTON TOFFY.—Two tablespoonfuls of water, four ounces of butter, twelve ounces of granulated sugar, one-half a tablespoonful of vinegar and one teaspoonful of lemon juice. Melt the water and butter together over a slow fire, add the sugar gradually and then the vinegar. The mixture will sugar, but continue to boil slowly when it will thin out again. When quite thin add the lemon juice and pour into tins. Take at least twenty minutes for the boiling process.

BUTTER SCOTCH.—Butter the size of an egg, two cups of sugar and three tablespoonfuls of water. Boil these ingredients, stirring all of the time, when it gets sugary it will lump up and then dissolve, when it gets light brown pour off into buttered tins. Use any flavor desired.

MAPLE SUGAR PEANUT CANDY.—Take one pound of maple sugar cut in small pieces, one cupful of milk and one cupful of cream, put in a saucepan over the fire and stir constantly as it boils. When it hardens if tried in cold water stir in as many chopped peanuts as the candy will take up, then turn out to cool in a shallow buttered pan. When hard break in irregular pieces.

NOUGAT.—Boil together one pound of sugar and one half a cupful of cold water until a little of it becomes brittle when dropped in cold water. Do not stir after the sugar melts. Butter a shallow tin and cover the bottom closely with blanched almonds, the kernels of hickory, pecan and hazel nuts, thin strips of cocoanut, split and stoned dates, bits of figs, etc. When the candy is done add to it a tablespoonful of lemon juice and pour it over the nuts and fruit. Mark in strips or squares when cool.

KISSES.—The whites of three eggs, five tablespoonfuls of powdered sugar and a flavor of essence of lemon. Mix (Continued on 10th page.)



An Ode to the White Rocks.

(Being the spasmodic efforts of an incurable chicken crank.)

There is music in the cackle
Of my pretty, pretty hen,
And there's money in that cackle,
For an egg is in the pen.

There are many eggs to follow
From this high-bred, dainty hen,
So no chicken from the hollow
Shall be seen with her again.

In the shadows I will keep her
When the sun is very hot,
And I promise you I'll feed her
Of the best that's in the pot.

For there's profit in this biddie,
With her merry, merry song,
She who once a pullet giddy
Works so steadily all day long.

Yes, I'm proud to own her
And to know that I've the best,
For she surely is a treasure
When she goes upon the nest.

—C. S. Gorline, in Inland Poultry Journal.

From the sixth to the eighth week turkeys are peculiarly susceptible to disease, to cold, to bad feed, etc. Keep them dry.

It is a waste of food to keep young roosters after they are five pounds per pair, as they are sold as "old roosters" after their combs grow. They should be freely fed.

Guinea hens, in addition to laying more and better eggs than common fowls, will each of them keep an acre of potatoes clear of beetles and answer every purpose of a barometer in predicting the weather.

Kill or sell the chickens that have been slow in developing: they are undesirable and will prove a serious drawback to the remainder of the flock.

The Brahma fowls are inclined to obesity and should not be fed wholly upon corn. A Brahma hen will grow fat while setting when another hen would get poor.

It takes goose eggs 28 days to incubate. Many do not know this, and will throw the eggs out if not hatched soon after the three weeks are up, as with chickens.

The early hatches are the ones that furnish the early layers every fall. Don't forget this when selling off the surplus of the common flock. If any let the later chicks go.

The Rose Comb Rhode Island Reds, now called the American Reds in the new Standard, is the new breed of the past decade that is fast winning its way up towards the front. Any breeder having this breed certainly has no good reasons for changing, at any rate.

When a chicken is not strong enough to "pick its own way into the world," there is little use helping it out of the shell, as it will never make a profitable chick. The kind that fairly makes the shell pop when they came into this world, and commence to scratch soon after, make the lively chicks and the profitable fowls.

Many recommend cutting a sod the exact size of the bottom of the nest, grass side up, and set the hen on that. There seems to be logic in this, though we must confess that we never

THE LIVE STOCK INSPECTOR

PUBLISHED SEMI-MONTHLY BY

W. E. BOLTON.

WOODWARD, KANSAS CITY,
OKLAHOMA, MISSOURI

Represented in Kansas City Stock Yards by H. B. Cerverly, 289 Live Stock Exchange, Kansas City, Mo.
Represented in Denver, Colo. by C. O. Sprenger, Times Building.
Represented in New Mexico by Geo. H. Hutchins, Carlsbad.
New York Office: 928 American Tract Society Building, W. B. Leffingwell, Manager.
Chicago Office: 35-37 Randolph Street, W. B. Leffingwell, Manager.
Mr. Leffingwell is authorized to accept advertisements for THE LIVE STOCK INSPECTOR at our contract rates. Orders filed with him will receive our prompt and careful attention.

The only journal published in Oklahoma and the Indian Territory, devoted exclusively to live stock interests and stock farming.

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JUNE 15, 1905.

NOTICE TO SUBSCRIBERS.

REMITTANCES. In sending money to the LIVE STOCK INSPECTOR please observe that the Clearing House will not accept private checks at par. Remit by postal or express orders, eastern bank exchange, registered letter or by private check add twenty-five cents for collection. Amounts of less than \$1 can be paid in postage stamps.

DISCONTINUANCES. Subscribers wishing the LIVE STOCK INSPECTOR stopped at the expiration of their subscription must notify us in writing to that effect otherwise we shall consider it as their wish to have it continued and we will make collection for the same.

CHANGES OF ADDRESS. When a change of address is ordered, both the new and old address must be given and notice sent two weeks before the change is desired. We require this on account of our heavy mailing list.

Official Organ of the Oklahoma Live Stock Association

Advertising Rates.

Display advertising 10 cents per line, against fourteen lines to the inch.

Special reading notices 10 cents per line.
Business cards or miscellaneous advertisements will be received from reliable advertisers at the rate of \$1.50 per annum line, for one year.

Annual cards in the Breeder's Directory, consisting of four lines or less for \$6.00 per year, including a copy of the Live Stock Inspector free.

Electrics should have metal base.
Objectionable advertisements or orders from unreliable advertisers, when such is known to be the case, will not be accepted at any price.

To insure prompt publication of an advertisement, send cash with the order; however, monthly or quarterly payments may be arranged by parties who are well known to the publishers, or when acceptable references are given.

All advertisements intended for the current issue should reach this office not later than the 10th or 25th of each month.

Every advertiser will receive a copy of the paper free during the publication of the advertisement.

Address all orders to
LIVE STOCK INSPECTOR, Woodward, Okla.

THE LIVE STOCK INSPECTOR exercises great care in admitting advertisements to its columns. If any of our readers wish information regarding any advertisement or advertiser we would be glad to give same. If you wish to buy anything that is not advertised in our columns, write us and we will refer you to the best place to buy.

A postal card, addressed to the Secretary of the Oklahoma Live Stock Association, Woodward, Okla., will bring by return mail a full set of blanks necessary for becoming a member of the Association, also full information pertaining to the same.

Fargo is to have a new school building.

The Normal School at Alva has closed for the summer.

A new \$5000 school building will be built at Gage immediately.

A fine shower Wednesday again. The Lord loves Woodward county.

The merchant who advertises in quiet times reap a continuous harvest.

Cut weeds now; don't let them get big enough to seed the ground another year.

Late wheat will average 20 bushels per acre. Early wheat slightly damaged.

This is a growing year. Crops now in sight are an assurance of continued good times ahead in Woodward county.

Decoration day was fitly observed in Woodward by strewing flowers and appropriate ceremonies. The address by Capt. B. B. Smith is said to be the best heard in Woodward to date.

If any person now living here ever resided in a county possessing as good climate, water and soil as Woodward we'd like to know it. The Empire county of Oklahoma cannot be excelled in any of these things.

"Fifth Angel" Jim Sharp and wife are here and doing a street preaching stunt this week. He and his wife were two of the three who paraded Oklahoma City in the nude recently. If they conclude to give a similar performance here there will be a big demand for front seats.

A Democratic country editor, after writing editorials for five years on "Republican Merit," for three years on "Democratic Success," for two years on the "Folly of Populism," came out this week with only one little editorial, as follows: "We have at last found that the people want the news and don't care anything more about the politics of a weekly newspaper than they do about the warts on the moon."—K. C. Journal.

Late advices from the far east bring news of one of the greatest naval triumphs of the century, and probably the deciding point of the war in the east. Togo met the Russian fleet Saturday and after a severe encounter put them to flight, with the result of a loss for the Russians of nineteen vessels, four of which were battle ships. The Japs lost seven torpedo boats and are practically unharmed. Two battleships and three cruisers captured in the encounter will add to the Jap's navy.

During the winter last past M. B. Wright of Range fed a bunch of calves as an experiment. He took at weaning time the tops of a bunch of eighty-five, cutting out sixty-

five head. He first put them on fodder for two weeks, beginning on November 1st, then began grinding and feeding them milo maize heads, limiting the amount, but had them on a full feed of such roughness by December 10th. On January 10th he began grinding of cake with the maize heads, allowing one-half pound to the calf, which he kept up for one month then increased the amount to one pound per day to the calf. On March 1st the amount was increased to 2½ pounds of cake per day and all the roughness the calves could eat. The calves were shipped on April 1st, 1905, at which time they sold for 4¼ cents per pound, and weighed 600 pounds. Their estimated weight at weaning time was 350 pounds, and they would probably have sold for \$9 per head at that time. The total cost per head during the feeding time, not including the roughness, was \$6 per head, which includes only the cost of labor and feed bought for the calves. —Guyton Herald.

