

The LIVE STOCK



INSPECTOR

DEVOTED EXCLUSIVELY TO LIVE STOCK INTERESTS.

Eleventh Year,
No. 18

Woodward, Oklahoma, and Kansas City, Missouri, September 1, 1905.

\$1 Per Year



Four Great Sales



Choice Breeding Cattle,

During the

American Royal Livestock Show

At the Stock Yards, Kansas City, Mo.,

October 9th to 14th, 1905.

60 Shorthorns 60

Will Sell

Tuesday, October 10th.

For Catalogue, Address B. C. COWAN,
17 Exchange Ave., Chicago, Ill.

60 Herefords 60

Will Sell

Wednesday, October 11th.

For Catalogue, Address C. R. THOMAS,
221 W. 12th St., Kansas City, Mo.

60 Galloways 60

Will Sell

Thursday, October 12th.

For Catalogue, Address CHAS. GRAY,
17 Exchange Ave., Chicago, Ill.

60 Aberdeen-Angus 60

Will Sell

Friday, October 13th.

For Catalogue, Address W. C. M'GAVOCK
Springfield, Ill.



Not a Cull in the Lot.

Sales Begin Promptly at
1:00 o'clock, p. m.



THE FAMOUS PECOS VALLEY OF NEW MEXICO.

Comprise within its limit the richest and cheapest farming lands to be found in the United States. All under irrigation and which last year produced the fruits and vegetables which carried off first honors at the Louisiana Purchase Exposition at St. Louis. THIS GARDEN SPOT OF THE GREAT SOUTHWEST can be reached only via

THE PECOS VALLEY LINES.

Regular Homeseekers excursions are run into this territory every first and third Tuesday in each month and will continue up to and including the third Tuesday in April, 1905, at the rate of one fare plus Two Dollars for the round trip from all points north and east. Write your friends at the old home about this rate.

If you are interested; if you wish to obtain a home upon reasonable terms, where you can live like a prince, in an equable climate, write for further particulars to **A. L. CONRAD**, Traffic Manager, Amarillo, Texas.

The Southwest Limited

Is the electric-lighted train between Kansas City and Chicago that took first place in its first year, and HOLDS IT. Its route is via the short line of the

CHICAGO, MILWAUKEE AND ST. PAUL RAILWAY.

Leaves Kansas City, Union Station, 5.55 p. m., and Grand Avenue Station 6.07 p. m. Arrives Union Passenger Station Chicago, 8.55 a. m., the next day.

Carries compartment and standard sleeping cars, dining car, observation-library car, reclining chair car and coach. It is electric lighted, steam heated and perfectly ventilated throughout, and runs over a track protected by the absolute block signal system all the way.

If you are contemplating a trip East or North, and will forward the attached coupons with blanks filled, considerable information about rates, routes and train service will be forwarded by return mail, FREE.

C. L. COBB, Southwestern Passenger Agent, 907 Main St., Kansas City, Mo.

Name

Address

City State

Time of Trip

Probable Destination

WICHITA UNION STOCK YARDS CO.

WICHITA, KANS.

CAPACITY 3,000 CATTLE,
5,000 HOGS.

Private Yards for Texans
Perfect Sewerage and City Water
All Pens Covered.

W. R. DULANEY
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Fort Worth Stock Yards Co. FORT WORTH TEX.

Daily Capacity

5,000 Cattle
10,000 Hogs
5,000 Sheep
1,500 Horses & Mules

Examine Our

Sales of
Oklahoma
Hogs

Packers

Ft. Worth Pack. Co.
Armour & Company
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Facilities for handling Northern and Southern Cattle unsurpassed. If you investigate the markets before shipping, you will find the Fort Worth Market will net you more money.

W. B. King,
GEN'L MGR.

O. W. Matthews,
SEC'Y and TREAS.

SPECIAL RATES VIA SANTA FE.

Place	Fare	Dates of sale	Return limit.
Pueblo, Colo., and return,	17 75,	June 1 to Sept. 30,	Oct. 31, 1905
Colorado Spgs. Colo "	10 25,	" " " " "	" " "
Denver, Colo., "	21 50,	" " " " "	" " "
Ogden and Salt Lake "	34 90,	" " " " "	" " "
St. Louis, Mo., "	24 60,	" " " " "	" " "
St. Paul, Minn., "	27 60,	" " " " "	" " "
Chicago, Ill., "	32 60,	" " " " "	" " "
Hot Springs, S. D., "	29 80,	" " " " "	" " "
Portland, Oregon, "	49 55,	May 23 to Sept. 30	90 days.
Denver, Colo., "	14 70,	Aug. 30 to Sept. 4	Sept. 11.

AS COMPARISONS ARE TO OUR ADVANTAGE, WE CAN AFFORD TO ENCOURAGE THEM.

THE DENVER ROAD
SHORTEST ROUTE TO COLORADO AND THE NORTHWEST
THROUGH THE TEXAS PAN-HANDLE.

SAVES PATRONS 300 MILES IN VISITING
"COOL COLORADO"
LEWIS & CLARK EXPOSITION,
YELLOWSTONE NATIONAL PARK,
OR CALIFORNIA POINTS, AND
IT'S SERVICE SPEAKS FOR ITSELF.

FURTHER FACTS
YOURS UPON REQUEST
A. A. GLISSON, G. P. A.
FORT WORTH, TEXAS

THE Live Stock Inspector

AND **FARM NEWS**
FOR STOCK FARMING AND THE HOME.

VOL II, No. 18.

WOODWARD, OKLA., SEPTEMBER 1, 1905.

Subscription \$1.00

Temple Houston.

Temple Houston was buried at Woodward, Oklahoma Territory, Sunday evening, August 20, 1905. During his sickness, Mr. Houston requested to be buried in Oklahoma, and in compliance with that request his family were compelled to refuse to have his body taken to his native state, Texas. The services were conducted by the Rev. Father Kamp, and the entire population of Woodward who were all of his friends, were present on the sad occasion.

Mr. Houston leaves a widow and four children, the three oldest of whom are boys ranging in age from twelve to twenty-one years, and his youngest child is a girl aged nine years, to whom he was passionately devoted.

Mr. Houston was the youngest son of General Sam Houston and his wife, Margaret Hoffatt Lee, an Alabama lady who Gen. Houston married after the death of his Cherokee wife and the independence of Texas. Mr. Houston leaves four sisters and two brothers. The oldest child of this marriage and the youngest, Sam Houston and Temple, are the only ones who are dead. He was born in the executive mansion at Austin, Texas, August 12, 1860, at which time his father was the Governor of the state—he died at Woodward Oklahoma, August 15, 1905.

Mr. Houston was left in early life practically upon his own resources as his father was not of that class of patriots who while serving their country, enriched themselves. General Houston, after long years of service to Texas and the United States, died in 1861, while Temple was a child, in comparatively poor financial circumstances, having devoted his life to building up an empire for the benefit of humanity and not in accumulating dollars. Mr. Houston's education was acquired in his native state, first in Bryan College, a Military school, and completed in Georgetown University. After graduating he studied law at La Grange, Texas, under one of the eminent jurists of his native State whose name is to the writer not known. While very young Mr. Houston was appointed County Attorney of Brazoria County, which office he filled with honor until 1892 when he was appointed prosecuting or District Attorney for the Panhandle District with headquarters at Mobeetie. He was elected in 1884 as a member of the Senate of his native State, which position he held until the expiration of his term in 1888. He

resigned at the request of his wife, the position of prosecuting attorney, shortly after his election and began a general practice with William H. Grigsby, late Probate Judge of Canadian County, Oklahoma, now dead. While practicing in the Panhandle, Mr. Houston's operations extended over a territory nearly as large as all of Oklahoma. He was invariably successful in his practice in that county as he was in Oklahoma. In 1893 he came, at the opening of the Cherokee Outlet, to Woodward, Okla., where he established a law business in partnership with Mr. Dungan and Mr. Ray. Mr. Dungan only remained a few weeks a member of this firm, which was continued in operation until the fall of 1895. Mr. Ray having been appointed Register of the Land Office in that year, Mr. Houston formed a partnership with D. P. Marum of Woodward, which continued until April 1, 1902 which was dissolved by mutual consent, Mr. Marum having to devote more of his time to his own private business than would be fair and honorable to Mr. Houston who only practiced his profession and did nothing else as his means of livelihood, and having to be away so much from the office he needed a partner who could give more attention to the business than Mr. Marum could. They continued close personal friends to the last hour of Mr. Houston's life. He formed a partnership on the above date with Mr. T. M. Grant which continued for nearly a year, which was dissolved by Mr. Houston forming the partnership of Appelget & Houston, which partnership continued until some months after Mr. Houston was stricken, on August 4, 1904, with the illness from which he never recovered. Mr. Houston, in early life, had a severe attack of erysipelas from which resulted epilepsy, a disease that Mr. Houston suffered with from early manhood until it finally carried him to the Beyond. The writer has known Mr. Houston to be attacked with the most violent convulsions at many and various times and places, sometimes on the railroad cars when enroute to court or from court, sometimes in his office and once upon the prairie ten miles away from the town of Canadian in Texas, where for an hour Mr. Houston lay unconscious and practically dead without a drop of water and only one other person, a cow boy driver with a bronc team that they were using on

the trip from Roger Mills County to Canadian City, and notwithstanding the severe attack at that time, the feeble condition in which it left Mr. Houston, he proceeded that night to Vernon, Texas and participated the next morning in the trial of a murder case in which his firm were employed.

While County Attorney at Brazoria, Texas, Mr. Houston met Miss Laura Cross, whose father had a large sugar plantation in Louisiana not far from Brazoria. This acquaintance resulted in the marriage of Mr. Houston and Miss Cross February 14, 1885. After Mr. Houston's appointment to the Panhandle District, during all of Mr. Houston's life since that time, he has been a devoted husband and a kind father to his wife and children who now mourn his loss. His whole life was devoted to them. He was never so happy as when returning from city or court to Woodward, his home.

He never returned without bringing many tokens of his love and devotion to his family. He was unsparing to himself in his work and never failed to give his best efforts in defense of his clients whose names were legion. He would ride night and day, swim rivers, if unfordable, but was never known when court convened and his clients interests demanded his attention, to be absent.

Mr. Houston dies regretted by the people of Oklahoma and Texas, each alike in their regard, one the State of his nativity, the other the land of his adoption. In neither never lived a brighter man or a kinder heart or one who leaves so many friends to regret his death.

MODERN THIEVES ARE MOST RESPECTABLE

University Professor Compares Old Style And New.

Chicago, Aug. 12—"The man who picks pockets with a railway rebate, murders with an adulterant instead of a bludgeon, burglarizes with a rake-off instead of a jimmy, cheats with a company prospectus instead of a deck of cards, or scuttles his town instead of his ship, does not feel on his brow the brand of the malefactor. The latter day treacheries fly no skull and cross bones at the masthead."

So spoke Professor Edward A. Ross of the University of Nebraska yesterday in a lecture at the University of Chicago on "Modern Sin," Bill Sykes, Fagin and Simon Lagree, the gin-soaked, skulking villain types, have passed, the professor believes, and today the cloven hoof hides in patent leather, and the modern high-power

dealer of woe wears immaculate linen and a silk hat and most likely is a philanthropist.

"Modern sin takes its character from the mutualism of our time," he declared. "The rise of the states makes possible counterfeiting, smuggling, speculation and treason. Commerce tempts the pirate, the forger and the embezzler. Every new judiciary relation is a fresh opportunity for breach of trust. The daring sins of our times are incidental to the ruthless pursuit of private ends, and the victims, like the wayfarers, run down by the automobile, are offered up to the god of speed.

