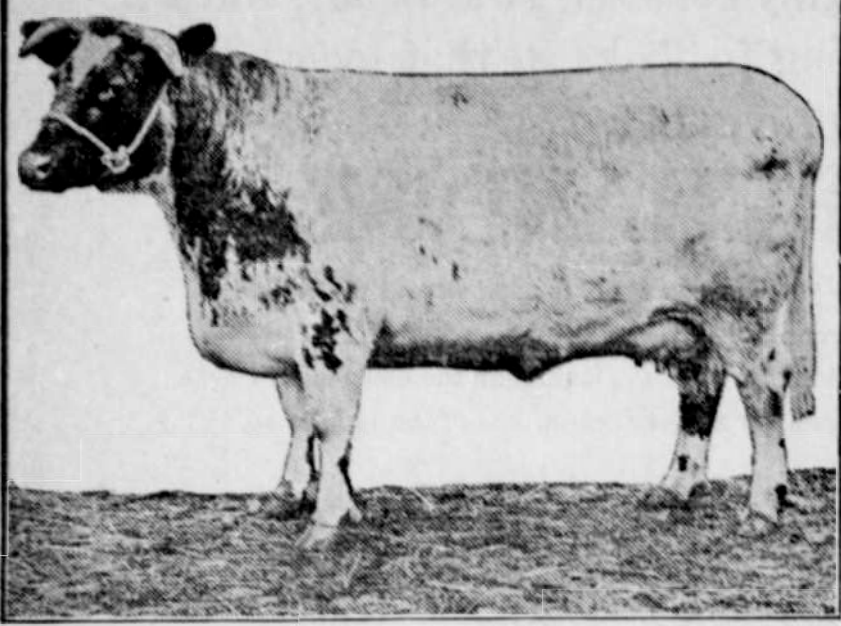


**EXTRA CARE AND FEED FOR YOUNG COWS**



Prize-Winning English Shorthorn.

The making of a good dairy cow begins with the calf. Heifers designed for the dairy should have the very best of care from the day they are born until they begin to do service in the dairy. We too often forget that the young cow in her first year of milking has not reached her full growth and therefore needs extra feed and care to make up for the tremendous drain upon her system.

they are three years old, care should be taken that they do not lay on too much fat, as after that time they freshen up rapidly whenever heavily fed. The good dairy cow, however, seldom gets too fat.

Sometimes cows are condemned as being of no use in the dairy, when the only trouble is they are sour. Every cow should have a fair chance. That means that she should be well fed.

If dairy heifers are not bred until

**CONCRETE HENHOUSE**

Correct Methods of Making Good Quality of Material.

Building Can Be Made Ratproof With Little Trouble and Slight Expense—Perfect Drainage is Important Requisite.

With the rapid decrease of our timber supply and the resulting increase in the price of lumber there has come a necessary demand for a new building material. Nowhere has this demand been felt more keenly than on the American farm, where lumber has till now been practically the only building material. On account, however, of the farmer's nearness to the timber itself, he has been the last one to feel the full effect of the shortage.

In concrete a building material has been discovered that in many instances has proved to be far superior to lumber, brick or building stones on account of its durability, economy and safety from fire loss. Moreover, it can very often be used at the most convenient time by the farmer himself with a very little assistance.

Frequently cement users have made costly mistakes by not informing themselves properly before starting their work concerning the correct methods of making good concrete. For this purpose the following materials are necessary: (1) cement; (2) sand; (3) gravel or crushed stone, and (4) water.

Cement is, therefore, only one part of a concrete mixture. A far greater proportion of sand and gravel than cement is required. The quantity of cement to be used and the strength of the concrete depends entirely on the quality and size of the sand and gravel, and it is of the utmost importance that these be of the right kind. With an equal amount of cement a far stronger concrete may be made if the sand and gravel are of the proper size and correctly proportioned. It is sometimes thought that any kind of soil of a sandy nature, mixed with a small percentage of cement will make concrete, but this idea is incorrect.

