

A New Trust

Agricultural

John J. Ames, American millionaire, president of three trusts and a director in four others, was angry. His daughter, the beautiful "Billy" Ames, had accepted the count, his wife, Mrs. "Jack" Ames, had approved of her daughter's acceptance of the count, while, John J. Ames, president of three trusts and a director of four others, had given in to the urgings of his wife and daughter and admitted that a count for a son-in-law would not be so bad after all.

But at the time of his going in to his wife and daughter, John J. Ames had had no definite idea of the dollar value of a count. None of his trusts dealt in counts, dukes, lords, or nobility at all, but only in the products of good American soil and water—purely commercial commodities like pig-iron and canned salmon. Nobility was something about which he had read little and knew nothing definitely.

"I reckon a million in pig-iron stock and a couple o' thousand a year ought to make the count feel his oats," was the way that John J. Ames had sized up the situation at its beginning, but now he was a much better informed man—and the information he had acquired of experience had made him rather angry.

For after the beautiful "Billy" Ames had accepted the count, the latter had come to John J. Ames and informed that proud parent of his proposed alliance with the Ames family—an alliance to be consummated as soon as the count's lawyers approved of the match and had arranged the financial details of the desired alliance.

John J. Ames shook the hand of his prospective son-in-law. "Very well, count, I'll step around and have a talk with your lawyers." Whereupon Ames called upon the count's lawyers to go over with them the financial budget of the alliance.

Then it was that John J. Ames, in his own opinion, had cause enough to get angry. A million dollars in pig-iron stock and \$200,000 a year would never do, so the lawyers informed him. The count's blood was much too blue for that trifling sum.

Ames angrily quit the lawyers, vowing if the count wanted his daughter "Billy" he, John J. Ames, would give the pair his blessing, a million in pig-iron stock and \$200,000 a year, but he'd be blessed—or something stronger—if he would pay off a \$3,000,000 mortgage on the count.

So John J. Ames returned to his wife and daughter and informed them that he had put down his foot on the proposition and would keep it down so hard that no pansies would ever blossom there.

At this "Billy" dried her young, blue romantic eyes, wondering if dear old Tom, back in New York, was still the same loving, eligible bachelor that he had been on a certain memorable eve, while Mrs. "Jack" Ames straightway set a silken trap to snare for a son-in-law one of the nobility whose price did not come too high for her husband's O. K.

She succeeded very quickly in her purpose, or rather the beauty and reported wealth of "Billy," like a golden shaft, soon brought down a duke, "towering like a falcon in his pride of place"; and a few days later John J. Ames was referred by the duke to the latter's lawyers, who would arrange the financial end of the proposed alliance of the duke with the beautiful "Billy."

They were the same lawyers to whom Ames had been referred by the count, consequently it was with some ill grace that the millionaire called around to see these legal gentlemen. He found them doing business at the same Paris address, but found two other Americans ahead of him, waiting to interview the lawyers.

John J. Ames personally knew both of these Americans, and knew each to have a beautiful eligible daughter, at which Ames decided in his blunt way that they too had been referred to the lawyers by certain prospective sons-in-law.

He questioned them on the point and found that such was the fact. This was enough light on the subject for John J. Ames to see a greater distance than beyond his nose, and when he was shown into the presence of the duke's lawyers he bluntly charged them with being a syndicate that had cornered the market of eligible blue blood and was forcing up the price of noble sons-in-law on American millionaire fathers.

The lawyers assured him that such was practically the truth. They represented the Rex Title-Trust of Europe and Asia, and the dominions beyond the seas, with branches from London to Bagdad, and while there were other trusts engaged in a similar business, they were not worth serious consideration, controlling, as they did, merely a few minor German barons and French and Spanish nobles of a pretentious line, and one epileptic king.

"A trust of titled husbands for American girls—selling lords and dukes like so much canned salmon! Well, what next for the American millionaire to go up against?" Ten strides took John J. Ames from the offices of the Rex-Title-Trust, and the next train took him and "Billy" and Mrs. "Jack" on their way back to the United States.