"The modern criminal wears immaculate linen, carries a silk hat and a lighted cigar, and sins with a calm countenance and serene soul, leagues or months from the evil he causes. Upon his gentlemanly presence the eventual blood or tears do not obtrude themselves. Briber and hoodler and grafter are good men judged by the old standards. Among the chiefest sinners are now enrolled men who are pure and kind hearted, loving to their families, faithful to their friends and generous to the needy.

"The essence of the wrongs that infect our articulated society is betrayal rather than aggression. Having perforce to build men of willow into a social fabric that calls for oak, we see on all hands monstrous treacheries—adulterators, hoodlers, grafters—violating the trust others have placed in them. The little finger of chicanery has come to be thicker than the loins of violence.

"How decent are the slayings of the quack, the adulteror and the purveyor of polluted water compared with the red slayings of the bandit or assassin. What an abyss between the knife play of the brawler and the law-defying neglect to fence dangerous machinery in a mill or to furnish cars with safety couplers. The providing of unsuspecting passengers with cork life preservers secretly loaded with bars of iron, is only spiritually akin to the treachery of Joab. The current methods of annexing the property of others are characterized by an indirectness and refinement very grateful to the natural feelings."—Ex.

Accurate measurements should be taken to establish beyond a doubt, how much the island of Luzon sank when Sec. Taft stepped ashore.

Japan's champion heavy-weight "wrestler" was introduced to Sec. Taft, but prudently refrained from opening professional negotiations.

Experiments on Wheat Culture.

Considerable has already been said about wheat culture in Oklahoma, but we feel that the following announcement from the Oklahoma Experiment Station, touching their wheat experiments covering a period of five years is worth reading twice: The best plowing time was from July 1 to August 15. The average yield of land plowed July 15, is 27 10 bushels; August 15, 24.20 bushels; September 15, 22 bushels. At the time of the July plowing, the ground was unusually moist and mellow and free from weeds, and plowed with ease. At the time of the September plowing, the ground was unusually dry and hard and covered with weeds, many of which had gone to seed. The work of plowing was very laborious and difficult and a great amount of work was usually required to get the seed bed in a condition fit for seeding. For the August plowing the ground was not usually in as good condition to be worked as at the time of the July plowing, but was in better condition than for the September plowing and there was more time to get the seed-bed in shape.

THE TIME FOR SEEDING.

September 15 was chosen for early seeding; October 15 for medium seeding; November 15 for late seeding. For the five-year period the average results were: Early, 24.28 bushels; medium, 27.49 bushels; late, 17.38 bushels. There was an average difference of 3.21 bushels in favor of medium seeding, compared with early seeding. In general, seeding from October 1st to October 15 will give as good results as earlier seeding; however the earlier sown wheat will usually furnish a larger amount of pasture. Pasturing would also tend to overcome any detrimental effect which might be caused through an excessive early growth. Early seeding favors the development of the Hessian fly, thus in sections where the fly is prevalent seeding in October would be preferable to September. The late seeding is often quite uncertain owing to the fact that the plants get a poor start. One important factor that has prevented the late seeding from producing as well as the earlier ones is that wheat seeded after the first of November is much later in maturing and is always badly affected with rust which prematurely ripens the grain and allows the berry to only half fill, which makes a very poor quality of grain.

WHEAT PASTURING IS PROFITABLE.

The pasturing of wheat in Oklahoma is a source of liberal profit to the farmer. The estimated value is \$3 an acre for the season, which would make the net return for the entire territory about 3 million dollars. These average results in the acre yield of wheat were obtained for the seasons of 1902-03 and 1903-04. Not pastured, 17.78; pastured to March 1st, 15.33; pastured to March 31, 14.28; pastured to April 15, 8.12. Where wheat makes a very heavy top it is advisable to pasture. It has been observed that where wheat makes a very heavy growth in the fall and the heavy green mass settles

down close to the ground, the plants in many places are completely destroyed. On heavy soils, pasturing wheat will lessen the yield slightly, and if it is permitted when the soil is not in a suitable condition, or if continued late in the spring, the quality of the grain will be injured and the yield lessened. But where pasturing is judiciously practiced, any slight reduction in yield due to it will many times over be returned in value in the feed furnished in pasturing. The late spring pasturing damaged the crop by retarding the ripening period of the wheat which made it much more subject to rust.

THE VARIETIES THAT ARE GOOD.

The following varieties have been given sufficient trial to demonstrate that they are good varieties for Oklahoma, most of them have been in the variety test eight to ten years:

Soft, smooth wheats—Early Red Clawson, Fultz and German Emperor. Soft bearded wheats—Fulcaster, Missouri Bluestem and New Red Wonder. Hard smooth wheats—Red Russian and Oregon Red. Hard bearded wheats—Sibley's New Golden Turkey, Weissenburg, Crimeau and Theiss.

The term "hard" as applied to wheats, is relative and the same variety varies somewhat in this characteristic when taken from one locality to another. None of the above varieties belong to the true hard wheats, such as the Durum wheats.

Boys of the Sunday school, stay in and hear the preacher. It will not be hard to do and it looks so much better. It will make you feel better, it will make your parents and friends feel better and it will make the preacher feel better, if you quietly hear what he says. You may not think the preacher is so interesting as others you have heard; he may not teach the Bible and the way of Christianity as you believe it, but you are Sunday school scholars, Bible students and searchers after the way of truth yourselves and the way of life to you must be of your own selection. Hear the preacher with respect, read the Bible to learn, cultivate a wise and independent judgment of your own, but you cannot do this unless you stay in and hear. And then the preacher, when he sees that you are trying his sermons by the words of the Bible, will make greater efforts to speak according to truth and reason.—Post.

Range Horse Sales.

The Campbell & Reid and Western Sale Stables Co. of National Stock Yards, Ill., have held three of their fourteen sales of range horses scheduled for this year and those so far have been decided successes. This success proves the stability of their market. They sell tops as well as tails, the best heavy draught kinds as well as the light boned stuff. Their fifth sale will be held July 25 and the sixth August 8. If you have any horses for sale this is a good chance to try them.

Market Prices.

Wheat	65
Oats	27 1/2
Corn	40
Potatoes	65

TWELVE EXPERIENCED MEN LOOK AFTER THE BUSINESS OF THIS COMPANY.

W. P. CHERRY,
President and General Manager.

CHAS. P. TILDEN,
Vice President and Treasurer.

CHERRY-TILDEN, Live Stock Commission Co.

Live Stock Salesmen.

Rooms 284, A and B Ex. Bld.

Kansas City Stock Yards.

REFERENCES:
National Bank of Commerce,
Kansas City, Mo.
First National Bank,
Kansas City, Mo.

Being thoroughly acquainted with existing conditions we are specially prepared to handle consignments from Western Kansas, Oklahoma and Texas.

Make our office headquarters when in K. C.

J. M. SCAMMAN,
President.

GEORGE HUNTER,
Vice President.

J. W. BENNETT,
Sec. and Treas.

Ship Your Stock to MISSOURI LIVE STOCK COMMISSION CO., St. Joseph, Mo.

Good Sales.

Prompt Returns.

C. M. DAILY, } Hog Salesmen.
A. F. DAILY, }

WM. A. HOWARD, } Cattle Salesmen.
B. R. DAILY, }

SAM J. DAILY, } Office
MRS. MAY DAILY CHARLTON, }

References: German American Bank, St. Joseph, Mo.; First National Bank Savannah, Mo.

C. M. DAILY & CO., Live Stock Commission.

Special Attention Given the Stocker and Feeder Trade.

South St. Joseph, Mo.

St. Joseph Stock Yards Co.

The best Live Stock Market on the Missouri River. Watch our Sales and be convinced. Special Attention to all Classes of Stockers and Feeders.

The Modern and Large Packing Houses of Swift & Company, Nelson, Morris & Co., and Hammond Packing Company, make a Daily Market for all Classes of Stock.

We Want Your Business.

JNO. DONOVAN,
Vice Pres. & Gen'l Mgr.

L. D. W. VAN VLEIT,
Asst. Gen'l Mgr.

M. B. IRWIN, Traffic Manager.

Two New States For Southwest.

Indian Territory has had a constitutional convention on August 21, at Muskogee, I. T.

Robert L. Owen, who was United States Indian Agent of 1885 to 1889, with jurisdiction over Indian Territory, is stopping at Hotel Jefferson. Mr. Owen says that this convention will be of far-reaching importance; that it will have back of it almost every man in Indian Territory; that even those that have heretofore attended meetings in favor of a single State with Oklahoma will abandon this course and support their home people.

Yesterday Mr. Owen said: "It has been perfectly natural that some of our active and impatient citizens should attend the single statehood meetings, for the mere reason of their anxiety to get something done in the way of independent government and to get rid of a bureau government, which has become irksome and oppressive. These very men will almost unanimously give their support to the movement for a constitution for Indian Territory. They do not feel that there is any inconsistency in this because, while they have preferred separate statehood for Indian Territory, there was no organized movement visible to obtain it, while the single statehood movement did at least have a visible existence and held out promise for better things.

POPULATION IS 1,000,000.

"Indian Territory has a population of not less than a million people, and the coming vote on the constitution will develop this fact. These people are educated people. They represent educated families of every State in the Union. There are not less than 80,000 in Indian Territory who were born in Missouri; probably 30,000 from Illinois. The very fact that they went to Indian Territory is proof of their enterprise and vigor. Indian Territory has every right to expect the Congress of the United States to accept her constitution.

"When it is presented it will be the best constitution the civilized world has ever seen.

"This constitution will carry out in good faith the pledges of the national Government to maintain prohibition in this country. The Indians were domiciled there with this express perpetual guarantee.

"This constitution will be acceptable to the Indian people and will involve no breach of the national faith which guaranteed to the Indian people that the Government of no State or Territory should be extended over the country without their consent.

"The prohibition people throughout the United States will support this constitution and bring it many a friend. The Mohonk conference will favor this constitution; the Board of Indian Commissioners will favor it. There is good ground to believe that the Secretary of the Interior will favor it.

"There is good ground to believe that the representatives of every State west of the Mississippi River will favor this movement, because it adds to the power and dignity of the West and will assist in grinding about more nearly a just apportionment of power in the Federal Senate, where all im-

portant legislature is determined.

MORAL ASPECT OF QUESTION.

"The moral aspect of this question will be the force that will secure for Indian Territory admission as a separate State. It has every qualification necessary. It has an area as five of the New England States combined; a population as great as any State in New England, except Massachusetts. It is capable of supporting a population far more dense than that of New England. Its natural resources in timber, coal, mineral, oil and gas and agriculture are probably greater than any area of given size in the United States. Its climate is delightful. Its population is growing by leaps and bounds; population of as high intelligence and of as good character as the world contains.

"In demanding prohibition statehood it has the national good faith behind it as a powerful lever.

"This constitution will establish the people's sovereignty in Indian Territory through the initiative and referendum, that masterful piece of modern mechanism for the control and prevention of corruption in government. This will put behind the Constitution of Indian Territory the power of the great league now working for the people's sovereignty in the United States.

"The sentiment in behalf of separate statehood for Indian Territory is growing stronger every day. This national question will not be determined in favor of dishonoring national pledges when it is possible, reasonable and easy to keep faith.

"The interest of the Western country demands four States of the four Western Territories. As far as separate statehood for Indian Territory is concerned there is the further reason that in no other way can the honor of the United States be preserved, and its pledges fulfilled.

"It is the general belief that the Muskogee Constitutional Convention will favor the name of Jefferson for the proposed State."

Representation for the Indian Territory.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE GLOBE-DEMOCRAT.

St. Louis, Mo., August 21.—The Indian Territory appreciates your favoring a commission to represent that country in Congress pending statehood legislation, but will not concur in the idea that Indian Territory will come in with Oklahoma "as one state or not at all," or, in the fancy that this sentiment "is in harmony with the wishes of a majority of the people of the two territories."

