DICK RODNEY;

Or, The Adventures of An Eton Boy...

BY JAMES GRANT.

CHAPTER XX.—(Continued.)

He took us so suddenly by surprise, that, although we had been waiting and watching for him since dawn, his resolute aspect and the arms he wielded controlled us all, and we stared at each other with irresolution in our purpose and in our faces. No man, apparently, cared to act as our leader.

"Presto!" roared the Cubano; "obey and keep quiet, sr. demonio! as there are so many, I have a great mind to shoot one-half, that I may control the rest. Cast loose those top-sails, and up with the royals again—set the flying-gib and main tryasil—quick, perros, or I'll make shark's meat of some more of you!"

The crew seemed to lack either resolution or the power of combination, and no man appeared anxious to incur the sure penalty of instant death by acting in opposition to his peremptory orders in setting an example to the rest. So, sullenly and silently the sail trimmers stood by the tacks and braces; the wheel revolved in the unwilling hands of Ned Carlton, who was compelled to obey, for the cold muzzle of a six-barreled revolver, capped and cocked, was held close to his left temple.

The head of the Eugenie payed off in obedience to her helm, the yards swung round and were braced sharp up; and with the starboard tacks on board, in three minutes we were steering as due westward as her head would lie for the coast of South America.

The alteration of our course furnished the crew with a new source of speculation. It was evidently the intention of Antonio, if he could reach the coast of Seguro, or that of Bahia, to escape with all his valuables and his vengeance; and to this end, if ships passed without succeeding or overhauling us, and if we did not destroy him, he might certainly destroy us, by scuttling the brig, or setting her on fire.

The noon passed over without an "observation," for there was no one to work it, to estimate the latitude or longitude, to keep a reckoning, or take note of our variation and leeway; and lest we should signal any passing ship, Antonio, who was a most thoughtful scoundrel, threw every color overboard. He did not come on deck again for some time, as he had plenty of spirits and provisions below, and the tell-tale compass in the skylight afforded him constant information as to whether the brig was steered in the direction he wished.

He was constantly drinking, but never became so intoxicated as to be unwary.

And so the fated brig glided over the hot sea, under the blazing sun. The albatrosses came round us again, and, tripping feet, flapping wings and open bills; but no one molested them now—we had other things to think of; and as I sat on the anchor stock in the weather bow, watching them floating in the water, or skimming over it with their vast wings outspread, I thought of the "Ancient Mariner," and all that he had suffered for killing "the bird of good omen."

I felt a strange dread creeping over me while these verses seemed on my tongue—they were so descriptive of the atmosphere and of the situation:

"All in a hot and copper sky,
The bloody sun at noon,
Right up above the mast did stand,
No bigger than the moon.
* * * * *
"I closed my lids, and kept them close,
And the balls like pulses beat,
For the sea and sky, and the sea and sky,
Lay like a load on my weary eye,
And the dead were at my feet."

CHAPTER XXI.

I Confront the Cubano.

From the wild thoughts and fancies which the horrors of that early morning, our strange situation, and my own rather active imagination, were suggesting, I was roused by Ned Carlton, who, on being relieved from the wheel, came forward to the bows, where most of the crew were seated on the windlass, or were lounging against the bitts, speculating on what might turn up next.

In an excited and impressive manner, he reported that he had heard, from time to time, the sound of moans, as from some one in great pain in the cabin; that he believed that either the captain or mate yet survived; and if we could get down by any means we might be in time to save one or the other. If he was bleeding to death, the victim could not last long—a little time, and we should be too late!

This information increased our anxiety, and greatly excited us.

Remembering the manner in which Antonio first came on board—the mystery of his being alone in the blood-stained boat—his dreams—the disappearance of Roberts—the occurrences of the morning—and though last not least, the roughtreatment to which the crew had subjected him on the night we passed the line—none were very willing to enter the cabin where this savage Cubano, flushed with brandy, bloodshed and ferocity, sat with loaded pistols in his hands. But all felt that something must be done; that, while a doubt remained, it should be solved, and a life so important to us saved, even though others be risked for it.

I volunteered to become the envoy of the crew.