But "Billy's" blue, romantic eyes were quite dry before the ship came in sight of the American shore. They even danced, as "Billy" told herself how glad Tom would be that she had not married a titled foreigner, or married at all. And "Billy's" eyes could dance maddeningly, when her heart danced, too.—OLA V. GOULD.

Maintaining the Dairy Herd.

A dairy herd may be maintained in two ways: First, by continued purchase of mature animals to replace those whose period of usefulness has passed. There are many conditions under which this may be a wise practice. If it is desirable to have the whole herd composed of cows in their full productive capacity; if there is abundant opportunity for selection and purchase near at hand; if there is reasonable good market for cows that are undesirable, and if one has reasonable skill in selecting and good ability in bargaining, a herd of high productive capacity may be more easily and more cheaply maintained in this way by attempting to raise young animals to replace those that are worn out.

The other method of maintaining the herd is, of course, by raising calves to supply the place of old cows that are no longer profitable. Such a herd will always contain a considerable number of young animals that have not yet reached full development, and therefore, such a herd will seldom equal in average production per animal a herd that is wholly maintained by purchase. At the same time a greater degree of uniformity of type may be maintained where the animals are raised. If land is abundant and cheap the cost of raising a calf, up to the time that she becomes a fully developed cow, will be less than that of purchasing a similar animal outright.

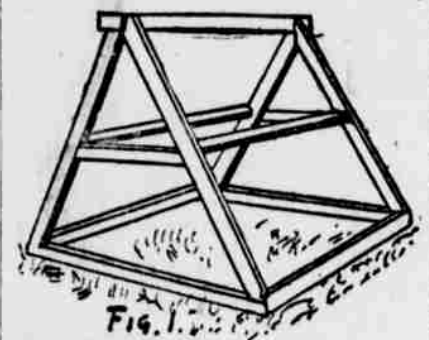
Through force of circumstances by far the greater number of dairymen must rely on raising the calves necessary to maintain the herd. This being the case the ordinary dairymen will need to provide himself with the services of a bull suitable to produce useful dairy cows. In most cases he will need to own this bull, so that the question of selection and care of the breeding bull has an important bearing upon the maintenance of the dairy herd.

Hog House.

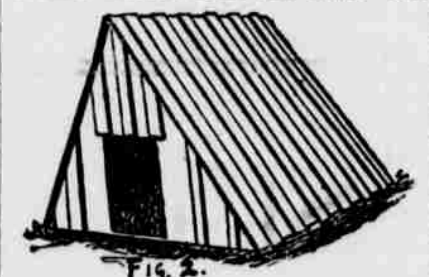
A movable house for a brood sow is a necessity. She must be given shelter away from all annoyance and one that can be kept clean. The wig-wam style is just the thing, for it affords protection to the pigs so sow cannot lie on them by crowding against the wall, and can be easily moved to a clean, dry spot.

Where brood sows are not given separate lots these houses can be used. When a sow makes her nest in a house, she and her litter will keep it and keep intruders out.

Fig. 1 shows the skeleton frame,



which consists of 2x4s. The bottom is 8 feet square and likewise the two sides. Fig. 2 shows the house complete with boards and batten strips. A slide window is in rear gable—not



shown. The bottom 2x4 on front end is laid flat so pigs can more easily get over it.

It is easy to tip the house up and whitewash the interior frequently. The individual house for brood sows is the thing. The best breeders care for their sows in this way, while they run with the pigs.

Remove Dead Bees.

The dead bees that accumulate on the bottom boards should be removed about once each month, and the hives be kept sweet and clean by doing so. When the bees are wintered in the cellar, the hives and cellar floor should be kept cleared of dead bees, and if signs of mice are found, traps should be set, and the mice caught. It is only a few hours work each month that is needed to keep the hives and surroundings clear.

Make Hives in Winter.

Hives, if to be made, can be put up at the winter time of the year, honey sections and cases put together and be out of the way when the busy spring time arrives. As work is not crowding at the cold time of the year, and our evenings are long, considerable time should be given to the laying of plans and reading up in our pursuit.