The people of Indian Territory are about to form a constitution and name the state. This fall they will by their vote show if they are in favor of an independent state.

It is not good Western Republican doctrine that the interests of the West be sacrificed to the sectional interest of the Northeast. The great issue in the statehood question is whether the West shall have eight or more votes in the federal Senate, or only four. All other argument is merely artificial hypocrisy to distract attention.

The Southwest, composed of Indian Territory, Oklahoma and Texas, comprises 333,000 square miles, an area

RANGE HORSES

AT AUCTION FROM JUNE to DECEMBER

Our system was inaugurated seven years ago and has proven very successful. We bring the buyer and seller together **AT THE RIGHT TIME AND AT THE RIGHT PLACE.**

We handled last year on commission
60923 Horses and Mules.

Write for more definite information. Address
"Western Dept."

Campbell & Reid and Western Sale Stables Co.

St. Louis National Stock Yards, Ill.

For Quick Returns—

Advertise in the...

INSPECTOR.

bigger and more potential in production than fifteen Northeastern states with thirty votes in the senate. This Southwest has two votes and demands four more.

Is the Republican party to be treated like a close corporation, with a majority of the stock pooled in New York and used to squeeze the West, now in a minority, out of four votes in the United States Senate, to which it is justly entitled?

Is this a national spirit, the spirit of righteousness on which the party has heretofore appealed to the West and to the nation, or is it a narrow use by those now in control of that great political organism on pretense of partisan, but really for sectional, advantage?

Let the GLOBE-DEMOCRAT be faithful in supporting the interests and just rights of the great West, and of the Mississippi valley, where its patrons live, if it would commend itself and the party to the people of the West. A willing sacrifice of the rights of the West on any pretext whatever will not commend the party to the nation, much less to the West, and will not advance the prestige of the GLOBE-DEMOCRAT. Yours respectfully,
ROBERT L. OWEN.

An Association to Prevent Theft Of Stock and Destruction by Fires.

TOPEKA, Aug. 12.—Hogeman county cattlemen have formed an association, the object of which is to prevent theft of stock and destruction of range by fires. The association has a standing reward of \$200 for the arrest of any person who steals or has in his possession an animal stolen from a member of the association. Animals owned by members of the association are branded with a small round "blotch" on the left jaw in addition to the individual brand of the owner. A reward of \$200 is also offered for the arrest of any person who sets fire to the range in the county.

Call For County Union.

Local order of the Farmer's Educational and Cooperative Union will please send delegates to the County Union which will be held at the court house in Woodward at 10 A. M. September 2, 1905. Members are also invited.

Respectfully,

Executive Com. { E. P. BURDICK,
I. D. JOHNSON,
NEWTON DEAN,

The Home Circle Column.

Pleasant Evening Reveries...A Column Dedicated to Tired Mothers as They Join the Home Circle at Evening Tide.

CRUDE THOUGHTS FROM THE EDITORIAL PEN.

HERE'S A DADDY'S SONG.

"Must all thy songs be mother songs,
My bonny baby boy?
Do poets write no other songs,
That father's name employ?
Then I'll right the monstrous wrong;
Come, boy, and hear thy daddy's song.
But first a toss high in the air,
To hear his merry shout,
And then a tickle here and there,
To bring the dimples out,
And then a romp upon the bed,
Oh, precious little touselé head!
Now then wee barefoot boy, take care!
Run swiftly o'er the floor,
And father'll be a bruin bear.
And growl and bite and paw!
Why, bless us boy, what flimsy stuff!
Dad's song is rag time, sure enough,
There, now of play we've had our fill,
'Tis cuddle time, I know.
(How very bright his eyes are still!)
"Hush, baby mine, be-low!"
Come, come, you little rascal you,
Dad's had enough of peek-a-boo!
Hush, hush, my boy, to sleep with thee!
(I wish his mamma'd come!)
Thy father'll turn into a bee
If longer he must hum.
Ah, well, to lull a child to rest,
A mother song, perchance, is best.

Some one has wisely said that society's "brow" needs to be decorated with women's jewels who are not too highly educated or cultured to love their husbands and to be faithful to them; not too brilliant to be good mothers and wise counsellors for their children, and not too progressive to wear their husband's names and reflect credit upon themselves.

Actions die—sometimes; words live "Be sure you are right, then go ahead!" was Davy Crockett's motto in life. Have a purpose in life—a right purpose—then press on! Success will finally crown your efforts. If the world despises you because you do not follow its way, if you are right show it by your life and finally the world will turn to your way of thinking and give you credit.

"Girls, you cheapen yourselves by lack of purpose in life," says Rena L. Miller. "You show commendable zeal in pursuing your studies; your alertness in comprehending, and ability in surmounting difficult problems have become proverbial; nine times out of every ten you outrank your brothers thus far; but when the end is attained, the goal reached, whether it be the graduating certificate from a graded school, or a college diploma, for nine out of every ten it might as well be added thereto, 'dead to further activity,' or, 'leaping until marriage shall resurrect her.'"

If my boy should leave school with his head full of history and grammar and the classics and modern language, and all the other studies of the curriculum, and yet should not have in his heart to yield a willing obedience to law—the law of the school, the law of the community in which he lives the law of the state and nation—we should feel that his time had been thrown away. We need in all our schools insistence upon obedience to proper authority, for these boys of today are the citizens of tomorrow and everywhere throughout the length and breadth of the land we must have more prompt and willing obedience to law.

Fathers now basking in the sun set of life may not readily recall all their early experiences in life their struggles and triumphs of early manhood, but every feature of their childhood home, the playhouses they helped their sisters build are photographed upon the heart's tablet and will never fade away. The golden light of eternity will not dim the brightness of this picture. One will never forget the place of his birth, the little broken cart, the sled and kite, and the older brother who led the way to the hillside where the fairest wild flowers bloomed. These sacred memories will never grow less bright or dim with age.

BABIES IN THE HOME

There is nothing which brightens and completes a home so much as those merry peans of sunshine called babies, and God pity and forgive the sinful, shallow minded woman who considers their advent and care a reproach rather than a sacred trust from God. Truly, when conscientiously filled, the office of motherhood is woman's masterpiece of life. Why should she care about woman's suffrage? "The hand that rocks the cradle is the hand that rules the nation," and I dare say there are greater powers and mightier possibilities for mothers to attain in the nobler and broader education and culture of the rising generation than in the ballot. There is not a mother so deprived of the luxuries of this world who cannot give to her children, life's sweetest and richest gift, a mother's companionship. She may be unable to adorn their babies with fine clothing but she can adorn their minds with pure and lofty ideals, which will be worth more to the world than all the crown jewels of empire. Some one has said that no one can advise so readily as one wanting inexperience but as I assure you the writer is a wife and mother, one who has entertained an unseasonable guest, when the grocery supply was low, the fuel

wet and the little girls peevish and cross. My, a real patience breeder isn't it? We all love to see patience, but it cannot be cultured in fair weather. Patience is a child of storm. When we have everything desirable and things move on systematically, we have no need for patience, but when we stand chin deep in annoyances, it is time for us to swim out toward the great headlands of Christian attainment.

You watch the artist as he touches his canvas again and again, and wonder why he does not dash it on with one stroke. No, it requires 5,000 of those touches. And so it is dear friend, these seemingly, humble duties of life, these 10,000 trials patiently borne, are making up the picture of your life, to be hung at last in the galleries of heaven, a glad spectacle for angles to look upon.

A READER.

The Best Mother.

At a recent afternoon party the women were discussing who was the wisest and best girl's mother in Emporia. A good many good mothers names were discussed before the best one was finally agreed on. Among luminous traits of the best mother these were mentioned:

There is only one hammock in the family and that is kept in the house after dark. The Wellsbach burner is always turned on to its fullest capacity when the parlor is in use. The family never occupies the back porch when a member of the Amalgamated Brotherhood of Steadies and Hand holders is visiting on the back porch. Although the family credit would stand a good deal more work at the dry goods stores, the daughter only has one fussy dress and that is worn only when the occasion demands it. When the daughter is away from home for more than a month she gets homesick, and the same thing is expected of girls who come to that home to visit. The daughter in the family has her share of good times, but she is not of such importance that the other members of the family do not enjoy themselves.—Bill White.

NEW LINE TO GALVESTON.

Santa Fe Has Selected The Route.
Announcement is made that the route for a new trunk line of the Santa Fe to Galveston has been definitely decided upon, says a dispatch from Los Angeles. Surveys have been completed and the right of way is being obtained. The gap to be closed is 250 miles long over a prairie section almost as flat as a table. Active construction will begin in a short time.

At present the Santa Fe has a line from Weatherford to Galveston. From Texico the trunk line, it is stated, will follow the Belen cutoff to Belen, thence over the present El Paso line to Rincon. At Whitewater connection will be made with the extension of the Santa Fe, Prescott and Phoenix, now being built.

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YOUNG STOCK FOR SALE.



By E. R. WILLIAMS, Stockholm, Okla.

American Society of Equity.

The government reports the largest wheat crop on record except one. Report in bushels for this year, 689 millions. Last year, 552 millions. Some people suppose this report is made for the benefit of the farmers (?) Broomhall's weekly report of foreign crop conditions contains the following: "France—extremely bad reports continue from Northern districts, with regard to quality and yields. Germany—weather unsettled and further complaint regarding quality of crops. Roumania—quality of crops, poorer than expected. Russia—reports confirm recent advices. India—complaints of deficient rainfall."

Don't get alarmed about large crops. The world's population increases, too, and it needs more wheat this year than it ever needed.

There was a time when we knew no alternative in financial straits but to put out a larger crop, mortgage all we had, and "dig" to produce and market it. Then, as was generally the case, if still penniless, repeat the slavery indefinitely. But the shameful facts have tardily reached us, of graft, boodle and fraud at all our doors of life. We virtually have no government, for it is in the hire or subsidy of criminals. No law is made to protect us from our heatless murderers, and our substance has been filched until, truly, our money has been transferred to the coffers of those already having millions, and our markets literally stamp our necks with iron heels and turn and spit upon us and despise us for our patience. As the Chicago Daily Review says: "There are too many Hydes, Holmes Bensons, Depews, Mitchells and Burtons in this nation; but there are also some 75,000,000 people of another class." And they are mad. And it is not merely farmers; all classes are clamoring and moaning, like the sound of many waters, for a return of our once loyal country to the reign of law and justice and equity. And you ask

might as well try to stop Niagara or the revolving planets as to check this torrent of reform that swells with the issue of every daily paper.

I know how you feel at home, and too busy to get anywhere, or say it to anybody, yet to your soul you are saying: "By all that's good or bad, I am for Equity. And all I want is a chance to show that fact. My heart burns within me as I think of crime's outrages and intrigues. And if sleepless nights of waiting, or labor's burdened days could bring me to its goal, I am saying: blest harbinger of victory lead me as thou wilt and I am glad to follow thee." All right brother, we are with you, heart and hand, reputation and fortune and sacred honor. And its only men of intense purpose that count for anything these days. Men who defy oppositions, who plunge from the common bank of indifference right into the lashing stream of strife to cross it or to perish.

One more man in our country who does not believe in equity. Verily, there are all kinds of fish in these waters. But equity don't want "drum-heads"—let him pass!

Two points near Fargo, are asking to be organized.

Burford union is up to 26 members, and has regular meetings. We are to be with them to-night, Aug. 19.

The general annual rsary picnic at Gage has been postponed to Sept. 26.

We start on our 2 weeks tour to-day making Persimmon, Mutual, Moscow and adjacent and intermediate points while out.

The "May Monitor" prevaricates when it says I stated that I would not write it any more. I had written it 3 times without the public knowing of it, so I told the editor that unless inserted I would desist. It proved good medicine.

