THE DAILY LIVE STOCK REPORTER'S MARKET REPORTS ARE OFFICIAL ACCURATE AND RELIABLE. SUBSCRIBE FOR IT AND KEEP UP WITH THE MARKET.

The Fort Worth Daily Live Stock Reporter.

VOL. VIII. NORTH FORT WORTH, TEXAS, SATURDAY, MAY 7, 1904. NO. 108

VESTOCK MARKET

RGE RECEIPTS OF CATTLE, FEW ON MARKET.

Steers in of Killing Quality, but a w Sales Were Made to Speculators Steady Prices—Others Steady.

T FEW HOGS IN, WITH STRONG DEMAND.

rket was Active to 5 Higher—Top .80 for 210-Pound Hogs—Heavies Would Bring $4.90.

RECEIPTS.

	Cattle.	Hogs.	Sheep.
day	1,700	375	250
t month	135	475	...
e day 1903	401	233	1,080

Official Receipts Yesterday.

tle	1,018
gs	843
rses and mules	35

THE CATTLE TRADE

Today's Quotations.

ers—Good to strict choice	$3 65@4 15
Medium fed	3 00@3 60
tockers and feeders	2 50@3 25
Yearlings	1 25@2 50
s—Choice heavy fed	2 75@3 50
Medium butcher	2 15@2 50
utters	1 65@2 15
anners	1 00@1 75
ls, stags and oxen	1 50@3 50
ves—Good to fancy veals	2 50@4 25
ommon to fair	1 00@2 50

The opening market found only two of cattle on the yards for sale, with head. About 50 cars of cattle going ough to grass were reported, which uld be figured with today's receipts, the estimate for the day's total was e around 1,700, against 3 head on the rket last Saturday, 135 for the same urday last month, and 401 for the responding Saturday last year.

BEEF STEERS.

o steers to speak of arrived in to-'s offerings. Only a few odd head on yearling order were scattered around e and there, and as there was nothing kers could use, the little business e was among speculators on a steady is with yesterday's trading.

Representative sales:

	Ave.	Price.
S. & C.	735	3 00
	785	2 50
	570	1 85
	549	1 85
	560	1 75
	570	1 65

BUTCHER STOCK.

The two loads on the market today e mixed loads of medium cows, bulls, rlings and calves.

Packers were around picking up a few t were good enough for slaughter, but bulk of business was of a peddling ure and among outside buyers, on a dy basis.

Cows.

	790	2 65
	682	2 25
	580	1 50

Heifers.

	450	2 00

Bulls.

	1160	2 00
	615	1 85

Calves.

	130	2 50
	220	2 00
	360	1 75
	340	1 75
	240	1 60
	330	1 50
	220	1 35

THE HOG TRADE

Today's Quotations.

ice sorted	$4 60@4 90
ed packers	4 45@4 50
hts	4 25@4 45
	3 50@4 00
gs and roughs	3 00@4 00

t the opening of the market only two were in, two more cars arrived in d season, and with the few wagon s, total receipts figured close around against 460 for the closing day last k, 475 for the same Saturday last nth, and 233 for the corresponding day year ago.

The quality today was good and of ly heavy weight. The demand from kers was good, and all offerings d an active outlet on a strong to 5c her basis.

One nice sorted load of 210-pound corn-Oklahoma hogs topped the market y at $4.80, but something choice t weight would sell as high as $4.90. bulk of sales went at a range of m $4.65@4.75, and pigs largely at $4.

Representative sales:

Hogs.

	Ave.	Price.
	142	4 35
	175	4 65
	207	4 67½
	185	4 70
	203	4 72½
	256	4 75
	212	4 80

Pigs.

	127	4 00
	90	4 05

THE SHEEP TRADE

Today's Quotations.

bs	3 50@5 50
thers	3 50@4 50
Ewes	2 50@3 50
Culls	1 50@2 50

One double-deck of 263 head of good quality clipped sheep came in today, which were as well if not better finished than any that have been on the market this week.

The good demand from packers that has prevailed all week met today's offerings, and the supply sold out early on a strong basis. Sixty-eight head of clipped yearlings averaging 79 pounds, topped the market at $5, with 196 head of clipped ewes averaging 85 pounds at $4.35.

Representative sales:

Sheep.

No.	Average.	Price.
68 clipped yearlings	79	5 00
101 clipped ewes	85	4 35
95 clipped ewes	86	4 35

HORSES AND MULES

Horses.

Drafts, good	$140@150
Chunks, good	75@130
Drivers, good to fancy	75 up
Drivers, medium	55@ 75
Southerners, common to fair	35@ 50
Southerners, good to extra	75@100
Plugs	15@ 20
Rangers, plain	10@ 30
Choice range horses	50@ 75

Mules.

13½ to 14 hands, fat	$ 50@ 60
14 to 14½ hands, fat	75@ 85
14½ to 15 hands, fat	90@120
15 to 15½ hands, fat	125@140
15½ to 16 hands, fat with quality	145@160
16 to 16½ hands, extra, 1,200 to 1,500	165@175

RECEIPTS AT YARDS TODAY.

Cattle.

C. Bryan, Texarkana	41
D. C. Brant, Weatherford	42

Hogs.

C. R. Morgan, Bowie, Tex.	76
Donohue Bros., Mulhall, O. T.	98
M. Zuckerman, Ardmore, I. T.	87
Miles & Congers, Lorena, Tex.	90

Sheep.

Smith & Hamilton, Comstock	263

BUYERS ON YESTERDAY'S MARKET

Cattle.

Saunders	67
McCutcheon	30
Jas. Crawford	43
Corn	25
Williams	11
Musgrave	28
Others	23

Hogs.

Swift & Co.	488
Armour & Co.	439

TELEGRAPHIC MARKET REPORTS.

	Cattle.	Hogs.	Sheep.
Chicago	200	3,000	2,000
Kansas City	100	4,000	...
St. Louis	250	2,000	800
	550	9,000	2,800

Chicago.

Special to The Reporter.

Union Stock Yards, May 7.—CATTLE—Receipts 200. Nominal.

HOGS—Receipts 3,000. Market slow, easier. Top $4.95, bulk $4.75@4.85.

SHEEP—Receipts 2,000. Steady.

Kansas City.

Special to The Reporter.

Kansas City, May 7.—CATTLE—Receipts 100. Unchanged.

HOGS — Receipts 4,000. Heavies strong, lights lower. Top $4.80, bulk $4.65@4.80.

St. Louis.

Special to The Reporter.

National Stockyards, May 7.—CATTLE—Receipts 250. No Texas. Steady.

HOGS — Receipts 2,000. Market steady. Top $4.90.

SHEEP—Receipts 800. Steady.

THE FINANCIAL WORLD.

Summary of the Week's Bank Statement from New York.

Special to The Reporter.

New York, May 7.—Following is a summary of the bank statement for the week:

Reserve on all depoits, dec.	$10,420,050
Reserve on deposits other than United States, decrease	10,448,875
Loans, increase	21,383,200
Specie, decrease	4,585,600
Legal tender, decrease	1,498,200
Deposits, increase	17,345,000
Circulation, increase	5,900

ABOUT THE STOCK YARDS TODAY.

Some extra good pure-bred Shorthorn stock will be offered in the sale next week.

M. Zuckerman of Ardmore, I. T., was represented on the market today with 87 hogs averaging 203 pounds, which sold at $4.72½.

Smith & Hamilton had in from Comstock today 68 yearling sheep, averaging 79 pounds, which sold at $5, and 196 ewes averaging 85 pounds at $4.35.

Donohue Bros., regular shippers from Mulhall, O. T., marketed today 75 hogs averaging 212 pounds, which sold at $4.80, and 23 light averaging 142 lbs, at $4.35.

C. R. Morgan of Montague county had on the market today one load of mixed hogs which sold at satisfactory prices. Thirty-five averaging 256 pounds brought $4.75, 9 averaging 185 pounds, $4.70, 18 averaging 175 pounds $4.65, and 14 pigs averaging 127 pounds, $4.

Read The Live Stock Reporter.

WEEK'S MARKET REVIEW

CATTLE WEAK TO LOWER—HOGS HAVE LOST TOO.

The Only Redeeming Feature has Been the Sheep Market, which was Strong all Week—Receipts of the Week.

Weakness was a feature of the cattle market this week. Hogs are lower. Sheep are strong.

Receipts of all kinds are less than last week. Cattle have decreased 3,300, hogs 1,000, and sheep about 150. Though there was a decrease in cattle receipts, there were more on the market. Through shipments were less than last week.

At the cattle pens, Monday opened with steers a shade lower, and butcher cows pretty much the same. The best sale of steers was at $3.95, and cows $3.25. Tuesday steers steadied up, and good killing cows were active. On Wednesday the market was steady until late in the day, when steers went off about a dime. Thursday's opening was slow, and there was general weakness in steers, but good killing cows were in demand at steady prices. For the week prime steers and cows are steady. Medium to good are 5 to 10 lower; green thin 15 to 25 lower. Bulls and calves steady.

Hogs have a more disastrous tale to tell. They started in weak on Monday, closing 10 to 15 lower. Another 10 to 15 decline was repeated on Tuesday, and on Wednesday a nickel to a dime more was takn off. Thursday's market was strong, and the loss of the day before was recovered. Friday's market was strong. There was an advance today. Top hogs are about 5 lower, others 10 to 15 lower for the week.

While cattle and hogs have their tales of woe, it is different with sheep, who can look a shipper in the face without blushing. Receipts have been fair, but not up to the demand, and good prices have been the rule. On Monday a double-deck of clipped ewes and wethers, averaging 90 pounds, sold at $4.75, and good mutton sheep have made money for their shippers all the week. Some 88-lb wooled lambs sold at $5.75.

Receipts by days for the week are as follows:

	Cattle.	Hogs.	Sheep.
Monday	2,863	1,755	660
Tuesday	2,130	898	888
Wednesday	1,915	1,265	250
Thursday	3,120	1,470	790
Friday	1,018	843	253
Saturday	1,700	375	...
Total	12,746	6,681	2,852

Receipts for the year to date, compared with the same period last year:

	1904.	1903.
Cattle	166,262	88,295
Hogs	133,147	56,997
Sheep	27,097	46,711

CATTLE.

Monday.

Receipts 2,863. Steers, top $3.95, bulk $3.50@3.75. Cows, top $3.25, bulk $2.75@2.80. Calves, top $3.50, bulk $3.25.

The market today on killing steers was barely steady. There was a liberal supply, and buyers, realizing there were fully enough to go around, were bidding lower.

