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It is estimated that a sufferer from colds loses three days' time from work every year.

At church, in the "movie," or at any entertainment, if your neighbor has a cold and sneezes or coughs, the air is full of germs and if you are not in good condition, you may become ill. The only sure protection your body can have is blood in good condition. Take that splendid herbal tonic.

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All these attractions will be presented at the Public Auditorium, Portland.

Makes Humorous Reading.

To read the arguments against railroads in their early days gives one a sense of restful security in these days of rapid travel. John Bull, in 1835, asked how women "would endure the fatigue and misery and danger of being dragged through the air at the rate of 20 miles an hour, all their lives being at the mercy of a tinplate or a copper boiler, or the accidental dripping of a pebble or a brick on the line of way." Verily the times have changed!

Good Sealing Ground

Fur-bearing seals, whose pelts are considered second in quality only to the better known Alaskan seal, are found in the vicinity of a small island a few miles off the coast of Uruguay, South America.

Always Pays Dividends

No man ever sowed the grain of generosity who gathered not up the harvest of the desire of his heart.—Snadl.

Finns' Double Christmas.

For centuries before the year 1772 the people of Finland had four Christmas holidays, but a Swedish royal decree issued that year abolished the third and fourth, as it was thought desirable to curtail the festival in the interest of work. But the Finns still have two Christmas holidays, December 25 and 26 (St. Stephen's day).

Ungallant.

He had married a very small woman, and was being chaffed about it at the club. "Now, look here, you fellows," he said. "It's all very well laughing about this, but I always base my conduct on certain definite principles. One of them is: Given a choice of evils, always choose the lesser."—London Tit-Bits.

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P. N. U. No. 16, 1926

THE LAST CARTRIDGE

By WILLIAM G. BEYMER

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THE first man who built a shack beside the Santa Fe siding at that spot of desert where the sun's rays seemed to focus, and which was later to become the cowtown of Coro, found, after two weeks' residence, that his claim could never be that of oldest inhabitant. In an idle moment of curiosity he rode up a faintly marked trail, which wandered aimlessly along the side of a small canyon into the low foothills three or four miles from his shack, and there he received the surprise of his life. Rounding a sudden turn, he rode at one step out of the sterility of the sage and sand and blistering rock, into a basin-shaped valley not a stone's throw in diameter. A very old, weather-beaten corral and a shack, whitewashed and, wonder of wonders, covered by morning-glory vines; a bubbling spring, fringed by lush grass and carefully girdled by a barbed-wire fence, against which leaned a tall, slender, brown-haired girl who stared at him in silence—all these he saw at one sweeping, comprehensive glance. The door of the shack opened and a shaggy old man stepped, blinking, into the glare of sunlight. He carried a Winchester over his arm. The girl, without speaking, crossed lithely the intervening space and stood beside him. There was such an air of hostility about the two that the nearly oldest inhabitant was rendered speechless.

"Well!" rumbled the old man. "Afternoon, neighbor," pacifically said the man from the siding. There was a pause. "I got a shanty, yonder, by the sidin'—I jes' rode over—I didn't know anyone was livin' here," the man from the siding made an uncomfortable job explaining. The girl said never a word.

"Ef y've got a shack by the sidin' I reckon y' can't be in need o' nothin'," the old man spoke slowly. "Mebbe y'd better get off my land and ride back where y' come from."

Had he been less taken aback, the man who had "jes' rode over" would have resented the other's attitude but, in a daze, he put on his sombrero, turned his horse, and loped down the trail—and out of this story.

The town of Coro sprang up as cowtowns will. When five shacks faced the siding, a saloon came, and there followed all the adjuncts and appurtenances of a haphazardly built cattle depot. Men there were who lived in the shacks, caroused and fought; but there were no women; hence the burning interest for the "gal up the canyon." Twice a month O'Connaugh rode into town for supplies and, as morosely, rode out again. New arrivals appeared. When two men had been shot at and narrowly missed, it was not considered healthy to "snoop around the morning-glories."

