

## FEW SHEEP PAY WELL

Animals Are Most Profitable Investment for Farmers.

Owner of Flock of Thirty-six Grade Shropshires Cleared \$298 in One Year—Animals Given No Special Attention.

(By J. M. BELL.)

The small farmer should always have a flock of sheep on hand, as these animals are one of the most profitable investments that he can handle.

This is an account of the proceeds derived from a flock of 36 grade Shropshire ewes in one season.

This flock received no special attention, so far as feed and care were concerned, although, of course, at lambing time they were well looked after. The ewes who did not take their lambs naturally were induced to nurse them if possible; if not, then these neglected lambs were raised on the bottle, but in the entire flock of 36 lambs that were not two that had to be raised by hand.

The owner of this flock tells me that his 36 lambs netted him \$6.50 each on the farm; that the wool from the 36 ewes and one buck, who sheared an average of six pounds each, netted 30 cents the pound.

This makes 36 lambs at \$6.50 the head, \$234; 216 pounds of wool at 30



First Prize Shropshire.

cents the pound, \$64.80; total, \$298.80.

These sheep were allowed the run of the fields that had good grazing on them the major part of the year, and during the winter season, when the weather was very severe, the little flock was given a ration of hay, but they were never given any grain.

When the snow was on the ground or the nights were very cold they were put in the hay barn and just fed hay, a mixture of timothy, grass and clover.

This is a fair illustration of what can be done with a few well bred sheep at minimum expense, so far as feed and attention are concerned.

## CONTROL OF SOIL MOISTURE

Many Gardeners Not Doing Much to Increase Supply of Humus—Cover Crops Are Valuable.

Most market gardeners depend upon the supply of soil humus and upon tillage operations to control soil moisture. Both factors are exceedingly important. Soils which are well charged with humus or decaying organic matter usually contain enough moisture to grow good crops of vegetables, provided the soil is properly tilled. A host of growers, however, are not doing as much as they might to increase the humus supply of the soil. It is unnecessary to rely wholly upon stable manures. Cover crops of crimson clover, rye, vetch, oats, etc., are usually easy to start and their value in adding to the humus content of the soil is very great.

## FIRE-FOR TENT CATERPILLAR

Lighted Torch Applied to Its Home Evenings or Mornings Catches the Worm in Quantities.

If the tent caterpillar pitches its home in your orchard, remember that its flock is gathered together in the home at night, the members going forth by day to look for food. A torch applied to the home evenings or early mornings catches the worm in quantities. If in midsummer you find a bunch of brown worms with red markings clustered on the trunk of a walnut or apple tree do not be alarmed but get busy. Like the swarm of bees they will not hang there many hours for they are only molting. By the next day the old skins alone will be left to tell the story, while the larvae, each in a bright, new coat, will be scattered over the tree, rapidly denuding it of its leaves. This is the hand-maid moth, easily kept in check by taking advantage of its peculiar habits.

### Good Poultry Food.

The patented poultry foods are expensive, and no better than the following, which is recommended by a high authority and which will prove sufficient food for one day for 125 fowls: Barley meal, three pounds; cornmeal, six pounds; ground oats, three and one-half pounds; cottonseed meal, one-half pound; potatoes, three and one-half pounds; clover hay, three and one-half pounds.

### Dig Out the Borers.

Peach borers are best destroyed by digging them out. While it is a slow process, there is really no other way,

## GOOD CARE OF FARM TOOLS

No Farmer Can Afford to Allow His Implements to Rust Out—Cover the Machinery.

Of all the people doing business, the farmer is the most careful and economical in the use of grease. It is seldom that the farmer touches grease and yet there are few kinds of work demanding a more frequent use of it. The farmer is a user of more kinds of tools than any other artificer. If he is not a mechanic it is his own fault, and his own disadvantage and loss, because he handles and operates all sorts of tools, machines and implements usual to the common mechanic.

The farmer, above all other tool handlers and tool users, works at a disadvantage. It matters not how careful he tries to be in the care of his tools to keep them dry, he will find occasion to go out in the rain, snow or damp and use the saw, auger, chisel or other tool, and if it is not carefully dried and oiled or greased it is very apt to rust from this exposure.

