

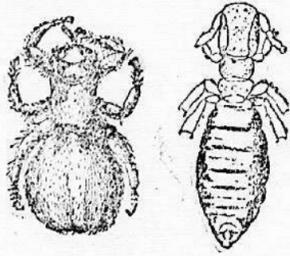
ON RAISING SHEEP.

SHEARING SEASON AMONG WYOMING WOOL GROWERS.

Details of the Operation of a Great Western Industry—How the Herders and Their Families Live—Profits of the Business.

Removing the Clip.

Springtime is one of the most important periods of the year in Wyoming, and Casper is the center of the most important sheep country in the United States. Half a million sheep graze on the low hills and prairie and among the mountains that are tribu-



Sheep Tick, Scab Mite, Sheep Louse. SHEEP PARASITES MAGNIFIED.

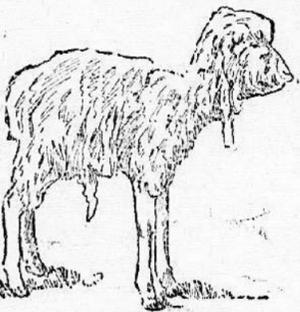
ary to Casper. In every direction as far as the eye can reach can be seen flocks of sheep.

These sheep cover a range that extends about 140 miles to the west, seventy-five miles to the north, forty miles to the east and fifty miles to the south. There will be 3,500,000 pounds of wool shipped from Casper this season. In the city alone more than 300,000 sheep will be shorn. Hundreds of men are employed for the sole purpose of shearing. When the shearing is all over and the wool has been disposed of the season's clip will yield nearly a quarter of a million of dollars.

Each one of the animals costs his owner from 55 cents to 65 cents a year. Each one is worth from 75 cents to \$1. With his wool alone each sheep pays for his keeping and a little more. The profit to his owner comes not so much from his wool as from the very large and natural yearly increase to his flock, or land, as they are called. The sheep is beneficial not alone to his owner, but also to the herder who, perhaps, has him "on shares," the shearer, who gets 7 cents for every sheep he shears and he can make about \$7 a day, for he can shear at least 100 sheep every day, and the owner of the "dipping" pen, who is paid 1 1/2 cents for every sheep dipped.

Casper is located at the western terminus of the Fremont, Elkhorn and Missouri Valley Railroad, the only road that enters that country. The town is beautifully located on the Platte River, at the foot of a range of high hills that are the foothills of the Black Hills. It is kept up by the sheep industry, and is a typical sheep town. Its principal business men are sheep owners who have come from the East and have settled there.

In the vicinity of Casper are many sheep shearing pens, dipping pens, corrals and various other buildings neces-



SCABBY SHEEP.

sary to the business. The shearing pens consist of well-made wood buildings about 150 feet in length, and about sixty feet broad. This pen is divided up into smaller pens capable of holding two men while at work. The smaller pens are at the sides of the large pen. Through the center of these runs the chute or pathway through which the sheep enter and are driven to the shearers.

At one end of the big building is a large room, into which the sheep come to await their turn with the shearers. At the other end is a large room, into which they pass after they have been shorn, and out of which they are driven to the dipping pens. In this end also is the kitchen and dining room, where meals are served to the shearers and any visitors who may happen to be present.

In each of the smaller pens are two shearers, provided with the customary large shears, a small whetstone, a small pail of water into which to dip the shears when they become warm from use and a low table standing not more than six inches from the ground, upon which the animal is placed while being shorn. Count is kept of the total number sheared in each pen by means of the long, heavy strings that are used to tie up the wool after it has been taken off.

A dozen sheep are let into the pen. One by one they are taken by the shearer, who handles them as he would a child, and their thick coat is removed. The wool is then tied up in a bundle and thrown outside the pen. It is gathered up and placed in a huge wool sack that holds about 400 pounds of wool. This sack is about six feet high and is suspended from a framework built inside the pen for the purpose. There

are, aside from the shearers, a foreman, who oversees the work, a gang of "punchers," or herders, who keep the sheep moving into the chute, and numerous helpers who are employed in various ways about the place.

After the sheep are all shorn they are driven a few miles to the dipping pens, where they are "dipped" in a chemical solution that kills the "scab" parasites. These parasites are of several kinds and are death to the animal unless the "scab" is killed. One kind of parasite is known as the sheep tick. It causes a great deal of loss and thrives best on beasts in poor condition with weak fleeces. The sheep tick lives by sucking the blood of the sheep and their bites cause much irritation and itching on account of the poison secreted while feeding.

