

DAILY MARKETS

Official Receipts, 89 Car, 2363 Cattle; 120 Cars, 8141 Hogs; 4 Cars, 1002 Sheep.

WEAK FEELING IN CATTLE

Proportion of Fat Steers Smaller, But Demand Does Not Pick Up Materially.

BEARISH TONE IN SHEEP STOCK

Receipts More Liberal, Half of Day's Cattle Run Was Made Up of Cows and Heifers—Heifers Weak, Cows Mostly Steady—Steady Market For Stock Cattle—Hogs in Big Slump of 10 to 15 Cents—Sheep and Lambs Steady.

Receipts from January 1, 1911.

Table showing receipts from January 1, 1911, for various livestock categories including cattle, hogs, and sheep.

Receipts by Cars.

Table showing receipts by cars for various livestock categories.

CATTLE

No Improvement in Beef Cattle Outlook, Feeding Weak. Cattle trade today was another disappointment to selling interests.

STOCKERS AND FEEDERS.

Regulation Wednesday trade in the stocker and feeder division today. Supplies were light in comparison with the cattle run but at that were large enough to meet all trade requirements.

Dressed Beef and Shipping Steers.

Table showing prices for dressed beef and shipping steers.

COWS, BULLS AND MIXED.

The bearish tone was felt in the market for she stock, particularly on heifers and mixed yearlings.

Yearlings and Calves.

loads of the "Cooper lambs," the same as sold here yesterday at \$6.00 crossed the scales at the same figure today.

OTHER LIVESTOCK MARKETS

CHICAGO. CHICAGO Union Stock Yards, Ill., April 19.—The Live Stock Market reports: Cattle—Receipts, 15,000. Market 10¢ lower.

SOUTH OMAHA.

SOUTH OMAHA, Neb., April 19.—Special to The Journal: The Drovers' Journal—Receipts, 5,000. Market 10¢ lower.

EAST ST. LOUIS.

EAST ST. LOUIS, National Stock Yards, Ill., April 19.—Special to The Journal: The National Live Stock Reporter reports: Cattle—Receipts, 3,200. Market 10¢ lower.

ATTENTION, VOTERS.

Most Important That You Go to the Polls Saturday.

NOT ALL DROUGHT TALK.

New Hampton, Mo., Man Says That Section Has Had Too Much Rain.

DEATH OF JAMES BARNES

Old Resident of South St. Joseph Passes Away.

TOP ON SINGLE STEER, \$6.65

C. L. Johnson, of Pawnee, Neb., Landlord That Figure Tuesday.

SHORT CATTLE SUPPLY.

But Crop of Pigs For Summer Range Will Be Above Average.

ITEMS IN BRIEF.

A. B. Craig, the Rankin Farms and J. F. Prather sent in six cars of cattle and hogs from Tarkio, Mo.

TO SELL LUMBER

Million and a Half Acres Being Appraised by Government Experts.

VALUES ARE FABULOUS

Indians Will Reap Vast Harvest From Sale of Oklahoma Property.

PRACTICAL TIMBER MEN

Making an Estimate of Amount and Value of Timber on Lands in Question and Have Trebled Money Ago—No Formal Announcement of Sale of Timber Has Yet Been Made.

A RICHARDSON CO. PIONEER

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TRANSIT HOUSE

Chas. Moritz, a regular shipper from Worth, Mo., had a load of hogs here today.

OTTO PETERSON, old reliable shipper from Worth, Mo., was here today with a load of porkers.

There is a profit in feeding Excella Feed.

W. A. Widney of Yorktown, Mo., was here today with his semi-weekly consignment of hogs.

L. G. Blakeslee, regular shipper of Gravit, Ia., had a load of hogs on the market today.

Wise Feeders use Excella Feed.

Chas. Winkler, farmer and feeder of Hamburg, Ia., came in today with a two-car consignment of stock, one load of hogs and one of cattle.

AUTOS FOR HIRE—5 and 7 passenger, Taxicab and carriage rates, Beckley, phone 2024.

Shannon City, Ia., had a load of hogs on the market today.

Champion Molasses Feed by actual test has proven by far to be the best feed fed with ensilage. No feed equals it.

Geo. Stitt, regular shipper of Coin, Ia., was here looking after the sale of a car of hogs.

Buy Champion Feed for quick results. Cattle relish it. Champion Feed Co., Tarkio, Missouri.

Geo. Mohly, big feeder of Barnes, Kan., was representing on the market today with a car of hogs.

Al. Bright sells Champion Feed. Heilerer & Nispel, big shippers of Plymouth, Neb., had a two-car consignment of hogs on the market today.

Change of management at Transit House, Try on meals.

