

# STOCKS DATA MARKET

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

Vol. XIV. No. 246.

ST. JOSEPH, MO., THURSDAY, JUNE 15, 1911

LAST EDITION.

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

## DAILY MARKETS

Official Receipts, 59 Cars, 1806 Cattle; 162 Cars, 11417 Hogs; 8 Cars, 1203 Sheep.

## BETTER PULSE IN STEERS

Light and Medium Weights Were Strong Sellers and Less Objection to Heavies.

## SOME SALES SHADE HIGHER

Good Fat Stee Stock Steady But Common Grades Weak to 10 Cents Lower—Veils Steady—Some Inquiry for Stock Cattle Prices Steady—Hogs Open Lower But React to Steady—Sheep Active and Steady.

Receipts from January 1, 1911. The following table shows the receipts from January 1, 1911, and receipts for the corresponding time in 1910.

Table with columns for Year, Cattle, Hogs, and Sheep. Rows show monthly and yearly totals for 1910 and 1911.

Live Stock in Sight. The following shows the estimated receipts of cattle, hogs and sheep at the five principal markets.

Table showing live stock in sight for Chicago, Kansas City, South Omaha, and East St. Louis.

Receipts by Cars. The following shows the number of cars of stock handled today by railroads centering at the stock yards.

Table showing receipts by cars for various locations like Chicago, Kansas City, etc.

## CATTLE

Better Undertone Prevails in Fat Steer Trade. Moderate receipts, combined with a somewhat broader demand, gave firm tone to the trade in fat cattle today.

The market for beef steers opened with more vim than has featured trade on the two preceding days. All of the local packers were in the competition with good orders to fill and there was in addition a better inquiry for good steers on eastern shipping account than on former days of the week.

The proportion of steers in the general run was not as heavy as has been running at this point. All of the five markets the total cattle in sight this morning was 20,500 as compared with 18,000 last Thursday and 19,000 a year ago.

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## HELFERS

Western marketing points were again pretty liberally supplied with live pork, the aggregate total at the five centers being around 77,000 head.

This was, however, 19,000 fewer than arrived last Thursday but was 32,000 in excess of the five market run on the corresponding day a year ago.

Eleven thousand hogs were on hand at the center, comparing with 15,945 last Thursday and 5,192 on the same day last year.

Opening reports from outside markets were generally bearish in tone and bidding on first rounds here was on a cheaper schedule of prices.

Quite a number of sales were made at the start on a nickel lower basis compared with the average trade of Wednesday.

Later with the general situation showing moderate improvement over the opening and a more active demand from local packers the market regained what it lost early in the day and a good share of the day's crop changed hands at fully steady prices as yesterday.

Prices ranged from \$5.80@6.05, with the bulk selling at \$5.90@6.00. The bulk yesterday sold at \$5.90@6.00, a week ago at \$5.95@6.05, a month ago at \$5.95@6.10, a year ago at \$5.45@6.55.

Two years ago at \$5.50@5.60, and four years ago at \$5.95@6.05. Heavy and Mixed—200 lbs. and upward.

Market Active with Light Supply. Prices Steady. The expected happened in the sheep and lamb trade today.

Supplies were held down to narrow proportions and to sellers' predictions that packers would be glad to get supplies before the weak was out buyers made a scramble for the limited crop available.

A supply of 2,000 was posted but arrivals did not reach up to expectations and actual marketings did not reach above the 1200 mark.

Consisting of two doubles of Kansas shorn ewes and six singles of native mixed stock, mostly spring lambs.

Packers found only a limited crop of killing material in the pens and with good orders on hand they were out at a comparatively early hour inspecting offerings.

All buyers were a unit in offers of steady rates which sellers very graciously accepted, with the result that little time was lost in dickering for a price basis.

Market display of more snap and vim than on any previous session this week, and at noon practically everything was safe in packers' hands.

Best spring lambs dropped a nickel over yesterday's top, the best sellers could realize for this class of mutton was \$6.00 with the bulk of the day's offerings going in a range of \$6.00@6.75.

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## HOGS

An Uneven Trade With Prices Averaging About Steady.

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## CAN'T GET AWAY FROM FIGURES.

Accounts of Sales Sent to Journal Office in an Accidental Split Between St. Joseph and Kawville.

Kawville, sixty miles down the winding stretch of copper-colored wetness, sometimes called the Big Muddy, from St. Joseph, is a big place. It is some big wind and is carrying a long line of post cards and Nuggets.

With which it persistently and prevaricatingly informs the surrounding country that a small and insignificant place St. Joseph is when considered as a market for the cattle and hogs that grow and flourish and pay off mortgages on the farms in this territory.

But, this Kawville, with all of her wind, her post cards and her Nuggets, is not large enough to get away from figures that come direct from the account sales on splits of cattle between St. Joseph and this said Kawville.

This morning's mail brought to the Journal office a letter from E. A. Kent, Sparks, Kansas, accompanying the letter were two account sales of cattle made on Tuesday of this week.

One of the sales was made in St. Joseph, the other in Kansas City. It was an accidental split and it cost Mr. Kent \$107.50 to have four loads of his cattle sold in the Kawville market.

Two loads of Mr. Kent's cattle came to St. Joseph by accident, as he admits in the following letter. Weights were practically the same at both markets.

The cattle sold here at \$5.80 per hundred and at \$5.60 in Kansas City, making a difference of \$2.70 per head in favor of the St. Joseph sale, or \$167.50 loss on the 15 head of cattle that went to Kawville.

Following is Mr. Kent's letter: Prices ranged from \$5.80@6.05, with the bulk selling at \$5.90@6.00. The bulk yesterday sold at \$5.90@6.00, a week ago at \$5.95@6.05, a month ago at \$5.95@6.10, a year ago at \$5.45@6.55.

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## SAYS CORN LOOKS FINE.

Lower Man Here Yesterday With Hogs Talks of Crop Conditions.

D. A. Peck, an extensive farmer and hog feeder of Northboro, Iowa, was on the local market yesterday from present conditions. Page county hogs that sold out at a satisfactory price.

Mr. Peck is one of the veteran feeders in the Northboro district and has marketed live stock at this point for many years. He is a firm believer in putting all the finish on his shipments before sending them to market and as a result his hogs usually come in well fattened and showing the effect of experienced handling.

