

Is Pe-ru-na Useful for Catarrh?

Should a list of the ingredients of Pe-ru-na be submitted to any medical expert, of whatever school or nationality, he would be obliged to admit without reserve that the medicinal herbs composing Pe-ru-na are of two kinds. First, standard and well-tried catarrh remedies. Second, well-known and generally acknowledged tonic remedies. That in one or the other of these uses they have stood the test of many years' experience by physicians of different schools. There can be no dispute about this, whatever. Pe-ru-na is composed of some of the most efficacious and universally used herbal remedies for catarrhal diseases, and for such conditions of the human system as require a tonic. Each one of the principal ingredients of Pe-ru-na has a reputation of its own in the cure of some phase of catarrh or as a tonic medicine.

The fact is, chronic catarrh is a disease which is very prevalent. Many thousands of people know they have chronic catarrh. They have visited doctors over and over again, and been told that their case is one of chronic catarrh. It may be of the nose, throat, lungs, stomach or some other internal organ. There is no doubt as to the nature of the disease. The only trouble is the remedy. This doctor has tried to cure them. That doctor has tried to prescribe for them.

No other household remedy so universally advertised carries upon the label the principal active constituents, showing that Pe-ru-na invites the full inspection of the critics.

One of the Old School.

The stern faced old gentleman, who had been a school teacher in the '40s, selected a goose quill, deftly fashioned it into a pen, and wrote his letter on a single sheet of paper.

Then he sprinkled black sand over the written page.

Then he folded the sheet in the form of a rectangle.

After which he sealed it with a red wax and directed it.

"I like the old way best," he said, "and it's mighty little the steel trust, the paper trust, and the mudslide trust get out of me."

But he had to use something modern, and with a frown he affixed a 2-cent postage stamp.

Wrong Figure.

"What ails me, doctor, is that I have been burning too much midnight oil."

"Not at all, my young friend. It's a candle you are using, and you have been burning it at both ends."

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic, etc.

Grapes Fresh All Winter.

A clever French process by which vine growers in France are able to market fresh outdoor grapes all through the winter is thus described. Bunches of the finest grapes when ripe in autumn are cut in such a way that to each bunch a piece of the vine five or six inches long remains attached. From this piece the stems of the bunch hand, an arrangement vitally necessary to the success of the operation.

A large number of the wide-mouth bottles, filled with water, is ranged in a cellar and in the open end of each is inserted the pieces of vine stem, the bunches of grapes hanging outside. The grapes do not touch the water, but are thus supplied with moisture through the vine stem, which is immersed in water. By this process choice varieties of table grapes are kept in perfect condition for the whole winter.

The temperature of the cellar is uniform and moderately low and care is taken daily to supply the bottles with the water lost by evaporation. Fruit thus carefully tended is somewhat costly, but there are many patrons who will gladly pay \$2 a bunch for the delicacy of fresh grapes in midwinter.

Dividing Line at Cape Hatteras.

Cape Hatteras is the true dividing line between the North and the South. North of it there is not a trace of the palmetto and other forms of vegetation which, subtropical in character, cease where also. Mason and Dixon's line is an imaginary sort of a thing in the North, but Hatteras is the outer mark of the real dividing line and it affords a fine opportunity for study—Forest and Stream.

Merely a Delusion.

"It hurts, doesn't it?" asked the surgeon, probing away.

"No!" answered the patient, though his set teeth. "I only think it does!"

SELF DELUSION.

Many People Deceived by Coffee.

We like to defend our indulgences and habits even though we may be convinced of their actual harmfulness.

A man can convince himself that whisky is good for him on a cool morning, or beer on a hot summer day—when he wants the whisky or beer!

It's the same with coffee. Thousands of people suffer headache and nervousness year after year but try to persuade themselves the cause is not coffee—because they like coffee.

"While yet a child I commenced using coffee and excelled it," writes a Wis. man, "until I was a regular coffee fiend. I drank it every morning and in consequence had a blinding headache nearly every afternoon."

"My folks thought it was coffee that ailed me, but I liked it and would not admit it was the cause of my trouble, so I stuck to coffee and the headaches stuck to me."

"Finally, the folks stopped buying coffee and brought home some Postum. They made it right (directions on pkg.) and told me to see what a difference it would make with my head, and during that first week on Postum my old affliction did not bother me once. From that day to this we have used nothing but Postum in place of coffee—headaches are a thing of the past and the whole family is in fine health."

