

Kuropatkin, in His History, Predicts Real Yellow Peril

"The result of the premature conclusion of the peace at Portsmouth, by which Japan was recognized as the conqueror of Russia on the Continent of Asia, will unquestionably be painful, not only for Russia, but for all the powers who have possessions or business interests in Asia. 'The Yellow Peril,' whose appearance has only recently been foreseen, has now arrived."

This statement is made by Gen. Alexii Kuropatkin, commander of the

foresees by wiping out the Japanese army during the last war.

"Never, in our military history," he writes, "has Russia sent out forces of such strength as in September, 1905, when we unexpectedly received the fatal news that an agreement between our representatives and the Japanese had been reached at Portsmouth."

General Kuropatkin hopes that "with an understanding with European powers, Russia will be given an opportunity to use all her armed forces in a fight with Japan, or with Japan and China."

"In a very short time China and Japan will be ready to throw into Manchuria an army of more than a million and a half armed men," he says.

Supporting his statement that Russia could have whipped Japan at the time peace was declared, and that "future historians must say that victory was assured to Russia," General Kuropatkin says that by August, 1905, the Japanese army was as good as routed.

"More men than Japan's whole standing peace army of 116,000 had been sent to their graves by Russian soldiers. There were over 135,000 Japanese dead. Japan's 315,000 reserves were disheartened; its credit was impaired."

"To all appearances the Japanese were troubled even as to how they could secure ammunition for their artillery."

"The Japanese could not fail to be worried by the coolness toward their successes which began to be shown by the powers of Europe and America," says Kuropatkin, further summing up Japan's alleged distress, because "it was not at all to the interest of European powers to permit a complete victory by the Japanese."

Kuropatkin closes his article by declaring that Russia herself must improve before her army can be any better. A military uniform, now, does not designate valor. The word "General" means nothing.



GEN. KUROPATKIN.

Russian army during the Russo-Japanese war, in an article from the suppressed history of the war, in McClure's Magazine.

"Japan is feverishly augmenting her forces," he says. "China, under the guidance of Japanese officers, is forming a numerous army on the Japanese model."

General Kuropatkin's article is written to prove that Russia might have served to avert this struggle that he



Rocky Mountain Spotted Fever.

When the early settlers of the "great divide" had crossed the plains of Iowa and Nebraska, and begun to ascend the foothills of the Rocky Mountains, they found, what most invaders of a new country find, a new disease with which to contend. The Mormons are believed to have suffered from its attacks, and the emigrants who followed the Mormons almost certainly did, although it is only within the last ten or fifteen years that the nature of the disease has been recognized.

Although its cause, or at least its manner of spread, and its symptoms are known, it still lacks a suitable name. It has been designated "tick fever" and "spotted fever," but there already is a "tick fever" of cattle, and both typhus fever and cerebrospinal meningitis have been called "spotted fever," so by way of distinction, it is spoken of as Rocky Mountain spotted fever.

It is encountered in all the mountain States, but is most prevalent in Montana. Spring is the time when the disease prevails. It is absent at other seasons. It is a disease of the country, and town dwellers—those who stay in the town—are apparently exempt, the greatest sufferers being surveyors, prospectors, ranchmen, lumbermen and others whose work takes them into the brush. It was these facts that gave the clue to the way the disease is believed to be spread, namely, by the bite of a tick, just as the germs of malaria and yellow fever are conveyed by the mosquito.

This creature begins to be unpleasantly active early in the spring, as soon as the snow melts, but ceases to bite and almost disappears by the end of June or the middle of July. The first cases of the fever appear with the melting of the snow. After the middle of July no cases occur, the period of prevalence of the disease thus coinciding exactly with the tick season.

The disease begins with the usual symptoms of fever—chilly feelings, headache, nausea, loss of appetite and soreness of the muscles and joints. The fever rises rapidly, and remains rather high, although irregular, throughout the disease.

The eruption, which gives it its name, appears on the third or fourth day,

first about the forehead, wrist and ankles, and then spreading over the body. It is in the form of scattered points, up to the size of the head of a pin, and persists throughout the course of the disease, fading as the fever subsides; then scaling occurs, as in measles.

The fever lasts from two to six or seven weeks. It is a serious disease, death occurring in more than half of the cases.

No cure has yet been found, so all the physicians can do is to watch the patient carefully, and treat untoward symptoms as they arise.—Youth's Companion.

Unique Aid to Civility.

