

STEER TRADE STEADY

BUYERS OPPOSE ANY SHOWING OF STRENGTH AND PRICES ARE LITTLE CHANGED.

NOTHING PRIME ON OFFER

Cows and Heifers Steady—Bulls and Veal Calves Unchanged—Stockers and Feeders Weak to 10 Cents Lower.

The beef cattle market is holding about steady this week, there being little change in prices on the rank and file of the offerings, as compared with late last week.

Receipts were estimated at 1,500 to 1,700 head, with steers making up about half of the run.

The following prices on steers are quotable on the St. Joseph market:

Table with columns: No., Av. Price, No., Av. Price. Lists prices for various grades of steers.

DRRESSED BEEF AND SHIPPING STEERS.

Table with columns: No., Av. Price, No., Av. Price. Lists prices for dressed beef and shipping steers.

COWS, BULLS AND MIXED.

No material change is quotable in this branch of the trade today.

Receipts of butcher classes were moderate and demand was sufficiently strong to furnish a clearance at a seasonal hour.

Table with columns: No., Av. Price, No., Av. Price. Lists prices for cows, bulls, and mixed.

ST. JOSEPH CASH GRAIN MARKET.

Table with columns: No., Av. Price, No., Av. Price. Lists prices for various types of grain.

HOG PRICES WEAKER

GENERAL MARKET SLOW WITH VALUES 5 TO 10C LOWER THAN WEDNESDAY.

RECEIPTS FAIRLY LIBERAL

Around 12,000 on Sale Here—Quality Good—Bulk of Sales \$7.55 @ 7.70; Tops Up to \$7.80.

The hog market struck a slippery spot on its climb toward the \$8.00 mark today, fairly liberal Thursday receipts giving buyers a chance to do a little price trimming.

Prices ranged from \$7.40 @ 7.50 with the bulk selling at \$7.60 @ 7.75, a week ago at \$7.35 @ 7.50.

Representative Hog Sales.

Table with columns: No., Av. Price, No., Av. Price. Lists representative hog sales.

STOCKERS AND FEEDERS.

Although a comparatively small quota of today's cattle receipts were consigned to trade in this department, the fact that yard dealers have a big accumulation of cattle on hand, exercised more or less of a bearish influence on the trade.

Stockers and Feeders.

Table with columns: No., Av. Price, No., Av. Price. Lists prices for stockers and feeders.

Yearlings and Calves.

Table with columns: No., Av. Price, No., Av. Price. Lists prices for yearlings and calves.

Packers' Cattle Purchases.

Table with columns: No., Av. Price, No., Av. Price. Lists packers' cattle purchases.

SHEEP RULE STRONG

MODERATE THURSDAY RUN FINDS READY OUTLET AT STRONG PRICES.

SUPPLY MOSTLY COLORADOS

Woolled Offerings the Rule in All Departments—Quality Notably Absent—Best Lambs Sold at \$7.40.

No change of consequence developed in today's market for live mutton and for the most part a moderate week-end supply moved into dead mutton channels at steady prices.

GRAIN AND PROVISIONS.

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

Table with columns: Wheat, Corn, Oats, Pork, Lard, Hides. Lists grain and provision prices.

LIVE STOCK RECEIPTS.

Today's Receipts.

Table with columns: Cattle, Hogs, Sheep. Lists live stock receipts.

Receipts from Jan. 1 to Date.

Table with columns: Cattle, Hogs, Sheep. Lists receipts from Jan. 1 to date.

Receipts by Cars.

Table with columns: Cattle, Hogs, Sheep. Lists receipts by cars.

OTHER LIVE STOCK MARKETS.

Table with columns: Chicago, Kansas City. Lists other live stock markets.

FEEDING EXPERIMENT

KANSAS AGRICULTURAL COLLEGE GATHERING INFORMATION ON BEEF PRODUCTION.

FEEDING 248 HEAD OF CATTLE

Experiment Started Three Years Ago With Four Leading Breeds—Pork Production Test in Connection.

With 248 head of cattle in a feeding experiment which already has run for more than three years, the Kansas agricultural college hopes soon to have some important information about beef production to announce.

The experiment, declared to be the largest of its kind in the country and possibly in the world, was begun on Kansas' experimental farm at Hays.

Among the big western sheep feeding concerns represented in yesterday's ovine trade was the Denver Wool Co., who sent in two cars of wool-fatted, corn-finished Merino lambs that topped the market.

BEST HOGS AT \$7.85.

Among the big western sheep feeding concerns represented in yesterday's ovine trade was the Denver Wool Co., who sent in two cars of wool-fatted, corn-finished Merino lambs that topped the market.

MARKETS HOGS AT \$7.75.

Among the big western sheep feeding concerns represented in yesterday's ovine trade was the Denver Wool Co., who sent in two cars of wool-fatted, corn-finished Merino lambs that topped the market.

CO-OPERATION THE BIG THING

It's One of the Farmers' Greatest Possibilities, Waters Says.

FRIENDS OF THIS MARKET

Triof Westboro, Mo., Feeders Here With Cattle Yesterday.

GETS BEST RESULTS HERE

That is Why Mr. Harns Patronizes the St. Joseph Market.

