

**GOLD AND GILT.**

**Two Cows That Differed Greatly in the Making of Milk.**

There is no other or easier way to find out the accurate production of each cow than to weigh and test the milk of each separately. At the Illinois agricultural experiment station are two cows, Gold and Gilt, the story of whose work is well worth telling. All the milk of these cows has been weighed and tested for three years. A record has been kept of every pound of feed consumed by each animal, both summer and winter.

Each year Gold produced on the average 11,390 pounds of milk containing 405 pounds of butter fat, but during the same time Gilt averaged only 3,830 pounds of milk with 138 pounds of butter fat.

These cows are both cared for in the same way. They were given the same kinds of feed and allowed to eat all they wanted. Gold ate one-half more than Gilt, but produced nearly three times as much milk.

Equal amounts of feed made in the one case 188 pounds of butter fat and in the other 100 pounds. The one cow produced nearly twice as much as the other from exactly the same feed in kind and amount.

Counting the butter fat at 23 cents per pound and taking out the exact cost of feed in each case, the one cow brought in a profit of \$34.59, while the other lacked \$5.62 of paying for her board at market prices of feed each year.

**Pointers From a Dairy Expert.**

In a dairy cow the skin is coarse or harsh means sluggish digestion inside, and that means an expensive cow that does not digest her food well nor thrive well.

Six per cent of the butter fat is lost when it comes to the churning if the cream is permitted to become too sour. The fat is not destroyed in some mysterious way, but it simply fails to come out of the buttermilk.

Any considerable amount of muscular exercise by a cow giving milk must tend to diminish the quantity and quality of the milk produced or at least diminish the total amount of these constituents of the product.

In the dairy especially it is essential to have the best stock that can be produced and that are adapted to the purpose for which they are kept. The high grade butter cow will not only give more and better butter than the cow of no breed, but she will do it at a less cost.

When churning proceeds too rapidly as a result of too high temperature only part of the fat is solidified and the balance or part of it is incorporated with it in an oily state; hence the reason why such butter is always soft and greasy.—Farm Money-maker.

**SILOS AND SILAGE.**

A well known dairyman says of the silo: To my mind the only question for the small farmer to decide is whether he has enough land to produce enough corn and hay, pasturage or soiling crops to feed enough animals to make a silo possible. Of the economic importance of the silo as a container and conservator of feed in the best condition for cows especially I am as certain as a farmer can be of anything.

**Stone and Cement Silos.**

If the different kinds of silos are properly built, there will be no difference between them, so far as the quality of the ensilage is concerned, says Hoard's Dairyman. They will all keep silage equally well. The difference between a stone and concrete silo is entirely one of cost and convenience of building. A stone silo needs a mason to lay the stone properly, while a cement silo can be built by unskilled labor. The only advantage a cement silo has over a wooden one is in its lasting qualities. Properly built, a stone or cement silo will last indefinitely, while a wooden silo is good for fifteen to twenty years, depending on the kind and quality of the wood used.

**Makes Dairying Profitable.**

Professor B. H. Rowl says of the silo: In the majority of cases you cannot run a dairy profitably without a silo. I unhesitatingly recommend it to every dairyman as one of the cheapest means of producing the best results. Silage takes the place of green stuff in winter and keeps the cattle in good, healthy condition.

**A Valuable Food.**

Silage is very low in protein and yet is a very valuable food. In fact, silage has not as much protein ton for ton as oat straw. It is valuable because of its succulence and as an aid to digestion. Everything that the cow eats the silage helps to digest. Mr. Gillett understood this or he would not have fed Colorado 4th Johanna thirty pounds per day of it during the sixty-three days' test, but he realized that he could not feed a cow as much grain as he was feeding without having some succulent food with it, to keep the digestive organs in a healthy condition.

**The Stave Silo.**

The stave silo, if well made and rightly put up, is usually satisfactory. I believe it is wisest for those who want stave silos to purchase them from some reliable firm. The wood should be right and the staves well fitted up and tongued and grooved and then put together just right. I have visited many feeders who are using and have used for a considerable time different makes of stave silos, and almost invariably they speak well of them, and I cannot recall a single instance where the silage was not good. Home made stave silos have given much trouble and wasted cargoes of silage.—L. W. Lighty in National Stockman and Farmer.