A notable exception was young Billy Deane, but lately from the Brazos. He said little, but listened; and after the manner of silent men it was his to win. As to the incident of their meeting and the ripening of the acquaintance into love, no one ever knew. A Circle-O man had come unexpectedly upon the two, riding lithely along in the early twilight and, unseen himself, had slipped away. His news spread like wild fire. When the unsuspecting lover showed up an hour later he was greeted by a sudden roar of congratulations and queries. For a second he stood aghast, then deftly whipped out a long-barreled Colt, and, lolling back, drawled: "Ef any gent wants to discuss my pus'nal business—"

There was an instant's silence. Smith, the spokesman, saved the situation. He made a broad, inclusive gesture and the roomful, as one man, stepped to the bar. When cigars were passed, each man bowed solemnly to the flushed youngster, then turning, faced the foothills. So delicate a compliment could not be resented by the most fastidious.

The progress of the courtship could only be speculated upon, until one Sunday, about a month later. The afternoon was stifling, oppressive; the dozen men who hunched in the chairs tilted against the wall, were listless and inert. Outside, there was not a breath of air, but in the south gray, wind-ribbed clouds stole up over the horizon and seemed linked to earth by a pallid haze which grew in height as it drew swiftly nearer.

Deane entered and noiselessly crossed the room. When he reached the bar he turned and faced the row against the wall.

"There's a preacher chap in from the Fort," he said. Then all in one breath, "he's goin' to hold a meetin' in Carley's place, an' after the meetin' I'm goin' to be married. She's read about these here big church weddings an' she says she allus wanted one o' them kind, and this is 'a near 'w' kin come to it. You boys is invited."

Then, as his words were slowly comprehended, the row of tilted chairs came down with a crash and there was a joyous scramble to reach him. Outside, the sand storm had come, and it beat against the window panes, but no one noticed it. No one noticed the puff of dust that swirled in as the door opened. No one noticed the old man, specter like in his leprosy-white powdering of alkali. Young Deane, above the hubbub, was unnecessarily explaining: "I'm goin' to marry the girl up the canyon—Miss Corinne Connaugh."

"Say that again, young feller!"

In the hush the answer jerked out: "I'm—goin'—to—marry your daughter." A shot flashed the sentence.

A moment after, it would have seemed that what had happened could never have occurred were it not for the huddled figure on the floor and the open door through which came clouds of dust.

Out in the enveloping, obliterating storm, his bridle flying, his arms vainly shielding his low-bent face, rode an old man, shouting at the stinging sand: "She's all I have—all I I have." The hoarse voice scarcely rose above a whisper in the gray night or flying sand, but he still cried his justification: "All—all I have!"—again and again till the blinded pony staggered into the sheltering hills.

The cabin, as he entered, struck an unfamiliar note of emptiness.

"Corinne!" he called fearfully. After the unavailing search he stood still in the center of the room, staring dumbly before him. She would come back to her old dad, surely, yes, surely. Wasn't he all she had—now? His eyes gleamed malignantly. She would come! If not? Then he would go back to town; but he must wait until dark, to go now meant death. Another thought struck him, and he mapped open the breach of his revolver, drew out four discharged shells and tossed them away; then he felt in the pocket of his coat first on one side then on the other. His bewildered expression gave place to a look of abject terror. "I went to town for cartridges an' I didn't git 'em. Now I got only two. Two!" he groaned. "If they should come before dark? But they won't come, they won't come!" He reiterated over and over again.

The only window of the room was heavily shuttered. He dragged the table over against the door, then swung himself down in the corner in the gloom, and waited—waited. The hot afternoon ground itself away with pitiless emphasis of time. A knot-hole, low on the western wall, let a bar of sunlight into the murky room and it fell in a brilliant splotch of gold on the grim floor. The old man eyed it morosely until he noticed that it moved. After that he watched it eagerly, glinting, as the bar lengthened inch by inch and the flock of gold slowly crossed the floor. He crawled about until he found two of the empty shells that he had tossed away; then he put one of them squarely in the center of the circle of light, the other a few inches in advance. Gradually the light left the one shell in shadow, crept the distance between, and as it glittered on the brass of the other, the old man grinned. Then he moved the rear shell ahead. So the day waned.