No farm tool need rust out, used or unused. Every farm tool, implement and machine should be oiled, greased or preserved from dampness, wet and rust. They should be carefully wiped when used and then be ready to lay aside. Grease is the best application and lasts longer than most oils. All hand tools of the edged sort should have a dry place to be stored in, and kept in this place when not in use, and by all means carefully cleaned, wiped and greased when put away.

The machines of the farm—mowers, reapers, etc., should be put in out of the weather and oiled, greased, cleaned off, preserved from rust and decay. See how many machines and tools there are on the farm that are intended for use next spring and summer that are now under roof and not in the least liable to the damaging influences of rust. No farmer can afford to rust out his farm equipment, no matter how much he is making in feeding cattle and hogs or raising grain.

## WAYS OF DOCTORING TREES

Fallen Leaves and Wood Ashes Fed to Roots to Give Natural Food—Another Good Plan.

In one of our pastures there grew an immense oak tree which gave signs of dying and so manifest were they that we chose to remedy from several suggested and began treating it.

A bar of two and one-half-inch iron tipped with a sharp steel point was used in drilling holes in the soil at specified distances just under the tree. In the holes were crowded fall-



A Fine Shade Tree With a Decayed Trunk Which Has Been Filled In Order to Preserve It. A Good Way to Save Shade Trees That Have Become Decayed.

en leaves and some wood ashes. The holes remained open and occasionally more leaves were packed in. Before winter set in the tree presented a rejuvenated appearance. Seemingly all it needed was natural food.

Here is another treatment. Open wounds are generally left to decay right along, but we had all these and the open cavities well cleaned and carefully filled. Some were filled with cement and over the hollows and holes where water or dampness could collect small tin caps were tacked on. An old tin gutter from the house makes a protector where the breach to be covered is long.

### Effective Insect Pest Remedy.

Fall plowing is one of the most effective remedies known for insect pests. It is, however, more of a preventive than a cure, for the insects destroyed by this method are, for the most part, in a dormant or resting stage, doing little or no damage, but getting ready for the next season's depredations. This remedy alone is not to be relied upon for the complete eradication of any insect, but as a supplementary method it is valuable.

### Clean Churn Promptly.

Don't get the idea that it won't matter if you don't wash the churn right away after churning. The cleaning of the churn should be prompt.

# The Governor's Lady

A Novelization of Alice Bradley's Play

By GERTRUDE STEVENSON

Illustrations from Photographs of the Stage Production

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## SYNOPSIS.

Daniel Slade suddenly advances from a penniless miser to a millionaire. He is ambitious to become governor of the state. His simple, home-loving wife fails to rise to the new conditions. Slade meets Katherine, daughter of Senator Strickland, and sees in her all that Mary is not. Slade decides to separate from his wife and takes rooms at his club. His desertion of his wife and his constant attendance on Katherine Strickland causes public comment.

## CHAPTER V—Continued.

"Well, I don't care how you get it—I want it. It's vital. I've got to have ten thousand to go to Europe. Everybody's going—Mrs. Webb, Mrs. O'Donnell—and her voice trailed off into a pettish whine.

"Yes, I know all about that crowd," Merritt snarled. "Sunny places for shady people."

"Wesley! I need clothes. I've told everybody I'm going, and the peevish woman glared at her husband. Then she added suddenly: "Can't the senator ask Slade?"

"Oh, my God, Fannie!" the hectoring man groaned. "Can I suggest that? A rival candidate! I've mortgaged my property up to the hilt now for clothes—but sooner than—"

"I don't care—I need clothes," his wife interrupted, rising and walking restlessly about the room. "I've got to go to Europe. The devil take your excuses."

Then, with a sudden change of thought, she cooed. "Wesley!"

Merritt stood with his elbow on the mantel, looking moodily into the fire. "Wesley," she cooed again. "Why don't you—if you can't get in—why don't you boom Slade? They say he's buying everybody."

"Well, we've been bought." Her husband's tone indicated just how little consideration such a plan would have from him.

"No, but you've been defeated six times," she objected, determined to argue this new possibility that had just occurred to her. "Wesley—if the senator has gone back on you—look out. Sell out. I must have clothes."

She stopped as the senator himself entered from the smoking room.

"They're asking for you, Wesley," and Merritt, glad of the interruption, hurried out.

"Ah—good evening, Fannie," Strickland took her hand in his smooth, affable way. "I'm sorry, Fannie, that Wesley doesn't take more to Slade. It's a great mistake. Why don't you tell him so?"

