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SPILLS FAILURE.
From the Dakotas numerous sorry stories of shipments of cattle are arriving.

From the Dakotas numerous sorry stories of shipments of cattle are arriving. Their condition advertises summer vicissitude in the range country. They come from small owners and many bunches do not contain two cattle of the same size.

CO-OPERATIVE SLAUGHTERING.
National Stockman and Farmer: The old story about what the butchers are going to do for the public and to the packers has been revived.

There is ample capital in this country to permit enterprising men to go into the business of slaughtering. The little fellows are growing just like the big fellows grow, but not so fast because the business is not capable of such rapid expansion as it used to be when there was less competition.

WHY THE DIFFERENCE?
In discussing the "Back-to-the-Farm" movement the Cincinnati Times-Star calls attention to the fact that if a report to the effect that gold had been discovered in some rural community were circulated in our cities there would be a rush to that community that could not be checked.

AUTOMOBILE DUST.
Homes Declared Infected With "Infantile Paralysis and Tuberculosis."

Topoka, Kan., Aug. 18.—The State Board of Health is confronted by the serious problem of the clouds of dust stirred up by motor cars, and the next legislature may be asked to require that the oiling or constant sprinkling of all main traveled roads, especially those through the towns.

THE MANGO OF TODAY.
It is some years now since growers have been improving the mango down in Southern Florida. Indeed, its fruit of a tree from the East Indies is now perfection.

Daddy's Bedtime Story



JACK had been telling daddy and Evelyn about some boys in his class who gave foolish answers to questions the teacher had asked them, so daddy told the two youngsters that evening about some famous silly people.

ports almost every day of wonderful profits earned by small farmers and fruit growers in almost every section of the land, profits that put the income of the average resident of the large city to shame and no one seems to pay any attention to them.

RECORD TEMPERATURES.
Miles City, Mont., holds the record for variation in temperature. The highest temperature recorded there is 111 degrees, which is within 5 degrees of the hottest recorded in the United States.

COCKROACHES.—The best thing for roaches is the common borax; just mix the borax with a little sugar and sprinkle it in the closets or pantry or wherever they are and you will soon be rid of them.

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IN WOMAN'S REALM

FOR THE VEGETARIAN.
Dessert.—A pretty dessert for a vegetarian dinner may be made in the following manner: Cook rice in water without stirring and form it in circles on fruit plate.

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FARMING IN GLASSHOUSES

Does farming pay? Is this cry of "back to the soil" the goods or the bane? According to the testimony of the farmers of Dorr Road, southwest of Toledo, Ohio, the answer to these questions is: "Yes, farming does pay, and the 'back to the soil' slogan is the goods—provided, in this northern climate you are careful to keep part of your farm under grass."

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Her Supreme Moment

By Annie Hinrichsen

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The manager, who was also the leading man, faced the newest member of his company with a stony countenance.

"I can't do it," the newest member wailed. "I can't—I can't. Play that part here, of all places—a part I don't know and haven't time to learn. Is it necessary? Won't you reconsider?"

The manager sighed inwardly. But before him were two ill—the anger of his star, the grief of his newest member; and the grief of the newest member was a tiny evil compared with the anger of his star.

"I'm sorry, Miss Fortesque—awfully sorry. But I can't help it." "Aren't you the manager? Don't you control this company?"

He was silent. He was the manager, but the star was the star, and to her he was in absolute subjection.

"This is my home town, Mr. White, and tonight will be my first appearance here in a professional company. Every man, woman and child who will come here tonight knows me. I was born and raised here; so were my parents and grandparents. If you change the bill and compel me to play 'Marna' in 'Stratton's Policy' you will make me ridiculous. I don't know the play nor the part; I don't know a dozen lines."

"Your part is a minor one and you can subordinate it still more. Keep well away from the center of the stage, speak only when addressed and out all business of acting. The rest of the company are so familiar with the play that they can swing it along without much help from you."

"One can't play even the part of a lay figure without preparation." Six months before he had taken her from a company in which she was playing an insignificant part and given her a place in his own, second in importance to that of his star.



ance of all the laws of the profession, her own individuality had turned a small role into a conspicuous one.