The Ellis Shipping Grain & Live Stock Company was represented on today's market with a mixed car of stock.

COLORADO DRY, TOO.

Sterling Man Says That Section Is Short on Moisture.

The talk of spring drought and resultant injury to crops is not confined to western Colorado, according to Knudson of Sterling, Logan county. It is in need of moisture in many localities.

Mr. Knudson, who came in yesterday with two cars of steers from his feedlots, says that around Sterling the lack of moisture is seriously felt. "It has been an unusually dry spring and as the snowfall during the winter was light there is a shortage of water for irrigation purposes," said Mr. Knudson. "A large acreage of sugar beets has been put in but the scarcity of water and the cool weather has retarded the growth of all crops."

Mr. Knudson stated that they are still good many cattle on feed at the sugar factories at Sterling. Mr. Knudson owns a farm of four hundred acres of irrigated land near Sterling, about a quarter of which is devoted to the raising of sugar beets. He also owns a cattle ranch in Logan county consisting of about 2000 acres. Many years ago this ranch carried from 3000 to 4000 head of cattle, but owing to the encroachment of the settler the owner has gradually reduced the size of his herd, and this year he will quit the business of raising cattle entirely, and devote his time to his irrigated land. "This is my second year as a cattle feeder. Last year I made pretty good money but this year I will do little more than break even," said Mr. Knudson. "Hog raising around Sterling is getting quite a foothold. This is a recent development, as only a few years ago very few hogs were raised. Farmers have discovered they can raise pork in Colorado profitably unless the market drops too low and we have to take the chance of that with nearly every other crop we grow."

DROUGHT HURTING WHEAT

Doniphan, Neb., Stockmen Report Considerable Dry Weather Damage.

C. T. Young, member of the live stock feeding and shipping firm of Burgess & Young, operating at Doniphan, Neb., was at the yards today with two cars of cattle. Mr. Young says that the dry weather prevailing in his locality is doing considerable damage, especially to the winter wheat. "Quite a lot of wheat has been killed and numerous fields will be plowed up and put into other crops," said Mr. Young. "Wheat prospects are anything but encouraging, just at this time. There was enough moisture to bring up the oats and this crop shows a very fair stand."

Mr. Young says that the big end of the cattle feed around Doniphan during the winter have been shipped out and those remaining are mostly in the hands of the larger feeders.

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Advertise it in The Journal

Folwell Adds Local Color

By M. J. Phillips

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Gerald Folwell came to a realization of the fact, presently, that his hosts were making game of him. It was a novel sensation. In college he had been so popular because of his athletic prowess that they had not "ragged" him. Perhaps an additional reason for his immunity was his known cleverness with his fists. Since taking up his profession, engineering, he had shown the ability to get along with people and to command respect. And yet here, up in the Michigan jackpine wilderness, a couple of pseudo-woodsmen were trying to put something over on him! And trying it, furthermore, in the presence of as pretty a girl as one might wish to see. The supper table in the log cabin was enlivened by covert allusions to his stiff hat, starched shirt and other evidences of a too-effeminate civilization. The boundless presumption of the genus tenderfoot was also a subject for much discussion.

Folwell did not mind it, at first. "Boys will be boys," he said to himself, tolerantly, though the "boys" were as old as himself and one was bigger. So he chatted with the pretty girl and calmly ignored the young men.

The joking became more personal and offensive. He noted that the inhospitality of her friends was becoming embarrassing to the girl. A glint appeared in Folwell's eye. That meant trouble.

When the meal was finished the engineer strolled out of the cabin. Darkness had settled over the lonely landscape. The snow was more than knee-deep and a storm was setting in—a grim, determined sort of storm more appropriate to December than early March. The wind was searchingly cold.

After a moment's hesitation Folwell plunged through the drifts to another cabin a short distance away—a squat log house with a single window.



Folwell Dominated the Scene.

through which a light shone. He knocked and entered. Sam, the teamster, who had driven him from Princetown, rose to greet him.

"Sam," said Folwell, when the teamster was puffing appreciatively at one of his cigars, "I didn't come over here exactly to pass the time of day. I wanted to ask a few questions. How does this look to you?" "This" was a dollar bill.

"Looks good," grinned Samuel. "Well, then, what sort of a game have you put me up against? You agreed to drive me to Rocky Creek. Instead, you head over here, claiming your harness is broken. And two chaps, fresh as paint, try to give me third degree. What's the joke, anyway?"

"Aw, you'll get to Rocky Creek, all right," replied Sam. He grinned again uncomfortably. "And you'll get a better bed here than you would over there. The creek's only a couple of hours away. You won't get mad if I tell you?" "That depends. Anyway, you'll get your dollar."

