

AGRICULTURAL HINTS

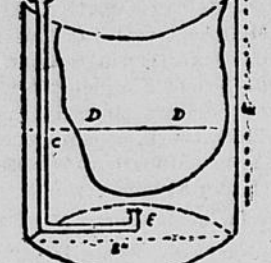
FOR TREATING MILK FEVER

Home-Made Appliance Which One Dairyman Has Found to Work Most Successfully.

The accompanying diagram illustrates the method of treating milk fever in cows employed by an Illinois correspondent of Hoard's Dairyman. He says: I had made a copper pail eight inches high and eight inches in diameter with top solid, excepting a hole in the center, with a screw top on it, also a hole on each side with a bicycle tube in it. The parts, as shown, are as follows:

- A—Bicycle valve to which pump is attached.
- B—Bicycle valve with seat removed.
- C—Air tube.
- D—Water containing antiseptic.
- E—Perforated tip.
- Valve B is made to attach a piece of bicycle pump tube; in the other end of tube is inserted a milking tube.

By pumping the air in at A, the air passes to the bottom of the water and



PLAN OF THE APPLIANCE

comes in bubbles through the water to the space above, thereby being purified, then passes on into the udder. The milk tube should be boiled and not touched with the hand until after being used. I also clean the udder, and milk out thoroughly, then wash the udder with a disinfecting solution.

If this is of any benefit you may publish it, but I wish you would add your own comments on one, as it is my own invention, and I would like to know what others think about it.

TRANSPIRATION OF TREES.

Surprising Amount of Water Which Trees Draw Up and Give Off Through Leaves.

The transpiration of trees in the process of the tree taking up the water up by its roots, passing it up through the trunk and branches and into the leaves, and evaporating it into the atmosphere. The amount of water thus transpired by trees is very great. Even the ordinary tree thus uses several barrels of water every day, says the Farmers' Review. There are many problems connected with this process that are only being studied and have not been solved. One of these is the power of trees to resist drought. It would naturally be assumed that the tree that uses the least water can stand drought the best. The actual tests of the matter, however, do not carry out this theory. One Russian experimenter found that while a maple tree was transpiring 289 pounds of water, an ash tree, from the same surface, transpired 399 pounds, 110 pounds more than the other. This was approximately 30 per cent. It is known, however, that ash trees stand drought far better than maples. Groves of ash trees and maple trees that came under the observation of this Russian experimenter were subjected to the very severe drought conditions in the fall of 1902 and the spring of 1903. Nearly all of the maples died, while the ash trees continued their existence and developed normally during the summer and fall of 1903. This is of great importance to people living in the semi-arid districts. For some reason the trees using the greater amount of water are able to get that water from greater depths in the soil, and are able to hold up the cellular structure of the leaf with a less amount of water than others.

A REMARKABLE COW.

Marathon County (Wis.) Cow That Has Produced 857 Pounds of Butter Fat in a Year.

A Marathon county (Wis.) cow has beaten the world's record as a butter maker. Yeksa Sunbeam, the prize American born and bred Guernsey cow belonging to the Helebrande herd of Fred Reibrock, at Athens, has finished her test of one year and has given in that time 2,455 pounds more of butter fats than has ever been given before.

In the year of the test just ended Yeksa Sunbeam gave the phenomenal quantity of 87.145 pounds of butter fat that has stood the required tests. Her closest rival is an imported cow, Princess Rhea, who gave 77.69 pounds. Other high records that have been made are: Pretoria, four and a half years old, 85.35; Fortia of Maplehurst, four years old, 80.27; and Sister Sue of Mossell, two and a half years old, 82.84.

Yeksa Sunbeam is a pure bred Guernsey of American birth. She is a distinctively northern cow, having been calved in Minnesota and for several years having been owned and fed on the Helebrande farm near Athens. She entered the test because her owners believed that not only was she a good cow but because they believed that the grass and cattle foods of Marathon county were the best the world produced. That belief has been fully sustained, in fact was sustained when at the end of 11 months she had beaten the test for 12 months.

The Weight of Milk.

Prof. Van Norman of the Indiana experiment station, says that one gallon of milk of average density weighs 8 pounds 2 1/2 ounces. This will vary slightly according to the amount of cream in it. The greater the proportion of cream the less will be the weight, as cream is lighter than the milk. In the weight of cream, the percentage of fat counts largely. If the cream contains 15 per cent of butter fat, it will weigh 8 pounds and 6 ounces. If it contains 35 per cent of fat, it will weigh 8 pounds 3 ounces; 40 per cent, 8 pounds and 1 ounce.

RECREATION HOURS

PLAYS AND GAMES WITH WHICH TO AMUSE.

Clever Scheme for Place-Cards—Usual Way to Arrange Partners at Informal Evening Affair—Pretty Table at a Birthday Party.