"Henry Ward Beecher was never a conspicuous example of a preacher and pastor combined," a New York clergyman recently said to a Sun writer. "He made the preaching end of the work his chief concern, and left the flock to be pastored by his assistants."

But once in a while he would decide that he owed it to his parishioners to make a round of calls. He himself told the following story of an incident which had occurred on one of these expeditions.

He had made out a list of names, had got the addresses from the church directory—perhaps an old one—and was taking them in their most convenient order. This brought him to a house in which, according to his list, he ought to find a certain Mrs. B.

It was a very modest house, and when Mr. Beecher rang the bell he had to wait some time for a response, and when it came it was a very irritated one in the person of a woman, who was evidently just from the wash-tub.

"Is Mrs. B. at home?" asked Mr. Beecher, in his best manner.

"Don't live here!" snapped the woman, and slammed the door in his face.

Mr. Beecher waited quietly on the door-step until the woman had certainly time to go back to the basement and to resume washing. Then he rang the bell again. After a while the door was again opened by the sudy female.

"Who said she did?" exclaimed Beecher, and went down the steps and off up the street.

The Bass.

"But," exclaimed the man of delicate sensibilities, "will your conscience permit you to do as you suggest?"

"Look here, friend," answered the New York politician. "I am accustomed to be boss even of my own conscience."—Washington Star.

A woman is just as clever as the needs demand these days if she can make a good salad, and keep the rats in her hair covered.

It's the worst kind of luck when you have that kind.

ELOPES ONCE EVERY YEAR.

Taking the Family Cash and Her Husband's Best Clothes.

"It keeps me hustling to make enough money so that my wife, Goldie, can take her annual elopement," Harry Green told Magistrate Carey to-day as he swore out a warrant for Samuel Shore, his brother-in-law, says the Philadelphia Inquirer. Green averred that his wife, whom he married in Russia thirteen years ago, had formed the habit of eloping with Shore, a tobaccoist, about once every year.

He didn't mind it so much, Green said, only Goldie had left him a near-bankrupt when she took her unannounced pilgrimages with Shore, who is married to Green's sister and has a 5-year-old son. A year ago last July this pair ran away together, said Green, his wife carrying with her \$800 of the family funds. They were traced to Montreal, Hartford (Conn.) and other places, and returned to Philadelphia only when they became financially embarrassed.

Green declared he had been saving up ever since the last elopement, which came Sunday night, when his wife took everything that she could conveniently carry, including \$400 cash and about \$400 worth of jewelry.

"She even took my wedding suit that I have preserved all these years," said Green in a pathetic tone. Maybe she will marry Shore some day, when his sister and I obtain divorces, and then he won't have to buy any wedding clothes. She also took a number of household articles, and it looks as though they mean to make a long stay this time. I have done my best to keep them apart, but it's no use.

"She packed up while I had the two children out for a walk, and when I returned, shortly after 10 o'clock, the rooms upstairs looked as though the sheriff had been there. Maybe they had a wagon—I don't know. Well, I must get busy now and make some more money, because Goldie may want to elope next year again."

THE FUTURE RULER OF THE GERMAN EMPIRE.



His full name is William Frederick Franz Joseph Christian Olof, and he is the firstborn of the German crown prince, whose wife before her marriage was the Duchess Cecile of Mecklenburg-Schwerin. As shown in the photograph, he is a very healthy, happy child.

On Vacations.

It is related of Stewart Edward White's book, "The Mountains," that once upon a time a man happened to be staying in a hotel room which had originally been a part of a suite, but which was then cut off from the others by only a thin door, through which sounds carried clearly.

It was about 11 o'clock when the occupants of that next room came home. The man heard the door open and close. Then the bed shrieked aloud as somebody fell heavily upon it. There breathed across the silence a profoundly deep sigh.

"Mary," said a man's voice, "I'm mighty sorry I didn't join that Association for Artificial Vacations. They undertake to get you just as tired and just as mad in two days as you could by yourself in two weeks."

The Hangings.

Recently a little girl was taken to London by her parents. On her return she was describing all the places she had seen to some young friends. One of them, of a somewhat morbid disposition, asked, "Did you see the Old Bailey, where they hang the murderers?" "No," replied the girl, "I don't think so, but I saw the Royal Academy, where they hang the artists."—London Telegraph.

She Would Never Rise.

"I heard to-day Miss Bond's grandfather was a baker."

"He must have been a poor one."