When asked as to the prospects for a corn crop, Mr. Peck made the remark that it was a little early to give out any reliable statistics, but from present conditions he is inclined to be due to the state in corn production this year.

Farmers all over the Northboro territory broke new ground last fall with the result that the acreage of corn is probably larger than in the last decade. Farmers are plowing regularly and fields are practically barren of weeds.

The immediate section of the crop is not regarded as a wheat raising country, and it has lived up to its reputation this year. Only a few scattered fields of wheat can be seen.

Mr. Peck says that the crop of spring pigs this year is not up to the average of other years and the wet damp spring was responsible for many fatalities, so that the outlook from the present viewpoint is not very encouraging.

Among the Missouri patrons of the local market here today with hogs was M. Cummings, a farmer who came in with a consignment of light butchers that sold well, considering the condition of the market.

This is the second shipment from Mr. Cummings' feedlot here this week and won't be the last, according to his statements. There were 82 hogs in the shipment, averaging 207 lbs.

and went to the scales at \$4.95 per cwt. Mr. Cummings says that there are two-thirds of an out crop, said Mr. Cummings. "Stalls are decidedly short and farmers are anticipating trouble with binders when the harvest starts."

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## ITEMS IN BRIEF.

Thos. B. Rankin, a well-to-do farmer and feeder of Fachion county, this state, marketed a load of hogs here today.

The Long Island Cattle company marketed two loads of cattle at this point today. The stock was shipped from Kyd, Kan.

J. W. Thayer of Hendley, Neb., a good friend of the St. Joseph market, had in a two-car consignment of cattle today.

J. C. Bashey of Muscotah, Kan., marketed a mixed load of stock to the day's receipts.

Applemann Bros., prominent farmers and feeders of Skidmore, Mo., had a two-car consignment of hogs on the local trade today.

A. Gardner of Hutchinson, Kan., marketed two cars of sheep here today.

C. M. Brooks sent in a load of hogs for today's market from Braddyville, Ia.

W. H. Case & Co. and E. J. Livingston of Farragut, Ia., marketed stock to the day's receipts.

C. F. Zabel of Western, Neb., swelled local receipts today to the extent of two cars of cattle and hogs. Kite Bros. of Brecken, Neb., were represented on the local market in the sheep and cattle divisions.

Use Molasses Feed that has won by actual test. Champion Feed Co., Turilo, Mo.

Robert Tagart and L. Murphy of Vesta, Neb., each had a car of cattle on sale.

Change of management at Transit House. Try our meals.

F. S. Spurck and Hammond & Burr of Nelson, Neb., were noted among the buyers of stock on the local market today.

Wise Feeders use Excello Feeds. Stock was sold here today for the account of J. W. Edminster and Frank Karr, of Blue Hill, Neb.

There is a profit in feeding Excello Feeds. A. Latta, an influential stockman of Coles, Neb., had a shipment of cattle on today's market.

Best meals, best rooms, Transit House. J. M. Lee of Fairfax, Mo., furnished a load of hogs for the market today.

Transit House caters to stockmen. The Byron Farmers' Elevator Co., of Byron, Neb., had a shipment of hogs on the market again today.

Will go to Sioux City. The annual meeting of the National Live Stock exchange will be held at Sioux City, Iowa, next Thursday, Friday and Saturday, June 21, 22 and 23.

Some people take more pains to be damned than to be saved.

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## GETS TOP PRICE.

King City Man Markets Load of Light Butchers at Good Figure.

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## GRAIN AND PROVISIONS.

The following Chicago board of trade quotations are furnished by T. P. Gordon, 1005-1009 New Corby-Forsse Building, St. Joseph, Mo.

Table of grain and provisions prices including Wheat, Corn, and various types of hogs and sheep.

## WHOLESALE BEEF PRICES.

Following are today's wholesale prices for beef cuts as given out by Swift & Company:

Table of wholesale beef prices for various cuts like brisket, chuck, etc.

## OTHER LIVESTOCK MARKETS.

CHICAGO. Chicago Stock Yards, Ill. June 15.—The Live Stock World reports: Cattle—Receipts, 5000. Market steady, cows and heifers steady to strong.

Hogs—Receipts, 25,000. Market 5¢ lower. Top \$6.20, bulk \$6.05@6.15. Sheep—Receipts, 15,000. Market steady.

KANSAS CITY. KANSAS CITY, Mo., June 15.—Special to The Journal: The Drovers' Journal-Stockman reports: Cattle—Receipts, 2100. Market steady to 5¢ lower. Top \$5.95, bulk \$5.70@5.85.

SOUTH OMAHA. SOUTH OMAHA, Neb., June 15.—Special to The Journal: The Drovers' Journal-Stockman reports: Cattle—Receipts, 2100. Market steady to 5¢ lower. Top \$5.95, bulk \$5.70@5.85.

EAST ST. LOUIS. EAST ST. LOUIS, National Stock Yards, Ill., June 15.—Special to The Journal: The National Live Stock Reporter reports: Cattle—Receipts, 6500, including 3500 southern. Market steady.

ST. JOSEPH CASH GRAIN MARKET. Today's cash values: Receipts: Wheat—3 cars; corn, 15 cars; oats, 0 car.

Wheat: No. 2 red, 84¢ @ 84¢; No. 3 red, 82¢ @ 84¢; No. 2 hard, 82½¢ @ 82¢; No. 3 hard, 81¢ @ 90¢.

Corn: No. 2 white, 56½¢ @ 56½¢; No. 3 white, 56¢ @ 56½¢; No. 2 corn, 55¢ @ 55½¢; No. 3 corn, 54½¢ @ 55½¢.

Oats: No. 2 white, 40¢ @ 40½¢; No. 3 white, 39¢ @ 39½¢; No. 2 oats, 37¢ @ 38¢; No. 3 oats, 36¢ @ 37¢.

Brans: Bran, 88¢ @ 88¢; Corn shorts, 11¢ @ 11¢; New shorts, 11¢ @ 11¢.

The above cash quotations are based on actual sales each day and are furnished by T. P. Gordon, 1005-1009 New Corby-Forsse Building, St. Joseph, Mo.

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STOCK YARDS DAILY JOURNAL

City Office—Rooms 2 and 3, Rock Island Building, corner Sixth and Edmond streets.

The St. Joseph Journal Publishing Co., Publishers.

W. F. WARRICK, Editor and Manager. Largest Outside Circulation of Any Paper Published in Buchanan County, Mo.

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

EXPERIMENTING WITH GRASS.