A Souvenir Postal Card Party.
Nearly every town of any size has its own individual postal, and in this day and generation everyone is the recipient of many of these charming reminders of travel, both at home and abroad. Something original in the way of entertaining for either dinner, luncheon or "afternoon" was given by the hostess when she planned this affair.

The rooms were decorated with postals fastened together by holes punched in the corners and ribbons run through them. Panels were formed in this way and made a most effective decoration. Cards were stuck in picture frames, placed on tables, on the mantels and every spot where they would attract attention. These cards were topics of conversation which was very animated. "Do you remember?" and "that reminds me" were expressions heard on all sides.

Invitations were sent out on local souvenir cards. Then for "place cards" at this luncheon the hostess had mailed cards to each guest, ten in number, addressing them to her own house number. By these they found their places at the table. Each one was asked to come prepared to relate some incident of travel, either "humorous," "startling" or "pathetic." A vote was taken as to the best story in each class, souvenirs were awarded, inexpensive articles which the hostess had collected with this party in mind. Souvenir spoons were used and the table linen came from Ireland.

The menu consisted of grape fruit, creamed potatoes served in ramakins, whole wheat bread, cherry salad made by replacing the pits of California cherries with hazel nuts, serving it on head lettuce leaves with a rich mayonnaise dressing, and cheese wafers; ice cream was served in halves of cantaloupe with smart cakes. The bonbons were in dress-up cases, boxes, and the almonds in miniature hand-boxes, which the guests were given for favors. Iced tea was the beverage, with a bit of lemon and a candied cherry in it.

Fun with Soap Bubbles.

Here is a pretty way to amuse one child, or any number of children. Cover sewing table with an old blanket, or any soft material that will make a soft pad. Then procure little bowls of blue, yellow, or the so-called "Dutch" ware, a quantity of clay pipes and several bolts of baby ribbon—the penny-a-yard quality will do.

Wind the pipe stems with ribbon, tying a jaunty bow at the bowl. Of course it will get wet, but it looks pretty when the pipes are passed. Fill the bowls with a mixture made from boiling shaved castile soap with water; to every pint of this liquid add one teaspoon of glycerine. This formula always produces the largest and most gorgeous bubbles imaginable.

Offer prizes for the bubbles lasting the longest; for the one with the most vivid coloring, and for the one largest in circumference. By the way, grown people have been known to indulge in "soap-bubble parties" with great satisfaction. They may be blown or fanned about the room, and it is a beautiful sight to see 25 or 30 of them in the air at the same time.

WHY HE QUIT THE CHURCH

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"It's mighty easy to make a mistake in a person," remarked John A. McCall a few days ago to a friend. "It's like the case of a sea captain I once knew. He got married late in life and proposed little further than the honeymoon when his wife packed up her trunks and ran off with a handsome man."

"Well," remarked the captain ruefully, as he contemplated the deserted home, "seems like I got things wrong. I thought I had got a mate, but it seems I got a skipper instead."—N. Y. Times.

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FOUR SERIALS

STORIES OF THE SECRET SERVICE

BY Capt. Patrick D. Tyrrell

STORY No. 3

The Bothamley Murder Mystery

Being an Account of the Efforts Made by the Government to Bring to Justice the Murderer of Clement L. Bothamley, an Englishman Killed in Kansas.

By CAPTAIN PATRICK D. TYRRELL

[Copyright, 1905, by Marion G. Schellin.]
The facts gathered up to that time touching the career of Nellie Bailey were such as to strengthen my rapidly forming opinion that the woman was capable of deeds more desperate than flitting, although nothing in itself more serious had been unearthed. It was not difficult to imagine, however, the lengths to which such a woman might go to free herself from the thralldom of marriage to a jealous husband for whom, I was convinced, she bore no real affection. Her husband's possession of several thousand dollars in cash, coupled with her inordinate love of feminine finery, rendered stronger any other motive she might have had for wishing her husband out of the way.

The withdrawal of his funds from the bank and his sudden disappearance from De Smet presented themselves to me as additional grounds for harboring the theory that had been forcing itself on me—that Shannon Bailey had been murdered by his wife.

From the depths of his infatuation for his wayward wife I found it difficult to believe that he would voluntarily absent himself from her for two months. While she claimed to have been in communication with him I could find no trace of any exchange of letters between them, a fact that still further strengthened my belief that if the facts could be obtained they would tell a story of a peculiarly deliberate and atrocious crime.

At this juncture a bit of information—startling to me in view of the theory I held—was introduced into the investigation by Mr. Ruth. A few days before my arrival in De Smet it seems there had been found in an unfrequented place on the prairie, 3 1/2 miles from De Smet, the bones of a man. All the parts had been heaped together without even pretense at burial. The skeleton had been dismembered and the flesh scraped from the bones. But there was nothing in the heap of bones which might establish the identity of the victim. By measurement it was found that they had been the bones of a man about the height of Shannon Bailey. There all clues were lost.

