

FULL HAND STAMPED



TREE—"Buena Vista" 15 1/2 inch, hide covered, wide swell, steel fork, 14 1/2 inch bulge.
HORN—Braided rawhide covered.
FORK COVER—One piece, side laced, rawhide bound.
FULL SEAT—Rawhide bound cantle. Seat and jockey in one piece, steel seat plate.
SKIRTS—29 1/2 inch. Wool lined.
FENDERS—19x17 inch.
STIRRUP STRAPS—3 inch, lined at point to lace.

TIE STRAPS—1 1/2 inch by 5 feet. Cincha buckle straps 2 inch.
BACK SWING—Shaped and tied, laced center.
STIRRUPS—No. 897 XC iron.
CINCHAS—No. 170, 58 strand hard twisted cotton Mexican front; No. 1, 4 inch web rear, connected.
DEFS—Leather covered.
LEATHER—Oiled skirting.
WEIGHT—About 35 pounds.
NO. 380—Complete, price, each \$40.00

Stock Yards Harness Shop, Sioux City, Iowa

FARM STOCK

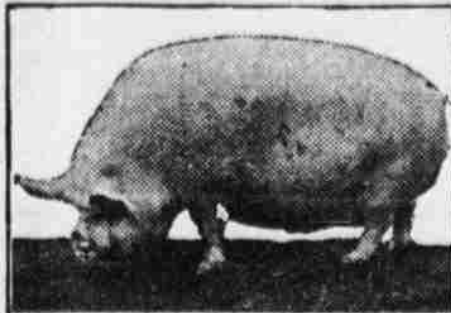
COMMON SENSE IN HOG LOT

Trouble With Many of Us is That We Give Our Swine Altogether Too Little Attention.

(By M. KELLY)

The question which breed of swine to select for the economic production of pork is perhaps of less importance today than in the past.

The leading swine breeders have begun to recognize the fact that they must shape their favorite breeds to meet market demands. As a natural result, the type of all the leading breeds now conforms to a fixed stand-



Healthy, Well-Muscled Hog.

ard that meets the demands of the packing houses.

The hog that best meets the demand of the present time is a well-muscled hog, that will supply a fair amount of lard, and fat meat well marbled with lean, and be ready for market at any desired age.

Practical pig growers, and feeders of market hogs look for good quality, depth, length and width of form, and uniformity of type, regardless of the breed, color and characteristic markings.

However, it is essential that we select our breeding animals from some well-established breed, for promiscuous mating of swine of various types has a tendency to destroy the types of all the breeds employed in the crosses and to throw away the result of years of systematic selecting and rearing, and perpetuate a certain fixed type in the breed. This point has been illustrated by mating a half Poland China and half Chester White sow with a pure-bred Berkshire boar. The pigs resulting from the cross were red, spotted, speckled and striped, showing that the improved type of all three used in the cross was lost, and with it the improvements in color and markings.

The result was the return of the offspring by the principle of heredity to the original scrub type.

CARING FOR AILING ANIMALS

Syringe Invented by Illinois Man for Dosing or Inoculating Horses, Cows and the Like.

The Scientific American, in describing a syringe invented by H. L. Calhoun of Dow, says:

"Calhoun's invention relates to syringes, particularly to the type used for dosing or inoculating animals, such as horses, cows and the like, and the main object thereof is to provide a



Syringe for Dosing Animals.

syringe which is provided with means for automatically discharging the contents, and the means for manually controlling said discharge; means whereby a person may manipulate a syringe of relatively large size with one hand while being free to employ the other for other purposes."

HOGS INFESTED WITH WORMS

Many Owners Never Suspect Anything Wrong Until His Animals Show Visible Signs of Sickness.

Some hog growers positively know their hogs are not infested with worms, although they have never given them anything to prevent them. Some think their hogs are all right in this respect.

The downright truth is that 90 per cent of the hogs are infested with worms and the owner never suspects until his hogs show signs of sickness. It pays to be on the safe side all the time in this regard.

Keep Pure-Bred Males. When live stock is a factor on the farm make every field hog-tight and sheep-tight; have thoroughly good permanent pastures; grow leguminous crops; build a silo; and keep only pure-bred males. These five things are absolutely essential in the economical production of live stock.

Function of Live Stock. It is an important function of live stock on the farm to furnish a market for the crops grown, enabling farmers to convert the grasses, forage crops, legumes, and so on, into higher-priced finished products and to return to the soil the plant food taken from it.

Don't Swear at Horses. Don't swear at the horses—it does no good, as they can't understand that language.

