

Sheep and Goats of Arizona



Sheep grazing on national forest



Angora kids

If the wool clip all over the United States should be reduced for the year 1910, as it has been in Arizona, where the clipping is done earlier than in other sections of the country, the market will be high. Arizona had the earliest clip in its history this year. The clip is usually at its height in Salt River valley and in other sections of the territory about the middle of February, whereas this year the sheep were all shorn and on their way back to the hills on February 12. The flocks wintered well, but owing to the cold weather the grass on the ranges continued dry, and as a result the quality of the wool was improved, while the output was curtailed. So pronounced was this shortage in the clip that instead of the influx of several hundred thousand of sheep into the clipping centers of the Salt River valley, the numbers could be counted by the thousands.

The clipping began this year about the tenth of January, and by the middle of February was finished at Cave Creek, Marquette, Beardsley, Hot Springs Junction, Congress Junction and Weden. Machines were used at all these clipping centers with the exception of Weden and Congress Junction, where the shearing was done by hand. Shearing in the north was later, but even then far ahead of the usual season. Conditions were about the same in Mohave county, the clipping center for that district being Kingman.

In former years it was customary for the sheep men to drive their flocks from Mohave county to the Salt River valley for the lambing and shearing season, using the forest ranges running north and south for forage along the route both north and south. But the new forest regulations now prohibit this use of the government reserves; the sheep men have been unable to get their flocks through, especially through the Verde valley, so that the movement south was abandoned this season.

In addition to the restrictions placed upon the forest reserves, the valleys that in former years were green, owing to the cold, dry weather and the consequent lack of rains, this year were not green enough to support the moving flocks. The result of this is that those flocks which were moved south, for lack of grazing in the central Arizona valleys, had to hasten back north, where the lambing proved disastrous, not only to the lambs but to the ewes as well. For this reason 70 per cent. of the sheep shorn in Arizona for 1910 had the clipping done in Yavapai county, midway between the valley and northern ranges, this being the lowest altitude obtainable where there was the combination of clipping facilities, nearby shipping points and fair ranges. By the same token it is now predicted that the lamb crop for the year will not exceed 40 per cent. of what it should be, or would be under more favorable conditions.

The largest shearing point in Yavapai county this year was at Cordes, where between 130,000 and 140,000 pounds of wool were clipped. The clip at Kingman ran to 60,000 head, and the government reports credit Arizona with an average yield of fleece weighing 6.65 pounds per sheep, which would bring the yield up to more than 300,000 pounds. Owing to the conditions referred to in the foregoing, the clip in the northern part of Arizona will be later than usual this year, because the owners of the flocks prefer to await a late clip rather than risk the loss of the lambs.

Prices for wool in Arizona this year ranged around the prices of last year. Agents paid on the ground between 20 and 22 cents for the clip of 30 per cent. of the sheep shorn in

ALOYSIUS COLL.

Pheasant Fights Barnyard Fowls. Farmers in Decatur county who have given over their lands as game preserves are being confronted with a situation that promises to be serious. The Hungarian pheasants that were placed in the game preserves are becoming exceedingly tame, and it is no uncommon thing for them to wander into barnyards.

On the Charles Throp farm, northeast of this city, an unusually large pheasant seems to have a particular aversion to turkeys. It has destroyed two or three turkey nests and whipped the gobbler of the brood to a frazzle. It is a common sight when a pheasant appears in a barnyard to see a fight between it and chickens, and the pheasant usually wins.—Greensburg Correspondence Indianapolis News.

BETTER THAN GUN

WHEN SNUFF PROVED VALUABLE WEAPON OF DEFENSE.

British Army Officer Is Lucky in Being Able to Relate Story of Almost Fatal Adventure in India.

Perhaps no man's life was ever saved to him by a more curious circumstance than that attending the experience of a captain of the Bengal lancers. He had been on a visit to a civilian friend in Rajputana and went out for a walk in the country about sunset.

After going four or five miles he found himself in a narrow path on the side of a steep hill. The path was a mere ledge in the rock, with a deep chasm on one side and a wall of solid rock on the other. It was not a pleasant place in which to come face to face with a big tiger; but that was just what happened to him.