A good many cattle on the market were light thin to medium grass and cake fed steers, and while fairly good killing cattle, they did not meet as good a demand as the good quality heavy well finished steers, and when sold were generally on a shade lower basis.

There was some little demand from the outside for fat cows, while local houses came into the trade with a bearish disposition, and the general market was slow and weak all day.

Tuesday.

Receipts 2,130. Steers, top $4.25, bulk $3.25@3.50. Cows, top $3, bulk $2.25@2.75.

Not enough steers arrived to make any quotable change in the early market. The quality was medium to good, with one load of strictly choice fed steers on sale.

There was a good demand and buyers took the early supply about steady with yesterday. One load of good quality Durham corn-fed dehorned steers, the best that have been on the market since the Fat Stock Show, averaged 1351 pounds and topped the market, selling to Armour & Co. at $4.25.

One large string of light southern grass and cake fed steers sold on the late market yesterday at a range of from $2.75@3.25, while the bulk of sales today landed at a range of from $3.25@3.50. A good many fairly well finished cattle came in late, on which bidding was lower, and were unsold up to a late hour.

The butcher stock supply was small, the quality of which was mostly medium mixed loads, with very few choice cows and heifers on sale.

Buyers were around early buying up the supply generally on a steady basis, with the best feeling on the well finished grades.

Wednesday.

Receipts 1,915. Steers, top $4, bulk $3.40@3.70. Cows, top $2.85, bulk $2.00@2.65. Calves, top $4.25.

A fairly liberal string of steers were among receipts today, mostly of medium quality, with nothing strictly choice on sale.

The late market yesterday closed bad with bidding generally 10 to 15c lower, especially on the medium grades.

The market today was slow and weak, with sales generally on a steady basis with the close yesterday.

The supply of butcher stock was fairly liberal, mostly of medium grades.

Holders of good prime cows and heifers good enough to sell above the $3 mark, quoted the market active at fully steady prices, because of the light supply and good general demand. Sellers of the kind under the above class found the trade slow, especially on canners, and the medium grades of cows are selling generally 10 to 15c lower than on Monday.

Thursday.

Receipts 3,120. Steers, top $4.25, bulk $3.20@3.40. Cows, top $3.00, bulk $2.00@2.50. Calves, top $4.25, bulk $3.00@3.50.

Only a moderate supply of steers came in, of from medium to fairly well finished grades.

The opening market was extremely slow. Buyers did not seem anxious for cattle, and salesmen claimed they were bidding lower. Buyers were a long time getting around, but finally when cattle started to the scales, there was no quotable change from yesterday. There may have been a few weak spots in the trade, but the general run of sales were steady.

The small supply of butcher stock today was composed mostly of mixed loads, with only one or two small bunches of well finished cows to be had.

All prime killing cows met the usual good demand and sold fully steady. There was a poor demand for canners and medium grades, and trading on this class was slow and weak.

Friday.

Receipts 1,018. Steers, top $3.75. Cows, top $3, bulk $2.00@2.50.

The supply of steers today was small and only of light thin to medium grades. After the liberal runs so far this week of this class of cattle, the small supply today did not create much stir in the trade, and steady prices were about all that could be secured, the few on the market selling largely at a range of from $3.00@3.50.

The butcher market was lightly supplied, and the demand was sufficient to get a clearance at steady prices. Good to fancy cows and heifers are quotable at a range of from $3.00@3.50, the bulk of fair to good cows going at a range of from $2.25@3.00. Common old canning stock and soft green cows continue to meet slow sales at a range of from $1.00@2.25.

The market for calves was steady, with a good demand for all desirable killing grades and sales largely at a range of from $2.50@3.50. Best vealers on the market today, though not choice, sold at $4.00.

HOGS.

Monday.

Receipts 1,755. Top $4.85, bulk $4.60@4.75.

The opening market ruled steady. Packers wanted a few to start killing, and a few of the most desirable hogs sold steady with Saturday. This strength did not last long, as reports came in from other points quoting weak to lower markets, and buyers from then on refused to look at hogs other than on a 10 to 15c lower basis.

The bulk of trading was done on the decline, with an extremely weak close, and at a late hour a good many still in the pens.

Tuesday.

Receipts 898. Top $4.60, bulk $4.50@4.60.

The late market yesterday was bad, closing 10 to 15c lower than the opening, and today the market was again slow and dull. Buyers were waiting for messages from other points, which came quoting lower markets.

This did not help matters here, and while packers needed hogs, bidding was generally 5 to 10 lower than the close yesterday.

Salesmen held on for some time, but finally cut loose on this basis, with sales, taking quality and weight into consideration, showing a 15 to 25c decline from the close of last week.

Wednesday.

Receipts 1,265. Top $4.60, bulk $4.40@4.50.

The opening market was extremely slow and dull. Salesmen were pricing their hogs steady with yesterday, while buyers would look over the fence without making a bid.

Some salesmen thought their medium hogs were only a shade lower than yesterday, but cases of this kind were few, and the general trade ruled 10 lower. The late market was stronger.

Thursday.

Receipts 1,470. Top $4.70, bulk $4.50@4.60.

The market took a turn for the better today. At the opening salesmen were pricing their hogs generally 10 higher, and from the strong feeling at the close yesterday knew that buyers had fresh orders and would want hogs today.

While salesmen were unable to advance the market 10c over the close yesterday, the general trade was active and 5 to 10c higher, and just about regained the loss of the early market yesterday.

Friday.

Receipts 843. Top $4.72½, bulk $4.60@4.70.

The quality today was a shade better than the hogs on yesterday's market, and of heavier weight.

There was a good demand from local packers, and with stronger reports coming in from other points, trading was active and generally on a steady basis, with the market in a few cases showing a little strength over yesterday.

SHEEP.

Monday.

A small supply of sheep came in todays early market, not enough to fill local orders. One double-deck of fairly good quality clipped mixed ewes and wethers, averaging around 90 pounds, found a good outlet to local packers and sold early at a steady price compared with the close of last week, $4.75.

Tuesday.

A moderate supply of sheep came in today. Receipts figured close around 900 head, the quality of which was fairly good.

One end of the supply was light thin stockers, but the bulk were well finished grades of sheep and lambs.

All desirable killing grades of sheep and lambs found a strong demand from local packers, and trading was active on a steady basis. On the stocker and feeder sheep the market was slow and salesmen who had these had them still on hand at a late hour, waiting for country buyers.

The top today was $5.75 for 88-lb wool lambs, with a bunch of yearlings averaging around 70 pounds at $4.35, and clipped wethers averaging from 70 to 107 lbs at a range of from $3.55@4.30.

Wednesday.

Only a small supply of sheep came in today. One double-deck of good quality well fed clipped wethers arrived, on which trading was steady with yesterday. The load of 250 head, averaging 105 pounds, sold to Swift & Co. at $4.30.

Thursday.

One double-deck of medium quality fairly well finished mixed ewes and wethers arrived today.

The supply did not begin to meet the good demand, and the offerings sold out early at a strong price compared with yesterday.

Two hundred and ninety-four, averaging 80 pounds sold at $4.25.

PASSING OF BELLE MEADE.

Famous Stock Farm Will Likely Be Sold to Liquidate Debts.

Nashville, Tenn., May 2.—The filing of a bill in chancery looking to the partition of Belle Meade farm among the heirs and also to liquidate certain debts against the estate will probably end the career of that once famous farm as a nursery for the breeding of thoroughbred horses. The estate is in such a badly tangled shape that nothing short of a partition and sale can extricate it from its difficulties. Mrs. Mary H. Jackson, widow of William H. Jackson, Jr., has been making a heroic effort to continue the nursery and she may succeed in holding this part of the estate intact, but the chances are otherwise.

The decline and probable dissolution of Belle Meade bring to mind the decadence of the thoroughbred breeding industry which once flourished in Middle Tennessee. Fifteen years ago Belle Meade, Kennesaw, Willamette, Cliff Lawn, Newtonia, Avondale and other noted nurseries were sending their yearlings to the auction mart every year. Turf history shows what they contributed to the race courses of the country. But now only Belle Meade and Avondale of the old establishments remain and the chances are that Belle Meade will go the way of the others.

AN ABRIDGED BIBLE.

Why Only the Two Covers and a Few Tatters Were Left.

At a gathering of several ministers one of them, who is opposed to the so called "higher criticism," told the following story:

"One day a member of a certain church, who had listened attentively for five years to the preaching of his pastor, took to the divine his Bible, which was truly a sight to behold, with whole books clipped out here or a passage gone there. Indeed, between the covers there was little else left but a few shreds of paper. The pastor was horrified and rebuked his parishioner for using the Bible so shockingly. The parishioner meekly replied:

"'It is all the result of your preaching. When I went home from church each Sunday I cut out of the book that which you had criticised in your sermon of that day. That verse on the Trinity was an interpolation, so out went the strong verse. Then the canonicity of this book and that was doubtful, so out went this book and that. John did not write the gospel of John, so out went what was called the gospel of John. This bit of history was not history, only allegory, so out went that false and deceiving thing. Positively, sir, I have been faithful with my shears, and this is all the Bible I have left—the two covers and a few tatters.'"—Baltimore Sun.

The Submarine Boat.

One of the earliest suggestions of the submarine was that of a British smuggler, Johnson, who invented a boat that was to travel under or above water. With this vessel he proposed to carry Napoleon from St. Helena, but the emperor died while the boat was under construction. The adherents of the emperor promised Johnson $200,000 on the day the boat was ready to start and an immense sum if it proved successful. Some years later Johnson built a boat with which he experimented in the Thames for the British admiralty. In this connection it may be mentioned that one of Napoleon's marshals, Massena, began life as a smuggler on a large scale, and Commodore Thurot of the French navy of that time obtained his knowledge of the British coasts while in the employ of a smuggler.

A DEMAND FOR CATTLE

NORTHERN FEEDERS WANT YOUNG TEXAS STOCK TO FINISH.

Frank Hastings Says the Swenson Ranch has Inquiries for About a Million Head of this Kind.

Sending Texas feeders to the corn-growing states is comparatively a new industry. It has had its beginning within a year past. The success attending the feeding of Texas cattle in Ohio and Indiana first attracted general attention to this new source of supply for the Mississippi Valley agricultural states, and others engaged in feeding cattle for market experimented in a cautious way with Texas raised stock. In every case results were so entirely satisfactory that the demand in the neighborhoods where the experiments were conducted was largely increased.

The decrease in sales to the Northwest, due to the cutting up of the big ranches there, threatens the destruction of the business between the Texas cattle breeding districts and the Northwestern grazing country. Every year for three or four years the shipments to the Northwest have decreased, and this year it is so small as to amount to nothing important. It is apparent that Texas cattle raisers must find another outlet for their increase.