WHEN THEY MET

By KENNETT HARRIS.

The light struck Britherby's glasses at such an angle that they presented nothing but a flashing blank to Grallup. Behind the glasses Britherby's eyes at the moment were resting on the Janeway bungalow across the street, but Grallup did not know that and he stiffened indignantly and passed his new neighbor with a studiously averted gaze.

The next time they met neither took the least notice of the other. Grallup remarked to his wife that that fellow who had bought out Korke's equity evidently was a cut or two above Biberly Heights—or thought he was.

Britherby, a day or two later, was talking to Morfew, whose house is between Grallup's and the former Korke place.

"Who's your distinguished neighbor on the north?" he asked. "The nabob of the place, I presume. I think I made a mistake in not asking his permission to butt in here. He seems to resent it."

"Nonsense!" said Morfew. "That's Billy Grallup. Nothing of the nabob about Billy. Great chap, Billy. You'll like him when you know him."

"I don't believe I'd want to know him," said Britherby.

Morfew meant to ask Grallup what he had been doing to his face, but forgot it and so the feeling between Britherby and Grallup remained and grew. In course of time they were introduced and acknowledged the introduction as coldly as politeness allowed. After that they bowed scrupulously when they met.

It was early last fall that the passive hostility of the two men became active to the verge of tragedy.

One still, calm night, somewhere about twelve o'clock, Grallup was aroused from an uneasy slumber by the bark of a dog.

"Confound it!" exclaimed Grallup. "I wonder whose darned dog that is. I wish I was within good shotgun range of it—and had the shotgun."

A quick succession of staccato barks seemed to answer his thoughts with defiance. Grallup got up and leaned out of the window, listened a minute, closed the window and said something improper.

"I might have known it," he continued, savagely. "He's about the only man in the suburb who would maintain a nuisance like that."

He tried to ignore the noise, but the closed window had only slightly dulled it and it was too maddeningly irregular. He bounded out of bed and into his slippers, threw a coat over his shoulders and, stopping only to take a couple of croquet mallets from a closet in the hall, hurried out of the house and ran down the street toward Britherby's. The barking had stopped, but he knew where to go.

He was almost at Morfew's when he was aware of a ghostly white-clad figure hastening toward him. The next moment he was face to face with Britherby, who was in pajamas and carrying a baseball bat.

For an instant they glared at each other in the moonlight. Then Britherby spoke: "So you thought it was about time to do something, did you?" he snarled. "I should think it was, myself. A man who will keep a dog like that I've got my opinion of, anyway."

"What are you talking about?" demanded Grallup. "I'm after that infernal dog that's been barking his head off in your yard all night, if you want to know. Do you mean to say it isn't your dog?"

"I never owned a dog in my life," said Britherby. "I thought it was your dog and I was going to take the liberty of killing him—and you, too, if you offered any objection."

"I had much the same idea," said Grallup. "But if it isn't your dog, whose—"

Furious barking interrupted him. It came from the rear of Morfew's house. "So it's his dog!" said Britherby. "Now, what do you think of that?"

"I think as you do," said Grallup, grimly. "Morfew's a good man in some respects, but this is an outrage. I suppose he's lying there snoring!"

"I'll tell you," said Britherby, polishing his club. "If you'll stand by me I'll batter his door down and if he doesn't get up and kill the beast, we will."

"I'll just go you on that proposition," said Grallup.

They pounded until Morfew came to an upper window and asked them what the dickens they wanted.

"We want you to come down and do something with that dog of yours," said Britherby.

"You've no business keeping a brute like that around," supplemented Grallup severely.

"Have you two been drinking or are you just plain crazy?" asked Morfew. "Routing a man out of his rest at this time of night! That's not my dog, you lunatics. I don't own a dog." He slammed down the window.

The two laughed. Then Britherby shivered.

"You'd better come back with me," suggested Grallup. "I've got some medicine that's good for that and you can wear my overcoat home."

"Thanks, old man," said Britherby. "Any other time I'll be delighted, but I guess I'll get back to bed now."

He held out his hand and Grallup grasped it cordially.

"Good night, old chap," said Grallup. "I'll see you in the morning, then."—Chicago Daily News.

LIVE STOCK

REQUISITES OF GOOD HORSE

Well-Bred Mare Is Splendid Investment for Any Farmer—Get Colts Only From Best Stock.

(By W. R. GILBERT)

Nowadays farmers are beginning to awaken to the fact that it takes strong horses to do good work on the farm.

