

STOCK YARDS DAILY JOURNAL.

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

Vol. XII, No. 70.

ST. JOSEPH, MO., TUESDAY, NOVEMBER 10, 1908

LAST EDITION.

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

DAILY MARKETS

Official Receipts, 98 Cars, 2,816
Cattle; 84 Cans, 7,078 Hogs;
18 Cars, 3,704 Sheep.

STEERS GENERALLY STEADY

Moderate Supply of Steers,
Made Up Mostly of Kinds
Selling Below \$6.00.

BUTCHERS' STOCK STEADY

Generally, Spots Weaker—Bulls Sell
on Steady Basis—Better Grades of
Calves Steady, Others Slow—A Slow
Weak to Shade Lower Trade in
Stock Cattle—Best Hogs Steady,
Others 5@10 Cents Lower—Good
Fat Sheep Steady.

RECEIPTS FROM JANUARY 1, 1908.

	1908	1907	Dec.	Ino.
Cattle.....	489,757	557,412	67,655	68,546
Hogs.....	2,046,352	1,977,812	68,546	348,546
Sheep.....	532,559	723,815	188,266	29,500
Horses.....	20,961	26,278	15,327

LIVE STOCK IN SIGHT

	Cattle	Hogs	Sheep
Chicago.....	10,000	20,000	20,000
Kansas City.....	10,000	20,000	20,000
South Omaha.....	4,900	7,700	20,000
St. Joseph.....	2,800	7,100	3,700
East St. Louis.....	6,000

RECEIPTS BY CARS

	1908	1907	1906
Cattle.....	489,757	557,412	67,655
Hogs.....	2,046,352	1,977,812	68,546
Sheep.....	532,559	723,815	188,266
Horses.....	20,961	26,278	15,327

CATTLE

Supply Again Liberal; Local Prices Steady to Weak.

Whether this is to be just a temporary spurt in receipts is yet to be seen, but the number for the present is above needs of the trade. The number arriving at five points for two expired days of the week is 115,000 and is more than double the number arrived at the same points for the same time last week and 23,000 more than for the like period last year.

The receipts on the local market today were again largely made up of common and unattractive grades of stock with nothing here as good as the tops of the previous day. Buyers were all on their rounds this morning and would have brought the money today. Sales were generally considered steady to weak on a basis of declines of 10@15 cents recorded on Monday. Late in the forenoon some fairly good medium weight steers sold at \$6.00 and were considered steady. Aside from this lot the best offerings sold at \$5.05 with fair crossed hogs selling at \$5.00@5.25. Common light hogs went at \$4.85@4.75.

DRILLED BEEF AND SHIPPING STEERS.

11.....	135.6	6.00	59.....	122.4	5.25
19.....	125.6	6.00	44.....	117.0	5.10
8.....	127.3	6.00	21.....	107.0	4.70
1.....	130.0	6.00	21.....	109.5	4.90
20.....	129.5	6.25	18.....	118.2	4.75
13.....	108.1	5.25	3.....	90.5	4.25
3.....	129.0	5.25	12.....	87.5	3.75

COWS, BULLS AND MIXED

The showing of cows and heifers on the market today was not as extensive as yesterday, but the supply was of pretty good size. Quality, as a whole, was ordinary with comparatively few good to choice offerings. While the market lacked the snap that characterized trading last week prices today showed no great change compared with yesterday. Most sales were negotiated on a steady basis, although there were spots showing weak and a little lower than the previous session. Trains came straggling in up to a late hour and this was a factor in giving the market a rather dull appearance. A pretty good clearance was made.

BULLS SOLD GENERALLY ON A STEADY LEVEL.

4.....	85.0	4.25	3.....	77.0	3.45
1.....	90.0	4.25	3.....	79.4	3.45
1.....	79.0	4.25	5.....	68.3	3.40
1.....	84.0	4.00	1.....	59.0	3.40
1.....	92.0	4.00	3.....	70.6	3.40

HEIFERS

4.....	85.0	4.25	3.....	77.0	3.45
1.....	90.0	4.25	3.....	79.4	3.45
1.....	79.0	4.25	5.....	68.3	3.40
1.....	84.0	4.00	1.....	59.0	3.40
1.....	92.0	4.00	3.....	70.6	3.40

8.....	864	4.00	1.....	840	3.35
1.....	720	3.75	1.....	610	3.25
1.....	730	3.75	1.....	470	3.25
2.....	665	3.75	3.....	654	3.25
2.....	670	3.75	18.....	700	3.25
3.....	840	3.75	3.....	683	3.25
4.....	877	3.65	84.....	704	3.15
8.....	741	3.65	11.....	700	3.15
1.....	785	3.65	4.....	591	3.05
2.....	785	3.55	5.....	586	3.00
4.....	692	3.55	4.....	652	3.00
3.....	733	3.50	2.....	480	2.75

ROGS.

Supplies Liberal, Best Grades Steady, Others 5@10 Cents Off.

The country is letting loose a liberal supply of hogs this week, the total at five points for two days being 135,000, an increase of 77,000 over number at same points for the same period last week. There is fair demand for hogs, but with receipts piling up and quality not attractive, the packers are disposed to hammer prices down. Today on the local market trade was not going in fair season with the more attractive and weighty offerings selling at steady prices compared with yesterday, while light weights and common mixed droves having to accept declines of 5@10 cents. The market for the crop was notably steady to 10 cents lower than yesterday. Best hogs sold a point above yesterday, but this was in quality and did not represent any strength in the market. Pigs were about steady.

The indications seem to favor continued liberal receipts this week. A large number of wagon hogs are being received at this point and this is generally a good sign that the country is moving hogs to shipping stations. Prices ranged from \$5.40@5.90, with the bulk selling at \$5.40@5.80. The bulk yesterday sold at \$5.45@5.80, a week ago at \$5.70@5.95, a month ago at \$5.55@5.75, a year ago at \$4.95@5.05, two years ago at \$4.50@4.75, three years ago at \$4.25@4.45, four years ago at \$4.55@4.75.

Pigs and Lights—100 lbs. and Under.

No.	Av. Sbk.	Price	No.	Av. Sbk.	Price
75.....	189	40.45	33.....	185	80.52
71.....	188	40.45	79.....	180	5.25
82.....	180	40.45	41.....	190	80.20
107.....	184	40.45	100.....	180	40.50
77.....	181	200.50	92.....	184	40.50
80.....	172	200.50	63.....	147	40.50
100.....	174	150.40	91.....	140	40.50
112.....	186	120.40	83.....	139	40.50
98.....	167	40.50	86.....	135	40.50
90.....	162	40.50	89.....	4.10	40.50
91.....	164	40.50	85.....	4.10	40.50
97.....	166	40.50	87.....	4.10	40.50
88.....	173	160.50	87.....	97	4.10
83.....	188	40.50	87.....	97	4.10
82.....	188	40.50	88.....	73	40.50
114.....	154	40.50	25.....	82	4.00
109.....	162	40.50	21.....	82	4.00
81.....	163	40.50	21.....	85	3.90
81.....	179	40.50	21.....	85	3.90
76.....	182	280.50	30.....	71	3.75

Heavy and Mixed—300 lbs. and Upward.