It was too late to withdraw, so he determined to brave it out. The animal had evidently been asleep; for it continued for a few moments to keep itself into full wakefulness. The captain stood still, with his eyes fixed on the beast. Presently the tiger took a few steps forward and made a dash at him. Luckily its teeth seized him by the flap of the coat, just over the breast, so that he was not hurt by the blow.

Then the captain had a chance to appreciate the feelings of a mouse when it is shaken by a cat. The tiger shook him till his senses left him. Perhaps it was as well that he did leave him, for the beast held him over the deep chasm and a fall would have been as fatal as the animal's onslaught.

When the captain recovered consciousness, a few minutes later, he found himself lying flat on his back, with his feet dangling over the precipice. He opened his eyes, only to see the sky above him. He dared not move, for the tiger might be close at his elbow. So he shut his eyes and remained motionless.

Then he thought he heard a strange noise at a little distance, a sound as of somebody sneezing. His first thought was that some one had come to the rescue and beaten the tiger off, but this was proved to be wrong by low, disagreeable, tigerish growls mingled with the sneezing.

He turned slowly. He could hardly believe his eyes. There was the tiger slinking off with its tail between his legs and sneezing violently as he went, his face distorted by most piteous grimaces.

The truth then dawned upon the soldier. In shaking him the tiger had caused his snuffbox to fly open out of his waistcoat pocket and had received the contents full in the face.

The First Aviator.

Was Harold, the last of the Saxon kings, our first aviator? This is a point seriously maintained by ancient biographers of the Saxon king, who perished in the battle of Hastings. In the course of an article in the Windsor Magazine a writer recalls a tradition which cannot, of course, be either disputed or disproved today, but was of sufficient interest to be retold even by the poet Milton in his "History of the Anglo-Saxons," where the poet-historian says: "Harold was, in his youth, strangely aspiring, had made and fitted wings to his hands and feet; with these on the top of a tower, spread out to gather air, he flew more than a furlong; but the wind being too high, came fluttering down, to the maiming of all his limbs; yet so concealed of his art that he attributed the cause of his fall to the want of a tail, as birds have, which he forgot to make to his hinder parts. This story, though seeming otherwise too light in the midst of a sad narration, yet for the strangeness thereof, I thought worthy enough the placing."

The Great Treading Down the Little. Five hundred years ago John Ball, looking out over England, tells us that he saw "the great treading down the little, the strong beating down the weak, and cruel men fearing not, and kind men daring not, and wise men caring not," and then with his heart burning within him, he cries aloud, "and the saints in heaven forbearing and yet bidding me not to forbear."

If we compare our time with his, we will admit that although the great still tread down the little, and the strong beat down the weak, that the cruel are at last becoming afraid of public opinion, that kind men are more daring in their schemes of alleviation than they used to be and wise men are more solicitous.—Jane Adams at the Conference of Charities and Correction.

STATES OF AUSTRALIA.

The states comprising the commonwealth of Australia are: New South Wales, Queensland, Tasmania, South Australia, Victoria, West Australia, and the territory of Papua, formerly known as British New Guinea. The capital of the commonwealth of Australia is as yet without being, although a site for the future capital has been chosen in the Yass-Canberra district in New South Wales. At the present time the parliament sits at Melbourne.

Thoughtful Mover.

"Take this sofa on the first load and leave it on the sidewalk."

"What for?"

"So that any neighbors who wish to watch us move in may have comfortable seats."—Louisville Courier Journal.

HEARS THROUGH HIS FINGERS

TELEGRAPH OPERATOR A VALUABLE MAN AT HIS INSTRUMENT, THOUGH COMPLETELY DEAF.

Peter A. Foley of Portland, Me., is a telegraph operator, though totally deaf.

Since he became deaf, however, he has developed so wonderfully the sense of touch and sight that he can detect the finest movements of the instrument and correctly interpret them.

His nervous system is a part and parcel of telegraphy and by the sense of touch in his finger tips he takes messages transmitted from the ends of the continent.