A HUGE SUCCESS.

The 101 Ranch Entertainment Affair That Was Promised.

The affair advertised to be pulled off at 101 Ranch by the Miller Bros. in honor of the National Editorial Association on June 11th was all and more than promised.

As we go to press too early to give an extended account of it, will merely say in this issue that the Miller Brothers entertained upwards of eleven hundred editors free and entertained upwards of sixty thousand people in a royal manner as advertised, with a charge of only twenty-five cents for seats in grand stand. All prices were kept low and there was not a single graft or take allowed. No drunkenness existed and a better informed more pleased and appreciative crowd of people never assembled before at any gathering large or small.

The Santa Fe railway company performed wonders in handling four-fifths of the people present on a single track without accident and the shortest possible delay.

Although the attendance exceeded anticipation by twenty thousand or more, the Miller Bros. entertained and cared for every one and never stopped working until the last team load were safely started from the grounds.

The next issue will give more detailed account of this wonderful epoch making, historical event.

A Woman Suffrage Item.

Pending the formation of a new constitution for Oklahoma and the adoption of woman's-suffrage clause, now's this, taken from "The Denver Republican", where this pernicious evil is dragging progress and civilization back to the "dark" ages; Lula Ray, a negro woman, who gave her residence as 2632 Walnut street, voted at least three different times under different names. When she stopped the last time, by Senator Rush, she refused to say where she secured the names she had voted before and denied that she had voted, although even the policeman there declared that she lied.

The religion that does not set a person to doing to the full his plain duty and doing it better than ever before, is not the true religion, even though it spend its days in singing and its nights in praying.—Forward.

Should Have Statehood.

Loran (O.) Times-Herald.

One of the things congress ought to look after, when it convenes in special session in October, as now seems more than likely, is the passage of a bill giving statehood to Oklahoma and Indian Territory. That matter has already been delayed too long. The territories named as one state would be one of the most important of trans-Mississippi common-wealths, as soon as admitted to the sisterhood. Further delay, moreover, would be unfair to the over a million enterprising people who, as residents of the territories, should have full representation in the national government as well as the fullest measure of home rule in local affairs.

There has been a great deal of misunderstanding of the Oklahoma and Indian Territory situation. If there had not been statehood would have been accorded them as a matter of right, a long time ago.

To many persons in the East, the mental picture of conditions in the one territory is that of Alkali Ike and his fellow frontiersmen, and in the other, according to the imagination of the uninformed, the blanket Indian, with his wigwam and his dogs, is the typical figure in the landscape. As a matter of fact Oklahoma is very much in its density of population and in all other respects, like a part of Ohio, and Indian Territory is nearly, if not quite, as advanced a stage of development.

It may not be generally known, but it nevertheless, a fact that no territory has ever been admitted to the union, that at the time of its admission, had a third as many inhabitants as Oklahoma and Indian Territory now have, and none, when welcomed to the sisterhood, has possessed one-fifth the taxable valuation, real and personal, of the two now asking that they be given statehood as one, on the ground of their importance agriculturally, commercially, and industrially and on the farther ground that, more than a million as good people as there are in the country should not be longer deprived of a part in the national government, and such a measure of participation in their own local affairs as is enjoyed by the people of states that are not nearly as important as either one of the territories, no matter from what point of view the comparison is made.

In respect to natural resources, the state to be formed out of the two territories will take very high rank. It has minerals, oil and gas, and underlying a great part of it is the larger portion of a unanimous coal field that, stretching east half way across Arkansas, extends west across the entire Indian Territory. The coal taken from the mines is of a superior quality, and much of it is of the kind known as semi-anthracite. It is admirably adapted to the finest quality of coke, and hundreds of ovens are employed in producing this article. Much of the coke used in the reduction of silver ore in Mexico is produced in Indian Territory.

But Alaska has natural resources,

and is not, on that account, fitted to statehood. Indian Territory and Oklahoma have a well developed community as well. Agriculturally, they are advanced and the cities and towns are centers of culture as of business. The school system of Oklahoma, which will be extended to Indian Territory; in case they get single statehood, is one of the best in the United States. The first settlers built the district school at the same time that they were constructing dwellings for themselves, and contemporaneous with the opening of a school in each district in the territory was the founding of a system of higher education. Since then, the state university at Norman, the normal school at Edmond and the agricultural college at Stillwater, have developed until they are regarded as among the leading institutions of their kind in the Southwest. As a result of the completeness of the educational system and of the cordial support given it, the percentage of illiteracy in Oklahoma is as low as that in Massachusetts or Iowa. This is a showing that no people south of Mason and Dixon's line ever made before or seriously attempted to make.

AMERICAN SOCIETY

OF EQUITY DEPARTMENT

E. R. WILLIAMS, EDITOR.

Report of the third Woodward county Union of the A. S. E., held in the court house at Woodward, May 17, 1905.

This body was called to order at 10:30 a. m. by chairman, I. J. Teeters, and "roll call" found 40 members present including officers and standing committees. Many visitors also were present from different parts of the county. At one time no less than 200 persons were in attendance.

The delegates begin making their appearance in the afternoon of the day preceeding the time for the meeting and continued to arrive 'till noon of the 17th. Many drove from 20 to 40 miles and were, some of them, two days enroute.

After the roll call and adoption of the minutes of the preceding session, the chair permitted a free for all discussion of the merits and justice of the new constitution and by-laws. The discussion centered upon the authority of the national union or its officers to ordain such an act without the consent of the local unions. The matter was finally referred to a committee and its report which is as follows, was adopted: "Resolved that we adopt the constitution and by-laws because they are good, but that they be not binding 'till ratified by a majority of the local unions of the county." "We also recommend that the local unions ratify the same."

The convention then adjourned to 1:30 p. m. at which time the chair promptly called the house to order and proceeded to the regular order of business. Program committee and Pres. committee made reports which were accepted and committee discharged. E. R. Williams was retained as correspondent for the society to the various papers.

The most important business had arrived when a proposition to establish a county clearing house was launched and after a lengthy discussion by Messrs Stevens, Robinson, Hiett, Leasure, H. J. Stewart and others a committee was appointed to prepare a plan and its report met unanimous favor, and the Clearing house was established, with present headquarters at Woodward. Its board of managers are as follows: Chairman, Jno. Leasure; Messrs Stevens, S. Williams, H. J. Stewart, W. B. Robinson, and one more whose name we do not recall. This board of managers gives bond for the faithful performance of its duties, and will employ a business manager who will also give bond, and open an office at Woodward and through this office will market all the society's products in the county.

Another committee was formed of seven representative men of the county to study and formulate ways and means to establish a telephone system uniting every farmers house in the county with the managers office.

Other committees were appointed and other business was transacted. A night session lasted 'till 10 o'clock, closing with a general discussion of the interests of the society, when an adjournment was taken to July 6, when a fourth session of the Woodward county union will be convened at the same place at 10, a. m. for further council and to further crystallize the agricultural co-operation of the county.

The convention was one of the western type in which every one has a free "pitch in" and says what he has to say. No personal differences arose and all were silent on every subject after the voice of the majority was heard. Intense interest characterized every part of the work and strong conviction was written on nearly every face, and a prophetic eye might even have read this inscription upon the unseen bosom of the social atmosphere of the place: "The emancipation of agriculture has been issued" or "Controlled marketing by organized effort the fruition of the farmer's hopes."

We confess to being thoroughly pleased with the convention. We have faith in its officers and in its projects. We expect good results from the coming crops through our board of trade.

Now let us gather in the unorganized farmer to share our expense and profit.

RESUME OF THE SITUATION.

The days of reform is at hand. It is the thread of every speech, editorial news-column, sermon. The very air is surcharged with its silent, salient spirit. And its counterpart or complement, public condemnation of civic wrong is muttering from the ground of contending self-interests. The avenging rod, the judgment day of nations that "frame iniquity by laws" of individuals who "oppress the hireling in his wages," always follows in the wake of a quickened public conscience or a clamor for reform. At this very hour the whole country is breathing reform. The nation has its Roosevelt, and we believe he has the cour-

age of a reformer, the state has a Folk or an Anderson; the city a Parkhurst or a mayor Dunne, and agriculture in its desolation and despair; from years of serfdom, prostrate and weeping is made to look up through its tears, with thanksgiving, because the kind voice of our great prophet, from Indianapolis, who has appeared in our behalf, with his credentials of truth under his arm, and with becoming modesty announces, "For your deliverance am I sent." And no doubt our day of visitation is at hand. While the avenging angel is scouring the nations and blasting the power of corporate greed, stamping the mark of crime upon hoodlums and freebooters and remanding truculent political leaders to social ostracism, she is brandishing her rod and compassionately entreating agriculture to rise in organized unity 'till she strikes every shackle from its weary limbs and bequethes to it, through justice and equity, industrial liberty.

Talk about the failure of this movement(?) It is wrought in the very forces of the "times." In the moral, social, political, industrial and natural laws of these "times." No power on earth nor from the prisons of the damned can stop it. Objections to its new constitution, neighborhood feuds, personal jealousies or the criticisms of enemies are utterly helpless in the presence of the innate power by which their grand movement for justice attracts and conquers men. Every experienced leader of the movement will confirm this statement.