"No, no, Master Rodney," said Tattooed Tom; "this will never do! What do you think we will let you venture into that murderer's den while so many able-bodied fellows hang astern?"

"But I know his language, which none of you do."

"He speaks the Queen's English now as well as any of us," said Carlton, "and if I had only a pistol or a musket to give me but one chance for my life, I would have made it speak to him long ago, in the lingo such pirates know best."

"Moreover, as I did not molest him on the night we crossed the line, he has no particular grudge at me," I urged.

"There is some sense and truth in that," muttered several of the crew.

"I'll go—it is settled," said I, anxious to solve the mystery of the groans, while feeling a glow of triumph at the applause I should gain for the risk I ran, which assuredly was not a small one.

"It is a shame for us lubberly fellows to stand by here and see that lad risk his life," said Probart, one of the crew; "and if so be that creole plebroon falls foul of him——"

"If he does," exclaimed Tom Lambourne through his firmly set teeth, while striking his clenched right hand on the hard palm of the left, "may I never see England again if we don't attack him at stem and stern at once! I'll drop down the skylight, with as many as will follow me, while you, Ned, will dash down the companionway with the rest, and then at him with hatchet, handsaw and capstan-bar. He can't kill us all, shipmates, that's one comfort—he can't kill us all!"

The prospect of an early demise was neither soothed nor encouraged by this promise of the bloody scene that was to follow.

The carpenter gave me a small but very sharp tomahawk. I concealed it in my breast, and resolved to use it to some purpose if molested in the cabin. The idea flashed upon me that by one determined blow I might disable him forever, and perhaps do an act of justice by dispatching him outright.

With a vague sense that I was about to face a terrible danger, and that the sooner it was faced and past, the better, I walked hastily aft, and on descending the companionladder, paused when halfway down, and after knocking on the bulkhead called out distinctly and boldly—

"Antonio! Hallo, Cubano!"

"Well, what do you want?" asked he, sullenly.

"To speak with you; may I come down?"

"Enter, companero; you have not yet harmed me, thus I bear you no malice."

Putting a hand in my breast to ascertain that my little hatchet was secure, I entered the cabin, where the Cubano, with the broad back placed against the rudderpost, was seated on the stern-locker at the table, which he had covered with bottles, biscuits, cheese and polonies while papers, dockets, broken desks, and boxes lay scattered about him. He was clad, as I have stated, in the poor skipper's best shore-going suit of clothes, which he wore open and loose, for the atmosphere of the cabin, notwithstanding the shattered skylight, was oppressively hot, as the sun was now almost vertical; the flies were in noisy swarms, and the cockroaches were crawling over the beams and bulkhead panels.

On first hearing a foot on the companion-ladder, he had evidently snatched up a revolver, and cocked it; but on finding that his visitor was only me, he put it down, threw away the fag-end of a cigarito, and said, with a ferocious grin and ironical politeness—

"Buenos dias (a good day), senor; to what am I indebted for this visit?"

It was the first time I had ever looked in the face of a man who had coolly destroyed a fellow-being as he had done, and my flesh seemed to creep with an indescribable loathing; but I had a purpose to achieve, and determined to do it.

I was about to enter Weston's stateroom, when the Cubano cocked his revolver and cried, in a voice of thunder—

"Come back, or I will shoot you as dead as he is! Ha, ha! por grados" (by degrees) "I shall get rid of you all."

I paused and looked at him; my young heart beat wildly; I felt that I was facing death, and what would I not have given had my hatchet been a pistol, even with one barrel, though my opponent was master of twelve charges.

"He is dead, then?" said I in a husky voice.

"Who—which?" asked the Cubano, with a fresh cigarito between his strong white teeth.

"Captain Weston."

"Aye, dead as Judas!" said he, laughing hoarsely.

"But I understand that Hislop——" I stammered.

"El contra-maestre—well?"

At that moment a low moan which went through my heart came from the stateroom or little side cabin of Marc Hislop.

"Well, hombre, what of him?" growled Antonio.

"He is bleeding to death, and I wish to remove him."

"Do as you please; he will be food for the fish before the sun sets!"