He can also read a message by watching the sounder. With his left forefinger placed lightly on the sounder he can by his wonderful sense of touch take a message as accurately as any man in the office.

He insists that he needs no more consideration than any other operator, for he can read the fastest transmitting without the slightest difficulty, and his record of mistakes in a year is said to be smaller than that of any other operator in the office.

Mr. Foley's hearing began to fail rapidly eight years ago. He was then considered the best operator in the Portland office and every effort was made to help him. The manager of the office arranged the receiver so it would make a louder tick, but in a short time he was unable to hear even this.

There appeared no alternative but failure. No operator in the world had been able to work after he had lost his hearing. The manager didn't wish to send a good man away, so he was set to doing common work at the same salary he had received as an operator.

One day he announced that he would soon be able to go back to his old position. The manager was surprised. That a deaf man could be a telegraph operator was too much to credit, but Mr. Foley was able to prove that he could do it.

Such is Fame.

Miss Jane Adams, the founder of Hull house and the pioneer in settlement work in Chicago, recently was in St. Louis, and, according to veracious chroniclers, was visited by an enterprising young reporter, whose first question was, "Miss Adams, have you ever had any experience in settlement work?" When this story was repeated in the presence of Senator Frye he remarked that it reminded him of an experience of his own a year or two ago. He was returning to Washington for the session of Congress and stayed over a day or two in Boston. Soon after he had registered at the Touraine a youthful reporter called on him, and the first question was, "Senator, have you ever taken any interest in the ship subsidy action?" "Not much," replied the senator, dryly. "Can you tell me just what it is?" Whereupon the young man proceeded to give a little elementary instruction on the subject to the senator, who had been the author of most of the ship subsidy bills introduced in congress. And the venerable senator never enlightened the young man. He says he was afraid it might have embarrassed him.

The Human Brain.

What is the brain but a scrapbook? asks the Family Doctor. If, when we are asleep someone should peer in there, what would he find? Lines from favorite poets, scrap songs, melodies from operas, sentences from books, meaningless dates, recollections of childhood; vague, gradually growing faint, moments of perfect happiness, hours of despair and misery. The first kiss of childhood, the first parting of bosom friends, the word of praise or the word of blame of a fond mother, pictures of men and women, of homeland beauties or scenes of travel, hopes and dreams that come to nothing. Unrequited kindnesses, gratitude for favors, lifted thankfulness for life or the reverse, quarrels and recollections, old jokes, delightful nonsenses, wit that savored talk, or the dull flow of speech that had in it no life; and, through them all, the thread of the deep and enduring passion for some one man or woman, which may have been a misery or a delight.

A Queer Way to Cook.

In certain parts of New Zealand both native and white women use the natural hot springs to do their cooking. In the Rotorua region it matters not whether the cook wishes to roast a piece of meat, boil potatoes, or steam pudding; all she has to do is to step out of doors and place the cooking utensil in a steam hole. The cover is then put on, and a piece of coarse sacking over the whole completes the operation. In a short time dinner is ready.

At Whakarewera the entire earth just beneath the surface is a mass of boiling springs. Millions of gallons of hot water hiss and steam, sending vapors skyward in great white clouds. Strike the ground almost anywhere with a stick, and the hole thus formed fills with hot water. Hot water for baths, the week's washing, and for ordinary purposes of the household is always on hand.

A Serious Matter.

"What I like about baseball," said Mr. Fanson, "is that it is a manly sport which involves no danger to life."

"I don't know about that," replied the business man. "Every time there is a game of special interest scheduled it appears to cause an epidemic among the relatives of my employees."

His Waiting Game

By CORA A. ORTH

The boy worried Nancy. He failed to enthuse properly over her literary success. At the very moment that she was nicely settled down to the creation of an inspiring article for the Marysville Times he was sure to interrupt with an invitation to go motoring. He admitted candidly that he preferred watching the dimple in her elbow to reading her weekly sketches on "Historic Spots in Our Country." And, besides, he was always asking her to marry him. Even now, as he sat on the veranda literally at her feet, she felt his lack of sympathy for her chosen work and a frown hurt and long night hours she loved it and made good.