In the selection of sand great care should be used, and attention should be given to its quality, for sand con-

reach below the frost line and a line of three-inch tile placed in the bottom, connected with a proper outlet. The lower part of the trench is then filled with flat stones, placed so as to give chance for the free passage of water. Smaller stones or cinders are placed upon them, and up to within a few inches of the ground surface. Stand boards on edge so as to make a form for the concrete of proper width, say six or eight inches. Next prepare your concrete by mixing Portland or other good cement, one part, with three parts sand, and water enough to make a puttylike mass, with which the board form is to be evenly filled up. This makes a practically indestructible foundation.

**RAISING BROILERS ON FARM**

Early Chick is Most Profitable—Large Demand for Fowls of Two to Three Pounds.

(By A. C. SMITH.)

The early chick is the most profitable, yet there is profit in the late chick provided it is not too late.

There is an exceptionally large demand in some sections for light-weight roasters and broilers of from two to two and a half pounds. This furnishes a splendid opportunity for those who wish to rear and market chicks without being obliged to house them. Hatched in May or June, they should easily weigh two or two and one-half pounds before October 1. If especially well fed, they should reach that weight still earlier. This is the most favorable time to hatch and raise chickens, as the parent stock has been out of doors long enough to acquire splendid health and remarkable vigor. Eggs, if sensibly set, should hatch almost perfectly and the chicks should live and thrive.

The equipment required is very small—a good sized box or a barrel, covered with waterproof paper, set in a dry sheltered place, may be used both to set the hen in and to house the brood, though the barrel is rather unsuitable for the brood after the chicks are weaned, especially if there are many of them.

Both hen and chicks should be allowed free range after the chicks are a few days old, to pick up a large share of their living, but in addition it is a good plan to feed them at night, and to give them all they will eat, as they will grow faster and will either be marketable at an earlier age or weigh more, and consequently bring more, at a given time. Chickens of this weight, will not, it is true, bring a fortune, but it must be remembered that they cost very little to rear. The fact that the earlier they are marketed, the better the price, should not be lost sight of. For this reason, it pays to feed them a little where there is not an opportunity to pick up abundance of food.

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**FEEDING PUMPKINS TO STOCK**

Worth Approximately Two-Thirds as Much as Ensilage for Cows or Sheep—Sows Like Them.

"Pumpkins are worth approximately two-thirds as much as ensilage for cows or sheep. Brood sows will make good use of them," writes H. P. Miller in Ohio Farmer.

In the ration of fattening hogs they should occupy about the same place as grass. Perhaps \$2 per ton would be a fair money value to place upon field pumpkins for feeding cattle, sheep or hogs.

It will be noted that they contain so much water that no animal should be confined to pumpkins alone.

**Dust Setting Hens.**

Dust your hens thoroughly with some good insect powder the day you set them, also on the tenth and nineteenth days; this will get rid of the mites, also grease the chick's head with oil of citronella, which can be had at any drug store.

**HIS LOVE STORY**

By MARIE VAN VORST  
ILLUSTRATIONS BY RAY WALTERS

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**SYNOPSIS.**

Le Comte de Sabron, captain of French cavalry, takes to his quarters to raise by hand a motherless Irish terrier pup, and names it Pitcheoune. He dines with the Marquis d'Esclignac and meets Miss Julia Redmond, American heiress, who sings for him an English ballad that lingers in his memory. Sabron is ordered to Algiers, but is not allowed to take servants or dogs. Miss Redmond offers to take care of the dog during his master's absence, but Pitcheoune, homesick for his master, runs away from her. The Marquis plans to marry Julia to the Duc de Tremont. Unknown to Sabron, Pitcheoune follows him to Algiers. Dog and master meet and Sabron gets permission from the war minister to keep his dog with him.

**CHAPTER XI.**

**A Sacred Trust.**

His eyes had grown accustomed to the glare of the beautiful sands, but his sense of beauty was never satisfied with looking at the desert picture and drinking in the glory and the loveliness of the melancholy waste. Standing in the door of his tent in fatigue uniform, he said to Pitcheoune:

"I could be perfectly happy here if I were not alone."