The agricultural experiment station of Arizona is taking up and considering the question of restoring the native grasses that have been killed out of much of the ranges in that territory by over-grazing.

THE CABBAGE MAGGOT.

Growers of cabbage plants who have been annoyed by maggot injury to their seed beds will find much to encourage them in bulletin 234 of the New York Agricultural Station at Geneva, N. Y.

CONVERTING THE HEATHEN.

There are plenty who doubt that the American policy of pouring millions a year into foreign missions is a good thing.

While they attract the public attention by their gifts to charities, colleges and particularly missions, their right hands are busily engaged in manipulating stocks, grasping franchises and monopolies, grabbing the natural resources of the country and siphoning from the common treasury, oppressing industry and the like.

LIVE STOCK IN HAYTI.

The live stock interests in Hayti are not important, according to the latest return by Mr. Consul-General Murray.

Daddy's Bedtime Story—The Fate of Harriet's Wooden Baby Doll



How Henry Ward Beecher's Tomahawked Sister's Doll

"SUPPOSE I tell you tonight, Evelyn," said daddy, "about when Harriet Beecher Stowe, who wrote that wonderful book 'Uncle Tom's Cabin,' was a little girl like you."

"That's right," said daddy, "and I guess you wouldn't have liked to be a little girl in those days. There were no amusements for children. There were no children's books and even no Sunday schools, and what toys and fun the boys and girls had they had to provide for themselves."

"And fathers and mothers weren't the same as they are today. They loved their children just as much, but they were ashamed to show it. And to kiss anybody on Sunday would put you in prison."

SANTA FE SCHOLARSHIP.

One Awarded in Each County in State Traversed by Road. Columbia, Mo., June 14.—The generous offer of the Santa Fe railroad of twelve scholarships of \$50 each to the short winter course in agriculture at the University of Missouri next winter affords a rare opportunity for the people living in the Santa Fe territory to secure much valuable instruction in agriculture at the agricultural college without any cost to them whatever.

GRAVE QUESTIONS INVOLVED.

Supreme Court Frees Couple Refusing to Give Depositions. Jefferson City, June 13.—On application of counsel for Little Menseil and A. L. Wilborn of Warrensburg, the state supreme court on Tuesday granted a writ of habeas corpus, returnable Thursday, in which the sheriff of Johnson county is directed to discharge the two from custody on a nominal bond of \$100 each.

NEW COTTON BREAKS RECORD.

First Bale Reaches Houston, Tex., 11 Days Ahead of Time. Houston, Tex., June 13.—Establishing a new record by eleven days for first appearance of the new cotton crop, a bale of Cameron county staple was received on the Houston Cotton exchange yesterday. It grew on the farm of Ernest Matz. Part of the bale's journey from Cameron county to Houston was made on a special train, because it was reported other "first bales" were en route to the local exchange.

SEAMAN & SCHUSKE METAL WORKS COMPANY.

SHEET METAL CORNICES AND SKY LIGHTS FIRE DOORS AND SHUTTERS Hot Air Furnaces and Steel Ceilings, Tin, Slate, Tile, Gravel and Ready Roofing 1604 Frederick Ave. Phone 427 Old and New St. Joseph, Mo.

C. F. ROCK PLUMBING & HEATING CO.

MODERN PLUMBING, STEAM and HOT WATER HEATING 115 North Third Street, Telephone 699.

HOLD COMMENCEMENT.

Twenty-Eight Will Receive Diplomas at Chillicothe School.

Arkansas City, Kan., June 13.—This week the annual commencement exercises at Chillicothe Indian school, located in Oklahoma just south of here, are being held. The exercises began Sunday morning with a full dress parade of the students, about 600 in all, and in the afternoon the baccalaureate sermon to the graduates was delivered by Rev. W. C. Roe, superintendent of missions.

TO IRRIGATE 100,000 ACRES.

Twickenham, Ope.—H. C. Shown, Jerome Parsons, Sam Davis, John Asher, Joe Chapman, Z. T. Kenes, James Thompson, Marion Osborne and French and Company, stockmen and farmers of this locality, who own about 1200 acres of fertile bottom land along the John Day river near here, propose to install a gravity irrigation system when they can find satisfactory plans and a contractor who can carry those plans out.



ANOTHER MISTAKE CORRECTED. Oliver—There's no truth in those jokes about summer girls not remembering the fellows they were engaged to. Arthur—No? Oliver—No. I just reminded Miss Swift that we were engaged at the seashore, and she remembered it perfectly.

The Northern Lake Resorts

Very low rates all summer via the Rock Island to the lake resorts of Northern Michigan, Wisconsin, Minnesota. It's cool and delightful along the shores of the "Fresh Water Seas"—and it doesn't take long to get there, if you go the Rock Island way.



JOHN J. GOODRICH, City Passenger Agent, Sixth and Edmond Sts., St. Joseph, Mo. JOHN H. MILLER, Assistant.

St. Joseph Stock Yards Bank

South St. Joseph, Mo. Special Facilities for Handling Live Stock Business. Proceeds of Shipments Handled With Promptness. Insuring Satisfaction to Shipper and Your Home Bank.

Call and Let Us Show You Our Method

HAMMOND'S "MISTLETOE"

Hams, Breakfast Bacon, Lard and Canned Meats. Are the Finest That the Packing House Art Can Produce. Hammond Packing Co. Chicago, Ill. St. Joseph, Mo.

NORTHERN MICHIGAN LINE The Elegant Steel Steamships "Manitou" "Missouri" "Illinois" "Manissee".

Seaman & Schuske Metal Works Company SHEET METAL CORNICES AND SKY LIGHTS FIRE DOORS AND SHUTTERS

C. F. Rock Plumbing & Heating Co. MODERN PLUMBING, STEAM and HOT WATER HEATING 115 North Third Street, Telephone 699.

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PRINTING. COMBE PRINTING COMPANY. Stockmen's Stationery, Bank Outfitters and Lithographers. A Complete Stock of Typewriters, Factory Rebuilt—Low Prices. Send for Our Catalogue.

BELTING. For the Best Write to Lewis Supply Co. 115 S. 4th St., St. Joseph, Mo.

ARCHITECTS. ECKEL & ALDRICH Architects. Make specialty of plans and specifications for farm residences and private and public buildings in surrounding territory. Write us. Corby-Forsess Building, ST. JOSEPH, MO.

