

HINTS FOR STOCK OWNERS

Never feed corn alone to hogs. It is false economy.

Carelessness in handling pigs is a bad habit to acquire.

Some farmers seem to be growing into agriculturalists.

Many a man's honesty has kept him from biting on a get-rich-quick scheme.

In countries where colts run out the year around, the mature horses have much stronger legs.

Some corn stalks may be fed to the porkers every day. They are sweet and do the hogs good.

Some farmers sell their corn shelled and others dispose of it in the ear, but Western farmers find it most profitable to sell it in the hog.

Nowadays draft horses must be matched to sell well.

Choose for the breeding mare a solid color—dark bay, black or chestnut.

All good farmers watch the condition of their colts when put into winter quarters. A colt allowed to lose its colt flesh and become thin, will never make the horse he would if kept growing from the start.

Horses of color and with peculiar markings never sell so well as those of solid colors; besides they are more difficult to match.

Look out for bad habits in your colts. It is so much easier to keep them out than it is to get rid of them if they once get a hold on the young horse.

A juicy wether hung up in a cold, dry place will provide choice dinners for the family until it is used up. Don't forget to have mashed turnips and butter with it.

Make up your mind that you will not let the calves get stunted this winter. Keep them growing. They will be better cows, and better cows are what we are working for.

A good rack for feeding sheep can be made by almost any sensible farmer. About all that is needed is a support for the hay so that it shall not fall to the ground and be wasted and also be handy for the sheep to get at.

If your oven does not bake, don't get mad about it and think that the stove is a nuisance. Just clean out the top and bottom of the stove. You will be surprised at the amount of soot you will get and how much better the stove will bake.

There is no danger of overstocking the dairy cow market so long as the systematic robbing of the herds by the disposal of calves continues. When cows sell for from \$50 to \$75 at public sales, it seems like folly to hurry off the calves for a few dollars a head.

It is natural for children to like candy; and good candy is wholesome for them, taken at the proper time—which is not between meals. A good plan is to serve it for dessert several times a week; a few pieces are enough for each child. Used in this way it is not extravagant, as it saves the making of other desserts.

There are too many people who are like my new teakettle. You can pile fire under it, and polish it all you please, but it won't sing; all it will do is to grunt a little, and if you take the lid off, it will scald the hand. Isn't that a picture of grumpy, surly people who don't appreciate kindness? Give me the old iron kettle that can sing, and the old jolly people who can sing, also.

GUMPTION ON THE FARM

Defeat to a successful man is only a tonic.

Some advice is no good until it is tested; and some is no good afterward.

A five-cent pocketbook may be the means of making a business man out of your boy.

The best feeds are clover hay, a mixture of oats, wheat bran, linseed meal and roots.

A man who hurries so fast that he hasn't time to be careful, will always be behind with his work.

The thing that never comes to any of us, is the thing that is as bad as we think it is going to be.

It is folly to strike while the iron is hot unless you first know what you are going to make of it.

The sheep barn must be dry and well ventilated. Foul odors and too much heat bring on pneumonia.

When the devil can not tempt a man to give up a good fight any other way, he offers him a "broader field."

Storm doors do not look well, but try them this winter and see if their convenience does not overbalance their want of looks.

The snail does not break any speed records, but often goes farther and to better purpose than a two-minute nag on a race track.

Providence will never be able to do much for the farmer who treats his cows and horses better than he does his wife and children.

Something wrong with the wheels that wobble. Have them fixed up before you drive them over rough roads or you may have a breakdown.

WHY NOT CLEAR LAKE?

Much has recently been said and published about diverting the waters of the Clear Lake reservoir from their natural outlet, Lost River, to the district south of Clear Lake.