"Mr. White, hasn't there been in your life a purpose that meant more to you than anything else—that you dreamed of and worked for with all the strength that was in you? Haven't you looked forward to the time when your own endeavors brought the realization of the dream? Perhaps my dream has not been a very lofty one; but I have put into it everything I have. It was that I might successfully play a good role in a big company before the people of my own town. I've toiled, drugged, slaved since the day I left here. I've made good. I've come back in a part that the critics say is remarkably well done. Tonight's performance was to have been the biggest event of my life, the supreme moment toward which every one who has a dream of an ideal looks—the big realization! And for a whim you will wreck it all. You will change the bill and put on 'Stratton's Policy' instead of 'The Holbrookes' and give me a part I've never seen. The company had ended the tour with 'Stratton's Policy' when I joined them. I'll be worse than a failure—I'll be a horrible, ghastly travesty of an actress. Don't—I can't—I won't!"

"You must," declared the manager. He had to do an unpleasant thing and he intended to be brave and firm about it. "We shall not discuss the matter any longer. The play tonight is 'Stratton's Policy' and you are 'Marna.'"

All afternoon they rehearsed. Miss Fortesque's part was made as insignificant as possible, but even in the background her unfamiliarity with the role showed glaringly awkward. Every member of the company, except the famous star, Miss Dura Deene, was ill humored. Miss Dura Deene was happy and patronizingly amiable to Miss Fortesque.

Long before the curtain of the Shorehamville theater rose every seat in the house and every foot of standing room had been sold. Shorehamville was a southern city of old traditions. Mary Fortesque had been the most popular girl in the city; in her youth her mother had held the same distinction; and there were aged gentlemen who spoke of the early beauty

and charm of her grandmother. Three generations of friends and relatives packed the house.

The first act was half over. The leading man, who was also the manager, had received an almost inaudible greeting, the famous star a weak and perfunctory applause.

The curtains at the back of the stage parted. Marna, sister of the hero, ran in and threw her arms around the neck of her stage brother. A cheering roar broke from the house. Every man and woman in it seemed to be clapping, cheering and pounding. The volume of sound subsided and rose, again and again.

With her arm tightly about the neck of the leading man Mary Fortesque turned toward the audience. As fresh and innocent and unspoiled as when she had left home, she stood before them with all the sweetness of the home-loved, home-loving southern girl.

The leading man squirmed uneasily and her arm tightened about his neck.

As the last chord died away, still gripping the leading man's neck with her arm, half dragging him, she walked to the center of the stage.

"My friends, my own people," she began. "I shall not try to tell you how happy I am to be here. You know the love in my heart for you all. I'm home—home! I want to hold out my arms to you and weep a little while—just for joy."

"I wanted to appear before you tonight as a good actress in a good part, and I say, without vanity, that had the play been the one scheduled, 'The Holbrookes,' I could have done so and you would not have been ashamed of me. But this morning the manager, this leading man—she shook him—changed the bill and compelled me to appear tonight in a play that I had never seen. I do not know my part. I shall not try to act. I shall stand on the stage while the play goes on around me. Your judgment of me will be kindly; you can understand how bitter is my disappointment because I cannot give you my best. But Mr. White—another shake—'has deceived.'"

"Lynch him!" yelled a voice. "String him up!" "Burn him!" came from all parts of the house.

"We shall give you the play," she went on, when she could be heard; "you will know why I only stand and smile."

The play went on as best it could. Whenever Mary Fortesque came on the stage the house cheered and clapped. The few lines she spoke, every gesture, every smile, brought enthusiastic applause. In the dressing rooms and wings the flowers were stacked in sheaves. The leading man's beat scenes were enlivened by catcalls and hoots from the audience. Half a dozen times Mary Fortesque was recalled before the final curtain dropped.

In one of the wings the manager was alternately pleading with and swearing at a newspaper representative.

"Spare your feelings? Keep quiet about this story?" jeered the newspaper man. "Not on your life. Every morning paper in the country shall have this tale. And won't you get the roasting? Serves you right for letting that jealous Deene boss you around. You ought to have stood by the little girl."

