

The Mission

Of those corpuscles in your blood that have been called "Little Soldiers," is to fight for you against the disease germs that constantly endanger your health. These corpuscles are made healthy and strong by the use of Hood's Sarsaparil.

This medicine is a combination of more than 20 different remedial agents in proportions and by a process known only to ourselves and it has for thirty years been constantly proving its worth. No substitute, none "just-as-good."

Progress.

"Think," said the optimist, "of how civilization has progressed since the terrors of the Roman arena."

"Yes," answered Sirus Baker. "Nowadays when we're looking for thrills we go to a little parade ground and watch some aviator risk his life on short turns."—Washington Star.

Had Him There.

"A little less noise, Miss Clare, if you please," said the bookkeeper. "Conversation isn't necessary when there is work on hand."

"That only shows, Mr. Addemup," snapped the typewriter girl, "that you've never read the history of the tower of Babel."

Only One "BROMO QUININE"

That is LAXATIVE BROMO QUININE. Look for the signature of E. W. GROVE. Used the world over to Cure a Cold in One Day. 25c.

Extremes Meet.

The little traveling man looked admiringly at the big traveling man.

"Gee!" he said. "You sell Corliss engines, don't you?"

"No," answered the big man. "I'm an agent for a needle factory. What's your line? Complexion powders?"

"Not exactly," said the little man. "I build suspension bridges."

O, Cheese It.

There was a fair maiden named Jen, Who dreamed she'd been changed to a hen.

It wasn't her habit To eat a Welsh rabbit, And she never did eat an agail.

Those Dear Friends.

Nan—I always know when Jack is at the front door. He gives just a little ring.

Fan—Yes—just like that one on your finger.

Otherwise Objectionable.

Algy—Myrtle, what are your objections to marrying me?

Myrtle—I have only one objection, Algy. I'd have to live with you.

Needed Explaining.

"That stocky looking man over there once killed a man with one punch."

"What is he—a pugilist or a bartender?"

Too Much for Him.

"Yes," said the third party, "I'm going to change my boarding place. Those three-course dinners are too much for my digestive apparatus."

"Three-course dinner!" exclaimed his friend. "Of what do they consist?"

"Napkins, ice water and toothpicks," was the reply.

A Holiday Suggestion.

The best gift is not always the one that costs the most money. It's the thing that strikes a need, that's appropriate and appeals to good taste that makes the biggest hit. For a woman of domestic taste here's a happy thought:

A new book of exceptional recipes by Mrs. Janet McKenzie Hill, of the Boston cooking school, has just appeared, under the title "The Cook's Book." It is a selection of 80 of the choicest creations of this eminent authority. The idea is to present in compact form a number of delicious dishes, cakes and pastries fit for those special occasions when the housewife is anxious to make her best impression. Every recipe is a gem, and the book contains in addition a fund of valuable household information. "The Cook's Book" is elegantly gotten up, printed on finest plate paper and profusely illustrated with beautiful half-tones and colored engravings.

"If you would like 'The Cook's Book' for yourself or a friend, secure a single certificate from a 25-cent can of K. C. baking powder. Mail it with our address and this article to Dept. 48, Jacques Mfg. Co., Chicago, and it will be sent free. This is guaranteed to please you or money refunded. You will agree that 'The Cook's Book' would be cheap at a dollar, and remember you get it free of all cost. Take advantage of this special offer at once, while it is good, even if you are not out of baking powder. K. C. baking powder will keep its strength for several years if necessary.

Science.

"Did you know that if all the salt in the ocean were gathered into one solid body it would make a cube measuring 500 miles each way?"

"No, but I don't doubt it. Who has figured it out?"

"Nobody. I was just trying to find out how big a lie you would swallow."

His Record.

Tommy Wrott—You told Dora Hope that you had refused me at least half a dozen times. What a whopper!

Lotta Guph—It wasn't a whopper, either. Don't you remember that you proposed to me six times last Thursday evening?

Across the Backyard Fence.

Woman with the Sun Bonnet—If anybody asks me what I know about you I shall tell 'em the exact truth.