ARCHITECT. Rudolph Meier. Fifth Floor, Ballinger Building.

St. Joseph Stock Yards Company. St. Joseph, Missouri. We are in the Market Every Day for Cattle, Hogs and Sheep. WE are especially bidding for Range Cattle and Sheep, both for slaughter and feeding.

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# The Right Woman

By Temple Bailey

(Copyright, 1911, by Associated Literary Press.)

As the three girls dropped into low wicker chairs on the hotel porch the tall dark one in the middy blouse said:

"Why, even her slippers spell 'Miss'."

The eyes of the others went to the balcony above, where, beneath the rail showed a row of shoes.

"Such knowing slippers, too," commented Elizabeth Morse, who was big, "with their low, flat heels and full flounce. No one with a large foot would dare wear them, Bee."

"It's her childish manner that takes with men," Beatrice continued, scornfully, "just look at them. Judge Claybourne's patent leathers are hobnobbing with Major Moore's riding boots, and Teddy Dudley's tan ties are next to—"

She floundered and stopped. "To Bobbie Howell's white canvas sneakers." The third girl made the remark lightly. But the color left her cheeks. "You needn't try to save my feelings, Bee. Bobbie is a backslider. I can't count on his devotion any more."

"Well, it's all her fault," the big girl consoled; "all the men are crazy over her."

"I'm not sure that it's her fault," Mary's fair little face was wistful. "I think the woman tempted me. My excuse is rather weak, don't you? Adam needn't have eaten the apple. And, by the same token, Bobbie needn't adore if he doesn't want to. We shouldn't blame her, really."

"Oh, you," Beatrice threw up her hands in despair, "you always find excuses for everybody. You are an archaic idealist."

"Am I?" Mary's slim fingers caught at the arm of the chair, tensely. "I'm not sure, Bee."

There was a moment's silence, then the fat girl suggested, "Let's play some more tennis."

Mary shook her head. "It's hot, and I'm tired."

The other two went away together, and when they were out of hearing distance, Elizabeth said, huffily, "Hot

and humid. I call it pretty shabby for Bobbie to shift his devotion so soon—and Mary's a dear—"

"And now he sits up aloft with the little widow. I call it pretty shabby for Bobbie to shift his devotion so soon—and Mary's a dear—"

Back on the porch Mary, like a pert outside the gates of Paradise, watch the telltale feet on the floor above, and caught the echo of gay laughter. And the sound beat upon her heart until she could have cried out with pain.

Outwardly, however, she made a very composed little picture, in pale green linen, with her fair hair blown by the salt breeze, her small white face like a pearl.

Hence, when Bobbie Howell leaned over the balcony and saw her, he cried: "Oh, Mary, come up."

Radiant, she rose to her feet. Then she dropped back into her chair for another head appeared—an enchanting bronze-brown coiffured head banded with a black ribbon.

"Yes, please come up," supplemented the little widow.

Mary shrugged her shoulders. "Too hot. I'm going upstairs and cool off."

Still smiling, she found her way to her little room and threw herself face downward on the bed and wept. And the reason for her weeping was this: When the little widow had leaned forward over the balcony she wore in the front of her black gown a white flower that Mary had stuck that morning in Bobbie Howell's buttonhole.

When the slippers and the tennis sneakers came down the stairs the white flower was in the lady's hand.

"Please take it," she said, and held it out to him.

"Why?"

"Because you had no right to give it to me. And I had no right to take it. But this must be my excuse, that I did not know then that it would hurt someone else. But I know now."

"You are. I have told you so a dozen times. Since the night you came I have wanted no other."

"But that isn't love. You are young, and you are proud to show the Major and the Judge and Teddy Dudley that you can win me. You like the chase. You like to be one of the crowd which surrounds me—and so you think you like me—"

"I love you."

"Tomorrow you will say that to some one else. You are a sentimental backslider, Bobbie. But let me tell you this: The girl who gave you the white flower is the right woman. You will simply thwart destiny if you give her up."

"How do you know?"

"I know it," her strong little hands rested on the back of a big chair. She turned her wedding ring absently.

He noted the action, and he noted, also, that while three years had gone by since the death of her husband, that she still wore deep black.

Yet he ventured, "Suppose I decide to make you the right woman," said, masterfully.

"But you cannot. Fate decided that for you. I saw the love in that little girl's eyes when she looked up at you. All women will not love you like that."

"Why not?" he flared.

"Perhaps you are not worth it. There was a hint of scorn in her voice. "But she will always think you are worth it."

"Oh," impatiently, "don't let's talk of her! I want to tell you things. I want a little moment down on the beach, all our own—come."

She hesitated, then plied on her broad hat, and together they went down the steps.

The beach was dotted with bathers, so that they skirted the edges of the crowd until they came to a little pavilion that overlooked the sea. A few gulls, poised on pointed wings showed dark against a sapphire sky. Far away on the horizon was a trail of smoke.

Her eyes followed it. "Next week I shall go that way," she said.

"Go! Where?"

"To Rome—to Paris—anywhere to get away."

"From me?" triumphantly. "Oh, I knew it," he caught at her fingers and held them close, while from the third one he slipped its encircling golden band.

"Oh," she tore herself from his grasp, "how dare you? How dare you?"

"Let me put another there."

Her eyes were deep wells of tears. She covered her face with her hands, and when at last she looked up at him, he saw the sorrow of the wife who is a widow indeed.

"I loved my husband."

He laid the ring upon her lap, and stood irresolute, abashed by the dignity of her grief.

"I thought—"

"You thought because I was gay and young, and did not wear my heart upon my sleeve that I had forgotten. But," and her eyes looked out across the sea, "I shall never forget."

Then she smiled up at him sadly. "Go back to her, Bobbie," she told him, "go back to the right woman, and let her make a man of you. She is sweet and good, and she believes in you. And after a while you will want to live up to her belief, and then you'll reach your full stature. But I—I wouldn't believe in you, because I don't love you. I—I loved my husband—I adored him."

Out of a breathless silence, he faltered, "Forgive me."

She held out her hands to him. "Go back to her, Bobbie," she said, again, "go back to her—and thank God—"

He gripped her hands in his. "You—you good woman—" he stammered.

Watching the scene from the tennis courts, the two girls drew their own conclusions.

"I told you her slippers spelled 'Miss'." was Beatrice's ignorant summing up.