There is also the scab mite, which causes the most dreaded of all sheep diseases, the "scab." It causes more loss to owners than all other kinds of insects and diseases combined. The scab mites burrow in the skin, where they lay their eggs. After three days the eggs hatch and in twelve days more the young are full grown. As each female lays about fifteen eggs at a time, three-fourths of which produce female insects, the rapidly with which the insects multiply and the disease spreads is easily accounted for. Four or five scab mites picked up on the range will produce millions in a few weeks and infect the whole flock.

Aside from these two there are the sheep louse. They prefer long-wooled sheep and affect the beast's condition by loss of the blood they live on and by the irritation they cause. The eggs of the louse are laid at the base of the wool fiber, to which they adhere until the young emerge.

The dipping pens are rather small buildings around which are corrals, where the flocks stay. Leading from these corrals is a trough about 100 feet long dug in the ground. This trough is filled with what is known as sheep dip, a chemical compound that kills the parasites. This trough is about five feet deep and into it the animals plunge and swim the entire length of it, emerging into corrals at the other end. Men are stationed at intervals along this trough and with long poles push the swimming sheep under the liquid in order that they may be entirely submerged. The dip does not injure the sheep, unless a storm follows.

The herders and shearers lead a restless life. The sheep travel in bands of about 3,000 each. There are two herders with each band. One of them tends the sheep and protects them from the coyotes and wolves, and the other is known as the camp mover. It is his business to select sites for new camps when it is deemed advisable to move, take care of the tents and baggage and move the camp.

The men live in tents for the most part, although some of them, generally married men, have immense wagons, canvas covered, in which they live with their families. These wagons are very picturesque and are often furnished in the best style, with spring beds, cook stove, cupboards, flour chests and all conveniences. They live in them the year round, and know no other home. The shearers are generally rovers. They go in bands from place to place, as the shearing progresses.

Last spring the steam shearing machine was introduced. Experienced operators from Australia were brought over, and the introduction of the machine was attended by great expense. The machine proved practically useless. It was found that they did not do the work any quicker than it was done by hand, and the sand and oil that is found in the wool retarded the action of the machines. It is not believed they will be used again, as the expense necessary to operate them and keep them in repair is more than the business will warrant at the present low price of wool.

The principal markets are Chicago, Boston and Philadelphia. Representatives from the largest commission houses in these cities come every year to contract for the wool. The price ranges from 5 cents to 7 cents for wool "in the grease," this being the term applied to the wool as it is immediately after shearing.

A YOUTHFUL PLAYER.

Is Probably the Youngest Violinist in the World.

Probably the youngest violinist in the world is Master William Fooks, of England. He is 2 1/2 years old, and holds



THE "INFANT" VIOLINIST.

his violin and bow like an old performer. Persons who have heard the "infant" violinist say that he is a phenomenon, and will starve the world in later years.

Wiggles—Do you believe in spiritualism? Wiggles—Yes, I confess I do. Wiggles—All right. Then you won't doubt the truth of this story that I'm going to tell you.—Somerville Journal.

CAPTAIN TREADWAY.

The Iowa Boy Who Is the Flower and Pride of Yale's Manhood.

Iowa is singularly proud of Ralph Treadway, the young Yale man who is the captain of the crew which that university will send to England to row



RALPH TREADWAY.

against the whole British nation at the famous Henley regatta. Treadway is the biggest man in New England today, and if the United States were not so exceedingly large he would be one of the best known men in the country. Captain Treadway is the flower and pride of Yale's manhood. Handsome, athletic, with a back as flat as a board, muscles of iron and strong health beaming out of his face, he is likewise good-natured, open-handed and open-hearted, and born for a college leader. England's boast is the fine young men she turns out of her universities, but she will show no finer than Ralph Treadway on the Thames when the brawny amateurs come together. Just now the stalwart young Westerner is the lion of the East, and the newspapers of all the big towns of the seaboard are full of him. He carries it all modestly, attends in a business-like way to his diurnal preparation for the coming contest with the Britons, and on his skill and direction Yale depends for the success of her colors abroad. But, although Treadway pays strict attention to his men and himself, he never loses sight of the fact that he is a student, and improves his mind. Before entering Yale he spent two terms at the University of Iowa.