For various reasons this is not likely and much publicity from a small source for, first, the Reclamation Bureau has made but a very rough preliminary survey of the alleged irrigation district south of Clear Lake and have no information concerning it or its possibilities that consider worth mentioning; second, the engineers and irrigationists who have carefully examined the district in California do not consider it feasible because of lava formation and lack of sufficient good soil. It is neither an arid plain nor a rich valley, being broken by ridges of lava, generally in ledges and sometimes in loose formation, porous enough to furnish an outlet for the Arctic Ocean.

The Clear Lake reservoir original-Langell Valley and other valleys adjacent to Lost River, will undoubtedly be used as first proposed, and that just as soon as the landowners agree to stand the cost, which of right they should do, and of necessity they will have to do.

That the diversion of Clear Lake to California is simply a bluff to bring the Langell Valley land owners into line, is as likely as a million-dollar bet on two ducats, but that is no good reason why said land owners should hold out. They have but one good reason, and that is, not wishing irrigation. If such is the case, and should be proved to be the case, then what matters it if the Clear Lake waters are diverted, but it would form no basis of argument in favor of conserving the waters at Horseshoe Reservoir, for the cost would be no less, than the water supply certainly would be less.

It is very reasonable to presume that either the waters of Clear Lake will furnish the necessary irrigation for the Upper project, or that the Upper project will not be completed.

Do not be deluded into thinking Clear Lake will be diverted into California, but get busy and sign up your land under the Upper project—do not be so technical, but make less use of lawyers and more use of your own sound judgment. That you will have to pay every dollar it costs is certain and entirely just, but if irrigation is to enrich you, why keep delaying it? Pay what it costs, get your farms to paying big annual revenues, get where they will bring fancy prices and do it before they pass into the hands of the second and third generation. Good land is getting more valuable each succeeding year, and land with perpetual irrigation will reach a high figure, probably much greater than is generally expected at the present time.

The writer of this article owns no farm, does not belong to the Reclamation Service and is merely

A SPECTATOR.

Bonanza, Ore., Jan. 10, 1910.

LEASES AMERICAN HOTEL

Horace Dunlap has purchased the lease of W. E. Seehorn to the American Hotel building and took charge of the hostelry this morning. Mr. Dunlap disposed of his cattle interests last fall and while he still owns several ranches, he will give his personal attention to the hotel business and become a permanent resident of the city.

A SMALL BLAZE

The roof of the residence of Mrs. Merito, mother-in-law of G. B. Weatherby, caught fire yesterday. The blaze was quenched without calling out the volunteer fire department. Seven dollars will cover the drainage.

ESTRAY NOTICE

Strayed from my ranch, eight head long yearling heifers, branded P over half circle on left hip. Under bit right ear, over slope on left ear. Information leading to their recovery, or delivery, will be rewarded.

H. S. PARRISH,
Merrill, Ore.

A comparatively simple typewriter telegraph, which pints the messages on the receiving instrument without any intermediate process, is in successful operation over regular telegraph circuits for short distances around New York.

Features of a pile driver recently put into service by a railroad in the Southwest are cylinders which raise it clear of the tracks and turn it around, and ability to travel without the assistance of a locomotive, and all-steel construction.

On Thursday and Friday we will have by express from California fresh lettuce, celery, grape fruit, pineapples, Columbia River fish and oysters. Monarch Mercantile Co. 1011 phone number. 1-11-2t

A run-down farm needs winding up.

MARRYING IN FRANCE THE HARP CAME BACK

Official Obstacles That Bar the Way to the Ceremony.

THE WORRIES OF A FIANCÉE.

He Has to Brave the Insolence and the Indifference of the Civil Officers in His Efforts to Accomplish the Necessary Preliminary Formalities.

Marrying in France is not an easy matter. On the contrary, the civil officers seem to employ ingenuity in putting as many obstacles as possible in the way of those who contemplate matrimony.

Take the case of a French citizen who until recently resided in the Eighth arrondissement of Paris, but who removed to the Ninth and then began to accomplish the formalities necessary for his marriage.