90.....	229	5.90	88.....	205	280.50
51.....	358	5.90	78.....	267	160.50
87.....	238	5.90	64.....	278	40.50
75.....	275	100.85	88.....	214	40.50
70.....	263	80.80	88.....	80.50	70
64.....	321	160.50	77.....	267	40.50
72.....	260	40.50	77.....	267	40.50
45.....	325	160.50	80.....	219	80.50
72.....	242	5.90	63.....	222	40.50
82.....	276	5.90	81.....	230	80.50
61.....	271	120.80	89.....	230	80.50
94.....	285	120.80	50.....	226	80.50
66.....	267	5.90	72.....	217	120.55
75.....	282	280.50	47.....	240	40.55
81.....	301	240.80	27.....	211	40.50
68.....	247	80.50	74.....	206	5.55
49.....	271	80.50	83.....	210	5.55
39.....	237	80.50	91.....	206	120.50
76.....	292	40.50	79.....	219	40.50
40.....	268	240.70	84.....	215	300.45
73.....	230	40.50	48.....	203	80.45

Odds, Ends and Wagon Hogs.

5.....	332	5.70	18.....	181	5.00
8.....	280	5.70	15.....	151	5.00
14.....	198	5.70	154.....	5.00	5.00
2.....	240	5.50	8.....	152	5.00
19.....	218	40.50	1.....	280	5.00
15.....	201	5.40	8.....	85	4.10
13.....	211	80.50	12.....	85	4.10
2.....	225	5.40	5.....	88	4.10
10.....	223	5.40	6.....	83	4.10
8.....	212	5.40	11.....	84	4.00
84.....	168	5.40	8.....	81	4.00
7.....	196	5.85	11.....	80	4.00
16.....	176	5.80	8.....	82	4.00
16.....	176	5.80	8.....	88	4.00
13.....	180	5.25	8.....	85	4.00
8.....	191	5.25	23.....	85	4.00
9.....	151	5.10	6.....	93	3.90
30.....	131	5.00

Packers' Hog Purchases.

Swift and Company.....	2,600
Morris Packing Co.....	1,888
Hammond Packing Co.....	1,740
Total.....	6,228

Range of Prices.

	This Week	Last Week
Monday.....	\$4.90 @5.87@5.20	\$5.00
Tuesday.....	5.00 @6.90	5.00 @6.00
Wednesday.....	@6.00	5.50 @6.15
Thursday.....	@6.00	6.00 @6.15
Friday.....	@6.00	5.25 @6.05
Saturday.....	@6.00	5.00 @6.95

Average Weight.

Oct. 31.....	199	Nov. 8.....	193
Nov. 2.....	204	Nov. 6.....	201
Nov. 3.....	185	Nov. 7.....	193
Nov. 4.....	194	Nov. 8.....	203

SHEEP.

Small Supply of Good Killers Sold Steady—Yearlings at \$4.75.

Compared with a week ago this morning of live mutton in sight this morning at central markets was more than double, the total being 57,000 against 20,000 last Tuesday. Locally the supply also showed an increase over last week, the run being estimated at 3,500.

Desirable Killing Material was scarce.

bulk of arrivals being feeders and common native stuff. For good fat sheep and lambs there was strong inquiry and the offerings coming up to requirements sold in pretty good season on a steady basis. On this basis 97 lb yearlings sold at \$4.75 and good wethers landed at \$4.50. No good wethers were on offer, best here being a medium class of natives, selling at \$5.00. After opening rounds of buyers, when most of the decent stuff was picked up, the market became drab and finished weak to 10c lower.

21 nat lambs.....	93.5	5.00
22 nat lambs.....	89.5	5.00
23 nat lambs.....	97.4	7.75
450 fed west sheep.....	111.4	4.50
8 nat lambs.....	66.4	5.00
1 nat buck.....	170.4	4.50
43 nat lambs.....	64.4	5.00
324 west lambs, fdrs.....	66.4	3.00
48 nat lambs.....	69.4	2.00
22 nat sheep.....	115.4	0.00
B. Maxwell & Wilkerson.....	16	4.00
W. E. Kennedy.....	14	4.00
P. S. Wright.....	10	3.60
J. H. Milby.....	5	3.60

2 nat bucks.....

2 nat bucks.....	135.5	3.50
7 nat lambs, culls.....	68.3	5.00
8 nat lambs, culls.....	66.3	5.00
1 nat lamb, cull.....	60.3	5.00
1 nat buck, cull.....	130.2	0.00
5 nat ewes, culls.....	109.2	0.00
6 nat sheep, culls.....	102.2	0.00
76 goats.....	59.2	0.00
76 goats.....	59.2	0.00
44 nat ewes, culls.....	85.1	2.50
3 nat ewes, culls.....	76.1	1.00

Packers' Sheep Purchases.

Swift and Company.....	1,078
Morris Packing Co.....	286
Hammond Packing Co.....	43
Total.....	1,327

OTHER LIVESTOCK MARKETS

CHICAGO.

CHICAGO, Illinois, Stock Yards, Ill., Nov. 10.—The Live Stock World reports: Cattle—Receipts, 9,000. Market slow steady; cows weak to 10c lower; feeders dull.

Hogs—Receipts, 20,000. Market 5c lower; top, \$5.15; bulk, \$5.00@5.10. Sheep—Receipts, 20,000. Market, sheep steady; lambs 10@15c lower.

KANSAS CITY.

KANSAS CITY, Mo., Nov. 10.—Special to The Journal: The Drovers Telegram reports: Cattle—Receipts, 16,000. Market steady to strong; top, \$7.30; cows and heifers steady to weak; stockers steady to 10c higher; calves firm.

Hogs—Receipts, 20,000. Market opened 10@15c lower, closed 5@10c off; top, \$5.85; bulk, \$5.50@5.60. Sheep—Receipts, 7,000. Market, best strong, others weak; lambs \$6.00, 4.85, four years ago at \$4.55@4.75.

SOUTH OMAHA.

SOUTH OMAHA, Neb., Nov. 10.—Special to The Journal: The Drovers Telegram reports: Cattle—Receipts, 4,900. Market steady to stronger. Hogs—Receipts, 7,700. Market 5@10c lower; top, \$5.70; bulk, \$5.50@5.60.

Sheep—Receipts, 20,000.

Market slow to 10c lower.

EAST ST. LOUIS.

EAST ST. LOUIS, National Stock Yards, Ill., Nov. 10.—Special to The Journal: The National Live Stock Reporter reports: Cattle—Receipts, 6,000, including 1,500 Texas. Market strong to 10c higher; top, \$4.80; natives steady; top \$7.25.

Hogs—Receipts, 16,500.

Market lower; top, \$6.05; bulk, \$5.85@5.90.

Sheep—Receipts, 5,500.

Market 10@15c lower.

ST. JOSEPH CASH GRAIN MARKET

Today's cash values: Receipts, wheat, 16 cars; corn, 0 car; oats, 2 car.

	Wheat	Corn	Oats
No. 2 red.....	1.05	@1 05 1/2	48 @ 49
No. 3 red.....	1.02	@1 04	47 @ 49
No. 4 red.....	97	@1 00	47 @ 49
No. 2 hard.....	97	@1 03	47 @ 49
No. 3 hard.....	94	@1 00	47 @ 49
No. 4 hard.....	91	@ 97	47 @ 49

GRAIN AND PROVISIONS.