The little girl, her arms heaped high with flowers, came up to them.

"I was just congratulating Mr. White," said the journalist, "on your success tonight. Why, Miss Fortesque, you're made—you've arrived. Tomorrow you'll be the most talked of actress in America. Your fortune—"

She shook her head gently. "No," she said quietly. "Tonight I leave the stage forever. I've had a little glimpse of fame and I've had a long look at what lies under it—jealousy, self-seeking, loneliness. For some the reward compensates for the bitterness, but it never will for me. Home and love and—"

She dropped her face in the mass of roses. In a moment she looked up. "Did you see that big, black-eyed laddie who yelled 'Lynch him'?"

"He is a perfect laddie, but until tonight I thought fame was better than love and home. Now, if he still wants me—"

Through the wings came a broad-shouldered young giant, impatiently pushing aside the piled-up furniture.

"And I think he does," she said.

Left Fortune to Old Sweetheart. Ralph Wilcox of Wenatchee was notified that he had fallen heir to \$10,000 in cash, an automobile, a section of valuable wheat land with horses and stock, left to him by a sweetheart of boyhood days from whom he had separated in a lover's quarrel, and of whom he had since known but little.

The girl vowed she would marry the first man that proposed. A man eighty years old sought her hand, and she accepted. They went east to live, and in a few years the old man died, leaving his wife all of his property. She then started to Oregon to seek her old lover. He at that time had found another and her heart was broken, but she told him she was going to make him heir to her property when she died.—Spokane Spokesman-Review.

Cost of Furs Goes Up. The cost of living, as measured by furs, is not encouraging. At Winnipeg, a great market for fur material, in six years the price of muskrat skins has gone up from 11 cents to 70; of skunk, from 70 cents to \$3; of mink, from \$1.75 to \$5; of red fox, from \$2 to \$6; of lynx, from \$3 to \$30; of wolf, from \$1.50 to \$4; of weasel, from 10 cents to 60; of badger, from 60 cents to \$2.

"SETTLER" FOR THE ORATOR

Boy's Question Ended the Speechmaking, and Almost Put Stop to Banquet.

Daniel H. Grady, the brilliant young Portage lawyer, comes to Milwaukee almost every week, and usually has at least one new story to tell, says the Free Press of that city. This is the last one Mr. Grady passed out of the delectation of a group of Democratic politicians.

Col. "Jim" Burke of Maunton, was an enthusiastic Irishman, and an orator who believed in using "the floor" as long as he could keep it on the rare occasions when his fellow townsmen permitted him to make a speech. The colonel responded to the toast, "The Emerald Isle" at a big St. Patrick's day banquet some years ago, and he made good his ancient reputation as a long-distance talker. After recalling the history of Ireland during all the distressful centuries with close attention to details, the speaker paused for breath. The audience was glad of the respite.

"And now I've told you a few of the great events of the glorious history of the old sod," said the colonel, mopping his brow. "Is there any man who wishes to ask any questions?"

A little lad at the far end of the room stood up timidly.

"If I'm not out of order, O'r'ld," he piped shrilly, "if O'm not out of order, O'r'ld, I'd like to ask just what question."

"Very well," said the colonel, "I'd be happy to answer if I can."

"Well, then," said the lad, "would you be so kind as to tell me what time of the night or the mornin' it is?" said the lad.

The band struck up the "Wearin' o' the Green" to head off the incipient riot.

BETTER THAN GOLDEN EGGS

Figures Prove That Product of Prize Hen Was Far Greater Than That from Fabled Goose.

Recently a hen was exhibited at Wilkesbarre, Pa., and took all the prizes as the best of her kind. So important did she grow in the estimation of the holders that her owner was offered \$10,000 for her but refused it. At about this time the hen laid an egg and, that it might be evident that she was a producer as well as a show bird, her owner allowed the product of her labor to remain in the pen with her. This was a tactical blunder, for the egg was purloined shortly and has not been seen since.