Sam smoothed his scraggly mustache, cleared his throat and began:

"This place, an' most o' the county so far's that goes, belongs to old Tommy Slade. He has been a lumberjack and a timber cruiser. We've had some high old times together, for Tommy was one of the boys. But he saved his money an' bought cheap pine lands. He held 'em till the prices went up, an' so he's a millionaire."

"He lives in New York, but he built these cabins an' comes back every winter; can't forget the smell o' spruce. Brings his family, too."

"Where is he now?"

"Drove over to Rocky Creek with his wife; he back after a while. "The girl in there is their daughter, Grace. She stays with them in the big shanty on the knoll back there. The yellow-haired lad is old Tommy's son, young Tommy. His friend, the big chap, is a play actor from New York. Name's Vance Courtland; ever hear o' him?"

"Yes, I thought I'd seen him before. He plays in western dramas." "That's him," nodded Sam. "Well, young Tommy is a writing a play for him. They call—call—"

"Collaborating?"

"That's it. The house where you

ate supper is their study-o. They eat an' sleep an' write an' box there."

"Box, you say? Have they gloves?" "Sure. An' tramp through the woods loaded with deadly weeps, like Davy Crockett. But they don't shoot anything. Never saw a man who wouldn't wear suspenders that could hit an acre o' pine stumps."

"Here's where I come in. This play they're writin' is a backwoods dramer, an' they need what they call 'local color.' Whenever I pick up a likely-looking chap goin' from Princetown to Rocky Creek, my harness breaks and I tote him up here. They feed him an' lodge him an' get him mad so's he'll talk stuff they can put in their play."

"I get two dollars a head for each one. An' I've brought 'em started to rough-house one night, but a little money fixed 'em."

"The girl don't like the way they act. She says it's abusing the name of hospitality. That keeps them in bounds a little, for Courtland wants to marry her. But I don't believe she carries a cent for him. Old Tommy, he just laughs and tells them to go ahead. He says they'll get theirs yet."

Folwell rose. "Here's your dollar, Sam." The glint in his eye was more pronounced. He was smiling a pleased sort of smile.

"Much obliged," said the teamster, pocketing the bill. Then he looked curiously at Folwell. "Say, what you going to do?"

"I'm going to give them—theirs." "In less than fifteen minutes young Slade was eagerly proposing that the traveler put on the gloves with him. He believed it was his own suggestion entirely; but Folwell, accustomed to leading timid and close-fisted capital into costly engineering projects, had really goaded him to the challenge. Courtland, the vain and handsome, was also blinded by his cleverness; but in the eyes of Miss Slade, as he was pulling on the gloves, Folwell caught a look of amused comprehension.

Tommy Slade would never have made his mark in the ring. He was game as a pebble, but too impetuous. He tried to rush Folwell after several smart raps had brought the tears to his eyes. One particularly angry and incautious charge the engineer side-stepped. At the same moment he accelerated Tommy's speed with a swing behind the ear.

As a result, the millionaire's son crashed into the log wall, head down, and dropped in a heap. He was up in an instant, but too dizzy to see. By common consent the bout was terminated. Courtland, doubtless eager to show his prowess before the girl he loved, donned the gloves which Tommy wearily relinquished.

The actor had reach and strength; but cigarettes had weakened his endurance and he lacked the engineer's science. So Folwell, his gray eyes emitting sparks, battered him with a right good will. The door swung open on the climax.

Old Tommy Slade, smiling quizzically, and Sam, a grin through his mustache, noted Tommy nursing a bump on his head as big as an egg; Courtland, sitting dazed against the wall where he had fallen, his aristocratic nose bleeding and his right eye swollen shut; Folwell, gloved hands on hips, dominating the scene from the center of the floor; and Grace curled up in a big chair, gazing spellbound at the victor.

"This ought to make the big act for that play," murmured old Tommy, with an edge in his gentle tones that made his lip writhe and Courtland bite his lips. "I thought you backs'd flirt with the jam till somebody got a bruise."

He turned to Folwell. "You the chap that's goin' to put a power dam across Rocky Creek?"

"If I can get the capital," said the engineer, unlacing the gloves.

Old Tommy's glance rasped over the crestfallen collaborators again. "You'll get it, all right—if you argue like you fight. By cracky, this makes me think I'll back you myself! Come over to the house. We'll talk it over."

The storm had increased and the wind bit the perspiring Folwell to the bone. But he seemed to float over the drifts instead of plowing through them, for Grace Slade was beside him, her hand nestling confidingly into the crook of his arm. And he dared to hope that her heart kept time to the mad, sweet dance of his own.