Frank S. Hastings, manager of the Swenson ranch in Haskell and Jones counties, says he has letters from Northern farmers and feeders who want Texas cattle aggregating a million head. These inquiries have come to Mr. Hastings because it was the Swenson ranch that made some of the most satisfactory sales of young cattle in the feeding districts of Illinois and Indiana, and when any of the farmers around where those cattle were sold saw them, and wanted some of the same kind, they wrote to Mr. Hastings for them. The fact that this demand is so great is the main point. The Swenson ranch can't supply a million head of feeders, but other Texas cattle raisers can.

As to the method of handling and placing these cattle, Mr. Swenson says, in the Dallas News: "Our recent experiment has been to take a train load of young cattle to Illinois, advertise an auction sale, and sell the animals out to those who handle them. Our recent experience has proved that this is a most satisfactory way of handling them. In other words, we fixed a price on our cattle at the ranch. We paid the freight, the cost of maintenance, the advertising and in the sale we came out ahead of what we would have received for them at our ranch. Feeders in the North that we come in contact with are very much pleased with the cattle from Texas; it is only necessary to get them interested to convince them that our young cattle will develop faster and show more beef and bring better prices than their own native young stuff with the same treatment. When you can show them that you have played the winning card, for that is the profit in the business that the Northern feeder is after."

Speaking along the same line, W. N. Waddell of Odessa said: "I sold several cars of calves up in Indiana last year to feeders who finished stuff for the Buffalo market, and I told the buyers that I would put on deposit in a National bank in their town $2.50 for each animal sold, and that if at the end of the year all of my calves did not show more rapid and more profitable growth than the native calves, I would make them a present of the $2.50 on each animal. I have received several letters saying that there is no use in keeping the money on deposit longer, that the Texas calves have grown away from the natives, and are bigger, broader and better animals than any of the natives."

A NEW FIELD OF LABOR.

Col. Jim Wilson to Become Ringmaster of a Wild West.

In a morning paper we note that our esteemed friend, Col. Jas. A. Wilson, general agent of the Chicago and Alton railroad, has decided to go in the show business with his warm personal friend, Col. Zach Mulhall. From information at hand it appears that the colonel will be general ring-master for the Mulhall Wild West performances, which are to remain continuously in St. Louis during the World's Fair.

No one in Texas is better known than Colonel Wilson among cattlemen, and while they wish him much success in his new vocation, it is with much regret and feeling that they give him up. A few of the colonel's friends around the stock yards would like to be notified quietly on what date he expects to leave, so that a slight token of esteem may be tendered him, as evidence of their regard.

THE COLORADO CHAUTAUQUA.

Program of the Meeting at Boulder, Colo., for this Season.

The Colorado Chautauqua for the summer of 1904 will be one of the most interesting ever held there. It begins July 4th and extends to August 7th. Among the speakers will be Sam P. Jones, Frank R. Roberson, Rabbi Leon Harrison, John G. Wooley, Dean Alfred A. Wright, Rev. William A. Quayle, Lou J. Beauchamp, Rev. Eugene May, Toyokichi Iyenega and many others.

Any person desiring to learn more about this Chautauqua can get full information from F. H. Boggess, Boulder Colo.

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The grower of farm products, live stock and poultry is requested to read this paper before going to market. It will pay him.

Correspondence telling of the condition of live stock, its progress and improvement of the industry, and anything that would be of interest to stock raisers, is invited.

SATURDAY, MAY 7, 1904

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Daily this paper receives calls from railroad freight agents, claim agents, railway attorneys, or lawyers interested in damage suits against railroads, asking for copies of The Reporter of a back date, containing the market reports on that day. These we have generally supplied; but hereafter we will furnish such papers only at the price of 10 cents each, money to accompany order.

The Reporter is the official market paper of the Fort Worth Stockyards, and its reports of sales are depended upon as evidence in damage suits against railroads, but we cannot hunt up back copies and give them away without a charge. The price is 10 cents apiece.

A Fish That Could Talk.

A natural curiosity captured on the coast of Africa on May 5, 1854, by Signor Cavana and exhibited in all the great cities of Europe during the years 1859, 1860, 1861 and 1862, where it was advertised as the "talking fish," was in reality a species of the African seal, well known to naturalists on account of its wonderful powers of mimicry. This particular animal was about twelve feet in length and weighed something over 800 pounds. It had a fine, doglike head and large, beautiful black eyes, which seemed to sparkle with intelligence whenever the creature was spoken to by any one. It was very docile and when told to dance would roll over and over in its bathtub, with first tail and then head above the water, all the time chattering as though enjoying the sport as much as the spectators did. It soon learned many odd tricks and, it is claimed, learned to articulate at least three words very plainly—viz, "mamma," "papa" and "John," the last being its keeper's name. When told to pray it would clasp its flippers in the attitude of supplication and put on a sanctimonious look.

Butter as Medicine.

Butter is so common a commodity that people use it and scarcely ever think what wonderful value lies at their hands in the pats of dainty yellow cream fat. But this delicate fat is as valuable as the dearer cod liver oil for the weakly, thin people, and doctors have frequently recommended the eating of many thin slices of bread thickly spread with butter as a means of pleasantly taking into the bodily tissues one of the purest forms of fat it is possible to get. Butter is a carbon, and all excess of it is stored up as fat in the body. It gives energy and power to work to those who eat heartily of it; so it is not economy at table to spare the butter even to the healthy folk.

Finger Nails and Disease.

It is interesting to watch the history of a case of disease as recorded upon the finger nails. When we look at the patient's nails, we see on each of them a distinct ridge, showing that the portion of the nail which has grown since the acute attack is much thinned out. If a person has broken his arm within eighteen months, the ridges on the nails of the hand of the affected arm may be seen, while they will be absent on the other hand. The more acute the illness the sharper will be the ridge. Extreme anxiety and mental depression have the same effect on the nails as physical disease.

The Friendship of Youth.

Two boys brought up together sometimes remain fast friends for life, but not so commonly as one might suppose. "I thought you had a little friend with you today, Tommy," said a lady to a child who was walking about alone and disconsolate. "I have a little friend, but I hate him!" was the reply. And the words contain a whole essayful of comment upon the value of friendship founded solely upon propinquity.—London Spectator.

Didn't Want an Elephant.

"An elephant must be a pretty expensive animal."

"Yes; I wish I had enough money to buy one."

"What do you want with an elephant?"

"I don't; I merely expressed a wish for the money."—Philadelphia Press.

IN SPITE OF PREJUDICE

By KEITH GORDON

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"No," said Constance in a tone of unshakable conviction as she lay, her chin propped upon her hands, amid the subdued richness of the oriental pillows. "No; I might love a convict or I might love a Hottenot, but a widower, never!"

Her cousin, Mary Singleton, a practical young woman more given to jests than sentiment, eyed her curiously, but did not speak.

"Just fancy," Constance continued, with scornful derision, "being a man's second choice, listening to a rehash of his first lovemaking! Gracious!"

Her tone implied that the thing was well nigh unimaginable, but her cousin only laughed a bit skeptically and took the other side of the question.

"Do you mean to say that because a person has loved once he—or she, for that matter—cannot love again without feeling that it is a rehash of the old love?" she asked, with a yawn. "My dear girl, you're all wrong! The second love is simply a different matter."

"The average human being," she continued shrewdly, "is capable of a good many loves. I don't at all believe in these one love individuals—the sort who mourn forever, you know. That sort of thing is simply emotional poverty."

Having delivered herself of this worldly observation, she glanced at the clock and began to coil up her loosened hair in a way that signified that it was time that she went to her room to dress for dinner.

"Soulless creature!" taunted Constance, with an indulgent but gently superior air. "Defend widowers if you choose, but none of them for me!"

"You girls with fine sentiments," Mary retorted teasingly, her hand on the doorknob, "are just the ones to look out for." And she passed out, smiling, into the hall. A moment later she opened the door again and, thrusting her head into the room, said in an enigmatical manner:

"By the way, Con, be sure to tell Douglas Stane that when he asks you!" Then, before her cousin could reply, she vanished, slamming the door behind her.

Constance stood in the middle of the room for a moment perfectly motionless, wondering if she could have heard aright. Douglas Stane a widower! For of course that was what Mary ment. Douglas Stane a widower! And in the four months in which they had been growing daily fonder of each other she had never before heard the fact mentioned.

With a quick movement she glided toward the door and locked it. Then, with her hands clasped with painful tightness, she stood in the middle of the room and repeated with growing incredulity: "A widower! Douglas Stane a widower!"

"It can't be true—it can't be—it can't be!" she protested, with a moan. His likeness rose before her—tall, broad and a bit stern of face. Then, going hot and cold by turns, she sank down upon the divan once more and buried her head in the pillows.

"Her lover!" That was what her heart cried out, and, though she would not permit herself to say it, there was a wild, sweet bliss in the thought. Subtly she had known it almost from the first. But a widower!

She shivered now at the very remembrance of things that had once thrilled her—the unconscious softening of his keen eyes when they met hers, the elusive but unmistakable tenderness of his touch when he helped her over a rough place or held her wrap. Time was when the caress of his glance made her blood tingle. Now she remembered it with a sort of loathing. Had his eyes not softened for some other woman?

Thus she wrestled with love and pain until the striking of the clock reminded her that the dinner hour was at hand. Jumping up, she began to dash cold water over her flushed face and wet eyes, while she tried to steady her surging emotions.

"Everything went wrong," she apologized when she appeared at the dinner table rather flurried and breathless. "Couldn't get my hair up right, hooks wouldn't hook, and buttons wouldn't button."

Her cousin smiled.

"Methinks the lady doth protest too much," she thought to herself.

"Dick just telephoned," she announced, feeling rather small and guilty as she noted Constance's flushed face and feverish eyes. "He and Douglas Stane are coming up after dinner to take us down to the Spouting Rock."

Constance opened her lips with the evident intention of declining, but before she could speak her cousin continued glibly:

"I just accepted for both of us because I knew you would like to go." Then she continued under her breath: "Poor old Douglas! Wouldn't I like to hear what she says to him! How shall I ever make my peace with them, I wonder?"

When, the dinner over, they sat on the broad piazza in the twilight she half regretted her prank and decided to speak, but before her good intention crystallized into words Constance spoke to her, and at the studied indifference of the latter's voice and the marked ennui of her manner all her love of mischief returned.

"I never before heard you mention that Mr. Stane is a widower," she said, patting her lips with one of her fingers to discourage a yawn.

