

Breaking the Heifer.

As the breaking of the heifer is the making of the milch cow, and the experience of one man may add to the knowledge of another, I will tell of a very successful way I have says J. D. Wood.

Last season I bought a number of wild heifers; so wild I could not get my hands upon them, nor would they take feed from my hand. I was in a lot of trouble—in my mind—as to how I could ever make gentle milch cows from such wild heifers. I made one failure.

She calved in a hog lot, and for fear the hog might get the calf I was soon on the ground, and as the little fellow had rolled into a ditch I took it up and carried it outside, expecting the dam to follow; but no sir. She would not leave the spot until I forced her out. She did not come back for a day and then I could not get her to own the calf, which died. I could not rope the dam, and I lost the cow, as a milker, and the calf. This was my start. I promised myself to wait next time until the mother and offspring got mutually acquainted before I stepped in to play my part in the programme.

New as to the successful plan. I leave them together until the cow will follow the calf into danger—say 24 hours, then I take the calf into a shed which I can make dark and tight, having a partition in it. I put the calf on the inside, leave the door open and go away. Soon the cow will venture in and out. After a few times in and out I happen around and shut her in. Then I put the calf with her and leave some grain feed where she can get it when I am gone. I leave them together until the cow is hungry, then open the door and let her out and put the calf in the inside again.

When she comes from feeding and calls for the calf I let her in and feed her grain and let the calf suck and then get a rope and tie her while she feeds. Again I leave her until she knows how to stand tied. Then I repeat, letting her out to feed, keeping the calf inside. When she eats and the calf sucks I milk at least half her teats. My next step is to milk my share before I turn the calf to her. After a few times I milk all and feed the calf, keeping him in plain sight of her. After a week or ten days I turn the calf into a pasture near by. She goes and caresses it, but goes to the shed for feed. By the feed box I keep a chunk of rock salt and as she does not need the feed I cut it down in quantity and she licks salt to fill in the time while I milk. By this means I have broken the worst of them; some that kicked at me like a horse the first time I went in the shed. I never have whipped or said a loud or angry word to them; in fact did not talk at all at first until I had got on speaking terms with them. I have prevented that terrible bawling which occurs whenever you take calves away. They have learned to trust their calves with me and are satisfied.

The Great Island Route.

The Great Neck Island System has made another move and this time it is the Seaboard Air Line which has been taken into connection with the ramification of this gigantic network of railroads. The following cities are now joined by the steel bonds of the system: New York, Philadelphia, Chicago, Kansas City, St. Paul, Minneapolis, Denver, Al Paso, Fort Worth, Galveston, New Orleans, Memphis, Birmingham (Ala.) and Washington. This is now by far the largest railroad system in North America, if not in the world. This road is now building from Denver to Salt Lake City and it will extend from thence to a deep water port on the Pacific Coast. What is there to prevent a delegation of Roseburg citizens going to head quarters with maps and all data necessary and laying before the controlling power of the system the claims of a Coos Bay, Roseburg and North Umpqua route to Salt Lake City. The writer knows by experience in securing railroads that such interviews when backed up by facts count greatly in running railroad lines. No city on the Pacific has such great advantages to offer as the Roseburg route when everything is taken into consideration.

The Doctrine of Transmigration.

The Reverend George Bennett has a barrel full of sermons and jokes stowed away and he uses the jokes occasionally to make his point apparent. It will be remembered that last November at the Irrigation Convention at Portland that Congressman Williamson sat down rather heavy on an irrigation ditch scheme and Colonel King replied to his speech the next day and the following was published in the Oregonian, and was cut out and saved to be worked over on the PLAINDEALER: In the part left out of the religious article of last Thursday, he says: "Reminds me of the

Irishman who became suddenly rich, and desired to get at once into high society. He had noticed the bon tons affected the cult of theosophy, and he thought he might break through the upper crust, if he became a theosophist. Unfortunately, however, he did not know the name of the faith he wished to embrace, so he applied for information to the family doctor. "Dochtor," said he, "phwat is thot new religion thot cooms fram India? The owid woman has it thot bad, thot I can't slape nights." "What is the name of it?" asked the doctor. "Is is Mohammedianism, Buddhism, Shintoism, Taoism, or what?" "No Sorr, it is not wan ov thim izms. But it iz loike the tramps migrashun of the sowl."

"O, you probably mean the transmigraton of the soul." "Yis, yis dochtor, thot iz it. Wot iz thot?" "Well, transmigraton is a very pretty, poetic doctrine of meta morphosis, which our friends of the Theosophical Society have borrowed from the far East—"

"Yis, yis dochtor, but egsplain wot thot iz." "Well, it is like this. Take yourself for example. You live your allotted three-score and ten, and then pass away. Your soul goes into the body of a bird—say a canary, and from your gilded cage you fill a lady's parlor with melody, living in luxury, fed by dainty fingers—"

"O, thot iz foine." "And then you die again, and your soul goes into a lovely flower in a beautiful woman's garden. You fill the air with fragrance, and delight every eye with your exquisite tints—"

"Thim iz the belafe for the loikes ov me." "Well, as I was saying when you interrupted me—you live the life of a flower, until one day a donkey strays into the garden, and attracted by your sweetness, he eats you, and your soul passes into the donkey—"

"Yis, yis dochtor." "Then along comes one of your former acquaintances. He strokes your long ears, and rubs your nose and says, "Why, Bennett, old fellow, is this you? Why, how little you have changed."

Cordially yours,
GEORGE H. BENNETT.

Oakland Owl Hoots.

W. C. Underwood and H. F. Deardorff returned from a few days outing at Elkhead, Saturday evening.

Cyril Miller, of New Port Beach, California, visited his parents, Mr. and Mrs. H. A. Miller of this city, during the week.

Z. L. Dimmick and wife and daughter Vivian, and Mrs. C. H. Medley, returned from an outing at Winchester Bay, the first of the week.

Hon. D. W. Stearns has returned from a trip to Ocean Park, where he has been visiting his son, Hon. L. B. Stearns. Mrs. Stearns will remain several weeks longer before returning.

Miss Mabel Dowling returned to Salem yesterday after spending several weeks at Roseburg and Oakland.

Dr. Robison, of Cottage Grove, passed through here Sunday on his way to Calapooia to see W. H. Beidler who is quite ill.

Mrs. E. E. Boyd, of Edgewood, California, passed through the city Tuesday morning enroute to Elkton to visit her parents.

Mrs. Jennie Norman and Miss Martha Clarke, of Portland, passed through Oakland Monday evening, enroute to Millwood to visit their parents Mr. and Mrs. W. B. Clark.

Mrs. Emma Richardson passed through Oakland Sunday evening enroute to Calapooia to visit her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Winniford.

Mrs. F. J. and A. A. Smith and daughter, Maud, and Miss Shelby Courchill, went to Saginaw today. They will visit at Albany before returning home.

A. McKenzie who has been seriously ill is improving. Uncle John Churchill will drive the stage from this place to Coles Valley in his place until the first of next month.

Mrs. Phil Starr and Mrs. Neat, nee Misses Emma and Kate Farnsworth, the former of Chehalis, Washington, the latter of Red Bluff, California, are visiting their mother Mrs. Farnsworth, on the Calapooia. They were calling on Oakland friends Saturday.

Roy Stearns, C. L. and Phil Beckley and Roy Miller, left Saturday evening for Bear Camp to spend a week pleasure seeking. The boys evidently do not expect to hunt or fish from the amount of provisions provided for the trip. Four horses were necessary to haul the load.

Roseburg Nurseries.

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