Nine times in ten where local unions are doing nothing and losing interest, it is possible for a good energetic chairman and secretary to save them from decay. When Demosthenes was asked what made a man eloquent, he

said: 1st Action, 2nd Action and 3rd Action! This is the very law of life. Intense life, or action, in one is sure to be contagious. Others will catch it.

Talk your principles everywhere. You can pull broom-corn and talk, eat your meals with the reminder that you feed the world. Go to church and make full confession of the truth. This will naturally require a few words for equity. But one rule we would have you observe—all good speakers observe it, "Talk to the point and stop when you reach it."

Better Times Coming.

All aspiration is toward a future reward. Man is never satisfied in the present tense. It is the next moment, the next day or next world. The French scientist, Victor Hugo said every man should cry aloud to his fellows and say: "Look up! A better day is coming!" And he who has no hope may as well surrender existence, for life is intolerable when committed to despair. Yet hope alone leads to extremes. Fully indulged is always illusive. It must be checkmated by its twin brother, fear. Hope and fear are said to be the guardian angels of human life. They survey the whole field prophetic of futurity. Hope gazes only on the bright side and peers right into heaven. Fear as faithfully announces the dangers of the way and insists there is a hell. Every individual and every association of men have had these faithful prophets as guides all along the journey of conscious being from period to period and to final destination.

Agriculture's hopes and fears are awaking. Hope sees what we may accomplish and bids us have courage and perseverance; points complacently to what has been done to reinstate our cheer. All our markets have been advanced. Grass steers at this writing have reached 4c in Kansas City. Grass cows \$2.75 to \$3.75 per cwt. Broom corn is worth \$75. in Chicago, according to our estimate, and Woodward county farmers are sure of a better price this year than last if they will join and help us control prices. No other appeal to farmers was ever so promising and effectual as ours.

Our quickened fears are keen to scent the enemy in organized markets, Board of trade schemes, and their influence on legislatures and the press. But above any power of the markets is to be feared our own indifference and neglect. And these fears are well founded, and demand prudent attention. Let us constantly study the whole situation, cheer up our desponding brothers, and be hopeful because we have reason to be. There is actually no reason for dismay. Worse difficulties have been overcome in every age. Talk to your neighbor, give him literature, keep at it, line upon line, line upon line. Get up an entertainment, and never tire of removing the difficulties from our path to magnificent rewards. The great "William of Orange" had taken shelter within the walls of an old building, after having been defeated, he and his followers, by an invading army, and in this solitude he brooded over his losses almost despairing of

freedom. But noticing an ant trying to climb one of the walls and seeing it fall but immediately try again, his attention was arrested and he counted its failures till it had risen and fallen sixty-nine times but at once renewed the effort and the next time scaled the wall and went on its way. "William of Nassau" had learned the lesson of his life—perseverance, and immediately rallied his men, renewed hostilities, expelled the enemy from his native Netherlands and is now known as "William the Silent" and "William the Conqueror." And let us remember, one of the best lessons of life and one we need in our society is perseverance, or the cultivation of an indomitable will. When we learn this lesson we will have learned to conquer.

The recent scandal in our Department of Agriculture, showing its juggling with manipulators of the board of trade, serves as evidence that crop reports by the government are not in the interest of farmers.

The Gage Unions have already drafted the plot for a big picnic on Sept. 16, under the auspices of the A. S. E. We are honored with a place on the programme, all of which will appear in these columns later. Let other unions follow this enterprising example.

Oklahoma Station Bulletins.

The following bulletins have recently been issued by the experiment station at Stillwater, Oklahoma: No. 65, "Wheat Growing", by F. C. Burtis and L. A. Moorhouse reports the results of experiments in wheat growing and summarizes fourteen year's work. The use of manure on wheat land, effect of time of plowing and seeding, amount of seed, effect of pasturing, and the relative value of many varieties are discussed fully.

No. 66, "The Water Supply". This bulletin reports the results of bacteriological examination of water from ponds, tanks, and cisterns and a study of a few representative sources of drinking water by L. E. Lewis and J. F. Nicholson. Directions for building ponds are given by F. C. Burtis and for building cisterns by John Fields.

No. 67, "Miscellaneous Water Analyses", by A. G. Ford. A summary is given of all the water analyses made since the station was established and various sources of water are discussed from a chemical stand-point.

The station sends all of its publications to residents of Oklahoma and Indian Territories, the permanent mailing list now containing more than 20,000 such names. Bulletins are sent upon request to persons residing out side of the Territories, but these names cannot be put upon the mailing list because of the expense of printing.

Any of the above bulletins will be sent without charge to all who request them, as long as the supply lasts.

Deep Problem.

Kansas City Journal.

This was taken from the question box in the juvenile Sunday school class at Erie a few Sundays ago;

"Dear God—What made ye put tails on cats fer?"

THE LIVE STOCK INSPECTOR

PUBLISHED SEMI-MONTHLY BY

W. E. BOLTON.

WOODWARD, OKLAHOMA. KANSAS CITY, MISSOURI.

Represented in Kansas City Stock Yards by H. B. Cerveny, 289 Live Stock Exchange, Kansas City, Mo.

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Mr. Leffingwell is authorized to accept advertisements for THE LIVE STOCK INSPECTOR at our contract rates. Orders filed with him will receive our prompt and careful attention.

The only journal published in Oklahoma and the Indian Territory, devoted exclusively to live stock interests and stock farming.

Entered at the post-office at Woodward, Oklahoma, as second-class mail matter.

SEPTEMBER 1, 1905.

NOTICE TO SUBSCRIBERS.

REMITTANCES. In sending money to the LIVE STOCK INSPECTOR please observe that the Clearing House will not accept private checks at par. Remit by postal or express orders, eastern bank exchange, registered letter, or if by private check add twenty-five cents for collection. Amounts of less than \$1 can be paid in postage stamps.

DISCONTINUANCES. Subscribers wishing the LIVE STOCK INSPECTOR stopped at the expiration of their subscription must notify us in writing to that effect otherwise we shall consider it is their wish to have it continued and we will make collection for the same.

CHANGES OF ADDRESS. When a change of address is ordered, both the new and old address must be given and notice sent two weeks before the change is desired. We require this on account of our heavy mailing list.

Official Organ of the Oklahoma Live Stock Association

Advertising Rates.

Display advertising 10 cents per line, agate (fourteen lines to the inch.)

Special reading notices 10 cents per line. Business cards or miscellaneous advertisements will be received from reliable advertisers at the rate of \$1.50 per agate line for one year.

Annual cards in the Breeder's Directory, consisting of four lines or less for \$6.00 per year, including a copy of the Live Stock Inspector free.

Electrics should have metal base. Objectionable advertisements or orders from unreliable advertisers, when such is known to be the case, will not be accepted at any price.

To insure prompt publication of an advertisement, send cash with the order; however, monthly or quarterly payments may be arranged by parties who are well known to the publishers, or when acceptable references are given.

All advertisements intended for the current issue should reach this office not later than the 10th or 25th of each month.

Every advertiser will receive a copy of the paper free during the publication of the advertisement.

Address all orders to:
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THE LIVE STOCK INSPECTOR exercises great care in admitting advertisements to its columns. If any of our readers wish information regarding any advertisement or advertiser we would be glad to give same. If you wish to buy anything that is not advertised in our columns, write us and we will refer you to the best place to buy.

A postal card, addressed to the Secretary of the Oklahoma Live Stock Association, Woodward, Okla., will bring by return mail a full set of blanks necessary for becoming a member of the Association, also full information pertaining to the same.

The Mail Order House.

Not long since I see an article in the Oklahoma Farm Journal, also one in one of our county papers on the above subject, and now as the subject is up your scribe wishes to say a few words on the subject. In the first place I do not believe any one desires to send their money off to a mail order house for goods; neither do I believe they would do so if it was not to protect themselves from over greedy and unscrupulous merchants, who are ever charging the people for the necessities of life. I remember once seeing a man charge a poor woman 5cts for a 2 $\frac{1}{2}$ in bolt. When the same only cost on the market 3cts per pound or about 45cts per hundred bolts.

The mail order houses are of great value to the farmers and stockmen and all others of the producing class of our country, in that they furnish him the price of all the necessities of life so he knows the the price of an article, when he goes to buy it. This in self is worth many dollars to him, as it protects him from being over charged by those who would take advantage of his ignorance. Then the mail order houses of great advantage to those who live far away from the rail road as they can have delivered to their nearest post office small articles which would possibly cost them a long journey to obtain it in case of necessity.

In the 3rd place the farmers of this country are being imposed upon by being required to pay exorbitant prices for goods in the country stores or away from the rail road and if it were not for the mail order houses, who knows what the end would be?

Think of a man living near a small town away from the rail road where he can only get about half what he wants and that at a very high price. Who blames him to order from a mail order house? when he can save both time and money by so doing? We are told that a man who sends his money off to a wholesale house for his goods; that his money is gone, and never helps to build up his town. This is a wonderful argument. Now, I would like to know, what is the difference between the farmer sending the money to a wholesale house and the merchant sending it? It all goes there in the long run. The only difference is what the merchant makes off of the farmer that he keeps and in many instances spends

for whiskey to build up a saloon element in a town, or burns it up in cigars or cigarettes. Now, if the farmer can save this for to build up his home and help to support his family, has he sinned against God or man? Is not home and family as sacred to a man as his town? A mans first obligation is to his family.

Now, I want to give a remedy for the mail order business, let the home merchant keep in stock everything the farmer needs and at prices that no mail order house can duplicate and then I will guarantee that the mail order houses will have to go out of business and not before.

There is no use saying that the mail order houses handle shoddy or cheap goods, because they guarantee every thing just as represented in their price book and any thing not satisfactory can be returned at their expense, which they will do as the writer and others have tested them. They have cheap goods but they tell you so and have a cheap price on them, and if the merchants of this country would quit buying cheap goods that look good and putting a high price on them thereby deceiving the purchaser, then the farmer would have more confidence in his merchants.

We say if the farmer has to be robbed by his home merchant in order to build up his town then we have too many towns, and that is one reason why we have so many rich merchants and poor farmers. The merchants in a new country ought to be satisfied with a living for that is all the farmers are making and many of them after being here 5 years have not as much as when they came. If the merchant says he can't buy his goods so as to compete with the mail order house and sell them at a profit, then we say he is buying of the wrong house; I fear that the trouble with our merchants is they are buying of wholesale houses that employ from one to a dozen traveling salesmen all the time, who are running on the rail road all the time, and their car fare, hotel bills and wages must all be paid by the farmer, who trades with the merchant who buys his goods of these runners. The merchant had better order of the mail order houses and save this extra expense. If all the leaks were stopped in this commercial vessel then the farmer and merchant could both live.

But, as it is, A goes in one direction, B. in another, C. in another and D. in another until every point of the compass is covered by runners, by the whole sale houses, and we farmers are in the end asked to pay all their rail road fare, hotel bills and salaries by trading with the merchants that buy their goods of such houses and besides this we must pay the merchant a good profit so he can build up the town. God pity the farmer under such conditions. Now, is it any wonder that the mail order houses with no salesman but their price book, and fair treatment of their customers, are battle whaying the life out of the home merchant?

We say come on with the mail order houses until every whole sale house in our land is compelled to turn off every runner on the road and sell direct to the merchant. So that the farmer that trades with his home merchant will not have to pay all this unnecessary expense. As it is admitted, that the farmer has to build up the town, is it not a fact that he is the foundation of all industries, and does he not deserve some consideration, and better treatment than he in many instances receives at the hands of his home merchant and should he not be respected and honored by those who are dependent upon him for their very existence? I for one say take off your hat to the man who tills the soil.