The Burning Pine. The daily scenes in cloud or sun from every point of Fairview Knoll are picturesque.

On Tuesday night the air was clear and a white moon made dimly vivid the horizon lines with some detail of woods and field in the foreground. Directly south on a hill by the Hewitt farm stood a tall dead pine which some train-bird fire of grass and brush had set ablaze. From one to two o'clock it burned from base to summit, a great pencil of light, a torch so full of flame it scorched the hand of mother earth which held it, a glowing rocket that refused to soar save that from its stationery height it spattered sparks and pyrotechnic splashes.

Not a trick of tinsel to be torn with burst of planned and colorized thunderbolts, but tender turpentine oxidized to quick disintegration, pine once primed with pitch and resin, old-time reservoir of naval stores no longer thrilled by vernal flowings; ceased its healing fragrance and its dark parental green; dead and brown in parted layers, it was dropping dust of humus for supply of future cells of growth, but now impatient of a slow decay it spread its nitrogen in air and lay its carbon on the soil.—Southern Pines Tourist.

PAY HOMAGE TO THE DEVILS

Curious Ceremony in China Which is Looked Upon as Insurance Against Evil Spirits.

Once every year, during the first fifteen days of the seventh Chinese month the curious ceremony of Yunnan-Wei is celebrated, being, in fact, the paying of homage to the land and sea devils. Seven priests carry out the ceremony by offering up various forms of prayer and making an unearthly noise by beating gongs. Any one wishing to show his respect to the devils—about 22 cents—to each of the priests, for which amount they will continue their performance for twelve hours—a truly modest remuneration for gentlemen engaged in the arduous occupation of propitiating evil spirits. For an extra payment of 2,999 cash a number of small red paper boats, about six inches long, with lights inside, will be sent floating down the river with the current.

These lights are for the benefit of the sea devils, in order that they may be able to see their way about on dark nights—a little attention which it is to be hoped these maritime demons appreciate. Having finished this performance, the person on whose behalf it has been carried out goes away happy in the conviction that he will not lose any of his family throughout the year either by sickness or by drowning so that the whole ceremony may be looked upon as an insurance policy. At this time of year many thousands of the small lighted boats may be seen floating down the Yangtze-kiang, presenting a most unusual spectacle.—Wide World Magazine.

THEIR CONCEPTION OF DUTY

Bookkeepers Rightfully Put Welfare of Firm Before Their Personal Convenience.

"You wouldn't think that devotion to duty could be carried to a ridiculous extreme in these careless days, would you?" asked a young man who lives in a boarding house. "Well, let me tell you about two old fellows who come under my observation every day. They are brothers, and must be pretty close to 60. Both are employed as bookkeepers by the same firm, a big wholesale house. They are inseparable, except that they positively refuse to take the same train, either going to or coming home from business. They leave the house together, walk to a street car station, and then toss up a coin to see which one takes the first train, and which waits for the next. I had noticed this proceeding several times, and finally I asked one of them about it.

"Well, you see, it's this way," he said. "My brother and I have kept the books for our house for a great many years and we have an intimate knowledge of the accounts. If anything should happen to us both, a railroad accident, for instance, it would cause the firm a great deal of annoyance. That's why we never take the same train."

"Eckens would have gloried in idealizing those two old chaps."

New Filipino Capture Monkeys. The Filipinos catch monkeys in a very funny way. Monkeys are very fond of the meat of coconuts. They are very lazy, though, about gnawing through the outer bark, and will only do so when very hungry. The Filipino takes advantage of this greed and indolence by cutting a small opening through the shells, just large enough for Mr. Monkey's long thin hand to penetrate. When he once gets inside he gets his hand full of delicious dainty meat, and his hand is naturally wider when in "his act" than when it was thrust through the opening. Finding his hand will not come out, the monkey chatters, and scolds, and plainly shows his indignation at the way he has been trapped, but never thinking of loosening his hold on the coconut meat and withdrawing his hand as easily as he put it in. There he stands, an angry monkey, until the native who set the coconut trap, comes and takes him captive.

Washington and Poacher. As an example of Washington's fearlessness, Sparks, the historian, tells of an occasion when Washington was aroused to quick action upon discovering a poacher on his grounds. Hearing the discharge of a gun he mounted his horse and, riding in the direction of the sound, soon found the intruder, who quickly jumped into his canoe and paddled out into the river. Washington rode instantly into the water in spite of loosening his hold on the poacher's threatening him with his fowling piece; and seizing the boat, he drew it to the shore, disarmed the poacher and gave him a sound thrashing then and there.—From H. A. Ogden's "Washington's Ten Narrow Escapes" in St. Nicholas.