A Hunter's Find.

In 1889 a hunter in New South Wales took a fancy for some kangaroo meat, so he made a trip through the mulga with no companion but his gun. He had no need of either guides or dogs, as he was an experienced bushman. The first kangaroo sighted was wounded by him, but not badly enough to disable it. Before he could get in another shot it made off through the salt bush at a terrific, but leaving a plain trail in drops of blood, so the hunter followed as fast as he could. The trail gradually grew fainter as the wounded animal bled less freely, and its pursuer was often obliged to stoop and examine the ground closely for the telltale signs. After several hundred yards had been covered without seeing any more crimson spots, the hunter began to think his quarry had escaped, when he saw a single feck of red before him. As he bent to look for more fecks the red changed to an iridescent pale green, and he saw it was a gem stone that lay before him. The kangaroo was not bagged, but the White Cliffs opal fields were discovered.

The Case.

"Women are certainly great stealers for their special privileges."

"Yes; the failure of the hatpin trade is a case in point."

# The Broken Bridge

By Claudine Sisson

The village of Doran was on the railroad. The village of Brownville was nine miles away among the hills. An old stage coach plied between to carry the mails and passengers.

The train which should have reached Doran at five o'clock did not arrive until seven, and it therefore had a late start for Brownville. There were two passengers—a man and a woman. The woman was already seated when the man got in. He started to draw back, hung on the steps a moment, and then decided to take his seat. The woman was the widow Lee living in the village. The man was Jacob Smith, widower, living in Brownville. Only four hours before he had asked the widow to be his wife and she had refused him. Now he was going back home, and she was going to Brownville to see her sister.

The situation was rather embarrassing for Smith. He sat up stiffly and pretended that there wasn't a woman within ten miles of him. She didn't do anything of the kind. She hitched around like a fussy old hen, hummed the air of a gospel hymn, and after a few minutes she queried: "Do you think we are going to have a thunder-storm?"

Smith did not wink an eye. "Abner Jones said we would, and Abner is a great hand on the weather."

Nothing from Smith—not even a grunt.

"I'm terribly afraid of thunder-storms. I had an uncle killed by lightning. Were you ever struck?"

Smith gave a sniff of contempt, and the widow leaning forward as if for a closer look exclaimed: "Why, I declare if it isn't Smith, the man who asked me to marry him a few hours ago! Why, didn't you say it was you?"

"You knew it well enough!" he growled.

"I thought I had seen you somewhere or other, but I can't remember."

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to sit beside me and hold my hand whenever we had a thunder-storm."

"But he's gone now, and you must sit on your hands."

It rained cats and dogs. The thunder and lightning went away after a while, but it continued to rain. The horses had to proceed at a walk, and by and by, about half-way between the two towns, they came to a stop and the driver was heard to get down. A moment later he announced:

"The bridge over the creek is broken down by a tree falling on it, and we can't go any farther!"

"And what are you going to do?" asked Smith.

"Going to unhitch the horses and drive 'em around through the woods. The coach will have to stay right here 'till morning!"

"But it can't—it can't!" wailed the woman.

"It sure will, and you'll have to stay with it, unless you want to get drowned. The country's flooded, and it's darker than a black cat."

"But I'll go along with you," said Smith.

"You never will! You never shall!" replied the tearful Mrs. Lee. "If I'm to be left alone here I'll die before daylight! Mr. Smith, you can't have the heart to leave me!"

"Where was your heart this afternoon?"

"Oh, but that was different. And then I thought you a poke of a man."

"And I am one. I'm going to poke off and leave you to have a good night's sleep. No call to be afraid. You won't hear even a chipmunk!"

"Smithy," she said as she reached out a hand in the darkness and fastened on to his coat-collar, "you are not going."

"Well, I'll sit here ten minutes longer."

"You'll sit as long as I want you to. You are not a man to leave a woman in distress. Yours is a noble nature. I saw that when you entered the house this afternoon."

"And you also said that I was a poke! Why, I had hardly begun to talk to you when you said it was your busy day!"

"But, Smithy, I was just ready to make apple pie, and you came in on me unexpectedly. If I'd had time to size up your noble nature—"

"And I believe you tried to sit the dog on me when I left! He snapped at my heel as I went through the gate."

"Why, Smithy, to think I'd do such a thing as that! The dog must have taken you for a man that I've had to refuse no less than five times. Really, I was sorry when you went, and was a good mind to call you back."

"What would you have said had I come back?"

"If you had come back and I had read your noble nature—Oh, Smithy, I hear something moving under the stage!"

"I'll get out and see what it is."

"Never! It won't take much more to make me faint away. Why don't you take my hand and give me confidence?"

Smith took it, and for the next ten minutes not a word was spoken. Then the widow whispered:

"Smithy, do you take it that we are—engaged?"

"We have been engaged for the last two hours!" was the reply.

"And I never knew it! Smithy you're no poke!"

"Thanks!"

"But one of the best and noblest of men, and I'm so glad that—that we are engaged!"

And the rain ceased, the moon shone out, and the happy pair deserted the coach and walked back to Doran.

A Live Issue.

Judge Jordan, on his annual winter visit to his summer home at Wobrook-in-the-Hills, asked his neighbor, Mr. Joseph Wade, how things were going in the village. "The place is changed, completely," returned Mr. Wade, pulling a long face. "Us folks up here on Oak Hill get our mails two days later'n we did when Homer Atkins represented us down to the state capital."

"Yes, sir," Mr. Wade continued, with increasing gloom, "since Hen Oates has been in office, John Elmes—rural free delivery man, ye know—begins distributing mail up to Oates' mill—Hen's folks' end of the village—stead up here, an' that's changed days o' deliv'ry all 'long the route. But we don't call late to stop long in the hands o' the interests. There's a way out."

"What is it?" inquired Judge Jordan, with interest.

"The next man we send to the legislature," said Mr. Wade, firmly, "is going to live at the center, an' be as ready to live at the mail distributed one way as tother. An' that's going to be Oak Hill way first," concluded Mr. Wade, grimly, "if we have to elect a Democrat to do it."—Youth's Companion.

Powerful Painting.