**Knowing Miss Knowlton**

By MARSHALL LEONARD.

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It seemed to Travers that life really began for him when he came to Lester to superintend the building of the electric works, for until then life had been uneventful, and he had not known of Ada Knowlton.

Even now he merely knew of her, for Travers was not a ladies' man. He was too terribly in earnest to shine in society, and, though he had been in Lester for nearly two months, he seemed as far from his goal as ever. Every Sunday he went to church and sat where he could watch the choir where Ada sang, the stained glass forming a background for the shapely golden head. The Rev. Josiah Rumford watched approvingly the expression of rapt interest that was upon Travers' face all through the sermon. He could not notice that the keen blue eyes of the young contractor were upon the choir rather than upon the pulpit, and he felt gratified that he should hold his auditor so well.

So it happened that the Rev. Josiah stopped at the new factory one morning and extended an invitation to Travers to join a church picnic the following week.

"It is almost a family affair," he explained as Jimmie's hand went down into his trousers pocket. "I am not selling tickets. It is purely by invitation and only for the members of the Sunday school, but I thought that perhaps you might like to meet some of the young people and get acquainted."

Jimmy beamed upon the kindly old man as he thought of Ada Knowlton and accepted the invitation with an effusiveness that caused the minister to wonder at certain comments he had heard regarding the unsociability of the newcomer.

"He is most cordial," he told his wife. "I am sure that he needs only to get acquainted to be a decided addition to our little society. I am sorry that I did not look him up earlier."

Travers echoed the same sentiment as he went about his work. Surely at



"DON'T MOVE," SAID A GENTLE VOICE.

the picnic he should meet Miss Knowlton, and meeting Miss Knowlton had almost become an obsession with him. He climbed over the stagings and platforms with a light heart as he imagined the manner in which they should meet. He rather fancied an introduction under the trees. He would advance with bared head and bow low over her hand. Then she would give him one of those sunny smiles that almost seemed to be her habitual expression, and they would go walking together in the leafy shade. Over and over he mentally rehearsed this scene until it became almost real to him.

But at the last moment there came a complication at the factory, and it was after 11 when Travers finally got away. He lost his way trying to drive out in a livery buggy, and when at last he came to the lake lunch was over and the merry-makers had scattered through the woods.

The minister and his wife insisted that he have something to eat, and then motherly Mrs. Rumford took him in charge and introduced him to every one in sight, but Ada Knowlton was nowhere to be seen.

He made himself agreeable to the others, but his eyes continually sought a sight of the pink dress and golden head that had been the attraction. He had seen them drive past on their way to the lake, and he had carefully noted the dress, but not a glimpse of it did he get until well along in the afternoon.

Here and there the surface of the lake was dotted with small boats and canoes, and in one of the latter he saw the flash of pink that seemed to communicate its color to his face. Miss Knowlton, and alone! And she was paddling in to the landing!

With assumed carelessness, he directed his steps toward the tiny wharf to which the boats were tied. He would be on hand to assist her from the canoe, and perhaps after he had introduced himself there might be a chance for the walk after all.

He had just reached the dock and the frail craft was but twenty yards

away when some one called to the navigator, and she turned to respond with a wave of her paddle. As she did so the canoe tipped over and she was spilled into the water.

White with horror, Travers stripped off his coat and his low shoes and dived to her assistance. He was a splendid swimmer, and his heart beat high as he thought of the opportunity that had been offered him.

Then something loomed dark above his head. There was a shock, and all became black. It was half an hour later that Travers opened his eyes again and looked up into Ada Knowlton's face bending anxiously over him. His head throbbed with pain, and he was conscious that it was done up in bandages.

"Don't move," said a gentle voice. "You will be all right in a few moments. You were struck on the head by the canoe."