The circle of light had crossed the floor and was traveling up the eastern wall. The man watched it exultantly. "An hour more! Only an hour!" he whispered. The bar was now horizontal, six inches above the floor; then it paled, flickered, and went out. He gave a gasp of relief. Outside, the sun was dipping below the horizon. The dusk deepened swiftly. He crossed the room and began to drag the table from the door. Suddenly he paused and listened intently. Then a look of utter hopelessness came into the haggard face. "Oh, God, y' might ha' given me ten little minutes more!" he whined. Nearer, nearer came the galloping hoofs, and a score of riders swept up.

"All right, Connaugh!" a dozen voices called. "It's all right!"

A gleam of wolfish cunning crossed the old man's face. "They don't fool me," he sneered, and as a hand fumbled with the latch, he fired through the door, breast high.

"Oh, dad!"

He tore away the table and flung open the door. At his feet knelt Deane with the girl's body in his arms.

"She is dead," he said.

Behind him stood the semi-circle of men, for once too horrified to act.

Deane stood up. "My wife goes home to my cabin. Help me, boys. Him!"

—In answer to the rising mutterings—"We leave him to his thoughts!"

High in the hills above the silent, lonely valley a wolf howled in the dark. From the black open doorway of the cabin came a soft scuffling sound as of some one on hands and knees groping upon the floor. Then the voice of an old, old man: "One cartridge is all I have left—just all!"

Card-Playing Ancient

The origin of playing-cards is uncertain, although it is probable they appeared in Europe about 1350. It is claimed, however, that they were introduced into Europe by way of Spain, having been brought from the Near East by Arabs or Saracens. The earliest known mention of European cards occurs in 139, at which time an entry was made in the treasury books of France of "fifty sols of France paid to Jacquemin Gringonneur for three packs of cards for the amusement of the king" (Charles VI), who had lost his reason. Early in the Fifteenth century, the use of playing-cards spread all over Europe. A duty was first placed on them in England in 1615.—Exchange.

Tadpole Growth

When hatched the tadpole has no limbs and even the tail is absent or very small. It is, however, provided with discs with which it attaches itself to the egg mass or a water plant. It has no mouth, eyes, nostrils or gills, still being nourished by the yolk within its body. This is particularly true of the spring frog which spends its first winter as a tadpole, becoming a full-sized frog when about a year old. Then it is only half grown and it may require another year for it to become three to four inches long.

POULTRY

CAUSE OF SCABBY LEGS IN POULTRY

The unsightly disease which affects the legs of fowls, causing them to swell and become distorted, is due to a mite, a small insect which is similar in appearance to that which causes scab in sheep. It is roundish-oval and semi-transparent, about one eight-hundredth of an inch in length, appearing, when magnified 400 diameters, about half an inch long. Beneath the scales there are spongy, scabby growths, in which the eggs and pupae of the mites are to be seen in great numbers. The pupae are very similar in shape to mature mites, but are very much smaller, appearing, when viewed with the above-mentioned power, about one-tenth of an inch in length. The disease, being of a similar character to the scab in sheep, or the mange in dogs and cattle, may be cured by the same treatment. Fowls were cured of this disease, before accurately knowing the cause, by applying to the legs a mixture of lard with one-twentieth part of carbolic acid. This should be applied with a stiff brush, such as one of those sold with bottles of muckage. A very small painter's sash-brush would answer the purpose; but something must be used by which the medicated grease can be applied thoroughly to the crevices between the scales.

A mixture of equal parts of lard or sweet-oil and kerosene will be equally as effective as the carbolic acid mixture. It is probable that lard, or oil alone, would be effective, but the kerosene more easily penetrates between the scales and the carbolic acid is sure death to the parasites. The remedy being so simple, it will be inexcusable if this disagreeable affection is suffered to remain in a flock; while, however, one fowl is troubled with it, it will certainly spread, as the mites will burrow beneath the scales of the other fowls. If precautions are generally used, the parasite can be exterminated. Whenever affected fowls are sent out, the disease goes with them.