If merchant A. can buy a car load of potatoes away from home and ship them in cheaper than he could buy farmer B's potatoes would he buy farmer B's potatoes; no he would say I can buy laid down here for so much and that is all I can give you. That is being done all the time. Now it is a poor rule that will not work both ways. The farmer has a perfect right to say to Mr. Merchant: I can get any goods laid down here for so much and if you will not sell me the same goods for the same price I will order them. We say come on with the mail order houses and cheaper parcel postage; they only help the farmer to be independent.

A FARMER.

As J. P. Morgan cannot wear all those 125 new suits of clothes at once, Russell Sage might do well to cultivate his acquaintance, as your Uncle Russell does not get that many in 250 years.

Temple Houston's Famous Speech.

At the fall term of court in Woodward, in the year 1889, Col Temple Houston was attorney in a case and secured acquittal of his client by his wonderful oratory, against the most direct evidence of guilt.

The following is taken from an old file of WOODWARD NEWS published immediately after the occurrence:

Last Friday there was tried in the district court at this place before Judge Burford one of the most remarkable cases in certain respects, ever disposed of in the territory. One of the women of the town, Minnie Stacey, was prosecuted for plying her vocation and running a bawdy house. Something about the case aroused the indignation of Temple Houston who instantly undertook her defense. Exposure had impaired his voice, and he only addressed the court and jury in a calm conversational tone. After referring to the legal questions involved and discussing the evidence he bent over toward the jury so he could almost have laid his hands on the shoulders of each and in a low clear voice closed his address with these words:

"Gentlemen, you heard with what cold cruelty the prosecution referred to the sins of this woman as if her condition was of her own preference. The evidence has painted you a picture of her life and surroundings. Do you think that they were of her own choosing? Do you think that she willingly embraced a life so revolting and horrible? Ah, no! Gentlemen, one of our sex was the author of her ruin, more to blame than she; then let us judge her gently. What could be more pathetic than the spectacle she presents? An immortal soul in ruins! Where the star of purity once glittered on her girlish brow, burning shame has set it seal forever! And only a moment ago they reproached her for the depths to which she had sunk, the company she kept, the life she led. Now, what else is left her? Where can she go and her sin not pursue her? Gentlemen, the very promises of God are denied her. He said: 'Come unto me all ye that labor and are heavy laden and I will give you rest.' She has indeed labored and is heavy laden, but if at this instant she were to kneel down before us all and confess her Redeemer and beseech His tender mercies where is the church that would receive her? And even if they accepted her when she passed the portals to worship and to claim her rest, scorn and mockery would greet her and those she met would gather around them their skirts the more closely to avoid the pollution of her touch. Would you tell me a single employment where she could realize 'Give us this day our daily bread?' Our sex once wrecked her once; pure life. Her own sex shrink from her as they would the pestilence. Society has reared its relentless walls against her and only in the friendly shelter of the grave can her betrayed and broken heart ever find the Redeemer's promised rest. They told you of her assumed names as fleeting as the shadows on the walls, of her sins, her habits, but they never told you of her sorrows, and who shall tell what her

heart, sinful though it may be, now feels? When the remembered voices of mother and sisters, whom she must see no more on this earth, fall again like music on her erring soul and she could only return and must not—no not in this life, for the seducer has destroyed the soul.

"You know the story of the prodigal son; but he was a son. He was one of us, like her destroyer; but for the prodigal daughter there is no return. Were she, with her wasted form and bleeding feet, to drag herself back to her girlhood home, she, the fallen and the lost, what would be her welcome? Oh, consider this when you come to decide her guilt, for she is before us and we must judge her. They sneer and scoff at her. One should respect her grief, and I tell you that there reigns over her penitent and chastened spirit a desolation now that none, no none but the Searcher of all hearts, can ever know.

None of us are utterly evil, and I remember that when the saffron scourge swept over the city of Memphis in 1878, a courtesan there opened wide the door of her gilded palace of sin to admit the sufferers; and when the scythe of the Reaper swung fast and pitiless she was angelic in her ministering. Death called her in the midst of her mercies and she went to join those she tried to save. She, like those the Lord forgave, was a sinner, and yet I believe that in the day of reckoning her judgment will be lighter than those who prosecute and seek to drive off the earth such poor unfortunates as she whom you are to judge.

"They wish to fine this woman and make her leave. They wish to wring from the wages of her shame the price of this meditated injustice; to take from her the little money she might have; and God knows, gentlemen, it came hard enough. The old Jewish law told you that the price of a dog nor the hire of such as she should not come within the house of the Lord, and I say unto you that our Justice, fitly symbolized by woman's form, does not ask that you add aught to the woes of this unhappy one, who only asks at your hands the pitiful privilege of being left alone.

"The master, while on earth, while He spake in wrath and rebuke to the kings and rulers never reproached one of those. One he forgave, another he acquitted. You remember both—and now looking upon this friendless outcast, if any of us can say unto her 'I am holier than you,' in the respect which she is charged with sinning, who is he? The Jews who brought the woman before the Savior have been held up to the execration of the world for 2,000 years. I always respected them. A man who will yield to the reproaches of his conscience as they did has the element of good in him but the modern hypocrite has no such compunctions. If the prosecutors of this woman whom you are trying had brought her before the Savior they would have accepted his challenge and each one gathered a rock and stoned her in the twinkling of an eye.

"No, gentlemen, do as your Master did twice, under the very circumstance that surround you. Tell her to go in peace."

The jury acquitted her as soon as they could reach their room.

The Santa Fe to St. Louis

Is the Atchison, Topeka & Santa Fe railroad considering a traffic arrangement which will give the Santa Fe equal facilities with the Rock Island over the Rock Island's St. Louis line?

Yesterday a special train containing the executive officials of the Santa Fe, headed by E. P. Ripley, president of the company, and a number of Rock Island officials, including H. U. Mudge, second vice-president, made a slow journey over the Rock Island line from St. Louis to Kansas City. The party separated at Kansas City. Mr. Mudge going on to Topeka. The Santa Fe officers, including Mr. Ripley, president; J. W. Kendrick, vice-president; J. Dun, chief engineer at Chicago; W. B. Storey, jr., at Topeka; J. E. Hurley, general manager; F. C. Fox, general superintendent Eastern division, and W. R. Smith, general counsel at Topeka, remained in Kansas City. Gardner Lathrop, general solicitor, joined the party last night. Mr. Ripley, Mr. Kendrick, Mr. Dun and Mr. Fox spent last night at the Coates house. The Santa Fe party will leave this morning at 7 o'clock for a tour of the south lines of the Santa Fe system.

The Rock Island officials accompanying Mr. Mudge were B. W. Bradley, chief engineer, and T. H. Beacon, superintendent of the St. Louis line.

It will be remembered that the Rock Island secured possession of the St. Louis, Kansas City & Colorado railroad in 1902 only after a hard struggle with the Santa Fe. After the purchase of this line it was extended from Belle, Mo., to Kansas City. The road was built at a large cost and is perhaps the most modern railroad construction near here. It has the easiest grade of any line between Kansas City and St. Louis and is the second shortest line between the two Missouri cities. Through it the Rock Island has the haul for its lines from the west through to St. Louis without having to transfer to some other line at Kansas City. The actual business between Kansas City and St. Louis is by comparison small for the reason that there are five strongly competitive lines between the two cities. The Santa Fe always wanted a line between Kansas City and St. Louis. It would scarcely be desirable to add another competitive line between Kansas City and St. Louis, but a traffic arrangement with the Rock Island would give the Santa Fe an outlet into St. Louis without seriously interfering with the traffic of the Rock Island over this line.—Kansas City Star.

Cheap Clothes in High Life.

A London dispatch says: During the recent hot spell, Consul General Wynne appeared at his office in a light suit of clothes.

"In America we dress according to the weather," said Mr. Wynne. "I guess you English dress according to the fashion."

"The last time I saw President Roosevelt I wore these same clothes. It was at the White House at Washington, and, of course, the suit was a little free and easy for an official visit. So I apologized.

"Mr. President," I said, "I must make my excuses for appearing before such a great person as yourself, and on such an important occasion, in an outfit that cost \$6." The president stared at me and then seized my arm. "How much did you say?" he asked. "Six dollars, Mr. President." He burst out laughing. "Well, I have beaten you," he cried; "I am nearer to the people than you are. This suit of mine cost me only \$4!"

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Little Miss Millions;

or, The Witch of Monte Carlo.

A ROMANCE OF THE RIVIERA.

By St. George Rathborne,

Author of "Dr. Jack," "Miss Pauline, of New York," "A Captain of the Kaiser," "Miss Caprice," "The Spider's Web," Etc., Etc.

[Copyright, 1900, by Street and Smith, New York.]

Evidently he believed a half a loaf was better than no bread, and intended sharing the coming glory and vindication of Darragh's system.

Little Jones cared.

It was not so much the money he desired as the demoralization of the gaming faculty, which was yearly sending its deadly blight all over Europe, and even reaching out its tentacles across the sea to the young republic of the west.

As time passed and Jones' little pile upon the table grew in quantity, some of those near by began to show an interest in his work, being forever on the lookout for a phenomenon.

Still he won, with only an occasional set-back.

The dealer condescended to shoot him a glance of curiosity as he shoved a glittering mass in his quarter, though at the same time a cynical smile momentarily flitted over his sallow features.

He had seen them before, lots of them—like the old sexton, it was only a question of time with him ere he gathered them in.

Of course, the keen eyes of the dealer had ere now detected that Jones was proceeding upon a regular routine of play—possibly he had discovered the marks upon the cuff, as it was an old dodge.

When Jones won again he became interested enough to make some little remark across the board as he pushed a goodly heap of gold farther.

For the limit had been reached.

Should Jones be lucky enough to win again, he must begin to stow his gains away.

Of course, this might happen, but the dealer, in his superior wisdom, rested under the belief that it was about time a decided change took place.

He would smile in his usual ironical way when the collapse came, and that was all.

To him it was an old story.

Another rake off for Jones!

He calmly drew out a formidable buckskin bag, and rattled the thousands of francs into it as nonchalantly as the dealer passed them over.

Indeed, his very action seemed to say that he certainly expected more to follow, for the mouth of the capacious bag yawned hungrily between his knees.

The whisper had gone around, and all interest was now centered at this point.

Keen eyes watched the action of Jones as he changed to red after winning a certain number of times on black.

Red won, of course—his system had worked beautifully thus far, and if it kept up the ruin of Monte Carlo was assured.

More intense grew the excitement—all old failures were forgotten and one more hope revived in hearts that had grown sick with waiting.

The worst of it was when Jones won every one raked in with him, since none dared to go contrary to such extraordinary luck.

So that the bank was losing

There was a chance that it might recoup when the turn came, if it ever did.

Jones played on without a tremor. The crowd, pressed five deep around the table, now took such amazing interest in Jones and his fortunes that each time he won a buzz of excitement and covetous sympathy burst out, while an occasional loss excited deepest commiseration.

Jones looked like a winner. He was a trifle flushed and his eyes glowed with righteous fires, but his hand showed no sign of trembling as he calmly added each healthy contribution to his stores.

Although the hour had grown late, the crowd had apparently doubled rather than dwindled away, as was its wont.

Old gamblers rubbed their palms together and chuckled—some of them shook hands with one another after each glorious success with as much vim as though they had a personal share in the victory.

For the bank was the enemy of them all—its insatiable maw had swallowed their filthy lucre, and they gloated over the fact that its day of doom had apparently come at last.

The dealer now began to cast anxious glances up at the clock as though in hopes the hour for closing operations was close at hand.

But this was folly and he knew it. The game must be played to its conclusion.

Seidm did a single cog slip in Jones' wheel, and the conviction at last seized upon those who looked on that a wonder had arrived with a system that must revolutionize all games of hazard from this time on.

The end was in sight.