Milk for children's food should always be boiled.

Massage treatment with camphorated oil will prove beneficial in cases of swollen or stiff knee joints.

A mustard plaster, or flannels wrung out in hot water, constitute the simplest yet best remedy for cramps in the stomach.

When a raw surface is irritated by perspiration, dusting the part freely with stearate of zinc will obviate the discomfort.

A popular family liniment recipe is made by mixing two ounces of soft soap, one ounce of gum camphor and one pint of spirits of turpentine.

Rhubarb and soda mixture, a favorite country recipe, is made by mixing two drams of the former and four of the latter in four ounces of peppermint water.

An excellent tooth powder may be made by mixing one-half ounce of powdered castile soap, one ounce of precipitated chalk, one ounce of powdered orris root and ten drops of wintergreen.

A very good cholera mixture is the following: Equal parts of laudanum, tincture of rhubarb, spirits of camphor, essence of peppermint and tincture of capsicum. Dose for an adult, from fifteen to thirty drops every half hour, as required.

Those dreading lay fever the coming summer, may prepare to meet and probably vanquish that unpleasant enemy by buying a nasal atomizer, and getting ready a mixture formed of ten grains of menthol, ten grains of eucalyptol and two ounces of benzoinol.

The tincture of murate of iron is a very good remedy for erysipelas. Ten drops should be taken in water, through a glass tube, every three hours throughout the active stage of the disease. Occasional doses of Rochelle salts will relieve any torpidity of the liver or stomach that may follow.

Never apply iodine to the face for freckles or blotches. For pimples or the like, the following is a safe remedy: Bathe the face with hot water at bedtime, dry thoroughly, and apply a lotion composed of two drams of iac sulphur, one dram of spirit of camphor, one-half ounce of glycerine and four ounces of rose water, and leave it on all night.

An Apology.

A man who has a reputation for being very careless as to his toilet was elected town clerk in one of the small towns in this State some time ago, and the local paper thought it would be a good joke to announce that

"Mr. Makeup will wash himself before he assumes the office of town clerk."

On reading the notice Mr. Makeup was furious, and demanded a retraction, which the paper accordingly made the following day, in this fashion:

"Mr. Makeup requests us to deny that he will wash himself before he assumes the office of town clerk."

And still Mr. Makeup was not pleased. How hard it is to satisfy some people!—Our Boys and Girls.

There is so much distress in the world that we can't cry over all of it.

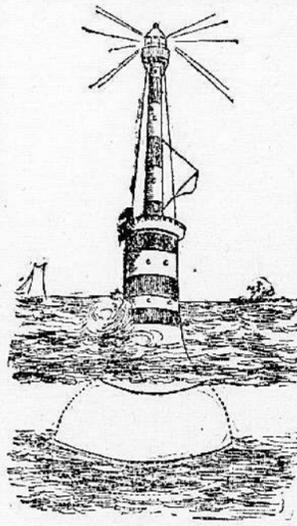
THE EELS LIGHTHOUSE.

Novel Invention of a New England Sea Captain.

Members of the United States lighthouse board are considering an invention made by Captain Eels, a New England mariner, and are inclined to regard it as the best design ever presented for building lighthouses in the open ocean.

For three years engineers and scientists have been working on a mammoth design for a lighthouse on the outer shoal off Cape Hatteras, and at last they believe they have perfected a plan. It is estimated that it will cost at least \$1,000,000 to carry it out. The design of the New England man provides for a light structure as high and as capable of displaying a light of the first order as any in the world, at a cost probably not exceeding \$300,000.

In general appearance the lighthouse looks like an inverted funnel, and when in place the big end will be on the bottom, several feet in the sand, and the spigot end is to rise 100 feet, if necessary, to support the light. The drawing of the design submitted to the treasury department represents a lighthouse at least 150 feet high from the top of the lens to the bottom of the water, the height above the water line to be about 100 feet. The most remarkable feature of the scheme is the great diameter of the cylinder at the bottom and its comparative slenderness at the water line. The base represents a circle whose diameter is at least seventy feet, while a few feet above the water the structure is scarcely more than thirty feet through the center, and from that to the top of the light it continues to diminish until at the extreme top it is not more than twelve feet through. The big end of the funnel consists of two walls, one inside the



THE EELS LIGHTHOUSE.

other, with a space between of about eight feet at the bottom and graduating to four at the top, where the funnel meets the water line. This annular chamber is to be filled with masonry, of which enough to ballast the structure and keep it in an upright position is to be built in before starting for the sea. Steel composes the greater part of the structure, the framing and planting of the sides of the funnel being similar to the construction of a war ship. When the structure has been completed and towed out to sea and sunk, it is proposed to fill in the space between the inner and outer chambers with sand and stones, and thus weigh down the great inverted funnel to a firm hold on the bottom.