Brought Home to Him. A Cincinnati judge entered the Wolcott yesterday morning and registered. He said he had just come from Boston. Then he put his hand in his hip pocket, looked puzzled, fished about while the clerk expected to hear him say he had lost his pocketbook, and then pulled out a key, from which a tag was dangling.

"Well, by hoke!" exclaimed the jurist. "If that isn't the key to my room at the Hotel Touraine! Say, how much is this thing worth, anyhow?" "About fifty cents," he was told.

"Well, well! And to think that I have sent men to jail for stealing less than that!"—New York Sun.

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CAT WAS REVERED IN JAPAN

She Lived in Temples and Was Known as the Guardian of the Manuscripts.

According to a Japanese writer, the domestic cat appeared in his country at a relatively recent epoch, having traveled from China with the missionaries of Buddhism. In the middle of the sixth century of the Christian era sacrifices were offered to the cat, which was known by all as "the guardian of the manuscripts."

"The guardian of the manuscripts" kept away the mice, who otherwise would have eaten the precious copy-rolls. In some instances placards were set in conspicuous places among manuscripts as a warning to the mice: Beware! The cat is here. She drives the mice. Portraits of cats were also placed in places frequented by mice.

The cats were revered. For a long time they were kept in the temples. But their beauty, their general desirability and the charm of their grace, affection for man, and adaptability to human conditions so appealed to the layman that one by one very gradually their kittens were permitted to leave the temples and to become the pets of the nobility. After entering the families of the high officials of the Empire they won their way into humbler households.

NEW WAY TO CURE BALDNESS

Work in Cold Storage Plant or Go to Arctic Regions and Your Hair Will Grow.

The latest "universal hair grower" discovered is a trip to the Arctic regions, or falling time and inclination for that, employment in a cold storage company. According to Sir Ernest Shackleton, the Antarctic explorer, extreme cold is one of the best means of strengthening the hair. In the course of an interview recently, Sir Ernest said:

"All of the men who went with me on the south pole expedition with one or two exceptions possessed stronger crops of hair on their return to civilization."

"Extreme cold undoubtedly strengthens one's hair. As our party approached nearer the south pole our hair grew more slowly, but became thicker and stronger."

An official of a London cold storage company, interviewed on the same subject, stated that there was not a bald-headed man in the employ of the company. He said that the men worked all day in a temperature of 20 degrees of frost and the cold undoubtedly made their hair thicker.

Covers Much Space.

A New York department store gets out a postcard which contains interesting facts for the curious. Here are some of the store's features which it mentions: 750 freight elevators, 26 passenger elevators, 120 flights of stairs, 1,020 telephone stations, 8,000 automatic sprinklers, 17 miles of pneumatic tubes with 370 stations, 22,000,000 pounds of steel, 221,400 cubic feet of concrete in foundations, a mile and a half of showcases, 25 miles of steam circulation pipe, 2,406 steel columns, 24,040 incandescent lamps, 45 show windows with the largest plate glass in New York, 5,250,000 bricks used in erection, 540,000 feet of copper wiring for lighting, 290 separate departments, 250,000 square feet, or nearly 27 acres of wood flooring, which gives the floor space 800,000 square feet of plaster surface, 100,000 square feet of outside window glass.

American Robins in England.

An attempt has been made to introduce the American robin into Surrey, with apparent success. Six pairs turned loose last June near Guilford have reared about 40 nestlings. The name of our robin was given by the Pilgrim Fathers to the largest and most numerous of the American thrushes (*Turdus migratorius*), because of its red breast, and friendly association with man.

The American robin is closely related to our blackbird, and has a sweet, melodious song. Its introduction to Surrey will be regarded by market gardeners with much misgiving, for though his food consists chiefly of worms or insects, he works sad havoc among the cherries.—Westminster Gazette.

Character in Women's Walk.

An observing man insists that he can tell a woman's character by her manner of walking and the kind of shoes she wears. He says that the listless way of lifting one's feet indicates laziness or ill health. A heavy, flat-footed step means a good housekeeper, but an aggressive nature. A dragging, shuffling step denotes indolence of mind and body. He observes further that the woman who likes mannish shoes is not dainty or feminine, and that the ideal woman wears well-fitting shoes in the street and dainty slippers in the house.

Expensive Furs.

Actresses who wish to assert victorious power in their toilet have a mania for rich furs. The supply grows scarcer and the demand rapidly rises. The skin of the Andes rat now costs, first hand, 90 francs. It is this little animal that gives us the beautiful Chiff fur, now so prized for motor wraps, stoles, muffs and garnitures. A further rise is expected, the Bolivian government having forbidden the export of the pelts of the Andes rats. Furriers have fallen back on the skin of the opossum, which costs but eight francs.