"Oh, my gracious!" her manner changing to suit the occasion. "What influence could I possibly have with my husband? He's a man of iron will. Why, I have to do everything he tells me myself. I wouldn't dare meddle with his affairs."

"Well, just coax him, Fannie, the way a nice, sweet, womanly woman can," urged the senator, knowing full well that the Merritts had one message for private use and quite another for publication.

"I want to go to Europe and my husband says he can't afford it. Her voice dropped to a sugary whine. "We can't all be millionaires like Mr. Slade, can we? Just think. It would cost \$10,000, to say nothing of clothes."

"Don't worry about that trip to Europe, Fannie," the senator advised, meaningly. "I think," and he paused significantly, "I think you'll earn it."

With that he started toward the smoking-room. "Wesley," he called, and as Merritt appeared in the doorway, remarked: "I believe your wife has something to say to you."

"Oh, yes, Wesley—I have something most important to say."

"Well, if it's about that trip to Europe," growled Merritt, asserting himself as he would never dare to do when he was alone with her.

"Now, Wesley, come with me to the balcony," Fannie coaxed in what she considered her prettiest manner. "You'll excuse us, senator?"

As Fannie dragged her husband out of the room Hayes, returning from the smoking-room, and Katherine, returning from her talk with the reporter, found themselves alone. Katherine was nervous and ill at ease. Immediately she began to busy herself folding copies of her father's speech and inserting them into mailing envelopes.

"Slade's doing it," Bob remarked. "They are nearly all wiped out in there. Those who haven't been beggled, have been bullied or bought—Hold on! That sounds like the headlines in a Socialist paper."

"What's happened to you?" he broke off abruptly. "I can't find a trace of you left. Ever since you came back—I've been hunting for one sign of the girl I knew. Your notes—the very letters you wrote me from Europe sounded as if some one else had written them. Who is it who's occupying your mind, Katherine?"

"I don't know what you mean," the girl evaded.

"You used to care a lot for me," reflectively, his mind recalling the warm, eager welcome of her arms the day he had declared his love for her, six years before.

"I only thought I did," she declared, but her eyes dropped before his steady gaze.

"You did care," positively. "You did care. I could tell. When you went away the first time you did. Why, it was only a question of my luck turning. You were going to wait for me. I always knew that. Then I met Slade. Even the senator's got a good word for me now. But you—his voice broke and he leaned forward and laid his hand over hers as it rested idly on the table.

"Heavens!" he exclaimed, as he snatched his hand away. "What I ought to have done was to have ridden up here, taken you over my shoulder and galloped off with you on a broncho."

"Oh, Rob," she breathed, really pleased at his domineering tone.

"That's the sort of a man to get on with a woman like you," he accused. "A brute! A man could do anything with you if he once conquered you. There's nothing in these long understandings," he broke off, disgustedly. "I've lost you and I don't know how, or why. I do know you liked me better than anyone else, and I adore you yet," he finished, impulsively clasping her hand with both of his. Katherine patted his strong fingers with her free hand.

"Please, Rob, I know you do," and she left him to pass back and forth the length of the room. "I can't," she sighed. Then hurriedly: "If I only had the courage. Oh, Rob!" and she turned on him with a helpless little gesture.

"What do you mean by courage?" he demanded.

"I mean I'd have to—live here in this little hole in the West," she burst forth, vehemently. "No—no, I can't face it—always!"

"Well, suppose it did mean to stay here?" Bob stood with folded arms. "It's a home. Everyone vegetates more or less at home. Katherine!" his voice became more tender. "do you really mean that? And he put his arms around her shoulders and looked long and earnestly into her upraised face.

"I couldn't—Oh, Rob, I couldn't," she protested. "All this month I've been weakening—but I—"

"Ah," he interrupted, his face close to hers. "You're wearing my flowers, too—I saw that when I came in. And my picture—you are still keeping that."

"But I—I can't quite," she began. "I'm dreadfully troubled, Rob," she finally managed to say. She turned from his embrace. "We'd be poor and then we'd be like the Merritts," with a tragic spread of her arms. "I'm used to the world. I want to live—everywhere—to see things. I'd die here, vegetating!"

"Oh, no you wouldn't," Hayes started to remonstrate, when the door of the smoking room opened and Slade appeared.