THE UNIQUE BED

In Which Mrs. Van Rensselaer Cruger Rests Her Weary Head.

There is a fad among New York society women at the present time for costly beds, and the price paid for some of these articles of furniture is fabulous, running into the thousands of dollars. There is a mania for imported bedsteads—beds that have been owned by French kings and queens and decorated by artists whose works are still famous on both continents.

Probably the most novel bed in New York is owned by Mrs. Van Rensselaer Cruger. It is shaped like a huge swan fashioned from her own design and made of white enameled wood. The curtains, of white muslin, are held in the swan's beak and draped at either side with broad white ribbons. The bed stands on a white fur rug and the can-



MRS. CRUGER'S SWAN BED.

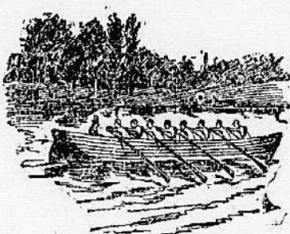
opy overhead is lined with eel-blue satin. Since the creation of this unique bedstead "swan beds" are on sale by many of the swell furniture dealers of the metropolis.

THEIR FIRST BOAT RACE.

It Is Seventy Years Since Oxford and Cambridge Tried Conclusions.

The first boat race between the universities of Oxford and Cambridge took place on June 10, 1829, the course being from Hambleton lock to Henley bridge, a distance of two and a quarter miles. The race was rowed in the evening,

the Oxford crew appearing in blue check dress, the Cambridge in white with pink waistbands. The Cambridge men won the toss for sides, and chose the Berkshire shore. At the start the Cambridge coxswain steered out into the stream, and the Oxford coxswain, holding his course, a foul ensued. Thereupon the umpires decided that, as there was plenty of water on the Berkshire side, both boats should be allowed to row in it. The boats kept well together for some distance, but ultimately Oxford pulled ahead, and though the Cantabs made an excellent struggle they were unable to save the race, and the Oxford boat shot under Henley bridge several lengths to the good. The Cambridge boat had no chance at any time after it was seen from Henley bridge, but the crew displayed great skill and resolution, and certainly had



BOAT RACE—THE CAMBRIDGE BOAT.

no reason to be ashamed of their efforts. There was a magnificent display of fireworks in the evening, and everywhere the utmost enthusiasm prevailed. Several of the men in both crews afterward distinguished themselves, notably Dr. Charles Wordsworth and Dean Merivale and Bishop Selwyn of Cambridge. The boat in which the Cambridge crew rowed on this occasion was of the kind known as "Noah's ark," a heavy tub, differing as much from the slight outrigger of the present day as a smart up-to-date gunboat differs from one of the old wooden men-of-war. The race occupied 14:20.

One in a Million.

Dr. Abernethy, the famous Scotch surgeon, was a man of few words, but he once met his match—in a woman. She called at his office in Edinburgh one day and showed a hand, badly inflamed and swollen, when the following dialogue, opened by the doctor, took place:

"Burn?"

"Bruise."

"Poultice."

The next day the woman called again, and the dialogue was as follows:

"Better?"

"Worse."

"More poultice."

Two days later the woman made another call, and this conversation occurred:

"Better?"

"Well, fee?"

"Nothing," exclaimed the doctor.

"Most sensible woman I ever met."—New York Mail and Express.

A Cycling Term.



"THE BICYCLE FACE."

It Was a Fine Stream. There is a "professional gentleman" in Portland who would make a successful horse swapper. Having a farm to sell, recently, this descendant of the Pilgrims advertised it, and soon afterward a gentleman called on him to speak about it.

"Well, judge," said he, "I have been over the farm you advertised and find it all right except the fine stream of water you mentioned."