WHAT WOMAN LIKES IN MAN

Pleasing Manners, Deference, Courtesy and a Vigorous, Healthy and Well-Groomed Appearance.

A woman likes pleasing manners in a man. She likes deference and courtesy and attentiveness in small things. Manners often make more of an appeal to her than sterling worth. That's the reason foreigners make such headway with American women. They never forget to be deferential and courteous, to say the little things and to do the little things that warm the cockles of the feminine heart. This may be all wrong. Perhaps she ought to appreciate the character more than the veneer. But she doesn't. The average woman isn't practical. She's romantic. She likes roses and bonbons. Many men give her cabbage and beefsteak. Cabbage and beefsteak are all right, but as a steady diet they are tiresome. She'll take less cabbage and beefsteak if thereby she may have some roses and bonbons.

A woman likes a man to look healthy and to be well groomed. She likes a vigorous body, a healthy skin and a look that betokens a daily acquaintance with the bath tub, not merely because she likes beauty, though she does, but because these things betoken good habits.

A woman, if she is a wife or a sweetheart, likes expressions of love. She gets tired of taking a man's love for granted. It grows faint and far away, and life is cold and commonplace, when he does not tell her in actual words he loves her, and show her by actual caresses, how much. To some men, this seems all foolishness. They think that paying bills is the best proof of their love. But again, most women are not practical, and bills are uninteresting things, not half so enjoyable or warm and vital as a kiss or a caress.

QUEER THING IN BIRD LIFE

Fantail Pigeons Hatch Out a Bantam Chick but Have Trouble in Feeding It.

The following experience, says a writer in the Strand, I have recently had may be of interest to your readers. I have two fantail pigeons, both male birds, and I noticed one day that they built a nest and then were sitting on it alternately, as if they were going to hatch eggs. It struck me that it might be a good idea to put an egg of my bantams into the nest to compensate the pigeons for the trouble they had taken in building it. Apparently they appreciated my doing so, as from that time they never left the nest for about three weeks, when, to my great surprise, I found a little chicken peeping from the pigeon's nest. It was touching to see how the pigeons tried to feed the chicken by opening their beaks, like pigeons do, and inviting the youngster to help himself to the contents of their crops, which, of course, it refused to do, because it is a chicken and not a pigeon. The pigeons are very fond of the little one, and take it under their wings to keep it warm whenever it wants it, exactly as a hen treats her chickens.

The Women of Brittany.

To the casual observer the Bretonne is not attractive or even supremely interesting. As a femme de chambre she is clumsy, slovenly and rough of speech, lacking the grace and neatness of her Parisian sister. She shuffles about in felt slippers, her voluminous black skirts catch in everything, and if she waits at the table d'hôte her method of handling cutlery is strongly calculated to sever one's jugular vein. She has no regularity in her work, and at the hour that she ought to be making beds she is probably sitting on the public staircase nursing her baby. She is generally married and, conversely, often ten years younger than you take her to be. To English eyes she is rarely beautiful. Her hair is strained tightly under her cap, her cheeks have seldom any delicacy of tint and her figure and motions are ungainly and awkward.—Widow.

Queer Marital Relations.

Curious marriage customs prevail among the people dwelling in the Tangi Valley in India. Here it seems that the women are polygamous, and that several brothers possess one wife in common. The custom is said to be due to the poverty of the people. The children bear the names of all the husbands of the mother. How such a custom as to names works out in practice it is difficult to comprehend. The divorce customs are very simple. If the husband establishes that his wife is a bad cook it is a sufficient ground; and on the wife's side, if she can show that her husband fails to provide for the upkeep of the house she obtains relief.

Shock Alarmed Glasgow.

Severe earthquake shocks are rare in Scotland and therefore the districts surrounding Glasgow were thrown into a state of considerable alarm last week following a sudden jar and upheaval which lasted for a few seconds. The inhabitants rushed from their houses into the streets, thinking at first that the shocks were caused by an explosion at a gasworks. No serious damage was done, although the earth tremors caused many gas manholes to break. Buildings in Glasgow were shaken, crockery was rattled, and the girls in the telephone exchange were alarmed by many bells being set ringing. The same area was shaken in 1888.

UNCLE HIRAM TO HIS NEPHEW

On Something Important for Him to Realize in His Relations With Men.

"Steve, my boy," said Uncle Hiram to his hopeful young nephew, "you may not be old enough yet fully to understand it at least fully to realize what I am about to say to you, but I'd better say it now for I might forget to say it later, and some day, and perhaps to your advantage, you will recall it, the thing I would now say to you being this:

"Other people think of us what we think of them.