"I was just going to look you up, Robert. I thought you wouldn't go without seeing me, but—"

"No, of course not," Hayes did not attempt to conceal his annoyance at the interruption. Katherine moved slowly toward the door.

"I'm not driving you away, am I, Miss Katherine?"

Before she could answer Fannie Merritt came sweeping in. She was radiant. Her beaming face and Merritt's sullen one made the situation plain to all in the room.

"My dear," she exclaimed, turning to Katherine. "You were quite right! Mr. Slade is a great man. I'm leaving my Wesley here to work for him. I'm off for Europe next week," she gushed as Hayes helped her into her evening wrap, "leaving my poor, dear boy all alone. You will be good to him, won't you? Good night, Mr. Slade; thank you," and, closely followed by Katherine, she hurried out to her waiting motor.

Slade's face was a study in amused complacency as he realized that he need fear nothing more from Wesley Merritt or his "tin-horn tooting sheet."

The self-esteem that was slowly but completely obscuring clear vision, prevented him from seeing that his money, not himself, had brought about the change. The money he had made was his—was he—himself. He confused his vast power to bend the Merritts and their world with his own strength.

## CHAPTER VI.

"Mrs. Slade won't sign over the cottage," Hayes began abruptly. "I can't do anything more."

"She must," Slade uttered the words through set teeth. "She can't live there. Robert, you are the only person who knows us both thoroughly. I want you to bring this matter to a finish quietly and kindly and—now."

"Why don't you see her and have it out with her?" Hayes suggested.

"We had it out the night I left the house and told her not to wait up for me," Slade reminded him. "I never quarrel with anyone more than once." He eyed Hayes critically for a minute. "You're with me, aren't you?" as if an idea had just occurred to him.

"I'm awfully sorry for Mrs. Slade," Hayes began, when Slade interrupted. "Look here, Hayes—I want a di-

vorce," and he seated himself squarely in front of the astonished Hayes.

"A divorce?"

"That's what I want," and his lips shut grimly.

"But, my God!" Hayes was amazed. "You didn't want it in the first place. All you wanted was to live your own life. Do you expect me to help you get rid of Mrs. Slade?"

"Don't go crazy," Slade advised, not a suggestion of feeling evident in his voice or manner.

"If you do you are due for a surprise. I can't go sticking a knife into that woman's heart. I won't."

"You're a h—l of a lawyer!" Slade's anger was rising.

"I'm not that sort of a lawyer," Hayes rose as if to dismiss the subject.

"Whatever sort of a lawyer you are I made you, Hayes."

"I know you did," returned Hayes, bitterly. "You've told me that before and this is what comes of letting a man make you!"

"You bet, rank ingratitude," hotly. Hayes leaned forward, his arms on his knees and looked Slade square in the eyes.

"I honestly think you're drunk with all this power and prosperity. That little woman was the apple of your eye. I always said to myself: 'There's one man who does stick to his wife! I didn't believe wild horses could drag you away from home—'

"One minute!" interrupted Slade. "All that has nothing to do with you. Neither you nor anyone living can interfere with me now. Have you stopped to figure out, and I say it with all kindness and with all respect, what sort of a governor's lady Mrs. Slade would make, feeling as she does?"

"Well, what sort of a governor would you make if you were divorced?" Hayes questioned, mockingly. "Those men in there," and he jerked his thumb toward the smoking-room door; "will they stand for that?"

"They've got to—I own them, boots and all!"

"But you don't own public opinion," thundered Hayes, banging his fist down on the table, scattering the copies of the senator's speech in all directions.

"Why don't I?" Slade questioned with an arrogant smile disfiguring his mouth. "I'm going to buy half of Merritt's paper tonight. I guess that will be public opinion enough for me. More than that, I'll stand as a man whose wife has deserted him. That's how it will end. Mrs. Slade will decide where she's to live—but it must be at some distance."

"You won't get your divorce through desertion," Hayes scoffed. "I know her. You can't do it."

"I can't do it, eh?" Slade's eyes held a nasty expression. "That's what they've been telling me all my life. Ever since I was a barefooted little brat running around the mines they've said to me: 'You can't do this and you can't do that.' But I always did it. Let me tell you, young man, after all I've conquered no woman is going to stop me!"

"Can't do it, eh?" he repeated, pugnaciously. "You watch me do it! You young jackanapes! I'm as good as deserted now. The only question is: Are you going to see Mrs. Slade—put her aboard a train east or not?"