The following Chicago board of trade quotations are furnished by T. P. Gordon, Board of Trade Building, St. Joseph, Mo.

Options	Open	High	Low	Close	Close
WHEAT	101 1/2	108	101 1/2	102 1/2	101 1/2
Dec.	101 1/2	107 1/2	100 1/2	107 1/2	105 1/2
May	108 1/2	107 1/2	106 1/2	107 1/2	105 1/2

CORN.

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THE STOCK YARDS DAILY JOURNAL

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The Saint Joseph Journal Publishing Company, PUBLISHER.

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Advertising Rates Furnished on Application.

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A POINTER IN THIS.

T. B. Hord, Ed. Burke and Ed. Gould last year corn-fed about 30,000 cattle between them. This year they are not feeding more than 12,000.

LOOKS GOOD ON PAPER.

It's mighty good if all these reports of mills and factories starting up are true. It means that packers will soon make a big hole in the amount of fresh meat they are alleged to be carrying in refrigeration.

WAS IT MERE INCIDENT?

Once more it appears to be time to reiterate that there will never come a time when it will not be possible for this country to turn out at least one or two big runs of live stock at the central markets.

CONCRETE IN GARAGE CONSTRUCTION.

In a reinforced concrete garage, recently completed at Brookline, Mass., the advantages of this material for such a purpose are clearly evident, says Cement Age, New York.

A CASE OF SIMPLE IDIOCY.

There is not much of a probability that the packers were holding any big orders for packing house products contingent upon the result of the recent election.

However, the starting up of the wheels of industry whether contingent upon the recent elections or not will inevitably call out increased orders for packing house products that will be calculated to deplete the stores of fresh meats now in refrigeration as well as cured meats in packing house cellars.

It is not likely that the packer cares very much right now whether there is an immediate outlet for cured hog products, for with mills and factories starting into renewed and increased activity, there is every prospect for a good margin of profit in hog products in the future.

NEW GREATNESS OF CORN FIELD.

It is only a few years ago that about the only uses we had for corn were for mush, pone, whiskey and a cheap ration for cattle and hogs.

But since farming has assumed the dignity of a science new uses for corn have been springing up thick and fast. Europe needed more bread stuffs than she had been getting and we went over and put up a few bakeshop demonstrations that has created a demand for corn to take the place of wheat as a bread stuff.

Five cows running at large almost made a bull of one of the political parades in New York. That city ought to pass an ordinance prohibiting the town cow from running at large.

PAPA HAD THE SAME OPINION.

And Bobby Got a Large Round Dollar Instead of the Slipper.

Bobby is a little shaver who cannot always be depended upon to spare the family blush when there are visitors.

During a recent church convention in Bobby's city his mother entertained one of the elders, a delegate whose very name inspired awe in the fold.

The elder came, talking as he entered the house, saying a long, long grace at dinner, talking the air as the patient family sat with him on the porch afterward; then came family prayers.

Bobby knelt meekly with the rest, but his mouth was taking on the shape of a yawn and in his big blue eyes a danger signal shone.

"Now, see here," he said, "I've had just about enough of this, and I ain't goin' to stand for any more of it either."

After Bobby was in bed and all lights were out, Bobby's papa slipped into the room.

"Here, sonnie," he said, "hold out your hand. Here is a big, round, silver dollar for papa's little boy, but don't tell any one I gave it to you."

USE AUTOS FOR TIGER HUNTING.

Supplanting the Elephant and Howdah with Princes of India.

No preparations have now to be made when the news of a tiger roaming in a jungle is brought. Petrol, and not a howdah, is the thing to be cared for.

News came in the other day of a tiger roaming on the banks of the Sindhu near Uchar, a village some 14 miles from Datta City.

Next day the maharajah sat up for the tiger. The beast returned to his feed, and had just caught the goat by the right ear when the maharajah fired, hitting the tiger in the head, the first bullet proving fatal.

Early in the morning the maharajah returned in his motor car with the dead tiger placed in the rear seat, the goat still hanging in the tiger's mouth.

Proper Way to Ride. "The fatigue of a long journey of which persons often complain," said an experienced traveler, "is quite unnecessary and comes from an unconscious effort to carry the train along, instead of letting the train carry us."

Quite Consistent. "But," protested the manager, "don't you think it looks odd for you to wear your diamonds in the character of the poor deserted wife?"

Which? Church—I heard you talking about some man who was very unpopular in town, didn't I? Gotham—Yes.

Could Afford the Best. "What you need," declared the druggist, "is beef, wine and iron."

Allen's. "Tush, tush, my good man," interposed the customer, peevishly, "you are talking to a millionaire. Have you no terrapin, champagne and gold?"

IN WOMAN'S REALM

For Chapped, Dry Lips.

Do not moisten your lips frequently with the saliva, or pass your tongue over them to make them red or fresh looking. This habit tends to discolor and dry them and to make them chapped.

Food and Complexion. The appearance of the complexion is greatly influenced by the food we eat. As a general thing it is more beneficial to take fruit with the meal or just before it than it is after.

China Cement. Dissolve a little gum arabic in a little warm water so it is rather thick; put in enough plaster paris to make a thick paste.

Fruit Jam. One good sized basket of red plums, pitted, one medium sized package of seeded raisins, chopped fine, two good sized oranges, and grated rind of two and juice of three more, one lemon and grated rind, add pound for pound of sugar and let boil until it jellies, and put into glasses.

Bleaching False Hair. The only way to make puffs lighter is to wash them in a solution of peroxide, using half and half—that is, equal quantities of peroxide and water.

Temper and Complexion. The girl who has a very quick temper must expect to have trouble with her complexion. Sometimes red spots come out prominently and refuse to be hidden even by powder.

Carrot Pickles. Peel the carrots and boil in salt water, drain, and have a sirup made of vinegar, sugar, stick cinnamon, cloves, and whole allspice, the same

House of ALLEN—Grocery Headquarters. Wednesday Specials. An exceptionally good list of money saving specials is offered here for tomorrow, a few of which are enumerated below.

Medium size Sauer Pickles on sale Wednesday at less than one-half price. Mothers' Brand Macaroni or Spaghetti on sale Wednesday, three packages for 25c.

Our own make of Peanut Butter on sale Wed. at per glass, 10c. Our No. 3 Coffee on sale Wednesday at per pound, 22c.

Orange Cream Cake our own make put up for a fancy 10c cake, on sale Wednesday at per cake, 7c. Best No. 1 Cane Sugar, granulated, on sale Wed. at 19 lbs. for \$1.

Genuine Imported Sardines, put up in olive oil, on sale Wed. at, per can, 9c. Our S. S. A. Pancake Flour, on sale Wed. 3 pkgs for, 25c.

Monarch Maple Syrup, in 1 gal. cans only, and sells regular at \$1.65 per gal., on sale Wed. at, per gal, \$1.40. Put up under the pure food law, and guaranteed to be every drop pure maple syrup.

Allen's. Both Phones 1127. Seventh and Edmond. Free Prompt Delivery to All Parts of the City.

Colorado Farm & Ranch Lands

COLORADO FRUIT LANDS. WRITE TO F. D. ALLEE, Grand Junction, Colo. Ask him about Grand Valley Fruit Lands.

Get Busy!