"Postum looks good, smells good, tastes good, is good, and does good to the whole body." "There's a Reason."

Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich. Read "The Road to Well-Being," in page.

Ever read the above letter? A new one appears from time to time. They are genuine, true, and full of human interest.

STRONG AND STEADY

By HORATIO ALGER, JR.

CHAPTER XVII.—(Continued.)

He began to replace the book in its brown paper covering.

"I don't know but I might give you twenty-five cents more. Come, now, I'll give you two dollars and a quarter."

"I can't take it," said Walter, shortly.

"Three dollars and a half is the price, and I will take a cent less."

"You won't get it out of me, then," retorted the lady, slamming the door in displeasure.

Walter had already made up his mind to this effect, and had started on his way to the gate.

"I wonder if I shall meet many people like her?" he thought, and he felt somewhat despondent.

Walter began to think that selling books would prove a harder and more disagreeable business than he had anticipated. He had been brought face to face with meanness and selfishness, and they inspired him with disgust and indignation. Not that he expected everybody to buy his books, even if they could afford it. Still, it was not necessary to insult him by offering him prices.

He walked slowly up the street, wondering if he should meet any more such customers. On the opposite side of the street he noticed a small shoemaker's shop.

"I suppose it is of no use to go in there," thought Walter. "If they won't buy at a big house, there isn't much chance here."

Still he thought he would go in. He had plenty of time on his hands, and might as well slip no chance, however small. He pushed open the door, and found himself in a shop about twenty-five feet square, littered up with leather snarings and finished and unfinished shoes. A boy of fourteen was peering, and his father, a man of middle age, was finishing a shoe.

"Good-morning," said Walter.

"Good-morning," said the shoemaker, turning round. "Do you want a pair of shoes this morning?"

"No," said Walter, "I didn't come to buy, but to sell."

"Well, what have you got to sell?"

"A subscription book, finely illustrated."

"Let me look at it."

He wiped his hands on his apron, and taking the book, began to turn over the leaves.

"It seems like a good book," he said. "Does it sell well?"

"Yes, it sells largely. I have only just commenced, but other agents are doing well on it."

"That's the way to talk. How much do you expect to get for this book?"

"The price is three dollars and a half."

"It's rather high."

"But there are a good many pictures. Those are what cost money."

"Yes, I suppose they do. Well, I've a great mind to take one."

"I don't think you'll regret it. A good book will give you pleasure for a long time."

"That's so. Well, here's the money."

Walter was all the more pleased at effecting this sale, because it was unexpected. He had expected to sell a book at the great house he had just called at, but thought that the price of the book might deter the shoemaker, whose income probably was not large.

During the next hour Walter failed to sell another copy. At length he managed to sell a second. As these were all he had brought with him, and he was feeling somewhat tired, he went back to the tavern, and did not come out again till after dinner.

CHAPTER XVIII.

Walter found a good dinner ready for him at 12 o'clock, which he enjoyed the more because he felt that he had earned it in advance. He waited till about 2 o'clock, and again set out, this time in a different direction. In some places he was received politely; in others he was treated as a humbug. But Walter was by this time getting accustomed to his position, and found that he must meet disagreeable people with as good humor as he could command. One farmer was willing to take the book if he would accept pay in apples, of which he offered him two barrels; but this offer he did not for a moment entertain, judging that he would find it difficult to carry about the apples, and probably difficult to dispose of them. However, he managed to sell two copies, though he had to call at twenty places to do so. Nevertheless, he felt well repaid by the degree of success he met with.

"Five books sold to-day!" thought Walter, complacently, as he started on his walk home. "That gives me six dollars and a quarter profit. I wish I could keep that up."

But our young merchant found that he was not likely to keep up such sales. The next day he sold but two copies, and the day succeeding that, three. Still, for three days and a half the aggregate sale was eleven copies, making a clear profit of thirteen dollars and seventy-five cents. At the end of the week he had sold twenty copies; but to make up this number he had been obliged to visit one or two neighboring villages.

He was prepared to move on. The next place at which he proposed to stop for a few days we will call Belton. He had already written to Cleveland for a fresh supply of books to be forwarded to him there. He had but two books left, and his baggage being contained in a small valise, he decided to walk the distance, partly out of economy, but principally because it would enable him to see the country at his leisure. During the first five miles he succeeded in selling both books, which relieved him of the burden of carrying them, leaving him only his valise.