"You will allow me to take him on deck?" said I, earnestly, almost imploringly.

"Yes; you have done me no harm" (he repeated this very often); "woe to those who have done so!"

A gleam of suspicion flashed in the eyes of Antonio as he said:

"True; but not a man shall enter here, and leave alive, save the ship-boys may assist you; but I will shoot the whole crew down like dogs if they venture to approach me; so I give you five minutes to carry the contra-maestre to the forecastle bunks, or to pitch him overboard, whichever you please, though the last would please me."

"Five minutes!"

"Yes, five by this watch," he added, pulling out of his fob a gold repeater, which, even in the excitement of the moment, I recognized to be mine, the same which my mother gave me when I first left home for Eton, and of which I had been robbed at Tennerife. There was no doubting the little rings and charms which my sisters, Dot, Sybil and one of their female friends had appended to it; and thus I discovered another black link in the life of Antonio.

I dared not appear to recognize it when his strong brown hairy hand, the bloody spots on which made me shudder, held it toward me, lest he might shoot me down, but summoned Billy Wilkins, the cabin boy, by desiring the man at the wheel "to pass word forward for him and another apprentice."

The boys came, but not without great fear and reluctance; and while Antonio proceeded leisurely to make another paper cigar, keeping his ears open for every sound, and his black eyes fixed keenly on us the while, we entered the little stateroom of Marc Hislop and beheld a sight which filled us with the deepest commiseration and dismay.

CHAPTER XXII.

I Rescue the Mate.

Pale as marble, with his lower jaw relaxed and his eyes almost closed, motionless as if dead, but, nevertheless, still breathing slowly and heavily, poor Marc Hislop lay in his bed, the clothes and pillows of which were saturated with blood, for he seemed to be covered by wounds, and the crimson current had flowed over the piles of his favorite books, which were scattered upon the cabin floor, where they had been trod under foot by Antonio while overhauling the repositories of the unfortunate proprietor.

Shuddering, and in haste, we lifted him from the bed, muffled him in a blanket and conveyed him, passive as a child, to the floor of the cabin.

As we passed out, for a moment it seemed as if the ruffianly Spaniard repented of his temporary clemency; for when he saw the pale, bloody and insensible form of the poor fellow trailed past, he made an ominous motion with his hand, and threateningly clutched the haft of the Albacete knife in his sash. Then waving his hand, almost contemptuously, he said:

"Basta—go, go—it matters little now, either to him or to me. Demonio! I always strike deep."

Alarm and pity endowed us with unusual strength, and we bore the speechless victim of Antonio up the steep stair to the deck, where our crew, with muttered oaths of vengeance, and expressions of commiseration, bore him below the forepart of the vessel. There a bed was made for him on deck; for coolness, an awning was rigged over it, and we had his wounds examined.

We found a deep stab in the neck, most dangerously near the jugular vein; a second in the breast, a third between the bones of the right forearm and a fourth in the left thigh; all had evidently been dealt through the bedclothes, and with a savage energy of purpose.

(To be continued.)

"SCRAPS."

It is said that fully 100,000 persons in London work all night.

About eight million tons of coal are annually consumed in London.

It is considered a heinous offense to ride a bicycle anywhere near the city of Constantinople.

Two hundred thousand families, it has been calculated, are living in London on about \$5 a week.

Women are employed at railway points and crossings in Italy, because they do not get intoxicated.

It is believed that a diet of corn-bread makes bigger men, physically, than bread made of wheat flour.

The highest inhabited spot in the world is the custom house at Ancomarca, Peru, 16,000 feet above sea level.

Gold-plated plumbing will be used in some of the new private residences now being built in New York.

Mexico is now in the hight of commercial prosperity, and her foreign trade is rapidly increasing in volume.

Fifty-three years ago the first pedal-card was made in Vienna at the suggestion of Prof. Herrmann of the Technical Institute.

Long engagements are rather expensive affairs in Russia. The bride-groom-elect is expected to send his finance a present every day.

Kaiser Wilhelm distributed 2,487 orders throughout Germany on New Year's Day. Last year the number was 2,009, and the year before 1,916.