Smiling and happy, as a man about to wed should be, he presented himself at the mairie of the Ninth ward with the following documents, which he had previously obtained at the mairie of the Eighth arrondissement: His birth certificate, his discharge from the army, the death certificate of his parents and the certificate of his first marriage, for he had been married once already.

On a Saturday afternoon at 4 o'clock he called upon the functionary whose business it is to attend to matters affecting the "etat civil." Eying the visitor coldly, the functionary asked:

"What do you want?"

"To get married," replied the other, smiling.

"It's closed."

"Beg pardon?"

"I said it was closed—for marriages. Come back on Monday or Thursday."

"Why Monday or Thursday instead of Tuesday or Friday? What reason?"

"How should I know? And do you think I care? It's like that—that's all I know."

On the Monday the fiance returned. He had recovered his good humor and his smile, and the first document he handed to the employee at the mairie was his birth certificate, which had cost him originally 2 francs.

"What's that?" exclaimed the functionary, with an air of surprise. "It's too old."

"What do you mean—too old?"

"I mean what I say. Your certificate was made out eight years ago, and it has been used already. I don't want that. I must have one that is not older than three months."

"But my birthday does not change, and it is clearly indicated on this document, which is official. Why do you want one that is not more than three months old?"

"Why? You are too inquisitive."

The fiance was still smiling, but in a rather faint hearted fashion.

"Where is your military memorandum book?" asked the employee.

"I haven't got one."

"What! You haven't got one? And you come here and expect to get married without a 'livret militaire'? No; you're joking. You can't be serious."

"Yes, I am. I'm an officer on the reserve list."

"Show me your mobilization order."

"That's a secret order which I have not the right to show you. The army regulations are opposed to it. Here is my discharge. That is all I can show you."

"All right; we'll see."

Then the fiance interpolated:

"Why must you have a military document?"

"To show that you are really a Frenchman."

"Isn't my birth certificate sufficient?"

"I have no time for discussion. Where is the document showing that your first union was dissolved?"

"Voilà!"

"That's not what I want. I must have a copy of the act of transcription."

"The document I've just given you cost me 2 francs at the mairie at Neuilly. Where must I apply for the other? At Neuilly?"

"No. Go to the registrar of the tribunal of the Seine."

The fiance made for the door, ran downstairs and jumped into a taxicab. In a few minutes he was at the registrar's office.

"Monsieur," replied the assistant registrar, "the registers from Neuilly have not come back yet. But you'll be sure to find them there, and they'll be able to give you all the information you want."

Another taxicab, and ten minutes later the distracted fiance was at the mairie of Neuilly.

"Yes; I understand," replied the official after the visitor had explained the object of his call. "But we can't give you what you want under forty-eight hours."

"I suppose I must wait," said the fiance.

Two days later, armed with a complete dossier, he returned to the mairie of the Eighth arrondissement. His smile had come back; he felt that victory was nigh.

"At last!" he exclaimed triumphantly as the functionary came forward. "I've got them all now."

"Quite right," replied the other after a glance at the various documents. "But did I understand you to say you wanted to be married on the 15th?"

"Yes, that's the date."

"In that case I'm very sorry, monsieur, but that does not leave us the legal time in which to publish the banns. You will have to postpone the date of the ceremony."

Then the fiance's smile "came off" for good, and I doubt whether he will recover it before the wedding day.—Paris Letter in London Post.

Incident in the Career of an Old Time Opera Manager.

A SURPRISE FOR MARETEK.

It Came at a Time When Max Was Broke and the Sheriff Had Levied Upon All His Stage Properties—Mme. Maretzek's Thanks to the Carpenter.

In the old days in New York city, before there was a Metropolitan or a Manhattan Opera House and when the center of the theatrical world was around Fourteenth street, Max Maretzek and Strakosch were prominent at the old Academy of Music. There was a keen rivalry between them. Strakosch had Nilsson, and Maretzek was exploiting Di Murska.