Walter was strong and stout, and enjoyed his walk. There was a freshness and novelty about his present mode of life, which he liked. He did not imagine he should like to be a book agent all his life, but for a time he found it quite agreeable.

He stopped under the shade of a large elm and ate the lunch which he had brought with him from the inn. The sandwiches and apples were good, and, with the addition of some water from a stream near by, made a very acceptable lunch. When he resumed his walk after resting a couple of hours, the weather had changed. In the morning it was bright sunshine. Now the clouds had gathered, and a storm seemed imminent. To make matters worse, Walter had managed to stray from the road. He found himself walking in a narrow lane, lined on either side by thick woods. Soon the rain came pattering down, at first in small drops, but quickly poured down in a drenching shower. Walter took refuge in the woods,

congratulating himself that he had sold the books, which otherwise would have run the risk of being spoiled.

"I wish there were some house nearby in which I could rest," thought Walter. The prospect of being benighted in the woods in such weather was far from pleasant.

Looking around anxiously, he espied a small footpath, which he followed, hoping, but hardly expecting, that it might lead to some place of refuge. To his agreeable surprise he cleared after a few minutes into a small clearing, perhaps half an acre in extent, in the middle of which was a rough cabin. It was a strange place for a house, but, rude as it was, Walter hailed its appearance with joy. At all events it promised protection from the weather, and the people who occupied it would doubtless be willing to give him, for pay, of course, supper and lodging. Probably the accommodations would not be first class, but our hero was prepared to take what he could get, and he thanked for it. Accordingly he advanced fearlessly and pounded on the door with his fist, as there was neither bell nor knocker.

The door not being opened immediately, he pounded again. This time a not particularly musical voice was heard from within:

"Is that you, Jack?"

"No," answered Walter, "it isn't Jack."

His voice was probably recognized as that of a boy, and any apprehension that might have been felt by the person within was dissipated. Walter heard a bolt withdrawn, and the door opening revealed a tall, gaunt, bony woman, who eyed him in a manner which could not be considered very friendly or cordial.

"Who are you?" she demanded abruptly, keeping the door partly closed.

"I am a book agent," said Walter.

"Do you expect to sell any books here?" asked the woman, with grim humor.

"No," said Walter, "but I have been caught in the storm, and lost my way. Can I stop here over night if the storm should hold on?"

"This isn't a tavern," said the woman, ungraciously.

"No, I suppose not," said Walter; "but it will be a favor to me if you will take me in, and I will pay you whatever you think right. I suppose there is no tavern nearby."

He had hoped there might be, for he had already made up his mind that this would not be a very agreeable place to stop at.

"There's one five miles off," said the woman.

"That's too far to go in such weather. If you'll let me stay here, I will pay you whatever you ask in advance."

"Humph!" said the woman, doubtfully. "I don't know how Jack will like it."

As Walter could know nothing of the sentiments of the Jack referred to, he remained silent, and waited for the woman to make up her mind, believing that she would decide in his favor. He proved to be right.

"Well," she said, half unwillingly, "I don't know but I'll take you in, though it isn't my custom to accommodate travelers."

"I will try not to give you much trouble," said Walter, relieved to find that he was sure of food and shelter.

"Humph!" responded the woman.

She led he way into the building, which appeared to contain two rooms on the first floor, and probably the same number of chambers above. There was no entry, but the door opened at once into the kitchen.

"Come up to the fire if you're wet," said the woman.

The invitation was hospitable, but the manner was not. However, Walter was glad to accept the invitation, without thinking too much of the manner in which it was expressed, for his clothes were pretty well saturated by the rain. There was no stove, but an old brick fireplace, on which two stout logs were burning. There was one convenience, at least, about living in the woods—fuel was abundant, and required nothing but the labor of cutting it.

"I think I'll take off my shoes," said Walter.

"You can if you want to," said his grim hostess.

He extended his wet feet toward the fire, and felt a sense of comfort stealing over him. He could hear the rain falling fiercely against the sides of the cabin, and felt glad that he was not compelled to stand the brunt of the storm.