Jones never let up. His buckskin bag had a duplicate, and both were well loaded, a fortune in each.

He felt that he could keep up this business as long as the bank was able to stand it; but the losses of that hitherto impregnable institution were simply enormous.

Finally the croupier threw up the sponge, and as he shoved more gold across the table in the direction whence all the rest had gone, he remarked in that metallic voice of his, now tinged with real alarm:

"There can be no further play here to-night, ladies and gentlemen—for the second time in its existence the bank is broken!"

The most tremendous excitement followed this dramatic announcement on the part of the veteran croupier, when circumstances entirely beyond his control compelled him to announce the bursting of the bank of Monte Carlo.

Jones was the cynosure of all eyes. He could not complain of any lack of attention now—this wonderful feat made him for the time being almost a god.

The gloaming gradually gave place to the darkness of night—a night long to be remembered by this strange community of Monte Carlo, since it would

mark an era in the history of the gaming world that had never yet been equaled.

Mark Merrick, looking over the murmuring sea, could faintly detect a light that twinkled from some jutting Italian headland, possibly marking some dangerous rocks.

How calm and peaceful it all seemed—he hated to leave this place of his vigil and seek the artificial whirlpool of human passions, where gain with its sordid views dwarfed the brightest intellects and wrecked the most promising of lives.

Back to the Hotel des Anges he made his way.

Crowds already headed toward the theater of dramatic events, eager to witness the second advent of this plucky adventurer from over the sea.

Merrick knew their play would not open until late in the night.

This would give him a couple of hours of leisure, and secretly he longed for an opportunity to walk and talk with Constance.

Constance Dare looked unusually lovely as his ravished eyes fell upon her—it was as if some deep intuition had caused her to wear just the colors he had called his favorites in the days that were long past, when they two wandered over the flower-decked veldt, or chased the timid springbok in company.

The old life was appealing heavily to Mark, and deep down in his heart he had begun to question the expediency of allowing such a foolish scruple as his hatred for wealth in the woman he loved to stand between himself and happiness.

And when Mark had joined the others in the theater where enchanting waltzes followed the strains of mazurkas and waltzes, he had resolved to take a bold step if the opportunity arose, a step that would forever give him the right to defend Little Miss Millions against the machinations of those who longed to handle her fortune.

His scruples must be crushed—she needed his protection, lest she fall into the hands of the fowler or fortune-hunter.

The desire grew within his heart to walk with Constance.

When he proposed it she readily assented.

Deep down in her heart Constance rejoiced, for her soul knew no other lover than Mark Merrick, to whom she owed her life on more occasions than one.

A great yearning had always been present in her heart ever since they parted under the skies of South Africa, torn asunder by a miserable misunderstanding.

She could never love any one else—it were folly to delude herself with even a thought to that end.

So she went out, promising not to stay too long in the night air.

Jones was seated near the door, and looked a little bothered when he saw his comrade leave; but Mark in passing assured him he had not forgotten his solemn obligations, and would be back ready to fulfill the decrees of destiny inside of an hour.

Mark's hour had come! Nothing but a downright catastrophe could have throttled the appeal that was filling his heart to bursting.

The magical influence of the wondrous scene affected the two who sauntered hither and thither in the semitropical garden, gazing out upon the sea, where the silvery stars were reflected upon each tiny wavelet that rolled toward the white strand.

They talked of the old days, and Constance was so eager to revive the memories of that happy past it was little wonder Mark found himself forgetting the barrier he had deemed so

formidable.

He had much to say, for he meant to humble himself before her and plead his cause with all the fervor of his heart.

It was spoken at last, and the ardent lover, upon learning that his devotion was returned felt elevated to the seventh heaven of delight.

Constance loved this man with all the fervor of her being, and having almost lost him once, she had made up her mind not to allow any senseless prudery to stand in the way should it come to such a pass—believing as she did, it was those diamond mines that stood in the way. Had Mark failed to declare himself she had determined to let him know the South African holes in the ground must not separate two hearts that beat for each other.

Time sped all too quickly, as it usually does when people are happy.

CHAPTER XI.

Merrick Entertains.

To the man who moodily watched part of this very interesting billing and cooing from a safe distance, walking to and fro and grinding his teeth as he apostrophized the lovers to the neighboring palms and yucca plants, doubtless the minutes seemed hours long drawn out, each section of which stabbed him to the heart again and again.

Strange that a man who had the social world of Paris at his feet after his return from brilliant achievements in African wilds should fall down and worship a demure little foreign girl whom he had known in "the bush," but who can account for the vagaries of love or the mad freaks of Cupid.

The night was growing misty, and it was far from safe to remain out of doors much longer.

Besides Mark had been in a way keeping track of time, and knew the hour of probation must be nearly up.

"We must go in," he said, with a huge sigh.

It meant turning back from heaven into purgatory—from Elysian fields into Hades, where all the evil passions

of men surged and fought for the glitter of that bauble gold.

So he kissed her once more, very gravely and earnestly, as became a man of his nature, and then took her to the guardian colonel; after which he drew himself together for the severe engagement that was to mark the second night's desperate assault upon the ramparts of the dragon.

The various games were at their height when Merrick passed the swinging doors leading to the palatial parlors where Fortune was batted through the long hours.

No crowd approaching this had made an appearance as yet this season, and the dealers would have been supremely happy over the generous outpouring of golden coins, save for a simple fact that had a depressing effect upon their spirits.

If the redoubtable Jones could win in so remarkable a manner one night, following a system, what was to prevent his guerrilla raid upon their treasury at any time he pleased?

The prospect was alarming. Hence, they kept one eye upon the doors, and his advent on the scene was marked by what could be called an ovation.

You would never have known it from his countenance, however, which was perfectly immobile. The American evidently had the power of repressing his feelings to a wonderful extent, and such men must of necessity be particularly strong in nerve.

Jones seemed in no hurry for play.

Continued on page 11.

He was biding his time.

He lingered awhile back of the princess, who was flushed with small winnings; and then a little later found himself just in the rear of Stromboloff, the big, fair-haired Cosack, now engaged in a low but earnest conversation with a dark-faced man, whose shifting eyes gave one the impression that he was a character fit for treason, stratagem and spoils.

Perhaps Jones caught a few stray sentences of the eager conversation between the Russian and his dark-faced companion, for something like a grim smile flitted athwart his countenance as he pushed further on. Sometimes a word may give points in a game that are of incalculable value.

At any rate, with so shrewd a customer as Jones it was a dangerous business.

Even a philosopher may have his suspicions of mankind, and engage in a battle against evil; and while this Yankee was doubtless honest in his desire to benefit humanity by killing the dreadful dragon of gambling as practiced so enormously at Monte Carlo, still he might also have other fish to fry.

When Jones saw Merrick enter he knew the time was close at hand for business. No one noticed him, since Jones was making his first stake at the other end of the table, while ten score of eyes feverishly fastened upon him. Jones won.

So did Merrick, of course, but few knew the fact, since it was the victor of the preceding night who claimed their attention.

A thrill went around the room—men and women began to crowd to that point, and as if by magic all noises ceased save those connected with the various games.

The dealer showed no visible sign of excitement, but his keen eyes watched every deliberate movement of Jones, for it was a crisis in the history of the great resort—if the scene of the previous night was to be repeated, alas for the future of Monte Carlo.

He won a second time.

Intense excitement held every one spellbound, and it began to look as though the doom of gay Monte Carlo was written upon the wall.

Then the unexpected happened.

Jones lost!

A great wave of astonishment went over the throng, tongues were loosened again, and their clatter after so long a spell of silence was dreadful.

One man was quite unmoved, even when the grim croupier smiled sarcastically.

This was Jones.

He made another stake as coolly as before, with a rouleau of gold covered the full limit on a single number, and again won.

Confidence in Jones, which had been scattered by his break, just as a covey of partridge might, when fired into, returned again.

Again he lost.

Confusion!

Why, the man after all, was playing a hit-and-miss game, just like the rest of them.

Many of them breathed a great sigh of relief, for with Monte Carlo smashed their desire to live would have been reduced to zero.

About this time attention began to be directed to the other end of the table.

The croupier's rake shoved little piles of filthy lucre in that quarter with astonishing regularity, and seldom dragged any back.

Another Richmond in the field!

The excitement burst out greater than ever.

And Merrick played on with the

the faintest sign of a smile upon his resolute face, played on and won four times where he lost only once.

Jones had managed to reach the elbow of his friend—no one else, even royalty itself, could have had a passage opened to him through the densely packed audience, but they seemed to recognize a superior being in Jones, the master wizard of it all, and that he had a right to be near his comrade.

To Merrick the experience was one he would never in all his life forget—its novelty alone was enough to stamp it indelibly on his mind.

Between deals, he occasionally looked up calmly and the faces along the table were not the blur one might rea-

sonably expect under the circumstances, with his heart beating like a trip hammer, and his mind devoted to following the line of play marked down in Darragh's brilliant system.

A few more moves must complete the play for this night.

Realizing that they were up against the very toughest argument that had ever fallen upon Monte Carlo, the dealers were not at all anxious to continue playing indefinitely.

The sooner they admitted the grave fact that a third time the famous bank must cry quits, the better for them.

Merrick had done well.

Not a single slip or mistake had been made. There was but a unanimous opinion among the nerve-racked spectators that these two men really held the game by the throat.

If they could be bought off, the future of Monte Carlo was assured, since despairing players would take new lease of life in the knowledge that after all it was possible to eternally win if one but knew the wonderful plan by which each carefully arranged move was to be made.

The scenes of the previous night were repeated, though upon a larger scale.

When the dealer stood and raised his hand to announce that the bank had again gone under, a deathly silence hung over the dense crowd.

Then one man, a big-voiced American congressman, who had been haunting the dragon's den for a month or more, against the prayers of his pretty little wife, threw his silk hat into the air excitedly, jumped on it when it landed, and roared out:

"Hurrah for Jones—he pays the freight!"

It would be next to impossible to adequately describe the scene that followed.

Shouts and laughter and stentorian cheers rent the air, while pandemonium reigned—men shook hands, others fell into the arms of friends, and several women fainted dead away.

Few left the place.

The hour was still early, for the play had been unusually bold and vigorous.

Another chapter had been closed in Jones' account book, another page turned; but he seemed the same affable, mild-mannered gentleman, not to be affected by flattery or threats.

Merrick heaved a genuine sigh of relief when the culmination of his play occurred.

The dreadful strain had told upon him, of course, and now that it had fallen aside he experienced a momentary weakness, which he speedily shook off.

He had seen Constance just a short time before—surely the colonel had waited to witness the rout of the enemy, horse, foot and artillery. They would be found, doubtless, listening to the music or else enjoying a last saunter among the palms and exotics of the garden.

So Mark set about a search.

He had been watched.

Numerous eyes were fastened upon him as a bird well worth plucking. Perhaps there were sanguine hopes that he might prove a more profitable subject than had Jones with his two cuffs covered with mysterious hieroglyphics, utterly unintelligible to the average person, for it was reasonable to believe he carried the system somewhere about his person.

Jones was in no hurry to depart.

Indeed, he showed no signs of such a desire, but moved hither and yon with the air of a man quite well satisfied with his surroundings.

Perhaps, as an artist hovers near his picture on the line, to hear comment favorable or otherwise, the hero of this memorable and dramatic smash of Monte Carlo's bank was desirous of discovering how the habits of the Casino considered the prospect, and thus feeding his philanthropical soul with the thought of the great good he was doing.

With Count Leon it was different.

When a man of his character discovers an opportunity to kill two birds with one stone, he seldom fails to take advantage of it.

He was in his element—a fortune he must have, whether it came through means of an enchanted dossier, allowing him at his will to demand heavy tribute from the funds the Prince of Monaco annually received as his legal share of Monte Carlo's profits, or from certain glorious diamond fields in South Africa of which we have heard more or less.