Pitcheoune barked. He had not grown accustomed to the desert. He hated it. It slipped away from under his little feet; he could not run on it with any comfort. He spent his days idle in his master's tent or royally perched on a camel, crouching close to Sabron's man servant when they went on caravan explorations.

"Yes," said Sabron, "if I were not alone. I don't mean you, mon vieux. You are a great deal, but you really don't count, you know."

Before his eyes the sands were as pink as countless rose leaves. To Sabron they were as fragrant as flowers. The peculiar incense-like odor that hovers above the desert when the sun declines was to him the most delicious thing he had ever inhaled. All the west was as red as fire. The day had been hot and there came up the cool breeze that would give them a delicious night. Overhead, one by one, he watched the blossoming out of the great stars; each one hung above his lonely tent like a bridal flower in a veil of blue. On all sides, like white petals on the desert face, were the tents of his men and his officers, and from the encampment came the hum of military life, yet the silence to him was profound. He had only to order his stallion saddled and to ride away for a little distance in order to be alone with the absolute stillness.

This he often did and took his thoughts with him and came back to his tent more conscious of his solitude every night of his life.

There had been much looting of caravans in the region by brigands, and his business was that of sentinel for the commerce of the plains. Thieving and rapacious tribes were under his eye and his care. Tonight, as he stood looking toward the west into the glow, shading his eyes with his hand, he saw coming toward them what he knew to be a caravan from Algiers. His ordonnance was a native soldier, one of the desert tribes, black as ink, and scarcely more childlike than Brunet and presumably as devoted.

"Mustapha," Sabron ordered, "fetch me out a lounge chair." He spoke in French and pointed, for the man understood imperfectly and Sabron did not yet speak Arabic.

He threw himself down, lighted a fresh cigarette, dragged Pitcheoune by the nape of his neck up to his lap, and the two sat watching the caravan slowly grow into individuals of camels and riders and finally mass itself in shadow within some four or five hundred yards of the encampment.

The sentinels and the soldiers began to gather and Sabron saw a single footman making his way toward the camp.

"Go," he said to Mustapha, "and see what message the fellow brings to the regiment."

Mustapha went, and after a little returned, followed by the man himself, a black-bearded, half-naked Bedouin, swathed in dust-colored burnoose and carrying a bag.

He bowed to Captain de Sabron and extended the leather bag. On the outside of the leather there was a ticket pasted, which read:

"The Post for the Squadron of Cavalry—"

Sabron added mentally: "—wherever it may happen to be!"

He ordered Mustapha given to the man and sent him off. Then he opened the French mail. He was not more than three hundred miles from Algiers. It had taken him a long time to work down to Dirbal, however, and they had had some hardships. He felt a million miles away. The look of the primitive mail bag and the knowledge of how far it had traveled to find the people to whom these letters were addressed made his hands reverent as he unfasted the sealed labels. He looked the letters through, returned the bag to Mustapha and sent him off to distribute the post.

Then, for the light was bad, brilliant though the night might be, he went into his tent with his own mail. On his dressing table was a small illumination consisting of a fat candle set in a glass case. The mosquitoes

and flies were thick around it. Pitcheoune followed him and lay down on a rush mat by the side of Sabron's military bed, while the soldier read his letter.

Monsieur—

I regret more than ever that I cannot write your language perfectly. But even in my own I could not find any word to express how badly I feel over something which has happened.

I took the best of care of Pitcheoune. I thought I did, but I could not make him happy. He mourned terribly. He refused to eat, and one day I was so careless as to open the door for him and we have never seen him since. As far as I know he has not been found. Your man, Brunet, comes sometimes to see my mail, and he thinks he has been hurt and died in the woods.

Sabron glanced over to the mat where Pitcheoune, stretched on his side, his forepaws wide, was breathing tranquilly in the heat.