"Didn't you?" queried Mary innocently. "Perhaps I never did mention it." Then at the sound of footsteps on the gravel she added rather hurriedly, "Don't lay it up against the poor fellow, though."

Two dark figures were approaching from the foot of the lawn. If Constance jumped at the conclusion that Douglas Stane was a widower just because she had said, "Tell that to Douglas Stane when he asks you," it was her own fault.

Meantime that young lady's greeting to Mr. Stane was a trifle stiff, but no one but her tormenting cousin noticed it. The gentleman himself seemed utterly unconscious. He had determined to learn his fate, and in the grip of that mighty resolve all minor things escaped his notice.

Miss Singleton seemed bent upon aiding him, for she and her fiance were lost to sight around a bend of the road. Stane "Hoo-hooed!" after the manner of the cottagers in the neighborhood, but no answer came back.

"Deserted us already," he laughed, his voice a little shaken by the great question that trembled on his lips.

"Let's hurry and catch up with them," suggested his companion.

"How extremely unflattering!" came his answer. "I was just longing to have you all to myself."

He tried to speak lightly, but eagerness vibrated in his voice. They had emerged from the grove and stood at the edge of the rocks.

"My dear, dear love!" He took both of the small hands in his own and stood looking down at her, struggling to speak calmly.

"You know—you must know," he went on eagerly, "that you are the only woman on earth to me. How I've lived all these years without you I do not know. I can't face life without you any longer. I never knew what it was to live until I met you."

A quick change came over Constance's face; even in the dim light he saw it and wondered, and she wrenched her hands away.

"For shame!" she said hotly. "For shame! Do you think any woman will love you better for ignoring her—that other—the one who in other years was 'all the world' to you?"

She stopped, unable to go further, because the tears were choking her. A look of blank amazement overspread Stane's face, and he stared at her with eyes that were a concentrated interrogation.

"Oh, it seems to me," she went on passionately, "that if I were a man and had once loved a woman well enough to marry her, and she had died, I'd be a little bit true to her memory! If I wanted care, companionship, whatever it is that men remarry for, I'd say so, instead of pretending that I had never really loved before!"

Had she been less wrought up by her feelings, she might have noticed that during this tirade several expressions fluttered like shadows across her lover's face. Astonishment gave way to understanding, and that in turn to a grim determination.

"I see," he said slowly, but in a voice whose ring made her look up at him with the conviction that he was no longer a suppliant for her favor. "You reject my love because"—

"Because you have been married before," she finished stubbornly.

"Jealous of a dead woman," he mused, looking at her through eyes narrowed to a mere slit. "Ah, me!"

Then, as if the episode were closed, he asked quietly, "Shall we return to the house?"

She felt suddenly terrified, bereft. She had expected something very different—expostulation — self justification. A mighty struggle was going on within her. But above the din of contending feelings she heard one clear cry, "I love him! I love him!" and she held out her hands as beseechingly as a child.

"You poor, silly little girl!" he whispered in a voice of great content as he swept her up in his arms, "Who ever told you that absurd tale? But I've proved to you that you would have loved me even if I had been!"

Once There Was a Man.

Once there was a man who complained that unworthy men were too frequently elected to office.

"Do you attend the primaries?" asked his hearers.

"I do not," he said.

"Then you have no right to kick," they told him. "It is the duty of every good citizen to attend the primaries and see that the best men are chosen as candidates."

Whereupon he began attending the primaries.

He worked faithfully for the nomination of sober, honest and reputable candidates.

But it did no good.

The other fellows turned out in greater numbers and outvoted him, and bad men were nominated and elected to office as before.

He felt that he had a right to kick this time, and he complained again.

"Do you attend the primaries?" his hearers asked him.

"I do."

"Then you ought to keep your mouth shut," they said. "You are a part of the crowd that nominates these bad men, and you are responsible for them."

Moral.—Do you get off here or wait till the car stops?—Chicago Tribune.

Where the Ingenuity Comes In.

"Charley, dear," said young Mrs. Torkins, "I have found out something about horse racing."

"What is that?"

"The idea of the game is not so much to pick a winner as to be able to explain why most of your selections happened to be beaten."—Washington Star.

His Excuse.

"How dare you, sir!" exclaimed the indignant girl.

"I couldn't help it, Maud," pleaded the now penitent young man. "You were so maddeningly kissable!"

Still, it was fully ten seconds before she quite forgave him.—Chicago Tribune.

Connubial Bliss.

Brother—I trust that you are happy with your husband, Maud? Maud—Oh, yes, as happy as one can expect to be with a man who is talking of himself half the time and of his first wife the other half.

Soap Trees.

Soap trees are cultivated on a large scale in Algeria. Each tree bears from 50 to 220 pounds of fruit the size of a horse chestnut, which yields a soap free from alkaline qualities.

PEOPLE OF THE DAY

A Candidate For Vice President.

Senator Charles W. Fairbanks of Indiana, who is spoken of as likely to receive the nomination of the Republican party for vice president, took his seat in the United States senate, his first public office, March 4, 1897, succeeding Daniel W. Voorhees, Democrat.

Senator Fairbanks was born in Union county, O., May 11, 1852, and is

SENATOR CHARLES W. FAIRBANKS.

therefore in his fifty-second year. After passing through the common schools of the neighborhood he attended the Ohio Wesleyan university, Delaware, from which he graduated in 1872. He was admitted to the bar in 1874 and removed the same year to Indianapolis. He became prominent in state politics in 1892, being chairman of the Republican state convention of that year. In 1893 he received the entire party vote in the legislature for United States senator, but was defeated by David Turpie, Democrat. Senator Fairbanks was temporary chairman of the Republican national convention at St. Louis in 1896. He was chairman of the committee on platform and resolutions at the convention of 1900, which met in Philadelphia. He is serving his second term in the United States senate, having been re-elected in 1903.

The Landis Trio.

There are three Landis brothers, familiar to Washington—Charles, who is the eldest; Fred, who is almost the baby member of the house, and Kenesaw, who used to be private secretary to Gresham when the latter was secretary of state. They are all of a kidney—bright, witty and unconventional. All of them betray the flavor of the western soil in which they grew. Charles and Fred are newspaper men. Kenesaw is a lawyer in Chicago, whither he went from the state department.

Kenesaw was the first to introduce the family to Washington, and there are few people who had anything to do with the second Cleveland administration who will ever forget him. It seemed a mockery that such a breezy smasher of precedents should be attached to the "foreign office," as the state department was called in those days.

The Vindication of Dreyfus.

The signs are that Alfred Dreyfus, who when captain of artillery in the French army and attached to the war office was charged with supplying certain secret information to the German government, is soon to be entirely vindicated. It will be remembered that Captain Dreyfus was dismissed in disgrace from the service and after a secret military trial at the Cherche Midi prison was banished to Devil's island in 1894. In 1896 public sympathy was aroused for Dreyfus by disclosures which were made showing that he was the innocent victim of a plot, the outgrowth of the anti-Semitic feeling in

ALFRED DREYFUS.

the army. In 1898 Dreyfus was brought back from Devil's island and given another trial at Rennes, where after many sensational features, including an attempt to assassinate Maitre Labori, chief counsel for Dreyfus, a verdict of "guilty with extenuating circumstances" was returned. The sentence was ten years' imprisonment, but Dreyfus was almost immediately pardoned by President Loubet.

The criminal branch of the court of cassation in Paris has ordered a new trial in compliance with a motion made by counsel for Dreyfus. At the beginning of this latest proceeding in the celebrated case the attorney general informed the court that the charges against Dreyfus were found upon investigation, in the light of later information, to be "miserable" and without foundation and "valuable only because of the mystery cleverly thrown about them."

No Time For Fools.

When George Westinghouse, as a young inventor, was trying to interest capitalists in his automatic brake, the device which now plays so important a part in the operation of railroad trains, he wrote a letter to Commodore Cornelius Vanderbilt, president of the New York Central Railroad company, carefully explaining the details of the invention. Very promptly his letter came back to him, indorsed in big, scrawling letters, in the hand of Commodore Vanderbilt, "I have no time to waste on fools."

Afterward, when the Pennsylvania railroad had taken up the automatic brake and it was proving successful, Commodore Vanderbilt sent young Mr. Westinghouse a request to call on him. The inventor returned the letter, indorsed on the bottom as follows: "I have no time to waste on fools."—Success.

Whimsical Criminals.

In the New Zealand Medical Journal appears this story: On walking to the scaffold in solemn procession a criminal once called to the governor of the prison, "Just oblige me, guv'nor, by telling me the day o' the week." "Monday," answered the surprised governor. "Monday!" answered the prisoner in disgusted tones. "Well, this 'ere's a fine way of beginning a week, ain't it?" And he marched on with dissatisfaction imprinted on every line of his face.

On another occasion an officious hangman whispered as he placed the white cap on his victim's head, "If there's anything you'd like to ask me I'll be pleased to answer." The victim craned his neck forward and said in an equally low but very much more anxious voice, "You might tell me, is—is this scaffold safe?"

Olive Oil as Food.

A teaspoonful of pure olive oil taken twice a day improves the complexion and helps to nourish the body considerably. In countries where oil is taken as an article of food very little is known of indigestion and attendant evils.

Alpine Glaciers.

There are said to be 230 glaciers in the Alps over five miles in length.

Russian Icons.

The icon is a very sacred emblem to the Russians. A Russian youth was sentenced to a term of imprisonment for saying of his best girl, "I would rather kiss her than the icon."

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Nerves and Longevity.

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Paris Restaurants.

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Boston Garter, silk, at	35c
Boston Garter, silko, at	15c
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Bon Bon Underwear, 75c kind	57c
Bon Bon Underwear, $1.00 kind	82c
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turn to the left of the road, ex- e left hand naturally in greet- d the scribes write from right turning the paper sidewise, as t handed man would do.

tity officer explained that the ice for the left was due to the to keep the right hand free in nt a stranger should need some- one to him. The "explanation" may not be far from the truth.—Chaplain C. C. Bateman in Journal of the Military Service Institution.

THE WORD HUMBUG.

There Are Various Plausible Explanations of Its Origin.

The word "humbug" has been traced back to the title page of "The Universal Jester, a choice collection of merry conceits, bonmots and humbugs, by Ferdinando Killigrew, London, 1735-40." The following are the most plausible and possible derivations:

In the time of James II, a worthless coin was minted at Dublin from a soft mixed metal, which became known as uim bog, pronounced Ooombug—i. e., soft copper, worthless money.

Some see in it a corruption of Hamburg, from which town so many false reports came during the war of 1799-1806 that such news was received with "Oh, that is a Hamburg!"