Fourth, The A. S. E. is not yet three years old, yet it has a membership of nearly 200,000, it has, without money, prosecuted a campaign of education, that has revolutionized the marketing of farm products; placing that part of the farmer's business upon a scientific foundation as immovable as the rocks of Gibraltar. And it has nearly doubled the aggregate price paid for farm produce according to this years record.

Again, The internal condition of the society manifests an extraordinary vitality and a high degree of health. The hearty good-will, the social cordiality, the fraternal bond and the unbounded faith in the success of our cause absolutely prove a cohesive strength or organic life equal to that found in civil government itself. Every one must have noticed this at the county union where men lingered as visitors during an eight hours session—where leading men offered to go to the banks and borrow money on their own responsibility to carry forward the wide range of business proposed for the society in the county this summer.

On the outside, adhesion seems to be as intense as the cohesion within. The simplicity and practicability of our plan, the justice of our purpose and the fact that the success of our society will benefit every other honest business, antagonizing only a few parasites and gamblers, forbids any reasonable opposition by any one.

The county is now well organized and committee work in progress for handling all crops through a single office at Woodward that promises better opportunity to the members of this county than is enjoyed, perhaps, any where else in the country. The business management board have assessed a

tax of 10c a man to start the central office and will eliminate further expense by charging a small commission on sales to meet running expenses. This makes our profits pay our expenses as we go and so it will be, probably, if well engineered, all the way along.

I am authorized to say that no farmer who is not a member of our society need apply to sell his stuff through our office as it would not be just to the society to give all of our advantages away, as we would thereby lose our chance for new members, and we want more members. We want all the farmers to help bear our expenses and be justly entitled to the benefits.

So join us at once and become a full brother by being an equal sharer all round. Remember, we members have done much work and spent some money to make our society what it is, and you should be willing to join and at least share our burdens of the future, seeing the profit sharing time is at hand.

I wish local union secretaries would please give me their names and post office so I can write to them.

We intend a tour of the county soon to push the interests of our cause, so please write us for dates:

Equity Celebration.

Delegates from the various local unions of A. S. of E. met at Prairie View school house Saturday, May 20, for the purpose of arranging for a celebration. John Hamilton was chosen chairman of the convention, and John P. Stewart was elected secretary. The entire delegation voted to celebrate at Semer Mason's Grove. They also arranged for the Carlile Orchestra and Chorus, therefore will have the best instrumental and vocal music obtainable in this part of Oklahoma. The following committees were appointed:

On Speakers—J. W. Bates, Lewis Chandler, Mr. Stowe.

Mrs. Lewis Chandler was chosen as lady manager to oversee decoration.

On Reception—Mr. Mundell, J. W. Guthrie, L. E. Knight, Wm. White, Albert Camerer.

On Stand Privileges—Jno. P. Stewart, Jacob Zahner, R. W. King.

On Arrangements—Mr. Weber, Collier Williams, Frank Atkinson, Geo. Bubbs, Ben Moore, Geo. Dillon, Geo. Gilbaugh, P. A. Merrill, Ed. Trumley, Lee Robinson.

Judge White was chosen marshal of the day, and Semer Mason was chosen as the presiding officer.

On motion, the shooting of fire-crackers was confined to prescribed limits.

Everything went smoothly and the heartiest good will prevailed.

The secretary was instructed to furnish Woodward papers with an outline of the proceedings.

JOHN P. STEWART, Secretary.

Character is not determined by a single act, but by habitual conduct. It is a fabric made up of thousands of threads and put together by uncounted stitches. Some characters are stoutly sewed; others are only basted. —Theodore L. Cuyler.

FOR WOMEN.

(Continued from 7th page)

well and drop with a teaspoon on buttered paper placed in a pan. Sift powdered sugar over them and bake half an hour in a slow oven.

CHOCOLATE CANDY.—Boil one cup of molasses and one of milk together. One-half of a cupful of scraped chocolate mixed with just enough of the boiling milk and molasses to moisten it, then rub it perfectly smooth with two cupfuls of sugar and stir it into the boiling liquid, adding a piece of butter the size of an egg. Boil twenty minutes. Drop a little in cold water and if it hardens pour in a buttered dish and score.

CHOCOLATE CARAMELS.—Put one-half of a pound of chocolate, broken in small pieces, and a small cupful of cold water in a saucepan on the fire and boil until a little of it hardens in water when tried. Then stir in two tablespoonfuls of butter and two teaspoonfuls of vanilla. Turn this into buttered pans and cut into squares. If you like a sugary soft caramel, stir the mixture hard for several minutes after you take it from the fire, but if you prefer the sticky variety add four tablespoonfuls of molasses to your sugar when you put it on to cook and do not stir after it leaves the stove.

An Easy Way To Clean Kitchen.

(By Mary Annable Fanton)

I think most women dread kitchen work, because such very exhausting work has often to be repeated every day, or at the best every week.

If the floor is splashed or greasy it must be scrubbed. And tables and work benches are scrubbed or scoured daily and tri-daily. And then to-morrow there is the same routine of really exhausting labor.

And the walls are spattered, and they must be done over, or make an otherwise dainty kitchen appear untidy.

To say a kitchen can all be kept clean with comparative ease sounds to the well trained housekeeper as though it were going to be done shiftlessly; as though I was going to suggest some unworthy methods of slighting work.

But when I say that a kitchen can be kept clean easily, I mean that in spite of ease and spare hours, it may be all made exquisitely and hygienically clean, so that, with a third of the usual expenditure of time, it can be wholesome to live in and pretty to look at.

In the beginning, when you are cleaning house some time, fit up your kitchen and pantries with table oil-cloth. I don't mean a strip of it here and there to look pretty. I mean to actually have an "oilcloth kitchen."

Decide upon some one color for your kitchen. Have it all white, or pale blue and white, or Delft-blue and white, or white and tan, or yellow and white, or cream and brown—what seems most cheerful or attractive, or economical to you.

Get your oilcloth in the color or colors you intend to keep for your kitchen, and use it in every available place.

A very clever housekeeper I know covered her walls with table oilcloth, and it wore for years. She put it on the floor, painted and varnished it and

she could wipe it up in 15 minutes.

Then she covered every table, bench and pantry shelf with it, tacked on neatly with gilt head tacks. She selected yellow and white for her scheme. The walls were plain cream white, the floors plain yellow and the table and shelves white figured with yellow. Her windows were curtained with cheap white dotted lawn and her shades were yellow.

Most of her earthen ware was brown and yellow, and her kitchen as a whole was charming enough in color effect for an artist's studio. And as easy to clean as a porcelain bath-room. She insisted that she saved two-thirds of her life by that oilcloth kitchen.

She never scrubbed it. But once a week or oftener wiped the floor and walls around stove and working table with warm borax suds. To a basin of warm water—really warm—she would add a little shaved Castile soap and half a teaspoonful of borax. With a soft cloth or sponge, she would have her whole kitchen clean in an hour.

And her table and working bench were cleaned with a two minute's wipe after work. Her window ledges where her flowers stood, and her pantry shelves were wiped once a week in a few minutes.

No house cleaning was ever necessary for the kitchen was always perfectly clean, and she never had ants or roaches, for the repeated cleaning with pure borax in the water destroyed every semblance of insect life, as well as germs of every sort.

A neighbor of her's did up a beautiful, really beautiful, kitchen in Delft blue and white. She used some cheap but good willow ware dishes and dark blue earthenware and her curtains were cheap blue and white print. These walls were entirely white and the floor dull blue and white tiled effect.

On her windows were redgeraniums on Delft-blue and white oilcloth. This kitchen which cost but little, for it had to be renovated the time it was made over, was actually the most artistic room in the house. And it saved hours of time in the care of cleaning it.

If a woman has to do her own work, she is saving health and beauty as well as time by having a pretty oilcloth kitchen.

Legal Weights of Seeds.

Chaos exists in the matter of the weights of the various grains. There should evidently be a national law that would establish uniformity.

Wheat is uniform at 60 pounds to the bushel.

Shelled corn is 56 pounds in most states, but is 54 in Arizona and 52 in California. Corn in the ear is 70 pounds to the bushel, except in Ohio, where it is 68 pounds, and Mississippi, where it is 72 pounds. Corn in the ear and unshucked is 75 pounds in Alabama, 74 pounds in Arkansas and Tennessee, and 72 pounds in Texas.

Oats are 32 pounds to the bushel with the following exception: Idaho 36, Maryland 26, New Jersey 30, Virginia 30.

Barley runs 48 pounds to the bushel in most states. The legal weight is 47 pounds in Alabama, Georgia, Kentucky and Pennsylvania. Arizona re-

quires only 45 pounds and California 50.

Rye weighs 54 pounds in California, but in other states it is 56 pounds.

Buckwheat varies greatly. In California the legal weight is only 40 pounds, but the San Francisco Board of Trade requires 50 pounds. In the following states 42 pounds is the legal weight: Idaho, North Dakota, Oklahoma, Oregon, South Dakota, Texas and Washington. The law requires 48 pounds in the following states: Connecticut, Maine, Massachusetts, Michigan, Mississippi, New York, Pennsylvania, Rhode Island, Vermont. Fifty pounds to the bushel is required in Indiana, Kansas, Minnesota, New Jersey, North Carolina, Ohio, Tennessee and Wisconsin. The legal weight is 52 pounds in Arkansas, Colorado, Georgia, Illinois, Iowa, Missouri, Montana, Nebraska, Virginia and West Virginia.

The legal weight for beans is mostly 60 pounds, but in Arizona beans, other than small white ones, have a legal weight of 55 pounds to the bushel. The required weight is 42 in the following states: Maine, New Hampshire, Vermont.