We have heard rumors of a little dog who was seen running along the highway, miles from Tarascon, but of course that could not have been Pitcheoune.

Sabron nodded. "It was, however, mon brave," he said to the terrier.

Not but what I think his little heart was brave enough and valiant enough to have followed you, but no dog could go so far without a better scent.

Sabron said: "It is one of the regrets of my life that you cannot tell us about it. How did you get the scent? How did you follow me?" Pitcheoune did not stir, and Sabron's eyes returned to the page.

I do not think you will ever forgive us. You left us a trust and we did not guard it.

He put the letter down a moment, brushed some of the flies away from the candle and made the wick brighter. Mustapha came in, black as ebony, his woolly head bare. He stood as stiff as a ramrod and as black. In his childlike French he said:

"Monsieur le Lieutenant asks if Monsieur le Capitaine will come to play a game of carte in the mess tent?"

"No," said Sabron, without turning. "Not tonight." He went on with his letter:

"... a sacred trust."

Half aloud he murmured: "I left a very sacred trust at the Chateau d'Esclignac, Mademoiselle; but as no one knew anything about it there will be no question of guarding it, I dare say."

So I write you this letter to tell you about Pitcheoune. I had grown to love him though he did not like me. I miss him terribly. . . . My aunt asks me to say that she hopes you had a fine crossing and that you will send us a tiger skin; but I am sure there are no tigers near Algiers. I say . . .

And Sabron did not know how long Miss Redmond's pen had hesitated in writing the closing lines:

. . . I say I hope you will be successful and that although nothing can take the place of Pitcheoune, you will find someone to make the desert less solitary.

Sincerely yours,  
JULIA REDMOND.

When Sabron had read the letter several times he kissed it fervently and put it in his pocket next his heart.

"That," he said to Pitcheoune, making the dog an unusual confidence, "that will keep me less lonely. At the same time it makes me more so. This is a paradox, mon vieux, which you cannot understand."

**CHAPTER XII.**

**The News From Africa.**

It took the better part of three evenings to answer her letter, and the writing of it gave Sabron a vast amount of pleasure and some tender sorrow. It made him feel at once so near to this lovely woman and at once so far away. In truth there is a great difference between a spahi on an African desert, and a young American heiress dreaming in her chintz-covered bedroom in a chateau in the Midi of France.

Notwithstanding, the young American heiress felt herself as much alone in her chintz-covered bedroom and as desolate, perhaps more so, than did Sabron in his tent. Julia Redmond felt, too, that she was surrounded by people hostile to her friend.

Sabron's letter told her of Pitcheoune and was written as only the hand of a charming and imaginative Frenchman can write a letter. Also, his pent-up heart and his reserve made what he did say stronger than if perhaps he could have expressed it quite frankly.

Julia Redmond turned the sheets that told of Pitcheoune's following his master, and colored with joy and pleasure as she read. She wiped away two tears at the end, where Sabron said:

Think of it, Mademoiselle, a little dog following his master from peace and plenty, from quiet and security, into the desert! And think what it means to have this little friend!

Julia Redmond reflected, was greatly touched and loved Pitcheoune more than ever. She would have changed places with him gladly. It was an honor, a distinction to share a sol-

dier's exile and to be his companion. Then Sabron wrote, in closing words which she read and reread many, many times.

Mademoiselle, in this life many things follow us; certain of these follow us whether we will or not. Some things we are strong enough to forbid, yet we do not forbid them! My little dog follows me; I had nothing to do with that. It was a question of fate. Something else has followed me as well. It is not a living thing, and yet it has all the qualities of vitality. It is a tune. From the moment I left the chateau the first night I had the joy of seeing you, Mademoiselle, the tune you sang became a companion to me and has followed me everywhere.

I followed me to my barracks, followed me across the sea, and here in my tent it keeps me company. I find that when I wake at night the melody sings to me; I find that when I mount my horse and ride with my men, when the desert's sands are shifted by my horse's feet, something sings in the sun and in the heat, something sings in the chase and in the pursuit, and in the nights, under the stars, the same air haunts me still.