Others refer it to hum, in the sense of hoax, and bug, in the old sense of bugbear. Others say it is merely hum buzz, used in combination to signify sound without sense. Others, again, think that it was first applied to Homberg, a chemist and an ardent seeker of the philosopher's stone.—Notes and Queries.

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THE DEATHTRAP

[Original.]

In Arizona there is an electrical stone which crops out above ground in an almost inaccessible mountain pass. The Indians call it the "deathtrap," and the peak on which it is located is called "Deathtrap mountain." Ordinarily the stone is of a blue metallic luster and shows traces of volcanic action, being seamed and ribbed as if by melted lava. It is a rough, jagged outcropping, bursting up through the shale of its surroundings, reaching up the mountain side to the height of about seven feet, when a sharp projection shelves over it again, making a groove about nine feet long and three feet wide. During the day when the sun shines directly down upon it its color is a pale blue, but in the night it glows so brightly as to be seen for a long distance. There is a tradition among the Indians that it became known to their ancestors hundreds of years ago, and this is the legend of its discovery:

One day a speck was seen far up the mountain, descending slowly toward the Indians encamped in the valley. It grew larger and larger as it approached until it was seen to be the figure of a man—not a perfectly made man, not a warrior, but dwarfed and hunchbacked. But if the form was ill favored the face was marvelously beautiful. The features were kindly; the eyes beamed softly, like twin stars after sunset on a balmy summer evening. The man asked for food and shleter, and he was at once given what he asked.

But they gained far more than they gave. Though the stranger knew nothing of herbs, he possessed the power to heal the sick by simply laying his hands upon them or looking upon them with his lustrous eyes. Even the dumb animals were subject to his strange influence, and if he willed it they would flock about him to be caressed. Since he showed no intention of departing, he was adopted into the tribe and made a medicine man.

The stranger lived with the Indians for many years, beloved and reverenced by all. When one of the tribe was afflicted either by disease or sorrow the medicine man was straightway sent for, and as soon as his two luminous eyes beamed on the afflicted, as though the Great Spirit looked through them, the patient began to mend, the sorrowing to regain a more cheerful mind. To the children he imparted health to the aged, whose lot among savage tribes is often to be left in a wilderness to die, he imparted strength to live on.

But at last something occurred to change all this. The chief's son, who when the stranger came to the tribe was but a child, grew to manhood, and it was time that he should take a wife. The young squaws were inspected for the comeliest maiden, and when one was selected preparations were made for the wedding. But when the day arrived and they looked for the bride in her bower of boughs she was not there. The camp was searched, but she was nowhere to be found.

Then came the old women, lamenting and gesticulating. The medicine man had spirited the girl away, they said. The chief resisted the imputation as long as he dared, then consented to treat the adopted son of the tribe as guilty. But so great was the love of the people for him that no one could be found to kill him, so the chief chose a dozen of his best warriors to drive him out of the camp. Early in the morning these braves set out to chase the diminutive medicine man away. To their surprise, he ran so swiftly that they could scarcely keep him in sight. How did he flee so fast on his little withered legs? From time to time he looked back at his pursuers to see if they were following, and at last it began to dawn upon them that instead of fleeing from them he was leading them on.

The chief stood in the valley watching the pursuit in wonder. When he saw the dwarf distancing his fleetest runners it dawned upon him that he was drawing the warriors after him, and he sent out messengers to recall them. He watched his messengers till they came within hailing distance, but saw that the pursuers did not stop. He could himself hear the shouts of his braves who were calling and knew that the pursuers must hear, but they paid no attention to the commands. On and on they went up the mountain side, looking neither to the right nor left, but keeping their eyes fixed upon the dwarf as if bewitched. The messengers, appalled, slackened their pace, but kept near enough to see, dreading that they, too, might fall under the spell.

And now the medicine man comes to a protruding rock, climbs its side, stands a moment on its summit, descending the other side, and is seen no more. But the pursuers follow on, watched by the messengers sent out to recall them, by the chief and the people in the valley. The first pursuer reaches the protruding rock, climbs its side and falls as if pierced by an arrow into the groove passing through its center. The second, the third, every one of the following braves, one after another, passes between the blue lips of the stone as if enguifed by some irresistible monster.

Such is the legend of the discovery of the "deathtrap" that has been handed down from generation to generation for centuries. The Indians believe the stone to have been set by the medicine man to prevent any pursuit after him and the stolen bride of the chief's son. But savage races, though naturally poetical, do not rise to moral conceptions. If the medicine man was accused falsely after all his kindness to the tribe and, driven from them, set the trap to punish them for their ingratitude, the legend would make a beautiful illustration of a moral principle.

HAMILTON MOORE.

Gets Nothing.

Hicks—The way Bragley talks of providing for his wife he seems to think nothing too good for her. Wicks—H'm! And the way he actually provides for her he seems to think nothing is good enough for her.—Philadelphia Ledger.

A Buffalo Chase and Cowboy Carnival

BLISS, O. T., SUNDAY, MAY 8th.

3000 Indians will show one of their ancient customs—Election by the Chase.

The most expert Cowboys in the Territories will compete for prizes offered for roping, riding, branding, etc. Plenty of fun, excitement, novelty. The crowd will be there—join them.

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Two car loads of Vegetables
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Fort Worth Packing Co.
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Facilities for handling Northern and Southern Cattle unsurpassed. If you investigate the markets efore shipping, you will find the Fort Worth Market will net you more money.

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SATURDAY, MAY 7, 1904

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Daily this paper receives calls from railroad freight agents, claim agents, railway attorneys, or lawyers interested in damage suits against railroads, asking for copies of The Reporter of a back date, containing the market reports on that day. These we have generally supplied; but hereafter we will furnish such papers only at the price of 10 cents each, money to accompany order.

The Reporter is the official market paper of the Fort Worth Stockyards, and its reports of sales are depended upon as evidence in damage suits against railroads, but we cannot hunt up back copies and give them away without a charge. The price is 10 cents apiece.

A Fish That Could Talk.

A natural curiosity captured on the coast of Africa on May 5, 1854, by Signor Cavana and exhibited in all the great cities of Europe during the years 1859, 1860, 1861 and 1862, where it was advertised as the "talking fish," was in reality a species of the African seal, well known to naturalists on account of its wonderful powers of mimicry. This particular animal was about twelve feet in length and weighed something over 800 pounds. It had a fine, doglike head and large, beautiful black eyes, which seemed to sparkle with intelligence whenever the creature was spoken to by any one. It was very docile and when told to dance would roll over and over in its bathtub, with first tail and then head above the water, all the time chattering as though enjoying the sport as much as the spectators did. It soon learned many odd tricks and, it is claimed, learned to articulate at least three words very plainly—viz, "mamma," "papa" and "John," the last being its keeper's name. When told to pray it would clasp its flippers in the attitude of supplication and put on a sanctimonious look.

Butter as Medicine.

Butter is so common a commodity that people use it and scarcely ever think what wonderful value lies at their hands in the pats of dainty yellow cream fat. But this delicate fat is as valuable as the dearer cod liver oil for the weakly, thin people, and doctors have frequently recommended the eating of many thin slices of bread thickly spread with butter as a means of pleasantly taking into the bodily tissues one of the purest forms of fat it is possible to get. Butter is a carbon, and all excess of it is stored up as fat in the body. It gives energy and power to work to those who eat heartily of it; so it is not economy at table to spare the butter even to the healthy folk.

Finger Nails and Disease.

It is interesting to watch the history of a case of disease as recorded upon the finger nails. When we look at the patient's nails, we see on each of them a distinct ridge, showing that the portion of the nail which has grown since the acute attack is much thinned out. If a person has broken his arm within eighteen months, the ridges on the nails of the hand of the affected arm may be seen, while they will be absent on the other hand. The more acute the illness the sharper will be the ridge. Extreme anxiety and mental depression have the same effect on the nails as physical disease.

The Friendship of Youth.

Two boys brought up together sometimes remain fast friends for life, but not so commonly as one might suppose. "I thought you had a little friend with you today, Tommy," said a lady to a child who was walking about alone and disconsolate. "I have a little friend, but I hate him!" was the reply. And the words contain a whole essayful of comment upon the value of friendship founded solely upon propinquity.—London Spectator.

Didn't Want an Elephant.

"An elephant must be a pretty expensive animal."

"Yes; I wish I had enough money to buy one."

"What do you want with an elephant?"

"I don't; I merely expressed a wish for the money."—Philadelphia Press.

IN SPITE OF PREJUDICE

By KEITH GORDON

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"No," said Constance in a tone of unshakable conviction as she lay, her chin propped upon her hands, amid the subdued richness of the oriental pillows. "No; I might love a convict or I might love a Hottenot, but a widower, never!"

Her cousin, Mary Singleton, a practical young woman more given to jests than sentiment, eyed her curiously, but did not speak.

"Just fancy," Constance continued, with scornful derision, "being a man's second choice, listening to a rehash of his first lovemaking! Gracious!"

Her tone implied that the thing was well nigh unimaginable, but her cousin only laughed a bit skeptically and took the other side of the question.

"Do you mean to say that because a person has loved once he—or she, for that matter—cannot love again without feeling that it is a rehash of the old love?" she asked, with a yawn. "My dear girl, you're all wrong! The second love is simply a different matter."

"The average human being," she continued shrewdly, "is capable of a good many loves. I don't at all believe in these one love individuals—the sort who mourn forever, you know. That sort of thing is simply emotional poverty."

Having delivered herself of this worldly observation, she glanced at the clock and began to coil up her loosened hair in a way that signified that it was time that she went to her room to dress for dinner.

"Soulless creature!" taunted Constance, with an indulgent but gently superior air. "Defend widowers if you choose, but none of them for me!"

"You girls with fine sentiments," Mary retorted teasingly, her hand on the doorknob, "are just the ones to look out for." And she passed out, smiling, into the hall. A moment later she opened the door again and, thrusting her head into the room, said in an enigmatical manner:

"By the way, Con, be sure to tell Douglas Stane that when he asks you!" Then, before her cousin could reply, she vanished, slamming the door behind her.

Constance stood in the middle of the room for a moment perfectly motionless, wondering if she could have heard aright. Douglas Stane a widower! For of course that was what Mary ment. Douglas Stane a widower! And in the four months in which they had been growing daily fonder of each other she had never before heard the fact mentioned.

With a quick movement she glided toward the door and locked it. Then, with her hands clasped with painful tightness, she stood in the middle of the room and repeated with growing incredulity: "A widower! Douglas Stane a widower!"