By some error of dates both were booked for New York at the same time. Strakosch was at the Academy and Maretzek, having closed a poor season elsewhere, had halted in New York before going to Philadelphia and secured a week at the Lyceum theater on Fourteenth street. There were strong bills at both places. Each manager had his friends, and the bill-posters had a busy time of it. A round of bills for one company was no sooner posted than the rival billposter covered up the poster with the rival company's sheets.

At last, for the matinee on Saturday, bills at both houses were suddenly changed, every vacant fence place plastered over quickly, and with a peeling storm in the morning the managers began to put out "paper" to fill the houses. Alfred Joel was the business man for Maretzek and an adept at "papering" when necessary. With a house packed from parquet to gallery Joel had counted the boxes, found only \$100 in the house and announced it to Max when the curtain fell between the acts.

This was serious to Max. The ever ready money lender who had "put up for him" had a lien on the box office, a sheriff's officer was in waiting on the stage, and it was a question of reprieve before the properties and costumes could be liberated to follow the company to Philadelphia early next morning.

"Well, Alfred," quietly said Max, "I guess I'm used to trouble. But there is a good, big house anyway." Then, turning to his wife, who was the harpist of the orchestra, he clasped both her hands, kissed her and remarked: "Let your fingers do their best. I want to hear you play. It does my heart good, you know, even when there's trouble."

There was bustling after the performance. Legal talent was at a premium, creditors were obdurate, everything that was supposed to be Maretzek's was temporarily in "lock," and Mme. Maretzek, in tears, with longing looks at the harp she valued.

The scene of negotiations was transferred to the greenroom just as the officers making the levy were searching for more, and when their backs were turned the old stage carpenter hurried Mme. Maretzek away, then called her back again five minutes after and pointed to the orchestra.

The harp had disappeared. Clearing out everything on Sunday morning, while the boxes of properties were being taken away, Max and his wife stood in the center of the darkened stage. Both were crying. The instrument they valued most had been taken from them. Other things had been liberated, but no harp, and with a scene of grief that no others than themselves could have appreciated they were silent.

Then Old Man Guernsey stood between them and waved his hand above them into space. There were a creaking of pulley wheels, an injunction from the carpenter to "look out for your heads," and lowered from above, came Mme. Maretzek's harp, landing on the stage between them.

"Now you've got it again, get it away quick!" said Guernsey. "Stop crying and be thankful. That's all."

He moved off without waiting for thanks, and a pathetic scene with Max and his wife closed the incident. To them the harp was as a part of themselves. To lose it was more than a misfortune, and in a broken voice the lady called the carpenter back to her.

"Please let the harp thank you," said she, "and listen. It will speak with my hands on this Sunday morning."

She placed herself beside it, seated on a box, and, with a smile that chased away tears, gave for a moment or two, as only she could give it, the air of the doxology, "Praise God, From Whom All Blessings Flow."—New York Times.

Trouble Ahead.

A north county coroner is said to be waiting the suicide of a local poet who wrote about clasping "the two tremendous hands" of his ladylove, but which the printer made to read "the two tremendous hands."—London Mail.

A Queer Question.

Small Harold (at the zoo)—What is that funny looking bird, papa? Papa—That is a bald eagle, Harold. Small Harold—How long does an eagle have to be married before he gets bald, papa?—Chicago News.

Usually Has To.

"Say, paw, what is a genius?" "A genius is a man who can do his own washing, sewing and cooking, my boy."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Weak men never yield at the proper time.—Latin.

ODD ELECTION SIGNS.

The Signs Are in Washington, the Elections Elsewhere.

"Of course we don't have any elections of our own," said a man from Washington, "but we have election intimations, if I may call them that, which can't be duplicated anywhere else in the country."

"You see, when we Washingtonians want to vote we've got to do it somewhere else, and as most of us have a lingering fondness for the franchise we are pretty likely to hang on to a residence somewhere outside the District."