It seemed to me that the most promising channel for investigation from this point was a search of the premises formerly occupied by the Baileys. Ruth accompanied me in this search and, that no unjust suspicions should be given circulation concerning the former mistress of the house, we went about the task quietly. The house had, of course, been dismantled and the furnishings used by the lawyer and his wife. On the first and second floors nothing whatever was found that might, by any stretch of imagination, lend color to my suspicions.

Armed with spades we then descended to the cellar. Carefully testing the condition of the dirt floor, we again met with failure. But one spot remained unexplored, the small area under the wooden stairway that formed the cellar entrance. As a last resort, I thrust a spade into the floor under the stairs. It sank deep into loose dirt. Quickly we removed the top soil, and as we did so the awful, sickening odor of decomposed flesh became almost overpowering.

At a depth of a little more than two feet the spade struck a mass of flesh. Although almost overcome we completed the excavation, to find a mass of flesh buried in quicklime. Not a bone was there to be found in this sorry grave! There was not the slightest doubt of the flesh being that of a human being, and the quantity indicated clearly that it had been stripped from the bones of a full-grown man. The action of the lime and decomposition had done their work well enough to obliterate opportunity for identification.

In the meantime a woman in De Smet had been found who had had a letter from Mrs. Bailey in which the latter said her husband had just spent some time with her in Elgin. This indicated two things: First, that Mrs.

Bothamley had been carried on well established. Her statement to Reise that she was going to Kansas to sell a farm was clearly a subterfuge to escape unsuspected from the man whom she professed to love so deeply to go to another admirer.

She left Wau she still protesting the liveliest affection for Reise and went to Newton, Kan., sending to her Wisconsin lover from several points en route messages of undying love. Bothamley had evidently been advised as to the exact time of her arrival, for he met her at the train and later took her to his ranch under the name of Bertha Bothamley, his sister.

From her journeyings of thousands of miles subsequent to her marriage with Shannon Bailey, further investigation was made obtainable in the form of evidence against Nellie Bailey, or Nellie Reise, than I have related. Any additional evidence must be obtained in Kansas near the scene of the Bothamley crime. The sending by her from Skeleton ranch of the "Sarah A. Laws" deed to the Bothamley ranch should prove a valuable bit of information if the mystery of the identity of "Sarah Laws" could be solved. The key to this puzzle finally was found in Wichita.

Two days before Bothamley and the woman had started to Texas they appeared at the office of a lawyer in that city and solicited his services in the drawing of a deed to the 640 acres of land in question. To this lawyer the woman was introduced by Bothamley as his wife, Bertha L. Bothamley, and they desired to convey the ranch property to one "Sarah A. Laws." The instrument was drawn, the fee paid, and the couple departed, leaving no suspicion that either was more than as represented. In the transaction the grantee did not put in an appearance, but there was nothing in this circumstance to arouse suspicion.

Knowledge of this visit to the lawyer enabled me to see what the plan might have been. Further investigation revealed the fact that within an hour from the time Bothamley and the woman had left the office where the



BAILEY SHOT AT HIS WIFE'S NEW ADMIRER.

deed was drawn in favor of "Sarah Laws" they had visited the office of another lawyer, and asked him to draw a deed to the same land, "Sarah A. Laws" being the name given as the grantor, and Bertha L. Bothamley as the name of the grantee. In the office of this lawyer, Bothamley introduced the woman as Sarah A. Laws. This was the deed that was afterward sent by the woman from Skeleton ranch to the clerk of Harvey county for record, the character of "Sarah A. Laws" having been purely fictitious.

This was the most convincing circumstantial evidence developed, going to show that the flight to Texas had been planned weeks, and possibly months prior to the start, and that Bothamley had fallen so completely under the spell of the woman that he had been induced by her to convey his ranch to her, the roundabout method described being used for the purpose of forestalling the comment, a direct conveyance undoubtedly would have caused.

With the facts as here related in my possession I conferred with Col. Hollowell, and we took an inventory of the evidence in our possession. Of its circumstantial character there was, of course no doubt. The outline of the facts I have related was strengthened by a search of the personal effects belonging to Bothamley at the time of his death, and of the contents of the car in which he died. In a box in the car, besides a large quantity of jewelry which had belonged to the woman with whom Bothamley had come to America, was found a bottle of morphine. I tried to establish the identity of the purchaser of the drug, but was unsuccessful, for after locating the druggist who sold it, I found him unable to recollect the person who had bought it. The facilities for the exhumation and examination of bodies on the frontier were not such as to make an analysis of the Bothamley stomach feasible, and the part played by the drug in the death of the Englishman, if any, was left in doubt.