Grimsby—So you are going to make a pianist of your son? Has he an ear for music? Flimsby—I don't know anything about his ear; but see what a head of hair he's got.—Boston Transcript.

Bergen, Norway, is going to facilitate the entrance of vessels into the harbor in stormy weather by placing tanks of oil on the breakwater and spreading the oil on the water by means of small pipes.

Newton's law of gravitation will have to be modified, M. Maurain, in the Journal de Physique, asserts that careful measurements show that the intensity of gravitation in islands is greater than on continents.—New York Sun.

A housekeeping school is about to be opened by a clever woman at New York, who will teach a thorough course of housekeeping, embracing all branches, and fit its graduates to become the graceful and accomplished mistresses of households.

"I want to ask one more question," said little Frank, as he was being put to bed. "Well," acquiesced the tired mamma. "When holes come in stockings, what becomes of the piece of stocking that was there before the hole came?"—London Tit-Bits.

"You need not believe," writes a Kansas boy in Manila, "that us fellows are all going to marry over here. There ain't any of us so fascinated as we thought we would be with the languorous eyes and other Oriental charms. I wouldn't trade a curly-headed Kansas girl for all the charmers on this side of the big water."

The amount of powder required to propel cannon balls is as follows: A ball of the weight of the projectile. A projectile four inches in diameter weighs 33 pounds; five inches, 50 pounds; six inches, 100 pounds; eight inches, 250 pounds; ten inches, 500 pounds; twelve inches, 850 pounds; thirteen inches, 1,100 pounds; sixteen inches, 2,378 pounds.

Drive thy business; let not that drive thee.—Franklin.

FARM AND GARDEN.

MATTERS OF INTEREST TO AGRICULTURISTS.

Some Up-to-Date Hints About Cultivation of the Soil and Yields Thereof—Horticulture, Viticulture and Floriculture.

Mottles in Butter.

An old problem not yet solved, writes H. K. Gronbeck in N. Y. Produce Review. Years of crusade against them by dairy papers and butter sellers, and still mottles are as plentiful as ever. The cause? I do not claim to know it. Different theories have been advanced by different authorities in the dairy world. Perhaps some of them are correct, but more than possible they are all more or less misleading. Uneven distribution of salt one says, and this perhaps is most frequently supposed to be the cause. And probably uneven distribution of salt does cause mottles sometimes, but I know it does not cause mottles all the time. We are also told that mottles make their appearance when the butter is not salted at all, so we must look for other causes of mottles. Uneven distribution of the color, or of the mud in the color perhaps. But also here we are told that mottles appear where no color is used. Other theories have been advanced: feed, frozen milk, make of separator, richness of cream, temperatures of cream, butter or room, all of which are more or less ridiculous. Uneven distribution of moisture I shall not try to argue, but will guarantee that if the mottles are worked evenly into the butter, they will disappear. And the thought may be nearer the truth than it appears to be at first sight, at least in the absence of a known cause it does well, and Prof. Storch of the experiment laboratory in Copenhagen ventured the opinion that mottles might be of bacteriological origin. So much for the cause. Hitherto we have had to say until the cause is better known, but if mottles do make their appearance in your butter, I know of only one way to make them disappear; distribute them evenly, work your butter more—work it until the mottles disappear.

Crops That Save Fertility.

No crop in this section of the country takes the precedence of corn, writes a Nebraska contributor to Wallace's Farmer. It is so abundant and so abundantly useful. I do not know of any other crop that can be used for so many purposes. It makes good human food and admits of being prepared in so many ways. I don't know of any other crop that will supply the wants of our domestic animals so completely as corn. The entire plant fed to cattle or sheep makes an admirable fattening ration, supplying both grain and rough feed of the highest quality. Do not fail to have a good corn crop. Then concentrate it as much as possible into the most marketable product, butter or meat, before it leaves the farm. Next to corn, if not equal to it, is sorghum, drilled in with the ordinary grain drill at the rate of three pecks to one bushel of seed to the acre. So one will believe the amount of good feed for any kind of stock this will produce until they try it for themselves. Then comes peas and oats sown together. I differ from many in the amount of seed to be sown in this combination. Only mostly too many oats are sown for the peas. I prefer one and one-half to two bushels of peas to not more than three pecks of oatsper acre. Do not let the peas become too ripe before cutting. Rye crop of peas and oats seeded in the above proportions yielded last season over four tons per acre.