"You were the rescuer instead of the rescuer," laughed Dr. Pyfrom. "Miss Knowlton brought you to shore."

"I am so sorry," she said, bending over. "I was pushing the boat in front of me and did not notice that any one had dived after me. I should have been more careful, but I never supposed that any one would imagine that I was in danger."

"You see," explained the doctor, "the lake is only three or four feet deep, and when we spill out we just walk ashore."

"And I, like an ass, didn't know that," murmured Travers. "I only saw that Miss Knowlton had gone overboard, and I did not know but what she might be in trouble. She seemed to be struggling."

"That was my skirt," explained the girl. "It caught in the gunwale, and I had to detach it before I could find my footing."

"I guess that's about explanation enough," put in the physician. "I don't want to have you come down with a cold on top of a cut scalp. I guess you'd better drive into town. Miss Knowlton needs to go too. She is soaked. Do you think you can handle your horse?"

"I'm all right now," declared Travers, rising to his feet with the doctor's aid. The crowd melted away, and Dr. Pyfrom and the minister led him to his buggy. Miss Knowlton climbed in after him, and they started off.

"I suppose," said Travers as they cleared the grove, "you must think that I am lacking in courtesy in not thanking you for saving my life, but I am so upset."

"You ought to scold me for injuring you," she declared. "It was very awkward of me."

"You couldn't know that I was going to swim out to you," he reminded. "I think I should apologize for being in the lake at all."

The girl's laugh rang out at the suggestion. "I'm rather glad that you were there," she said. "Though I am sorry that you were injured. I never was rescued before."

"Nor performed a rescue," he reminded. "I don't suppose that you can claim a gold medal for life saving."

"I don't want a reward," she insisted. "You should be entitled to the reward, if any one was, because you did not realize that a rescue was not dangerous."

"I am sufficiently rewarded in that I know you," he declared. "I have been wanting to meet you for some time."

Miss Knowlton blushed and changed the subject. She could not admit that she, too, had felt an interest, but in her heart she was glad that they knew each other, and when Travers took advantage of his unconventional introduction to call frequently it was not long before she consented to reward him with her hand in the conventional fashion decreed by custom.

"It's such a short courtship," she said, "but I feel that I have known you for years."

"It all depends upon the introduction," said Travers smilingly. "Bless that boat!"

**Everybody Has Met Him.**

The melancholy man looked more than usually downcast—so depressed, in fact, that one of his acquaintances was rash enough to ask him what was the matter.

"Oh, everything!" replied the melancholy man.

"Market been against you?" "No-o, not exactly," was the rejoinder, "but I'm considerably worried over what may happen next week."

"Sickness at home?"

"Not yet," replied the melancholy man, "though I'm afraid that I'm getting ready for my regular touch of malaria about this time of year."

"Forewarned is forearmed," returned the other with as much cheerfulness as he could summon up under the circumstances. "I see. Some one of your friends is in trouble, and it's preying on your mind."

"Friends?" sniffed the melancholy man. "Much good it would do my friends if I gave them advice. Think of them? Of course I do, but for all the benefit they derive from what I tell them I might as well never give them any thoughts at all."

"Well, what in thunder is it?" asked the other, coming back to first principles.

"Oh, everything!" replied the melancholy man as he despondently turned away.—New York Press.

**The Wisdom of Dorothy.**

Dorothy does not relish being left alone to go to sleep. One night after she is tucked in bed by her mother, who then leaves her, she calls to her father and asks if he isn't coming to bed and he finishes his dinner.

"Yes; I'll go to bed as soon as my dinner digests."

"All right; come upstairs now. Your dinner will digest upstairs just as well as down," argues the young hopeful.—Judge's Library.

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**W. L. BLOCK**

The Home Furnisher

Main and Seventh Sts.

**NEW BLOUSE EFFECTS.**

Simple Designs in Rich Fabrics—Shirring Much Used.