Peas weigh legally 60 pounds in all the states that have established legal weights for them.

Clover is 60 pounds to the bushel, except in New Jersey, where it is 64 pounds.

Timothy weighs 60 pounds to the bushel in Arkansas, 42 in North Dakota, Oklahoma, South Dakota and 45 in the other states.

For the following grasses few states have established legal weights, but generally the weights are: Herd's grass 45, Hungarian 48 and 50, millet 50 (48 in Minnesota), Japanese barnyard millet 35, bluegrass 14, redtop 41 (12 in Virginia), orchard grass 14.

A Revolution In Hats.

(By Mary Annable Fanton)

For a wearisome number of years hats have remained the same shape, a little larger or smaller from season to season, and all worn at an angle of 45 degrees—about as much use as a protection from wind or sun as a neat bit of schooner rigging, the larger ones often suggesting the wisdom of reefing in a storm.

This spring, without a word of warning hats are entirely different in shape and size, and for the first time in a decade are worn squarely on the head or tilting down over the eyes.

And there is no more wholly becoming, chic, captivating manner of displaying a pretty hat than to let it half shadow the eyes, soften the complexion and add a pretty piquant mystery to even the plainest girls.

There is no crueller fashion to a thin faced or large featured woman than a wide rimmed hat worn rolling up from the forehead. It leaves no ambush, no reserve, no retreat from critical eyes. No woman who is not a beauty or has not the indifferent insouciance of youth can appear her best, conscious that there is no barrier between her features unadorned and the skeptical eye of the woman-kind.

One became hardened to the roll back hat, but never really glad of it. The newest French hats are the

plateau style with no crown at all. On very dressy occasions the Russian officers hat, which is a crown without any brim, and another test of youth and beauty.

The plateau hat is worn turned up directly at the back, with a bandeau bridge below and masses of flowers or ribbons on the up turned brim. If the hair is worn low, the trimming extends from brim to hair twist. The brim may be turned up in a straight line or in many curves, and often the sides are rolled up in and flower lined.

The flat top is trimmed with garlands of flowers or twisted ribbons put on flat.

The more fashionable braids are on the whole rather gauzy silk milan straw, leghorn with glace finish, morning glory braid in all the morning glory tints and silk straw patterns that are made up on any becoming frame.

The "forward hat" occasionally has a crown, low and rather large, and then it becomes something of a sailor and the back brim is worn up or down as it is intended, for afternoon or morning use.

That mischievous crown-hat, which is known as the "hussar" or the "polo" is about as trying a style as the single masted effect of last year.

No woman should attempt to wear the little "crown hat" who has not a full face, fluffy hair and features that do not require moderating with becoming shadows.

As for trimmings, you may use gauze or silk, velvet or lace, and qualities of flowers, made of silk, velvet, chiffon or ribbon. Some of the loveliest French millinery creations are entirely trimmed with ribbon flowers or garlands of ribbon designs, stars, anchors or Greek borders. Some times maiden hair ferns or rose foliage are combined with ribbon flowers.

The newest flowers are lilacs, very conventional Japanese lilacs, in every hue and tint, all with a waxy spring time green foliage.

Dyed laces are much seen on the pale-tinted hats, and flowers dyed all sorts of unnatural hues, blue roses, green carnations, pink forget-me-nots and black orchids.

If one has a millinery scrap box, you cannot do better than get out all your old pale color ribbons, and trim your spring hat with a garland of knotted ribbons in Persian colors.

First dust the ribbons then dip in cold borax water so that they will not fade, say a teaspoonful of borax to a basin of water; then wash gently in a suds of luke warm water, pure borax powder and shaved castile soap. Pat until the creases are gone, wind on a pole very tight, when dry you will have ribbons fresh, soft and pretty as new.

It is very easy to twist and knot your ribbon in tulips, roses or narcissus. A garland of three shades of pale roses is very chic indeed, with a knot of black ribbon at the back where the brim is lifted, or a bunch of ready made black roses.

Black ribbon is combined with all pale colors, and an exceedingly chic effect is thus gained.

Advertise in THE INSPECTOR.

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Comprise within its limit the richest and cheapest farming lands to be found in the United States. All under irrigation and which last year produced the fruits and vegetables which carried off first honors at the Louisiana Purchase Exposition at St. Louis. THIS GARDEN SPOT OF THE GREAT SOUTHWEST can be reached only via

THE PECOS VALLEY LINES.

Regular Homeseekers excursions are run into this territory every first and third Tuesday in each month and will continue up to and including the third Tuesday in April, 1905, at the rate of one fare plus Two Dollars for the round trip from all points north and east. Write your friends at the old home about this rate.

If you are interested; if you wish to obtain a home upon reasonable terms, where you can live like a prince, in an equable climate, write for further particulars to A. L. CONRAD, Traffic Manager, Amarillo, Texas.

AS COMPARISONS ARE TO OUR ADVANTAGE, WE CAN AFFORD TO ENCOURAGE THEM.

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SHORTEST ROUTE TO COLORADO AND THE NORTHWEST THROUGH THE TEXAS PAN-HANDLE.

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Leaves Kansas City, Union Station, 5.55 p. m., and Grand Avenue Station 6.07 p. m. Arrives Union Passenger Station Chicago, 8.55 a. m., the next day. Carries compartment and standard sleeping cars, dining car, observation-library car, reclining chair car and coach. It is electric lighted, steam heated and perfectly ventilated throughout, and runs over a track protected by the absolute block signal system all the way. If you are contemplating a trip East or North, and will forward the attached coupons with blanks filled, considerable information about rates, routes and train service will be forwarded by return mail, FREE.

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THE SHORT LINE from the Great Southwest to St. Louis.

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RIDING CULTIVATORS with harrow, Attachment for listed corn. Cuts the Weeds, Cultivates and Harrows all at one operation. Price \$8.00. Catalogue free, showing cultivator at work. NEW PROCESS MFG. Co., Lincoln, Kansas.

FARM TELEPHONS

BOOK FREE How to put them up—what they cost—why they save you money—all information and valuable book free. Write to J. Andrae & Sons, 885 W. Water St., Milwaukee, Wis.

John Wanamaker, referring recently to the advantages of advertising says; "The good, sensible merchant sticks to his proposition throughout the year, never withdrawing his announcement but constantly pounding away at the public. There is only one way to advertise, and that is to hammer you a name, your location, your business, so constantly, so persistently, so thoroughly, into the people's heads that if they walked in their sleep they would constantly turn their faces toward your store. The newspaper is your best friend. It helps to build up the town or community that supports you."

Cattle need more salt while on grass than they do on dry feed. Some kept salt in troughs before the cows all the time, while others salt regularly once or twice a week. With many it is a Sunday morning chore.

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Little Miss Millions; or, The Witch of Monte Carlo.

A ROMANCE OF THE RIVIERA.

By St. George Rathborne,

Author of "Dr. Jack," "Miss Pauline, of New York," "A Captain of the Kaiser," "Miss Caprice," "The Spider's Web," Etc., Etc.

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CHAPTER IV.

Desperate Tactics.

About this time Merrick's attention was drawn to a commotion in the crowd, caused, as he soon discovered, by the advance of a tall figure that pushed and pressed with a determination nothing could daunt.

Of course it was Jones. Mark slapped him on the back, and the look of anxiety upon Jones' bronzed and rugged face at once gave way to one of pleasure as he turned to look upon his comrade.

"Not hurt? Good! We're off at an early hour."

"For where?"

"Oh! Monte Carlo."

Merrick looked at him—he saw the glow of triumph in Jones' eyes, and did not need to be told of the success that had come.

"You secured it," he whispered, remembering that there might be emissaries of Count Leon in the crowd around them, and not desirous of giving them more points than were necessary.

"You bet," laconically answered the Yankee. "Let us go in; the danger is all over."

Jones apparently had something on his mind.

"Who set this fire going?" he asked.

"Great Scott! How could I tell? The hall above was full of smoke when I first heard the racket. I took care to lock your door and here is the key."

"I have my grave suspicions. Perhaps I may be wrong in this case, but we shall soon see—we shall see. Come up with me and help unlock the door."

Something strikingly significant in his voice impelled Merrick to follow.

"Ah! yes, you locked the door?" said Jones, with fine satire, and Merrick confessed that his word seemed doubtful, since that door now stood wide open.

"By Jove! perhaps you were right. After all, my friend," he declared. "The paper is gone."

"Are you sure?"

"Yes, as positive as that I stand here."

Jones grinned.

"Come, close the door if you wish, and we'll examine the queer fellow the man I helped. Part of the paper I trust to our memory, and what portion destroyed none else can utilize the paper, even though it be stolen from us."

So they amused themselves by studying the intricate problem which the magician had left behind him. Merrick did not wholly understand the geometrical puzzle, but the result proved that it was a good thing, and results are what count.

It was midnight when the two friends parted. Arrangements had been made for an early start, for, though the season at Monte Carlo had hardly been fairly inaugurated, Jones was keenly desirous of commencing his crusade against the dragon that yearly slew his scores, and ruined hundreds, aye, thousands, of others.

He barricaded his door, made sure

of the window, and then lay down to rest, with his revolver close to his hand.

When morning came he joined Merrick at the breakfast table.

Both of the comrades were genuinely glad the time had come to make a move.