I am glad you told me what the words mean, for I find them beautiful; the music in it would not be the same without the strength and form of the words. So it is, Mademoiselle, with life. Feelings and sentiments, passions and emotions, are like music. They are great and beautiful; they follow us, they are part of us, but they would be nothing—music would be nothing without forms by which we could make it audible—appealing not to our senses alone but to our souls!

And yet I must close my letter sending you only the tune; the words I cannot send you, yet believe me, they form part of everything I do or say.

Tomorrow, I understand from my men, we shall have some lively work to do. Whatever that work is you will hear of it through the papers. There is a little town near here called Dirbal, inhabited by a poor tribe whose lives have been made miserable by robbers and slave-dealers. It is the business of us watchers of the plains to protect them, and I believe we shall have a lively skirmish with the marauders. There is a congregation of tribes coming down from the north. When I go out with my people tomorrow it may be into danger, for in a wandering life like this, who can tell? I do not mean to be either morbid or sentimental. I only mean to be serious, Mademoiselle, and I find that I am becoming so serious that it will be best to close.

Adieu, Mademoiselle. When you look from your window on the Rhone Valley and see the peaceful fields of Tarascon, when you look on your peaceful gardens, perhaps your mind will travel farther and you will think of Africa. Do so if you can, and perhaps tonight you will say the words only of the song before you go to sleep.

I am, Mademoiselle,  
Faithfully yours,  
CHARLES DE SABRON.

There was only one place for a letter such as that to rest, and it rested



The Silence to Him Was Profound.

on that gentle pillow for many days. It proved a heavy weight against Julia Redmond's heart. She could, indeed, speak the words of the song, and did, and they rose as a nightly prayer for a soldier on the plains; but she could not keep her mind and thoughts at rest. She was troubled and unhappy; she grew pale and thin; she pined more than Pitcheoune had pined, and she, alas! could not break her chains and run away.

The Duc de Tremont was a constant guest at the house, but he found the American heiress a very capricious and uncertain lady, and Madame d'Esclignac was severe with her niece.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

**Bees to Fight Troops.**

In the bush fighting in East Africa the Germans and their black troops placed hives of wild bees, partially stupefied by smoke, under lids on each side of narrow tracks along which our troops must advance. Wires or cords lifted the lids when touched by the advancing troops, and swarms of infuriated bees, recovered from their temporary stupor, were let loose on the attackers. The failure of the attack at certain points is said to have been due as much to this onslaught of the "little people" as to the German rifles and machine-guns, many men being so horribly stung on the face or hands as to be temporarily blinded or rendered incapable of holding their weapons. Over one hundred stings are said to have been extracted from one of the men of the Royal North Lancashires.—London Mail.

**The Coming Spirit.**

"This war will go on and on," said Mrs. Harry Payne Whitney, who has given a two-hundred-and-fifty-thousand-dollar field hospital to the belligerents.

"This war will go on and on," she repeated, sadly, "and the side that is getting the worst of it will display the spirit of little Willie."

"Little Willie's father, as he laid on the slipper, said:

"Willie, this hurts me more, far more, than it does you."  
"Then keep it up," said little Willie, grinding his teeth. "Keep it up, dad. I can stand it."



Try this easy way to heal your skin with Resinol

- If you are suffering from eczema, ringworm or similar itching, red, unsightly skin affection, bathe the sore places with Resinol Soap and hot water, then gently apply a little Resinol Ointment. You will be astonished how instantly the itching stops and healing begins.
- In most cases the sick skin quickly becomes clear and healthy again, at very little cost.
- Resinol Ointment is so nearly flesh-colored that it can be kept under the hands of other exposed surfaces without attracting undue attention.
- Resinol Ointment and Resinol Soap also clear away pimples, blackheads, and dandruff.
- Sold by all druggists; for trial free, write to Resinol, Dept. 22-F Baltimore, Md.