Pullets Grown Rapidly Will Give Best Profit

A study of the relation of certain factors in the single comb White Leghorns at the University of Idaho agricultural experiment station showed that the more a pullet weighed when she started laying, the heavier were the first ten eggs she laid. The largest pullets, as measured by their maximum weight for the year, laid eggs that averaged the heaviest for the year.

This is an important consideration because in the past, early maturity, as indicated by a small number of days from the date of hatch to date of first egg, has been emphasized. It is quite natural to expect that the pullets that begin laying early weigh less when they start to lay than those that take a longer time to mature. Rapid bodily maturity is, therefore, as essential as rapid sexual maturity, as indicated by the laying of the first egg.

No correlation was found to exist between the size of the pullet and her yearly production. The large pullet laying a large egg would seem desirable. The large pullet, however, matures too slowly and is a less efficient egg producer. Efficient management calls for pullets of medium size, matured normally, both bodily and sexually. The indications are that such pullets have the best chance of being producers of standard eggs as well as an equal chance of being high producers.

Wisconsin Experts Give Rations for the Chicks

For chicks the first ten days Wisconsin experts recommend this corn cake: Finely ground corn, 1 pint; wheat bran, 1 teaspoonful; soda, 1 teaspoonful; sour milk, 1 teaspoonful. Bake one hour and feed four times a day. Mix a little dry grain chick feed into the litter to induce exercise.

After the first few days the following mash is recommended, either fed dry or mixed crumbly with water or sour milk: Corn meal, 150 pounds; wheat bran, 100 pounds; wheat middlings, 100 pounds; rolled oats, 25 pounds; meat scrap, 20 pounds; oil meal, 5 pounds; salt, 3 pounds.

The poultry department of Cornell university recommends this ration for fattening, with milk, and fed wet: Corn meal, 50 pounds; white wheat middlings, 20 pounds; ground heavy oats, 10 pounds. This is to be mixed to a batter, fresh at each feeding, with buttermilk or skim milk. It will require approximately two pounds of milk to one pound of mash.

Hatchability of Eggs

The hatchability of eggs depends mostly on the constitutional condition of the breeding stock that is to produce the eggs. Next it might be said that the constitutional vigor of the breeding stock greatly depends on the conditions under which they are kept, that is if they are properly housed and fed. Hens and well-matured pullets may both be used for breeding purposes with success, but great care should be taken that both hens and pullets are healthy.

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Watch Used as Compass.

The statement that all watches are compasses refers to the fact that the directions are easily ascertainable with the aid of a watch. Let the watch lie flat on the hand, with the hour hand pointing toward the sun, and the point on the circle half way between the hour hand and XII, will be directly south in the northern hemisphere and directly north in the southern hemisphere.

Rabies.

New York records show that the poodle does more biting than any other sort of dog. Often the poodle bites for the reason that a baby cries—in protest against too much pampering and mollycoddling.

Strictly Cash.

About the only thing you can't buy on the installment plan nowadays is character. — Worcester Evening Gazette.

Her Objection.

The doctor was called to attend little Audrey who was ill. He prescribed for her a bottle of medicine which he insisted was pleasant to take. But Audrey steadfastly refused to imbibe it. She smiled slyly at the medicine man and declared: "Aw, you can't fool me, Doc! I am fully aware that it is not as good as peach ice cream." — Kansas City Star.

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Santa Claus in England.

Bret Harte's story, "How Santa Claus Came to Simpson's Bar," published in 1872, is credited with popularizing Santa Claus in England. Dickens' stories popularized so much of the rest of Christmas custom that his memory can spare this considerable item.

Measuring Time.

In a wholesale test made at Johns Hopkins university men and women were requested to sit at ease for a definite time—two minutes was the actual period. They were then asked to estimate how long they had been seated. The males all measured the time as being within half a minute and three minutes. The calculations of the women ranged all the way from ten seconds to twelve minutes.—Los Angeles Times.

Alfonso de Albuquerque, viceroy of India, won for himself the title of the "Portuguese Mars" by his feat in 1503 of capturing Goa and subduing the whole of Malabar, Ceylon, Sunda Isles and the Malacca peninsula.

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