"It can't be true—it can't be—it can't be!" she protested, with a moan. His likeness rose before her—tall, broad and a bit stern of face. Then, going hot and cold by turns, she sank down upon the divan once more and buried her head in the pillows.

"Her lover!" That was what her heart cried out, and, though she would not permit herself to say it, there was a wild, sweet bliss in the thought. Subtly she had known it almost from the first. But a widower!

She shivered now at the very remembrance of things that had once thrilled her—the unconscious softening of his keen eyes when they met hers, the elusive but unmistakable tenderness of his touch when he helped her over a rough place or held her wrap. Time was when the caress of his glance made her blood tingle. Now she remembered it with a sort of loathing. Had his eyes not softened for some other woman?

Thus she wrestled with love and pain until the striking of the clock reminded her that the dinner hour was at hand. Jumping up, she began to dash cold water over her flushed face and wet eyes, while she tried to steady her surging emotions.

"Everything went wrong," she apologized when she appeared at the dinner table rather flurried and breathless. "Couldn't get my hair up right, hooks wouldn't hook, and buttons wouldn't button."

Her cousin smiled.

"Methinks the lady doth protest too much," she thought to herself.

"Dick just telephoned," she announced, feeling rather small and guilty as she noted Constance's flushed face and feverish eyes. "He and Douglas Stane are coming up after dinner to take us down to the Spouting Rock."

Constance opened her lips with the evident intention of declining, but before she could speak her cousin continued glibly:

"I just accepted for both of us because I knew you would like to go." Then she continued under her breath: "Poor old Douglas! Wouldn't I like to hear what she says to him! How shall I ever make my peace with them, I wonder?"

When, the dinner over, they sat on the broad piazza in the twilight she half regretted her prank and decided to speak, but before her good intention crystallized into words Constance spoke to her, and at the studied indifference of the latter's voice and the marked ennui of her manner all her love of mischief returned.

"I never before heard you mention that Mr. Stane is a widower," she said, patting her lips with one of her fingers to discourage a yawn.

"Didn't you?" queried Mary innocently. "Perhaps I never did mention it." Then at the sound of footsteps on the gravel she added rather hurriedly, "Don't lay it up against the poor fellow, though."

Two dark figures were approaching from the foot of the lawn. If Constance jumped at the conclusion that Douglas Stane was a widower just because she had said, "Tell that to Douglas Stane when he asks *you*," it was her own fault.

Meantime that young lady's greeting to Mr. Stane was a trifle stiff, but no one but her tormenting cousin noticed it. The gentleman himself seemed utterly unconscious. He had determined to learn his fate, and in the grip of that mighty resolve all minor things escaped his notice.

Miss Singleton seemed bent upon aiding him, for she and her fiance were lost to sight around a bend of the road. Stane "Hoo-hooed!" after the manner of the cottagers in the neighborhood, but no answer came back.

"Deserted us already," he laughed, his voice a little shaken by the great question that trembled on his lips.

"Let's hurry and catch up with them," suggested his companion.

"How extremely unflattering!" came his answer. "I was just longing to have you all to myself."

He tried to speak lightly, but eagerness vibrated in his voice. They had emerged from the grove and stood at the edge of the rocks.

"My dear, dear love!" He took both of the small hands in his own and stood looking down at her, struggling to speak calmly.

"You know—you must know," he went on eagerly, "that you are the only woman on earth to me. How I've lived all these years without you I do not know. I can't face life without you any longer. I never knew what it was to live until I met you."

A quick change came over Constance's face; even in the dim light he saw it and wondered, and she wrenched her hands away.

"For shame!" she said hotly. "For shame! Do you think any woman will love you better for ignoring her—that other—the one who in other years was 'all the world' to you?"

She stopped, unable to go further, because the tears were choking her. A look of blank amazement overspread Stane's face, and he stared at her with eyes that were a concentrated interrogation.

"Oh, it seems to me," she went on passionately, "that if I were a man and had once loved a woman well enough to marry her, and she had died, I'd be a little bit true to her memory! If I wanted care, companionship, whatever it is that men remarry for, I'd say so, instead of pretending that I had never really loved before!"

Had she been less wrought up by her feelings, she might have noticed that during this tirade several expressions fluttered like shadows across her lover's face. Astonishment gave way to understanding, and that in turn to a grim determination.

"I see," he said slowly, but in a voice whose ring made her look up at him with the conviction that he was no longer a suppliant for her favor. "You reject my love because"—

"Because you have been married before," she finished stubbornly.

"Jealous of a dead woman," he mused, looking at her through eyes narrowed to a mere slit. "Ah, me!"

Then, as if the episode were closed, he asked quietly, "Shall we return to the house?"

She felt suddenly terrified, bereft. She had expected something very different—expostulation — self justification. A mighty struggle was going on within her. But above the din of contending feelings she heard one clear cry, "I love him! I love him!" and she held out her hands as beseechingly as a child.

"You poor, silly little girl!" he whispered in a voice of great content as he swept her up in his arms, "Who ever told you that absurd tale? But I've proved to you that you would have loved me even if I had been!"

Once There Was a Man.

Once there was a man who complained that unworthy men were too frequently elected to office.

"Do you attend the primaries?" asked his hearers.

"I do not," he said.

"Then you have no right to kick," they told him. "It is the duty of every good citizen to attend the primaries and see that the best men are chosen as candidates."

Whereupon he began attending the primaries.

He worked faithfully for the nomination of sober, honest and reputable candidates.

But it did no good.

The other fellows turned out in greater numbers and outvoted him, and bad men were nominated and elected to office as before.

He felt that he had a right to kick this time, and he complained again.

"Do you attend the primaries?" his hearers asked him.

"I do."

"Then you ought to keep your mouth shut," they said. "You are a part of the crowd that nominates these bad men, and you are responsible for them."

Moral.—Do you get off here or wait till the car stops?—Chicago Tribune.

Where the Ingenuity Comes In.

"Charley, dear," said young Mrs. Torkins, "I have found out something about horse racing."

"What is that?"

"The idea of the game is not so much to pick a winner as to be able to explain why most of your selections happened to be beaten."—Washington Star.

His Excuse.

"How dare you, sir!" exclaimed the indignant girl.

"I couldn't help it, Maud," pleaded the now penitent young man. "You were so maddeningly kissable!"

Still, it was fully ten seconds before she quite forgave him.—Chicago Tribune.

Connubial Bliss.

Brother—I trust that you are happy with your husband, Maud? Maud—Oh, yes, as happy as one can expect to be with a man who is talking of himself half the time and of his first wife the other half.

Soap Trees.

Soap trees are cultivated on a large scale in Algeria. Each tree bears from 50 to 220 pounds of fruit the size of a horse chestnut, which yields a soap free from alkaline qualities.

PEOPLE OF THE DAY

A Candidate For Vice President.

Senator Charles W. Fairbanks of Indiana, who is spoken of as likely to receive the nomination of the Republican party for vice president, took his seat in the United States senate, his first public office, March 4, 1897, succeeding Daniel W. Voorhees, Democrat.

Senator Fairbanks was born in Union county, O., May 11, 1852, and is

SENATOR CHARLES W. FAIRBANKS.

therefore in his fifty-second year. After passing through the common schools of the neighborhood he attended the Ohio Wesleyan university, Delaware, from which he graduated in 1872. He was admitted to the bar in 1874 and removed the same year to Indianapolis. He became prominent in state politics in 1892, being chairman of the Republican state convention of that year. In 1893 he received the entire party vote in the legislature for United States senator, but was defeated by David Turpie, Democrat. Senator Fairbanks was temporary chairman of the Republican national convention at St. Louis in 1896. He was chairman of the committee on platform and resolutions at the convention of 1900, which met in Philadelphia. He is serving his second term in the United States senate, having been re-elected in 1903.

The Landis Trio.

There are three Landis brothers, familiar to Washington—Charles, who is the eldest; Fred, who is almost the baby member of the house, and Kenesaw, who used to be private secretary to Gresham when the latter was secretary of state. They are all of a kidney—bright, witty and unconventional. All of them betray the flavor of the western soil in which they grew. Charles and Fred are newspaper men. Kenesaw is a lawyer in Chicago, whither he went from the state department.

Kenesaw was the first to introduce the family to Washington, and there are few people who had anything to do with the second Cleveland administration who will ever forget him. It seemed a mockery that such a breezy smasher of precedents should be attached to the "foreign office," as the state department was called in those days.

The Vindication of Dreyfus.

The signs are that Alfred Dreyfus, who when captain of artillery in the French army and attached to the war office was charged with supplying certain secret information to the German government, is soon to be entirely vindicated. It will be remembered that Captain Dreyfus was dismissed in disgrace from the service and after a secret military trial at the Cherche Midi prison was banished to Devil's island in 1894. In 1896 public sympathy was aroused for Dreyfus by disclosures which were made showing that he was the innocent victim of a plot, the outgrowth of the anti-Semitic feeling in

ALFRED DREYFUS.

the army. In 1898 Dreyfus was brought back from Devil's island and given another trial at Rennes, where after many sensational features, including an attempt to assassinate Maitre Labori, chief counsel for Dreyfus, a verdict of "guilty with extenuating circumstances" was returned. The sentence was ten years' imprisonment, but Dreyfus was almost immediately pardoned by President Loubet.

The criminal branch of the court of cassation in Paris has ordered a new trial in compliance with a motion made by counsel for Dreyfus. At the beginning of this latest proceeding in the celebrated case the attorney general informed the court that the charges against Dreyfus were found upon investigation, in the light of later information, to be "miserable" and without foundation and "valuable only because of the mystery cleverly thrown about them."

No Time For Fools.

When George Westinghouse, as a young inventor, was trying to interest capitalists in his automatic brake, the device which now plays so important a part in the operation of railroad trains, he wrote a letter to Commodore Cornelius Vanderbilt, president of the New York Central Railroad company, carefully explaining the details of the invention. Very promptly his letter came back to him, indorsed in big, scrawling letters, in the hand of Commodore Vanderbilt, "I have no time to waste on fools."

Afterward, when the Pennsylvania railroad had taken up the automatic brake and it was proving successful, Commodore Vanderbilt sent young Mr. Westinghouse a request to call on him. The inventor returned the letter, indorsed on the bottom as follows: "I have no time to waste on fools."—Success.

Whimsical Criminals.

In the New Zealand Medical Journal appears this story: On walking to the scaffold in solemn procession a criminal once called to the governor of the prison, "Just oblige me, guv'nor, by telling me the day o' the week." "Monday," answered the surprised governor. "Monday!" answered the prisoner in disgusted tones. "Well, this 'ere's a fine way of beginning a week, ain't it?" And he marched on with dissatisfaction imprinted on every line of his face.