Now is the Time to Order that Fall and Winter Suit. We Make a Specialty of Wedding Suits.

I NOW have on hand a complete stock of all the latest patterns in Fall and Winter goods. Tailor-made clothes always give the best satisfaction.

F. A. JOHNSON 313 FELIX ST. All Work Done in St. Joseph.

Money Awaiting Investment need not remain idle. We pay interest on deposits and will be pleased to correspond with any person interested. ST. JOSEPH STOCK YARDS BANK SOUTH ST. JOSEPH, MO.

THE FIRST NATIONAL BANK ST. JOSEPH MO. UNITED STATES DEPOSITORY. The members of our board of directors are all capable business men.

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Purity and age guarantee (Good Whiskey, Rieger's Monogram is also...)

8 Qts. RIEGER'S MONOGRAM PRIVATE STOCK \$5.00

4 Qts. RIEGER'S MONOGRAM EXTRA FINE \$3.00

FREE WITH EACH ORDER

Two sample bottles of Rieger's Fine Monogram Whiskey, with...
 Rieger's Monogram Whiskey and...
 Rieger's Monogram Whiskey and...
 Rieger's Monogram Whiskey and...

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A Great Offer

8 FULL QUARTS \$2.90

Just send us \$2.90 and we will ship you 4 Full Quarts...
 Choice of our Catawba, Blackberry or...
 CHERRY CORDIAL—OR

2 GALLONS \$2.75

One Gallon Private Stock Pure Simpson Whiskey and One Gallon Private Stock Pure Wine...
 CORN SCREW AND WHISKEY GLASS SENT FREE WITH EACH ORDER

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Buy Your Liquors at Wholesale

Fine BONDED WHISKIES and PURE CALIFORNIA WINES by the Quart or Gallon at WHOLESALE PRICES.

Shippers to the Saint Joseph Market

Are Cordially Invited to Call and Inspect Our Stock when in the City. Mail Orders Given Prompt Attention.

Great Western Liquor Co.

1 1/2 Blocks East of Exchange Building. Illinois Avenue. Opposite Transit House.

SHAMROCK WHISKEY

Is Distilled for Medicinal Purposes From Rye and Barley Malt.

Age, ten years. No fill oil, no drugs. Price, \$1 per quart, \$10 per doz., \$5 per half dozen quart bottles, or \$4 per gal. (freight paid to any railroad station on receipt of price, or will ship C. O. D. with for complete price list. Business record 25 years. Reference, National Bank of St. Joseph.

ST. JOSEPH, MO. M. J. SHERIDAN,
 New Telephone 349. Importer and Dealer in Wines and Liquors.

JAMES KERSEY,

Stock Yards, Southwest Corner Illinois and Lake Avenues, WINES, LIQUORS AND CIGARS

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JACKS AND JENNETS—Home-raised on our Cherry Grove Stock Farm. All animals good serviceable condition. Will wear close-fitting harness. All are bred right. Prices reasonable. Also fifty head young mules. C. M. DAILY & SON, Savannah, Mo.

FOR SALE—Registered Shropshire sheep, yearlings and ram lambs for sale. Also limited number of ewes. Also high class Jacks and Jennets and young mules in carload lots or by pairs. South St. Joseph, Mo. Yard phone 702 South 4 rings. Advertise in The Journal.

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Supreme Bacon
Supreme Lard
Supreme Sausage
Supreme Dried Beef

—AND—
Lion Brand Canned Meats

MORRIS & COMPANY
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Blacklegoids

Simplest, Safest, Surest Vaccination for the prevention of **BLACKLEG IN CATTLE**

NO DOSE TO MEASURE. NO LIQUID TO SPILL. NO STRING TO ROT.

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S. H. OPPENHEIMER

Jap View of Baseball.

One strong-arm gentleman called a Pitch is hired to throw. Another gentleman called a Stop is responsible for whatever that Hon. Pitch throw to him, so he protect himself from wounding by soft pillows which he wear on hands. Another gentleman called a Striker stand in front of that Stop and hold up club to fright off that Hon. Pitch from angry rage of throwing things. Hon. Pitch in hand hold one baseball of an unripe condition of hardness. He raises that arm lofty—then twist—a sudden! He shoot them bullet-ball straight to breast of Hon. Stop. Hon. Striker swing club for vain effort. It is a miss and them deathly ball about Hon. Stop in gloves. "Struck once!" decri Hon. Umpere, a person who is there to gossip about it in a loud voice.—H. Togo, in Atlantic.

Belgium has over 200 boot and shoe factories, giving employment to more than 200,000 hands.

THE WHITE DEATH

By DON MARK LEMON

He was an American. He had come to the country in search of gold. He should have remained on his estate at home in Virginia. But no, he must come to South America and prospect in Tarantula valley. He proposed it first to his Mexican guide, Lozo. Lozo grew white about the lips, despite his tawny color, and shook his head. "Why not?" the American questioned. "The White Death, senior; it is there!" "Where—in Tarantula valley?" "What is the White Death?" Lozo drew his lips firmly together and again shook his head. Evidently the White Death was something to be silent about, as well as to fear. "Is it a pestilence of some kind?" the American questioned. "No, senior." "Is it a snake?" "No, senior." "A wild beast?" "No, senior." "Is it death from poisonous gases?" "No, senior." "Is it death by the hand of men—bandit, for instance?" "No, senior." "Hunger? thirst?" "Then what the devil is the White Death?" The American spoke angrily, but Lozo made no reply. He only drew his lips tighter together and looked more frightened. The fellow—half savage that he was—feared he might draw the anger of the White Death upon himself should he describe its nature. "Queer!" the American muttered, greatly perplexed. Then he tried policy. "Come, I'll double your pay if you'll act as guide." "No, senior." "No, senior." "Give you ten dollars a day—American gold." "The American considered awhile. Then he said: "That decides me; I'll prospect Tarantula valley and see if I can't stack a mortgage on this White Death—and I'll go it alone."

The Mexican was a Catholic. He crossed himself and looked unhappy. There was no reason he shouldn't look unhappy. He liked the American, in his rough way; besides the American's pay was good—and certain. And now the American was going to meet the White Death!

Having made up his mind to prospect Tarantula valley at any cost, the Virginian looked about for another guide than Lozo, but his labor was wasted. No one would accompany him on his proposed prospecting tour, nor explain what was meant by the White Death.

Was it something so strange, so far removed from common nature, that human speech could frame no description of it? Or did the superstitious villagers fear that they might draw the anger of the White Death—whatever it was—upon themselves should they go into particulars?

The next day the American set out alone for Tarantula valley, very curious and not at all nervous. He was well provisioned—one burro bore his supply of food, another his blankets and mining outfit—and well armed. He didn't reason that there might be something lurking in the valley before him against which his Winchester would be no protection—some Shape such as might haunt the infernal pool and make it more hideous than even a diseased peat could imagine. No; he didn't reason at all.

Tarantula valley, in appearance, was a pleasant place, with a wooded river flowing through it and a wooded lake, or large pool, in its center. The American thought what a paradise it would be in which to dream away the rest of his life with one by his side who was waiting for him in Virginia.

Yet, despite the sylvan charm of the valley, the American grew lonely, for there really wasn't much society about. To be sure, there were the two burros, an occasional snake, a few hares, an odd and some buzzards; but, apart from these, the dumb creatures to be seen were not at all sociable. Not sociable, at least, like the buzzards. They, in one particular, were almost as good as human society, taking, as they did, a very evident interest in the American's state of health.