STOCK YARDS DAILY JOURNAL

The St. Joseph Journal Publishing Co., Publishers

W. E. WARRICK, Editor and Manager

Largest Outside Circulation of Any Paper Published in Buchanan County, Mo.

Entered at the Postoffice in St. Joseph, Mo. as Second Class Matter, September 3, 1897.

Subscription Rates table with columns for rate and amount.

Change of address notice and subscription instructions.

Advertising Rates Furnished on Application.

Usual 2% per cent commission allowed postmasters.

PROTECT THE BIRDS; IT PAYS.

Certainly robins, woodpeckers, catbirds, mocking birds, red birds, native "canaries" and all other native birds eat cherries...

AMERICAN PUBLIC ROADS.

The United States has 2,139,645 miles of public roads, of which only 199,476 miles or 9.36 per cent, are improved.

INFECT BUTTER.

In connection with the discussion regarding the high price of butter, attention has been called to the fact that oleomargarine made under government inspection...

CHICAGOANS BUY TRACT.

Bloomington, Ill., March 27.—A party of Chicagoans, headed by H. C. Lytton, has purchased from Chauncey Powers and his brothers, Thomas and Frank, the famous Crane lake game and fishing preserves, located near the Illinois river, opposite Beardstown.

PROFESSOR'S ORCHARD PAYS.

Lawrence, Kan., March 27.—To show that he could carry into practice what he had been teaching in theory in trying to convince the farmers of Kansas that a little study applied to the conduct of their orchards would double the returns...



Daddy's Bedtime Story

When Pussy Willow Puts on Her Gray Cap

THE mild weather was working many marvels outdoors, but when daddy said in his soberest manner, "I saw four and twenty pussies down by the brook," Jack and Evelyn just opened their eyes and stared.

"Dear child," said she, "you have seen the little flowers that grow upon the willow tree. By and by the yellow curls will be gone. In their places will come fairy seed from which other willow trees may be grown."

VOTES FOR 18 PRESIDENTS.

Danville, Ill., March 27.—At the age of 18, Simon Minick, 90 years old, of Greendale, Ind., cast his first vote for Gen. William Henry Harrison for president of the United States...

HOPE TO STOP TUBERCULOSIS.

Kansas Health Authorities to Establish Camp at State Hospital. Kansas City, Mo., March 27.—Kansas is going to try to stamp out tuberculosis by means of a tent colony which is being established at the state hospital in Rosedale.

PLANS BIG PEAR ORCHARD.

San Antonio, Texas, March 27.—W. H. Baker, a capitalist from Owensboro, Kentucky, who recently purchased 220 acres of land in the Pecos valley which he proposes to irrigate from shallow wells, will plant the entire tract in Bartlett pears.

YOUNG SHIPPER HERE.

Marketed Car of Well-Fatted Light Butcher Hogs at \$7.50. Among the Nebraska shippers on Monday's market was E. Carmichael, of Diller, Neb., who came in with a car of light butcher hogs of his own raising and feeding that sold except for a few extra pounds, at \$7.50.

SQUIRRELS PLANT TREES.

By Burying Nuts Separately These Little Animals Conserve Forests.

Harper's Weekly: Contrary to common belief the gray squirrels of the United States do not lay up their winter store of nuts in mass, but bury each one separately and apart from the rest, and for this reason they are Nature's most important chestnut, hickory and walnut tree planters.

FARMERS WRITE FOR ADVICE.

Kansas Agronomy Department Also Gets Eighty Inquiries Daily. Manhattan, Kan., March 27.—The farmers of the state are awakening to the need of better agriculture. As a result, the agronomy department of the Kansas Agricultural College is one of the busiest places on the campus.

FRUIT GROWERS ORGANIZE.

Rio Grande Horticulturists Effect a Strong Organization. Rio Grande, N.M., March 27.—The Rio Grande Horticultural Society has just been organized at a meeting in the city of Brownsville of about fifty prominent horticulturists from all points in the Lower Rio Grande Valley.

WOODPECKERS RUIN POLES.

Take Half the Value Out of \$500 Worth of Wire Supports. Muskogee, Okla., March 27.—Industrial woodpeckers knocked \$250 value out of \$500 worth of trolley poles, which are used in support of street railroad company from the National Crossting company.

BOY OF 3 ENJOYS PIPE.

Massachusetts Tot Has Smoked Since He Was a Yearling. Pelham, Mass., March 26.—Wilbur Rhodes Lovern, 3 years old, has smoked his great-grandfather's pipe since he was a year old. When Wilbur was an infant and cried for something to play with, his grandfather, to whom the pipe had descended, gave him the pipe. When Wilbur's mother discovered that he had learned to smoke, she tried in vain to break him of the habit.

EXCHANGE DIRECTORY.

- List of exchange firms including Butler, James H., rooms 337-38; Byers Bros. & Co., rooms 32-24; Clay, Robinson & Co., rooms 329-33; Crider Bros. & Co., rooms 338-397.

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This Beautiful Apron Postpaid 27c

This apron is made of best quality white lawn and stamped ready for embroidery like illustration. "Royal Society" floss for working—diagram showing arrangements of stitches and colors and instructions for making. Sent complete to any address, 27c.