W. L. HALL.

Kansas Agl. College.

Planting Peach Stones.

Farmers' Review: For a number of who will be in need of young peach trees, two years hence, will do well to procure pits at once from some nursery supply company. Fall is the proper time for stratifying the pits in the sand, but if done now there is still time enough freezing weather to loosen the shells so that they will germinate readily enough in the spring. Plant the seeds in straight narrow furrows three feet apart, covering them about two inches deep. Keep the seedlings well cultivated during summer, and by August they will be half an inch in diameter and ready to be budded. If unacquainted with this operation you may be able to make arrangements with the Horticultural Department of the Kansas Agricultural College to furnish you with an experienced budder. By this means a large number of trees may be obtained at slight cost. The Horticultural Department has prepared a printed price list of the vines, fruit trees, shade trees and ornamental shrubs that can be disposed of in the spring. It will be mailed to any one in the state upon request.

C. P. HARTLEY.

Kansas Agricultural College.

Corn Culture.

A bulletin of the Georgia station says:

Corn delights in a deep, mellow, rich and moist loam. Any of the ordinary soils of the country that are either naturally of the above characters, or can be brought into the required condition by proper rotation, deep and thorough cultivation, and liberal manuring, and can be maintained in this condition by frequent and thorough surface culture, will produce satisfactory yields of corn, with a moderate, well-distributed rainfall. Perhaps the most important requirement for an abundant yield of corn, is plenty of moisture in the soil. Without this plenty of moisture, such a yield is absolutely impracticable. It is not indispensable that the moisture shall be supplied directly by abundant rains during the period of the growth of the crop, but the requirement must be met in some way. The supply of moisture from rainfalls may be supplemented, or entirely substituted, by irrigation, as is done in arid and semi-arid, regions; or the farmer may trust to the clouds for a generous supply; but the demand for moisture must be met, or the crop will be more or less a failure.

Without resorting to expensive irrigation methods, and not willing to rely on the rainfall from the heavens, the farmer may select the low-lying, naturally moist and deep soils, along the water-courses—the "bottom lands." These soils are moister than the uplands, not solely because of their being lower, and near a water-course, but—and very chiefly—because of their great depth and their loamy character, or large amount of humus, or decayed vegetable matter. These soils become thoroughly saturated with moisture during the winter and spring rains, and on account of their depth and quantity of humus, they retain the moisture during a much longer period.

In the absence of such soils, if the farmer wishes to produce regularly profitable crops of corn, he must bring his uplands, as nearly as practicable, into the condition of the loamy, bottom lands. Moisture, moisture, is the prime essential, and moisture he must provide, or he will certainly fail of a crop, if the clouds withhold their accustomed supply. Every intelligent farmer understands the importance of deep and thorough breaking of the soil early in the spring, or even earlier. Not so many appreciate the importance of filling the soil, by harrowing until the clods disappear into fine soil. It is also desirable to keep the soil in this fine, friable condition, especially the superficial layer. But a more valuable and only permanently effective means is to fill the soil, as rapidly as possible, with vegetable matter, or humus. This may be done in two ways: (1) By actually transporting from elsewhere the necessary vegetable matter, in the form of stable manure, composts, leaves, muck, etc. Under the present system of farming in the south this method is impracticable except on a small scale; and often it cannot be profitably followed, even on a small scale, because of the cost of the labor involved in handling and hauling of leaves, muck, and other coarse and crude materials. (2) The other, and most practicable method, and one that is adapted to any scale of operations, is regular rotation of crops, including small grain, red clover, cowpeas, or other renovating crop. A judicious, well-managed rotation may be made profitable every stage and every crop, as well as profitable in the long run.

Tape Worm.