On another occasion an officious hangman whispered as he placed the white cap on his victim's head, "If there's anything you'd like to ask me I'll be pleased to answer." The victim craned his neck forward and said in an equally low but very much more anxious voice, "You might tell me, is—is this scaffold safe?"

Olive Oil as Food.

A teaspoonful of pure olive oil taken twice a day improves the complexion and helps to nourish the body considerably. In countries where oil is taken as an article of food very little is known of indigestion and attendant evils.

Alpine Glaciers.

There are said to be 230 glaciers in the Alps over five miles in length.

Russian Icons.

The icon is a very sacred emblem to the Russians. A Russian youth was sentenced to a term of imprisonment for saying of his best girl, "I would rather kiss her than the icon."

Our Tobacco Crop.

The field value of our annual tobacco crop is about $80,000,000. Its value in its various manufactured forms approximates $500,000,000.

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Nerves and Longevity.

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Paris Restaurants.

A large proportion of the cooking in Paris restaurants is done in the sight of the customers.

The Doctor In the House

No Need of the Family or Any of Your Animals Being Sick.

THE PRACTICAL HOME PHYSICIAN

1157 pages, treating on the cause and cure of every known disease, by the world's best physicians, with prescriptions and large charts of female reproductive organs, in short, explanations and remedies for everything needed in the family that the best practical physician could supply. This book sells in any book store for $5 00

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NOTHING RESERVED..

In this Sale except the goods we manufacture to your order

No goods on approbation

Strictly cash

Furnishing Goods

E. & W. Collars and Cuffs at	$16\frac{2}{3}$c
Guyot Suspenders at	35c
Knothe Bros. Suspenders at	35c
H. & P. Suspenders at	35c
Boston Garter, silk, at	35c
Boston Garter, silko, at	15c
Scrivens' Elastic Seam Drawers at	40c
Bon Bon Underwear, 75c kind	57c
Bon Bon Underwear, $1.00 kind	82c
Bon Bon Underwear, $1.50 kind	$1 10
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John B. Stetson, stiff, $4.00 kind	$2 75
John B. Stetson, soft, $5.00 kind	$3 85
John B. Stetson, soft, $6.00 kind	$4 40
John B. Stetson, soft, $7.00 kind	$4 75
John B. Stetson, soft, $10.00 kind	$7 70
Longly, soft and stiff, $3.00 kind	$2 20
Thoroughbred, soft and stiff, $3.00 kind	$2 20
No Name, soft and stiff, $3.00 kind	$2 20

All Straw hats same as above. Fifty new styles to select from.

CLOTHING--All the Leading Brands

Suits, former price $10.00, now	$7 70
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Suits, former price $15.00, now	$11 00
Suits, former price $18.00, now	$12 00
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THE QUEER MOROS.

of the Peculiarities of This Left Handed People.

judge Moros by inflexible occi- standards of motives and mor- to lose at once the key to the ion. The very structure of their ge differentiates them from our- Verbs are in the passive voice. an who was slashed and killed ed the trouble. The under dog fight is always the aggressor. hief is not blamed for "finding" lying about at loose ends; the ho lost the property is the real al—besides, he is a fool. If he a sensible man he would have ed vigilance against the ap- of the thief. Moros reverse ev- g. Like all orientals, they ven- he past and their folklore; myths ends abound in tales not unlike of the "Arabian Nights' Enter- nt."

turn to the left of the road, ex- he left hand naturally in greet- d the scribes write from right turning the paper sidewise, as t handed man would do.

tty officer explained that the nce for the left was due to the to keep the right hand free in nt a stranger should need some- ne to him. The "explanation" may not be far from the truth.—Chaplain C. C. Bateman in Journal of the Military Service Institution.

THE WORD HUMBUG.

There Are Various Plausible Explanations of Its Origin.

The word "humbug" has been traced back to the title page of "The Universal Jester, a choice collection of merry conceits, bonmots and humbugs, by Ferdinando Killigrew, London, 1735-40." The following are the most plausible and possible derivations:

In the time of James II. a worthless coin was minted at Dublin from a soft mixed metal, which became known as uim bog, pronounced Ooombug—i. e., soft copper, worthless money.

Some see in it a corruption of Hamburg, from which town so many false reports came during the war of 1799-1806 that such news was received with "Oh, that is a Hamburg!"

Others refer it to hum, in the sense of hoax, and bug, in the old sense of bugbear. Others say it is merely hum buzz, used in combination to signify sound without sense. Others, again, think that it was first applied to Homberg, a chemist and an ardent seeker of the philosopher's stone.—Notes and Queries.

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THE DEATHTRAP

[Original.]

In Arizona there is an electrical stone which crops out above ground in an almost inaccessible mountain pass. The Indians call it the "deathtrap," and the peak on which it is located is called "Deathtrap mountain." Ordinarily the stone is of a blue metallic luster and shows traces of volcanic action, being seamed and ribbed as if by melted lava. It is a rough, jagged outcropping, bursting up through the shale of its surroundings, reaching up the mountain side to the height of about seven feet, when a sharp projection shelves over it again, making a groove about nine feet long and three feet wide. During the day when the sun shines directly down upon it its color is a pale blue, but in the night it glows so brightly as to be seen for a long distance. There is a tradition among the Indians that it became known to their ancestors hundreds of years ago, and this is the legend of its discovery:

One day a speck was seen far up the mountain, descending slowly toward the Indians encamped in the valley. It grew larger and larger as it approached until it was seen to be the figure of a man—not a perfectly made man, not a warrior, but dwarfed and hunchbacked. But if the form was ill favored the face was marvelously beautiful. The features were kindly; the eyes beamed softly, like twin stars after sunset on a balmy summer evening. The man asked for food and shleter, and he was at once given what he asked.

But they gained far more than they gave. Though the stranger knew nothing of herbs, he possessed the power to heal the sick by simply laying his hands upon them or looking upon them with his lustrous eyes. Even the dumb animals were subject to his strange influence, and if he willed it they would flock about him to be caressed. Since he showed no intention of departing, he was adopted into the tribe and made a medicine man.

The stranger lived with the Indians for many years, beloved and reverenced by all. When one of the tribe was afflicted either by disease or sorrow the medicine man was straightway sent for, and as soon as his two luminous eyes beamed on the afflicted, as though the Great Spirit looked through them, the patient began to mend, the sorrowing to regain a more cheerful mind. To the children he imparted health to the aged, whose lot among savage tribes is often to be left in a wilderness to die, he imparted strength to live on.

But at last something occurred to change all this. The chief's son, who when the stranger came to the tribe was but a child, grew to manhood, and it was time that he should take a wife. The young squaws were inspected for the comeliest maiden, and when one was selected preparations were made for the wedding. But when the day arrived and they looked for the bride in her bower of boughs she was not there. The camp was searched, but she was nowhere to be found.

Then came the old women, lamenting and gesticulating. The medicine man had spirited the girl away, they said. The chief resisted the imputation as long as he dared, then consented to treat the adopted son of the tribe as guilty. But so great was the love of the people for him that no one could be found to kill him, so the chief chose a dozen of his best warriors to drive him out of the camp. Early in the morning these braves set out to chase the diminutive medicine man away. To their surprise, he ran so swiftly that they could scarcely keep him in sight. How did he flee so fast on his little withered legs? From time to time he looked back at his pursuers to see if they were following, and at last it began to dawn upon them that instead of fleeing from them he was leading them on.

The chief stood in the valley watching the pursuit in wonder. When he saw the dwarf distancing his fleetest runners it dawned upon him that he was drawing the warriors after him, and he sent out messengers to recall them. He watched his messengers till they came within hailing distance, but saw that the pursuers did not stop. He could himself hear the shouts of his braves who were calling and knew that the pursuers must hear, but they paid no attention to the commands. On and on they went up the mountain side, looking neither to the right nor left, but keeping their eyes fixed upon the dwarf as if bewitched. The messengers, appalled, slackened their pace, but kept near enough to see, dreading that they, too, might fall under the spell.

And now the medicine man comes to a protruding rock, climbs its side, stands a moment on its summit, descending the other side, and is seen no more. But the pursuers follow on, watched by the messengers sent out to recall them, by the chief and the people in the valley. The first pursuer reaches the protruding rock, climbs its side and falls as if pierced by an arrow into the groove passing through its center. The second, the third, every one of the following braves, one after another, passes between the blue lips of the stone as if engulfed by some irresistible monster.

Such is the legend of the discovery of the "deathtrap" that has been handed down from generation to generation for centuries. The Indians believe the stone to have been set by the medicine man to prevent any pursuit after him and the stolen bride of the chief's son. But savage races, though naturally poetical, do not rise to moral conceptions. If the medicine man was accused falsely after all his kindness to the tribe and, driven from them, set the trap to punish them for their ingratitude, the legend would make a beautiful illustration of a moral principle.

HAMILTON MOORE.

Gets Nothing.

Hicks—The way Bragley talks of providing for his wife he seems to think nothing too good for her. Wicks—H'm! And the way he actually provides for her he seems to think nothing is good enough for her.—Philadelphia Ledger.

A Buffalo Chase and Cowboy Carnival

BLISS, O. T., SUNDAY, MAY 8th.

3000 Indians will show one of their ancient customs—Election by the Chase.

The most expert Cowboys in the Territories will compete for prizes offered for roping, riding, branding, etc. Plenty of fun, excitement, novelty. The crowd will be there—join them.

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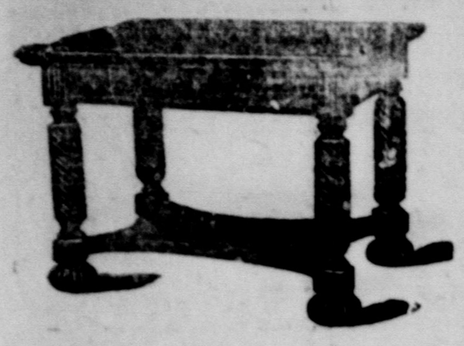

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For TRUCK FARMING and the POULTRY INDUSTRY, it is unsurpassed. There is always a scarcity of vegetables, poultry and eggs here, and prices for these articles are always higher in Fort Worth than in any other town in Texas. One half of the vegetables used in Fort Worth are shipped in by train.

For FEEDING PENS, owing to its closeness to the packing houses, it will be very valuable to cattlemen. They hold their cattle here and when the market justifies it, can drive them at once to the packing houses, and get the advantage of the highest prices.