One strange thing that impressed the Virginian were the collections of bones scattered over the valley, and especially about the lake. On his first day in the vale he had lighted on one of these collections of bones. He examined it. It looked like a little open-air cosmopolitan graveyard. Within a circle of about 20 feet in diameter were collected the skeleton of a burro, the skeleton of a buzzard, the skeleton of a large wild animal of the cat tribe, the skeleton of a cow, several skeletons the species of which the American couldn't determine, and last, but not least, the skeleton of a man.

It was evident that some wild animal had lately ravaged in that part of the country, gathering into one feeding ground the prey of a month or so.

The second day he spent in the valley the American lighted on a second collection of bones. It was much like the first, only the human skeleton bleaching in the sun was that of a woman and not a man. At this the

Virginian got very angry, though without especial reason. The woman, surely, couldn't have died any harder than the man.

The third day he lighted on a third collection of bones, and the skeleton of a man and woman lay side by side. With this he began to wonder seriously what manner of thing it was that had turned the valley into a charnel. Was it a great panther of some kind—or a huge snake? Or—but no, it couldn't be a man. That was something too hideous to believe. And a man or band of men it was not.

Then he struck gold. He slipped into the river one morning, scraping the bank in his fall, and there in the river-bank he found the gold. It was placid and so rich that in less than a week he got enough to satisfy a woman, let alone a man. Then he laid off a day and went down the river in search of game, and, without especially looking for it, he found a fourth collection of bones which, from its condition, seemed to be the latest feeding ground of the Thing—the White Death.

Now, when a man has a cool million in sight—or thinks he has—he feels more secure from personal danger than when he has little or nothing, so the American decided to hang about that fourth collection of bones and try to bag something.

Straightway he found a suitable spot beside a rock, and, leaning his Winchester within easy reach, proceeded to watch. About 30 feet distant was a huge collection of bowlders, perhaps hidden in the wide fissures of these bowlders was the thing he sought.

For a half hour, or, rather, 40 minutes, the American gave his whole attention to the business in hand, then he looked up.

At first he thought there was something wrong with his eyes and he winked them several times. Then he thought his brains were tangled, and so he multiplied several figures mentally, but getting the right answers, for four times four is sixteen, six times three is eighteen, and eight times seven is fifty-six, he concluded it was something else than his reason at fault. Then he reached out his hand for his Winchester, but desisted before touching the rifle, for he chose rather to watch the Thing squatted upon the pile of rock than handle an uninteresting weapon. But perhaps he couldn't do other than watch. The Thing was so very fascinating.

It was looking directly at him—the Thing on the rocks—and though it made not the slightest noise to attract his attention, there was no reason he should not see it. For it was as big as an ox lying down. But it wasn't an ox. Neither was it anything like an ox.

It was a gigantic spider or tarantula, large as a full-grown tiger, with long white hair all over its huge and horrible body!

"Why," the American began. Evidently he was going to say: "Why, if I had known of such a thing as that around here, I would have stayed away." But he got no further than "Why," for it was more fascinating watching the Thing than talking or thinking.

Then, again, the American tried to reach for his Winchester, but the light that came out of the eyes of the squat Thing upon the rocks paralyzed his arm. Or perhaps it was only surprise that deprived him of the power of motion, for he well knew that there is no such thing as hypnotic power in the eye of man or beast.

Then suddenly the long white hair of the Thing began to tremble and the American felt as if his whole body were blistering from some intense heat, and, as the eyes of the White Death stood out farther from its horrible head, and its great legs drew closer together for the 30-foot spring, the Virginian began to cry and whimper.

Then the squat Thing upon the rock began to tremble throughout and its long white hair to shiver and its legs to collect closer and closer. Whereupon the American began to laugh. He foolishly, like a baby, and beat and paddle his hands in the dust, and his body grew flaccid and flabby and his breast sank down into his stomach.

Then, like a flash of white light struck out of the rock, the squat Thing leaped 30 feet through the hot air, and sunk its horrible fangs into the neck of the American.



The Thing Leapt Thirty Feet Through the Air at the American.

KING CORN.

With a tassel for a scepter
 And a wild bloom for a crown,
 The king of autumn harvest
 Brings his golden store to town;
 The wigwags of the fodder
 On the garnered hillside glow,
 With smoke wreaths curling upward
 From the lips of long ago:
 King Corn, King Corn is coming,
 And his ranks are on the hill;
 A tassel for a scepter
 And the meal bag at the mill!

Down all the Maryland valleys
 And on her mountain heights
 King Corn is in his glory
 Of his harvest home delights:
 The savers of the fodder
 The rabbits in the hollows;
 And the partridge in the glades:
 King Corn, King Corn is coming,
 He's walled the field with gold;
 The Shorthorns in the barnyard
 And the Southdown in the fold!

The sunlight weaves its shadows
 Round the shock that stands in line;
 The mist is on the meadows
 And the grapes are ripe for wine;
 The cider press is going
 And across the fallow sweet
 They sing the song of sowing
 As they cast the winter wheat:
 King Corn, King Corn is coming,
 From the valleys, from the dells,
 With music of the mill wheels
 And the jingle of the bells!

The golden harvests brighten
 On the sweet old mountain slopes;
 The voices in the valleys
 The pumpkin in the corn rows
 Drinks the sunshine as it dies,
 And falls to sleep with dreaming
 Of the hand that makes the plea:
 King Corn, King Corn is coming,
 And the cornstalk fiddles hum:
 And the squirrels are chinkapinning,
 And the Bob White sounds his drum!

The land is filled with beauty
 For the king that comes this way:
 The earth and sky have married
 And they've brought forth lovely day:
 Like castanets of silver
 On the limbs of fairy queen,
 The cricket plinks his banjo
 In the lanes of living green:
 King Corn, King Corn is coming,
 And it's howdy do, my dear!
 A tassel for a scepter
 And his crown a golden ear!
 —Folger McKinney in the Baltimore Sun.

EGGS IN WAGONLOADS.

Carted for Miles in a Wagon, Few are Broken in Transit.

Eggs by the wagonload, hauled for many miles over a rocky road in almost exactly the same manner as a western farmer transports his corn crop, is the way the Ozark region poultry raiser gets his eggs to market. On the streets of West Plains, Mo., which, according to the St. Louis Republic, has become a great poultry and egg market as well as the center of the famous land of the big red apple, and Elberta peach, it is a daily occurrence to see wagonloads of eggs, many of them coming a distance of more than sixty miles.

Filling a wagon with eggs so that they will ride without breaking is an art that requires skill. The Ozark huckster and freighter has this down to a nicety and it is seldom that he breaks more than two or three dozen of the big load in the long journey over the mountains.

In loading a wagon with eggs a three-inch layer of straw is placed in the bottom of the wagon bed. Then the eggs are carried out to the wagon in buckets and small boxes. They are poured on the straw without ceremony and the driver, with a broad stroke of his hand, scatters them out in a single layer. When the layer of eggs is complete another covering of straw is put on and more eggs are put in the wagon until the entire bed is piled high. Then boards are put on top of the load to hold it down. Usually the huge pile is much higher than the top of the wagon bed and then it becomes necessary for several persons to get on the boards to bring them down to a level with the top of the wagon bed and they are nailed down.