"We especially like to do it because it makes us feel as if we had some sort of weapon to flourish before the observing eyes of the politicians who may have something to say about our hold on our jobs, and when the time comes to go home to vote we visibly swell with importance."

"Naturally a national election is the one that catches us all at once, and it is then that the intimations I spoke of do most abound. The papers are full of advertisements of loans for election expenses. Department clerks can be accommodated with sums covering their railway fare, new clothes for the trip and a substantial margin over and above necessary items. The interest is a bit high, but a clerk who is pining to go back home to splurge a bit is willing to mortgage his resources for the pleasure."

"These offers of loans fill columns of the daily papers. Alongside of them are other advertisements, all turning on the one theme, the election. 'Buy yourself a new suit to go home and vote in!' The grammar is a bit off, but the prices are asserted to be all right."

"In the shop windows there are dozens of election placards: 'Just the hat to wear when you go home to vote,' 'Specials in suit cases for the election,' 'Take a souvenir hatpin to your best girl when you go home to vote,' 'Swell suit for the election, only \$1 a week!' and in a shoe store window, 'Tramp, tramp, tramp, the boys are marching—home to vote; wear —'s shoes and you won't get sore feet!'"

"The railways offer special rates to voters, and so it goes. You won't find anything like it in any other town."—New York Sun.

EASILY MANAGED.

The Clever Scheme Evolved by the Clock Winder.

The contract for keeping the church and town hall clocks in order was given to a new man. Unfortunately from the start he experienced a difficulty in getting the clocks to strike at the same time. At last the district council requested an interview with the watchmaker.

"You are not so successful with the clocks as your predecessor," he was told. "It is very misleading to have one clock striking three or four minutes after the other. Before you took them in hand we could hardly tell the two were striking. Surely you are as competent?"

"Every workman has his own methods, gentlemen," replied the watchmaker, "and mine ain't the same as H's were."

"I'm decidedly of the opinion that it would be for the general good if they were," remarked one of the councilors.

"Very well, sir, in future they shall be," came the reply. "I happened to write to him last week about the trouble I had with the clocks, and—but perhaps," he added as he produced a letter and handed it to the chairman, "you'd like to see what he said."

"Dear sir," ran the letter—"about them clocks. When you get to know what a cantankerous lot of busybodies the council consists of you'll do the same as I did for fifteen years—forget to wind up the striker of the town hall clock, and the blooming jackasses won't be able to tell that both clocks ain't striking together!"—London Tit-Bits.

Curious Laws in India.

Some of the odd laws of Nepal, India, were curious. Killing cows ranked with murder as a capital offense, for instance. Every girl at birth was married with great ceremony to a betel fruit, which was then cast into a sacred stream. As the fate of the fruit was uncertain, the girl was supposed never to become a widow. To obtain divorce from a husband a wife had only to place a betel nut under his pillow and depart. In Nepal the day is considered to begin when it is light enough to count the tiles on the roof or distinguish the hairs on a man's hand against the sky.

Ancient Sacrifices.

Many Roman and Greek epicures were very fond of dog flesh. Before Christianity was established among the Danes on every ninth year ninety-nine dogs were sacrificed. In Sweden each ninth day ninety-nine dogs were destroyed. But later on dogs were not thought good enough, and every ninth year ninety-nine human beings were immolated, the sons of the reigning tyrant among the rest, in order that the life of the monarch might be prolonged.

A Far Sighted Man.

"Women vote! Never, sir, with my consent!"

"Why not?"

"What! And have my wife losing thirty dollar hats to other women on the election!"—Boston Transcript.

Particular.

"He's a very particular man."

"Yes, if the doctor told him that he was going to die he would want to telephone ahead for a good room."—New York Press.

NIGHTS OF UNREST

No Sleep, No Rest, No Peace for the Sufferer from Kidney Troubles

No peace for the kidney sufferer—Pain and distress from morn to night.

Get up with a lame back. Twinges of backache bother you all day.

Dull aching breaks your rest at night. Urinary disorders add to your misery.