When we had finished taking stock of our evidence Col. Hollowell, known throughout Kansas as "Prince Hal," and I decided that we could go into court with a circumstantial case of great strength. Personally I was confident of being able to present such evidence as would convince any unprejudiced juror of the guilt of Nellie Bailey or Reise.

The physical circumstances surrounding the death of Bothamley, had the accused been a man, would have gone far of themselves toward convicting. These circumstances, considered in connection with the history of Nellie Bailey from the time of her

marriage, the disappearance of her husband, the finding of the human bones and flesh, her possession of his jewelry and money, her marriage to Reise, and her confession that Bailey would never bother them, the evidence seemed to me to be so convincing that I felt that my part to secure title to Bothamley's ranch—all these things and many minor circumstances seemed to me to constitute a case of much merit from the legal viewpoint. In this view Col. Hollowell agreed with me. The general United States district attorney and I differed, however, on one material point—the chance of securing a conviction.

"Remember, Tyrrell," he said, "that it's a woman on trial, and a pretty woman."

The trial of this remarkable woman was one of the most memorable in the history of Kansas. She had ample means and had retained able counsel. Col. Hollowell, in his capacity as United States attorney, represented the prosecution, as the crime had been committed in the Indian territory, where there were no local courts. The government's array of circumstantial evidence was marshaled before the jury with much skill and force by Col. Hollowell, and a display of correlated facts produced that would have caused an ordinary defendant to weaken. But the little blue-eyed woman remained as calm, as the incriminating circumstances were piled up against her, as she had been from the first. Counsel for the defense made the best of the somewhat meager case they had, but when the evidence was all in there was a wide margin in favor of the prosecution. After the summing up by the lawyers Col. Hollowell said to me: "We are up against it. Every man on that jury knows she is guilty, and not one of them will vote for conviction."

His knowledge of western juries in cases where women were the defendants was accurate. After due deliberation the jury fled into the room and submitted to the court its verdict: "Not guilty." Judge Foster, who heard the case, said after the trial that there was not the slightest doubt in his mind of the woman's guilt. But she was free. Robert Reise had come to Kansas to attend the trial, and immediately after the verdict disappeared with the woman I believed to be his wife, and who was his lawful wife, if the bones and flesh found in Dakota had been those of Shannon Bailey.

I found afterward that while the jurors almost unanimously expressed themselves as believing the prisoner guilty, they had applied to the case their sense of rough frontier justice, reasoning that Bothamley had been a man whose early advantages and intelligence should have led him into a different life, and that if he met death at the hands of one woman, after he had led another to desert her home for him, besides deserting his own wife and children, he was meeting with no more punishment than he deserved. As a man I have no quarrel with this reasoning. As an officer of the law at that time I felt much disappointment at seeing the hard work of months go for naught, especially as that hard work had developed what to my mind was a sound case.

So far as I have been able to learn, Shannon Bailey has never been heard of since the day he disappeared. I have recently written to his brother, who formerly lived in Ohio, but received no answer. I will stake my reputation on the fact that he was mortal of him on the Dakota prairie, and in the cellar of his former home in De Smet.

STORY No. 3 WILL BE "THE MISSOURI LAND LEAGUERS."

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PUTTING IT RATHER MILDLY

What Pat Meant by Leaving Wife Without Visible Means of Support.

A traveler tells of a trip on a jaunting car in Ireland where he had as a fellow passenger an ugly-looking man whom he was not sorry to leave behind at an inn.

"Faith, yer honor, and he's as square as he looks. He's a villain. He's done 15 years for leaving his wife without visible means of support."

"Oh, get out, Pat! A man can't get 15 years' penal servitude for leaving his wife without visible means of support."

"Shure, and can't he, sir?" said Pat, with a twinkle in his roguish eyes. "He did, though. And, bejaysus, I'm leaving yer wife 't without visible means of support' when ye throw her out of a window on the third floor?"

Only a Question of Time.

It was a house with a balloon frame, standing on cedar posts. A fierce tempest from the north had struck it just after the roof had been put on and the weather boarding finished, and had pushed it five feet out of perpendicular. The owner was sitting on the front step, calmly smoking his pipe, when the traveler happened along.

"Had a stroke of bad luck, haven't you?" said the traveler. "Yep." (Puff.) "Building would have stood it, all right if it had been finished, wouldn't it?" "I reckon so." (Puff, puff.) "Going to tear it down and build it over again?" "Nope." (Puff.) "May I ask what you intend to do with it?" "Nothin'," answered the owner, removing his pipe from his mouth. "Going to wait for a hurricane to come from the other direction and straighten it up agin."—Chicago Tribune.

FENSION FOR A CAT.

Moumoute, the "official" cat which has been attached for the last 15 years to the office of the Paris prefecture, has been granted a retiring pension, and has been boarded out, to feed henceforth on succulent stews, the animal being no longer able to masticate hard food.

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