

STOCK YARDS DAILY JOURNAL.

A Daily Commercial Newspaper for Modern Farmers and Stockmen and an Advertising Medium that Reaches the Buyers

Vol. XII, No. 85.

ST. JOSEPH, MO., SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 28, 1908

LAST EDITION.

TERMS: SINGLE COPY, 5 CENTS PER YEAR, \$4.00.

DAILY MARKETS

Official Receipts, 6 Cars, 182 Cattle; 45 Cars, 3,762 Hogs; No Cars, 43 Sheep.

ARRIVALS MOSTLY DIRECTS

Quotations for Steers Nominal at Recent Declines on Big Runs.

TOPS THIS WEEK SOLD \$6.70

Enough Trade to Change Cow and Heifer Prices—Good Supply of Stock Cattle Being Carried Over in Yards—Hogs Show Stronger Turn, Bulk Sold 5 Cents Higher—Sheep and Lamb Trade Finishes in Good Condition.

RECEIPTS FROM JANUARY 1, 1908.

| | 1908 | 1907 | Dec. | Inc. |
|-------------|-----------|-----------|---------|---------|
| Cattle..... | 583,529 | 530,909 | 49,890 | 52,620 |
| Hogs..... | 2,160,590 | 1,755,644 | 405,246 | 404,946 |
| Sheep..... | 584,727 | 780,675 | 175,948 | 197,248 |
| Wool..... | 20,434 | 20,494 | 6,000 | 6,000 |

LIVE STOCK IN SIGHT.

| | Sheep | Cattle | Hogs |
|---------------------|--------|--------|--------|
| Chicago..... | 2,000 | 10,000 | 2,000 |
| St. Joseph..... | 200 | 7,000 | 1,500 |
| South Omaha..... | 100 | 6,700 | 1,500 |
| East St. Louis..... | 200 | 3,800 | 200 |
| Totals..... | 4,500 | 31,900 | 3,700 |
| Yesterday..... | 21,800 | 30,100 | 31,000 |
| Week ago..... | 2,400 | 42,800 | 2,900 |
| Month ago..... | 2,600 | 39,100 | 4,500 |
| Year ago..... | 4,200 | 24,500 | 3,200 |

RECEIPTS BY CARS.

| | Sheep | Cattle | Hogs |
|---------------------|-------|--------|------|
| Chicago..... | 20 | 10 | 20 |
| St. Joseph..... | 2 | 10 | 2 |
| South Omaha..... | 2 | 10 | 2 |
| East St. Louis..... | 2 | 10 | 2 |
| Totals..... | 26 | 40 | 44 |

CATTLE.

Week Brought Less Cattle But Prices Generally Lower.

The small run of cattle arriving today was mostly direct to the stock yard speculators with a few to the fairs. Market conditions were not changed any and the small business is not in any way affording a criterion of movements of early next week. The situation does not call for big receipts next week. There is plenty of cheap grades of beef on hand and with the Chicago show on the buyers' "Christmas" styles of fancy beef will center their attention on that point. However, this market has not been getting any of the fancy cattle at all to supply the holiday trade and it is not likely that this point will differ any from sales of show cattle in Chicago. In fact, it is likely that there are a little under show number would find a better outlet here than in Chicago.

With the holiday cutting out one big day in the week, the total marketing of cattle is running into large figures, the four expired market days showing a total of 167,400 against 215,000 for five days of the previous week. Locally the weekly supply will run about 1,300 under last week, but this is of course comparing four days of this week with five of last.

While the supplies at all points have been abnormally large there has been a continuation of complaint against common and unattractive quality of stock coming. There have been but few loads of really attractive, fat steers here and absolutely none on strictly choice or prime order. Under the heavy general marketing and low quality of bulk of offerings the market tendency has necessarily been toward a lower level of values. Best grades of steers have not suffered much, but for the bulk of offerings the prices now current show declines of 15 to 25 cents for the week.

The best cattle here have sold at \$6.70 for just a good kind of 1422 lb averages while there have been a few cattle selling at \$6.75 to \$6.40 for nice killing kinds of light and medium weights with common to fair grades at \$4.50 to \$5.00. Westerns have mostly at \$4.50 to \$4.75, not many of them coming.

COWS, BULLS AND MIXED.

Business in this line today was of the usual small Saturday volume, consisting in the sale of a few odds and ends at unchanged prices. In a general way the market for stock has not shown much change for the week. There has been a pretty reliable demand right along for good choice butcher and dressed beef grades, but in the medium and inferior qualities trade has lacked edge. Prices have had an easier trend, compared with a week ago some of the under grades are off 10c. The market finishes rather weak on all classes. Bulk of dressed beef cows noted here this week sold at \$3.75 to \$4.25; fair to good butcher grades

largely at \$3.00 to \$3.60 while canners and cutters sold mainly in a range of \$2.25 to \$2.85. Desirable heifers have been scarce with best offered selling at \$4.25 to \$5.00.

Good bulls show little change for the week but some of the commoner kinds are somewhat weaker.

Dullness has characterized the calf market this week, medium and heavy styles being extremely slow sale. Compared with a week ago best veals are steady to a shade lower while others are fully 25c lower and in cases more.

STOCKS AND FEEDERS.

The only arrivals in the stock cattle line today were consigned direct to local dealers and business out of first hands was confined to a few meager deals in odds and ends, the whole being of the usual Saturday clean-up character. Quotations were nominally unchanged. Over in the speculative division there was little stir, country demand being slim and at noon indications were that a considerable supply of stockers and feeders would be carried over Sunday. Thus it would appear that early next week would be a good time for country buyers to come in and make selections.

There has been no material change in the market for stockers and feeders during the week, although a dull tone has featured trade in the plain and common classes. The outgoing trade has not been of very large volume and at the close of the week speculators are liberally stocked with cattle of all weights and ages. The Thanksgiving holiday was probably a factor in the restricted outlet to the country. Bulk of useful and attractive feeders are selling at \$4.00 to \$4.65 with choice kind quotable up to \$4.85.

Desirable stockers sold largely at \$3.40 to \$4.00 with common to fair grades at \$2.75 to \$3.25.

There has been no material change in stock heifer values for the week.

Packers' Purchases Yesterday.

| | Swift & Co. | Hammond | Morris | Total |
|-------------------|-------------|---------|--------|-------|
| Cattle Hogs Sheep | 558,418 | 204 | 393 | 1,756 |
| 531 | 625 | 1,700 | 143 | 3,114 |
| 581 | 625 | 1,700 | 143 | 3,114 |

Stock Cattle Purchases Yesterday.

| | J. V. Atkins | Maxwell, Spayde & Co. | W. R. Roundtree | Joseph Baker | George Spencer | Charles Tramp | Peter Hahn | P. S. Wright | Country and orders buyers |
|--|--------------|-----------------------|-----------------|--------------|----------------|---------------|------------|--------------|---------------------------|
| | 196 | 68 | 38 | 31 | 30 | 16 | 7 | 3 | 129 |

OTHER LIVESTOCK MARKETS

CHICAGO.

CHICAGO, Nov. 28.—The Live Stock World reports: Cattle—Receipts, 2,000, mostly for exportation.

Hogs—Receipts, 10,000. Market 10 to 15c higher than yesterday's close; top, \$5.90; bulk, \$5.40 to \$5.30.

Sheep—Receipts, 2,000. Market steady.

KANSAS CITY.

KANSAS CITY, Mo., Nov. 28.—Special to The Journal: The Drovers Telegram reports: Cattle—Receipts, 200. Market nominal.

Hogs—Receipts, 7,000. Market steady to 5c up, closing firm; top, \$5.80; bulk, \$5.20 to \$5.75.

Sheep—Receipts, none.

SOUTH OMAHA.

SOUTH OMAHA, Nov. 28.—Special to The Journal: The Drovers Telegram reports: Cattle—Receipts, 100. Market unchanged.

Hogs—Receipts, 6,700. Market steady to 5c higher; top, \$5.75; bulk, \$5.55 to \$5.65.

Sheep—Receipts, 1,500. Market steady.

EAST ST. LOUIS.

EAST ST. LOUIS, National Stock Yards, Ill., Nov. 28.—Special to The Journal: The National Live Stock Reporter reports: Cattle—Receipts, 2,000, including 1,700 Texas. Market about steady.

Hogs—Receipts, 3,800. Market steady; top, \$5.90; bulk, \$5.40 to \$5.75.

Sheep—Receipts, 200. Market steady.

GRAIN AND PROVISIONS.