Send for our Royal Society catalogue today. Jirsch Dry Goods Co. Eighth and Felix Sts. ST. JOSEPH, MISSOURI

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When you want to buy or sell Hay writ or wire J. L. Frederick Grain & Hay Co. Office, 1011-17 Corby-Forsan Bldg. Warehouse, 7th and Olive Sts. Phone 1325 Main.

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The above is C. E. Brooks, inventor of the Appliance, who cured himself and who has been curing others for over 30 years. If ruptured, write him today.

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Oliver Visible Typewriter for sale cheap. Perfect condition and does splendid writing. Could ship on approval and trial. Write to CHARLES W. RICKART, Rosedale, Kan.

MEN of ideas, who have some inventive ability please write GREELEY & MCINTIRE, Patent Attorneys, Washington, D. C.

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IMPORTED PERCHERON HORSES None but the best handled by us. All our horses are imported direct from France—no home-bred, short-bred scrubs. Our prices as low as anyone, quality considered. Guarantees and insurance the very best.

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# The Stone Gods

By Temple Bailey

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The Garden of the Stone Gods was set in the midst of a high city, but so high were the walls that surrounded it that it was cut off from the sight of outsiders, and the noise of traffic came faintly to the ears of Rosamond, as she sat day after day by the fountain working fairy webs of lace on a cushion, as she had been taught in a convent far across the seas.

So many years had she dwelt in the convent that she seemed less an American girl than a foreigner, and now that she was buried here in this strange old garden, she seemed to live in a dream life far removed from that of the girls, who, on the other side of the walls, went back and forth on gay modern quests of shopping and motoring, golfing and riding.

Once an airship had whizzed overhead, and the beat of its motors had come down to them faintly. Rosamond's uncle had looked up into the skies and had said, fiercely, "Can we never get away from modern horrors?"

But Rosamond had looked up at the big airship, sailing over their heads like a huge silver dragonfly, and then down at the impassive stone gods which surrounded the fountain, and had sighed.

Rosamond hated the stone gods, and she yearned inexpressibly for the life that other girls led.

One day outside the walls she heard a voice singing. It was a man's voice, strong and sweet, and the song was a love song.

In her quiet garden, Rosamond had heard little of love. Her uncle had never married; he hated women.

The song, as it floated out on the spring air, seemed a call to Rosamond to come out and be free.

So she left her lace pillow and ran to the end of the garden, and climbed from the stone bench to the low



sitting on the top of the wall

branches of an old apple tree, and thence to the broad top of the wall, and peeped over.

Beneath her was the man who sang. His hat was off and he was down on his knees behind a big red motor car.

Rosamond watched him eagerly. Sitting on the top of the wall she sighed for the things which were forbidden her. Though the sigh was low, the man beneath looked up. It was as if her desire had drawn his eyes toward her.

His bright smile shone out as he saw her. "Beg pardon," he said, as he rose to his feet; "I'm in an awful fix. Do you think there's anyone in there who can help me out? I'm a doctor, and I've got to get to a patient as soon as possible."

"Oh," said Rosamond quickly, "I'll see." She ran at once to her uncle's study. There she told her breathless story.

"There's a doctor outside, and his motor car has broken down, and—and he wants help to fix it—"

"How," her uncle demanded, "did you know?"

But Rosamond went on, unheeding. "It would be cruel to keep him waiting—when he is needed at a sick bed, wouldn't it?"

"He might have one of the horses." The young doctor, mounted on one of the big blacks, was a gallant figure. Rosamond never forgot how he looked as he rode that morning out of the big gate and into the sunshine.

When he came back Rosamond was in the garden bending over her lace work.

He took it out of her hands and looked at her keenly. "You ought to be riding the big black horse," he said abruptly. "You will be a perfect shadow maiden if you shut yourself up in this dark old garden."

The color came into Rosamond's pale face until she was as vivid as a flame. "Oh, I hate it here," she said, with her little hands clenched; "I hate it."

"Then why do you stay?" he asked gently.

"Uncle had his heart broken when he was a young man," she said, simply. "He loved a woman who married another man. My father broke my mother's heart—so my uncle does not believe in marriage. He kept me in a convent until I was eighteen, and two years ago we came here. He has always lived in India, and

he loves the stone gods which he brought from there, and he has put them around the fountain, and I have to look at them every day."

He took her little trembling hands in his strong grasp.

"Look at me," he commanded, and she raised her eyes and met his steady glance. "Listen—I am going to set the fairy princess free from the enchanted garden. But she must let me do it in my own way—and trust me—will she?"

"Oh, yes," she breathed.

Every day after that he came. Rosamond did not know what power he used to charm her uncle, but the older man grew eager for talks and arguments with the young doctor. They lunched together and dined together, and every day Rosamond sat at the table content to listen, and meet the glance of the steady eyes which seemed to say, always: "Trust me."

And she did trust him, even when one day he went by her with averted head as he passed through the garden on his way to his motor.

At lunch she had the key to the situation. "I have thought sometimes," her uncle said, restlessly, "that the doctor looks at you as if he loves you—it would be a calamity if he should learn to care for you, Rosamond."

