

LIVE STOCK NEWS

INCREASE LAMB PRODUCTION

Sheep Can Successfully Be Raised Without Danger of Stomach Worms or Other Parasites.

(Prepared by the U. S. Department of Agriculture.)

Specialized sheep farming, in which forage crops were used for the summer pasture, and a study of the relation of nutrition of ewes at breeding time to the percentage of lambs produced were included in the experimental work conducted last year by the United States Department of Agriculture at the government farms at Beltsville, Md., and Middlebury, Vt. Data were obtained relative to the comparative relish with which sheep ate different forage crops and the gains made while pasturing upon them. It was demonstrated that with the frequent rotation necessary in



Sheep Club Member and His Pet.

pasturing forage crops, sheep could be successfully raised without danger of infestation by stomach worms or other internal parasites. Experiments in the last four years to test the effect of feed at breeding time upon the size of the lamb crop have shown an increase of 18.8 per cent of lambs produced by increased nutrition of ewes during mating season for both Beltsville and Middlebury. This is an increase of 25.9 per cent in the Beltsville flock and 8.55 per cent in the Middlebury flock.

In experiments with 120 Western ewes at the Middlebury farm to test the effect of running sheep in permanent pasture upon the growth of weeds, and the carrying capacity of the fields, it has been demonstrated that sheep are benefited in cleaning pastures of weeds, but that it must be accomplished gradually and should not be overemphasized as a reason for engaging in sheep raising.

NEW BREEDS OF LIVE STOCK

Columbia Sheep Are Particularly Adapted to Range Conditions—New Type of Horse.

The United States Department of Agriculture is developing types of live stock believed to be more useful than some now represented by present breeds.

Range sheep breeding conducted in Clark county, Idaho, is resulting in a type which has become so fixed as to warrant its classification as a breed. These sheep, known as Columbia sheep, are particularly adapted to range conditions and are believed to be profitable both for mutton and wool production.

A new type of American utility horse is rapidly being established, in co-operation with the state, at Buffalo, Wyoming. Among the characteristics of the type—possibly entitled to the term "breed"—are activity, strength, endurance, and reasonable speed. The horses are believed to meet a demand for general farm and ranch work, delivery purposes, and for certain classes of military service.

Poultry breeding at the bureau farm, Beltsville, Md., shows progress in the establishment of a new breed of fowl. Certain characteristics, such as white plumage and yellow legs and skin, are now well fixed, but there is still considerable variation in the type and in color of eggs. The birds developed this year show improvement over those of a year ago.

JOINT OWNERSHIP OF SIRES

Nebraska Live Stock Owner Lists Among Other Purebreds Fractional Ownership of Jack.

Enrolling recently in the "Better Sires-Better Stock" movement, a live stock owner in Fillmore county, Neb., listed in addition to female stock, one bull, three hogs, five rams, and one-half interest in a pured Kentucky jack. The fractional ownership of purebred sires is common, the Department of Agriculture has found, among persons desiring to improve the quality of farm live stock, but who have an insufficient number of female animals to warrant owning purebred males in all classes. Fractional ownership of one purebred male is much more desirable than the complete ownership of several scrub or grade sires.

FIGURED IN NAPOLEON'S LIFE

Woman Set Down in History as One of the Most Beautiful of His Many Conquests.

Napoleon's life was one of fair women, but among them all few were more beautiful and more heartless than Marguerite Bellisle Fours. Napoleon saw her in Cairo where she was honeymooning with Lieut. Fours, having accompanied him in disguise on the transport. Napoleon promptly sent Fours to Paris with alleged important dispatches and began to make love to the bride. He was successful, and she moved to a cottage near the palace. The English captured her husband and, knowing of Napoleon's acts in Cairo, they promptly sent Fours back there, knowing he would seek revenge.

But he was a drop of water against the power of Napoleon. His wife was given a divorce, and he was sent to an obscure town in rural France. She then began to parade her capture, dressed in costly costumes, wore Napoleon's picture on a chain about her neck, and was with him constantly. His soldiers dubbed her "Cleopatra." When Josephine made up with Napoleon, and he was elevated to head France, he left the fair Marguerite, although he gave her a small fortune. He also arranged a marriage for her with Henri de Ranchoop. Her husband was out of town much of the time, and she entertained with more brilliancy than discretion. She ended up by running away to Brazil with a young officer, where she lived happy and content until she was ninety-two years old.—Detroit News.

ENGLISH FIRST TO CHEW GUM

In the Year 1635 a Recipe for Its Manufacture Was Published in That Country.

Chewing gum isn't new, and it isn't American in origin, despite the fact that our English cousins keep telling us that gum-chewing is an American habit. In fact, they originated it themselves. John Bate, an English writer, gave a recipe for chewing in 1635. He called it "mouth giew." Here's the recipe:

"Take Isinglasse and steep it in water until such time as you may easily pull it to pieces, put it into a glass or pot well loded and set it in balneo; that is, in a pot of water on the fire. There let it remain until all, or most part of it, is dissolved; then strain it thorow a wide haire seive; while it is hot, upon another course and close haire seive, and when it is cold it will be like a thick jelly. If you would have it of a dainty smell and aromatick taste, put into it a little cinnamon bruised, and a little marjoram, and rosemary flowers, while it is dissolving, and if you please a small quantity of brown sugar candy to give it a sweetish smatch."

This recipe is taken from a book called "Mysteries of Nature and Art."

French Papermaking History.

It was from the early Saracens that the art of papermaking was acquired by the French, and passed on to the other nations of Europe. The earliest papermakers of France were the vassals of the French nobility who pursued their occupation on the estates of their overlords, fabricating the precious material required for use by their masters, say the historians. Their production, together with that of the monks of the various monasteries, represented the only paper production activity of France, as it emerged from the gloom of the medieval ages.