Get at the cause—cure the kidneys. Doan's Kidney Pills will work the cure.

They're for the kidneys only—Have made great cures in this locality.

Mrs. William Charley, Fourth and G Sts., Medford, Ore., says: "I never had the slightest trouble from my kidneys until some time ago when I injured my back. From that time on I noticed that my kidneys were disordered. My back was so weak and painful that I was unable to stoop and I could not sleep well. I finally learned about Doan's Kidney Pills and procured a box. In less than two weeks after using them I was greatly helped and I was soon in good health. I have recommended Doan's Kidney Pills to a great many people since they cured me."

For sale by all dealers. Price 50 cents. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, New York, sole agents for the United States.

Remember the name—Doan's—and take no other.

DAIRY DEVELOPMENTS

There are not many in sight this week.

The weather has moderated, and a fall of snow made sleighing pretty good in the valley this week.

Mrs. Tom Patterson of Swan Lake Valley has been appointed postmistress of a new postoffice about to be established there.

After preaching here last Sabbath morning, Rev. Norridge hitched up his team and drove down to Olene and preached there in the evening.

S. D. Tooker has been hauling his winter's wood in from the timber on a pair of hobs—a whole tree at a time—thus saving much work in the timber.

A young man named McIntyre has lately been visiting the farmers of the valley securing statistics relating to crop production during the past year, for use of the Chamber of Commerce of the Falls.

A surprise was given last Friday evening at the residence of G. C. Anderson to Miss Kittle Wells by any of her friends in the vicinity. Social games predominated and all went home happy.

Prof. B. M. Hall says too much honor was paid him in crediting him with the management of the Christmas program in last week's letter.

The entire credit should be given to the teacher, Miss Wells, who did all the training and perfecting the program.

Robert Laughlin, the eccentric genius who cut off a hand a year or so ago while in an insane condition, died very suddenly Monday morning last at the residence of Jacob Rueck, supposedly from heart failure, and was buried Tuesday at Bonanza. A large number of his old neighbors and friends attended. Bob Laughlin, as he was familiarly called, had lived in this valley most of the time for the past ten years and was admired for his wit and uniform good humor.

He took up a homestead and made some improvements on it. Being a bachelor, he lived alone in his cabin. Not possessing a team to work his place, he went to work in town some years ago, and while there he became insane for a time and was sent to the asylum at Salem. While in that condition his homestead and effects were sold to pay accumulated debts. Lately he has been visiting among friends in the valley most of the time. What relatives he was known to have live somewhere in the East.

This Will Interest Mothers

Mother Gray's Sweet Powders for Children, a certain relief for Feverishness, Headache, Bad Stomach, Teething Disorders, move and regulate the Bowels and destroy Worms. They break up Colds in 24 hours. They are so pleasant to the taste and harmless as milk. Children like them. Over 10,000 testimonials of cures. They never fail. Sold by all Druggists, 25c. Ask today. Don't accept any substitutes.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

In the County Court of the State of Oregon for Klamath County

In the Matter of the Estate of Gessine Wheeler, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given, by the undersigned administrator of the estate of Gessine Wheeler, deceased, to the creditors of said estate, and all persons having claims against the said deceased, or the said estate, to present such claims with the proper vouchers within six months from the date of this notice to said administrator at his residence in the Town of Fort Klamath, Klamath County, Oregon.

Dated this 13th day of January, A. D. 1910.

JAMES G. WHEELER,
Administrator of the Estate of Gessine Wheeler, Deceased.

NOTICE

About July 1 two horses jumped in my pasture. One is a bay, weight about 900 pounds, is saddle marked and has small white spot in face, branded C reverse-7 on left shoulder, shod in front, and had a bell on; the other is roan with three white feet and white face, weight about 900 pounds; no brand visible.

Owner can have same by paying charges.

H. L. SCOTT,
Fort Klamath, Ore.

Are your insurance policies good and right?