He looked around him guardedly, not wishing to let his hostess see that he was doing so, for she looked like one who might easily be offended. The room seemed remarkably bare of furniture. There were also three chairs, one of which had lost its back. These were plain wooden chairs, and though they appeared once to have been painted, few vestiges of the original paint now remained. On a shelf were a few articles of tin, but no articles of crockery were visible, except two cracked cups. Walter had before this visited the dwellings of the poor, but he had never seen a home so poorly provided with what are generally regarded as the necessities of life.

"I wonder what Lem would say if he should see me now," thought Walter, his thoughts going back to the Essex Classical Institute, and the friend whose studies he shared. They seemed far away, those days of careless happiness, when as yet the burden of life were unfeet and scarcely even dreamed of. Did Walter sigh for their return? I think not, except on one account. His father was then alive, and he would have loved parents of his own life to recall that loved parent from the grave. But I do not think he would have cared, for the present at least, to give up his business career, humble though it was, and go back to his studies. He enjoyed the novelty of his position. He was not even his present adventures, in spite of the discomforts that attended it, and there was something exciting in looking about him, and realizing that he was a guest in a rough cabin in the midst of the woods, a thousand miles away from home.

Guarded as he had been in looking around him, it did not escape without observation.

"Well, young man, this is a poor place, isn't it?" asked the woman, suddenly.

"No," said Walter, wishing to be polite.

"That's what you're thinking, I'll warrant," said the woman. "Well, you're not obliged to stay, if you don't want to."

"But I do want to, and I am very much obliged to you for consenting to take me," said Walter, hastily.

"You said you would pay in advance," said the woman.

Meanwhile, His Owner Sat By, Watching the Monarch's Work.

Much-traveled people will testify that the most stupid people in the whole world are found in Mecklenburg, Germany, says the Kansas City Star. Natives of that district are said to be even more dense than the inhabitants of the county of Wiltshire, England, and that is saying a good deal. The inhabitants of both of these places will admit the imputation, but they do not call it stupidity; they have another name for it. They have exalted it into a virtue and call it "impenetrability." In the United States, if a country yoke didn't know the way to a town fifteen miles away, he would be accounted a fool. But in Mecklenburg the peasant one meets on the highway doesn't know, has never been there and never wants to go. That is impenetrability.

It is a mistake, however, to think that the country dulleard never "scores," as the king of Wurtemberg has discovered. Recently that royal individual went to shoot with the Grand Duke Adolphus of Mecklenburg. Accompanied by the grand duke's eldest son they drove in a luxurious motor car to the famous deer park at Nensreditz. On the way they came upon a country Perched on the seat were a peasant and his good wife. The chauffeur blew the horn and much to the royal party's surprise the horse began to prance briskly.

As the peasant made no attempt to pull the horse and cart out of the road the chauffeur repeated the "honk, honk." The horse reared and jumped about, but strange to say, the peasant and his wife sat steadily on the seat without any signs of excitement. Finally the horse stopped over on its side and lay quite still.

Immediately out jumped the king, the grand duke and the son of the grand duke and came running up to the fallen horse. The grand duke made a dive at the horse's head, his son grabbed the bride and the king narrowly escaped serious injury in unfastening the traces while the horse's hind legs were working like balls. All this while the peasant and his good wife sat calmly on their seat and watched the royal trio perigair at their self-imposed task. Finly after a great deal of pulling and coaxing the white horse scrambled to its feet and patiently submitted to being reharnessed by the three pairs of hands which probably never before had done such humble work. When everything was in order again, the grand duke handed the peasant a piece of money.

"There, there, my good man," he said, "it's all right this time, anyhow. Now you can tell your cronies that the grand duke and his son picked up your horse, and the king of Wurtemberg helped them."

A Fabulously Rich Nation.

The United States is a fabulously rich nation. The money in circulation amounts to \$3,250,000,000 and that to the Federal treasury to \$345,240,500. The value of domestic merchandise exported is \$1,863,718,000, and that of all manufactures \$14,802,147,000. The farm wealth of the country produced in 1907 is in round figures \$7,412,000,000; the added mineral wealth for the year is \$3,000,000,000. It has been pointed out with truth during the October "panic" that the national prosperity is not based on Wall street and its workings, but more deeply, on the country's vast agricultural production. If this is the case—and it surely is—an inventory of the various crops reveals figures to comfort and cheer. That he who reads may learn, the values of the various farming industries are presented herewith: Wheat, \$500,000,000; cotton, \$975,000,000; corn, \$1,350,000,000; hay, \$900,000,000; poultry and eggs \$900,000,000; dairy products, \$173,795,000; live stock, \$4,875,000,000. The sum representing our commerce with foreign nations in 1907 has more than trebled in the past three decades, and that year was the third running in which both exports and imports have totaled more than a billion of dollars. This statement of our national assets, this inventory of the fundamental prosperity of our country and its constituent States relieves all carping care, all need for financial worryment. It is something more than encouraging—it is inspiring.