Help in Every Way.

Good roads help in every way: they promote sociability by making friends and relatives accessible, and by means of them it is easier to reach the school and churches, and to generally do and enjoy those things which make life really worth living.

Prevents Tainted Milk.

The separator cannot be kept too clean.

BIRDSHOT WITH EVERY FOWL

Poultryman's Bargain Makes His Customers Angry When the Crops Were Examined.

Newark, N. J.—Chickens sell in the local market from twenty-two to thirty cents a pound, while gunshot may be purchased almost for the price of lead a pound. Bear those figures in mind. They have an important bearing on the distressed condition of Henry Gerbaring, a poultry dealer in this city.

When Gerbaring opened his store the other morning he discovered his iceboxes were empty of chickens. He was wondering how quickly he could get a supply when a farmer's wagon drove up and a roughly dressed man entered. He asked Gerbaring if he wanted any chickens. Gerbaring asked him how many he had for sale. The man said there were 120 in the wagon.

Gerbaring went out to the wagon and looked at the chickens. They had been plucked clean and seemed to be in the best of condition.

"I'll take the whole lot," he said. "Bring them in and we'll weigh them." Without further preliminaries the deal was closed, Gerbaring agreeing to pay twenty cents a pound for the fowl. As fast as they were weighed he placed them in his icebox. When the cash had been paid, the man jumped in his wagon and drove away. Not long afterward Gerbaring began selling the chickens and congratulating himself that he was making a nice profit.

He was in the midst of his sales when a red-faced and panting woman who had purchased one of the chickens an hour before rushed into his store and, in the presence of many customers, denounced him as a fraud. Gerbaring asked her what she meant by making such an accusation against him. In reply she poured out of a bag about a pound and a half of birdshot.

"That's what you are selling to me for chicken, is it?" the woman inquired angrily.

"I don't understand you yet, madam," Gerbaring replied, showing plainly he was mystified.

"Perhaps you'll understand when I tell you that after I took that chicken home I proceeded to dress it. I noticed that the crop felt unusually heavy and cut it open. Inside I found all that shot. It's a pretty way for you to treat old customers, isn't it?"

Other purchasers who were in the store also began feeling the crops of their chickens, and they, too, joined in the denunciation. Gerbaring was in a bad fix. He cut into the crops of all the chickens purchased by the customers present and discovered that they had been loaded heavily with shot. Nothing remained for him to do except to make explanation and restitution.

Before nightfall he had more than 120 pounds of birdshot in a keg and more of it was coming in from outside all the time.

MRS. EVELYN THAW AS SHE APPEARS TO-DAY.



Evelyn Nesbit Thaw as she looked in Court when testifying of the threats against her life made by Harry K. Thaw, her husband.

REAL WAR DOGS THESE.

But They Only Hunt for Wounded on Field of Battle.

Paris, France.—The use of dogs in war to seek wounded soldiers is being studied by the French Army, and experiments have proved their value.

At Nancy supposedly wounded soldiers were placed in obscure places over a large area covered with thick underbrush and marked by deep ravines encumbered with fallen stone, rock and soil, and often most difficult of access. A dozen dogs were sent away on the search, and five proved so adept they were given blue ribbons and regularly placed in the medical corps.

The dog policeman already is a valued member of the police force of Paris and other European cities, but this is his first appearance as a component part of the medical corps of the army.

200 Varieties of Birds' Eggs.

Montclair, N. J.—Harry Trippett, Town Clerk of Montclair, has presented to the Board of Education a collection of 200 varieties of birds' eggs. The collection represents Mr. Trippett's labors as a naturalist and ornithologist, and practically all the eggs are from birds which either remain in New Jersey all the year or make this State their summer nesting place. The gift is intended to be part of an educational collection intended as a memorial for the late Auguste Smith, librarian in the free public library here.

A SARTORIAL CENSOR.

London Hotel Rule That Only Persons in Evening Dress be Admitted.