The first specimen of paper to be found in France bearing an authentic date is a document purporting to be one of the bonds given to the Jews by a lieutenant of Richard I of England for the purpose of financing his crusade in the Holy land. It is dated 1190 A. D.

Ceylonese Plumbago.

Plumbago, Ceylon's most important mineral product, is known all over the world for its luster, lubricating, polishing and blinding qualities. In appearance it is a strong black crystalline. There are now about 1,000 plumbago mines in Ceylon, including all the shallow pits, open works and deep mines. The depth varies from a few yards to as much as 700 feet. Most of the mines are worked by natives, the only important one controlled by Europeans being the Medapola. In the majority of the mines the only machinery used is the "dabare." This consists of a long wooden barrel with handles at each end. A rope is wound around this with a bucket fastened to each end. It is worked by seven or eight men turning the handle.

Time Has Brought Changes.

When I was a young lady I was extremely thin and tall, and very sensitive in regard to my figure. Our club was about to give a masquerade which I was anxious to attend, but realizing how hard it would be for me to disguise myself, and yet wishing to represent something original, I remarked this to a young man at the club. He looked at me with a smile, and in the presence of all the other members said, in a most sarcastic voice, "Well, why don't you wear a rubber on your head and go as a lead pencil?" Oh, if he could only see me now, I know he would say, "put a couple of hoops around your waist and go as a barrel."—Exchange.

MIXED IDENTITY

By NINA G. RAMSAY.
(© by McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)
"U. S. S. Birmingham,
"Lisbon, Portugal.

"Dearest Dolly:
"I cannot begin to tell you how glad I am again to be writing you—guess I acted like a cad about Ted Corling—but at the same time you must admit, little girl, that you gave me some cause for anger. Dear, can't we call it quits? And as for—"

The letter fluttered from Molly's fingers. Who in the world was writing to her like this? Why, she had never had a sweetheart in all her lonely life, and out of a clear blue sky—this. She flushed guiltily as she thought of the "little girl," and hurriedly picking up the scattered sheets, finished reading. The rest of the letter was filled with thrilling tales of travel, bits of humorous adventure, and—between the lines—a man's yearning for home and "his" girl. It was signed "Monty."

Molly's life had been singularly uneventful as far as men were concerned. Ever since she could remember she had lived with her mother as her only companion—the mother whose soul and mind were buried deep in a past of which she never spoke. The day the letter was received she had been, for her, unusually blue and lonely.

She could not help feeling in her secret heart that the letter could not possibly be for her, and yet—it was rather nice to be called "dear"—

Molly hastily snatched up the envelope, and as she scanned it a second time the smile died from her face: "To Miss Dolly Roberts, Sargent School, Cambridge, Mass.," she read.

So that was it! She had frequently been confused with Dolly Roberts because of the similarity of their names, although they were as different as night and day. Pretty, frivolous, fickle Dolly—why, the whole school was talking about her now for eloping quite dramatically a week ago! Yes, and the man's name had been Corling!

She sat quite still. A daring thought had entered her mind; this Monty was a safe distance away, Dolly was certainly beyond caring—school would be closing now in a week and Molly could send him her summer address. Who would be the wiser if she wrote to Monty, pretending she was Dolly? She could typewrite her letters, so that Monty would not suspect; he was too far away to hear of Dolly's latest caprice. Molly, at this moment, was far from the placid being her schoolmates thought her.

The plan was carried through without a slip. Molly wrote one of her inimitable letters—clever, humorous and sensible. An answer came in time, then letters flew back and forth all summer and fall.

Thus matters stood until one crisp morning in early December. As Molly was leaving the school building, a telegram was put into her hands, and with a sinking sensation in her breast, she tore open the envelope. The words stared up at her through a blur:

"Meet me on 2:35 train today. Must see you—Monty."

Molly stood dazed; her little world was crumbling about her feet.

As the hour approached, Molly's sensitive soul shrank from the task, but somehow she found herself at the station, waiting with a heavy heart to break her poor bubble into a thousand crystals.

The train rumbled into the station, the great gates swung open, and a throng streamed through. Molly, sick with misery, turned away and leaned despairingly against the iron gate.

Suddenly she was startled by a touch on her arm, and a deep voice said a bit unsteadily:

"Molly, you were—so good—to come."

In her distress she did not notice that he called her "Molly"; she did not even stop to wonder how he knew her. She had only an instant's impression of a tanned, rather good-looking face, and earnest, smiling eyes, then—

"Oh," she cried, "you—it's all a horrible mistake—I lied to you. I opened your letter to Dolly by mistake—and I was lonely, and—"

The pitiful recital ended in what sounded suspiciously like a sob, and the tall young man in the ensign's uniform patted her shoulder clumsily.

"There, now," he soothed gently. "I know all the time—and I'm glad Dolly did elope, because now I have you."

Indignantly Molly shook off his hand, and demanded warmly:

"You—knew?"

"Well, you see," explained the young man genially, "when I received your first letter I knew that somebody quite different from Dolly had written it. I made guarded inquiries of my sister, Peg, a senior at Sargent, and she told me about Molly Robbins, who was always being confused with Dolly Roberts. It sounded reasonable and so—well, I've been busy falling in love with you ever since. Why, I knew you the minute I stepped through the gates."

Molly's opposition was fast diminishing. She allowed herself to be led to the street, but once there she stopped suddenly.

"We haven't been properly introduced," she declared, primly, "I don't really know you."

"What you don't know," declared the young man magnificently, "won't hurt you!"

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