The Retort Courtneys.

An official of the Department of the Interior tells of an incident at one of the government schools for the Indians.

A patronizing young woman of Cincinnati was being shown through the institution, when she came upon a fine looking Indian girl of perhaps 16 years of age. The Indian girl was hemming napkins, which the girl from Cincinnati watched for some moments in silence. Then she said to the Indian, "Are you civilized?"

The Sioux raised her head slowly from her work and glanced coldly at her interrogator. "No," she replied, as her eyes again sank to her napkins; "are you?"

Citing an Exception.

"It is one of the peculiarities of human nature," remarked the moralizer, "that the more a man gets the more he wants."

"Oh, I don't know," rejoined the demoralizer. "How about the man who has been thirty days by a police magistrate?"

The man who tells tiresome stories usually has a big strong voice, loud of determination, and gets to the end in spite of interruptions.

"So I will," said Walter, taking out his pocketbook, "if you will tell me how much I am to pay."

"Ten may give me a dollar," said the woman.

Walter drew out a roll of bills, and, finding a one-dollar note, handed it to the woman.

She took it, glancing covetously at the remaining money which he replaced in his pocketbook. Walter noticed the glance, and, though he was not inclined to be suspicious, it gave him a vague feeling of anxiety.

(To be continued.)

KING HARNESSSED A HORSE.

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Desk Chair Is Convenient.

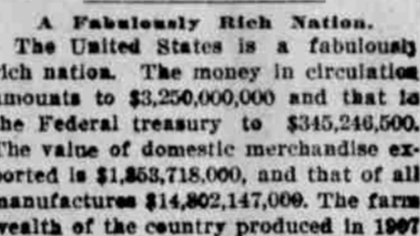
A South Dakota man has devised a desk chair, which is handy for use in the home or in small schools. It consists of an ordinary straight-back chair, with an adjustable flat surface supported on an adjustable brace. The flat surface, or writing table, is fastened to the top of the chair and can be widened or constricted as desired. The brace, or support, sets on the back of the seat, and can be lengthened or shortened. When not in use the writing table can be folded in close to the back of the chair, and when needed can be fixed at any angle required.

The writer, of course, needs another chair to sit upon, but the advantage of the desk chair is its economy of space. The device will be found useful in small schools, as it can be made to sell for a low price. Such chairs would also be found convenient in homes where there are sev-

OKLAHOMA'S BLIND SENATOR.

Sightless Orator Whose Speech Started the Bryan Outburst at Denver.

Thomas Pryor Gore, Oklahoma's blind senator, who set the national Democratic convention ablaze by mention of William Jennings Bryan, is one of the many picturesque personalities sent to Washington from the Western States and one of the few who have won the admiration and respect at the capital after the first curiosity and comment had passed. "Tom" Gore has not traded upon his infirmities or oddities. When he had taken his seat after his first speech in the upper house his associates and hearers realized that a man had come who had something to say and who knew how to say it. Whether his sentiments corresponded with or opposed their own, they could unhesitatingly give the ability and sincerity of the man the full measure of respect due them. Gore had struggled since boyhood against the dual opposition of his physical infirmity and poverty. When he was 8 years old the sight of one eye was destroyed. Three years later the sight of the other was lost in another accident. At that time he was a page in the Mississippi State Senate, in which State he was born thirty-seven years ago, and the seed of political ambition had been planted. Despite his blindness, he told his companions, he would yet sit in the United States Senate. Studying law with the aid of his brother and friends, he took his political step when nominated for the Mississippi Legislature in 1880. He was too young to qualify if elected, and withdrew from the race. He went to Texas in 1895 and was a delegate to the national Populist convention a year later. Four years later he removed to Oklahoma, became a follower of Bryan, and in the first campaign of the Democratic nominee campaigned for him in South Dakota. In 1904 he toured the West and South with Mr. Bryan, and his orations were received with little less enthusiasm than those of his chief.



SENATOR GORE.