Woman with the Gingham Apron—If you do, Mag Parkins, as sure as I'm standin' here I'll sue you for slander!—Chicago Tribune.

Antecedents.

Convict 411 (in the penitentiary for stealing)—I'm from Truro. Where are you from?

Convict 44 (serving a term for perjury)—I'm from—er—False Row, I guess.

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 when 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 15c, \$1.55.
1906—Average fleece, 7 pounds, at 20c, \$1.40.
1907—Average fleece, 6½ pounds, at 19c, \$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

A Chump.
Tess—Mr. Dumley's just the meanest man. He told me last evening he'd teach me how to whistle if I'd pucker up my lips.
Jess—Oh, that old scheme! Then he kissed you, eh?
Tess—No, the stupid thing! He didn't kiss me at all.—Philadelphia Press.

The people always catch it; the poor man says "the people snub him"; the rich man says "the people are toadies."

A Diplomat.
Nice Old Gent—My boy, don't you know it's wrong to smoke cigarettes?
Small Boy—Yes, sir.
N. O. G.—Then why do you persist in doing it?
Small Boy—I ain't persistin'; my pa'll feel so bad about it that he won't lick me fer goin' swimmin' this afternoon.—Toledo Blade.

The man who is the true friend of the people is never the one who spends the most time telling them about it.

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 goes 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 16, 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 do any 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 from you and you can't make such returns any longer.

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 is 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 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 we can make good money, or we can even cut the price 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.

Q. 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 nitrogeniferous 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 nitrogeniferous 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.

Q. 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?
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.

A Diplomat.
Nice Old Gent—My boy, don't you know it's wrong to smoke cigarettes?
Small Boy—Yes, sir.
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The man who is the true friend of the people is never the one who spends the most time telling them about it.

JONES PUT UP A SUBSTITUTE.

And Incidentally Got Reputation as After-Dinner Speaker.

"If there is one thing I hate," remarked Mr. Jones, "it is after-dinner speeches. Well, once I found myself at a big banquet, where I knew very few of those present. To my amazement and horror, toward the end of the festivities, the toastmaster fixed his eyes upon me.

"We have with us to-night," I heard the old, hated formula roll out unctuously from his lips—and then my own name—Mr. Jones, the well-known," etc.

The toastmaster concluded, but I made no move to get on my feet. I felt paralyzed; my tongue was seeking to climb through the roof of my mouth.

"And then the guests, from all sides, began yelling: 'Yes, Jones, Jones!—which is Jones?—where is Jones?'"
"A brilliant idea came to me. Sitting close beside me was a little man who dearly loved speechifying. Like a flash I jumped to my feet. 'Jones? Why, here's Jones!' I cried, and clapped the little Demosthenes on the shoulder. Then I yanked him to his feet, murmuring in an ominous sotto voce: 'Don't give me away; speak now!'"

"He spoke. And, in the guise of myself, he made a most successful little oration. There was loud applause and much shouting of 'What's the matter with Jones? He's all right!'"

"As for me, I sipped wine and gradually recovered from the nervous shock occasioned by my narrow escape from being eloquent."

YOUTHFUL MIND IN DISTRESS.

Awful Possibility That Loomed Before Six-Year-Old Jackie.

Six-year-old Jackie's mother believed that absolute truthfulness was the only rock on which to build that youthful gentleman's character, and the consistent working out of this principle did away, of course, with belief in all such things as fairies, Santa Claus, and other illusions dear to childish hearts, and they became instead "make-believe" games. Santa Claus in particular being a pet "joke" between his mother and himself.

Jackie came in from play one afternoon much excited and concerned. "Mother, Jimmie Norton believes there is a really and truly Santa Claus. He says he is sure that Santa Claus does come down the chimney. He wouldn't believe me at all when I told him it was just a joke," with rising anxiety.