"Do you get that through your noddy? Other people think of us what we think of them.

"This is highly important, because it applies to our innermost unuttered thoughts. If we think ill of a man he will think ill of us. So you want to think well of men.

"Our thoughts of other people appear to form a sort of circuit returning from them to us. They go out from us to the fellow we are thinking of, who seems to relay them back to us. Whatever our feelings toward him may be, good or bad, he takes them in, reinforces them with strength from his own batteries and sends them back to us, with a feeling of friendliness if that was our instinctive feeling toward him, while if our feeling was one of antagonism that is the feeling that he relays back to us.

"Don't think ill of men, Stephen; think well of them, as you may well do; there is more good in men than bad. Cultivate friendly relations and friendly feelings, and be sure that as you feel toward men so will they feel toward you."

QUEENS BOROUGH TIN HORSES

How Nightmares, Hobbies and Ponies of Beer Were Put on the City's Pay Roll.

"What's all this talk I hear about tin horses in Queens borough?"

"I'm surprised at your ignorance. Tin horses are a mere term used to designate equines which never existed, part of a graft game."

"Explain some more, please."

"Well, it was like this: If a fellow with a pull wanted some extra money he would have a couple of nightmares, report to the powers that be that he had a team, and they would be hired, at so much a day, for city work."

"Did all of the grafters have to have nightmares?"

"O, no; one of the gang had his wife's two clothes horses, drawing full pay."

"He was a genius."

"Yes, another man had a hobby about not wanting to work, his son had a hobby horse, and so he doubled them up and sent in bills for a team, at least, so I hear."

"That's interesting."

"Yes, rather. There was a rumor going around the other day that a man who owned a pair of ponies of beer also figured in the game."

"I suppose if one of the gang's wife and daughters owned pony skis coats they could have got on the pay roll too?"

"Sure thing; it was a pony skin game, all the way through."

"And all that these fake horses ever drew was pay?"

"That's true, although they have set tongues a-wagging."—Brooklyn Times.

Some Korean Superstitions.

The wildest superstitions are rife among the natives of Korea, says a writer in the Wide World Magazine. Everything is ascribed to the good or evil influences of invisible spirits, whom they strive to propitiate by incessant and petty sacrifices. The serpent is revered as sacred and fed as a domestic pet. Marriage is a question of etiquette and is arranged by the parents. A live goose is given as a betrothal gift, as a symbol of fidelity and long life. Filial piety is cultivated to a remarkable degree, a son considering it his duty to follow his father to prison or exile. Sacrifices of pigs, sheep and goats are offered to the firmament, to which they pray for rain or fair weather and the removal of plague and misfortune.

America Claims the Bean.

Until 1882 the bean was believed to have originated in Asia. Researches among the flora of ancient Peruvian republics show that it was known in antiquity in Peru. No fewer than 50 different species have been found in the old burying places and 49 of the 50 were distinctly American. The sepulchres explored date back to the period beginning with the twelfth century and ending with the fifteenth. Within them was a great number of beans—so many that it is reasonable to suppose that beans held an important place in the agriculture of the ancient people of Peru. Probably the common dried bean of modern commerce was well-known in the antique world long before the discovery of Columbus.

"Filthy Lucre."

The expression "filthy lucre" is of biblical origin, and is to be found in the third chapter of the first book of Timothy, where the qualifications necessary for the office of a bishop are thus set forth: "This is a true saying. If a man desireth the office of a bishop, he desireth a good work. A bishop must then be blameless, the husband of one wife, vigilant, sober, of good behavior, given to hospitality, apt to teach; not given to wine, no striker, not a brawler, not covetous."

HOTEL'S GREAT PIPE ORGAN

Largest Musical Instrument of the Kind in America Is in the Astor, New York.

The Hotel Astor, in New York, boasts the largest pipe organ in the United States and one of the largest in the world. A pipe organ is an innovation in hotel fixtures, and as such is of more than usual interest.

The great organ represents all orchestral instruments, and its many speaking stops, nearly 100, make the tonal resources of the instrument almost inexhaustible. It is divided into four distinct divisions, the main organ occupying two chambers on the east and west sides of the ball room. The other two divisions are arranged on either side of "L'Orangerie" room. Completely hidden from view by the decorations of the walls and ceilings, the music comes as a surprise.

The pipes, varying from 32 feet in length to only a fraction of an inch, are hundreds of feet away from the playing cabinet, containing the keys and stops, and each one is operated by its individual train of electro-pneumatic action. The pressure of a key gives current to a wire that finds its way through various cables and switches to a magnet, which operates pneumatic mechanism that opens a valve and gives pressure to the pipe.