The friendship of Mr. Bryan has been a strong factor in the political climb of the blind orator, and when the new State of Oklahoma was deliberating on the personality of the two men to represent it in the national Senate it was known that the choice of Bryan rested upon Gore. In his campaign through the new State Gore made no appeals for sympathy. He asserted his ability and his desire for the seat, and he was chosen for the short term, which expires next year. Senator Gore is a remarkable orator, his voice being flexible and powerful, and his remarkable memory and wide reading combine to make his speeches seem to hold an audience, even in the Senate chamber. He is married and has four children. His wife, who is a semi-invalid, is his chief assistant in all his work, reading for him all that he deems essential to his duties and attending to his correspondence and other details. From attending to which he is separated by blindness.

Best Bird of All.

Let the others raise their dirties to the sparrows in the cities, let them prate about the peacock if they will.

Let them talk about the robin or the mourning dove a-sobbin', or the blackbird as it whistles on the hill. Let them sing about the jaybird, givin' praise unto that gay bird; let 'em boast about the bluebird or the wren.

But I'm proud to say my charmer is the comfort of the farmer, and I'll raise my little ditty to the hen.

If you're only out for beauty, it is probably your duty to descend upon the bulb in the tree;

Or if it's wisdom what you're after, then the owl upon the rafters quite the true and proper caper's said to be.

But it's usefulness I'm praisin', and my ditty I am raisin' to the best and truest feathered friend of men.

And so here's to that great blessin', may her shadow never lessen, just the humble and prosaic barnyard hen.

—Louisville Courier-Journal.

A ditty cannot be called a real way-out fashionable unless every one of the guests leaves the table as hungry as when they sat down to it.

NEW INVENTIONS

Aid for Wood Workers.

A woodworking clamp especially valuable for gripping and holding curved sections of woodwork is the invention of a Michigan man. The clamping of straight sections of woodwork has never proven difficult for the cabinetmaker, but the joining of curved pieces invariably presents problems difficult of solution.

With the aid of this adjustable clamp curved sections can be glued and clamped just as readily as straight pieces and are held with the ordinary clamp. The grippers are formed with curved surfaces so that they will conform to the curve of the woodwork. These grippers are manipulated by a clamp screw in the center of the device. By turning the clamp screw the top of the levers carrying the grippers are forced outward on pivots, thus forcing the grippers inward.

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Sheep Farming in Mexico.

English Methods Being Introduced in State of Chihuahua.

English methods of sheep farming are being introduced in Mexico. An English company has just been formed and has purchased a tract of land fifty miles square in the State of Chihuahua, where they will begin operations soon, says the San Antonio Express. Several Australian sheep experts, who are to conduct the ranch, have already arrived here and will leave in a few days for Chihuahua. One of the experts is from Patagonia.

Up to this time there has been no effort made to carry on the sheep business in Mexico on anything approaching a scientific basis. Sheep are allowed to run at large, the rams and ewes together, there being no effort made to keep the breed up.

The English company proposes to import its first stock of sheep and build up from that. These sheep will probably be brought from Australia. The ranch will be divided into different parts, where sheep of different years that can be procured in Australia will be imported. Some of the best native sheep will be retained, and by breeding and interbreeding with the best stock of imported sheep for several years the breed of sheep in Mexico can be brought up to a standard that will equal any in the world. The Australian experts claim that it will take several years to get the breed up to a point where it is at present in Patagonia or Australia.

The sheep industry in Mexico heretofore has been carried on in haphazard way, and hence Mexico has never been counted on as a sheep raising country. The State of Zacatecas is the largest sheep State in Mexico at the present time.

Stockmen of Mexico have heretofore found it a difficult task to keep the grade breed of sheep up to the standard owing to the poor range. It is only the poor grade of Mexican sheep that can live on the poor ranges of Chihuahua and Zacatecas. However, by feeding and constant care, the breed can be kept up, it is asserted.

Stall and Pen Prices.