Jackie's mother was somewhat nonplused. "Well, son," she temporized, "perhaps Jimmie's mother will tell him the joke some time soon, and then—"

"Oh, I hope she will," broke in Jackie, forgetting his manners in his earnestness, "because, you know, if she don't, when Jimmie has little boys of his own they won't ever get any Christmas presents."

About Happiness.

There is no more beneficial tonic than good, hearty laughter. It inflates the lungs and has a magic effect upon the system. Giggling is not laughing, and it is a habit that brings wrinkles and soon spoils even a pretty face. Why not laugh? It improves the appearance and makes one popular. There is nothing to be glum over, and, if there is, being glum will not help it. Be happy and bright and everyone will wish to help you. The girl who wants to be beautiful must sleep with fresh air, plenty of it, in her room. She must go out and revel in the sunshine. She must find plenty of laughter in her daily life. That is the only true way to live and the only way capable of bringing beauty.

Poetical Epitaph.

The epitaph collector displayed enthusiastically the photograph of a severe and stately marble tomb. "A new epitaph," he said, "and one of the best in my collection. It is the epitaph of a body of Indians slain in battle near Cooperstown. It was composed by a clergyman, W. W. Lord, and I consider it most poetical."

The epitaph upon the tomb was as follows:
"White Man, Greeting! We, near whose bones you stand, were Iroquois. 'The wide land which is now yours was ours."
"Friendly hands have given back to us enough for a tomb."

Legal Amenities.

Several decades ago there lived in Charleston, W. Va., a judge noted for his boorish manners. A very finical lawyer whom he especially disliked was once trying a case before him, and all the while the barrister spoke the judge sat with his feet elevated on the railing in front of him hiding his face.

Exasperated by this the lawyer queried: "May I ask which end of your honor I am to address?"

"Whichever you choose," drawled the judge.

"Well," was the retort, "I suppose there is as much law in one end as the other."

Indisputable.
Two tourists on a personally conducted tour were overheard talking together in the window of a Florence hotel overlooking the Arno.
"This does not look to me like Venice," said the first. "I do not see a single gondola."
"No," admitted her companion, "but it must be Venice. You know we were to be in Venice on Wednesday."—Harper's Monthly.

PISO'S CURE

A TEARING TERRIBLE COUGH bespeaks impending peril. Constant coughing irritates and inflames the lungs, inviting the ravaging attacks of deadly disease. PISO'S CURE soothes and heals the inflamed surfaces, clears the clogged air passages and stops the cough. The first dose will bring surprising relief. PISO'S CURE has held the confidence of people everywhere for half a century. No matter how serious and obstinate the nature of your cough, or how many remedies have failed, you can be convinced by a fair trial that the ideal remedy for such conditions is PISO'S CURE.

A Boston Touch.

Once upon a time DeWolf Hopper met a Boston person in that town whom he had not seen for a long period of duration.

"Hello! How are you? Where have you been?" said Hopper in his hearty way, giving the New York pronunciation to the word "been."

"Please don't say 'bin,' but 'been,'" pleaded the Boston person, plaintively. "Sorry, but I can't," pleaded the big fellow. "I never had a bean in my mouth in my life, not even in Boston."—The Bohemian.

Mothers will find Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup the best remedy to use for their children during the teething period.

Accounting for the Size.
"Do you remember that last job you sold me yesterday afternoon?" said the man entering the hat store.

"Very well, sir," replied the clerk. "Well, when I got home I found it too small for me."

"I suppose you didn't get home until morning?"—Yonkers Statesman.

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The Unattainable.
The fiery orator was predicting that the bank guaranty scheme would win yet, in spite of everything.
"But can you guarantee that the slot machine will deliver the stick of chewing gum?" demanded his hearers.
Completely nonplused, he changed the subject.—Chicago Tribune.

"Oh, Me, I'm Glad I'm Free!"

"Funny thing about a woman?"

"What?"

"She'll scream at a mouse, yet not turn a hair over a dressmaker's bill that makes her husband's teeth chatter."—Boston Transcript.

Financed.
Elderly Relative—Reginald, why do you wear such a mop of hair on your head?
Reginald—I belong to a scrub football team, auntie.

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