Rosamond's own heart beat furiously, but she said carelessly: "He scarcely notices me at all uncle."

The next day the doctor came early to the garden. "I must speak to you before your uncle comes," he said to Rosamond, who had arisen at his approach. "I love you—I want you for my wife—but I don't want you to marry me in order to escape from bondage. You must know love, child, before you leave your garden."

Rosamond's eyes drooped before the adoration in his. "There—is one man with whom I could live all ways in my garden," she whispered.

He bent to hear her. "Tell me his name," he commanded, then caught her in his arms as she whispered, "You—"

"I can't carry you off like a thief in the night," he said after a rapturous moment. "I shall have to beard the lion in his den, dear."

"He'll never consent," she said, fearfully.

"Wait here for me, my Rose," and he kissed her and went away.

Ten minutes later in the dim study two angry men faced each other.

"If you do not give your consent I shall run away with her," the doctor said steadily. "You are killing her—if not physically, at least mentally and spiritually—no girl can live constantly with your old gods and survive."

"Tomorrow she goes back to India with me," said the raging guardian. "You cannot take her away from me. I love her too well to have her hurt."

"Yet you are hurting her. There is no ache like a heart-ache. Surely you know that, sir."

The old man stared as if he had been stung, then covered his face. "I want to save her," he said.

"Then let her love and be loved." The younger man came over and put his hand on the bent shoulders.

"All that you would have been to the woman you loved, I will be to Rosamond. Can I say more than that?"

The face that was raised to his had in it renunciation, combined with hope. "Make her happy," quavered the old man.

## STERN INDICTMENT OF EAGLE

According to Prof. Collett of Indianapolis, the National Bird is Nothing to Admire.

Prof. Collett, of Indianapolis, the great Hoosier naturalist, says that there is a good deal of poetic humbug about the eagle and that there isn't anything noble or inspiring about him. He is not only the biggest thief of all feathered thieves but he is the cruellest.

His special delight seems to be to attack and torture the most innocent of creatures. He will capture a lamb, tear out the eyes of the bleating little thing and watch the agonized movements of his victim with unmistakable gloating.

When the lamb gets so weak that he can't exhibit agony any longer the eagle will catch another in the flock and subject it to the same treatment. One eagle has been known to mutilate as many as 10 lambs in a flock in this way, frightening the ewes and even the most pugnacious rams and keeping them at a distance by his harsh cries and fierce flapping of his wings.

The biggest eagle that flies will not attack any animal or thing capable of showing resistance.

It is all about the eagle disdaining to dine on anything it hasn't itself vanquished and killed, declares Prof. Collett. The bald eagle will settle down on and make a meal of as vile carrion as will any buzzard that ever scented a dead horse on the plains.

### Properties of Metals.

As is well known, some metals are unsuitable for casting, while others, like iron, can readily be cast in any desired shape. The property of casting well is said to depend upon whether the metal contracts or expands on solidifying from the liquid form. Iron, like water, expands in solidifying, and hence the solid metal may be seen floating in the liquid iron about it. The expansion causes it to fill the die into which it is poured, and so it can be cast easily. Gold and silver contract in cooling, and, therefore, are not suitable for casting.

# Dorothy's Campaign

By John Philip Orth

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State Senator John Andrews, widower, with a daughter Dorothy, had heard things, but had been too busy starting his campaign for re-election to investigate them. Those things had been about his daughter, and what they were he finally got around to say: "Look here, they tell me you have gone into this nonsensical suffragette business."

"Yes, father," was the quiet reply. "I want you to drop it."

"I will just as soon as my committee reports."

"Committee?"

"Yes. We have a committee on legislative graft, and I am the chairman of it. We have uncovered some things to astonish the public."

"Eh? Eh?" queried the senator as he sat up.

"I think we shall be able to convict one or two senators."

"Do, eh? Well, you won't, and I don't want you fooling with such things. All this talk about graft is pure moonshine. Who has been telling you a lot of stuff?"

"Mr. Rayburn. He's a young man on the 'Examiner,' you know."

"What, you are acquainted with any one on that dishrag of a sheet?"

"Just Mr. Rayburn, and he's awful nice."

"Nice! Nice! Why the whole pack of them on that paper are liars and scoundrels! Don't you know that they are pitching into me it is almost every issue?"

"Yes, but I've heard you say that your record was so pure that they couldn't tarnish it."

"Of course they can't," replied the senator as he hitched uneasily, "but one doesn't want the curs a yapping at his heels all the time. You just drop that young Rayburn like a hot potato!"

"I think he is thinking of calling on you."

"If he does I'll throw him through a window!"

"Thinking of calling on you to ask for my hand!"

The senator gave three jumps. The first carried him ten feet from his



"Never! Never! Never!"

chair. The second turned him around. The third jumped him back to where he started from. Then he shouted: "Never! Never! Never! Warn him not to come! Tell him he'll walk into his own grave if he does! I believe it was his hand that penned the article slandering me last Sunday. If you read it it should have made your blood boil."

"Oh, I don't know," replied the loving daughter. "You see, we, as suffragettes, get used to such things. Then George can't come and ask for my hand?"