A chain is wrapped around the middle of the wagon bed and on top of the wagon is put the driver's bedding and "grub" box, and sometimes a big bale of cotton. Eggs ride better this way than if they were packed in cases with strawboard fillers. Frequently the driver walks around on the top of the wagon without fear of doing damage, and the jolting of the heavy load over the hills of the Ozarks does not crack many of the eggs. One thousand dozen is an average load, but many freighters bring more than this number if the condition of the roads permit and the hens have been busy.

In shipping eggs to market the eggs are first "candied," a process through which they are put to find all the bad ones, in order to comply with the national pure food law. Then the eggs are packed in cases and loaded in refrigerator cars, bound for the eastern markets. A single car contains exactly 400 cases. Counting thirty dozen to a case, a car holds 12,000 dozen, or 144,000 eggs. Estimated at present prices received in the east a car of eggs is worth \$2,500.

The Missouri hen as a revenue producer is far ahead of the famous Missouri mule, or even the cow. In the Ozark region the poultry industry is going to outrival fruit growing at the present stride. According to the bureau of labor statistics Missouri shipped more than \$39,000,000 worth of poultry and eggs in 1907 and this year will show a big increase.

From actual experience, a farmer's wife, with 100 chickens, will net the tidy sum of \$65 in six months' time from the sale of eggs alone. One hundred pullets will produce an average of sixty-six eggs a day, or 330 dozen in the course of a month. At 15 2-3 cents a dozen, the average price paid in the markets, the gross revenue derived from the hens is \$156.56. Estimating that it costs about \$26 to feed the flock and counting two hours' labor each day at \$45, the net profit is \$46.

THEY MADE IT REAL

Marjorie regarded her companion with frank curiosity. It was her first ride alone in an English railway train and she had heard many stories of gentlemanly looking persons who murdered men and women for their valuables.

But this clerical looking man in the seat across from her did not appear to be dangerous, and she settled herself to the book. It was less than two hours to Graham Towers. Surely nothing much could happen.

Then there came the noise of doors being shut and a porter in leather waistcoat held the door of her compartment invitingly open. Another porter threw in a kitbag, the door was shut and the train started. Tom Hadley sprang in the carriage.

When he saw Marjorie he turned to leave again, but the door was now locked and the train was slowly pulling through the yards. Tom went over to the other side of the compartment leaving a wide seat between them, and became immersed in the morning paper.

"My young friend, did you ever contemplate matrimony?" Marjorie's book fell to the floor with a crash. The clerical gentleman was staring at her from across the narrow passage with gleaming eyes.

"What is more beautiful to contemplate," he went on, "than the union of two loving hearts?"

Tom's paper was flung into the opposite seat and he moved over beside Marjorie.

"You are annoying this young lady," he said, savagely. "Sit back in your seat and be quiet."

The clerical person regarded him with a sorrowful air. "My dear young friend," he said, shaking his head sadly. "Not for the world would I cause this fair daughter annoyance, but I cannot see her sit sorrowing when it is in my power to bring her great joy. For it is written that it is not good for man to be alone. You are married?"

"I don't see what that has to do with it," said Tom.

"You are destined to be the spouse of this bride," explained the other. "Behold, she sits weeping. I saw the tears in her eyes. They are for her sorrowing single state. Here and now we may make her happy. My children take each other's hands."

Tom looked up in search of the emergency call, but Marjorie caught him by the arm. "Don't," she whispered. "It would make such a scene. We must humor him until we come to a station."

"Time passes," reminded the madman, mildly. "You delay the service, my children."

"We have decided to wait until we reach the next station," began Tom, pleasantly. "If you will wait until we arrive there you may marry us in the waiting-room."

The mild blue eyes blazed and the placid features were contorted by anger. With a snarl the clergyman precipitated himself upon Tom.

The attack was so sudden that Hadley was taken unaware and his arms were kept at his sides while the long, slender fingers closed about his throat.

Marjorie could not pass the two men to reach the bell cord and for a moment she cowered in her seat, then she shook the clergyman by the shoulder.

"We do want to get married now," he said. "Please let him go so that the ceremony may be performed at once. Please, please stop."

The light of madness faded from his watery eyes and the suave, professional manner returned as he sank into the seat opposite and drew out a well-worn prayer book and opened it at the marriage service.

Once he began the words of the ritual his entire manner changed. His face gained a new dignity and he read the beautiful words of the ceremony as Marjorie had never before heard it read.

She loved Tom. Only a foolish pride was keeping her from confessing her fault and granting forgiveness. This ceremony seemed so real that it affected her strangely.

The madman closed the book and beamed upon them.

"You will kiss the bride," he said, mildly.

For a moment Hadley hesitated, but Marjorie raised her full red lips to his and his arms went about her at their touch. One arm remained around her as he raised his head, and the clergyman regarded them approvingly.

"That is better," he announced. "It makes my one thousand five hundred and fiftieth marriage. We were just in time," he added, as the train began to slow down for a station.

Men in uniform appeared at either door of the carriage and one of them sprang inside to grapple with the madman. There was a sharp tussle, and he was borne struggling from the compartment.

A man with an air of authority hovered for a moment.

"Broke down from overwork," he explained. "Balmly about marrying. He's married the cook at the asylum to more than one hundred men. It's all right. A marriage without license or witnesses don't go, so don't be worried."

"I'm not worried—any more," explained Tom, as his hand closed over Marjorie's, and the smile she gave him assured him that all was well.

HORSE SURGERY

Wonderful Strides Made in Veterinary Science of Late Years.

DIAGNOSIS OF EQUINE ILLS

Almost as Much Attention Given to Medical Treatment of Horses as to Man.

What would our forbears have said if it had been suggested to them that a day would come when there would be anaesthetics, antiseptics, operating tables, special instruments for horses as well as man? It has come to this now. There are horses today that get better and more scientific treatment than some human beings. The horse hospital has arrived, and man's best friend and ally now gets the same relief and comfort from the workings of science that his master gets, says the New York World.

A veterinarian can diagnose a case of illness in a horse as well as a physician can with a human patient. In fact, there is little difference between treating a sick horse and a sick child. Neither can talk. Neither can tell anything to the physician. He must discover everything for himself.

The horse hospital looks very business-like. There are attendants clad in spotless white and cases of shining instruments under glass. Things are as spick and span as they would be in a hospital for men and women. There is an operating room quite as scientifically arranged as one in a private hospital where only the well-to-do might go.

There is a horse hospital in Brooklyn not far from the bridge where four veterinarians have all they can do to care for their equine patients. They perform from sixty to 100 operations every month to say nothing of treating scores of horse ailments which do not need the knife. There a writer for the Sunday World saw what modern science has done in these latter days for the dumb friends of man. The surgeon-in-chief was leading the way through a maze of private box stalls in which valuable animals were recuperating, ready to go forth to do their work in the world again.

"Look at this horse," he said, pointing to a beautiful beast still in the "stocks," an apparatus designed to keep a horse from rubbing off the bandages.

On its breast was a neatly striped pack of cotton and iodoforn. The horse had been suffering for many months from a tumor and had at last been brought to the hospital to have it removed. It had just come from the operating room. There it stood, strapped at the middle, head and tail, to prevent it, as it recovered entirely from the anaesthetic that had been administered, from displacing the packing by scraping it with its under lip.