"Mrs. Slade has been my best friend," Hayes answered quietly. "I love her dearly—I—" his voice broke.

"All right. That settles it. You turn over every scrap of paper of mine you have by—he thought a moment—"by tomorrow night. Then you can walk the ties to the devil, young man, and go back where I found you."

As Hayes turned to go, Strickland hurried into the room.

"Merritt has just introduced a very unexpected subject in the smoking-room—the question of—well, you've got to know it, Slade—the question of Mrs. Slade."

Hayes wheeled around and watched to see what effect this announcement would have on Slade.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

## TOO QUICK WITH HIS ANSWER

Response of Court Witness Put Him Unnecessarily in a Somewhat Unfavorable Light.

At a session of county court in an outlying country, a village merchant was prosecuted for "arson." It developed that the business men of the town had retained a "special prosecutor" to assist in the case. The attorney for the defendant invariably asked each witness if he had ever contributed anything toward the support of the "special prosecutor." One old man was very zealous in his efforts to convict the defendant. The attorney started to ask him the regular "contribution" question, but the witness interrupted him and gave his answer in the middle of the question, with the following result:

"Q. Have you ever contributed anything toward the support—"

"A. No, sir; I never did—not a cent!"

"—of your family?"

The witness was excused amid the laughter of the court, jury and audience. He left the room, mad as a hornet, and was heard to mutter: "I ain't got no family."—West Publishing company.

## Average Stature.

The difference between the tallest and shortest races in the world is one foot eight and one-eighth inches, and the average height of the world's peoples is five feet five and one-half inches.

Thirteen Their Sacred Number. Thirteen was the sacred number of the Mexicans and ancient people of Yucatan. Their week had 13 days and they had 13 snake gods.

# CAP and BELLS



## RESOURCES OF A BOOK AGENT

Quickly Discovers His Error in Attempting to Sell Poetry to Gentleman Wearing Pink Shirt.

"How about a collection of the world's best poetry in six volumes?" said the book agent. "Selections from Shakespeare, Milton, Spenser and all the famous poets."

"Say," exclaimed the man at the desk, wheeling around in his chair and displaying a poker vest, a pink shirt and a diamond stud, "what sorter guff are you tryin' to gimme?"

"Beg pardon," answered the resourceful agent, as he reached into his satchel and drew out a paper-covered volume. "I was just about to ask you if you would like to have a copy of the life of John L. Sullivan, written by one of the most noted referees in the business?"

Ask Some Milkman.

The following notice recently appeared outside the office of a busy Boston firm:

"Boy Wanted—One who knows the city well."

Presently a bright youth presented himself for a job.

"Do you know the city well?" asked he manager.

"No sir," replied the young hopeful, but I could find it."—Boston Globe.

No Wonder He Was Sore.

"He makes me tired! I tried half a dozen times to say something, but he talked me to a standstill each time with his talk about the European war. He thinks he knows all about it."

"That was too bad, dear. What did you wish to say?"

"I wanted to tell him what caused the doggone war and how it was going to come out."

Just the Thing.

Reporter—You sent me to interview General Lendenhall about the war, but he says the president has forbidden military men from expressing their opinions.

Managing Editor—Didn't he give you any opinion at all?

"Nothing but vague generalities." "Well, write them over into a leading editorial.—Life.

## Poor Papa.

Little Bobby—Papa, did you ever see a cyclone carrying houses in the air and cows and horses and wagons up- side down?

Papa—No, my son.

Little Bobby—I should think it 'ud be t'rosome to live to your age and never see anything.—London Tit-Bits.

## Mean Brute.

"A woman can't be in two places at the same time," snapped Mrs. Gabb, during the usual morning fuss.

"I notice that you can be in and out of the house at the same time when some female that you don't want to see happens to call," replied Mr. Gabb.

## NEVER TOUCHED HIM.

The Bill Collector—I can't keep coming here every day for this bill. Mr. I. M. P. Cunius—I've often wondered why you didn't try to get a better position.

Sure Thing.

"I bet I'd have the finest lawn in the place." "I won't take you." "Why not?" "Because the first thing I know you will be hedging on that lawn bet."

## Plenty.

"Why don't you lay by something for a rainy day?" "I have." "Huh! I'd like to know how much?" "One dollar. And the latest quotation on umbrellas is 98 cents."