"Not No!"

"All right, father. He'll naturally be disappointed, but he must put up with it."

"Then you are not going to elope?"

"Oh, no. I shall not marry without your consent."

"And you'll never get it to marry Rayburn or any one else that has ever worked on the 'Examiner.'"

That closed the interview for three days. Then Miss Dorothy made opportunity to say:

"Father, dear, I think it is my duty as an affectionate daughter to say that Mr. Rayburn has got hold of a document that seems to concern you."

"Concern me, how?"

"It seems that he knows—or knew—a man named Tim Donahue. He went to the house the other night to smoke a pipe with him, and found him dying."

"What! Tim Donahue dying!" exclaimed the senator.

"And poor Tim had something on his mind to confess. It seems that he was connected with some senatorial graft a year or two ago, and he felt it his duty to expose it. He made a written confession, and Mr. Rayburn has it in his pocket. I think your name is mentioned, but of course, as your record has been whiter than snow—"

"It has—it has, but hang Tim if he gave me away! That is, if he lied about me! I want you to get that document for me!"

"I will try, but—I don't know, I told Mr. Rayburn how you felt toward him, and naturally he was hurt."

Three or four days passed, with the senator trying hard to appear indifferent, but really anxious, and then he felt compelled to ask:

"Well, Dorothy, what about that wonderful death-bed confession?"

"I am sorry to tell you, daddy, that there happened to be no spot the other day when a man named Shane was run down by a street car. Mr. Rayburn is tender-hearted and generous, and he consoled the injured man and sent his wife \$50. He couldn't be saved, however; but before he died he made a confession. He was a member of the legislature when the good roads scandal came out. Perhaps you know him?"

"The infernal rascal! Did he mention my name?"

"I think he did, daddy. I think he confessed that he and you divvied up on something."

"It's a lie, of course, but I want that document as well as the other. There'll be some fools that will believe what a dying man says of an honest politician. Perhaps that Mr. Rayburn—"

"I don't think he would come to see you, daddy. You know you threatened him."

"Then he can stay away. I can get half a dozen good men to swear that Shane was a liar."

The senator walked around with his chest thrown out and a self-satisfied air, but he was worried. He was being written up in his party organs as the snow-white candidate. He wanted to seem defiant, even to his daughter, and it wasn't many days before he asked in what he thought was a jocular tone:

"Well, suffragette, any further alarms?"

"Why, yes, daddy. That is, you may not think it worth minding, owing to your snow-white record, but Mr. Rayburn considers it a great find."

"Dang Mr. Rayburn!"

"So I say, but you see he has got another death-bed confession. He drove out the other day to see Farmer Bramble. It seems that the farmer owned land where the aqueduct is to run, and by the aid of a certain politician and state senator he was enabled to get \$12,000 for land worth about \$2,000. Of course, there was a divvy in it."

"They can't prove it," shouted the senator.

"Perhaps not, but you see the farmer had been kicked by a mule and lay dying. He couldn't die in peace until he had confessed that the senator got two-thirds of the graft. Mr. Rayburn has the document."

"And it says I'm the senator, does it?"

"I think it does, daddy—I think so. Is there such an expression as dead-rights?"

"I believe so."

"Well, I think that Mr. Rayburn thinks that that document gets you dead-to-rights. Don't they sometimes say that a man is caught with the goods on?"

"Yes."

"And there is something about a man's goose being cooked?"

"Um!"

"And with the three death-bed confessions in Mr. Rayburn's pocket, and with the 'Examiner' hot on the trail, I think, daddy, dear—I think that you will be snowed under ten feet deep at the coming election!"

But he wasn't. What does a poor, innocent girl know about the tricks of snow-white politicians? The senator fixed that thing in a day. When Mr. Rayburn came calling again he seemed to feel perfectly at home, but he did sigh as he observed:

"You are worth it ten times over, but really I almost hated to do it."

And Dorothy's answer was:

"But if you were a suffragette you would understand that graft must be met with graft. Daddy grafts the public and we graft him!"

### Too Polite.

There are many humorous anecdotes current among his countrymen, which Chedo Mijatovich relates in "Servia of the Servians." The following neatly illustrates the point that there are other things more important than mere etiquette:

Nasreddin Chodja took much trouble to teach his pupils how to behave politely. Among other things he taught them always to clap their hands and shout, "Hayr Allah! (God bless you!) whenever they heard an older person sneeze.

Once the Chodja, mending something in the open pit in his garden, slipped and fell in. Nearly drowned in the deep water of the pit, he called to his pupils to bring a rope and drag him out.

The dutiful schoolboys soon found a rope and threw it down to their master, and when he had seized it, began to drag him out. Only a few feet more and he would be out of the pit—when, unfortunately, thoroughly wet as he was, he sneezed!

In an instant all his pupils dropped the rope to clap their hands, shouting:

"Hayr Allah, Chodja!"

The poor Chodja fell back down to the bottom of the pit.

"Ah, it serves me right!" he cried. "I ought to have taught these boys common sense first and then politeness!"—Youth's Companion.

Getting a Delightful Sensation.