Now there is a well-known story to the effect that a goose of the dim and distant past once laid a golden egg. Taking it that the historian was sure of his facts, this goose of fame has no such claim upon renown as has the Wilkesbarre hen. Here is a bag of gold containing \$10,000 in the treasury at Washington which visitors are allowed to lift to get the idea of just how heavy that much money is. It weighs something like thirty pounds. Now, if the egg of this hen, with the prospect of being hatched into a creature as valuable as the parent, is estimated as being worth one-tenth as much as she is, the stolen egg would be worth \$1,000—which amount of money would weigh three pounds or as much as two dozen eggs. So the egg of the Pennsylvania hen is worth 24 times as much as the greatly-touted goose egg and deserves fame in accordance.

Big Turtle Caught with a Light Rod. L. L. Betts, John Miller and H. J. Saxon made one of the most remarkable fishing catches yesterday ever recorded. The gentlemen went out on the yacht La Pouppe and while trolling about Mr. Betts hooked into a 150-pound loggerhead turtle.

The monster put up a game fight and for fully two hours it was nipped and tuck between turtle and man, but the man triumphed, as nearly always he does, and his turtleship was hauled aboard and brought to port. The capture of the turtle is remarkable, first, because they seldom take a hook, and second, because Mr. Betts had only a light rod and reel and slender tackle and was not prepared to undertake such a "killing." It was skilled manipulation of the reel more than anything else that made the capture of the turtle possible.—Miami News-Record.

"The Old Man in the Belfry" is Dead. John Denham, known for many years as the "old man of the belfry," and for 40 years elder and trustee of the Church of the Sea and Land, is dead. He was a familiar figure on the East Side, and his time was solely devoted to the amelioration of the lot of the poor. Mr. Denham was born in Scotland in 1820, and came to New York in 1860, working for many years thereafter as a talker. He became elder and trustee of the church, and when he retired from business, fifteen years ago, he took up his residence in the belfry of the building, so that he might be near the needy persons in the neighborhood.—New York Post.

Table Rapping New Fad. "What in the world is that noise?" asked a visitor as a continuous dull thumping sounded just over her head.

"That is the family above us," said the hostess. "They are interested in parapsychical research, and are making a table rapping, as they often do of an evening. Yes, it is quite annoying, but they are good neighbors and we don't complain. The two daughters of the house are quite expert in this line and last week a society woman hired them to entertain her guests for an evening. They tell me it was a great success."

PASSSED EVENING IN PEACE

Foxy Pittsburg Man Devised Scheme Which Worked Out into a Beautiful Success.

The wise man of Pittsburg lives in Shady side. If there's one thing he loves to do when he goes home it is to read a book in peace. One night when he arrived home he was informed by wife and daughters that they were to have company that night.

The wise man's face fell as he contemplated the new volume under his arm, "one of the six best," etc. Who were they? O, some women friends. "I'll beat the game," said Mr. Wise Man to himself. Immediately after the evening meal he dashed out to East Liberty, bought one of those cut-up picture puzzles, with 250 pieces in it, dashed back again, and when the company arrived and had been comfortably seated, he interrupted the chatter to spring the puzzle on the unsuspecting women. They fell into the trap. The only table big enough for the game was the large dining table. This was cleared, and all gathered about to patch the big picture together.

When they were well absorbed, Mr. Wise Man took his book off in a corner, lit a comfortable rocker, and read until aroused after midnight only by the departure of the company. The picture lay on the dining table about one-quarter complete. The guests were invited to come again.

The next morning breakfast was served in the kitchen on a small table, because mother and daughters refused to disturb the puzzle until they had completed it. For a week the puzzle occupied the dining table and mother and the girls would work at it in odd moments, while Mr. Wise Man read his books.—Pittsburg Gazette-Times.

MEANING OF WILLOW PATTERN Originally a Chinese Design and Dates Back as Far as the Thirteenth Century.

The willow pattern is a Chinese design and very ancient, dating probably as far back as the thirteenth century; less than two centuries later it was reproduced in the potteries of Holland. This pattern is a very complicated design containing many figures in small space. In the foreground is a palatial building, around which cluster impossible trees laden with flowers and fruit.