While Merrick in reality cared very little about the successful issue of the "system" at Monte Carlo, he was human enough to take some solid pleasure in the knowledge that Jones' triumph meant a bitter dose for the count.

Jones had sewed the precious plan of campaign in the lining of his coat, under the belief that it would be safe there, since they must kill him in order to steal his garment.

A fly took them to the gate where their train awaited them.

Preceded by a porter bearing their small luggage our two adventurers bought an obsequious guard body and soul, and presently found themselves the sole owners of all they surveyed, having a comfortable smoking compartment to themselves.

While Merrick was watching an exciting encounter between one of the wooden guards and a stout woman from Marseilles, who demanded her rights as a citizen of the republic in a manner that made him think of those Amazons in history who led the mobs during the bloody Reign of Terror, Jones broke in upon his reverie with an exclamation:

"Lay low, my boy, there she comes," and to hear the tone of consternation which he used in making this outcry one might have been pardoned for believing that some terrible she dragon was bearing down upon them, instead of a most beautiful and charming woman, chatting as vivaciously as usually only a French woman can, with the gentleman at her side.

Of course, it was the princess—perhaps she, too, was being drawn by the alluring glamour of the famous gaming place far away at the border of Italy, or else she had learned of Mark's going thither.

"Did you notice her companion?" asked Jones, as he cautiously glanced along the platform to see which carriage the lady entered.

"Well, he seemed a pompous, severe old autocrat, a general at least. But then you told me she had princes and dukes and American nabobs dangling in her train, so why not a general?"

"Ah! not General Mercier. There can be but one explanation of his presence."

"And that?" demanded Mark, curiously.

"He has come personally to see her leave the French capital, and the quiet-looking officer in their rear will accompany her all the way."

"You mean she is suspected and is being chased out of France?"

"That is literally true."

"Oh! well, it doesn't interest us a bit," remarked Merrick, carelessly.

Perhaps there were others on this early train for the South who might interest our two friends did they but

know of their presence.

The afternoon dragged.

There were numerous stops at places of importance, and, cramped by inaction, our friends found themselves compelled to step out in order to stretch their limbs.

Jones had rather dreaded this, fearing lest his comrade should in some manner, he knew not just how, fall under the malign influence of the adventuress.

Of course she discovered them, and Mark was of necessity compelled to obey the white hand that imperiously beckoned him to the open window, where milady reigned, supreme, with a maid, and accompanied by the dignified old officer General Mercier had appointed to see her over the border in safety.

It was only for a few minutes, and of course she begged him to take advantage of the abundance of room in her compartment, so that she might entertain him during the long journey with some of the novel things she had experienced.

Merrick was equal to the emergency, and offered as an excuse that he and his friend were engaged upon a match in their own carriage, which his absence would break up.

At least one pair of eyes had noted his warm reception by the dainty and vivacious woman who leaned from the window of the first-class carriage, and beamed upon him with such an ardent gaze.

It was from the very compartment adjoining the one our friends occupied that this gentle eavesdropper—if one could dare bestow so harsh a name upon so lovely a little creature as the South African heiress—was enabled to observe without being herself seen, and the fact that she would thus stoop to a procedure that her soul must have abhorred, was positive evidence of an interest in the young man of far more than ordinary intensity.

Nor could the fact that on the previous night he had carried her from the burning hotel at the risk of his own life wholly explain her eagerness to fasten her eyes upon his face.

Whatever emotions stirred Constance Dare, as she crouched there, and, holding her breath, peeped from behind the half-drawn curtain, she made no move toward addressing Mark, even when he passed within a yard of her, sauntering back to his own compartment when the cries of the guards gave warning that the southern train was about to pull out.

Jones followed him—Jones who had remained on guard and watched it all. It required keen eyes like those of Jones to discover that the wonderful princess meant business for perhaps the first time in her life—that she had conceived a passion for the daring young fellow who had chased her runaway motor on a wheel and succeeded in saving her a spill that might at least have risked marring the beauty which was her capital.

And, knowing this, shrewd Jones feared for his friend, though he hardly knew himself in what way danger could come if Mark continued in the same frame of mind as at present.

"Well," he said, lighting a cigar, "let's drop the princess for the present. We have other fish to fry, that are good enough for the Joneses. While you swapped glances with that enchantress, I looked around."

"And from your tone, I imagine you discovered something."

Jones thrust his thumbs into the armholes of his vest, as he said, in a dramatic whisper:

"Only this—that our dear Count Leon and his yellow-topped Russian bear occupy the next compartment to the rear."

When Jones made his astonishing announcement Merrick did not appear

shocked.

"H'm!" was the way in which he commented upon the matter, "they are very affectionate to snuggle up to us that way."

"Yes," returned Jones, dryly, "we quite won their hearts by the warm reception we gave the brethren at the monastery meeting."

Mark laughed in a cynical way. "Seriously speaking, have you any idea as to what is in the wind?" Jones shook his wise-old head in the negative.

"Heaven only knows."

"When do we reach Monte Carlo?"

"Bless me if I can say. There are delays on the way, I was told. Perhaps twelve or fifteen hours will see us at Nice, which is close to Monte Carlo."

"That means some riding at night."

"Undoubtedly."

"Well, depend upon it, whatever scheme they may arrange, if any, will be brought to a head while darkness covers the earth."

"You voice my opinion, my dear boy."

"Since we are agreed on that point, let's draw lots to see who shall stand the first watch, and let the other have a nap. I'm drowsy after that abominable luncheon we had."

Thus the afternoon wore on.

The two friends stood "watch and watch" while the train boomed on toward the romantic shores of the grand Mediterranean, where fashion at Nice and along the Riviera came in contact with the mad spirit of gambling at the quaint Mecca of sport, Monte Carlo.

When night shut down over the scene they were fully on the alert, and apparently in a condition to stand guard until another day, if necessary.

As the night air grew very cool it was only natural that they should close nearly all openings.

A dim light burned above, totally insufficient to allow them to read, and only able to keep the gloomy shadows at bay.

Both men, while wide awake, were busied with their own thoughts, for those who have passed through such checkered careers have much to reflect upon, while the future holds out alluring hopes of new experiences.

And it was Jones who suddenly sat up and began to sniff the air with great vigor.

Merrick paid no attention to him, being settled down in his corner as though it quite suited his sybarite views of comfort.

The more Jones used his faculties the more intense became his suspicions that all was not as it should be.

He arose and made a move toward the door with the intention of letting the upper glass part down so that a current of fresh air might sweep through the carriage.

To his surprise, he found that his limbs actually ached, while his head felt as though it would split, such was the almost immediate effect of the powerful gas that had been injected into their compartment by some mysterious means.

Jones grasped the truth.

It was stranger than fiction, more astounding even than anything he and Merrick had conjured up when talking of the possibilities that might be taken advantage of by their bitter and relentless foes.

Jones did not stop in his well doing. If one opening was good, two could be deemed much better.

So he presently had a second window lowered, which allowed a strong breeze to sweep through.

"Phew!" exclaimed Merrick, coming out of his reverie suddenly with a shiver, "what are you trying to do, old man? Bring us to death?"

"On the contrary, I'm bent on bringing you back to life, for unless I'm mistaken, you were in a fair way to kick the bucket," said Jones, stoutly.

"Well, to be sure, as the old saying has it, I do feel as though I had turned a little pale. But for Heaven's sake, what is that vile odor?"

Jones laughed hoarsely.

"Ha! you get it now, do you? Well, for that and many other rank favors give thanks to our good friends next door, who watch over us as constantly as the little cherub aloft looks after poor Jack at sea."

"The deuce! We should have them committed as nuisances," said Merrick, making for the opening in order to breathe without pain.

"Perhaps it might be as well to go further and have them up for attempted murder by asphyxiation."

Hearing which the other realized what it all meant.

"Good Heavens! the infernal monsters!" he ejaculated, showing some signs of sudden anger.

CHAPTER V.

Russia Takes the Plunge.

Merrick's first inclination when he realized the dastardly nature of the outrage that had been perpetrated upon them was to do something in order to strike back.

Jones had, however, weighed the situation well and knew best how to handle it.

He had Merrick stretch out upon one of the seats, and with a rug made a very fair dummy of himself upon the other. In the flickering, uncertain light it would require an extraordinarily sharp pair of eyes to discover anything wrong.

It chanced that while prowling about, looking under the seats, Jones had run across a small piece of timber some four feet long, by as many inches in diameter, which, being round, had somewhat the appearance of a post. It was an elegant substitute for a battering ram.

And Jones welcomed its appearance with more than a little satisfaction—indeed, the article itself no doubt suggested the legitimate use to which so cleverly constructed a weapon should be put.

Eagerly Jones waited, transferring his watch back and forward from one door to the other.

Ah! what was that—a hand at the window, an arm raised to hold on by some projection above!

Evidently the intruder had expected to find the window closed—at least, he had come prepared for such an obstacle.

Jones saw it coming in time to lower his head, when there was a crash of glass and the whole window went to bits.

When the job of smashing the glass had been completed in such a heroic manner, the face of a man appeared in the opening.

One glance told Jones his identity—there could be no mistaking that yellow head of hair and the blazing orbs of the Russian.

If Jones had any scruples with regard to what he proposed doing they never made themselves known. He had his battering ram in readiness and at the proper time he let it go.

The projectile struck fair and square; and with enough power to tear loose the insecure grip he had upon the carriage.

Merrick heard a yell such as the Cossack of the Don gives when he meets his fate in the mad rush of battle.