The following Chicago board of trade quotations are furnished by T. C. Gordon, Board of Trade Building, St. Joseph, Mo.

| | Open | High | Low | Close |
|------------|---------|---------|---------|---------|
| WHEAT—Dec. | 103 1/4 | 104 1/4 | 103 1/4 | 103 1/4 |
| May | 108 1/4 | 109 1/4 | 108 1/4 | 108 1/4 |
| CORN—Dec. | 62 1/2 | 63 1/2 | 62 1/2 | 62 1/2 |
| May | 62 1/2 | 63 1/2 | 62 1/2 | 62 1/2 |
| OATS—Dec. | 48 1/2 | 49 1/2 | 48 1/2 | 48 1/2 |
| May | 51 1/2 | 52 1/2 | 51 1/2 | 51 1/2 |
| FORK—Jan. | 16.00 | 16.15 | 16.00 | 16.00 |
| May | 16.20 | 16.35 | 16.20 | 16.20 |
| LARD—Jan. | 9.20 | 9.30 | 9.20 | 9.20 |
| May | 9.27 | 9.37 | 9.27 | 9.27 |
| RISES—Jan. | 8.37 | 8.42 | 8.37 | 8.40 |
| May | 8.57 | 8.65 | 8.57 | 8.60 |

HEAVY AND MIXED—800 lbs. and Upward.

| | Nov. 28 | Nov. 27 | Nov. 26 | Nov. 25 |
|------------|---------|---------|---------|---------|
| 800-1000 | 40.75 | 40.75 | 40.75 | 40.75 |
| 1000-1200 | 40.75 | 40.75 | 40.75 | 40.75 |
| 1200-1400 | 40.75 | 40.75 | 40.75 | 40.75 |
| 1400-1600 | 40.75 | 40.75 | 40.75 | 40.75 |
| 1600-1800 | 40.75 | 40.75 | 40.75 | 40.75 |
| 1800-2000 | 40.75 | 40.75 | 40.75 | 40.75 |
| 2000-2200 | 40.75 | 40.75 | 40.75 | 40.75 |
| 2200-2400 | 40.75 | 40.75 | 40.75 | 40.75 |
| 2400-2600 | 40.75 | 40.75 | 40.75 | 40.75 |
| 2600-2800 | 40.75 | 40.75 | 40.75 | 40.75 |
| 2800-3000 | 40.75 | 40.75 | 40.75 | 40.75 |
| 3000-3200 | 40.75 | 40.75 | 40.75 | 40.75 |
| 3200-3400 | 40.75 | 40.75 | 40.75 | 40.75 |
| 3400-3600 | 40.75 | 40.75 | 40.75 | 40.75 |
| 3600-3800 | 40.75 | 40.75 | 40.75 | 40.75 |
| 3800-4000 | 40.75 | 40.75 | 40.75 | 40.75 |
| 4000-4200 | 40.75 | 40.75 | 40.75 | 40.75 |
| 4200-4400 | 40.75 | 40.75 | 40.75 | 40.75 |
| 4400-4600 | 40.75 | 40.75 | 40.75 | 40.75 |
| 4600-4800 | 40.75 | 40.75 | 40.75 | 40.75 |
| 4800-5000 | 40.75 | 40.75 | 40.75 | 40.75 |
| 5000-5200 | 40.75 | 40.75 | 40.75 | 40.75 |
| 5200-5400 | 40.75 | 40.75 | 40.75 | 40.75 |
| 5400-5600 | 40.75 | 40.75 | 40.75 | 40.75 |
| 5600-5800 | 40.75 | 40.75 | 40.75 | 40.75 |
| 5800-6000 | 40.75 | 40.75 | 40.75 | 40.75 |
| 6000-6200 | 40.75 | 40.75 | 40.75 | 40.75 |
| 6200-6400 | 40.75 | 40.75 | 40.75 | 40.75 |
| 6400-6600 | 40.75 | 40.75 | 40.75 | 40.75 |
| 6600-6800 | 40.75 | 40.75 | 40.75 | 40.75 |
| 6800-7000 | 40.75 | 40.75 | 40.75 | 40.75 |
| 7000-7200 | 40.75 | 40.75 | 40.75 | 40.75 |
| 7200-7400 | 40.75 | 40.75 | 40.75 | 40.75 |
| 7400-7600 | 40.75 | 40.75 | 40.75 | 40.75 |
| 7600-7800 | 40.75 | 40.75 | 40.75 | 40.75 |
| 7800-8000 | 40.75 | 40.75 | 40.75 | 40.75 |
| 8000-8200 | 40.75 | 40.75 | 40.75 | 40.75 |
| 8200-8400 | 40.75 | 40.75 | 40.75 | 40.75 |
| 8400-8600 | 40.75 | 40.75 | 40.75 | 40.75 |
| 8600-8800 | 40.75 | 40.75 | 40.75 | 40.75 |
| 8800-9000 | 40.75 | 40.75 | 40.75 | 40.75 |
| 9000-9200 | 40.75 | 40.75 | 40.75 | 40.75 |
| 9200-9400 | 40.75 | 40.75 | 40.75 | 40.75 |
| 9400-9600 | 40.75 | 40.75 | 40.75 | 40.75 |
| 9600-9800 | 40.75 | 40.75 | 40.75 | 40.75 |
| 9800-10000 | 40.75 | 40.75 | 40.75 | 40.75 |

ST. JOSEPH CASH GRAIN MARKET.

Today's cash values: Receipts, wheat, 3 cars; corn, 3 cars; oats, 0 car.

| | Nov. 28 | Nov. 27 | Nov. 26 | Nov. 25 |
|-------|----------|----------|----------|----------|
| Wheat | 1.03 1/4 | 1.03 1/4 | 1.03 1/4 | 1.03 1/4 |
| Corn | .98 | .98 | .98 | .98 |
| Oats | .87 | .87 | .87 | .87 |

TRADE MILLIONS

With Noncontiguous Territories Was Large During the Last Year.

INCREASE HAS BEEN LARGE

Hundred Seventy Million for 1908, Against \$10,000,000 Ten Years Ago.

HAWAII WAS HEAVY SELLER

Trade With That Island Amounted to Above Forty Millions—Sugar Chief Import From That Country—Porto Rico Sends Sugar, Tobacco and Fruits, Takes Rice, Meats, Breadstuffs, Cotton Goods and Manufactures of Iron and Steel.

WASHINGTON, Nov. 28.—Trade of the United States with its noncontiguous territories will approximate 170 million dollars in the year which ends next month. Ten years ago the trade with the same territories amounted to approximately 40 million dollars, the increase during the decade having thus been nearly 200 per cent. During the same period the trade with foreign countries has increased less than 60 per cent.

The estimate of a grand total of 170 million dollars in the value of the commerce between the United States and its noncontiguous territories is based upon ten months' returns just compiled by the bureau of statistics of the department of commerce and labor, which show \$2 million dollars in value of shipments to the United States from those territories, about 20 million dollars' value of shipments from the United States to those territories; while for the single month of October, the latest available record, the shipments to the United States amounted to 1 1/4 million dollars and from the United States to the territories in question over 8 million dollars.

COMING APPLE SHOWS.

National to Be Held in Spokane Early in December.

Fort Collins, Colo., Nov. 28.—No doubt most fruit growers are familiar with the fact that a national apple show is to be held this year at Spokane, December 7 to 12. The officials of this show are doing a vast amount of advertising, and no doubt the show will be a grand success. Thirty-five thousand dollars in premiums are being offered for various exhibits, among them being twelve tracts of fruit land, which are valued at \$750 to \$2,500 each. Such liberal premiums, together with the advertising, should make a grand success of this show.

Immediately following the Spokane exhibition the National Horticultural Congress holds a similar show at Council Bluffs, Iowa. This is to be held during the week of December 14 to 19, the same time that the National Corn Exposition is being held just across the river, in Omaha. These two shows are co-operating with each other, and no doubt both will be very successful. The Horticultural Congress is offering \$25,000 in prizes of various kinds.

While the fruit grower has been tardy in being recognized in such exhibitions, the start that is being made this winter is certainly gratifying.—W. Paddock.

HOW THEY GET GOOD WHISKEY.

Although many counties have been dry, those who want to drink whiskey find it very easy to obtain really good liquor by ordering direct from the distilling company, and as a matter of fact they save considerable over the old method, as the dealer's and middleman's profits are cut out. Thus from J. Rieger & Co., one of the largest houses in the world doing a direct to consumer business, one can order 8 full quarts of Monogram Private Stock for \$5.00, or 4 full quarts Monogram Extra Fine for \$3, all express charges prepaid. From a small store 15 years ago, J. Rieger & Co. have grown to immense proportions, occupying a large building at 1513 Genesee street, Kansas City, Mo., right opposite the stock yards, from where they do business every year with more than 100,000 customers in all parts of the country who order by mail with perfect satisfaction.

TOTAL LIVE STOCK MOVEMENT.

The following table indicates the round total of receipts of cattle, hogs and sheep at leading markets for the week ended today, together with aggregate totals and comparisons:

| | Cattle | Hogs | Sheep |
|----------------|---------|---------|---------|
| Chicago | 68,000 | 184,000 | 86,000 |
| Kansas City | 48,000 | 92,000 | 27,000 |
| Omaha | 21,000 | 52,000 | 30,000 |
| St. Joseph | 13,300 | 46,000 | 7,300 |
| St. Louis | 20,500 | 45,500 | 4,700 |
| Total this wk. | 170,800 | 421,000 | 156,000 |
| Total last wk. | 210,000 | 451,500 | 234,500 |
| Total mo. ago. | 150,900 | 345,000 | 216,100 |
| Year ago. | 127,000 | 191,500 | 100,000 |
| Two yrs. ago. | 177,900 | 257,600 | 141,000 |

WARD RESIGNS.

