

THE FLOCKMASTER.

A comet or tame old ewe running with the lambs will work wonders in making them follow at your will.

Put sheep in the sheds during the long, cold rains.

Have the lambs ready for the bulge in the market that often comes in early winter. It is an advantage to let them go if the price is right when half wintered.

Don't neglect the sheep for the hurry of late fall work and because just now they are the cheapest stock in the market. There is a world shortage of wool, and people are still wearing clothes.

Stand by the sheep for the good they have done and will continue to do. With their two sources of profit, faithfully and skillfully handled for a series of years they've got all other stock beat to a finish.

LYMPHANGITIS IN HORSES.

Cause and Preventive Treatment of "Monday Morning Sickness."

The technical name of "Monday morning sickness" is "lymphangitis" (inflammation of the lymphatic vessels), and it is one of those troublesome ailments which may be absolutely prevented by proper feeding and management of the horse, says Dr. A. S. Alexander in Farm and Fireside. It comes from overfeeding with rich feed during times of idleness. The horse that has been perfectly well during the workdays of the week and on Saturday night is on Sunday or some holiday given his usual feed of corn and oats and hay, but is not taken out for exercise.

On workdays the nutriment of the ration are used up in labor. They go to repair waste tissues, generate force and heat the body. During idleness sweating ceases and the muscles are not exercised. Maximum nutrition, therefore, is unnecessary. The surplus usually utilized by combustion during exercise overloads the lymphatics during idleness, and they become distended, inflamed and painful.

When this occurs a high fever results, and the horse stops eating, breathes fast and may sweat profusely. One hind leg commences to swell in the region of the groin, and if the inner surface of the leg is handled such pain is caused that the horse lifts the leg and shows every symptom of intense suffering. He is found in this condition on Monday morning after the Sunday's rest; hence the popular name of the disease. Gradually the swelling descends until the entire leg is immensely enlarged, and such is the pressure of the serum distending the tissues that it may ooze through the skin.

One attack subjects the horse to the likelihood of successive attacks.

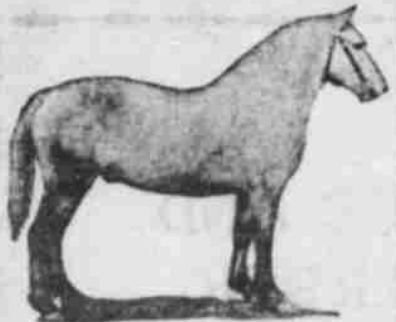


Photo by Pennsylvania Agricultural college.

As the result of a horse feeding experiment conducted by the Pennsylvania station it was shown that mature horses, six to seven years old, made better gains than those four to five years of age. The most profitable type of horse for feeding purposes is one which shows every evidence of draft breeding, with clean, short legs, wide cannon, depth and width in chest and middle. The horse shown, a grade Percheron, made a gain of 14.8 pounds at a cost of 17.1 cents per pound. He was fed eighty-four days.

brought on in like manner to the first. After several attacks the leg remains permanently enlarged, particularly in the region of the fetlock, and this condition is termed "elephantiasis" or "elephant leg." No horse need suffer so. No horse ever should stand a single day idle in the stable. When there is no work to be done turn the horse out in the yard or on grass or give walking exercise several times a day and at the same time withhold all rich feed and substitute bran, roots, grass or silage and hay. A tablespoonful of saltpeter dissolved in the drinking water or fed in a bran mash once a day will prove beneficial at this time, but it should not be given more than two of three times.

Were these simple instructions religiously followed there would be no attacks of lymphangitis. When a case occurs, bandage the leg from foot to body with a soft hay or straw rope and saturate it with hot or cold water. Put on more rope as the wet part sags downward. Use cold water in summer and hot in winter. Blanket the horse. Show him all the cold water he cares to drink. Feed bran mashes and hay. Dissolve two drams of saltpeter in the drinking water or mash three times a day, and give alternate seven drop doses of tincture of acouite and fluid extract of belladonna leaves in a little water every three or four hours until pain and fever subside. Then the leg should be well hand rubbed two or three times a day, singly bandaged and walking exercise enforced. In complications and severe attacks veterinary skill should be employed.

Gilbert's Wit.

Brevity, says Rowland Grey in the Century, was the soul of Sir W. S. Gilbert's wit, which sparkled in chance conversation no less than in the lines that he wrote for Sullivan's operas. Mr. Grey gives a few instances:

The terrible verdict as to a certain Hamlet whose impersonator unwisely asked him to be candid is historical: "Funny, my dear fellow—funny without being vulgar." A remark about another conceited player was made to a very limited audience: "Poor —! He has all the faults of an actor without the excuse of being one." A word was enough. He described a sweet old lady, all sloping shoulders and bouillon face, as "belonging to the early keep-sake period." Another, who was being ridiculed for the hideous Middlesex accent, which converted bad weather into a "rull d'y," was gravely defended by him: "She is of ancient lineage, for it is evident she descended from the Twanglo-Saxons."

Didn't Fear For Mamma.

A Lakewood woman was recently reading to her little boy the story of a young lad whose father was taken ill and died, after which he set himself diligently to work to support himself and mother. When she had finished the story she said:

"Dear Billy, if your papa were to die would you work to support your dear mother?"