The following appears in Farm Poultry:

"Please tell me what is the matter with my Barred Plymouth Rock cockerel. He has always had a ravenous appetite, and has now. He eats more than any other bird on the place, but does not seem to do him any good. He would make a good example for a living skeleton. Although he eats so well he has lost steadily in weight for some time. He is now nothing but skin and bones, and seems weak and dumpish; combs and wattles are pale and limp. He seemed all right when I housed my birds last fall. His bowels seem all right, but sometimes I notice white patches in the droppings.

"S. H. D."

The cockerel probably has a tape worm. Pen him by himself, and be sure to burn all droppings, so that other fowls may escape infection. In place of his morning feed, give him two tablespoonfuls of warm milk, to which two drops of spirits of turpentine has been added. Peel and crush a small handful of pumpkin seeds, and make into a paste with a little milk. Make him eat all you can force him to of this pumpkin seed paste; give no other food. Do not feed at supper time, but give a half-teaspoonful to a teaspoonful of castor oil. If you follow the directions and the bird has a tape worm, there is no doubt about the results. Soon after the purgative dose the tape worm will be expelled, head, tail, and all. With the unwelcome guest evicted, the cockerel's chances of return to health are good.

Fungus Attacks on Cedar Trees.

From Farmers' Review: Anyone years the cedar trees of the Agricultural College grounds have been attacked by the well known brown fungus, the so-called cedar apple (Gymnosporangium macropus). Some five years ago the department of horticulture began hand picking the fungous growth on certain groups of trees to determine whether or not by this means the attacks could be reduced and injury prevented. From that time till the present these trees have been carefully gone over several times each year and the fungus removed from them. It has not, with very few exceptions, been allowed to reach the spore bearing stage. There has, however, been no diminution of the attack. The disease appears as vigorous at the present times as at any time in the past. The trees are more thrifty than they would have been had the fungus been allowed to grow undisturbed, but they are no freer from the disease than others that have had no attention. Cedars can not be freed from this disease by hand picking, at least if there are other trees of the same species in the neighborhood that are untreated.

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Planting Peach Stones.

Farmers' Review: For a number of who will be in need of young peach trees, two years hence, will do well to procure pits at once from some nursery supply company. Fall is the proper time for stratifying the pits in the sand, but if done now there is still time enough freezing weather to loosen the shells so that they will germinate readily enough in the spring. Plant the seeds in straight narrow furrows three feet apart, covering them about two inches deep. Keep the seedlings well cultivated during summer, and by August they will be half an inch in diameter and ready to be budded. If unacquainted with this operation you may be able to make arrangements with the Horticultural Department of the Kansas Agricultural College to furnish you with an experienced budder. By this means a large number of trees may be obtained at slight cost. The Horticultural Department has prepared a printed price list of the vines, fruit trees, shade trees and ornamental shrubs that can be disposed of in the spring. It will be mailed to any one in the state upon request.

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Currants.—Any rich clay loam is good for this fruit; and while the currant will flourish in a rather moist location, it does not do well naturally dry or properly underdrained will prove best for a term of years, says Colman's Rural World. If well cared for the bushes should produce average crops for fifteen years or more. Set the plants in rows six feet apart and five feet apart each way, so that all cultivation may be done with a horse. Make holes for plants that are two years old at least two feet in diameter. Set them a trifle deeper than they were in the nursery row, spreading the roots firmly about the roots and stalks. Then mulch with straw, coarse manure, or other litter, as that in case of drouth there will be no appreciable cessation of growth.

Buying Nursery Stock.—In making out orders for fruit trees and vines don't forget to order from nurseries having as nearly as possible the same soil and climate as the trees will have when planted, and buy from a nursery-man known to be practical, progressive and reliable. Get healthy, vigorous stock, with strong vitality, well rooted, good cane or stalk, with branches in proportion to the roots. Apple trees are considered best for planting at two or three years, not more than the latter age; standard pears should be two or three years old, dwarf pears, plums, peaches, currants, gooseberries and grapes, one to two years old.—Ex.

Give the young chicks plenty of fine grit. They must have it.

THE WHOLE SYSTEM

May Become Invaded by Catarrh—Consumption Follows.

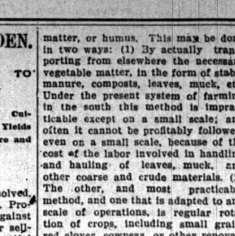
Case of Lewis' Case.