"It runs through the piece of woods in the lowest part of the meadow," said the judge.

"What! that little brook? Why, it doesn't hold much more than a spoonful. I am sure if you would empty a bowl of water into it it would overflow. You don't call that a fine stream, do you?"

"Well, if it were much finer you couldn't see it at all," said the judge, blandly.—Portland Express.

Why Their Tails Are White.

Rabbits, it is said, have white tails so that in case of pursuit the young may distinguish their mother when she is leading them to the warren. The natural color of the rabbit is so like the surrounding earth that otherwise this would be difficult.

Weary Waggles Moves On.

Boston has solved the tramp question. The fact that there was a falling off of 8,000 applications for accommodations the last year at Wayfarers' Lodge, where the lodgers are expected to work for their board, is convincing evidence on this point.

She—This novelist writes of his heroine as a tall girl with becoming blonde hair. He—I suppose he means by that that she was having it bleached.—Cincinnati Enquirer.



Oh, pretty fad, so blithe and gay. Your rule is for a day. The world has jilted Truly and espoused the Roentgen ray.—Washington Star.

Expert—Oh, any fool can run a cycle. Discouraged tyro—And a fool would ever try to run a Boston Transcript.

Miss Dainty—Go away, dear Restful Reddy (with dignity, that is a purely superfluous addition. We are all mere clay-Philadelphia North American.

City man—How far is it from the station? Suburban (tastefully)—Well—that depends whether you are running a train.—Somerville Journal.

"Wanter flip pennies, you kid?" asked the rude little pleasure, answered the innocent. "Will you choose the or reverse?"—Indianapolis Journal.

Mrs. Penman—A penny's thoughts, dear Mr. Penman, just wondering why the fellow wanted to give me even that them.—Yonkers Statesman.

Cunliffe—Did Roarer ever mention of his political ambitions? fellow; he never got any the position of a favorite nephew North American.

Our hair-raiser—Children, I peeled the apples before eating "Yes, mother, dear." "What done with the peelings?" "I put them after."—Famillienblatt.

"Most extraordinary man" way?" "I think he's the only country who has a man plant of any description and gun to make bicycles."—Chicago Record.

Though nature daubs with red in field and wood, without red One springtime artist beats her. 'Tis woman, with a pot of paint.—Chicago Record.

Hopkins—There's no red in these bloomers the woman is wearing. Brown—Why? Hopkins—just as hard as ever to find pocket.—Philadelphia North American.

Shortson—Shyson, until I never felt obliged to ask loan. Shyson—And, strange Shortson, until now I have obliged to refuse you.—Baltimore Record.

Judge—Have you anything before the judgment of the passed upon you? Tough Beggin' yer honor's pardon heard the score, judge.—Baltimore Record.

"How large were the asked the press agent, writing of the account for "About as large as chestnut of the actress, unwittingly-Philadelphia Journal.

Stranger—Your city hall pressive, but it lacks warms. It gives one an impression of Philadelphia—Chilliness! er! It cost about \$16,000 cash!—Philadelphia Press.

"I'd like to be a man" gracefully. "I like you are," he replied; and her it evident that, after all, she was roughly satisfied with affairs stood.—Philadelphia North American.

Visiting Acquaintance—find it a great deal cheaper here in the country than in city? Mr. Subbubs—M—same. My wife brought dish along with her.—Milwaukee Record.

Teacher—How many years, Tommy Timkins? To fifty this year. Teacher—very well that there are fifty my—No'm; not this year. I going to take two weeks of Gazette.

"What are you looking got everything worth taking looking—" The other continued his search. "A larger booty which the per-morrow will say we over the per's Bazar.

"A child," said the person, "can ask questions man cannot answer." "The isfaction," said the man, "can't ask very many of the getting sent to bed."—Chicago Inquirer.

Inquiring offspring—Pa, this mean about "giving" a local habitation and Intelligent Parent—Oh, connection with the apothecary where they dispense sweetmeats, 5 cents a glass and call it Transcript.

"I suppose when you White Mountains last enjoyed the echoes very much didn't. I went to hear them lie Bullard, and when what he said they really do much."—Harper's Bazar.

Among the Brigands—Positive (shaking hands with that to depart)—I wish you to ney, sir, and hope you would by the brigands. Gentle has been badly fleeced at the advice comes too late, my thing's done.—Leschaalle.