Announcement was made today of the resignation of Mr. Jas. A. Ward as superintendent of the Nelson Morris Packing plant in South St. Joseph. Although Mr. Ward's action has not been contemplated for some time he had not made it public until today. The action is taken preliminary to entering into business upon his own account. Mr. Ward's resignation takes effect on December 1 and he will be succeeded here by Mr. E. Lloyd.

TO PLAT SULLIVAN RANCH.

Large Tract Thirty Miles North of Denver Sold to New Company.

Denver, Colo., Nov. 28.—H. J. Bone, United States district attorney for Kansas, and a group of associates have bought the Dennis Sullivan ranch of 8,000 acres, located thirty miles north of Denver along the South Platte river. The price is \$320,000.

The purpose of the buyers is to colonize the land, build a sugar factory and create a new town. The bulk of the land is already under water, and arrangements have been made whereby water for every acre can be secured. Some of the priorities are among the oldest in the state. The tract has soil much like that around Denver, the sandy loam that grows all crops well, that has made the Greeley potatoes famous and that gives the beet the high proportion of sugar which has made Colorado the greatest sugar state in the Union.

The Union Pacific railroad already runs near the land, but additional service will be given by the Denver, Larabee & Northwestern, which runs right through the middle of the tract for a distance of four miles. It is the intention to cut the area into quite small tracts, from ten acres upward, in order that the land may be intensively cultivated. A population of 5,000 to 8,000 is expected. The sugar factory company is already in the process of formation, and engineers have gone over the land to lay out the townsite.

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| Total mo. ago. | | | |

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406 West Illinois Ave., St. Joseph, Mo.

The Saint Joseph Journal Publishing Company, PUBLISHER.

W. E. WARRICK, Editor and Manager.

Largest Outside Circulation of Any Paper Published in Buchanan County, Missouri.

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Country subscriptions are payable in advance. Remit with postal order or draft payable to St. Joseph Journal Publishing Company.

If you do not receive your paper regularly, notify this office at once, so the matter may be regulated without delay.

Advertising Rates Furnished on Application.

Usual 20 per cent commission allowed postmasters, who are authorized to take subscriptions.

STEP IN RIGHT DIRECTION.

Of the eight constitutional amendments presented to Missouri voters at the election Nov. 3, only two carried, the second and third. The second amendment as adopted authorizes county courts and township boards to levy a special tax, not to exceed 25 cents on the hundred dollars valuation to be used for road and bridge purposes.

GROWTH OF SHEEP INDUSTRY.

"No other live stock industry will show up with that of sheep, when it comes to great gains and improvement in handling them," says E. J. Huling, the well known sheepman and wool dealer of Trinidad, Colorado. "In 1880 I engaged in the sheep and pelt business in New Mexico. That year according to the records the total number of sheep marketed in Chicago amounted to only a few hundred thousand.

TEXAS FEEDERS OPTIMISTIC.

"Not much cattle trading going on in Texas just now," said a man who has been in the Southwest, to the Breeders Gazette. "It is not the season for marketing Texas cattle anyhow, but usually some dickering is going on. Cattle are strongly held down that way, discouraging those inclined to take the speculative side of the game. Some cattle are being fed at the oil mills, but two would be put in where one can be found now if aged steers were not so scarce and so high in price. Cattle in Texas are held for more money than they would realize on any of the big northern markets.

HE WAS FIGURING.

"I was just figuring out how much money the country is losing in these pigs," said a stock yards regular yesterday as he sat on the fence in the hog yards and contemplated the 2,000 pigs that have accumulated in the yards of late and for which there is no regular market. "It takes about ten bushels of corn to make a 250 pound hog. This would mean 20,000 bushels of corn to make 2,000 hogs of 250 pounds average of these despised pigs. Twenty thousand bushels of corn at 60 cents per bushel would represent \$12,000.

PROSPECTIVE COAL FAMINE.

Breeders Gazette: The railroads tapping the Northwest have announced a prospective coal famine, and inform the public, with some little detail, that blame can not be laid on them if their fears come true. Along in the summer dealers in that section were circularized in an effort to induce them to place orders, and finally traveling freight agents were sent for personal solicitation. The roads state publicly that many of the dealers asserted that they would not be at the expense of storage, but would take their chances on late deliveries. Moreover, it is estimated that some dealers declared that a coal famine would mean famine prices and greater profits for them.

Mr. Armour has evidently figured out that a big hog is worth what he is costing at this juncture.

SOME WEST KANSAS NEEDS

Faxon Says They Are Reapportionment, Forestry and Good Roads.

Topeka, Nov. 28.—According to Ralph Faxon of Garden City, editor of the Daily Telegram, the members of the legislature from western Kansas will come to Topeka well organized for certain kinds of legislation demanded by that part of the state. In order to get a line on things a meeting of the members in that section was held at Garden City where all legislative matters were talked over a few days ago.

We had a meeting of nine state representatives and one senator at Garden City the other day, to discuss what our part of the state will stand for at the coming session. You will find that southwestern Kansas will come before the session well organized and ready to shoot some holes in the plans which have been made without reference to the interests of southwestern Kansas.

"We want a legislative reapportionment, to give the counties in western Kansas the representation to which they are entitled under the constitution. Each county which casts 200 votes is entitled to a representative in the legislature, and yet there is Meade with 2,000 votes and Seward with 1,500, coupled together for legislative purposes. Every combination district should be separated.

"We want some action taken which will bring about more effective enforcement of the forestry laws of the state. The present law is good enough, but it isn't enforced. The law requires the forestry commissioner to make a report to the governor showing the kinds of trees adapted for planting in western Kansas. He has not made such a report for eight years. My suggestion is that we make the salary of the forestry commissioner \$11,500 a year instead of \$11,000, and get Gifford Pinchot, the United States forestry commissioner, to send out a surveyor, to take charge of the forestry station. Then we will get some results worth while.

THIS TEXAS BUBBLE BURST

Now the Police Are Looking for "Sir Thomas Lipton."

Ablene, Tex., Nov. 28.—Visions of a stream of gold pouring into this part of Texas from British coffers, a dream of an empire directed by one man, where Utopian social experience would be carried out, and 400,000 acres set apart for tea culture and packing industries, faded with the sudden departure of "Sir Thomas Lipton, Baronet of Aberdeen, England." His exit and subsequent investigations indicate that a bold impersonator laid wires for a big swindle.

The plan in brief was to buy up all the western part of Texas and colonize it with Englishmen. The deal involved \$2,000,000. "Sir Thomas" gave it out that he was backed in his plan by C. W. Post, the millionaire pure food manufacturer of Battle Creek, Mich. The entrance of "Sir Thomas" suave and with a rich Irish brogue, and his departure fooled the capitalists of several counties. Incidentally a private car, chartered by "Sir Thomas," is on a Texas and Pacific siding here, well stocked with champagne and choice steaks on ice, awaiting a titled occupant.

Saturday morning a tall stranger, whose mustache fairly bristled with business, left his private car and registered at the Windsor hotel. "Sir Thomas" got along splendidly with every one he met. Today there are a hundred bankers and business men in Abilene, Post City and other nearby towns wondering how soon the police will find "Sir Thomas."

SEED SHOWER FOR PANAMA

Government Sends 750 Packages of Vegetable and Flower Producers.

Washington, D. C., Nov. 28.—Gradually all the comforts of home are being bestowed on the Panama canal zone. The latest evidence of civilization which has been provided for the natives is the extension to that territory of the "free seed" system of the United States government.

The resident of the zone who does not now secure some early morning glories or seedless pumpkin plants is not availing himself of the opportunity that the government is offering him.

The Isthmian canal committee has just announced that it has secured from the department of agriculture for immediate shipment to the zone 500 packages of vegetable and 250 packages of flower seeds. Each package consists of five smaller packets of various varieties.

IN WOMAN'S REALM

Baked Salmon.

Take one can salmon, put one-half of contents in a quart pan, then add one layer of small oyster crackers, salt, pepper and small piece of butter; then add remainder of salmon, crackers, and butter same as first time. Pour over this sweet milk enough to cover; then bake one-half hour. This makes a delicious dish.

Mushroom Omelet.

Beat three eggs to a froth and season with salt and pepper. Place a piece of butter the size of a small walnut in a frying pan, and when melted pour in the egg mixture. As the omelet sets at the sides raise each in turn and let a little of the liquid run underneath, taking care that the omelet cooks evenly. Have ready half a dozen mushrooms peeled, washed and tossed for five minutes in butter, and nicely seasoned. When the omelet is ready, slip the mushrooms into the center, fold over, slide on to hot dish and serve immediately.

Sweet Potato Pudding.

Mix with one pound of sweet potatoes, grated raw, half a teacupful of molasses, two beaten eggs, one tablespoon of butter, with two tablespoons of sugar, cream for five minutes in butter, and nicely seasoned. When the omelet is ready, slip the mushrooms into the center, fold over, slide on to hot dish and serve immediately.