Nearly every horse that comes from under an operation is put in the "stocks" for this reason. They try to press against something, not knowing how to relieve themselves of the pain of the cut. These "stocks" hold them in one place, quite free from contact with anything else, until the pain has so far diminished that they can be released without fear of injury.

"That horse," remarked the surgeon, "will now be perfectly well, while had the tumor been permitted to grow, the animal would have died long before this one will. That is a piece of modern surgery. We have as many as twenty-five cases of this kind a month, and all of them are performed successfully. Now, come this way to the operating room; we are just about to perform an operation on a large gray horse."

He led the way through an aisle bordered with stalls. Each of the twenty stalls there were horses in various stages of recovery from illnesses. Some were recovering from an over-amount of disipation and too high living, for horses are often fed too much or too richly and have indigestion and gastritis just as human beings have it.

Giving a pill to a horse is not a simple performance. The surgeon stopped at one of the stalls on the way to the operating room, and, taking what looked like a baby projectile from his pocket, said: "Well, Jim, I guess it's time for your pill."

He opened the gate and went into the stall. Grasping the under lip of the horse, he forced the mouth open and then inserted his hand with the pill in it. He thrust his arm almost shoulder deep down the horse's throat and brought the hand back empty; the pill had been swallowed by the horse.

"How'd you like to have to take a pill like that?" he laughed, and remarked that this three-inch affair was but a baby one and that there were other pills much larger.

"The horse would chew the pill and eject it if it were fed to him. But this way, once it is started down the throat it has to go."

Down the aisle he went and then in to a room where a horse was standing sideways near a large upright board festooned with straps and canvas belts. This was the operating room and this was the table. It is an immense affair, big enough to hold the largest of horses, and is so fitted with straps that once a horse is secured to it it is impossible for him to move. Two men were at work strapping the horse to the board as he stood beside it. First the head was strapped high, secured by a sort of canvas bag fitting under the throat. Then the straps were fastened to a large canvas belly band and the tail was made secure. Then a rope was pulled and over the table turned. What a kicking and scrambling of the four legs

of the horse when he suddenly found himself lifted from the floor. However, as soon as the table became horizontal, save for a few occasional kicks, the horse lay still on his side. Then the legs were secured. On a shelf above the operating table are several casks filled with antiseptics. These are brought down to the table by long hose, and when an operation is being performed, especially one on the foot, a spray of the antiseptic is constantly played on the injured part.

This horse was about to undergo an operation for a very common trouble. A sensitive nerve was to be removed from the leg. This meant that a horse lame; nothing would cure it and it went limping away, favoring the sensitive nerve for the rest of its life. Today the nerve is removed and at the end of its stay at the hospital the horse goes home a better beast all around, better in stomach and legs, and good for many a long year's work. This operation is frequently performed on race horses and the higher bred horses the more liable it is to have this trouble.

The doctors came in, tested the straps, then washed their hands in antiseptics and one shaved the hair from the portion of the leg where the incision was to be made. As soon as this was done cocaine was injected in three places. A cut was made, the lancet was picked with skill, and before fifteen minutes had expired the little white, worm-like mischief-maker, the nerve, was lying on the table. The wound was thoroughly washed, filled with iodoforn gauze and then fastened with fine wire.

Hoof diseases are common among horses and many operations are performed on the feet. When chloroform is administered, anywhere from three to six ounces are necessary. To pull a young horse's tooth is no small piece of work. A veterinarian can do it easily in an old horse, but in a young animal the tooth breaks. To extract it the horse is placed on the table, chloroformed, then a place is made just above the tooth that is to be pulled is opened, sometimes almost in the skull, and a punch is inserted. This means that the tooth is absolutely hammered out from behind.

In one part of the hospital there is a ward given over to cases of pink eye. It seems queer to think of a horse being made ill by pink eye, but the cause are had, and some of the animals are absolutely sick from the trouble. They are entirely isolated from the other patients to prevent infection, and they look like a lot of very sick animals with their eyes bandaged.

From forty to fifty calls a day are made at stables by the surgeons of this hospital. This means an average of 18,000 calls a year on sick horses, and often half a dozen horses in one stable are treated in one call. Human beings must rid themselves of the idea that nowadays hospitals are made for them only.

BEST TIME TO WATER HORSE

Should Never be Given Large Quantity After a Meal.

Fort Collins, Col., Nov. 10.—A horse should be watered before feeding, and never given a large quantity of water after a meal, for the simple reason that the water will wash the food out of the stomach before stomach digestion has taken place and the food will not be well prepared for absorption; and besides it is sometimes the cause of colic, writes F. W. Culver in college news notes.

There is a popular idea that a warm horse should not be allowed to drink and, unlike a great many other popular ideas, there is a little truth in it. If you water a warm horse in the ordinary way, letting him drink all that he will, you are likely to have a foundered horse on your hands. This is especially so if, at the time, the horse is fatigued. Nevertheless, it is always safe to allow him from six to ten swallows, no matter how warm he is. If this be given on going into the stable and he be allowed to stand and eat hay for an hour and is then offered water, he will not drink nearly so much as he would had none been given before.

The danger is not in the first swallow, as we often hear it asserted, but in the excessive quantities he will drink if not restrained. The most dangerous time to give a horse a full draft is when he has cooled down from fatiguing work and has partaken of a meal.

John Splain, the great trainer, writes: "As to water, I think that a horse should have all that he wants at all times. A man says: 'Why will you give your horse water before a race?' Yes; before the race, in the race, and after the race, and any other time that he wants to drink."

When I say give your horse all the water he wants before the race, I do not mean that you shall tie him in a warm stall where he cannot get a drink for five or six hours on a hot day, and then take him to the pump and give him all that he wants. What I mean is to give him water often and, in that way, he will take only a small quantity at a time.

After long, continuous exertion the system is greatly depleted of fluid. Nature calls for its replacement, and this is the cause of a thirst which is so intense that, if the animal is not restrained at this time, he may drink much more than he needs.

The general custom, almost universally followed, of giving the morning meal before water, is not very objectionable, either theoretically or practically. At this time there is no depletion of fluid, consequently the horse is not very thirsty and does not drink rapidly or excessively, and apparently very little evil results from this method. However, the writer much prefers that the horse should have an opportunity to drink before the morning meal.

Personally, I much prefer keeping horses, both summer and winter, in an open shed, with a large water tank in the yard, to tying them by the head in a barn. This brings us to the arrangement of farm buildings, which I hope to discuss in some subsequent paper.

HAS JOAN OF ARC

She Is Leading Campaign Against School Board Octopus in Kansas.

STATE IS LONG SUFFERER

Has Paid Exorbitant Prices for Text Books Teaching Error.

Topeka, Kan., Nov. 10.—Kansas has a new Joan of Arc. Her name is Mrs. Ella S. Burton and she lives in Topeka. Her special target is the "school book octopus," and she threatens to get as much advertisement out of her crusade as Mary Ellen Lease did many years ago over the Big Red Dragon.