HAYTIAN CUTLERY SALUTE

Steward of Naval Vessel Put Knives and Forks in Gun and Hotel Was Punctured.

Discipline aboard men-of-war belonging to tropical countries is not as strict as that obtaining on the vessels of colder countries. Indeed, in some instances, it is very lax.

The Defense, a Haytian naval vessel, was lying in the harbor of Port-au-Prince. One day a mess cook, for some reason, cleaned about a peck of knives and forks on the gun deck, and, being suddenly called away, and not wishing to spend time to go to the galley, he seized the messpot full of knives and forks and stuck it in the muzzle of the ten-inch gun, putting the tampon in after it. About an hour afterward the admiral came aboard, and, as the gun was loaded with blank cartridge, they used it to fire a salute.

It happened that the gun was aimed toward the town, and almost point blank at the Grand Hotel. The guests assembled on the porch to witness the ceremonies, when they were saluted with a rain of knives and forks, which stuck against the wooden walls like quills on a porcupine. Fortunately no one was hurt, although there were many narrow escapes.

Need for Two Collars.

Having bought a dog that he admitted a Washington Heights man undertook to buy a dog collar. The dog had a neck nearly as big as his head and the dealer advised the man to buy two collars.

"What for?" said the man. "He's got only one neck, so I guess he can get along with only one collar, can't he?"

"Maybe so," said the dealer, so the man went away leading the dog by his new collar and chain.

In less than a week he brought the dog back.

"I'm afraid I can't keep him," he said. "He is too obstreperous. I can't keep him tied up. His neck is the biggest part of him and he is as strong as an ox, therefore it is a sinch for him to slip his collar off."

"That is why I wanted you to take two collars," said the dealer. "Put both on and fasten the chain to the back collar and he can tug away all night without getting loose. He may commit suicide, but he won't get loose."

Plague of Monkeys.

Awaking from her sleep to find that 15 monkeys had taken possession of her house and were disporting themselves in her parlor and dining room, was the recent experience of Mrs. Lippman, Los Angeles. Mrs. Lippman tried to dislodge the monkeys, but failed. The following day she appeared at the prosecuting attorney's office and demanded a warrant for the arrest of Antonio Ryder, her next door neighbor, who she asserts instigated the invasion. Ryder is a trainer of monkeys and dogs. Two of his canines, which preferred Mrs. Lippman's clothes basket to their own kennel as sleeping quarters, were poisoned recently. Ryder suspected Mrs. Lippman of administering the poison and she asserts he sent his band of monkeys into her house in an effort to be revenged.

The Gordian Knot.

The famous Gordian knot was made of leather taken from some part of the harness belonging to the chariot of Gordius, king of Phrygia. It seems that this knot was so tied that the ends of the leather thong were not visible hence the difficulty in loosening it. Many must have tried to untie it, for its fame as a "sticker" at last reached the great Oracle, which declared that the lucky experimenter should be rewarded by the kingship of Persia. Alexander, trying his hand and meeting with no better success than the others, drew his sword and cut into the knot until he found the ends of it.

Clever.

"Mrs. Pufferly is tickled to death with the way she fooled the customs inspectors."

"How did she do it?"

"She didn't buy a thing abroad."

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Horses, Mares and Mules from 4 to 8 years old. Stock must be fat and broken to work. Highest cash price paid. We carry a nice line of young mules for farmers.

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supplies these essential materials in the most Palatable and Digestible form, and at the lowest possible cost. All the best feeders use it.

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TRUSTEE'S SALE NOTICE.

Whereas, George A. Allen and Armlinda Allen, his wife, by their certain deed, trust, dated the 27th day of January, 1907, and filed for record February 2nd, 1907, and recorded in the office of the Recorder of Deeds in and for Buchanan County, Missouri, in Book 349, at Page 241, conveyed to the undersigned trustee, the following described real estate, situated, lying and being in the County of Buchanan and State of Missouri, to-wit:

All of the southeast quarter (¼) of the southeast quarter (¼) of section fourteen (14), township fifty-six (56), of range thirty-six (36), containing forty (40) acres, more or less.

Which said conveyance was made in trust to secure the payment of a certain promissory note in said deed of trust described; and

Whereas, default has been made in the payment of the interest thereon;

Now, therefore, at the request of the legal holder of said note, and in pursuance of the provisions of said deed of trust, the undersigned trustee will sell the property above described at public vendue to the highest bidder for cash, at the east front door of the Court House in the said County of Buchanan, and State of Missouri, on Thursday, the 27th day of April, 1911, between the hours of 9 o'clock in the forenoon and 5 o'clock in the afternoon, for the purpose of said trust.

SIMON BINSWANGER, Trustee.

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