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 Sarsaparilla.

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 one again.

Those Dear Friends.

Nan—I always know when Jack is at the front door. He gives just one 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 thin 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. You will be delighted with K. C. baking powder. It 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 Bow, I mean.

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 breds, 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. Pure-bred 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 15½c, $1.55.

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

1907—Average fleece, 6¼ 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 4¼ 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 4¼ and 4¼ 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 6¼ 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 is 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.

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 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.—P. 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?—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.

A Diplomat.

Nice Old Gent—My boy, don't you know it's wrong to smoke cigarettes?

Small boy—Yessir.

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.

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."

THOUSANDS KILLED

Sicily and Calabria Are Shaken by Earthquakes.

TIDAL WAVES FOLLOW TEMBLORS

Whole Cities Devastated and Survivors in State of Panic—Hundreds of Boats Lost.

Rome, Dec. 29.—The three provinces of Cosensa, Catansaro and Reggio di Calabria, comprising the department of Calabria, which forms the southwestern extremity of Italy, or the "toe of the boot," were devastated yesterday by an earthquake, the far-reaching effects of which were felt almost throughout the entire country. The town of Messini, in Sicily, was partly destroyed, and Catania was inundated. In Messini hundreds of houses have fallen, and many persons have been killed.

Owing, however, to the fact that telegraphic and telephonic communication was almost completely destroyed, it is impossible to obtain even an approximate estimate of the damage, but reports received here up to a late hour last night indicate that the havoc has been great, and the destruction of life and property more terrible than Italy has experienced in many years.

The City of Messina has suffered probably more than any other place, the latest information coming directly from that quarter stating that two-thirds of the town was destroyed and several thousand persons killed.

The steamers Washington and Montebello, which were in the harbor, later proceeded to Catania, loaded with injured, who were so stupefied by terror that they seemed unable to realize what had happened, simply saying that it looked as though the end of the world had come. Five steamers left Catania for Messina to assist in removing the injured from that place, who are reported to number thousands.

At Catania the panic-stricken people, fearing new shocks, absolutely refused to enter their houses, and are camping on the squares.

The tidal wave sank 500 boats there and did great damage to several large vessels and steamers, including the Austrian steamer Buda.

Not only did Catania suffer from the effects of a tidal wave, but a similar body of water inundated the handsome streets of Messina which flank the harbor, covering them with a thick layer of mud, which rendered more difficult the succoring of the wounded, many of whom could be seen lying under the wreckage.

It is reported that the villages of Faro and Ganzirri, adjoining Messina, have disappeared. The effects of the earthquake were aggravated through an explosion of gas. The flames swept along several streets, adding terror upon terror.

In Calabria, the region around Monteleone was most affected. The village of Stefanianiconi, the inhabitants of which number 23,000, was virtually destroyed. Only five persons were killed, but many were injured.

MANY VILLAGES RUINED.

Quake Centers at Etna—Thieves Rob Dead and Start Fires.

Palermo, Dec. 29.—Reports from all the towns and villages around Messina state that serious damage has been done by the earthquake, and that the number of victims is large. The gravest damage was done to public buildings and churches at Floridia, Noto Chiaramonto, Vittoria, Paterno, Terranova, Marianopoli and Narro. At Mimo there were a number of shocks.

At Augusta, which once before was destroyed by an earthquake, the tidal wave destroyed the government salt works. The prisoners employed there mutinied, but were eventually suppressed.

At Patti the shock was accompanied by a blinding flash of light, while serious havoc was wrought at Barcelona and ten persons were killed at Castroreal and Montagamo.

The Santa Maria college at Alix, between Messina and Catania, was overthrown, several of the girl students being buried in the ruins.

There is no doubt that a large portion of Messina has been destroyed.

To add to the disaster thieves were soon setting fires at various points and stealing everything they could lay their hands on, even robbing the injured as they lay hopeless, and the dead. The stores were broken into and great disorder and even terrorism prevailed for a time. The authorities, however, promptly took the most stringent measures to maintain order, and those who were caught in acts of incendiarism or robbery were severely dealt with.

One Year for Each Cent.

Oakland, Cal., Dec. 29.—One year in prison for each copper penny he had stolen was the punishment meted out to George Gross yesterday morning by Superior Judge Brown. He pleaded guilty to the burglary of the store of G. W. Wetmore, at Thirty-fourth street and San Pablo avenue, about a month ago. Thomas Driscoll was the companion in the robbery, and the two of them secured some tobacco and eleven pennies.

San Francisco's Big Tax.

San Francisco, Dec. 29.—City Treasurer McDougald yesterday sent to the state treasurer's office at Sacramento $1,030,524.29 in gold, that sum being the city's share of state taxes. The money was sent through the Wells-Fargo express, and is one of the biggest consignments of coin ever sent out of San Francisco.

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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 cold, 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

25 CENTS

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, going 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 hat 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.

FITS St. Vitus' Dance and nervous diseases permanently cured by Dr. J. Hoo's Great Nerve Restorer. Send for FREE $2.00 trial bottle and treatise. Dr. R. H. Kline, Ld., 931 Arch St., Philadelphia, Pa.

The Unattainable.

The fiery orator was predicting that the bank guaranty scheme would win yet, in spite of everything.

"But can you gharantee 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.

Floored.

Elderly Relative—Reginald, why do you wear such a mop of hair on your head?

Reginald—I belong to a scrub football team, auntie.

John Wouldn't Be There.

"I canna' leave ye thus, Nancy," a good old Scotchman wailed. "Ye're too auld to work an' ye couldna' live in the almshouse. Gin I die, ye maun marry anither man, wha'll keep ye in comfort in yer auld age."

"Nay, nay, Andy," answered the good spouse, "I could na' wed anither man, for what wad I do wi' two husbands in heaven?" Andy pondered long over this; but suddenly his face brightened.

"I hae it, Nancy!" he cried. "Ye ken auld John Clemens? He's a kind man, but he is na' a member o' the kirk. He likes ye, Nancy, an' gin ye'll marry him, 'twill be all the same in heaven—John's na Christian."

PILES CURED IN 6 TO 14 DAYS

PAZO OINTMENT is guaranteed to cure any case of Itching, Blind, Bleeding or Protruding Piles in 6 to 14 days or money refunded. 50c.

In the Art Gallery.

Old Lady—Haven't you got any more figures in marble?

Attendant—No, madam; these are all. Is there some particular one you are looking for?

Old Lady—Yes. I want the statue of limitations I've heard my husband talk so much about.

And Then Some.

"The air in here is something awful," said the stranger, who had never been in the Chicago postoffice building before. "What's the reason it smells so bad?"

"According to some of our bacteriological experts," answered the stamp clerk, "there are 927,344,725,681,390,007 reasons for the odor. I've never counted them myself, but I believe the experts are approximately correct."—Chicago Tribune.

His Working Capital.

"What a striking looking man you have for a driver of one of your coal wagons," observed the customer.

"Yes," said the dealer; "he used to be a cowboy."

"How came he to drift into this kind of work?"

"Well, he said he wanted some job in which he could use his vocabulary."

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HOWARD E. BURTON—Assayer and Chemist, Leadville, Colorado. Specimen prices: Gold, Silver, or Lead, $1; Gold, Silver, Lead, or Zinc or Copper, $1. Cyanide tests. Mailing envelopes and full price list sent on application. Control and Umpire work solicited. References: Carbonate National Bank.

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