Life was very full and busy for Nancy. It didn't even occur to her that the boy's letters became infrequent. Indeed, not until there came a three-months' interim did she give the matter a thought. "I do hope he isn't ill," she worried. "He is such a dear boy, and such a friend."

From another source she learned of his second promotion. "I'm glad he's all right," ran her relieved thoughts. "Only, it is so strange that he doesn't write."

The interim lengthened to four months. "He must be tired of a one-sided game," she decided. "I don't blame him. It is only right that he should turn away, and—elsewhere. Every nice boy should marry."

Unconsciously she began to piece in the probable details of the boy's affairs. "Of course, he has found her by this time," she would say, "and I think she is dark, because—because I'm not. He probably wouldn't care for my type again. But—but it certainly isn't like the boy not to 'fess up, in his frank fashion. He's probably too absorbed in her. They'll be married in the spring—I'm sure of that. The boy was always so impatient about things. Yet he was patient too. Oh, well, he'll make an adorable husband. She'll be a lucky girl. I don't feel the least mite bitter about it, for which I am so thankful. My work more than satisfies me. I've no room for regrets. Oh, no."

Then one day the exchange editor was absent and Nancy must needs look through a great heap of papers piled in the dingy office. It was a task she detested, and her scissors made listless work. She would so much rather have been sent forth into the sunshine. Ser eye fell on a paper from the boy's city. With languid interest she began to glean its columns.

Suddenly she sat up very straight. "John Allen, 27," she read. It was a marriage license notice, and that was the boy's name! Yes, he must be twenty-seven now. Her reasonings were verified!

A most ridiculous blur came before her eyes. She tried to winkle it away. It was so senseless and unnecessary, for she was just as happy about it as she could be. Everything was turning out as she had figured it. True, she had set the wedding for a spring, but that was a mere detail. Also her heart became lumpy and uncomfortable. She grew angry with herself. She was still angrier when the persistence of the blur and the lumpiness inside made it necessary for her to be excused from duty.

"What is the matter?" she questioned herself over and over, as she blindly made her way to her room. "What difference can it all make to me?"

The boy's picture stood on the mantle. She scrutinized the keen, clear features. A strange tenderness took unwilling hold of her. She was swept from head to foot by some thing stronger than her precious work.

"Oh, boy," she whispered, agast. "Why didn't I know before?"

Years and decades and centuries of misery passed! It seemed as if all she had missed in the past crowded in that endless afternoon with a crushing force that hurt her. In desperation she tried to concentrate her mind on her work, but the words rang empty in her mind's ear. Work! Still came the dreadful reality, what else was left her but work? She saw herself dragging through the years in short, plain skirts. She felt that she would go mad. With all her heart she hoped so!

The postman's ring aroused her. It was the boy's letter, at last. It would tell her of his new-found joy. Wearily, she drew out the crisp, familiar sheets.

Why, what could it mean? There was not a word about another—a bride. Only the same persistent pleading. "And please forgive me," the letter ran, "for waiting so long. I thought that perhaps, by a long, long chance, waiting might make you care a little. Has it, Nancy?"

John Allen! He had been only the boy to her for so long that she had almost forgotten what his real name was until that day. She had written it mechanically; had completely forgotten to reckon with its commonness. It dawned upon her that there must be hundreds of John Allens in the world. It couldn't have meant the boy, after all, unless—no, the postmark was all right, a day younger than that of the paper containing the notice.

Then the awe and the wonder of the thing gave place to a great sob of happiness.

The Ready Relief. A man went into a druggist's shop and asked for something to cure a headache. The druggist held a bottle of hartshorn to his nose, and he was nearly overcome by its pungency.

As soon as he recovered he began to rail at the druggist and threatened to punch his head.

"But didn't it ease your headache?" asked the apothecary.

"Ease my headache!" gasped the man. "I haven't got any headache. It's my wife that's got the headache."—Tit-Bits.