"He's gone?" demanded Merrick, who was partly in the dark as to what had occurred, and eager for news, of course.

"Yes—I struck him square in the face, a tremendous blow, with this affair. It knocked him clear off the car and the bridge. I could just see his big figure go whirling down, with arms and legs extended. And I heard the splash when he struck. Ugh! it will haunt me for many a day, I guess."

The picture thus conjured up was so exceedingly dramatic and full of horror that Merrick also shuddered, although his eyes had not beheld the actual occurrence.

"You believe the big Russian is dead, then?" he asked.

"Oh! no, that would be too good; but he'll have a perfectly delightful time getting out of the mud—I heard him swearing after he struck."

The excitement over, they settled down to make the best of a bad bargain.

Suddenly the little motor ahead began to send out a series of shrill, agonizing screeches such as electrified even those of strongest nerve, since it seemed to presage a dreadful catastrophe.

Jones and Merrick unconsciously sprang to their feet, and the former made as though to thrust his head out to see what was coming; but ere he could do so there came a shock that sent them both sprawling against the cushioned back of the forward seat.

When Jones and his comrade thus scrambled about among the cushions and small luggage in the endeavor to maintain some decent sort of equilibrium, they knew full well that something out of the ordinary had happened.

Perhaps accidents are far less frequent on European railways than is the case in America, where greater hazards are taken in making speed; but nevertheless they do occur at times, and with just as fearful consequences.

A hasty examination gave Merrick and Jones the pleasing information that beyond a few contusions of small moment they had not suffered any damage from the accident.

Apparently there were others who could not lay claims to such luck.

At any rate, the death-like silence that had followed the last grand crash was succeeded by cries of terror, shrieks and the hoarse voices of alarmed men calling for assistance.

These appealed to the inmates of the carriages where disaster had set more lightly—when did cries for help ever sound in vain in the ears of men who were of the Anglo-Saxon race?

Jones, forcing a door, crawled outside, followed by his comrade.

A scene of turmoil and confusion presented itself such as they must remember long.

From the windows and smashed doors of the wrecked carriages men and women were crawling with almost ludicrous haste, like terrified bees escaping from a hive into which the smoke of tobacco has been injected.

Jones was a man equal to the occasion.

Whenever he saw a head he sprang to the rescue.

Some were bruised and cut more or less, for the shake-up had been pretty rough, and flying glass carries danger with it; but it seemed as though by the mercy of Providence there were to be no fatal casualties.

While he worked, Jones was endeavoring to solve the problem as to how this had happened, so when he reached the vicinity of the overturned motor, he began a search for the driver. If he had stuck by his engine the chances were that he must be underneath the helpless monster and beyond all hope of saving.

Presently, however, a voice addressed him in French, and calmly begged that he would lend a hand toward res-

cue; and turning, he beheld a man who, from his garb, he knew must have been on the motor, pinned down by a heavy wooden beam or log.

It was the work of but a minute to extricate the man, and as Jones surmised, he turned out to be the engine driver.

He was bruised and sore, but gave thanks that no bones seemed broken.

When Jones had hastily questioned him with the facility of a lawyer, all he discovered was that the alarm had been given when the driver found he was swooping directly down upon a pile of logs that had been purposely placed upon the track, with the intention of stopping the Nice express, and upon which a red lantern had been placed, but which signal was seen at such short range that there was not time to bring the train to a stop, though he made a desperate attempt to do so—his stoker had jumped, but he remained on his motor to see the logs fly in every direction and then find himself pinned under one, ten yards away from the track.

At least Jones had satisfied himself

there was no accident but dark design back of the wreck.

What he had learned made him uneasy. If robbery was intended those who took so desperate a means of accomplishing their purpose might doubtless be found looting the wrecked coaches even now.

He started the cry of alarm and sent it along—every man became aroused by the possibility of new danger and for the time being their hurts and losses gave way before the possibility of marauders coming from the border of Italy.

There were other chances, political ones. France was inwardly seething—Royalists were unceasingly plotting to bring about a crisis whereby the army might swing over to their cause, and as the army went so the people would incline.

Some important dignitary in mufti might be on board this train, whose capture would be a feather in the cap of the plotters.

Stranger things have happened in France ere now.

Jones, who had evolved this clever explanation from his brain, looked around to see if he could not find corroboration.

And yet he was more or less startled when he did actually discover moving figures among the trees and rocks, figures of men carrying guns, and who had apparently remained hidden until now for some reason or other.

That they were brigands their number and military precision of movement seemed to veto.

Jones dropped behind a rock and concluded to watch the game—he did not believe it was any of his funeral, but all the same it paid to be on the safe side.

Now, if they would only lay hands on the count, for instance, and carry him off, no one would shed many tears.

To Jones' surprise, however, he saw plain signals pass between the grim leader of the marauders and the man from Africa's burning sands, which proved that honest Count Leon himself was in sympathy with the secret movement not to overthrow the republic, and place the Royalists again in power.

The distressed passengers huddled together like a flock of frightened sheep, while some of the armed men stood on guard others scrutinized each group, and a few more searched the carriages, doubtless appropriating what loose valuables they discovered.

He who seemed to be a leader drew the count aside and sternly covered

him with a pistol while he asked a few questions in a low voice.

Then he went direct to a carriage that had escaped injury, as though directed thither, and dragged therefrom an individual who came forth very unwillingly.

Quickly this party made an effort at defense, but was set upon by several of the marauders, disarmed and made a prisoner.

Then sharp commands were given, the armed men fell into line, and while the travelers still huddled about the fires, the mysterious force vanished as strangely as it had come, among the trees and rocks that marked that mountainous section.

Meanwhile Mark Merrick was also engaged in playing with fortune's favors.

When Jones set such a charming example of man's nobility, by rushing hither and yon, pulling unlucky passengers out of their predicament, the younger man, urged on by similar motives, started in the other direction.

He worked like a Trojan, for the cries that came from the lips of frightened women gave him the impression that the catastrophe might be even more serious than as yet appeared.

Among the women was one who seemed more deeply interested in watching the quick, nervous actions of young Merrick than in lamenting the loss of her finery, as some of the other damsels were doing.

This self-possessed young person was petite in figure, and wholly angelic in appearance—in fact, she was no other than the girl from the Transvaal, the owner of unnumbered diamond mines, Little Miss Millions.

Of course Merrick was doing his best to make the ladies comfortable.

He invaded a carriage, secured all he could, and having lugged it to the fire, demanded an owner, who eagerly put in a claim.

All was proceeding well when for the first time he set eyes upon the face of Constance Dare.

As before, when he had seen her in the Parisian carriage, her appearance gave him a shock, for he stood quite still, holding his breath, and passing one hand over his forehead as though in doubt whether he were really awake or dreaming.

Then he was thrilled by the consciousness that her eyes searching about hither and yon for something, had become fastened on him.

She raised her hand as if involuntarily—she beckoned eagerly that he approach, and as one in a dream Mark Merrick walked on to his fate—he could not have had the power to refuse even though sure destruction lay under his feet. For Love is mightier than cold Reason, and there was that in his past to warrant blind obedience when that little hand bade him no longer hold back.

Once he started Merrick's reluctance vanished, and the blank look of amazement upon his face also gave way to eagerness.

And so he came to where she stood, this girl, who had once before been such a factor in the molding of his life.

Constance had extended a little hand—he did not see it, so eagerly were his eyes drinking in every well remembered lineament of her features, with the mocking memories they stirred into life dancing before him.

She smiled now, smiled with pleas-

ure, and the rosy flush had crept down to her very neck.

"Mark—Mr. Merrick—how strange that we should meet again and under such stormy conditions. It seems fated that we can only come together under the shadow of danger."

Mark found his voice—and he said:

"Dear Heaven, but I am glad to see you, Constance. You come to me as one from the dead. I have mourned you as gone from this world, and even now I have hard work to believe my senses," he said, pressing her hand in both his own.

"You are a little glad then?" she asked.

"Glad—I am—well, never mind what my condition of mind is. You can surely judge of it by the look in my eyes. God be praised for sparing you! It is wonderful, marvelous even. I cannot dream how it could have happened."

"This is neither the time nor place for an explanation, nor am I wholly sure in my mind that you will care very much to hear what wonderful things have happened to me since that day," she said.

Merrick was quick to reaffirm his eager desire to hear her story.

"Only when you are ready, Constance. As you say, the time and place are neither of them propitious. Just now I am only too glad to know you are alive and well, and still Constance Dare."

There was a significance in these last words that did not fail to catch her attention.

What did he mean?

Had he believed her preferred some other to himself, and that whether living or dead she was lost to him?

Perhaps the spirit of girlish coquette love for admiration had allowed her to flirt a little with another persistent admirer, but heaven knew she had never dreamed of loving any one but Mark, to whom she owed her life, and who had been her hero.

Looking into his face, as the fire leaped up with the impetus of new fuel, she could see that he showed some signs of his recent daring.

"You escaped any severe injury from the fire?" she said, her hands upon his arm, her starry eyes looking up into his face.

"The fire—the one away back when the bush was blazing so hotly and we, you and I, fled for our very lives? No, you don't mean that. Ah! perhaps you've heard about the hotel?"

How carelessly he spoke of it.

Of course she felt piqued—but then he did not know the truth—he had not seen her face, and how was he to discover whose plump arms had so tightly encircled his neck on that dreadful night of the conflagration?

That explanation was due him, and should be no longer delayed.

It was pleasant to know that it would come from her lips and not a stranger's.