Close by is a lake, an inlet from which hang the drooping limbs of a willow tree, and far out in the lake is a houseboat. Three figures are passing over the bridge, while high up in the air a pair of billing and cooing doves are suspended. The imaginary legend of the willow pattern design is said to be as follows:

A nobleman living in the palace had a fair daughter who had fallen in love with a youth of low degree. One night, with the help of a ladder, the youth abducted the willing maiden and the somewhat shapeless figures on the bridge are supposed to represent the fleeing damsel carrying her bundle of finery, the daring lover, bearing the ladder, and the irate father, having in his hand an instrument of castigation.

The boat in the distance is meant to represent the agent in the escape of the devoted lovers from the wrath of the angry parent, while the doves overhead symbolize—the fact that they married and lived happily ever after, in the manner of the usual mythical tale.—From the Housekeeper.

How Eskimo Women Die. On her first entrance to her new hut of snow an Eskimo woman is buoyed by hope of welcoming a son. What of her last incoming to those narrow confines? She knows that the medicine man has decided that her sickness is mortal when she is laid upon her bed of snow. She gazes upon her feebly burning lamp beside her; upon food and drink set close at her hand. She sees her loved ones pass out of the doorway that needs no tunnel entrance to keep chill airs away, for presently the door is sealed with snow. The chill of death pierces through her enveloping furs. Her tomb insures that no long tarrying will be hers. The soul, companionship with her, may refresh itself with food, but starving and freezing her feeble body will witness even that soul's departure and know that its hour has come to perish alone.—Harper's Bazar.

Shocking the Chauffeur. "I used to think it was bad enough in Paris," the woman began, "where the cabbies swear at you if they come within an ace of running over you and don't, but it's just as bad here. You know Monday night, how it rained? Well, I was crossing Forty-second street, or trying to cross it and hold my umbrella at one and the same time, when the wind blew me against an automobile that was turning the corner. I never saw anything like the glare of the driver.

"Why don't you keep your eyes about you?" he shrieked. "You nearly stopped my machine!"—New York Press.

Diplomat's Courtesy. An envoy now representing us abroad was once asked to dine by the king of the Belgians. The king had particular reasons for wishing to be civil to the United States and its representative. He accordingly, when the ladies had retired, got up, and, according to the American envoy, sat down beside him and handed him a cigar. The minister said: "No, I thank you," and taking one from his pocket proceeded to light it.

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HAD APPROVED CONTRACTS

Particular Friend of McMurray's and Urged Indians to Sign.

Sulphur, Okla., Aug. 19.—Douglas H. Johnson, a Chickasaw Indian, and chief of the 50,000 members of that tribe, answered: "I don't remember" before the special congressional investigating committee yesterday when asked how it was that he was able to deposit the \$75,000 to his personal credit a few days after J. P. McMurray had received \$750,000 as attorney fees. Johnson had testified that he always had approved of what are known as the present McMurray contracts which provide for the sale of \$30,000,000 worth of land belonging to the Indians and which would allow McMurray 10 per cent, or \$3,000,000 in fees. He also has urged other Indians to sign them. He testified he was a particular friend of McMurray's. He testified in what are known as the citizenship cases several years ago that he approved of a contract in which McMurray got a salary of \$5000 a year and \$2,700 a year expenses. A short time afterwards he approved of another contract on which McMurray obtained for doing the same work a contingent fee of \$750,000. The latter fee was to have been \$1,500,000, but was cut down one-half by the government.

"Why was it you were willing to give McMurray \$750,000 for doing that for which he already was paid a secretary?" asked Representative C. B. Miller of Minnesota.

"Because we thought he earned it," replied Chief Johnson.

"He kept off the rolls 3,200 claimants to our property and thus saved us \$3,000 for each person so kept off, or a total of \$9,600,000. I would have been willing to have paid him 50 per cent of \$4,800,000."

"You were willing to give a little graft money in order to save that much land, is that it?"

"Now tell us why it is that a few days after that \$750,000 was paid to McMurray you were able to deposit to your personal account in a bank at Denison, Tex., \$75,000. Where did you get that \$75,000?"