As a usual thing, when Count Leon made up his mind with regard to a certain object, it was as good as accomplished.

True, the cute Yankee had gotten the better of him with regard to the secret dossier business, but Villebois had managed by manipulation to catch a few of the droppings.

Besides, that deal could hardly be called closed, so long as a single chance remained.

He reasoned, with apparent sagacity that since Merrick had taken hold personally on this night, he must have the packet in his possession.

Hence, if Mark could only be entrapped, the papers might yet be secured.

Of course he would be on his guard remembering the fate of Darragh, who had been so neatly kidnaped on a former occasion, when somewhat similar conditions prevailed.

Merrick was unconscious of his danger.

He seemed to believe that since he had in his own mind washed his hands of Jones great plan for the redemption of mankind from the ills brought about by this mad desire to gamble, he was no longer an object of interest to outside parties.

Perhaps he would ere long be rudely aroused from this dream of fancied security.

Fortunately, Jones was there to have an eye out for breakers—Jones,

who was not madly in love with little Miss Millions, and could therefore keep his wits about him.

Mark, having won the sweet confession of love from the lips of Constance, might fondly delude himself with the idea that his vessel had survived the storm and reached a safe harbor.

Alas! many a gallant ship has gone on the rocks at the very entrance of the harbor, and the cruel waves have swept the forms of those beloved to the very feet of sweethearts and wives waiting upon the strand.

So no man can call himself actually safe until he is within the port of

marriage, since "there is many a slip 'twixt cup and lip."

Merrick had passed through many experiences, but there were a few more things for him to learn.

Not finding Constance about the Casino, he sauntered into the gardens.

Fairy bowers, they certainly were, and because adversity had struck the bank for two nights in succession it was no reason why the myriads of colored lights should glow less vividly, or the endless profusion of flowers cease to exhale delightful perfume. Many people wandered about in certain favorite paths, laughing and chatting, while the music came in half-muffled notes from the Casino.

There were some places apparently deserted.

Perhaps the cool wind from the sea penetrated these points more keenly than at others; or else there might have been an absence of such pleasant surroundings in the shape of flowers and benches inviting rest, as marked the more favored localities.

Merrick began to cast his eye about for a form beloved, one glimpse of which would appeal to him—indeed, like most lovers, he believed it possible to know whether his sweetheart were near from the peculiar magnetic influence her presence would have upon him.

CHAPTER XII.

Jones on Watch.

When he failed to locate her at first, a sense of disappointment swept over him, since he especially desired to reassure her of his intention to never again appear at a table where a game of chance was being played.

Little did he suspect what tremendous forces were at work in that garden, since there were so few signs visible on the surface.

Men may plot even amid the most beautiful surroundings—laughter and apparent good cheer are no positive guaranty against such devices, and indeed these things often mask the deeper, more troublous billows of life's tempestuous sea.

So Merrick, intent on finding the one whom he most desired to see, noted not the fact that dark figures flitted after him wheresoever he went, figures of men who apparently sauntered about bent upon enjoying the delightful occasion, yet ever keeping tab upon his particular movements.

Further back Jones was watching the little game of hide and seek, as if speculating as to what manner of business was in the wind. He apparently had quite a few acquaintances among those who sauntered about the well-kept paths of the terrace garden, for on numerous occasions he seemed to exchange quiet little signals with various men.

Evidently Jones was indulging in a little mysterious move of his own.

When the count, believing things were all going his way, would be led to make his boldest master stroke, perhaps a sudden dexterous move on the part of this unsuspected antagonist might bring about a checkmate.

Merrick began to quicken his pace. There is always an exhilaration in the chase of love, such as in a small degree the hunter feels who follows his antlered game through fen and forest.

The princess saw his meteoric flight up and down the paths, and at another time might have sought to exercise her charms for a last time, piqued as she had been because of her ill success with regard to Mark.

But even the princess seemed to have her mind bent upon other matters of much greater importance just at present.

To be Continued.

Brief And Breezy.

In discussing the price of peace, it is well to remember the cost of war.

Linevitch is invincible so long as the rains keep Oyama's armies at a standstill.

In capturing Russian Islands, all Japan has to do, is to hold a basket and let them drop in.

Portsmouth, N. H. promises to become as great a rumor-distributing center, as Chifu or Shanghai.

If Miss Tarbell keeps on digging up Rockefeller's past, she may make him eligible for the United States Senate.

Don't bother to send sympathy to Rockefeller by mail. It will never get past a cold calculating private secretary.

Cuaucey Depew expects the excitement to blow over. It has already "blown over" one or two large-sized reputations.

Chicago is driving her crooks out of the city, and the grand jury reports indicate that most of them are locating in Milwaukee.

The Dallas News says that we owe an enormous debt to medical science. Don't remind us of it. We get a letter about it once a month.

The Czar is going to have a popular assembly, just as soon as he can devise a plan for preventing the election to it of representatives of the populace.

It is only the silver-striped mosquito that carries the yellow fever. Before you let a mosquito bite you, be sure to carefully examine the stripes on his body.

Women are about to succeed in knocking the word "obey" out of the marriage ceremony. They knocked it out of real life, about the time our grandfather was a boy.

Chas. Pfister, indicted by a Milwaukee grand jury, finds himself in a pfit pfury, and has started a legal pflight against his accuser. He asks a pfair pfield and no pfavors.

PURELY LOCAL.

Two prominent citizens of Woodward disagreed this week as to the correct name of prairie fuel, one contending that it should be "Hereford Coal" and the other that it should be "Cow tablets."

Cattle prices are a little better, is the opinion of Nick Hudson, the veteran cattleman of Woodward. This is on account of the big corn crop and this year Woodward corn will all be fed at home.

Jos. Hunter and wife will attend the re-union at Denver and will return by way of New Mexico where they will visit their sons and daughters and returning will bring Miss Mary Hunter home with them.

Daddy Guthrie of the I02 Ranch, while drilling a well one day last week, struck artesian water which tests 16 feet above surface, at a depth of only 56 feet. The well is 18 miles south of Woodward.

G. W. Lark, of Norwood, Mo., was here last week visiting his cousin J. D. Jesse and family of Smoky. Mr. Lark is from the Ozarks and very naturally he thinks Oklahoma far superior to the old "show me" state.

"Get a correct plan and then lowest bid on same, to be paid in bonds at par. Don't vote any bonds until the bids are all in, then, accept the best and push the work," is the opinion of B. W. Key in the water works matter.

James A. Moon brought in a stalk of cotton, Sunday, from near Gage, which is said to be the best in the country anywhere. It is over four feet high and filled with bloom from top to root. It is from a ten acre field that is estimated at a bale per acre.

"Get a technical engineer to make specifications first," said C. E. Sharp, "then let a contracting engineer or builder make bids on the work, is my idea of how Woodward should proceed to get water works. Contracting engineers usually have a commission in view and are too expensive to get best results."

The organization of a company to build a Cotton Gin here is the best thing that has happened in Woodward for years. There is no longer any doubt that this a splendid Cotton growing county and Woodward is wise in recognizing this fact. The promoters of the gin are entitled to a big vote of thanks.

Miss Nellie Robinson, who has been learning type setting in this office for the past month, will leave Sept. 5th for Keosauqua, Iowa, where she will teach in the city schools and return to make her permanent home here next spring. She has many friends here who will regret her absence and who will join THE NEWS force in welcoming her return.

Miss Mary Talbert, a valued employee of THE WOODWARD NEWS, spent several days on her farm near Chaney last week, looking after summer crops and hiring a wheat crop sown this fall. She has thirty acres of fine corn and other cereals growing and she reports her orchard trees in excellent condition, with many peach trees laden with luscious fruit.

C. W. Mansur is a new reader of THE NEWS. He is employed as boiler maker in the Santa Fe shop here and is about to purchase property in Woodward. Mr. Mansur is a native Cuban and was born of Spanish parents, his mother being a Carlos of the grandee family of old Spain, dethroned by the Alfonso lineage. Mr. Mansur's father was at the time of his death, governor of the Californian Peninsula in old Mexico under Cereia Adalgo, then president of Mexico.

Market Prices.

Woodward markets this week are quoted as follows:

Wheat	68 and 69 cts per bushel
Corn	38
Oats	25 and 28
Potatoes	75
Broom corn	\$60 to \$85 per ton
Eggs	10 cts per dozen
Butter	12½ and 15 cts per pd.

Special Summer Tourist Rates TO THE SOUTHEAST Via :



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Every reader of this notice is requested to send to the undersigned a list of his friends in the East who may possibly be interested. Literature regarding your country will be mailed to them, and any questions they ask will be fully answered. Send list this week to

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Fight On Prohibition.

A Guthrie Dispatch says: Agitation of the prohibition question, in connection with statehood, is on with a vengeance and indications are that it will furnish material for the liveliest kind of a scrap when the bill is up for passage at the coming session. The sentiment in the senate last winter was very strong in favor of the prohibition clause which was inserted, and there is no doubt but that the immense brewing concerns which hold such large interests in the territory will fight the measure to the bitter end.

Volney B. Cushing, of Bangor, Maine, was in the city last evening and addressed a large meeting at the First M. E. church. He is prominent in the National Prohibition union, and he said that the statehood bill would not go through without a prohibition clause. When the prohibition clause was inserted last winter it overcame the greatest objections of Indian Territory to uniting with Oklahoma as a state. Whether it is possible for the prohibition clause to defeat the measure is a question to be decided on, but it is evident that the bill without the prohibition clause will only be passed after a hard fight.

United States Attorney Speed stated that, in his opinion, the prohibition question would furnish excitement of a lively nature in its settlement. He said that there was a fast growing sentiment in the United States in favor of prohibition and that the clause was strongly supported last winter in the senate, and would at the coming session.

"Of course, there may be little or no fight," said Mr. Speed, "and everything may pass through smoothly, but I believe that the prohibition question will result in a lively fight, as I am sure that the large breweries in the eastern cities who have been interested in Oklahoma will not let such a measure pass without making a strong fight against it."

It will probably be of interest and a matter of some surprise to many interested to know the standing of the authorities on the subject. The following opinion, rendered by Justice Field, appears in the United States reports volume 137, of 1890, October term:

"It is urged that, as liquors are used as a beverage, and the injury following them, if taken in excess, is voluntarily inflicted and is confined to the party offending, their sale should be without restriction, the contention being that what a man shall drink, equally with what he shall eat, is not properly matter for legislation.

"There is in this proposition an assumption of a fact which does not exist, that when the liquors are taken in excess the injuries are confined to the party offending. The injury, it is true, first falls upon him in his health, which the habit undermines; in his morals, which it weakens, and in the self-abasement which it creates. But, as it leads to neglect of business and waste of property and general demoralization, it affects those who are connected with and dependant upon him. By the general concurrence of opinion of every civilized and Christian community, there are few sources

of crime and misery to society equal to the dram shop, where intoxicating liquors in small quantities, to be drunk at the time, are sold indiscriminately to all parties applying. The statistics of every state show a greater amount of crime and misery attributable to the use of ardent spirits obtained at these retail liquor saloons than to any other source. The sale of such liquors in this way has, therefore been at all time by the courts of every state considered as the proper subject of legislation. Not only may a license be exacted from the keeper of the saloon before a glass of his liquors can be thus disposed of, but restrictions may be imposed as to the class of persons to whom they may be sold, and the hours of the day, and the days of the week on which the saloon may be opened. Their sale in that form be absolutely prohibited. It is a question of public expediency and public morality, and not of federal law. The police power of the state is not competent to regulate the business to mitigate its evils or to suppress it entirely. There is no inherent in the citizen to thus sell intoxicating liquors by retail; it is not a privilege of a citizen of a state or a citizen of the United States. As it is a business attended with danger to the community it may, as already said, be entirely prohibited or be permitted under such conditions as will limit to the utmost its evils."