Something of a hubbub has been raised in London by the refusal of the directors of the Savoy Hotel to rescind their rule that only persons in evening dress shall be allowed to dine in the restaurant. This hotel is the last in London rigidly to enforce this rule, and the recent refusal of the management to allow a distinguished earl and his wife to enter the restaurant in ordinary street clothes has aroused considerable protest. The directors have maintained their position but have begun a post-card canvass of their regular patrons to get their views as to the continuation of their iron-clad law of clothes. They argue that to relax the rule means that diners in ordinary tourist costume will mix with those in evening dress and mar "the harmony and brilliancy" of the scene.

It would seem that under sensible standards the purpose of the hotel is to furnish lodging, food and drink, real solid comfort, to its guests, and not harmony and brilliancy; that a man decently clad and decently behaved, with the money to pay for the service should be admitted to all the precincts given over to the use of guests; that the managers are exercising their powers when they begin to ordain what shall be worn in their dining rooms. But it is found both in law and popular opinion that harmony and brilliancy are essential to a hotel dining room along with food and drink, if they earnestly seek to have in their halls that sartorial harmony which is in perfect accord with the mural decorations and the music, then they must post some "Bea" Brummel at the door to see that no discord is admitted in the way of a man with diamond studs.

To the eye sensitive to the nuances of masculine attire nothing is more offensive than a group of indiscriminately selected men in evening clothes. The average man wears his old office coat with more grace than his hammerclaw, and an inebriation reveals his true character, so evening dress reveals his breeding. The swallow-tail is one of the most hideous garments ever devised by tailors, and it is not given to more than one man in a hundred to wear it with perfect harmony and a correct accompaniment of shirt, ties and shoes. Look around any of our great New York restaurants at night and you will find a hundred men dressed to the Savoy standard and yet hardly more than a handful properly attired according to the requirements of perfect taste and correct form. Brilliancy there may be, but harmony never. Here is a one with a dinner jacket and a white tie; there another with a soft pleated shirt front and diamond studs blinding us with their garish light; another with a waist coat cut shockingly high and heavy fetters of gold chain across it. So sometimes even a tan shoe will poke out from the white folds of the tablecloth. Drive out the sartorial goats and hardly enough sheep will remain to raise an audible baa.

A far more harmonious clothes-picture is found in our quick lunch restaurant at noon than in the evening in the palatial caravansaries of the avenue. The average man when he seeks to beautify himself for dinner goes far astray artistically.

Moral Tale from Shaw.

Hon. Leslie M. Shaw, the former Secretary of the Treasury, is a renowned story teller and it is his boast that his tales always point a moral. One day Mr. Shaw was entertaining some callers. He was rather nettled because certain things had gone awry and might have lost his temper had not his memory been the stronger.

"I never got into a hurry and rushed at anything that I did not have cause to regret it," said the ex-Secretary. "Go slow, I say to myself, forty times a day. Why, I got into one of the worst scrapes of my married life, just because I acted first and did my thinking afterward. It was when my son was about ten years old, and we were living in Denison. My wife was then an enthusiast on poultry raising, and the children, as well as myself, talked chickens, read farmyard literature, and exhibited all the signs of the fad victim."

"We boasted of our early broilers and our plentiful supply of eggs, and no distance or expense was too great to prevent our adding a new variety to our chicken family.

"We also had a cat, sleek and fat, and quite a household favorite. But a 'biddy' used to disappear every now and then, and suspicion fell on the feline pet. The children were set to watch, and a reward was offered the one who found the marauder. One morning I had just filled my shaving mug with warm water, preparatory to beginning a part of my day's duties, when my son called out from downstairs that the cat had caught a small chicken and was eating it. I looked, and sure enough there was the cat sinking across the yard with something in her mouth. My blood was up and I took aim with my shaving mug, a heavy commodity, in plated silver, and fired. But the cat dodged with that uncanny intelligence of her kind. The weapon sped on, however, and caught the mother of our finest brood, straight in the head and laid her lifeless among the orphaned children. When the smoke of battle had cleared away our son found that the beloved table had captured a mole—the real criminal. In the case—er—was quietly eating the same on the back porch."—Washington Herald.

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