An aerial expert says that in twenty years one will be able to go from New York to Europe in fifteen hours.

"It will certainly be a delightful sensation for one to feel that he is getting away from New York at such a speed as that."

## WOMAN PRAYS; SHIP SAVED

Brig Stripped of Canvas Blown Through Florida Keys to Safety in Bahamas.

New York.—While a hurricane whirled through the sails of the little brig Motley in the Gulf of Mexico till the last shred of canvas was stripped from her and she drove onward seemingly to destruction, Mrs. Addie Edwards, the young wife of the master of the vessel, went among the members of the crew to cheer them up.

"I prayed every day," said she, as she stepped from the liner Allemania. "I did not believe we would go down. My little son and I have sailed for six years on the Motley and we had weathered all kinds of storms. I had faith, even if the sailors had little, and we came through all right."

Mrs. Edwards, whose home is Elmhurst, L. I., was on her way to visit with relatives in Brooklyn.

"My little boy was born on the water," she continued. "He has been on the Motley more than he has been on dry land, and I have sailed into many ports on the Atlantic ocean, even to Africa. When the storm came the child was calm, possibly calmer than he would have been at our home in Elmhurst with such a wild blowing."

"We had loaded with lumber at Mobile and were bound for Mayaguez in Porto Rico. Within a short time after the wind rose to a hurricane. The sailors—there were two mates and six seamen, besides my husband, my boy and myself—did not like it. The gale increased, and pieces of canvas began to rip off till it was apparent that our sails would go if the wind continued."

"By the time we reached the Florida keys we were moving along under bare poles. Then it was dangerous, for there was no telling when we might be driven on one of the distant keys and wrecked. Luckily, we escaped that fate and, luckily, too, the wind blew us almost in the direction we wanted to go."

"It was almost 21 days and nights that I was without sufficient sleep and was worn out. When hope had all but gone the gale blew us into Middle Innagez in the Bahamas. We were a sorry looking crowd when we arrived, and I was glad the voyage was ever so far as I was concerned."

**SALOON HAS QUEER NAME**

The Case is Altered' Is a Relic of Oliver Cromwell's Time in England.

London.—I have just discovered what must be the most queerly named saloon in all England. You do not need to be told, of course, that a saloon over here is not a "saloon," but a "public house"—or "pub," to use the popular expression.

Moreover, although the proprietor's name may be, and generally is, above the door, the place never is, as at home, known thereby, but invariably by some odd name, which may be anything from the "Spotted Dog" or "Dun Cow" to the "Prince of Wales," the "Crown" or the "Angel."

It's dollars to doughnuts, by the way, that some reader of these words may have been before me in finding "The Case is Altered," for it is on the way to Kensal Green cemetery, which hundreds of our countrymen visit every year to see the grave of Thackeray.

Oddly enough, the proprietor of "The Case is Altered" doesn't know, and apparently never tried to find out, how his hostelry came by its title. I have found out, however, and the story is quaint and recalls one's "Rip Van Winkle" to mind.

Back in Oliver Cromwell's time a hostelry stood on the site, and over its doorway hung the proprietor's likeness. Hung there, too, until the restoration, when this tavern, like that which puzzled Rip, changed its emblem. The head of Charles II. replaced that of Cromwell, and the landlord, a bit of a wag, it would seem, added to his sign the significant, if laconic, phrase, "The Case is Altered."

Eventually the words alone became the name of this tavern and those which succeeded it, and today, according to the proprietor, puzzled most of those who read them for the first time, even as they did the writer.

## INDIANS START A NEWSPAPER

Will Publish a Journal at Pipestone, Minn., Which Is to Appear Bimonthly.

Pipestone, Minn.—The only paper in Minnesota printed and edited by Indians, the Pipestone Peace Pipe, has made its appearance, and will be issued henceforth bimonthly. It will be devoted to news of the government Indian school here and to general items of interest to Indians.

"Coming from the hallowed ground where eternal peace was declared," the editorial announcement in part says, "its title seems singularly appropriate and its aim shall be ever to disseminate the seeds of peace and progress and to assist in hurrying on the happy day when, if the Manitou should again descend and stand upon the red crags of the quarry, he should find his children, red and white alike, working together in harmony and sharing equally the harvests he has prepared for them."

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When shipping to Kansas City give us a trial. Liberal advances, quick returns. We solicit correspondents. Established 1858

**Consign Your HAY** to **Carlisle** of all kinds to us and get the best results. **Carlisle Con. Co.** Rooms 126-130 Live Stock Ex. Kansas City, Mo. **SELLERS GET OUR BIDS**

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Will purchase on your track or handle on commission. Write us what you have.

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Must have highly nourishing concentrated feed to keep healthy and bring their litters along in prime condition. They should have plenty of exercise and such feeds as Bran, Shorts or Oat Chop with half a pound a day of

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Best and cheapest Protein feed for Brood sows. Builds Bone and Muscle in Pigs. Sold any quantity—100 pound sack or a car load. Try it.