Marabout Turbans.

Along with the fashion for wide, broad turbans of feathers and fur has come one of marabout. This is in all colors, but is especially effective in black, and wide, square white wings across the front.

There is a jet buckle at the beginning of the wings, or merely a satin rosette. White ones are offered to young girls for afternoon and theater wear. These have a large, man-looped bow of vivid colored ribbon at the side.

Lined With Cloth of Gold.

Many of the new evening gowns of filmy, sheer material are now draped over a lining of cloth of gold. This is a soft, crepe fabric, without any of the body of what was once known by that name. Such a lining should not be full. It is cut on narrow, straight lines and looks well under folds of a filmy fabric over it.

The Fashion in Perfumes.

Over in Europe they have started a new craze about millinery. It would seem by all that marketing has suffered this year that enough has been done by the milliners to draw attention to themselves.

But the new thing is to perfume the hat with the scent of the flowers used on it. As this is a flower year in millinery, the different kinds of perfume are not hard to get, and the effect when not overdone is pleasing.

A Ribbon at the Neck.

The girl who is tired of a turnover linen collar and who does not care to wear the high lingerie stock for everyday hours will be glad to know that the old fashion of tying a ribbon around the neck is revived.

Wide messaline sath ribbon is used, banded at the sides, with a ruching top and bottom. This is placed around the neck, the ends crossed at the back and tied in front in a short stiff bow.

To Cure Love Madness.

Dr. Berillon of Paris says that love is simply a "fixed affective idea," and

NATIONAL AMPHITHEATRE.

Name by Which New Live Stock Pavilion at Denver Will Be Known.

Denver Record—Stockman: The new coliseum at the Denver stock yards will be known by the name of National Amphitheatre. This will distinguish it from the big coliseum at Chicago, which is known as The International Amphitheatre. The new building is now under roof and the work of completing it is being pushed day and night and it will be ready by the middle of next month. The formal opening of the new building to the public will be on January 18 at the opening of the National Western Stock Show. The completion of this new building will place Denver in the front ranks of the cities of the country as far as provisions for entertainment go. While the prime purpose of the National Amphitheatre is for the accommodation of the annual stock show, it will be used for other purposes during the year and will provide an ideal place for all kinds of entertainment where an arena is needed. The seating capacity of the building is over 6,000 and there is standing room for as many more. The seats are arranged around the large arena with the boxes in front. Opera chairs are used for seats and the arrangements for comfortably caring for a large crowd are perfect.

It is expected that the National Amphitheatre will become one of the popular amusement places of the city. The Tramway company is arranging its tracks so as to give perfect service to and from the building and it is expected that later, by the building of a viaduct over the railroad tracks, the time of service from the city to the yards will be cut in two. It now takes between 15 and 20 minutes to make the trip from downtown, but this time can be cut down to 10 minutes.

Wheeled Bride to Station on Barrow. Mount Vernon, Ill.—Harry Heidler, a bridegroom of one hour, was an interesting spectacle on the streets here, wheeling his wife, who was Miss Ethel Barton, through the streets in a wheelbarrow to the railway station.

The performance was compulsory, through an arrangement with club friends. Mr. Heidler is a prominent young business man of this city.

Rice, cowhells and tin horns were the accompaniment furnished by friends.

the symptoms are an increased sensitiveness of the left side, hand, wrist and left temple. To cure it all one has to do is to set up a counter irritation, give the boy or girl physical exercises that will bring into play the muscles of the right side, and, behold, the madness is cured.

A Post Card Panic.

The post card business is seriously depressed at present, while some of the great foreign markets are bordering on panic. Overproduction and wild speculation in the commodity are the causes. The public has watched the gradual encroachment of the souvenir post card with surprise, perhaps, but without realizing the enormous proportions of the industry.

In order to supply the little stands in every store, at every cross roads the country over, an immense industry has been developed in practically all civilized lands. Incidentally the United States imported from Germany in a single year more than \$6,000,000 worth of the bits of cardboard.

The post card panic is most acute at present in Germany. The card industry lost heavily, as large orders were canceled.

Do You Want to be Thin?

If the woman who is bound and determined to grow thin would realize that in her efforts she is often adding five or six years to her appearance by letting her face get too thin she would be more content with her own figure. When too much flesh is removed from the face the skin becomes wrinkled and creased and often hangs in an unbecoming manner. A thin face is a great deal older looking than a plump face unless, of course, there are several double chins, so it really is a tossup which one prefers—a youthful figure or youthful contour of face. As a woman grows older it is almost invariably becoming to add to the plumpness of her face.

About Christmas Gifts.

It will soon be time to think about Christmas gifts. A country girl recently expressed a wish that one of her gifts might be a box of stationery engraved with her monogram. Another nice and acceptable gift for most girls is engraved cards with card case bearing her name. Children like scrap-books filled with pictures from magazines and papers. A postal card book comes in handy to hold the pretty cards from our own and other lands. Bed room slippers are usually a welcome gift.

Dam Fashion Notes.

Favorite millinery trimmings include brightly tinted berries and shaded leaves, quantities of ostrich feathers, and large, shapely pointed wings in brilliant colorings. Fillet net and soutache braid are the two most popular trimmings. Fashionable big picture hats are made of velvet to match the gown with which they are worn and are trimmed only with long ostrich feathers, all carried out in the same shade. Large pockets are a feature of the new separate coat and are set far down on the body. The Capuchin hood is the latest night headgear, and is something like a glorified sunbonnet, the best ones being made around the face with shirring and ruchings. Rich and dark colors have the greatest vogue in hat trimming.

UNCLE SAM'S "BEST SELLER."

Year Book, About to Be Issued, Most Popular Publication.

Washington.—The department of agriculture is about to issue a first edition of 300,000 copies of the year book—the volume that is said to have more general readers than any other government publication. The full issue, as authorized by congress, is 500,000, and the remaining copies will be printed in subsequent editions if the demand warrants it.

The physical labor involved in getting out the government's best seller is enormous. The full edition requires 3,100 reams of plate paper and 21,810 of print paper, while the thread used in the bindery reaches the enormous length of 9,600,000 yards—nearly one-fifth of the circumference of the earth. The covers take up 62,000 yards of book cloth, while 8,000 pounds of glue and 30 barrels of flour go to pasting the covers on.

Special Train to Carry a Wreath.

Carelessness on the part of some court official recently rendered necessary the sending of a special train from Budapest to Vienna to carry a laurel wreath for the tomb of the murdered Empress Elizabeth. It is the custom every year to make up on the empress' estate at Godollo, in Hungary, a gigantic laurel wreath to be laid on the empress' coffin in the vault of the Capuchin church on the eve of the anniversary of her assassination. This year when the official in charge of the wreath arrived in Budapest he found that the wreath had not been put in the carriage. To go back for it was to lose the train, and as it was imperative that the wreath should be laid in the imperial vaults that evening, the court chamberlain ordered a special train to carry the wreath over the 163 miles between the Hungarian and Austrian capitals.

Persausion.

After he has hammered his thumb nail a few times it is easy for a man to feel that he really has not the time to nail down the hall carpet.

Had Many Changes of Hair.

Women's hairdressing was expensive in the sixteenth century. Queen Elizabeth at one time was possessed of no fewer than 80 sets of false hair.

THE FIRST NATIONAL BANK ST. JOSEPH, MO. UNITED STATES DEPOSITORY. The Secret of Success. Successful men have always made a point of having a bank account so that they could keep a careful record of their receipts and expenditures. The adoption of this plan often enables one to acquire a competency without any great self-denial, as it affords the opportunity of keeping a careful tabulation of the ratio of expenses to income. CAPITAL AND SURPLUS \$800,000.00

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33 1/3% More Pigs More Pork More Profit When Swift's Digester Tankage is used to balance rations for Swine. Guaranteed Analysis: Protein, 60%; Phosphates, 6%; Fat, 8%. For swine of all ages, fed up to one-half pound per head per day, costing less than one cent. For Particulars Address Swift & Company Chicago Kansas City St. Louis St. Joseph Omaha St. Joseph Ft. Worth

Xmas Suggestions Trunks, all kinds, from 50c to \$75.00. Traveling Bags. Prices 50c to \$30.00. Leather Suit Cases from \$5 to \$35. Leather Novelties. Ladies' Hand Bags from \$1 to \$20. Card Cases, all kinds, from 5c to \$4.00. Letter Cases, Bill Books, Pocket Books. Purses—all kinds. Collar Bags and Collar Rolls. Shaving Sets and Manicure Sets. Toilet Sets, Dressing Sets, Bridge Sets. Music Bags and Music Rolls. Folding Cups and Flasks. Largest and most complete line in city.

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"Oh! ain't this a hell of a fix!" he muttered. "Wonder when them fool dawgs will bring up? If I only had that Bingo now," and Collins' wrath rendered him speechless.

"Bingo, Bingo, B-i-n-g-o, Bingo B-i-n-g-o, B-i-n-g-o." The sled grated over the hard crust to the swing of Collins' song. The dogs ran freely, tugging at the traces, straightening these every now and then with a long pull together, their red tongues lolling out for a touch of the keen air, and their eyes bright. Collins wanted to get back to camp as soon as a man might make the distance.