The Asylum Matter Badly Mixed Up.

The removal of the asylum to Fort Supply is still the most important matter before the public. To the injunction of the Norman Sanitarium company against the removal of the insane to Fort Supply, are added other difficulties.

While it is further urged by those who are against the Fort Supply location, that the appropriation of \$25,000 by the legislature is not enough to repair the buildings fittingly to take care of the insane, the Norman Sanitarium company is confronted by the fact that the legislature appropriated but \$50,000 a year for the maintenance of the insane, whereas the territory is paying nearer \$90,000 a year.

The question now is, will not the Sanitarium company have to let the insane be removed to Fort Supply because it cannot afford to keep them where they are, or can it afford to go on and risk the next legislature reimbursing it for deficiencies?—State Register.

Made and Provided.

The editorial game laws are stated in the Belleville Telescope to be as follows: Book agents may be killed from October 1 to September 1; spring poets from March 1 to June 1; scandal mongers from April 1 to February 1; umbrella borrowers from August 1 to November 1 and from February 1 to May 1; every man who accepts a paper for two years and on being presented with the bill says, "I never ordered it," may be killed on the spot without reserve or relief.

SEED RYE, for sale. Price \$1.00 per bushel, while it lasts. Inquire at News office, 7 14

Short Stories About Men.

"There are some big families up in Tioga county," said Senator Platt recently. "Will Smythe, editor of the Oswego Times, tells the story of a man who was the father of twelve, all of whom had been rocked to sleep by the same toe and in the same cradle. The toe stood it all right, but the cradle had begun to show signs of wear toward the end of the rocking period of the twelfth."

"John," said the wife one day, looking fondly at the quaint little old thing at her side, its rockers worn flat, so that with every impulse it heaved and turned like a ship in a heavy sea, "this old cradle has done good service, but it is about worn out. I'm afraid it is nearly gone."

"That's right," assented the husband. Reaching into his pocket he pulled out \$10. "Here you are. Next time you go to Oswego get a new one. Get a good one this time; one that will last."

"I really don't know whether that one is gone or not, but I'll ask Smythe next November."

Bishop Niles of New Hampshire had a singular experience while attending the recent Episcopal convention in Boston. The bishop, who is a very tall, heavy man, was seated on one of the low settees in the public garden, and when he started to get up he found that he had great difficulty in regaining his feet. When in the midst of his struggles a woe tot of a little girl came along and offered her assistance. The bishop ceased trying to rise, and after surveying the little girl critically, replied that she was too small to help. The little girl persisted that she could help, but the bishop was just as sure that she could not. "Well," said the little girl finally, "I've helped grandpa lots of times when he was lots drunker than you are."

Snap Shots.

Girls who stay at home after nightfall and help mother, are apt to have the fewest regrets.

An old hen lays her egg, then cackles. Nearly every other sort of people do their cackling first.

A fellow who loads up on bad whiskey seems to have an idea he is about the funniest thing going.

The boy who slights his work in the position he happens to have, will wait a long time for a better one.

"There is angel food at every love feast," says an exchange. That's why so few of us ever get a taste of it.

When we see a young man and a maiden "enjoying" love's first dream, we always wonder if we ever acted like that.

When one who is learning music gets so they can reel off a tune they nearly always imagine all the rest of the world has nothing to do but stop and listen.

Most of us folks are about like an old rooster. We wait till some one else has accomplished something, then make so much noise a lot of people wonder if it wasn't us after all.

Short Sermons.

According to the very best information obtainable, we pass this way but once, and when we step into the valley of the shadow, all our earthly belongings will be left behind. Not a cow, nor a sheep, nor an acre of land, nor a dollar of money, will go into the grave with us. Why then should men race through life in a mad fight for gold, brushing all the better things aside, when at last it must be unloaded at the tomb? Would it not be better to smile a little and do a few good deeds as we went along? Would it not be a better plan to put a flower into the hand of some sad-hearted human being struggling along the road of life, than to clinch an almighty dollar until cold death forced us to relinquish it.

A horse that is a fast walker does not have to trot so much. Did our boys ever notice that? Well, it is much the same with boys. A boy who walks right up to and with his work—keeps abreast with his duties has a much more pleasant time than the boy who is always lagging to the rear. A boy must in some shape or other do his share, and if he persists in poking along whenever the eye of the instructor is on something else, he must be made to trot to catch up with the fast, even walker who finds his work easy and pleasant because he never allows it to get ahead of him. Take a lot of boys together and the fellow who tries to do the least has much the hardest time of any. The boy who has the easiest time is the one who peels off his coat and starts right in with the determination of doing well and promptly the work that is assigned to him to do.

Did you ever think to look over a list of young unmarried men of your acquaintance, and see how many of them are really able to support a wife, and the consequent family? I am speaking more particularly of the small towns and not of the farmer who is a king unto himself. The result of such an investigation would probably startle you immensely. Not one young man in ten, based on a very conservative estimate, is more than able to take care of himself or has acquired any property whatever or laid up a penny for the married emergency. They are depending on something to turn up that will relieve them of any such responsibility, or believe in the old yet continually refuted adage, two can live as one. They marry some addepatated love-sick girl and trust to luck to bring them out of the pit that they have voluntarily dug for themselves. The result is either a divorce or a continual struggle with the gaunt wolf of poverty, while the winged dove of love that thinks in its youthful wisdom that life is livable on love and kisses flies out of the window to torment into a repetition of the error some other young couple. The off ring go to help on our criminal list. If every young man could be brought to see that provision for a family is one of the first prerequisites of such a step, the world will soon be brought to that sought for millennium, that happy conception when every man has attained the acme of greatness—the wisdom of 40 at the age of 20.

American Royal Stock Show.

Colonel O. P. Udegraff, superintendent of the Horse Department, is sending out his last call to the horsemen for the American Royal Live Stock show, which will be held at the Kansas City Stock Yards October 9-14. The entries already received make it certain that the horse exhibit this year will be far ahead of anything of its kind ever held in this country. The liberal prizes, aggregating \$8,500, have not been the only incentive to breeders and importers to enter the best of their studs for this show. The fact that there will be keen competition, thus making the glory of winning all the greater, has constrained many to make exhibits. The assurance of a large attendance of the leading farmers and stockmen from all parts of the West and Southwest has appealed strongly to the horsemen. The opportunity for attracting the attention of prospective purchasers of breeding stock has brought out many exhibitors. The breeders well know that their animals will command far more attention at Kansas City than

they did last year at the St. Louis fair where there were so many other attractions for visitors. Another thing in favor of the American Royal is that sufficient time will elapse between the Portland exposition and the Kansas City show to enable exhibitors at the former to bring their stock to the latter and exhibit it on their return home from the Coast.

In the classes for draft horses in harness, entries have been made by the leading packers and brewers of the country. Upwards of fifty horses have already been entered in these classes. They include the show outfits of Armour & Co., Colonel Fred Pabst, Swift & Co., Schwarzschild & Sulzberger Co., and Morris & Co. Exhibits of draft horses in harness will be features of the two night programs to be arranged for Tuesday and Thursday nights.

Newport's society set is grieved because the peace envoys did not meet there, being firm in the conviction that the conference was especially got for the society set's entertainment.

Jewell Mayes' "Brass Bullets."

The ability to not say is worth more than the gift of gab.

The woman with wit can make a man happy and keep him busy loving her.

A woman falls in love supremely just once—at any other time she walks in, takes off her hat and picks out the softest seat to be had.

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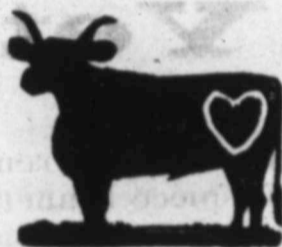
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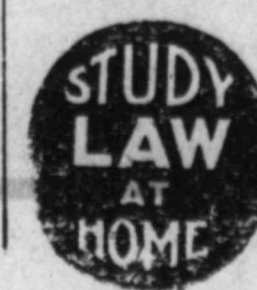
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left shoulder
and side.

left shoulder:
and hip

left loin

left side

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Ear mark: Crop the left and swallow for
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On left side or shoulder.
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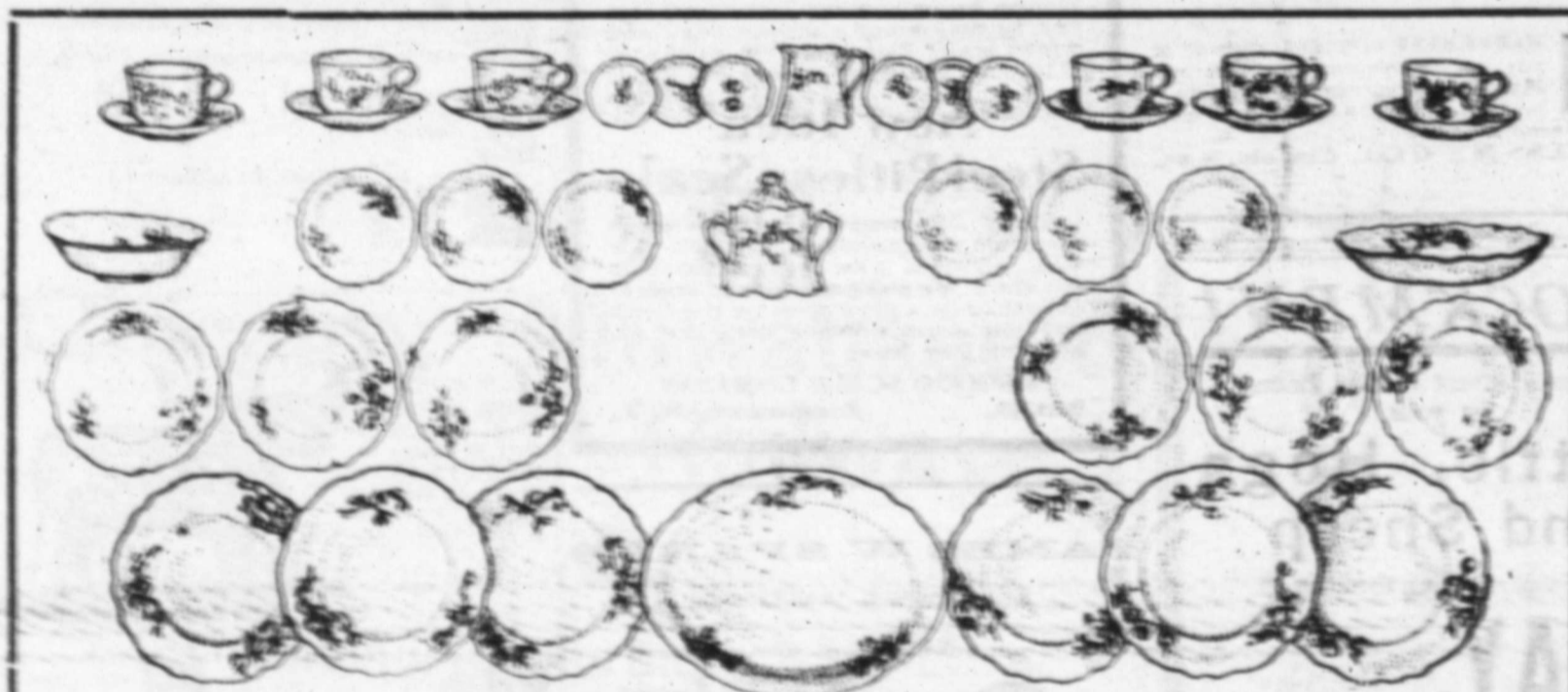
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Editor of the Inspector and Farm News Sept. 1905

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