School books always have been an issue in Kansas. Early in the game the people here felt that they were paying too much for their text books. They began an agitation which resulted in the populists in 1897 passing a law providing for uniform books in all the common schools of the state and creating a commission to select the books. The contracts were to hold for four years. Maximum prices were also fixed by the law, and they were about 50 per cent lower than the people had been paying for books.

The big book concerns fought the law bitterly. They didn't want to be robbed of so much cream in their business. Besides, they were afraid that the crusade would spread to other states, which would badly cripple their profits. Charges of corruption were frequently made, and resulted in a legislative investigation in which everybody was white-washed.

After the bill was passed, then a scramble started among the various companies to secure the appointment of favorites on the board. This caused more scandal, as did the first letting of the commission. Most of the big companies refused to submit bids covering their best text books.

The second letting was more successful. The state got better books. Still there were charges of corruption made against members of the text book commission, but nothing ever came of them. With all the improvement the books still are below the standard. For instance the geography says that "the principal crop in Kansas is sweet potatoes," while 247 of the answers to the problems in the arithmetic are wrong.

She'll Tell "Octopus" Secrets. During most of the long drawn out fight Mrs. Burton was employed by the American Book company. She fell out with that concern for some reason, and now she has started in on a crusade for the state publications of books, and is telling all sorts of office secrets which she learned while with the book company.

In order to make an effective fight she sought the democratic nomination for state superintendent of schools and secured it. That place attracted nobody else, as it was regarded as a forlorn hope. But it helped Mrs. Burton in her crusade. It gave her an opportunity to make speeches stirring the people up on the school question. That she has kindled a fire which is making headway is admitted by all the political leaders.

There is \$320,000,000 invested in England's tramways. The mileage is 2,394.

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THE MULE.

The mule, said the western man, is a creature full of character and temperament. Missouri is the breeding state for the big work mules used throughout the southwest, and a team of them costs from \$300 to \$500. They are more valuable work animals than horses, for they are larger, stronger and will live on hay where a horse requires grain. They are also slower, more shrewd, cunning and obstinate than the horse. For instance, if a load is too heavy, a mule will not stir. A horse will strain at it until he breaks his harness or his heart. But the mule will stand impervious to any suasion, moral or physical. There is nothing to do but lighten the load. He will turn around and look at the load also, and bray, says the New York Press.

This rubbering is a characteristic of the mule. If anyone passes near his tall while he is eating he will stop long enough to look around. A horse never does that. A mule will look around in order to aim his kicks correctly. The boys in camp used to have fun with one mule who was an expert at this. They would annoy him from the rear, and he would look around, locate the annoyance and aim a kick like lightning in his direction. It was rather exciting sport, because not unmixd with danger. At 11:30 a. m., half an hour before work knocked off for dinner, regular as clock work every mule of the job would begin to bray. They knew it was dinner time, and wanted to hurry up things a little. The horses never did that. But when the animals were let loose the horses would start off at a gallop for the grub pile. The mules, however, would not hurry themselves beyond a good, fast walk. They knew the grub wouldn't get away, and they have fixed prejudices against haste.

A contractor for whom I worked in building a reservoir near Pueblo, Col., had one met with an accident while riding a mule. He was alone at some distance from camp, and through some cause which I now forget, fell off the mule and broke his leg. The mule rubbered around, saw his master on the ground and stood still. The contractor was thus enabled to pull himself up on the animal's back and get to camp, while if the mule had followed any other course it might have resulted in a very serious inconvenience for the injured man. Consequently the contractor always kept a soft spot in his heart for this mule, who was named Billy.

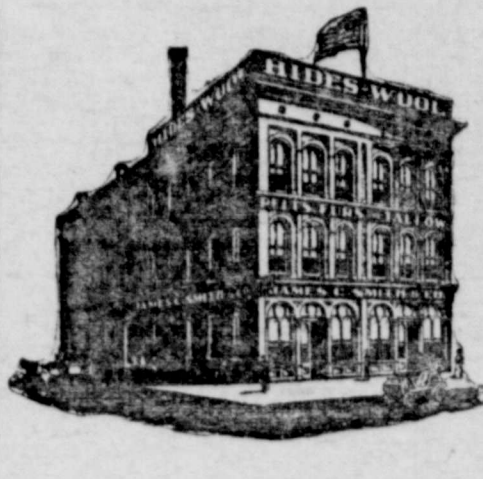
When Billy reached an age which entitled him to a pension, he was honorably retired. The contractor, for some reason or other, took him to camp on every fresh job, though he never put him to work any more. Perhaps he thought Billy would enjoy being around in the scenes he was used to, or perhaps the contractor's seclusion in a lonesome pasture. At any rate Billy did enjoy the life. At the camp near Pueblo he ranged the whole country, free and independent. Frequently when the team from the commissary department went down to Pueblo for supplies Billy would come trotting along back with it. He would notice the team in Pueblo or the outskirts, recognize it and join in for the home trip.

After the reservoir was finished, we went up in the high hills to build a railroad. The contractor was absent while supplies were being hauled by pack train to a point far away from the road, and the men put Billy to work, although they knew they had no right to do it. At one point the trail wound along a narrow bank with a ledge of rocks on one side and a precipice on the other. At the psychological point Billy's load tumbled over the precipice. It required time and labor to get it up and cinch it on to Billy again. The next day Billy's load went over the edge again at exactly the same point. Then the men gave it up. They saw that Billy knew that they were imposing on him, and was cunning enough to breathe out when they cinched him up and breathe in when he got just to the right place to shake his load off. On account of the partiality of his owner Billy could not be disciplined by the underlings, and so afterward he indolently went up and down the trail with the rest of the train when he pleased, but never with a load.

The Sydney (Australia) Morning Herald says: Asiatic exclusion is a life and death matter for a small white community within jumping off distance of the teeming Orient."

The average Angora goat produces from six to eight pounds of mohair a year.

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TALLOW, FURS, PELTS, WOOL, HIDES



THE hide market is about the same as when last reported. Very few sales have been made this week in the packer or country markets, however, there are no large stocks of hides being held and we look for a reasonably steady market until receipts increase and hides get to be long haired and largely grubby. Hide values are high and we think it policy to keep reasonably well sold up. The fur market will open up shortly and we hope to get our prices in next week's issue. Let your shipments come forward and we will handle them for you at top prices.

GREEN CURED HIDES	No. 1, No. 2	Green uncured hides, to less than 300 lb., grade cured.	DRY HIDES	
Natives—short hair	85c 85c	Green half cured, 1/2 less than curd.	Dry flint hutch, heavy	15 0
Natives—long hair	85c 75c	Horse hides, green, No. 1	Dry flint fallen, heavy	14 0
Side brands, over 40 lbs.	7 0	Horse hides, No. 2	Dry flint, under 16 lbs.	13 0
Side brands, under 40 lbs.	6 0	Green pony hides	Dry salt, heavy	9 0
Bulls and stags	7 0	Green salt cured	Dry curle	8 0
Bulls, side brand	6 0	Green salt cured	Tallow, No. 1	5 0
Green salt cured	50c 50c	Shoop pelt, green	Tallow, No. 2	4 0
Slunks	20c 10c	Dry, according to wool per pound	Beeswax	15 0

Send sample, get our prices. We also handle wool on commission. We have a large store house at St. Joseph; you can ship us your wool to be sold on commission and we will look after your interests to the best of our ability. Charges for storing and selling 1c per pound.

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