The team of dogs possessed by Collins was not one to cause intense admiration. Had it not been for Bingo they would have torn each other to shreds on many an occasion. He was a large, loose-limbed animal, full-muscled, strong of jaw, and while he would fight fiercely for food, he became a fiend of a dog when it seemed to him that the interests of Collins needed a dog's best effort.

"Get along, Bingo, get along!" yelled Collins, whipping the air until it whistled. There was a place half a mile farther on at which he wished to camp. He had built a wind-break there when he had camped the first night out on the way to Markie's for supplies. Now he was returning, and the next day would see the last leg of the journey. From the camp of this night to their claim, where McNair waited, was a stretch of 30 miles, and, barring accident, Collins counted on reaching the claim the next day. Already he had been delayed a day at Markie's, and he knew McNair was on short rations. There would be a welcome, of course, from the Scot, and undoubtedly, a choice round of expletives for his lagging. So Collins was eager to get along.

The place reached at last, the traces slipped, Collins caught up his ax and made an onslaught on some nearby birches for fuel. Collins swung the ax lustily over a tough frost-tempered root, and, nettled by the resistance of it, put a swing into his strokes to make, as he would have expressed his effort, "the blamed old nubbin look sick." It was not a matter of firewood now, nor the supply of birches, for the quantity of stuff was plentiful; but Collins was of a nature to overcome difficulties, and he had taken a particular grudge against that one cold-bound root. His ax swung down and bit into it deeply; then, on a swift stroke, his hand slipped, and the blade glanced from the frozen wood with a peculiar twang, striking into his foot.

With a cry and an oath Collins dropped the ax and hobbled for his camp. He had felt all the force of the blow and knew that it had made a dangerous wound. Once, before he reached the sled, he sank down, catching the aching foot in his hands and starting on again with his fingers dripping blood. There was blood on the snow, a red dragging trail behind him. Collins' face was chalky white and his teeth were set hard, biting against the pain. He knew he must get a turn of something around that leg before the loss of blood sent him fainting, and with trembling hands hastily fumbling, he cut a piece of tying from the sled pack. A minute later he had twisted this about his leg, and with the aid of his whip handle, had bound it down into the flesh.

"A nice fix, this," he muttered. So he gave Bingo a swinging bit on the side of the head when that dog came snuffing and licked at his bloody hands, and with many sighs set about building his fire. He wanted little food by now. He felt that he no longer possessed a stomach after making a clumsy bandage for the foot. It proved a deep, nasty-looking wound, and that night Collins only drowsed fitfully. It was a long, long night, and in those few minutes of sleep Collins dreamed queer, aching things.

In the gray ghost-like appearance of the dawn he was about, hobbling, making ready the sled load for the last lap of 30 miles to McNair and the rest he must have. His foot was like a dead thing; save that it ached with a dull, gnawing sensation, and his leg felt as if it had been paralyzed and withered. McNair would have a fine time growling over this misfortune, Collins thought, but then the Scot growled over everything.

Collins threw some food to the dogs, and after they had snarled it down, got his whip busy among them and shortly had the team hooked up. He growled many times in the accomplishment of this, and he gave a sigh of intense relief when it was completed. Careful driving would get him to the claim some time during the day, and with McNair's treatment he had no fear of the wound. A strong brew of coffee made him feel better.

He had turned his back to the dogs, giving the whip handle an extra twist, when he heard a scuffling sound, as if, frightened, the whole team had flung itself into the traces. With a yell Collins started up, hearing the grating of the sled, and knowing that something had startled the dogs into flight. Already they were in full stride down the trail. Collins ran a few steps as a drunken man before the wounded foot brought him to the ground.

It was 30 miles to the claim and McNair. However, it was not probable that the dogs would leave the trail, and he had hope of picking up the sled later, if he could make the distance, and he knew that Bingo would not go far without an argument. Even if the dogs chewed themselves loose from the sled he would be able to find blankets and food—if he could make the distance. The load was securely packed and he had no fear of its spilling. If the dogs left the trail—but that was hardly possible; it was extremely likely that, after an unchecked, tiring run, they would begin fighting among themselves, when Collins counted on Bingo's strength and natural savagery. If free, the dogs might scatter, or go on to McNair, or return to him, since their only prospect of necessary food lay in the quarters of humanity.

But these possibilities, however definite, did not reduce the distance of 30 miles to the claim and McNair. Discounting the probabilities, it remained for a sandy man to consider covering the whole of it alone and unaided. In his maimed condition, Collins faced a terrible task. He started on bravely; but the hurt soon made itself known by a steadily increasing annoyance, a gnawing aggravation which after the first half hour became agony. He cursed and limped with an alarming regularity before he had covered one mile. And Collins felt himself growing weaker. He stopped to tighten the bandage and the tourniquet. He feared to put too much strain on the rope, which held in check his life's blood, for should that break the game was up. It would be the simple matter of bleeding to death. Hobbling as best he could, he covered some small part of the distance that day. It had grown much colder, so the air seemed to him. Soon the pallor of the snows and the deep frown of the wooded crests warned him that he ought to prepare for night. He had a stock of matches for which he thanked that Power which had also made fire a bitter necessity. There was little wind, and Collins had hope of being comfortable so far as warmth was concerned. But he would have nothing to eat, and he would probably have to sit up all night, nursing the fire, to avoid freezing to death.

Sometimes in the night he would doze off from sheer weakness and exhaustion. The pain of his foot was now such a decided reality that he endured it doggedly; he had ceased cursing; it seemed that he had always carried such an aching limb about with him, so long had he packed it this trip. The morning found Collins nearly frozen. The fire had died down during his last fitful doze, in which he had dreamed that both his feet were gone and that he had learned to walk on his hands. With numb fingers he raked and poked at the embers and blew them into a blaze. When he felt the cheering warmth Collins found time to consider how stiff his leg had become, and swollen, almost to the hip, and he winced every time his weight came upon it. As he started, he did so with the perfect knowledge that on this day he must put forth a heroic effort. He struggled on for an hour of agony, when he sat down to again re-bandage the foot. At midday he groaned desperately when he realized from landmarks that he had only covered about one-third the distance. He was fairly fighting his way along now, the wound causing intense pain. It felt as if clamped in a terrific vice. He was ravenously hungry. There was on his face the expression of one who looks beyond the veil and into the very eyes of fate. Before him the white stretches glared out, unbroken, cheerless, hopeless. At length he was presented the last fearful condition of a crippled man.

"Guess I've got to crawl," he said, gritting his teeth. And crawl he did, like a broken spider, dragging himself along by sheer determination. The ache of that tightly-bound leg went on, a patient, frozen agony. His stomach gripped like a thing alive; and the air was bitter cold, and he had come to crawling. He groaned pitifully, knowing that he would soon be helpless; unable, perhaps, even to light a fire.

Suddenly, as if spurred by a pang more intense than any which had preceded it, Collins came to a positive decision. There was a fallen tree on the hillside; over it the snow had banked; and he considered camping there, trusting faithfully to McNair's search. There was the possibility that the dogs had made camp. They knew where to find food. Anyway, McNair would be anxious by this time. He could imagine only two things: One, that Collins had quit him for the grub money—the other, accident. Collins groaned again. He could no longer go on; he must stop.

"Gawd! I hope he comes," prayed Collins. Crawling to the old tree, he tried with cramped hands to start a fire. It was his only hope. He would build a fire and wait—wait! with grim hunger and cold for partners, to say nothing of the agony he endured. This was the only chance, and he doggedly accepted it. McNair would be anxious, of course, and then—Collins struggled with the twigs. He forced himself to a forage for wood, fighting his pain and swearing to encourage his aching spirit.

It was when the blaze finally leaped up along the pile that Collins fell over exhausted. A long time he lay outstretched, breathing heavily, and carelessly little weight happen. Then he heard something running over the snow crusts. He was too weak to get up, but he yelled out with all the strength he had remaining. A short time he lay racked and tortured by the doubtful probabilities. What had it been? An animal? Then a brown head came up from the other side of the snow-banked tree, a brown eye winked at him sympathetically.

"Bingo," half whispered Collins. Bingo's first greeting was one of unrestrained joy and satisfaction. He threw up his head and barked loudly; then he cut a few odd capers which were not quite up to his usual form; then he evidenced a little surprise. Collins saw that one of the dog's legs was gashed, over which hurt the blood had hardened, and that his right ear was slit into a bloody ribbon. Evidently Bingo had protested against the dash of the team, and had been somewhat worsted.