"Yes, I know all about it—how you helped many to escape and finally carried the last one down in your arms," she said softly.

"I wonder if she got through all right—the man who brought me my coat said so," thoughtfully.

"You did not bother inquiring further," reproachfully.

"There was no time. We were deep in plans for leaving Paris. Besides, to tell the truth, I hated to have her thank me as if I had done something heroic. It was only a small matter."

"But, Mark, once you did not object to hearing me tell how thankful I was for your devotion?"

"Ah!" he replied, quickly, "that was a different matter—from you such words would come like a benediction, but it is different from a stranger's."

She had been drawing something from the little reticule at her belt.

"I have been wanting to return this to you."

"What is it?"

"A handkerchief marked with your name."

"Why, Constance, where did you get it?"

"It either fell from your head where you bound it to keep the flame and smoke from your eyes, or else dropped from the pocket of your coat. They thought, of course, it belonged to me."

"To you?" and he started, as if given an electric shock—"to you? Good Heaven! was it you?"

She cast down her eyes and nodded.

CHAPTER VII

That Venerable Game of Cross-Purposes.

The surprising intelligence that after all it had been no stranger, but Constance, whom his arms encircled when the Paris hotel threatened a second Charles Bazar fire thrilled Merrick as few things could have done.

"I am deeply grateful that heaven gave me such a privilege. But Constance, you believe me when I declare on my word of honor that I never for a moment suspected this?"

"At any rate, you have placed me under still heavier obligations, Mark."

"Obligations—I do not fancy that word, coming from you. It sounds as though the debt could be discharged by the passing of money. But please allow the subject to drop for the present, Constance."

He had seen the count looking toward them with a positive frown upon his face, and like a dagger thrust it burst upon poor, jealous Mark that possibly something besides mere accident brought the bold African explorer near her.

"We are in a pretty plight just now," she remarked, and he noticed that she shivered. "When will we be able to leave here?"

"When help arrives, which we have sent for. Meanwhile let me go to the carriage and see if things belonging to you are in the racks or under the seats."

"You are very kind, Mark."

"Ah, what would I not do for you."

Constance—it is always a pleasure for me to be able to assist any lady in distress.

Why should he spoil it all by adding that last—it took all the individuality out of his remark.

"There are a few things I should hate to lose; but I dislike to put you to so much trouble."

"Trouble!"

He looked at her as though he could eat her then and there—then sighed heavily.

"Unless those worthy royalists made way with them I shall doubtless find them. Tell me what they are like, please?"

When she had described the little handbag that held some of her jewelry, and a couple of other small packages, Merrick went away.

"I shall come back presently," he said.

He went straight toward the wreck, and her eyes followed his figure.

A flood of memories rushed through her mind, as she sat there and watched and waited for him. Some were pleasant, some bitter.

But at least there seemed hope—should she array herself in the lists against the princess, and fight to secure Mark's love?

Ah, he was coming again; he had found what he went after, and was bringing his spoils to her.

How eagerly she watched each movement of his well-remembered figure—how boldly he strode, as though he recognized no man on earth as better than his peer.

Please heaven, these gathering clouds might yet be scattered and the sunlight of happiness shine over their future.

The time crept on.

Surely they had a reason to believe deliverance must soon arrive from the town whither Jones had dispatched messengers.

The night wore on.

Some of the women slept from exhaustion.

Little Miss Millonk had been made so comfortable and seemed to take such confidence and trust in Merrick's guardianship that she, too, dozed.

Then exhaustion overcame her, and the god of sleep gently touched her eyelids with his silver wand.

Fainter grew the sound of voices near by—they were like tinkling bells heard afar off, and then utterly dying out.

A noise of shouting aroused her.

"Don't be alarmed," said a voice close by, which instantly quieted her fears. "but a train has arrived to take us all on our way."

All was now confusion and bustle.

Women secured their valuables and packages ready to enter the carriages that would take them on to their destination.

Presently they were settled, as best the conditions allowed.

Men bustled about changing the luggage, and it really seemed a relief to hear the steam escaping from the new motor after the dead silence that had so long hung like a pall over the place.

At last they were off.

Constance lay back in her seat, and waited.

Although the town was only a few miles away and they reached it in short order, the time seemed exceedingly long to Constance.

At last the houses appeared.

They drew up at a station where many people had gathered to see the travelers who had passed through such a remarkable adventure and yet lived.

Constance was wild with a desire to put her head outside to see whether he were in sight and cared to find one he had left, but pride restrained her from making this move.

A dozen people went by, and each false alarm sent a wave of hot blood over her, only to be followed by a chill of keen disappointment.

Then some one halted and a head appeared, a head that she knew full well, since it had once lain in her lap while the owner rested upon the ground, insensible.

"Constance," said a voice, "are you here—may I enter?"

The railway carriage was fairly well filled pretty much all of the way to Nice, so that there was no opportunity given Mark Merrick to play the lover, even had he been inclined.

It was, taken in all, a most singular journey, and one they would long remember.

Although no words passed between them that would indicate sentiment, there were numerous little acts that served to thrill them—when hand came in contact with hand a subtle telegraphic signal would send the blood into her cheeks, and the glow in his eyes spoke eloquently of the passion he kept so well under restraint.

Jones ran across once or twice while upon the platform, and upon each occasion received the cheery assurance that all was well.

Nice at last.

Those who had gone through such painful experiences were not sorry to have reached the end of their journey. Merrick was still courteous.

He insisted on seeing Constance and her maid to the hotel.

After dinner he joined Jones, and the two took dinner together.

Although so early in the season, Nice was filling up with people from all over Europe, the English predominating, as usual.

Monte Carlo, it is claimed, is the open volcano crater through which

the seething, boiling lava of human cupidity and avarice finds its outlet—once dam this up and the molten mass will burst out savagely in half a dozen places.

Wretched though the results are, it seems to be a necessity in the eyes of surrounding nations.

At any rate not a step is taken toward crushing the hydra-headed monster.

Perhaps Jones was fated to be the man who would deal the dragon to his

death blow—Jones, who carried upon his person the remarkable system whereby a persistent player must always win three times out of four, and that will break any bank.

Down upon the silvery strand, enjoying a cigar and admiring the picturesque scene, our two friends strolled in the evening.

Jones talked of the count and his ally.

Would Villebois now give up his mad desire to secure possession of the packet which promised untold riches to its owner.

Did his well-known record as a traveler give any reason to believe that he ever gave up any object upon which his heart was really set?

Jones reached this conclusion, but gave no indication of alarm—he had taken his stand upon this affair and was ready to hold up his end of the game, no matter what prevailed against him.

The beauty of the night and their desire for exercise after being cooped up in the cars so long a time induced the two friends to saunter quite a distance.

A band was playing back in the region from whence they had come; and the music reached their ears, mellowed by distance.

Away from the crowd of fashionables, who promenaded under the electric lights, where the palm trees threw their mystic shade upon the white strand—away from the noise and confusion attendant upon a watering place, they could smoke and chat in comfort, as men of their stamp delight to do.

As to the possibility of danger lurking near, the thought had not occurred to them—brave men are sometimes reckless; at least, they do not always keep on the lookout for hidden peril.

Even Jones, cautious by nature, could not suspect that the count would have set wires in motion so soon after his arrival.

Perhaps, after all, he had not yet fully sized up the man from Africa, whose very first act upon reaching Nice had been an aggressive one. Some men would rather cater to the influences of revenge and cupidity than enjoy a dinner.

Count Leon was the chief among them.

More than once Merrick, who was something of a sailor and loved the sea, turned squarely toward the water and endeavored to catch the salty aroma that came stealing in off the Mediterranean.

Lights of vessels riding at anchor could be seen, but the darkness concealed their outlines.

No doubt some of them were steam yachts belonging to the nabobs who congregated along this favored coast while the Frost King held most of Europe in his arctic clutches.

"Oh, my dear boy," said Jones, heartily, "just have patience for a few days, and I think I can promise you a yacht in which we may steam all around the world. That would be a small thing to a man who breaks the bank at Monte Carlo. Yes, you shall find yourself on board one of those fool's paradise boats out yonder before

(Continued on 16th page)

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Range, on Little Wolf east and south of Gage



On left jaw or all young stock.

On left hip.

On left hip or shoulder.

On left h.p.

HORSE BRANDS:

On left shoulder.

GEO. W. CARR,

P. O. Address, Stone, O. T. Location of range on Turkey Creek, in Day county.



BRAND OF CATTLE:

On Left Hip.

On Left Hip.

All calves are branded same as cattle.

BRAND OF HORSES:

On left thigh.

Location of range same as cattle.

WHITE & SWEARINGEN.

P. O. Address: Woodward, Okla. Range: On Sand creek, 5 miles north of Fort Supply.



OTHER BRANDS:

On right side, seven under bit each ear.

On both sides.

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left shoulder and side.

left shoulder and hip.

left lot.

left side.

Range, East Quartermaster Creek, Custer County Okla. (Nov. 1, '99)

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Range, on South Canadian, Red Bluff and Mosquite creeks, in Day county.



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P. O. Address, Woodward, Okla.

Range, Canadian river northward, including Cottonwood Springs.



On left side or shoulder. Horses branded same as above. Range same as above.

TRAVELERS BAILWAY GUIDE
25 CENTS
158 ADAMS ST. CHICAGO.

(Continued from page 14.)

a week has passed."

These good-hearted fellows did not dream that his prediction would more than come true, simply because he could not possibly lift the veil and pry into the future.