Certainly there is no theme more fascinating than that of fashionable blouses, and imagination runs riot with the things that one might say in their praise. Many of the simplest effects are glorified visions of lace, with perhaps just a touch of embroidery or an applique of some smart braid. There are also a number of exceedingly smart blouses fashioned of coarse nets, which, by the way, are going to be dangerous rivals of the finer effects. These coarse nets are by no means inexpensive, and their patterns show geometrical figures, sometimes outlined with silk threads and again printed in the most delicate colors, which in combination give a Persian or Dresden effect.

Shirring is a favorite trimming for them, in many instances several rows of it being arranged below a round yoke of lace, or sometimes medallions of lace are stretched down the front of the blouse in irregular fashion, giving quite an odd line to the shape of the yoke. Round effects are the height of fashion, but they are by no means supreme, for there is a decided liking for square and oblong yokes, which lend themselves quite as congenially to the smart border trappings.

**GROWING ALFALFA.**

Reducing Weeds to the Minimum is an Important Point.

E. C. Dameron of Pike county, Mo., is credited by an exchange with the following suggestions on growing alfalfa.

"After several years' experimentation, with both success and failure, I unhesitatingly advise fall seeding. While I know of no plant that excels alfalfa in vigor of growth after it is once established, it is extremely timid about its association with other plants in its early life. Weeds and foxtail are its worst foes, and how to avoid them or to reduce them to the minimum is the problem before the alfalfa grower. It is with this in view that I advise the fall seeding. To my mind the piece selected for seeding down next fall should be upland naturally well drained and fertile.

**Preparation of Ground.**  
"If the piece selected is land in wheat I should top dress it during winter with all the stable manure I could possibly get on it—not in great lumps, but well distributed. After the wheat comes off in June I should disk it twice, once each way. After the first shower the weeds will begin to appear, then disk again. Keep this up until about Sept. 1. Don't plow under any circumstances, but kill all the weed growth by surface culti-

vation. All this sounds like work, and it is work, but the best remunerated work a farmer ever did. About Sept. 1, if there be moisture enough for germination, sow twenty pounds of seed per acre. Use a wheelbarrow seeder and sow ten pounds each way. This covers 'skips' and gives a better distribution of the seeds. Then slant your harrow teeth and cover by going over the field at least twice."

**ROCKY FORD MELONS.**

They Are Successfully Grown Over a Large Area.

The far famed Rocky Ford cantaloupes are being successfully grown over a large area. The specimens here shown were produced in the Blue



ROCKY FORD CANTALOUPE.

Ridge mountains in Washington county, Md. The most common and uniform grades shipped from this section run about forty-five melons to the crate, the crates measuring 12 by 12 by 24 inches. The larger melons run thirty to the crate. Another grade runs forty-eight to fifty to the crate and, as a rule, are not packed uniformly. Still another grade packs from seventy to seventy-five melons to the crate. In the Rocky Ford district of Colorado a good crop is estimated at 130 to 150 crates to the acre, says New England Homestead. It is not uncommon to find cantaloupes grown in California wrapped in tissue paper and sold in the New York market at certain times in the year at fancy prices. Farmers who produce high grade melons are reasonably sure of good prices in leading markets. The production of these melons is becoming more popular each season.

**WANTED.**

Dead horses, cattle, pigs, sheep and goats called for and disposed of. Notify Oregon City Bone Mill & Fertilizer Works, Highland Road. 4873

Tramps continue to furnish plenty of excitement for Roseburg. An audacious daylight burglary, followed by an exciting and fruitless chase, departure from town in a boxcar after breaking its seal, and an attempted holdup without display of weapons, are the prominent incidents that have marked the presence of "Hoolligans" in that city the past two days.

One Coos county farmer is milking from 60 to 70 cows and is said to be receiving checks for over \$500 every month for the milk that he delivers, practically at his own dooryard, to the creamery boats which collect the day's supply.

Toledo Leader: There was almost a riot at Newport last week when a number of Newport girls invited their male friends to a party, saying a feature of the evening would be a swimming match between two girls. In the rush and crush that followed, a number of the men were badly hurt, but they found that the swimming match was merely a parlor match. The program was carried out by two girls sitting at a table with a bowl of water between them in which floated a match.

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