The fact that almost any horse can be made to do something at farm work is no valid excuse for men who profess to have their own interests at heart to persist in breeding horses



Farm Mare and Colt.

that nobody wants, not even themselves.

In the fields a big team makes haste by the width of the furrow or swath they cut.

There is pleasure and inspiration in the business of breeding and handling high-class horses.

Bear in mind in breeding horses that it is just as essential to breed good feet on to them as to get weight and blood in them.

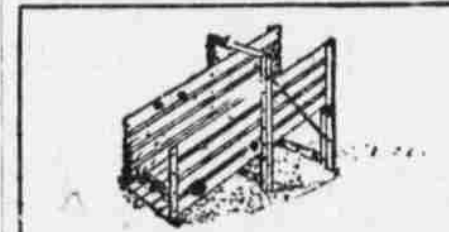
The purebred mare is a good investment to the small farmer, and if he will allow her to share the work of the place she will do nearly as much work as a gelding, and raise a good colt besides.

A well-bred mare bred to a stallion of best type will bring a colt worth as much at weaning time as a grade colt would bring at maturity, sometimes a lot more.

UNLOADING CHUTE FOR STOCK

Device Patented by Illinois Man Is Especially Good for Hogs—May Be Moved Easily.

Handling of live stock, especially hogs that are ready for market, is oftentimes cruel and a cause of real financial loss to the shipper because of lack of unloading facilities at the local stock yards. An Illinois farmer has patented the unloading chute shown here. It is strong and yet light enough to be moved freely about so that hogs may be unloaded from the wagon on to the level ground. Cleats prevent slipping of an animal that is coming down the chute, thus reducing the possibilities of broken legs and bruises. The chute may be folded up and carried on



Chute for Live Stock.

the load of stock, or put back out of the way when not in use. Its use on large farms or at small stock yards is certain to be found practical by business farmers everywhere.—Farming Business.

DRENCHING DROVE OF HOGS

Best Way Is to Drive Animals into Pen Where They Will Have But Little Room to Move In.

The quickest and easiest way to drench a drove of hogs is to drive them into a small pen where they will have but little room to move about.

To hold the animal while drenching it a noose of sash cord or quarter-inch rope can be placed around the upper jaw, well back toward the angles of the lips, and the medicine thrown into the back part of the mouth with a dose syringe. As there is danger of a hog breaking a syringe it is best to use a metal one. Sometimes when the drench is bulky and the hog hard to hold, it is necessary to elevate the head and raise the forefeet off the ground. For this purpose a pulley and rope wire stretcher is recommended. It should be hung in the most convenient part of the pen and the animal secured in the usual way by placing a noose around the jaw. The end of the rope is thrown over the hook in the lower pulley and the hog drawn up until it is almost off the floor. It is best to wait till the hog has become quiet, well under control, before giving it the drench, as there is some danger of the medicine getting into the air passages and doing harm.

For Fattening Sheep. Peas are strongly recommended for fattening sheep. When fed in combination with either corn, barley or oats, equal parts, better gains are made than when either of the above cereals is fed alone. This is especially true where timothy hay or corn stover is fed as a roughage.

The Largest Percentage of Oil

THE only barn paint on the market whose liquid analysis shows 43.7% pure linseed oil is Standby Barn Paint.

Think of that—nearly half the liquid is oil. Just compare that with the formula of any other barn paint.

The makers are glad to publish their formula, for they want you and every man who has barns, sheds, fences and roofs to paint to know just what it contains.

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Liquid Formula } Pure Linseed Oil 43.7%
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That formula speaks for itself. Every man that buys paint knows that the oil percentage is the important point. Standby Barn Paint is made of pure mineral pigments and oil. The pigments are ground by special processes that make them especially fine and smooth.

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You know this is the severest test possible, and if we didn't have the paint, we couldn't afford to do it.

Get this sample—paint your barn door with it—see how it covers—how easily it works under the brush. Note how brilliant the color and how glossy the finish.

You can tell by the formula it is all paint—all goodness.

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What becomes of those secret service men when the president makes love?

Are you placid or plain lazy?

STOP YER KICKIN'

Stop yer kickin' 'bout the times; Get a hustle on you; Skirmish 'round and grab the dimes; Ef the dollars shun you. Croakin' never bought a dress, Growlin' isn't in it; Fix yer peepers on success, Then go in to win it. Times is gettin' good again—

Try to help them all you kin.

Don't get 'round with hangin' lip That is sure to floor you; Try to get a better grip On the work before you, Put some ginger in your words When you greet a neighbor; Throw your trouble to the birds, Get right down to labor. An' you'll notice every day