"Why do you say that?"

"She is so heavy."—Puck.

Regrets for the past seldom keep a woman from accepting the present.

SHEEP-RAISING ON IRRIGATED LANDS

IDAHO RANCHER VERY SUCCESSFUL.

D. C. Mullen, of Nampa, Tells How He Started—Illustrates Many Interesting Points.

The following article, by D. C. Mullen, of Nampa, Idaho, is one of three contributions to the Boise Capital News made by that gentleman, who is a rancher near Nampa:

The editor of the Capital News having kindly encouraged me to write a little more on the subject of sheep on the farm, I will try to give a few figures on what I have done in a small way. These articles are not written for entertainment, but are strictly for business. My sheep are lambing now, and I have but little for anything but business. Work on the farm at any time is anything but a lazy man's job, but winter finds us with the most spare time, and I like to have the lambs come early, so I can give them full attention.

The one time that you must look after sheep is in lambing. If weather is cold they may chill to death; occasionally a mother will not own her lamb, and in case of twins you must see they keep together at first. We have little pens to put them in, where there are twins or mothers are inclined to leave them. However, they are generally the best of mothers, and grieve over their dead lambs in a way to make your heart ache. On the ranch there are none of the dreadful cries of starving orphans that you hear one the range. My first sheep was one of these orphans. We made one visit to the lambing ground, and that was all I ever wanted. I can hear those cries yet, and the time will come when such things will not be tolerated. There will be laws to cover this, just as there is for feeding and watering stock in shipping. These orphan losses in a financial way are also favorable to ranch sheep. We always have a few for some unavoidable reason, but we raise them on cow's milk like a calf. Rangemen tell me it is better to have lambs some later, so they will have green grass to eat, and that they do better. We do not find it so. The lambs will begin to nibble at the hay when three or four days old, and soon eat as well as their mothers. They are all started and care for themselves when spring work is on, when most farmers are worked to death. The rangemen forget that when they are lambing that is all they have to do, while a farmer has many other things to attend to.

Conditions Differ. I find in nearly every way that sheep on the ranch and range are entirely different businesses. The range man, from a money point of view, just lets his orphans die, loses stray sheep in the brush without bothering about it, and the sick must get well themselves or die. But such methods on the ranch would be a disgrace. We will expect to keep a better grade, or even pure breeds, and so cannot afford such losses. Here is where I suffered. When I started in on sheep, only one man that I knew of was handling them on the ranch, and I had no one to ask advice of when in trouble except the range man, and all he knew was to let them die. I could do that without any help, so just had to blunder along reading all I could find in papers on the subject and studying my own.

I forgot to say how little I knew of stock, and of farm work except what I had read, until I came to the ranch here eight years ago. I scarcely knew a sheep when I saw one, so it is very evident if I could make it pay at all that any farmer raised to the business ought to make a big thing of it. Discussions on sheep in the papers have been a great help to me, and may we hope these lines on my mistakes may help some other farmer from going the same rough road. Let us consult together and profit by others' mistakes.

Sheep Vary.

Before I give my figures I would like to say that my sheep are the ordinary scrub, range sheep, that I have picked up anywhere from one to half a dozen. They are all sizes, and coarse and fine wool of all grades. The one trouble in getting started on the ranch is that range men don't want to sell a hundred or two, so you have to pick them up wherever you can. So mine are in no way a selected lot. This simply emphasizes what I said above about my making any profit. Purebred sheep or good grades, like any other stock, will pay better than scrubs, and I can say right here I don't intend to always have scrubs; but they proved both cheap and profitable, and are especially good to practice on, for a beginner is bound to lose more or less, and, in fact, any one in stock must expect some losses.

I will only give my last three years' receipts:

1905—Average fleece, 10 pounds, at 15¢, \$1.55.

1906—Average fleece, 7 pounds, at 20¢, \$1.40.

1907—Average fleece, 6½ pounds, at 19¢, \$1.24.

This is a bad showing, as every year my average was lower, but let me explain. In 1905 my sheep were all good ewes, only one old range sheep in the lot, and that sheared 4½ pounds. They averaged just a trifle less than 10 pounds. The next year I made a bad break buying some old range pelters. I figured that the wool and lamb would pay the bill and would not count the old sheep anything. But it didn't pan out. They only sheared 4½ and 4½ pounds, and some died, more

had no lambs, and what lambs there were did not amount to anything. These old pelters evidently came west in the '60s, and it makes me swear like sixty when I think of them. It was a bad deal, and no farmer should buy one at any price. An old, worn-out range sheep is the nearest thing to nothing at all there is on earth.