Yet there was an experience hovering over Merrick that would add still another chapter to his already checkered career.

They had just turned to head back to the glow of electric lights, where the crowd was most in evidence, when a number of men came jostling along arm in arm, singing as only jack tars can when on shore leave, and apparently pretty much the worse for liquor.

It was surely the intention of our two comrades to sheer off and give them all the room they needed, but a sudden staggering lurch sent the rollicking line directly across their path.

One of them insolently struck Merrick, and quick as a flash received a blow straight from the shoulder that laid him out upon the sand.

Of course after that peace was out of the question, and both Jones and his friend found it necessary to defend themselves against the fierce attack of the unknown seamen.

Jones was startled to discover that member of the enemy's forces snowed once, the fight was on, not a single the least sign of drunkenness and he was forced to suspect that possibly this condition had been assumed for some purpose.

No matter whether it was an accident or part of a deep design, the sailors' onset was so vigorous and fierce there was no time to make explanation or offer apologies for being on the earth at the same time as these worthies.

When men seek trouble they seldom have to go far in order to find it.

Jones gave as good as he received, and for a brief space of time there was really a little deluge of blows exchanged.

The two friends were outnumbered at least three to one, and could not hope to put up a successful battle against these sturdy sons of Neptune unless they resorted to deadly weapons.

Still believing that these fellows were only out for a lark, it did not appear just right to Jones that they should go to extremes.

He had given a Roland for an Oliver twice told, and should feel fairly well satisfied.

Under the circumstances it could not be a sign of cowardice to beat a masterly retreat providing Merrick was with him.

So Jones sang out, intending to give the other fair warning of his intentions.

Then he began to move away, opening a course by means of his sturdy fists.

The sailors hung on fairly well, and took severe punishment as though determined to earn their money, like honest fellows that they were.

Finally Jones broke loose and started to retreat with more expedition—in truth, he even ran.

Rapid footsteps behind him assured him that Merrick had been as ready to seize the chance as himself, and the pursuit was speedily abandoned.

Jones was panting for breath, but in a fair humor, for his own bruises were really insignificant, while he had the satisfaction of knowing that he had visited condign punishment upon such of the rollicking sailors as ran up against his knuckles.

He gradually came to a halt, and the figure in his rear started to shoot past, when Jones threw out an arm and caught him.

"Hold on, my dear boy—no hurry, you know—the rascals have quit chasing us—the luck of the Joneses, you know—how do you come out?"

Then and there he stopped talking and looked at the man he held in consternation.

It was not Merrick at all, but a stranger, and apparently a badly scared individual at that.

"Hello!" cried Jones, "who the deuce are you—and where's Merrick?"

The gentleman found his tongue and in a mixture of German and English declared that he was an entirely innocent party, alarmed by the mad frolic of the barbarian sailors, and intent only upon seeking safety in flight.

As to Merrick, he knew nothing about any individual by that name, and as Jones in his surprise had released his hold, the Teuton resumed his gallop along the beach.

Jones was for the nonce almost paralyzed. Luckily he had, early in his career, learned to place great dependence upon himself.

Such a man usually gets along in life and mounts the ladder of success without hardly a break in his ascent.

He drew a weapon and then started back along the beach, running swiftly and half bent over in the aggressive manner of one who intends giving battle, no matter how seriously outnumbered.

He ran along the edge of the water, which wet his feet without notice—ran along, straining his eyes to see any floating body that might drift within reach, but no matter how eagerly his search was prosecuted, nothing came of it.

Jones curbed his excitement, knowing the folly of thus allowing himself to run at large.

He set himself to thinking.

Surely these sailors who had made such a grand pretense of being half seas over until the ruction began, and then straightened out in a jiffy—surely they had talked English and must perforce belong to a vessel flying the Union Jack.

Was Mark abducted?

What could they want with him unless it were a mistake, and the jolly jackies had gotten hold of the wrong man?

He knew not which way to turn, and stood there listening eagerly for a clue to guide him.

Ha! the measured dip of oars, and upon the starlit water of the sea he could just distinguish some moving object that steadily receded.

Jones was really alarmed for his friend, and on the impulse of the moment called his name aloud.

He believed the rowing momentarily stopped, and he detected some sort of a scuffle, accompanied by a half-muffled shout that thrilled him strangely, since he felt sure it was in answer to his call. Then came some muttered oaths that might be lusty sailors, the scuffling sound ceased, again the oars struck the water in regular man-o'-war style, and the dusky, mysterious boat passed farther away from the shore, out upon the starlit sea.

(To be continued)

Farmer is best

Somebody ought to take a poke—that is the way people talk nowadays—somebody ought to take a poke at the college professor who said last week that people should use the word "agriculturist" when referring to tillers of the soil, instead of the word "farmer." Never mind what college he is connected with, the college

means well, and should not be blamed. A man ought not to be blamed if he gets seed labeled "turnips" and horse radish springs up.

Colleges usually hire men with letters after their names, and when the plants come to maturity they are liable to find only common greens where they expected spinach.

So this college professor thinks the word "farmer" should be dropped and the word "agriculturist" substituted. He says it is a better word. Somebody ought to take a poke at him.

If there is a better word than "farmer" it is not in the dictionary. These thin-shanked professors may know how many joints there are in the backbone of an angleworm, but they do not know everything else. What is the matter with the word "farmer?" There are enough definitions of the word in the dictionaries to fill a column in a newspaper, but there is in life but one definition of it.

A farmer is a man who lives on a farm and cultivates the land, and attends to his own business, and produces something that is of some account—something else besides scandal and gossip and trouble. A farmer is a man the politicians enjoy and the merchant courts. Is the fellow who keeps his feet on the ground and soaks up whatever there is of inspiration in Nature. He is the man who is not afraid of work, who has a hired man to help him, not to wait on him, and the one who feeds the world whether the world pays for its keep or not.

College professors are all right in a way. They know a heap of things, some of which are not true, as Artemus Ward used to say. They earn their pay, probably, and the world does not want to get along without them. Still, the college professor who suggests another word for "farmer" might be more profitably employed chewing food for the sick parrots, or something of that sort.—Farm and Fireside.

Preventing Summer Colds.

(By Mary Annable Fanton.)

They are so easy to get, and so easy to keep, these nagging summer-time colds, and so unendurable to treat as they are usually treated.

It is really a bit cozy to be doctored for cold in winter days. There are soothing hot lemonades or somnolent bowls of warm milk, and being wrapped in mother's big soft wrapper, perchance in front of an open fire, and drowsy, early-to-bed evenings. But fancy such a performance as this in mid-summer weather. My! it just doubles the agony of the cold itself. Think of hot drinks when the tinkle of ice brings a thrill of joy, and blankets when you want organdie frocks or pongee coats and hot applications when the thermometer is crawling up to a sunstroke.

There is no doubt about it that a summer-time cold is a vain and doubtful possession that makes business difficult and enjoyment impossible.

Of course, the great wisdom in connection with colds as in all ailments and disasters, is precaution. The average person is as susceptible to changes of temperature, to draughts and dampness in summer as in winter. Many are more so, for lack of woolen

underwear which neutralizes the shock of cold in winter.

The first and most important precaution against colds at everyone's command is a morning daily cold bath. It need not last more than five minutes, and may be just a sponge off, if the standing in cold water brings a chill.

But a splashing of cold water over the entire body, and especially about the neck, lungs and stomach, is one of the smart methods of keeping up the circulation, and with a sufficient circulation the danger of colds is reduced to a minimum. If the blood is moving briskly, leaving a supply of oxygen at the stations for lungs, stomach and limbs, there is no invitation to work mischief.

Be sure the morning plunge or sponge is of soft water, otherwise this daily contact with the skin with moisture will roughen and leave it a prey to skin eruptions.

The skin must be smooth to keep healthy, and it can't be kept healthy with hard water. Where rain water can be obtained, it is the best in the world for that morning touch; but rain water is an impossible luxury in cities and most villages.

Yet to be really welcome the water must be made soft, which is a very easy thing to do, and inexpensive if you choose to go a distance.

The best method of softening water, where health and economy are to be considered, is to add a pinch of pure borax powder.

To a tub half full of hard water, add half a teaspoonful of borax. To a large bowl or pail of water, where only a sponge bath is taken, a pinch of powder is sufficient. It will give the hardest water the "texture" distinctly beneficial to the skin.

But, it is necessary too, alas, to consider the summer cold that has made some headway and developed with sore throat and catarrhal conditions.

It is not necessary to give up to these unfortunate conditions, to baffle and postpone and make one's self miserable through hot days and exhausting nights. There are fortunately, simple methods of treatment just as there are simple pleasant precautions.

The best home remedy for sore throat, even a severe one, is a wash with borax solution. To a pint of warm water add a tablespoonful each of salt and the powder. Gargle thoroughly every two hours throughout the day.

For a cold in the head, that has apparently come for a long summer visit, use a preparation of one-half ounce pulverized sugar; one-quarter ounce borax; one-quarter ounce common salt; four drops oil of peppermint. Inhale every two hours. Such a preparation will keep all summer in a cool place, and rout the most persistent summer cold, even if it has "come to stay".

Perfectly Natural

WALTER NEFF.

"I wonder what it is," remarked the man of ordinary musical taste, "that the average violin music so closely resembles the caterwaulings of a feline."

"I think it isn't at all wonderful," put in the ragtime devotee, "when you recollect what violin strings are made of."