Stockmen will be interested in knowing the price to be charged for stalls and pens. Box horse stall will be \$2 for the season; stalls not boxed, \$2; cattle stalls that will hold two head will cost \$2; single stalls cannot be purchased. Hog pens 8x8 in size will rent at 50 cents for the season and 50 will also sheep pens. Stall space reservation should be made at least fifteen days prior to the opening of the fair, September 7. Breeders who desire to bring sale stock to the fair may do so; for this purpose a reasonable number of stalls, at twice the prices mentioned above for show animals, will be provided. A considerable amount of sale stock has always been on the grounds in former years, and no doubt there will be more this year. In view of this farmers who are looking for some good foundation stock with which to buy new herds or improve grade herds will have a most excellent opportunity to find what they want during fair week. There are many advantages in buying stock at a fair, prominent among which is the fact that nothing but the very best cattle, horses, sheep and swine are ever taken to the fairs.

Amusement Features.

In addition to the races already mentioned the very best and highest priced carnival company, and which has shown at practically all the leading state fairs throughout the United States the past five or six years, is engaged to furnish the midway show for the fair. In view of this it is safe to say that the midway shows will be of a high class order. The shows will all be clean and suitable for the most exacting to attend.

INTERSTATE FAIR NEWS

BETTER FACILITIES FOR HANDLING STOCK.

Suburb Hotel Accommodations—Large or Premiums and Cash Prizes—High Class Amusements—Dates September 7-12, Inclusive.

Every year since the organization of the Interstate Live Stock Fair Association at Sioux City, Iowa, the management of the fair have been making improvements. The Interstate Fair, as most people know, is a private institution and does not receive state aid. It never has received aid from anyone except the business men of Sioux City. It has, therefore, been forced to make improvements actually. Even the railroads have not been so liberal as they should have been; they have not been supplying unloading and loading facilities at the fair grounds that were entirely up to standard. This year, however, the Milwaukee railroad is busy laying new tracks and new platforms so as to enable it to handle the business for the fair with dispatch. Formerly only one or two cars could be unloaded at a time. When the present improvements will be complete, which will be in two weeks hereafter, ten cars can be loaded or unloaded at a time. This news will be especially appreciated by the breeders who intend to show live stock at the fair. Formerly they have frequently been delayed from one to two days on the fair grounds after the close of the show before they could get their stock shipped out. This inconvenience will not obtain this year. On the other hand, they will be able to ship their stock late Saturday afternoon immediately after the stock parade which will take place as usual in front of the grandstand.

Better Facilities Everywhere.

What applies to the stockmen also applies to managers, exhibitors and others. It is confidently expected by the management that the improvements which the Milwaukee railroad is putting in will greatly increase the exhibits at the fair this year as well as make the exhibitors better satisfied. The Interstate Fair management are to be congratulated upon the many other improvements they are making on the grounds. Barns are being repaired; walks are being fixed up and better drainage is being provided for the grounds in general. This will be a very great improvement and will be especially noticeable in case there should be a rainy day or two during fair week. Teams with drags and rollers and other paraphernalia are at work on the race track every day and they will be ready to work until the fair opens. This is done in order to maintain the track in first class condition, and if possible to make it faster than ever.

Good Hotel Accommodations.

One of the things prospective visitors want to know about is whether or not they will be able to find comfortable sleeping quarters in the city should they decide to attend the fair. It may be stated in this connection that hotel accommodations in Sioux City this year are better than ever, many new hotels having been built since last year. There is no city in the north-west that has better hotel accommodations than Sioux City. A bureau of information has been organized, one branch of which will be located at the fair grounds and another in Sioux City, either in the Iowa building annex in the Commercial Club rooms, or in the Y. M. C. building. The bureau of information will have a complete list of private homes where visitors who cannot be accommodated in hotels will be cared for. Anyone, therefore, who reaches the city at a time when it is difficult or impossible to secure rooms in general, should consult the bureau of information and be directed to some private home. With new hotel facilities it is not likely that a great many will have to go to private homes unless they so desire.

Larger Premiums and Purses.

To induce a larger number of breeders to make exhibits at the Interstate Fair the management have increased the total amount of premiums offered very materially. The classification of a number of the breeds has been arranged so that instead of offering four premiums for individuals and herds as has been the custom in former years, six are now offered in many of the breeds. This is true at least of the Short-horn, the Hereford and the Angus breeds of cattle. The purses for the different races are also very liberal and difficult to interfere with. An immense number of horses are entered in the different race events and among them are some of the fastest on the turf. The race program is said to be one of the best in the northwest by these familiar with racing events all over the country. The races will not be allowed to drag at any time, but will be conducted as in former years with a snap and vim so characteristic of the many races that have been pulled off on the track in Woodland Park.

Stall and Pen Prices.

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