Result on Lambs.

There were also a number of lambs about a year old or less. This brought my average down to seven pounds. The next year was the same, only lots more young lambs. My proportion of very young and very old was away above the average, so it dropped to 6½ pounds. This is just the average sheep fleece in the United States, Idaho going a trifle better. I can say right here that good, fair, coarse-wool mutton sheep will shear close to 10 pounds.

In 1905 and 1907 my wool was sold to a hide buyer, who made several cents a pound on it without doubt. In 1906 it was sold direct to a wool buyer.

The lambs for these three years are as follows:

1905—Lambs \$2.50, wool \$1.55, \$4.05.

1906—Lambs \$2.75, wool \$1.40, \$4.15.

1907—Lambs \$3.00, wool \$1.24, \$4.24.

The lambs were sold to local butchers in Nampa and Boise, and weighed from 75 to 100 pounds. The average income for three years was \$4.15, or call it \$4 even up. This is counting lambs at 100 per cent increase; it will average close to that with care. This does not count losses of ewes, of which there will be an occasional one.

Now, we find we can pasture 13 sheep on an acre, and one acre of alfalfa, counting four tons of hay to acre, will winter 20 sheep, and this hay land will also furnish pasture in the spring while regular pasture is getting a start, and also in the fall. These two acres, one of hay and one of pasture, will keep an average of 16½, or say 16, sheep the whole year, or eight to each acre, and an income of \$4 each sheep makes \$32 income per acre.

Another thing, these sheep harvest their own crop on three out of every five acres. Now, every farmer knows it costs good money and lots of sweat to put hay in the stack.

One of the strongest points in sheep raising is they are so little work or trouble most of the time. For about eight months they will run on pasture. You only have to keep a little water running and corral them at night. When evening comes mine are all in or close by, and all there is to do is shut the gate and open it in the morning. Even this is not necessary if you have a coyote-tight fence, but we sleep better when they are corralled, and most of them like to go into their house.

In winter a farmer has only to feed them hay, when they have to be fed, and only when lambing has he really to give them much work; but still they are always under his eye to see that everything is going right.

Revenue From Wool.

People say sheep and wool have been away up and you can't make such returns very long.

Well, let us see. I sold my last wool for 19 cents. This same farm wool in Ohio brought 30 cents. We should get the same, less freight, or 26 or 28 cents, instead of 19, and we will get it when enough farmers raise sheep so it will be worth while for wool buyers to look it up. As long as we have only a few hundred or thousand pounds scattered all over the country, we will have to be content with the best range prices. The same holds true of lambs. My lambs, if I had enough to ship to Chicago, would have brought me from \$4 to \$6 net last year instead of \$3. With plenty of sheep on the farms, buyers would be here every month, taking all the lambs ready to go, at prices away above local, or the farmers could pool and ship themselves and get full returns. The more that go into it the better, so you see I am working for my own interests as well as neighbors' in this discussion. If we can ship east, prices can drop 50 per cent and still we can make good money, or we can even cut the prices I got right in half and still make more money than selling hay at \$4 in stack. I sell my hay to my own sheep at \$8 per ton and they gather three-fifths of the crop.

I saw a dynamite thawer the other day consisting of a rack upon which the sticks of dynamite were placed, and underneath the rack was a pan of water heated by candle flames; the steam given off by the water upon boiling served to thaw the powder. Is the above apparatus a safe arrangement?

A. No; more or less nitroglycerin exudes from the cartridges when they are heated and this drops into the pan beneath. If, as may easily happen, the water boils away, the nitroglycerin in the bottom of the pan is subjected to the full heat of the candle flame and may easily explode. This type of thawer was the cause of an explosion in the Coeur d'Alene district last Christmas time.—F. S. Thomson, Washington State College, Pullman.

A couple of neighbors and myself intend to buy a bull, the dam of which I understand has been troubled with milk fever. Is it likely that the progeny of this bull would be similarly troubled? Should we have the bull examined relative to his health before buying?—L. N.

A. I do not think that because the dam of the bull you expect to buy had the milk fever that his calves are liable to this disease, as we have not as yet recognized it as a transmissible disease. It is not safe to buy an animal unless it has been tested by a reliable veterinarian and found to be free from tuberculosis.—Washington State College, Pullman.