Pe-ru-na Drug Mfg. Co., Columbus, O.:

"Gentlemen—I have used Pe-ru-na for a short time and can cheerfully recommend it as being all you represent and wish every man who is suffering with catarrh could know of its great value. Should I at any future time have occasion to recommend a treatment of your kind, rest assured that yours will be the one.

"Gratefully yours,

"JAMES LEWIS."



Hon. James Lewis, Surveyor General of Louisiana.

Wherever the catarrh is, there is sure to be a waste of mucus. The mucus is as precious as blood. It is blood, in fact. It is blood plasma—blood with the corpuscles removed. To stop this waste, you must stop this catarrh. A course of treatment with Pe-ru-na never fails to do this.

Send for free catarrh book. Address The Pe-ru-na Drug Manufacturing Co., Columbus, Ohio.

Clover, chopped in small pieces and scalded is an excellent food for laying hens.

A SENSIBLE LETTER.

A Western Canadian Settler Writes to an Illinois Friend.

In writing to Mr. T. Hawkyard, of Rockford, Ill., Mr. G. Simpkins, of Leduc, Alberta, Western Canada (and to which points especially low rates are being quoted over all lines of railway), says:

Dear Sir:—Rec'd your letter the 14th inst. We have had no snow till after Christmas and the cattle have been able to live out, and are all in good condition. It is snowing now. That is what we want; have about 6 inches now. The old settlers say when we have lots of snow it means a good crop the coming season. It never drifts here. The weather is calm and bright. We do not have to dress any heavier than in Illinois, and the horses never shiver with the cold when we take them from the warm stables, as they do in Illinois. It has not frozen in the stable this winter. The most of the stock runs out, but there is no need of it, for timber is plentiful and there is no expense to build good stables and houses. We have good log houses and they are very warm. Two men can put up a house 16x24 in two days. There are good rails for fences. We live ten miles from the coal district, the price being from 75 cents up to $2.00. The land is a very rich, loamy soil, from 6 inches to several feet in depth; the hills have the deepest. It is a rolling country, and excellent for stock of all kinds. Sheep do well, and there are plenty of small lakes where the cattle can get good water. The cattle cost me of grass last year, about the middle of April, and ran at large; unless in charge of a herdsman, we have to fence against them. Wheat goes from 35 to 40 bushels per acre, oats 80 to 90, very often over a hundred. As to potatoes, a neighbor planted 7 bushels and dug 226 bushels and no bugs. Roots of all kinds do well. There are lots of strawberries and lots of red raspberries, black and red currants, and gooseberries, where the fire has not burnt them. Cattle are scarce. I am going in to buy some for 8 months and have got only three two-year-old, and paid $30 each. Hogs are scarce, but can be got. They sell for 6 cents dressed, and cost more for stockers. Wheat 50 cents per bu., oats 25 cents, eggs 30 cents a dozen, butter 15 and 20 cents, poultry was 10 and 11 cents dressed. Sheep are scarce. If you come, bring your farm tools, but bring no seeders; we use drills. Bring cows, but do not bring horses unless you are an experienced hand in shipping them, for so many of them are hurt in shipping. There will be plenty of work for a binder. Two good horses will break, but three lighter are better. The horses you get here can work without grain, but are better with it. It will be hard to tell what prices horses will be, for the immigrants will be very large the coming spring. They could be had last spring at one time. They claim the best time to break is June, but my experience is to break in the spring and work it. You can break till the middle of July.

Before you go into early lamb business consider your market.

There Is a Class of People

Who are injured by the use of coffee. Recently there has been placed in all the grocery stores a new preparation called GRAIN-O, made of pure grains, that takes the place of coffee. The most delicate stomach receives it without distress, and but few can tell it from coffee. It does not cost over one-fourth as much. Children may drink it with great benefit. 15 cents and 25 cents per package. Try it. Ask for GRAIN-O.

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Moves the bowels each day. In order to be healthy this is necessary. Acts gently on the liver and kidneys. Cures sick headache. Price 25 and 50c.

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