"I don't remember. I was dealing in cattle and my account varied, so I don't remember."

"The depositing of \$75,000 to your personal account produced so little impression on your mind that you don't remember. When you became chief of government of your tribe, isn't it a fact that your bank account was only \$500? How, then, were you able to deposit \$75,000 just a short time after McMurray got his \$750,000 fee?"

Chief Johnson insisted he did not remember.

Asked why \$5,000 in warrants for expenses accounts rendered by McMurray had been made out in his own favor, Johnson explained he was accustomed to pay off the expense bills incurred by McMurray. Johnson said his salary as chief executive of his tribe was \$4,000.

In response to questions the witness said he never had received financial aid from McMurray. He declared a majority of his tribe favored paying McMurray a \$3,000,000 fee in the present proposed sale of land.

Johnson occupied almost the entire day on the stand. Governor C. N. Haskell telegraphed his willingness to testify, but probably will not be called. It was stated to the committee that other Indian witnesses, who had signed the contracts, had asked to be recalled to the stand in consequence of Chief Johnson's testimony.

OLD TIME RANGER.

Talks of Trials of the Trail in Early Range Days.

Austin, Tex.—Sol West, one of the best-known cattle men in Texas, who is a part owner of a ranch of 30,000 acres in Jackson county, worked a whole year for 75 cents and board when a young man. Mr. West belongs to the old school of cattle men. He received his training in the early days in Texas when the chief occupation of its citizenship was raising cattle, but the more difficult proposition was to find a market for them. Texas had no railroads then except in the eastern portion of the state, and these were not available for the reason that they did not go to Kansas and the Northwest. Men were forced to do some farming, for they had to raise corn in order to have bread.

In the early days an occasional buyer who resided in Southern Texas would purchase a herd of 5000 or 10000 steers on time. There was no payment made at the time of the purchase for the reason that the buyer needed all the money at his disposal to defray the expenses of the drive. The seller did not even take his note for the purchase price, because he knew he was dealing with an honest man. The only evidence of debt was the tally of the cattle, giving the count in each class, including the mare and brand they bore. The purchaser would head north with them. Sometimes he would go to Ellsworth, Abilene or Dodge City, Kan., or some other point at the southern terminus of railroad transportation, where the chief occupation of the cowboy at times was to see that his shooting horns were in good working order. Sometimes the herd would be headed for Montana, Dakota or Nebraska. The seller did not exact any promise from the purchaser to pay for the cat-

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One race for ladies and one for men. 5 horses for each rider, 1-2 mile for each horse

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For Further Information Address W. M. PIERCE, Secretary, Grand Island Neb.

BUCKING HORSES GALORE!

Scores of champions and ex-champions have entered these events--they will be hotly contested.

SPECIAL PRIZE--Stock Yards Daily Journal, ST. JOSEPH, MO. PRIZE RACE against time. Lady Weaver (2:12 1-4), Guideless Wonder, will race against time each day. This will be one of the many features.

The entire program is to be given each day. Exciting from start to finish. A true production of the life and sport from the early days of the west, with plenty of ginger. Bucking and pitching contests, riding outlaws horses, wild horse races, relay races, early pioneer scenes, roping steers, scenes of cowboys and frontier heroes. Each event will be judged according to the merits of horse or rider for the prizes offered. No discrimination will be shown whatsoever. Every contestant is absolutely guaranteed a square deal. GOOD HOTEL ACCOMMODATIONS--You'll be taken care of. Ample room in a comfortable, covered grand stand, and other accommodations will be provided. Clean and sufficient transportation will be provided to and from the grounds. No grafters tolerated in any form.

At a certain time, for neither of them knew whether it would take one, two or three years for the buyer to dispose of his holdings and get back to Texas again. There was always a satisfactory settlement, however, when he returned. If he had the money to pay for them it was all right, but if he had lost half of them in a blizzard, the seller did not take his note for the balance due and insist on it being secured by a mortgage. The slate was wiped clean and work began again shaping up another herd on the same terms.