The feeling of despair that had almost destroyed Collins' methods of reasoning now left him, and he began to construct schemes for the notification of McNair. How could he express his plight? He had neither paper nor anything with which to write. He had little time to lose, for the combined hunger, exposure and fatigue, to say nothing of the serious wound, had sapped his vitality, and Collins felt that it would be but little longer before his strength would ebb entirely. In the place of writing, what could he send? Every bit of clothing he must keep—possibly he might spare a mitten. Collins ripped a strip from his shirt, twisted it, passed it through a hole cut in the back of the mitten, and prepared to tie the message about Bingo's neck. Bingo protested against this, to him, unnecessary adornment, whereupon Collins gave him a drubbing with his fists, and drew the slip so tight that there could be little possibility of Bingo's rubbing the thing loose. Collins then raised himself and drove the dog away with brands. He shouted at him until hoarse. Then he sank back with a sigh of relief, for Bingo had put his tail down and had slouched off. Collins had good reason to hope, now. The dog was headed for the camp; and really there was no other human habitation within miles. He knew that the sled dog would be sure to seek food, and food was only to be obtained where there were men.

Night came on again, and he dozed fitfully, waking to throw wood on the fire. The constant agony of his swollen leg prevented his falling into the dream sleep of exhaustion. The new day found him a weakened thing, wan, emaciated, hardly to be likened to a man. His eyes were sunken and had the peculiar wide stare of one just balancing on the edge of reason. His cheeks were drawn tightly over the bones of his face. There was nothing to eat; he could scarcely move for wood, so stiff was he, but he must keep up the fire until—until McNair came.

Hours passed and nothing disturbed the snow-clad slopes before him. The thin clump of trees creating the next rise were so many black specters watching him die. Suddenly he quivered, and his vision grew clear for the instant. There—there, moving, was something—a black something, crawling over the snow, crawling toward him. He laughed shrilly, and pointed his finger at it in derision. It was no vision—the thing approached. Collins called feebly aloud, and fired the first of his precious cartridges into the air. A bark answered this, and a dog—Bingo—came up bounding. "Where's McNair?" demanded Collins, savagely, as if he expected the brute to speak. He stared at the dog wildly. Bingo's coat was shaggy, and it seemed that he had been a long way through thickets. Blood tinted his mouth. Then Collins cried out like a man in furious pain. He had seen a bedraggled glove swinging from Bingo's neck. The dog had not gone to McNair and the camp at all! The wretch had spent the night hunting in the thickets and had come back glutted, his mouth slavering blood.

Collins was so overcome by this realization that he must have fainted away. When he again came to consciousness, the light of day had paleled into that drear ghastliness which is the last reflection of the snows. Off at some distance squatted a black object, its head perked to one side, regarding him patiently. McNair had not come. McNair might never come. Collins was weaker, and he was starving, starving. His eyes fixed on the dog vacantly. They had been comrades, but— "Bingo, Bingo." It was a cautious call, enticing, alluring. The blood tingling the dog's mouth made Collins shudder. He cautiously raised his gun, and steadied it with both his trembling hands. Then he called to the dog gently. He must have something to eat. He would have something to eat. Collins was conscious of a crashing sound, a terrific rending detonation that sent a sharp aching through his head, and he sat quivering, both hands nervously clutching the gun. He stared straight ahead of him fixedly. Then he began to laugh. As if in answer there came a call from the upper ridge. Shortly another black figure appeared. Collins staggered to his feet as this second black object issued from the fringe of dim trees, and, in the first strength of a despairing madness, stumbled forward, his hands extending the shaking way; and Collins fired again and again at this new-comer, this lazy McNair, this damned, dirty camp leaver. Suddenly Collins brought up before a dark spot on the white ground. McNair made a wary approach. He found a weeping man crouching beside a dog,

he heard something running over the snow crusts. He was too weak to get up, but he yelled out with all the strength he had remaining. A short time he lay racked and tortured by the doubtful probabilities. What had it been? An animal? Then a brown head came up from the other side of the snow-banked tree, a brown eye winked at him sympathetically.

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Collins was so overcome by this realization that he must have fainted away. When he again came to consciousness, the light of day had paleled into that drear ghastliness which is the last reflection of the snows. Off at some distance squatted a black object, its head perked to one side, regarding him patiently. McNair had not come. McNair might never come. Collins was weaker, and he was starving, starving. His eyes fixed on the dog vacantly. They had been comrades, but— "Bingo, Bingo." It was a cautious call, enticing, alluring. The blood tingling the dog's mouth made Collins shudder. He cautiously raised his gun, and steadied it with both his trembling hands. Then he called to the dog gently. He must have something to eat. He would have something to eat. Collins was conscious of a crashing sound, a terrific rending detonation that sent a sharp aching through his head, and he sat quivering, both hands nervously clutching the gun. He stared straight ahead of him fixedly. Then he began to laugh. As if in answer there came a call from the upper ridge. Shortly another black figure appeared. Collins staggered to his feet as this second black object issued from the fringe of dim trees, and, in the first strength of a despairing madness, stumbled forward, his hands extending the shaking way; and Collins fired again and again at this new-comer, this lazy McNair, this damned, dirty camp leaver. Suddenly Collins brought up before a dark spot on the white ground. McNair made a wary approach. He found a weeping man crouching beside a dog,

he heard something running over the snow crusts. He was too weak to get up, but he yelled out with all the strength he had remaining. A short time he lay racked and tortured by the doubtful probabilities. What had it been? An animal? Then a brown head came up from the other side of the snow-banked tree, a brown eye winked at him sympathetically.

"Bingo," half whispered Collins. Bingo's first greeting was one of unrestrained joy and satisfaction. He threw up his head and barked loudly; then he cut a few odd capers which were not quite up to his usual form; then he evidenced a little surprise. Collins saw that one of the dog's legs was gashed, over which hurt the blood had hardened, and that his right ear was slit into a bloody ribbon. Evidently Bingo had protested against the dash of the team, and had been somewhat worsted.

The feeling of despair that had almost destroyed Collins' methods of reasoning now left him, and he began to construct schemes for the notification of McNair. How could he express his plight? He had neither paper nor anything with which to write. He had little time to lose, for the combined hunger, exposure and fatigue, to say nothing of the serious wound, had sapped his vitality, and Collins felt that it would be but little longer before his strength would ebb entirely. In the place of writing, what could he send? Every bit of clothing he must keep—possibly he might spare a mitten. Collins ripped a strip from his shirt, twisted it, passed it through a hole cut in the back of the mitten, and prepared to tie the message about Bingo's neck. Bingo protested against this, to him, unnecessary adornment, whereupon Collins gave him a drubbing with his fists, and drew the slip so tight that there could be little possibility of Bingo's rubbing the thing loose. Collins then raised himself and drove the dog away with brands. He shouted at him until hoarse. Then he sank back with a sigh of relief, for Bingo had put his tail down and had slouched off. Collins had good reason to hope, now. The dog was headed for the camp; and really there was no other human habitation within miles. He knew that the sled dog would be sure to seek food, and food was only to be obtained where there were men.

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COUNT TOLSTOI ON HORSEBACK



The famous Russian author, Count Leo Tolstoy, has just passed his 80th birthday in the same parental home at Yasnya-Polyana in which he was born in 1828. Judging from the photograph taken at Yasnya-Polyana, Tolstoy bears his years lightly. He is mounted on his favorite horse for a saunter across the fields, with a green branch in his hand. He is dressed, as always, like a humble peasant, with his white shirt floating over his trousers and a white linen cap on his venerable head.

BIBLE FOR ANY RACE

SCRIPTURES NOW PRINTED IN 480 TONGUES.

American Society Reports That Few Peoples Are Without New Testament—Bible for Blind Weighs 100 Pounds.

New York—In a report of the American Bible society it is revealed that the whole Bible is now printed in 152 languages and dialects, and the New Testament, or smaller portions, in more than 480. It thus appears that there are not many races of people in the world now that have no part of the Bible in their own tongue.

One of the most recent translations is that of the New Testament in Nauru for use on one of the Caroline islands. This was printed by native boys on a mission press and bound in San Francisco, the funds being a gift of the American Bible society.

The Bible society is nearly 100 years old. Its board of managers is made up of business men representing the different church denominations and the large interests of the society are carried on under the most approved methods. The object of the society is not commercial, but is purely benevolent, and all Bibles are sold at or below cost.

In 1817, when the society was organized, there were many homes in America without the Bible, because of the expense, and it was determined to issue the Bible in as cheap a form as possible consistent with good workmanship and material.

There is now an entire Bible that sells at 17 cents, a New Testament at six cents and the Gospels at two cents. The Oxford Company issues a Bible so small that it can be hidden in a closed hand. In contrast with this is the Bible that the society has got out for the use and benefit of the blind; published in 16 volumes, 12 1/2 x 15 1/4 x 4 1/2 inches, and weighing 100 pounds.

The Scriptures for the blind are priced at about one-third of their actual cost and the 16 large volumes can be had for \$8. In the 92 years of the society's work it has issued more than 80,000,000 volumes. Last year the total issue of the society at home and abroad was 1,910,853.

In addition to maintaining agencies in the different countries of the world for supervision of the translation, printing and circulation of the Bible, the society co-operates with all denominations in the foreign field by making grants of Bibles and of funds to help carry on the work. In this country the Bible society has furnished the Scriptures in 60 languages of the immigrants and in ten of those of the North American Indians.

U. S. LEADS AS COAL PRODUCER.

Sixty Per Cent. Ahead of Great Britain in Year 1907.