"Naw," said Billy unexpectedly.

"But why not?"

"Ain't we got a good house to live in?"

"Yes, dearie. But we can't eat the house, you know."

"Ain't there a lot of stuff in the pantry?"

"Yes, but that won't last forever."

"It'll last till you get another husband, won't it? You're a pretty good looker, ma."

Mamma gave up right there.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

"Let Her Go, Gallagher."

Judge Beaver of Morgan county, Ky., had a trotting mare of which he was very proud. The animal was always driven at the race meets by a man named Gallagher, who was at that time city marshal of Harrodsburg. On one occasion the judge entered his mare at a trotting meeting in Tipton county. Some sports there, knowing of the judge's pride in the animal, thought they would lower his colors for once, so they entered against her a noted fast trotter. At the end of the first half mile the two trotters passed under the wire neck and neck at a 240 pace, and the judge grew wildly excited. "Let her go, Gallagher. Let her go!" he shouted. And Gallagher, hearing, loosened the lines. The mare pumkily responded and finished more than a dozen lengths ahead, amid the wild cheering of the crowd.—Pittsburgh Dispatch.

Forgetful Diaseel's Luck.

Diaseel received one morning a letter from a Mrs. Williams, whom he did not know, in which she said that she had read his novels with much interest and would like to make his acquaintance. She also asked a question which rendered it necessary for him to answer the letter. Unfortunately the letter was left in his greatcoat pocket, and "Dizzy" did not wear the coat until several months after, when he happened to be in the south of England and in the very town in which Mrs. Williams lived. Coming across the letter in such circumstances, it occurred to him to call upon her, and Mrs. Williams was so flattered, at as she thought, his carrying the letter so long about him and then calling that she decided on leaving him her fortune.

Function of the Eyebrows.

The eyebrows protect the eye from external violence. The hairs, on account of their oblique direction, prevent the perspiration from flowing to ward or irritating the surface of that organ; they direct it toward the tem-

ple and the root of the nose. The color and number of hairs of the eyebrow have an influence upon their use. They generally have some relation to the climate. The eyebrows protect the eye from excess of light, particularly when it comes from above. This effect is made more conspicuous by knitting of the brows.

A Will in Rime.

This will, although written in rime, was probated in County Dublin, Ireland:

All earthly goods I have in store
To my dear wife I leave for avarice,
I freely give, no limit do I fix
This is my will, and she executes.
THOMAS ANDREW ARMSTRONG.

The "earthly goods" amounted to \$2,500 worth of property.

Capped.

Yankee, boasting of the great heat experienced in America. It's so hot it burns the wings off the flies! Pat—That's nothing to what it is in Ireland! We have to feed hens on ice cream to keep them from laying boiled eggs!—London Telegraph.

Inanimate Salesmen.

"Are those good graphophones?"
"The goods speak for themselves."
"That's so. Well, wind me up and let's see if it can effect a sale."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Quits Likely.

"What do you know of old dog Tray?"
"Judging by the name, he must have beat the deuce."—New York Press.

Coercion.

"How old are you, Ethel?"
"I'm five, an' mamma says if I'm good an' eats lots o' vittines I'll be six next birthday."—Life.

A Modest Hero.

A French reporter encountered in a little village of the south of France a gardener who wore, pinned on his clean Sunday blouse, the ribbon of the Legion of Honor. Naturally the newspaper man desired to know how he got it. The gardener, who, like many of his trade, seemed to be a silent man, was averse to meeting an old and wearisome demand, but finally he began:

"Oh, I don't know how I did get it. I was at Bazelles with the rest of the battery. All the officers were killed; then down went all the noncommissioned officers—bang, bang, bang. By and by all the soldiers went down but me. I had fired the last shot and naturally was doing what I could to keep off the Bavarians.

"Well, a general came, and says he: 'Where's your officers?'"

"'All down,' says I."

"Where's your gunners?" says he.

"'All down but me,' says I."

"And you've been fighting here all alone?" says he.

"I couldn't let 'em come and get the guns, could I? I says, and then he up and put this ribbon on me probably because there was nobody else there to put it on."

Too Obliging.

When a Sixth avenue elevated train reached the Twenty third street station an elderly and poorly dressed woman arose and walked slowly toward the door. She had reached the platform and was about to step off when a man noticed that she had left a paper parcel behind. "Hey! You forgot something," he shouted, but the woman never turned about. He jumped off the car and reached the woman's side as the gate banged and the train moved on. "Much obliged, but that ain't mine," said the woman. A sickly smile overspread the man's face as he said to the people who had witnessed the refusal of the parcel, "She's right; it belongs to me," and, seeing that some of the witnesses were incredulous, he said that the parcel contained a child's rubber coat, proving it by opening the parcel. He then joined in the laugh on himself.—New York Tribune.

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IN The Bend Bulletin of December 4, there were some articles comparing BEND and its future with Seattle and its past. Did you read them? You undoubtedly did. If you did not, loose no time to do so and while you are reading **THINK**. After thinking hard, ask yourself if you can afford to let pass another such opportunity as those now wealthy men in Seattle who could see into the future took advantage of--then invest in Bend property.

Once there was a man who said he would never do anything he hadn't done before. Fortunately there were not many of his kind, so the world continued to advance just the same.

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