In the Wiertz gallery in Brussels is a wonderful painting, dating from the time of Waterloo, called "Napoleon in Hell." It represents the great marshal with folded arms and face unmoved descending slowly to the land of shades. Before him, filling all the background of the picture with every expression of contumacious, are the men sent before him by the unbridled ambition of Napoleon. Three million and seventy thousand there were, in all—so history tells us—more than half of them Frenchmen. They are not all shown in the picture. They are only hinted at. And behind the millions shown or hinted at are the millions of men who might have been and are not—the huge widening wedge of the possible descendants of the men who fell in battle.

# ABOUT HUMAN BODY

Distrust of Medicine Arises From Ignorance of Anatomy.

Enlightened Science of Today Shows Within Ourselves Wondrous Mechanisms and Adaptions Which Arouse Admiration.

New York.—Dr. Frederic S. Lee, professor of physiology at Columbia university, opened the Jessup lectures on scientific features of modern medicine at the Museum of Natural History with a "Sketch of the Normal Human Body." It is Dr. Lee's conviction that whatever distrust of medical potency may now exist arises largely from ignorance of the human body and the present status of medical science.

"In accepting the Jessup lectureship," he said, "I was influenced largely by the thought that through it I might perhaps be of service to both the medical profession and an intelligent public by telling the public something of what medical leaders are doing."

"Notwithstanding the swift progress of medical science we frequently meet with a distrust of the efficiency of medicine, a feeling that the physician knows far too little concerning disease and its cure, and a tendency to turn toward strange cults, making fair promises. Such distrust is as old as medicine itself. I do not believe that it is justified. Doubting is indeed an entirely legitimate form of mental exercise. The man of science who is not a doubter has no claim to honorable standing. But not all doubts are equally estimable. There are those that betray much knowledge and those that betray little."

"The ignorance of the human body among many persons is extraordinarily great. It is strange to find thinking, reasoning men and women, who were born with their bodies, who have clung to them in sickness and in health, for better or for worse, who have used them for every variety of human service, and yet hold themselves utterly aloof from a knowledge of bodily affairs. I suspect that we have here an inheritance, through many generations, of the medieval notion of the vileness of the human body, a notion which is out of keeping with the enlightened science of today. This science shows within ourselves wondrous mechanisms and adaptations which ought to arouse a man's admiration if he possesses a truly aesthetic sense."

Dr. Lee gave a sketch of the human body, covering its composition anatomically and chemically, and a survey of its functions, stopping now and again to suggest the lines which future research will take where mysteries still "lure and baffle." He tried to give his audience some conception of the wonderful complexity of the human organism. He illustrated it at one point by describing just what it means to contract one's biceps voluntarily, added laughingly:

"We may, in our bewilderment, well wonder why a mere innocent contraction of the biceps does not bring in its train an attack of nervous prostration. Seriously, this great complexity is not appreciated. Gay critics, the anti-this and the anti-that, grow impatient with medical science and turn to others who profess to work successfully with simpler methods. But those to whom they turn are utterly unfamiliar with the complexities of the human body and its functions, complexities that are way beyond the anti-this and the anti-that."

HAREM SKIRT GREET RIVAL

Four-Quarter Garment Appears on Streets of New York—Lately From European Cities.

New York.—The harem skirt had hardly made its first appearance in the streets of New York when a dangerous rival, an even newer creation of the dressmaker's art, called into port. The newest thing is called the four-quarter skirt. It came in on the steamship Prinz Frederick Wilhelm, and it caused great excitement whenever it appeared on deck during the voyage across.

The designer of the four-quarter skirt has made no attempt to obtain a trousers effect. The new garment is like the dretrofore skirt, only much more so. Instead of being slit on one side it is slit in front, behind and on both sides. This divides it into quarters and gives an excuse for its name.

At the bottom flaps are fastened together. This gives it in a heavy gale the appearance of a ruptured balloon, but it prevents the flaps from getting in the wearer's eyes and obstructing her vision.

Photograph One's Thoughts

Worcester, Mass.—Dr. Max Baif of Clark college, discussing the discovery credited to Japanese scientists enabling human thoughts to be photographed, said:

"As a method of taking thought photographs, a capital way would be to expose the film in a vacuum tank, and have the subjects, whose thought are to be photographed, placed near the tank, even with their heads against it. Developing the film roll, after it had been unrolled in darkness, with a pair of subjects thinking on a given subject while it was being unrolled, might show some extremely interesting results."

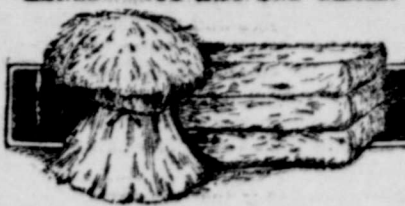
"It is a matter for close investigation and demands a long series of carefully conducted experiments."

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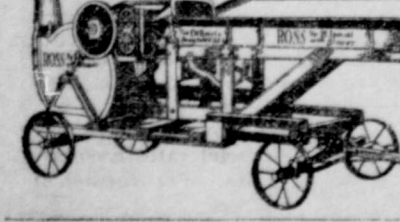
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### MAZZINI FORGOT HIS BOMB

Infernal Machine Made by Italian Patriot Found Long After in His London Room.

Mazzini at one time was living in the attic of a friend's house, Mr. Shen, in Bedford row. Years passed; Mazzini went away, died and was entombed in the hearts of his liberated countrymen. More years passed; Mr. Shen died; the firm which Mr. Shen founded grew larger and larger. The clerks invaded room after room of the upper house, until at last they worked in the very attic.

One day one of the partners was dictating a difficult letter to a clerk in such an attic. He stood before the fire and absent-mindedly fingered a dusty spherical object of iron that stood upon the mantelpiece. Getting tired of the phrase he wanted, he threw, still absent-mindedly, this iron object into the fire. He finished dictating the letter and left the room. Immediately afterward there was a terrific explosion. The round object was nothing more nor less than a small bomb.

With such object Mazzini had passed his time while, years before, he had dreamed of the liberation of Italy. He had gone away; the bomb, forgotten upon the mantelpiece, had remained undisturbed, until at last it found its predestined billet in the maiming of several poor clerks.—Hueffer's Recollections.

### 'SWIPES' SURELY MADE GOOD

Judge Wilkin's Story of the Wait Who Became a Prosperous Brooklyn Citizen.

Robert J. Wilkin, a justice of the court of special sessions, who was the first judge of the children's court in Brooklyn, in a speech the other evening told several interesting stories.