Washington.—The United States produced 60 per cent. more coal than Great Britain in 1907, over 100 per cent. more than Germany, and, exclusive of Great Britain, more than all other countries combined.

The geological survey, in a report on the world's production of coal, estimates such production at 1,209,184,109 short tons, of which the United States furnished almost 40 per cent. More than 93 per cent. of the total world's production is from countries north of the equator, the countries south producing less than 20,000,000 tons annually.

During the last 40 years the percentage of the world's total produced by the United States has increased from 14.92 to 38.73, and since 1859 this country has held first place, having distanced Great Britain so far that that country can no longer be considered a rival.

BURMAH MA SMALLEST KING.

Sawbwa of Chen-tung Stands Four Feet Nine Inches in Slippers.

London.—J. Mackenzie has written from Burmah about a recent experience when traveling through the Shan states in India. He had the "honor" of being presented to the smallest king in the world. He is the Sawbwa, or Myosa, of Chen-tung, who is four feet nine inches high in his curly Burmese slippers, and was "the quintessence of regal courtesy."

"His palace," continues the writer, "was a thatched hut on stilts, close to the Salween river. He had several wives, who manifested great curiosity when they saw their lord in conversation with a white man. His retinue consisted of four-and-twenty men armed with the quaintest collection of old guns that ever came out of a curiosity shop."

"The little brown king held out a small, plump hand for me to shake. It was as soft as a woman's. He bade me welcome with a smile the most genial I ever saw, and begged me to accept a cocoanut. I knew that it was court etiquette to offer a gift in return, and was embarrassed to think that, traveling 'light,' as I was, I had nothing worthy of his acceptance."

"Suddenly I thought me of a cork-screw knife, bearing the name of a well-known brand of bottled beer, which had been given to me as an advertisement in Calcutta a few months earlier. This I presented to him with due ceremony, and he accepted it with unfeigned delight."

The knife seemed a wonderful article to the brown men, and they showed great delight when all the blades, the corkscrews and hoop-picks were opened for their inspection.

NANNY GOAT KILLS RATS.

J. J. Kennedy's "Nanny" Rivals Terriers by Her Prowess.

Washington.—J. J. Kennedy, whose place of business is at the foot of Eleventh street, southwest, near the river wharf, has a nanny goat that rinks beer and kills rats. In fact her owner says she is as fine a ratte as any terrier that ever walked or four legs. The goat is but a kid being only about nine months old and is a dainty little creature. When she sees a rat she goes after it like a terrier, seizing it with her teeth, shaking it and throwing it to the ground, she cuts it to pieces with her one foot.

On several occasions recently rat have been caught in a trap and let out by one and "Nanny" has pounced on them and killed them every time. The owner of the goat is preparing to have her exhibit her powers in the rat-killing line evenings.

Gas That Will Not Burn.

Silver Lake Ind.—Scott Lawrence, a farmer living about two miles from this city, while driving a well, struck a vein of gas, or something quite similar to natural gas, when down about 18 feet.

After a number of trials, he failed to ignite it. The odor was similar to natural gas, and it flowed from the pipe with considerable force, producing a whistling noise that could be heard for half a mile.

Although the gas was allowed to flow for several hours, there seemed to be no diminution in the force. Lawrence then continued to drive the pipe, and five feet below the pocket of gas he struck a strong vein of pure water.

Dog's Bone in Man's Neck.

Oil City, Pa.—If Henry Bemus of Warren leaves the hospital alive, and the doctors say he will, he will be part dog. Bemus fell from a trestle at Riverside Junction and broke his vertebra from the spinal column and in its place was inserted one from the neck of a dog. The surgeons expect the patient soon will be ready to leave the hospital.

HORSES AND MULES

Advertisement for JACKS AND JENNETS, featuring a horse and mule illustration and text about registered Shropshire sheep, yearlings and ram lambs for sale.

INTERNATIONAL LIVE STOCK EXPOSITION UNION STOCK YARDS, CHICAGO. NOVEMBER 28th to DECEMBER 10th.

Daily Sales of Pure Bred Breeding Stock: Tuesday, Dec. 1, 1 p. m. Wednesday, Dec. 2, 1 p. m. Thursday, Dec. 3, 1 p. m. Friday, Dec. 4, 1 p. m.

Daily Auction Sales of Pure Bred Sheep: Selected from leading herds of this continent. COTSWOLD SALE, HAMPSHIRE SALE, SHROPSHIRE SALE, RAMBOUILLET SALE.

LOWEST SPECIAL FARES ON ALL RAILROADS

ST. JOSEPH STOCK YARDS COMPANY. ST. JOSEPH, MO. We are in the Market every day for Cattle, Hogs and Sheep. We are especially bidding for Range Cattle and Sheep, both for slaughter and feeding.

MORRIS & COMPANY. A FEW SPECIALTIES—Supreme Hams, Supreme Bacon, Supreme Lard, Supreme Sausage, Supreme Dried Beef, Lion Brand Canned Meats. MORRIS & COMPANY CHICAGO ST. JOSEPH KANSAS CITY ST. LOUIS

SHAMROCK WHISKEY. Is Distilled for Medicinal Purposes From Rye and Barley Malt. Age, ten years. No fusel oil, no drugs. Price, \$1 per quart, \$10 per doz. \$2 per half dozen quart bottles, or \$4 per gal. Freight paid to any railroad station on receipt of price, or will ship C. O. D. Write for complete price list. Business record 25 years. Reference, National Bank of St. Joseph, Mo. M. J. SHERIDAN, ST. JOSEPH, MO. Importer and Dealer in Wines and Liquors.

C. F. Rock Plumbing & Heating Co. Modern Plumbing, Steam and Hot Water Heating. 115 NORTH THIRD STREET Telephone 899

JAPS TAN WOOD

Have a Process of Preparing Timber Unknown to World.

IMITATED BY THE GERMANS

Teuton Inventor Planned to Make Raw Material Stronger and Improve Its Color.

While the Japanese do wonderful things in the preparation of timber to be used for furniture and the like by processes unknown to us, this industry is practically entirely undeveloped in Europe, says Woodcraft. The tanning and the polishing of finished timber is just as little satisfactory from the technical and aesthetic points of view as is the impregnation with coloring substances, such as has latterly repeatedly employed. The staining and polishing, apart from the question of appearance, affect only the surface, so that if parts become worn their appearance becomes unsatisfactory. The colors used for impregnation are seldom fast and seldom impregnate in a uniform manner the wood and texture of which, as is well known, not uniform. Attempts have been made to impregnate with alkalis and salts—generally for purely practical reasons—but as regards the coloring and other properties of the wood thus treated the Japanese results have not been even approximately reached.

Makes Timber Stronger. Karl Kammler, Schmidt of Dresden, the inventor of the process here described, started from the idea that raw timber should be just as little used as raw animal hides, which—with exceptions for certain definite purposes—are first converted into leather; therefore, timber should also be subjected to a "tanning" treatment. With that idea in mind, following the Japanese example, the inventor tried to find a process which should not only convert the generally unsatisfactory color of the raw timber into a pleasant and agreeable color but also insure the uniformity and permanency of the color obtained and also improve other properties of raw timber. In that respect it is possible by means of the treatment here described to render timber stronger, the organic substances of soft cellular parts generally contained in the same being converted or acted upon so as to render them better able to resist external influences. It is chiefly in that respect that the comparison between leather and rawhide and the analogy with the tanning process are striking, although in the present case there can be really no question of tanning in the strict sense of the word.

How Tanning Is Done. The timber being subjected in this treatment to the action of moist earth, it follows the natural action to which timber is subjected when lying for hundreds and thousands of years on the moors, which action must be attributed to the "humus" acids (in addition to the iron occurring everywhere in nature) and chiefly to the ground gases. A simple imitation of the natural process is, of course, impossible, on account of its taking such a long time.

According to this treatment, the timber is placed in earth to which an alkali is added. This is effected in the open in an earth-pit or in correspondingly large tanks which will take the earth bed and alkali and the timber. The earth and the boards, or lengths of timber, are introduced in layers. The alkali used is either milk of lime or some ammonia by (such as liquid from horse stables). The alkali is added in ample quantity that the earth bed has an alkaline reaction.

Duration of Treatment. The duration of the treatment depends upon the kind of timber, on the thickness of the pieces of timber treated and on the circumstances whether it is desired to have a complete or partial impregnation of the timber. A complete impregnation will naturally be preferred, in order that the timber when treated should show everywhere the same color. This object is attained by the present process, more particularly in the case of suitable redwood, if cut up into boards of about three to four centimeters in thickness, after it has been left in the earth pit for about one to three months.

MILK FEWER COWS.

Iowa Experiment Station Says More Money in Less Number.