The trite old saying that "man's inhumanity to man makes countless thousands mourn," had no place in the lexicon of the Texas cattleman in those days. He was then, as he is now, ready to lend a helping hand to a deserving fellow-man, and he could shed tears as easily as a woman when his friends were bowed down in grief.

Bosses His First Job. It was amid such surroundings that the firm of McCutcheon & West of Lavaca county, composed of the late Willis McCutcheon of Victoria and George W. West was preparing another herd of cattle to go North. Sol West, now a resident of San Antonio, was a younger brother of Geo. W. West. While still a mere strapping lad he had made three previous trips up the trail, and the firm made a deal with him in 1874 to take a herd to Ellsworth, Kan., for half the profits. He was the youngest man who had ever "bossed" a herd up the trail.

"It was a trip fraught with some adventure, considerable responsibility and very little cash," said Mr. West a few days ago, while he was in a reminiscent mood. "I was the first man to reach Ellsworth that spring, notwithstanding the trials and tribulations which beset us, and as a mark of their appreciation the business men of the town presented me with a new outfit entirely. I stayed around there a while selling a few steers here and there. There never had been such a spree of weather as greeted us in the Indian Territory on our way up. Myself and the men got back to Lavaca county about December 1. My brother George was the bookkeeper for the firm of McCutcheon & West, and when I turned over to him a list of my receipts and expenditures and what cash I brought back with me he proceeded to figure up results. I had to check up very carefully to be sure that he made no mistake. We had agreed on a price for the cattle when I started with them and I was to have one-half of all they brought over that price after deducting the expenses incident to the trip. The net profit on the year's work was \$1.50, and when my brother handed me the 75 cents he made some jocular inquiry as to whether I expected to buy a herd of my own or start a bank with it.

On the Long Trail. "I left Lavaca county on February 27, 1874, with the herd, and on the night of the 28th reached Gonzales prairie in Gonzales county. On the last day of March we crossed the Red River into the Indian Territory without any mishap, having had a splendid drive, with clear open weather all the way. But this was not to last long. We pushed on north and late in the afternoon of April 5 we reached Rush Creek, where the two prongs came together just above the trail. The range had been burned off by the Indians and was black, but being protected by the two streams, the grass between these prongs was fine. We stayed there two days, and on the morning of the 8th took an early start for a camp on Hell Roaring Creek, about fifteen miles north, which I had selected because grass and water were plentiful there. The cook with the wagon had preceded us, but we got in sight of camp about 3 o'clock in the afternoon. The day had been a bad one, with rain and snowing lightly all day, mist-

ing a brisk wind blowing from the north. Just as the head cattle came within 100 yards of camp at the foot of some high hills the blizzard broke forth with increased fury. The cattle at once turned their heads to the south and began to drift with the wind. I knew we were in for a bad night of it, and there was not a man in the outfit over 20 years old. We held them back as best we could until after dark. In the meantime the horses ridden by the boys had actually frozen to death with their riders on them during our progress of about five miles. My horse was the last to go down.

"I had instructed the boys that when the horses went down they should go back to camp. When I was forced to leave my horse there were two men with me--both on foot, of course. One of them was Charles Boyce of Gollid county, who is now a prosperous stock farmer and who will recall that fearful night. The other was Jake Middlebrack of Lavaca county, who returned to that county with us, but of whom I have lost sight for many years. We finally got the cattle checked after the wind had subsided a little, and as we had not touched a bite of food since early morning we began to eat about for something to break our fast. We each had a box of matches, but our hands were so numb that we could not strike one even if we could have gotten the box out of our pockets.

"Presently I saw a light in the hills about two miles away. We started for it and reached the dugout for such it proved to be, after a weary trudge of an hour or more. The dugout had two rooms and the men took us in after we told them our hard-luck story. They gave us a fine supper and put us to bed in the spare room, with plenty of good warm bedding. The next morning at the peep of day I roused out the boys I found a dun pony under a shed on the outside with bridle and saddle convenient and I appropriated it and told the boys to follow me down in the direction of the herd, provided it was where we had left it. They followed me down and I found the herd intact just where we had left it the night before, after one of the coldest nights I ever experienced.

