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COOS BAY STEAM LAUNDRY

HE—SHE AND THE IMP
 By A. C. BOWSEY
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He went to breakfast fully prepared and determined to speak about it. When half through the meal, he compromised with himself—he would just hint.

Yet the evening came. With it his laundry and the landlady, and the hint was not yet given.

"Mrs. Halstead was the landlady, or 'the mother of two, the relict of three,' as the cheerful idiot in the hall-room epitomized her. 'He was only a counter-jumper,' the landlady scornfully remarked before she fired him.

Mrs. Halstead had watched the old man all day. In her mind he had been construed and reconstructed into a possible fourth in the 'also ran' class, whereby she should change her name—and later wear crapes. For three months at one time she had dutterings around the heart because of an air of embarrassment about him when he looked at her. Finally he told her about some mice that had invaded his closet. In her eyes it was evidently only a hasty excuse when his courage failed him.

The 'old chump,' as she called him, had recently assumed mourning and remained in his room all day. These two things urged Mrs. Halstead to encourage him to speak his mind, argue quite accurately that some one had died, and he had inherited.

As she plumped herself in a chair after laying the laundry on the bed, grimly she waited.

Mr. Peters was rejoiced at her lingering.

The lean old man paced the floor, favoring her at every turn with a look of indecision.

"Mrs. Halstead," he began hesitatingly—he seemed to be talking to the roscuda on the carpet—"I have—hem—wanted to speak to you about—"

He flushed, closed his thin lips obstinately and continued his walk irresolutely.

"Was there ever such an old fool?" she said to herself under cover of her apron—her face had a habit of perspiring under mental pressure. "About?" she queried in her smoothest tone. Her supplemental toilet was finished.

"Yes, about—"

His heart forsook him.

"Well, I guess another time will do, Mrs. Halstead." He sat down, trembling.

In the glare that she threw at the back of his bald head the orange blossoms were drooping, drooping and glowing.

"Now, Mr. Peters," she coaxed, "hadn't you better get it off your mind once and for all? I know'd you wanted to say something—oh, the coy ways of forty-five years, and 150 pounds—"

and—couldn't just get the hang of it—how to say it, I mean."

Her words were very grateful to him.

"Perhaps you are right; only I thought—it might—be considered—eccentric—or—imbecile—senseless—"

"I'd like to see any one say so, sir," she bristled, like a porcupine, or as only a landlady can. "They would not stay in this house and say it. Besides, I think every—every one—shyly—rather expects it."

"Oh, indeed? Well, I am sure—still, it is very gratifying—very, very," said the old man. "You see, the newspapers say there are 300 of them to choose from. Do you think you could get a nice, pretty one—for me?"

She was bewildered, but not entirely nonplussed. From experience she knew the old man had a habit of speaking "adjacent thoughts" aloud.

"You won't mind the children?" endeavoring to bring him round to the main chance and at the same time ascertain the future status of her two little darlings.

"Why, bless you, no," he exclaimed. "I love children—always have—good ones. Now that I feel—immediately able to care for one, I want to indulge myself. It has been the dream of my life." The old man was talking to himself. "I have lived a lonesome life. I never had a bobby, like other men, except this." Then he turned to her. "I prefer a boy, not too old—two or three years, I trust, would be old enough; also, while I think of it, I will pay you for any trouble he may cause you." Mr. Peters drew forth his wallet. His face was full of a tremulous excitement.

Mrs. Halstead mentally heard a rattle that as the bottom fell out of her hopes. But she did not show it when the old man placed a bill and a newspaper clipping in her palm and dismissed her with "Please get him to-morrow, poor little chump! I suppose they feed them on bread and water. He must be hungry." For, if the truth be known, the old man had in his early youth been an item of public expense owing to the hibulous habits of his male progenitor.

A "facious" hope presented itself to her. "Why, Mr. Peters, why don't you get married and—"

Her modesty would not allow her to proceed.



The value put on skim milk by farmers differs very much. At some creameries to avoid trouble a slight charge is made for the skim milk and a correspondingly higher price is paid for the butter. The usual charge for skim milk is from 5 to 10 cents per 100 pounds. In many cases I noticed farmers take back only a fraction of their share of the skim milk, while a few enterprising ones would buy all the surplus and think they had quite a bargain. Why this difference of opinion among feeders? asks L. W. Lighty in National Stockman. Why is it that some men having calves and pigs to feed cannot pay 9 to 10 cents per 100 pounds for skim milk when such eminent and successful feeders and experimenters as Mr. Gurler of Illinois or Professor Henry of Wisconsin place the value per 100 pounds at half as much as a bushel of corn sells for if fed in a proper condition and in the right combination of hogs? At some creameries the skim milk is run into a slop tank that "smells unto heaven" and that ruins the milk for feeding purposes. In many cases the farmer has a still barrel into which he empties his skim milk and there it degenerates very rapidly. It is never better and its feeding value is never greater than immediately after it leaves the separator in a sweet and clean condition.

The Cow's Digestive Organs.
 The digestive apparatus of the cow is something to carefully consider when buying a cow or when breeding. The powerful digestive system is needed in the dairy that the most may be made out of the feed. The large enteric is the cow that makes the most money for her owner. Some cows have digestive systems of such weakness that they are easily foundered. They go "off feed" at every opportunity, and their milk yield is decreased in consequence, says Dairy and Creamery. On the other hand, there are cows that can eat any amount and never be disturbed by it. The writer once had such a cow. One night she got loose and found her way to the feed bins and boxes. She proceeded to fill up in the most complete manner. In the morning she met her owner at the door. She was evidently packed as full of cornmeal and middlings as she could be, with nothing but breathing room left. A foundered cow was the expected result of the feasting. The animal, however, experienced no inconvenience from the gorging and the next day was ready for her accustomed ration. She was a large producer of very rich milk.

Hardy Canadian Breeds.
 Farmers in northern climates are interested in hardy breeds of dairy cattle. The growth in dairying calls for a cow adapted to the somewhat rigorous conditions of countries as distant as northwest Canada. Why not look up the merits of the French Canadian cattle? They are small, rugged, bred to the long, cold winters of Quebec and northern New York, are persistent milkers, producing 3,000 to 6,000 pounds a year, giving excellent returns for the feed consumed, are the very best of foragers, their chief weak point being lack of size. The illustration is of a French Canadian bull, considered a good specimen of the breed. It is the property of C. E. Coburn of New York—American Agriculturist.

The Devout of Sleepy Hollow.
 In England Devon cattle are bred like Red Polls, for beef and milk, both, and English breeders keep in the middle of the road pretty well. In this country some breeders have gone to one side or the other. As to the merits of Devon cattle for beef, milk and draft purposes there is no controversy. They are especially well fitted for some sections. And as to the enterprise of the Devon fraternity as a whole there is no controversy either; they don't have any. No breeder or association of breeders who fails to make use of modern mediums for pushing his business can expand it. The Devon will never be more popular than it is now so long as its breeders continue their present course. Sleepy Hollow is a pleasant place, so doubt, but it's no place for a business man or association.—National Stockman and Farmer.

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