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**MISTLETOE**  
—SOLD BY—  
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We Buy and Sell All Kinds of the **BEST FIELD AND GRASS SEEDS**  
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Write for prices on any quantity.  
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Antiseptic Teat Opener  
Easy to Adjust. No Danger. No Inflammation. No more hard milkers need to be killed. Helps milkers save time and sore hands. Makes a hard milk flow. Half your herd requires them. First operation improves the cow or money refunded. Even a boy can adjust them.  
\$1.00 Bays a Dozen.  
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### SEA'S PERILS EVER PRESENT

Maneuvers and Sham Battles Cannot Be Held Without the Element of Danger.

It is the great distinction of the sea that its perils are never absent. To whatever branch or grade of the naval service a seaman may belong, when he is on active service he is always face to face with "the real thing." A mistake of any sort, a pardonable miscalculation, a momentary failure of nerve or attention, or even some small unavoidable accident, may involve the forfeit of many lives. Hence the magnificent training the sea imposes in manliness, resourcefulness and self-control. The submarine branch of the navy has undoubtedly risks and dangers of its own, as the sad tale of previous disasters plainly shows; and when a catastrophe unhappily occurs it is of a nature to make a profound impression upon the public. But in relation to the number of submarines in commission, and to the constant exercise they undergo, the picked officers and men who serve in them do not incur a risk out of all proportion greater than their comrades in other branches. Danger and risk are no peculiar prerogative of the submarine. Daily faced in the routine of duty and daily overcome, they form the very foundation of naval character, and are a pledge, in no small degree, of the security upon which as a nation we repose.

### BRAVE EFFORT AT ENGLISH

Japanese Correspondent Knew What He Wanted, Though Meaning Was Rather Vague to Others.

For the genuine "English as she is spoke" we must go abroad among educated Orientals, who can spell and read English to perfection, but find it impossible to master the syntax of our language. A firm dealing in fishing tackle, having sent a circular to a merchant in Tokio, Japan, received the following communication:

"Dear Sir in Yours: We should present to your company the bamboo fishing rod, a net basket and reel, as we have just convenience; all those were very rough and simple to you laughing for your kind reply which you sent us the catalog of fishing tackle last, etc. Wishing we that now at Japan there is not in prevailing fish gaming, but fishermen in scarcely there now, but we do not measure how the progression of the germ of the fishing game beforehand. Therefore, we may yield of feeling to restock in my store your company's fishing tackle, etc. Should you have the kindness to send a such further country's even in a few par take when we send the money in ordering of them, should you?"

"I am yours, yours truly."—Detroit Free Press.

### Goethe's Birthday.

An amusing story, taken from Bode's book on Goethe, appears in a Paris contemporary. In August, 1813, Goethe went to Carlsbad for the cure, and placed himself under the care of Dr. Rehbein. One morning when he rose he requested Charles, his domestic, to place a bottle of red wine and a glass in each of the two windows in the room.

Then the poet walked round and round the apartment, stopping at each window to drink a glass of wine. When he had nearly emptied the bottles the doctor arrived. "Ah," said Goethe, "you are come. Do you know it is my birthday?" "No," said the doctor, "it is not your birthday. It falls tomorrow."

Only the production of the almanac could convince Goethe that he was a day out in his reckoning. When he discovered his mistake he gave vent to a strong expression which Scott puts in the mouth of Capt. Nanty Ewart, and, after a long pause, turning to the doctor, said: "Then I have got drunk for nothing."

### The Lucky Number.

An amusing story concerning the Greek naval lottery appears in a Paris journal. It seems that the tickets were hawked about the Piraeus and were eagerly purchased from the combined motive of patriotism and the excitement attendant upon a gamble.

One day a hawker stopped outside a milk shop and, seeing an ass standing by laden with eggs, cheese and butter, to tantalize the animal took one of his tickets and gave it to the beast. The poor beast was struggling with it in the hope of extracting something eatable, when a grocer on the opposite side of the way who had seen what was happening, rushed across and rescued the ticket. "That ticket," he said to the hawker, "will win a prize, and I will buy it." He did so and the ticket drew a prize of thirty thousand francs.

### Awkward.

"I am pleased to meet you again," he said.

"Thank you," replied the lady, who had once been his wife.

"How are the children?"

"What children?"

"Ours."

"We never had any."

"Oh, I beg your pardon. It was very stupid of me. I mistook you for some one else."

### First Aid.

Edith—Who are you writing to, dear?  
Ethel—Jack's written me that his girl has thrown him overboard, so I'm dropping him a line.

### MAKE WIGS OF SPUN GLASS

Natural Hair Becoming Scarce, Dealers in Artificial Product Are Driven to Extremities.

No one outside the artificial hair business knows the difficulty that merchants in hair-goods have experienced in getting material of sufficient quality—especially in braids—at anything like the prices which most people are willing to pay. Many countries, indeed, place such restrictions on wig-makers, owing to hygienic reasons, that natural hair is becoming more and more rare.