Friends in Trouble. "Soon after I reached the herd the other boys have in sight and we started the cattle back toward the camp, the snow, sleet and ice being about a foot and a half deep. Hell Roaring Creek and all the other streams in that section were frozen hard. We had traveled a couple of miles down the creek when I discovered a man on foot coming toward us. He proved to be Al Fields of Victoria. He was what was known as my neighbor on the trail, having a herd just behind me. He was overjoyed to see me, as he feared we had all frozen to death the night before. All of his horses and work oxen had frozen to death and his herd had scattered to the four winds. When we finally reached camp Jim Taylor, the man who had entertained us in the dugout the night before, and about fifteen of his men were there.

"Charles Boyce had told me previously that he was not in a very good humor about the plan I had adopted to borrow his horse. I proved a good talker, however, and when I got through Jim said he guessed \$1.50 would be enough for the use of the horse. I told him that the price was cheap enough, but I didn't tell him that there was only 10 cents in cash in the whole outfit. I traded him some steers for three horses and a mule and included the \$1.50 in the trade. Our troubles were not to end here, however.

"Two men were behind with the 'remuda' of sixty-five horses used by the men on alternate days in coming up the trail. I sent two of the boys back

to meet them and lead them into camp. Going back about eight miles they met the men coming toward camp on foot, as the whole sixty-five head had frozen to death the night before in a space not larger than an ordinary dwelling house, and the boys had only saved themselves from a like fate by building a fire in the black-jack timber and keeping it going all night. We held the herd there for a couple of days with the three horses and the mule and I traded some steers to the Indians for three more horses. We then started on north and reached Ellsworth on May 20. This heavy loss in horseflesh was a factor in the hindrances which cut the net profits of the drive down to \$1.50. Not a single one out of seventy-eight head of horses survived the terrible blizzard of four or five hours' duration."

EXPLAIN HIGH PRICES. Lack of Farm Labor and High Tariff Advanced as Reasons.

Chicago, Aug. 18.—At the convention of the United Master Butchers of America at the Grand Pacific hotel the high cost of living question was discussed pro and con today.

After considerable discussion it was threshed out that the reasons for the prevailing high cost of food were: The lack of farm labor, the high price of corn, the tariff and the cost of inspection by state and federal officers.

Removal of the tariff on live stock, migration of labor back to the farms, corporate holding of farms and a law prohibiting the slaughter of animals during spring was suggested as means of relief of the conditions said to be existing.

John H. Schofield, St. Louis, Mo., secretary of the national organization, laid the cause of high prices at the door of the farmer, who, he said, is too hasty about slaughtering cattle, hogs and lambs.

"The high prices of meats," he said, "is accredited to the high tariff. This may be true. Congress should pass a bill forbidding the slaughter of live stock during three months of the year. I am in favor of removing the tariff from live stock and meats, unless a substitute export tariff is enacted."

Otto W. Rohland, St. Paul, Minn., president of the St. Paul (Minn.) board of aldermen and also a delegate to the convention, denounced the tariff as partly the cause of high prices.

"The tariff is partly responsible for the high price of meats and then the shortage in corn and feed products has a material bearing. The farmer finds he can acquire more profit by selling his feed or several purposes and he slaughters his live stock under weight. This cuts down the supply and at the same time raises the price of pork."

"The cattle raiser is feeling the under-production of corn more than any other person. The fields at the present time are barren, and it is a case of either slaughter or see the cattle and other live stock die of starvation."

Henry G. Reese, Pittsburg, Pa., second vice president, appealed to the farmer to go back to stock raising that the country might see its way out of the problem it now faces.

At the banquet of his butchers at the Grand Pacific hotel the high cost of living, and co-operation to reduce it, instead of collusion to increase it, was the keynote of speeches made by President E. P. O'Neill and Thomas Sullivan, president of the National Retail Grocers' association.

To repeal the 10-cent tax law upon oleomargarine would decrease the cost of butter at least 10 cents a pound the year around, according to Daniel J. Haley of Troy, N. Y., chairman of the legislative committee.

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