"There was a boy dropped from somewhere into the heart of New York some years ago," said Justice Wilkin. "He drifted down to the South Brooklyn waterfront and earned his living there by selling bran water to the great sweating longshoremen. One of these, becoming interested in the lad, asked him his name.

"Swipes," said the boy. The longshoreman told Henry A. Moore, superintendent of the docks, who is a son of the late Judge Henry A. Moore, about the boy. Mr. Moore spoke to me about the youngster, and we got him a lodging, and by and by a place in an office. Then for years I lost sight of him.

"A few evenings ago," continued Justice Wilkin, "I was taking dinner with some friends in the Crescent club. A stocky, good looking and prosperous appearing man came up to our table. In reply to his question, I told him I was Judge Wilkin.

"Well, judge," said the man, "do you see that gentleman over there?" pointing to one of the best known men in the city. "He is my business partner. I'm going away for a long time in a few days, and before I go I want you to draw up my will."

"That was Swipes."

### How Cities Make Good Citizens.

Our great cities receive annually vast accretions to their population from every country on earth. Most of these aliens come to us ignorant of our language, our customs and our institutions; many of them have been subjected in the lands of their origin to unjust governmental restraint; almost all of them have been used to a more or less oppressive governmental interference in every relation of life.

### Old Friend Mixed.

Among those who visited the Astor library, before its doors were closed for the last time to the public, was an elderly, neatly clad man, who had been a regular patron of the place for years. He said to a man who saw him lingering in the vestibule: "Going up-town is a good move, no doubt, for the library, and the new quarters are of course much superior to those, but some of us feel bad about it. We were at home here. We were even accustomed to the drafts and knew where to sit to avoid them. We're too old to get used to the new place, and it costs five cents to get there. Too bad!"—New York Press.

### Killed by an Insult.

M. Borini, an elderly cabinetmaker, living in the Emory-Vives quarter of Geneva, died last night under extraordinary circumstances. He was visited by a customer with whom he had quarreled, and the dispute continued yesterday, when the customer in his anger said: "Monsieur, you are a thief." The cabinetmaker, who had a very good reputation in Geneva, staggered under the insult and fell to the ground. He was carried to his bedroom, where he died a few hours later.—Geneva Correspondent London Express.

### BRITISH NAMES SEEM QUEER

For Example, When You Address Mr. Majorbanks You Must Call Him Mr. Marchbanks.

New York.—Lord George Cholmondeley added beauty and grace to the British peerage by marrying Mrs. Stirling, an American-born chorus girl, the other day, but when you discuss this marriage for goodness sake do not call the happy bridegroom Lord Cholmondeley. His name is pronounced Chumley.

All Anglomaniacs and title worshippers who wish to display their familiarity with the British aristocracy should carefully study the pronunciation of the names they roll from their tongues so glibly. For example, the family name of Lord Roxburghe, who married Miss May Goelet, of New York, is Innes-Ker. That seems easy enough, but in the course of time it has come to be pronounced Ennis-Kar. The lucky nobleman who took to wife Miss Vivien Gould not long ago spells his name Decies; his friends call him Des-shees. Abergenny is pronounced Abergenny; Beauchamp, Beecham, and Beauclerk, Boclair. Both Carey and Courtrix are pronounced Carer.

Clerk is Clark; Clowes Clews; Coke Cook, and Cowper Cooper. Be careful to speak of the Colquhous as Cohoons.

Lord Knollys, private secretary to King George as he was to King Edward, calls himself Noles. A Macgillivuddy would not know whom you meant if you called him that instead of Makiuddy. Mainwaring is pronounced Manning; Majorbanks, Marchbanks; Lisle, Leel, and Moray, Murray.

The name of the old gossip of the famous diary is not Pepps, as it is spelled, but Pepps. Pole-Carew is Pool-Carey, although as quoted above Carey is Carew. Pridaunt is Pridun, with accent on the "rid." Salts is Sah-leece and Sandys, Sand; St. John is Sinjen, and St. Leger, Sintjer; St. Maure, Seemore, and Strachan, Strawn.

In Willoughby de Eresby are two too many "e's," for it is pronounced Willoughby Derzy; Vaux is Vawks, and Waldegrave, Wallgrave. Hawarden, known wherever Gladstone's name is known, is Haden, and Tyrwhitt is Tirit, with accent on the first syllable.

### HIS APPETITE WAS AMAZING

Five Chickens, Eight Quarts of Dough and Fifty Waffles Part of a Hungry Man's Feast.

Bloomsburg, Pa.—The crowning achievement of the roundmuzzling career of Hungry Sam Miller occurred at a chicken and waffle supper at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Knies of near Strawberry Ridge, even though he long ago proved to the satisfaction of all comers that he is the original human ostrich.

It was after 60 guests at the Knies home had partaken of the bounteous provisions, with great quantities of the delicacies remaining, that Hungry Sam appeared. It was quickly ascertained that he was willing to do his best to relieve the housewives of the trouble of clearing the tables. He started in with five whole chickens, garnished with 50 waffles and two cans of pickles. Three dozen small cakes and two large cakes followed. This little entree served to take the edge off his keen appetite. Five big country pies came as dessert, but still Sam's capacity had not reached the limit.

The combined waffle baking brigade was again called into action, but their services proved too slow for the great gourmand, and he seized the eight-quart bucket brimming full of waffle dough and drained it to the bottom. At this a halt was called, not because Sam had reached the limit of endurance, but because the stock of edibles had been exhausted.

### EDITOR WAS NEARLY ROBBED

"We" Thinks Alleged Thief Is A-Fired Mean to Attempt to Separate Him From Money.

West Grove, Pa.—In an explosive column of righteous indignation Editor Hitchler of the Oxford News denounces a prominent Lancaster county woman, who he alleges sought to rob him of his board money, hidden in a pigeonhole of his desk at the News office.

The editor is a bachelor and from time to time hides away a trifle of his weekly stipend to pay his hotel bill. Some of his barbed-wire sentiments relative to the incident are: "Now to steal at all it is a crime, but to steal from an editor is the height of human degeneracy. To hold up a banker or plumber or some other form of plutocrat is excusable under certain circumstances.

The person who will deliberately attempt to separate an editor from real money is a brute, with a soul no larger than could be incased in the appendix of an especially diminutive mosquito.

A little lying and slandering we can stand, but even if the smallest sum of money is stolen from us we are broke.