In certain parts of France the expedient was resorted to of making wigs from certain fibrous plants; especially was this done with those which have served to furnish material for rugs and blankets. By splitting the fibers very fine and treating them chemically, it was possible to make artificial hair, but the labor involved the asking of prices that were almost prohibitive. Moreover, complaints were made that the substitute was not satisfactory. Horsehair was treated to a like process of division and brightening, but the imitation, except for the very poor class of trade, signally failed. Now, thanks to a series of experiments, it has been found possible to utilize spun glass for the purpose, reducing it to any shade which may be desired and to any degree of fineness. Indeed, the resemblance to human hair is said to be all but absolute. The new product has the advantage, moreover, of weighing very little, and "hair" made of glass presents an appearance of luster and is, above all, thoroughly hygienic.—Harper's Weekly.

### WHY "VICTORY" WAS DUSTY

Housemaid Feared Further Damage to Statuette Already Subjected to Hard Usage.

A New York woman engaged a new housemaid the other day, and was immediately delighted at the exhibition of the new servant's efficiency. Norah waited on the table with perfect mastery; she answered the front doorbell with matchless grace; she never once grumbled when told that she must wear a cap; her dusting was a marvel of orderliness.

But the mistress of the apartment was astonished, when the new maid had been in the house about a week, to find that her cherished "Victory of Samothrace" was covered with dust. The beautiful headless body stood gray and unlovely on its pedestal, and the "Victory's" owner called Norah to see what the matter might be.

"I can't understand this, Norah," she said. "Everything else is kept so spotless. How have you happened to neglect the little statuette. Have you dusted it at all?"

Norah admitted that she had not, and said no more.

"But why?" the mistress persisted. "Why?" And then, miserably, the maid owned up.

"I'm a bit awkward with me fingers, mum," she murmured, shyly. "And I saw how bad it was broke, mum, and I was afraid o' droppin' it an' makin' it worse."

### Theory and Experiment.

Theory and experiment must go hand in hand, and much depends on one as much as on the other, not merely on its accuracy but also upon its nature. Hundreds of experiments may be made, which, however, notwithstanding their refinement and accuracy, contribute little to the march of human progress in the right direction; they may of course increase count for much, but the chief thing is that the experiment should be of the right kind, and it is often desirable that as much time, if not even more time, should be spent in deciding upon the right thing to be done than in doing that thing itself. One bad theory is often worse than ten bad experiments, because even if these are properly carried out, they may yet, if based upon false notions, add little or nothing, if not to the store at least to the advancement of knowledge; and count almost for as little as the one bad experiment whether based upon theory or not.—John Butler Burke.

### Jealous Fishes in a Duel.

"Fish are liable to the same passions as you and I, and they fight and love as we do," said Dr. Francis Ward.

"I can show you a photograph of a rainbow trout in what would have been a fight to the death if I had not interfered. In a pond were a big female trout and her partner, who resented the intrusion of another trout.

"Suddenly one fish charged the other and seized him by the jaw. He shook his opponent as a dog shakes a rat, and kept on until his enemy floated to the top. Then I took the fish out and revived it with a little weak whisky and water."

### Troublesome Account.

"My husband has given me a checking account."

"Isn't that lovely? Now you can buy anything you want and just write out a check for it."

"Yes. I'm rather sorry on one account, though. It seems such a lot of trouble to have to write out a check for one's car fare, especially when the cars are crowded or when you have to pay as you enter."

### Past Master.

"What an adept on the links."

"He's expert?"

"No; our leading sausage maker."

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## STABLE BLANKETS

3-4 lined, two sursingles, heavy burlap; price \$1.25  
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This robe is double plush, black on one side and dark green on other side. Weighs 10 lbs., size 54x72. Guaranteed to keep out the cold; also water-proof, as the robe is interlined with heavy rubber.

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Take No Chances. Blacklegoids are Simplest, Safest and Surest Preventive.

FOR SALE BY ALL DRUGGISTS. WRITE FOR FREE CIRCULARS.

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DR. C. Y. CLEMENT, 411 MARQUARDT BLDG., DES MOINES, IOWA

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Owner Pays for Not Heeding Neighbors' Views of Vocal Stunts.

San Francisco, March 27.—Jacob Weil of 314 Fourteenth street, Oakland, a strenuous-voiced calf and several angry neighbors figured in the Oakland police courts when Weil was halted before Judge Smith and charged with violation of a city ordinance by allowing his calf to bawl for its mother during the night and thereby disturbing the neighbors.

Weil purchased the calf a week ago. He placed it in his back yard. While daylight lasted the calf peacefully browsed on the grass, but when night fell and it missed its mother its lifted its voice. The mother, now being beef, did not respond. The calf felt still more lonesome and called some more.

The neighbors shouted at it. The calf still called. Then they threw old shoes and bricks and things at it. It dodged the shoes and bricks and kept on calling.

As the calf grew older and its voice grew stronger the neighbors became angrier.

Friday night, according to the neighbors, the calf's voice was good. It could be, and was heard for several blocks. The neighbors had exhausted all their shoes and bricks. One of them looked through the city ordinances and found one that applied to the case and they had Weil arrested. He appeared before Police Judge Smith, who after hearing the testimony fined Weil \$5.

### HOW TO KILL QUACK GRASS

Agricultural Department Issues Bulletin On Subject.

Washington, D. C., March 27.—The Department of Agriculture has recently issued Farmers' Bulletin No. 464 on "Eradication of Quack Grass." Quack grass is well known to most farmers all the way from the Atlantic

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