**Notice to All From Lewiston to Astoria**

Listen to this! \$35 will buy a full lot 50x100 feet from the City of Astoria with perfect title, city water, city school, street cars, electric light and more than 100 nice houses within two blocks. This lot, lots in the adjoining blocks to these lots have recently sold for \$500 and more. You do not have to pay for the lot if you do not choose, you can pay \$5 cash down and \$2.50 or more per month until the \$5 is paid. If you are forced to sell, however, and am anxious that to-day these lots are worth four times the price I ask and there is no limit to the advance they are likely to reach. Communicate with me at once for plans and descriptive matter. M. J. Chobany, 418 Abington Building, Portland, Oregon.

P. S.—I have a number of friends wishing to purchase \$25 each, at moderate prices, say from \$3,000 to \$5,000 cash or will take higher priced improved farms in exchange. Write for particulars. Those having farms to sell communicate with me.

**Unintentional Thrust.**

A French singer recently attended a reception at the home of a lady noted for her parsimoniousness. The hostess tried to converse with the Frenchman in his native tongue. He noticed that her lack of fluency was embarrassing her, and with commendable politeness exclaimed: "Pardou, madam, somewhat the French is difficult for you. But I am able to understand your meanness if you will English speak."

**Great Generals All Used Snuff.**

Suggestions of a revival of snuff-taking may recall the love of some famous commanders for tobacco in that form. Both Napoleon and Wellington were prodigious snuff takers, so was Washington. As for Frederick the Great, he was impatient of the confines of a snuffbox and carried a pocketful of snuff that he might convey it to his nose without stint.

**Have Healthy, Strong, Beautiful Eyes.**

Oculists and Physicians use Murine Eye Remedy many years before it was offered as a Domestic Eye Medicine. Murine is Still Composed by Our Physicians and guaranteed by them as a Reliable Remedy for Eyes that Need Care. Try it in your Eyes and in Baby's Eyes—No Smarting—Just Eye Comfort. Buy Murine of your Druggist—accept no Substitute, and if interested write for Book of the Eye Free. MURINE EYE REMEDY CO., CHICAGO

**Emeralds of the Aztecs.**

Among the Aztec treasures of Mexico were found many fine emeralds. They were exquisitely cut, and it is from this source that the magnificent emeralds now forming part of the royal collection of Spain were supposed to have come.

**Records of Aeroplanes.**

For an aviator there has been invented in France apparatus which shows the speed at which his aeroplane is traveling, the velocity of the wind and the angle at which he is attacking it and whether he is rising or falling.

**Might Help Some.**

Bill—A New Jersey inventor has patented a semaphore railroad signal in which the arm is outlined with a vacuum tube electric light so it may be readily seen at night.

Jill—Wonder if they could be utilized on women's elongated hats?

**NEW MODERN DANCING.**

E. Fletcher Hallmore, the leading Dancing Expert and Instructor in New York City, writes: "I have used ALLEN'S FOOT-EASE, the antiseptic powder to be shaken into the shoes, for ten years, and recommend it to all my pupils." It cures and prevents sore feet. Sold by all Drug and Department Stores. See Sample FREE. Address, Allen S. Onstut, Lee Roy, N. Y.

**A Common Felling.**

"De man dat likes to talk about his set," said Uncle Eben, "generally gits mad when other folks git to discussin' him."



Concrete Foundation.

tributes from one-third to one-half of the amount of the materials used in making concrete.

The largest part of concrete is the gravel or crushed stone. This should be clean; that is, free from loam, clay or vegetable matter. The water used for concrete should be clean and free from strong acids and alkalis.

In building a poultry house with a concrete foundation, a little extra trouble and slight expense will also make it absolutely rat-proof. Of course, perfect drainage is the first requisite. In a deep, gravelly soil, where we do not meet with a waterproof clay subsoil, digging a deep trench, or putting tile in the bottom is not necessary. Where the subsoil does not allow the free passage of water, however, the trench should