### British Road Quits Steam.

New York.—The first of the main railway systems of England to be electrified on the American plan throughout its length will be the London, Brighton & South Coast line. The system is 479 miles long. The work will be completed, it is announced, by 1916.

### MAKES LARGE MAP OF MOON

Only One of Its Kind in the World Is Drawn by English Business Man—Six Feet Across.

London.—An extraordinary map—the only one of its kind in the world—is being drawn by W. Goodacre, F. R. A. S., of Finchley, who spent seven years in the work. It is a map of the moon on the large scale of 30 miles to an inch. When spread out it covered a grand piano, several chairs and finished up on a table at the other side of the room.

Many attempts have been made before to produce such a map, but Mr. Goodacre claims that no one has succeeded in depicting the moon in such detail and accuracy. In general appearance the result of his work resembles a picture of a greatly magnified drop of water, showing bacilli in countless thousands.

Mr. Goodacre is a business man who has devoted his leisure for thirty years to a study of the moon. He gazes at it through a reflecting telescope with 12-inch aperture, such as an observatory might be proud of. His map is based on detailed drawings and on excellent photographs, amplified by telescopic observations.

"The telescope," he explained, "shows much finer detail than a photograph, owing to its enormous magnifying power. You can see clearly in this way small crater pits which would be practically invisible in a photograph."

When Mr. Goodacre began his task he took a great sheet of paper, placed a compass point in the middle and drew a circle 77 inches in diameter. All the space outside this he blackened over with India ink. The next thing was to rule within the circle about 40,000 tiny squares, and to make notes of 1,432 measured points. All this was done to insure correctness of position for the mountains, craters and seas which were to be drawn in during the next seven years.

"I have not had time to count up yet," said Mr. Goodacre, "but I should estimate that there are probably 30,000 craters shown in detail. Some of those clefts in the moon's surface, shown by short lines, are 100 miles long and a mile or so wide. I propose to reproduce the map in 25 sections, provided a sufficient number of persons want it."

### BETTING ON ANGEL AVIATION

Nevada Gambler While on His Deathbed Planned Flying Race in Heaven With Senator Nye.

New York.—James W. Nye, appointed by President Lincoln as territorial governor of Nevada, now one of the senators from Nevada, told the following anecdote: "The territory of Nevada, when I became governor, was about the weirdest and most lawless community anywhere. Among this element was a desperado, a gambler. His passion for gambling was so inveterate that he was willing to bet upon any event.

"On his deathbed he sent for me. He told me that he knew his time had come, and that he wanted to leave the world squarely. As well as I could, I told him that the good book said that if any one confessed his sins and was really sorry there was no doubt of that man's pardon.

"And if I am really sorry I will go to heaven?" he asked.

"Yes, Jim," I said. "I am sure you will."

"Do you expect to go to heaven?" he asked. "I told him that I hoped so."

"I could only answer 'yes'."

"Governor," he said, after a moment, in the faintest of voices, "when we're both in heaven and angels, I'll bet you five dollars I can fly faster than you." Five minutes later he was dead."

### MAN'S WIG LOST ON A WAGER

Senator From Spokane Returns Home Wearing Scalp Won in Bet Over Hospital Bill.

Spokane, Wash.—Senator E. S. Whitney came home from Olympia with the scalp of "Deep Creek" Jones, of the board of control. The senator is now wearing the scalp over the shining dome that once was the pride of bald-headed row in the state senate.

It came about in this way: When the Hutchinson bill was before the legislature providing for purchase of additional land for the institute for the feeble minded at Medical Lake, Mr. Jones was opposed to it. Whitney backed Hutchinson and the two men got into an argument.

"Tell you what I'll do," said Mr. Jones. "I'll bet you my wig against \$20 that 'Hutchy' doesn't get that bill through."

"I'll take you on that," responded Whitney. The bill went through both houses and was signed by the governor. Then Whitney called on Jones to deliver the wig and got it. A delegation went to the barber shop with Whitney and saw it trimmed to fit the new pate.

### Seaple Weighed 168 Pounds.

Gordon, England.—A seaple weighing one hundred and sixty-eight pounds, with a three-inch crust, divided into bulkhead compartments, containing six rabbits, three ox kidneys, three sheep kidneys, twenty-eight pounds of steaks, forty-six pounds of turnips and carrots, fifty-six pounds of potatoes and twenty-eight pounds of Brussels sprouts, was served at an annual banquet here. It was cooked by a North Sea skipper.

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**German East African Caves.**

A remarkable system of subterranean caves in German East Africa has been discovered and partly explored by Father Ambrosius, a Roman Catholic missionary, and Herr Thurmann, a German official.

The caves are situated in the Matumbi mountains and natives never ventured farther than a small grotto, the first one encountered, as they said an evil spirit dwelt within. The two explorers discovered a hole at the end of this grotto which led to a great cavern 3,300 feet in length, filled with deep pools in which strange eel-like fish lived. Stalactites and stalagmites twenty-five feet in length were plentiful here.

Further searches resulted in the discovery of other huge caves at deeper levels. A second level lay 150 feet deeper, a third sixty feet below the second, and a fourth ninety feet below the third. From this the explorers had to retreat, as thousands of bats attacked them, and their lanterns were in danger of being extinguished by these creatures.

**War on Ground Squirrels.**

Farmers have begun early this year to wage a war of extermination on the ground squirrels. Thousands of them are being killed daily with poisoned grain, but as soon as the grass and wheat become long, enough and green enough to furnish them with food they will eat but little grain, and traps must be used. Hundreds of traps are going out of the Palouse country towns every day.

Some farmers employ a man or boy whose sole duty it is to look after the traps of which there are as many as 2,000 on some of the larger farms. These are placed at the holes and are caught and held. It is estimated that the traps, poison and labor to kill squirrels in Whitman county cost thousands of dollars annually, while the amount of grain destroyed by the pests runs into tens of thousands of dollars each year.

**Successful Soldier of Fortune.**

Gen. "Kaid" Belton, the young English soldier who led 67,000 troops to a victory which placed Mulai Hafid on the throne of Morocco, is visiting this country. He won his commission at the age of twenty-one for gallantry on the field during the Boer war, attributing his success in that particular engagement to "your Yankee rapid-fire guns." He was the youngest captain in the army at twenty-three. In 1908 he went to Morocco and cast his fortune with Mulai Hafid, the pretender to the throne, who was finally successful.

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