As an INVESTMENT.—At Rosen Heights, about one mile away, property is selling at from $750 to $1,000 per acre. This property will soon be needed for residence property, and cannot fail to increase very materially in value in the near future.

Phone 2925.

Texas Immigration Bureau.

When Kisses Were Frequent.

It has long been known to ethnologists that among many primitive tribes and races the practice of kissing was unknown. Among the Lapps and the Maoris rubbing of noses occupied its place. The average native of Japan still knows nothing of the practice of kissing.

The practice of lip to lip salutation was especially characteristic of English social life in Tudor times. Its universal employment was one of the things noticed by Erasmus during his sojourn in England and is thus commented on in one of his "Epistolae:" "Here are girls with angels' faces, so kind and obliging that you would prefer them to all your muses. Besides, there is a custom here never to be sufficiently commended. Whenever you come you are received with a kiss by all; when you take your leave, you are dismissed with kisses; you return, kisses are repeated. They come to visit you, kisses again; they leave you, you kiss them all round. Should they meet you anywhere, kisses in abundance. In fine, wherever you move, there is nothing but kisses."

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One Consolation.

Patient (feebly)—Doctor, do you think I shall survive the operation? Proud Physician—Well, sir, if you don't, you have the satisfaction of knowing that it cost nearly twice as much as any similar one performed in the city.—Smart Set.

The Precise Moment.

Bessie—And when does a young man begin to think about marriage? Tom—About two months after marriage, as a rule.—Puck.

Echoes in large rooms may sometimes be prevented by hanging heavy tapestry on the walls.

Famous Shoes Make Life's Walk Easy for Man, Woman or Child. Try Them.

Note our portrayal of Spring and Summer Oxfords for

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DUCKOLOGY.

Tersely Stated Points Which Will Instruct the Duck Breeder.

The molting period of the duck is about six weeks.

Soft shelled eggs are not as common with ducks as with hens.

The New York market makes no distinction between white and yellow skinned ducklings.

It is estimated that 200,000 ducklings are annually hatched on the duck ranches of Long Island.

Eel grass, found in the bottom of the creeks on Long Island, seems to be a natural food for ducks.

Cracked oyster shells should be placed before the ducklings from the time they are put in the brooder house.

Twisted wings in ducklings are due to a rapid growth of the quills, they growing faster than the feathers holding up the flights.

For strong fertility and a good hatch duck eggs should be set as soon after laid as possible, as they quickly lose their fertility.

Ducklings accustomed to bathing water at six weeks of age can stand more exposure to rainstorms than those kept on land.

Young ducklings do not require, neither should they have, an unlimited range. A hen rarely raises young ducklings when she compels them to follow her about the farm. They cannot stand very much exercise.

A. J. Hallock says it costs 5 cents per pound to feed ducks up to ten weeks of age, 2 cents for help, 2 cents to market and 3 cents for eggs, insurance, etc., making a total of 12 cents a pound. All over that amount, when sold, is profit.

Ducklings are generally kept in the heated brooder for from three to five weeks, according to the season or demand for room. After that they are put in cold brooders for about two weeks. Early in the season, however, they are often kept in the cold brooders until ready for market.—Alfred Boyer in American Poultry Journal.

A New Breed.

It is doubtful whether a better all round fowl can be produced than the Rhode Island Whites, says J. H. Jocoy in American Cultivator. They have proved their good qualities under all conditions. As appears from the photograph, they very much resemble the Plymouth Rock in shape and size except their comb, which is more like the Wyandotte.

They are healthy and hardy, the chicks are easy to raise, and as dressed poultry they have no superior either as broilers or roasters. Their yellow skin, clean legs, small bone and plump breasts make them an ideal fowl for market. They are rapid growers and mature about as early as the Leghorns. They seldom want to sit, but when they do they make good mothers, and as egg producers I have never seen their equal. I have raised poultry and eggs for market for about twenty-five years and have bred about all the different varieties except the games and bantams, and, while I find all of the different breeds have some particular good qualities, yet with me, under the same conditions, the Rhode Island Whites excel all other breeds.

PAIR OF RHODE ISLAND WHITES.

Hatching and Raising Poults.

I always let a turkey hen sit and raise the young, as she has more wisdom about turkey raising than any one in the human family. I usually sit two common hens on turkey eggs at the same time as the turkey and give all the poults to the turkey hen. She can raise a large family as well as a small one. There are many ways of feeding young turkeys, and usually each one thinks his way is the best. After experimenting I adopted a course of feeding that has helped me some years to raise nearly every one that hatched. The first feed is hard boiled eggs, chopped shell and all.

I feed this two days, then chop dandelion leaves with the egg, adding part sour milk curd with a little sharp grit. At night I chop onions instead of the dandelion leaves, giving a little curd at noon. After four days the brood is allowed the run of the orchard, always cooping at night. Once a week they should be dusted with insect powder for lice, until they are turned out on the alfalfa range to take care of themselves. The lice locate between the quill feathers on the wing. One should have strong, vigorous stock, and if kept under control until the young birds have passed the critical period of shooting the red, there is no reason why every ranch should not have a large flock of turkeys.—Mrs. Charles Jones in Field and Farm.

Eggs by Weight.

There is a great demand for eggs in Germany by weight. The poultrymen are as anxious for this change in the manner of selling eggs as the consumers. The claim there is that eggs that are home grown are larger and weigh more than those imported, and by selling by the dozen the competition places them at a disadvantage. They claim that German eggs weigh from 25 to 54 pennyweights each, while the imported eggs with which they have to compete weigh from 25 to 32 pennyweights.

Exploding Trees.

When lightning strikes a tree the heat generated is sometimes so great that all the sap is converted into superheated steam, which explodes, tearing the tree to splinters.

Inconsistent.

Mrs. Smith—Mr. Smith, your rage makes you inconsistent. Mr. Smith—How so? Mrs. Smith—Why, because you are swearing on the prayer rug.

FROM SHELL TO BROODER.

Cooling and Turning the Eggs. Hardening Chicks in the Incubator.

It is not difficult to secure good hatches from good eggs. Almost any one having a good machine can obtain a satisfactory hatch. Authorities differ somewhat as to the benefits derived from cooling the eggs, and a few deny that any good can come of the practice, but the consensus of opinion seems to be that reasonable cooling is decidedly beneficial. In cold weather the best hatches seem to be secured from eggs which are cooled slightly the twelfth day and for an increasing period each day until the eighteenth, inclusive, when they are allowed to remain out of the machine until the shells feel but slightly warm to the touch, but in warm weather they are cooled a few minutes on the fifth and the time increased daily up to the eighteenth day, after which they should not be touched again. On this day they remain out fifteen or twenty minutes and sometimes, on a very warm day, for a half hour. Do not disturb the trays from this time until the hatch is complete. Cooling should be done when turning the eggs at evening.

When all the chicks appear to be pretty well dried, open the machine, remove the trays and, closing the door, except a minute crack for better ventilation, leave the little fellows in the egg chamber for twenty-four to forty-eight hours, gradually decreasing the temperature until the thermometer registers 95 at the end of twenty-four hours. As the thermometer hangs above the chicks, it is probably a degree less at the chicks' heads. I have found this plan to work very satisfactorily. The chicks go into the brooder accustomed to a lower temperature and ready to eat anything that they can find. I believe that most machines do not furnish enough fresh air for the chicks after they are well dried off, and I open the door just a little that they may be supplied.

The temperature of the brooder should be fixed at 90 before the chicks are put in, as its complement of chicks adds 2 to 5 degrees when they are under the hover.—H. A. Nourse in Reliable Poultry Journal.

Hasten the Day.

In the list of our poultry judges are some of the cleanest men and finest gentlemen that can be found anywhere. There are not lacking, however, those who regard it as a mark of manliness to be able to consume large quantities of liquor. There is an increasing number of poultry associations that are getting tired of this sort of thing. We are not running a temperance paper, and we wouldn't require a judge to sign the pledge before we engaged him for a show, but we have an idea that it will not do an association any great amount of good to employ men who sometimes have to be put to bed during show week. Judges of this stamp will hear something drop one of these days.—Editor Rankin in Poultry Herald, January, 1904.

To allow men with alcohol befogged minds to place the closely contested awards at a poultry show is to wrong the birds, ignore the rights of exhibitors and insult the visiting public. Do not put to bed these liquor soaked violators of an importan' trust; put them out, at least until they mend their ways. Their place is in the ranks. They have no right to occupy judicial positions, where they are allowed to pass upon the valuable property of exhibitors who love their birds and have the right to demand a fair deal.—Reliable Poultry Journal.

A Fine American.

This mammoth bird, which weighed forty-five pounds in good condition, was bred and raised by the Valley farms of Hartford, Conn. He was shown at the big Madison Square Garden poultry show in New York, where he easily won first, and was afterward sold to go to England to be used to improve the stock of that country. The picture is reproduced from American Agriculturist.

CHAMPION BRONZE TURKEY.

On a Large Scale.

It is said that a large poultry farm is soon to be established in Worcester, Mass., and when the buildings and equipment are complete the plant will represent an investment of $50,000. The farm will be devoted exclusively to producing choice birds for the market and eggs. The plant will be located on a twenty acre farm.

Partially Returned.

Algy—You say she only partially returned your affection? Clarence—Yes, and that's what I'm annoyed about. She returned all the love letters, but retained all the jewelry.

Well Prepared.

Minister (to widow)—I hope the dear departed was prepared to die? Widow—Oh, yes; he was insured in three good companies.

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The waist is made over a fitted lining which is faced to form the yoke and on which the full front and backs and the circular folds, which give a bertha effect, are arranged. The sleeves are made plain above the folds but full and soft below, forming full puffs which are finished with frills when elbow length is used, and below which deep cuffs are added to give full length. At the waist is a shaped bodice that is softly draped.

The quantity of material required for the medium size is 5 yards 21 inches wide, 4 yards 27 inches wide or 2¾ yards 44 inches wide, with 1 yard of all-over lace, 1¾ yards of velvet and 3 yards of lace for frills to make as illustrated.

The pattern 4641 is cut in sizes for a 32, 34, 36, 38 and 40-inch bust measure.

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When the pattern is bust measure, you need only mark 32, 34 and 36 or whatever it may be. When in waist measure, 22, 24, 26, or whatever it may be. When Miss' or Child's Pattern, write only the figure representing the age. It is not necessary to write "inches" or "years."

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MONEY TO LOAN on farms and ranches by W. C. Belcher Land Mortgage Co., Board of Trade Bldg., Fort Worth.

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FIFTY high-grade Polled Durham Red Polled heifers and young cows for sale, $25 to $30. JACOB MOSER, Phone 1521, Dallas, Tex.

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