Iowa Homestead: We presume there are few men who have not at some time or another been given the above advice and an army of men have had the substance of it drummed into their ears until they were tired of hearing it, yet the truth of the matter is as vivid as ever, as a recent investigation made by the Iowa Experiment Station shows. Nine herds, ranging in size from twelve to twenty-eight head and numbering 160 head in all, were the basis of a test made public recently and the conclusions for the assertion that it would pay nearly every man who milks to handle fewer cows, but better ones, are as follows: Nearly one-third of these cows, which it might be well to state here were at least of average ability, failed to produce enough butter-fat to pay for the feed they had consumed. In other cases farmers even paid as much as \$10 or \$12 for the privilege of milking cows that stood beside animals returning a profit of \$42 per head. The bulletin points out where a man

USE PHOSPHORUS

Illinois University Expert Tells the Definite Profit in Many Tests.

DOUBLES YIELD OF CLOVER

Wheat Yield Increased Ten Bushels Per Acre on One Farm

Springfield, Ill., Nov. 28.—Dr. Cyril G. Hopkins of the University of Illinois, who has had charge of this state's soil investigations for more than six years, had the following to say about the plant food element phosphorus in speaking to farmers gathered at the various soil experiment fields recently inspected by the soil advisory committee of the Illinois Farmers' Institute: The Ohio experiment station has, as an average of thirteen crops of corn at 25 cents per bushel, thirteen crops of wheat at 25 cents, twelve crops of oats at 70 cents, ten crops of clover and ten crops of timothy at \$2 a ton on land that is richer in phosphorus than our land but poorer in nitrogen than our land, found that every dollar invested in phosphorus paid back \$4.76, while neither nitrogen nor potassium paid for its cost. The same station has found as the average of fifty-six tests in eleven years' work that when rock phosphate was applied in connection with manure every dollar in rock phosphate paid back \$5.68.

On three different series of plots at the University of Illinois phosphorus has doubled the yield of clover as an average of the last three years. On the Bloomington (Ill.) soil experiment field phosphorus increased the yield of wheat ten bushels per acre in 1905, increased the yield of clover more than one ton per acre in 1906 and increased the yield of corn following clover by nineteen bushels per acre in 1907. The increase in either crop would practically pay the cost of phosphorus applied for the three years. In both the Illinois cases bone meal, which is more expensive than rock phosphate, was used.

Experiments with the natural rock phosphate were started more recently in Illinois, but have given good results on our soils. Four years' experiment at the university have resulted in an average increase of the crop equal to \$7.55, while the 250 pounds of phosphorus applied cost \$8, but 210 pounds of it still remain in the soil for use in future crops. The results of 1907 alone are an increase of \$11.68, or \$5.68 more than the cost of the rock phosphate, while four-fifths of the phosphorus applied still remains in the soil.

The value of the increase from rock phosphate in six crops grown on the Galena experiment field amounts to \$14.40, or \$2.40 more than the cost of the phosphate applied, while four-fifths of this phosphate still remains in the soil. Plenty of nitrogen can be secured from the air by growing legumes, the organic matter of the crops can be returned to the soil, but the one element phosphorus must be bought. One ton of rock phosphate containing 250 pounds of phosphorus can be bought for about \$8; the same quantity of phosphorus in one ton steam-boiler bone meal costs \$25, two tons of acid phosphate costs \$10 and in four tons of complete fertilizer costs \$80 to \$100. One thousand pounds of the fine ground natural rock phosphate should be applied per acre once every four or six years, always in connection with farm manure, legume crops or other green manures.

DISCOURAGES RETIREMENT.

Automobile Becomes Factor in Holding Men on Farms.

Iowa Homestead: Of the factors introduced into farm neighborhoods of late years for the improvement of farm living conditions, the automobile is accomplishing a great deal, and one of the best services which it is rendering is that which discourages farmers from moving to near-by towns. The auto keeps farmers from moving to town in several different ways. The old idea was that the farm was a means to an end, in other words that it was a place to dig and toil only long enough to accumulate a competence sufficient to assure a life of comparative ease in some nearby town or city. Thus we have whole towns full of retired farmers in rich or parts of the corn belt, and we have often observed that after a year or two in the city, such people are about as restless and dissatisfied as ever, having failed to find the change as satisfactory as had been expected. Thus the old country idea of retiring, not to towns, but on the farm, is gaining ground. The plan is scientifically and practically sound if people will carry it out with the same spirit that they would the retirement to towns.

Again farmers, as a whole, are more public spirited now than formerly. There was a time when the farmer was a passive on-looker in affairs of neighborhood, county and state. Today it is different. No class of men take so active a part in public affairs as farmers. That they read more and, on the average, give more of their time personally than business men in towns and cities to the government of school and other public affairs, is generally accepted. Time must be saved somewhere in order not to neglect the farm, and the best chance offered to do this is on the road by a more speedy vehicle of transportation than the farm driver. The only possible excuse for a far-

FALL VS. SPRING PLANTING.

Comparative Merits in This Section Are Discussed.

FRENCH HORSE BREEDERS.

How the Present Huge Percheron Has Been Evolved.

The draft horse is getting bigger and bigger. In the late '80s if one weighing over 1,600 pounds came from France it was an event and the horse papers talked about him—with pictures. Today the draft importer will touch nothing under 1,800 pounds and 3-year-old colts often run up to a ton. The favorite draft breed in America—6 or 8 to 1—is the Percheron of France. He comes from Le Perche, southwest of Paris, and nowhere else. The horse breeders in that district have banded themselves into a guild or union, says Collier's, and decreed that no horse from outside the borders of their district can ever be recorded as a Percheron in the stud book of the breed. A colt foaled just across the line out of a mare and by a sire correctly registered cannot himself be registered. The foundation blood of the Percheron is, or is said to be, Arab. The Frenchman will tell you that a Percheron used to drive a plow and thruster by the climate. But whether Arabian extract or not, it is sure that the breed has been made heavy by the climate or human selection during the past half century. When George Sand wrote the Percheron was famous as a road horse, a traveler, a ground coverer. Her heroes used to drive a plow and thruster "behind four splendid distance eating Percherons." No modern Frenchman would dream of driving up to his Ninette's door behind four Percherons. The Perche peasants are artists, sculptors, who within the limitations of their material most wonderfully fashion into being their equine imaginations. It is much easier and simpler to carve a horse of the shape you want on the Parthenon frieze than out in a Lucerne pasture in the Eure-et-Loir district. Pazed by their artistry, the French minister of agriculture gravely reports: "These men of Le Perche are incredible! Command from them the way they will build you one to your specifications."

From the current report of the French horse-breeding bureau it is learned that during the fiscal year 1911,414 mares were bred to stallions belonging to the state; 1,207 to approved stallions, 3,467 to authorized stallions. That is bureaucratic, isn't it?—that country should be able to report a thing like that. And in the archives of the French government is the name and description of each mare in France, together with data about the horse to which she was bred. The French never dream of breeding to stallions of mixed or unknown blood. But the American farmer who bred his mare to a Percheron for a heavy colt usually changes his mind a couple of years later, puts what he got from the first cross to a coach horse for style, this product to a trotter for speed, and the grand result to a jack or a mule. As a horse breeder bred his mare to a Percheron, the Loncez remarked: "He looks only at the outside of a sire (and apparently not so carefully at that) and cares little what kind of blood is running inside."

SEEDLESS APPLES FOUND.

Effort Will be Made to Propagate Them by Grafting.

Topeka, Kan., Nov. 28.—A seedless apple tree bearing a sweet apple that looks something like the Thompson nose has been found on the farm of C. E. Bell at Eskridge. Samples of the apple were received by the State Horticultural society, and next spring an effort is to be made to propagate them by grafting the buds from this tree, the same as grafting is done in other trees. It is believed a variety of seedless apples will be developed. The tree on Mr. Bell's farm has been bearing three years. There is no sign of a seed, but there is a small core, which apple men think can be entirely removed by careful propagation. Onion smut can be prevented to a great extent by drilling air-slaked lime and flowers of sulphur in the drills when the seed is sown.

MEASURING THE FARM.

Mer moving to town nowadays is to secure advantages. A good many families in early life on the farm starve their social natures in the hope of making up for such deprivation by moving to town when the farm is paid for. Laying aside a discussion of such a narrow view of farm life, the point of the matter is that the auto has come into the lives of such people as a means for bringing about the same advantages that they would have by leaving the farm, and has put them in about as close connection with the church or theater in the local town as if they were city residents. Speeding along the highway in an auto makes miles look to the farmer like blocks do to the city man, so that in living a few miles out of town, a man is in reality no farther away from the center of the town's activity than the resident in the stylish or better resident district of the average town of three or four thousand. Possibly this statement should be qualified by saying that this is only the case when the chauffeur farmer is at least a fair mechanic, and by such we would mean able to operate intelligently a mowder or a binder, and when the roads are passable. But bad weather upsets calculations, not only for the man who depends upon the automobile, for getting to and from town, but it also upsets calculations for city people. The fine-grained man who spends his week days indoors anticipates facing a few blocks of heavy traffic, a mowder or a binder, and when the roads are passable. But bad weather upsets calculations, not only for the man who depends upon the automobile, for getting to and from town, but it also upsets calculations for city people. The fine-grained man who spends his week days indoors anticipates facing a few blocks of heavy traffic, a mowder or a binder, and when the roads are passable. 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