## SEEDING COMMENCED IN WESTERN CANADA.

### The Prospects for a Large Acreage to Be Sown in Wheat.

St. Paul, April 24, 1907.—Word has been received at the office of the Canadian Government in St. Paul that seeding has commenced at various points throughout Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta.

The heavy snowfall during the past winter has left the ground in splendid shape for successful seeding operations. The fine weather of the past few days has taken much of the frost out of the ground and during next week there will scarcely be a district in which the seeder is not being operated. The most optimistic conditions exist and in all districts the farmers are busy getting things in shape. There will be a very large acreage sown in spring wheat, oats and barley. At many points throughout the three provinces the newcomers are busy unloading their stock and effects, working night and day in order to get on their farms and become active agencies in the effort to make the year 1907 the banner year for grain producing in Western Canada. As compared with districts many hundred miles further south than this, it will be seen that Western Canada ranks amongst the first in the line of seeding operations for the present year. It is safe to say that farmers who get in their crop before the 20th or 24th of May, will receive magnificent returns. A number of those coming in this spring, who had not their land prepared last fall, will break up enough land to get in a crop of oats and barley and probably some flax. This, other with the vegetables they will plant, will give them ample food for themselves and stock during the coming summer and winter. These early seeding operations are not confined to one district but are spread over a country 900 miles long by 400 miles in width.

The agents of the Canadian Government, located at different points throughout the United States, are busy giving information regarding the many new districts that are being made available for settlers. Low railway rates, information and literature are given on application to the agent, whose name appears in advertisement elsewhere in this paper.

## PUT RELIGIOUS DUTY SECOND.

### Stern Laws of Business Come First, Says Austrian Court.

An interesting case at law, which centered on the observance of an old Jewish custom, was decided in Vienna recently. A merchant, says the American Israelite, discharged a clerk on account of neglect of duty. Among the charges against him was that he came to the store late in the morning because he attended service at the synagogue in order to say Kaddish—the prayer for the dead—for his father. The clerk argued that it was his privilege and his duty to say the prayer for his departed father, when the merchant, who was also a religious man, maintained that "if Moses had known that a man had to pay 8,000 gulden a year rent he would have made different laws." The judge would not allow such an argument, but decided in favor of the merchant, "because the daily attendance at the synagogue could not be considered the right of the clerk without the consent of the employer."

### A Fish Story.

"Trout protection! Nonsense!" said a gunner of local eminence. "Trout are amply able to protect themselves. Look at their depredations among ducks, for example, and you will see with me that it's the birds that need protection. It's a common thing for a trout to jump from the water, seize a duck by the neck, drag the unfortunate fowl into the depths sufficiently to leave its feet sticking in the air, where it can get no purchase upon the universe, and thus drown it. Then the trout picks the feathers from the bird, eats it at its leisure and swims away out of the jurisdiction of the courts. Are there any fishermen? None? Too bad. This would be a match for one of their fish stories."

### Importance of Sleep.

We should get up well every morning. If we do not, we are certain gradually to run behind in our physical bank account. This proves that sleeping is quite as important as eating. The luxury of sound sleep is one of the greatest means given to a man or beast for restoring and invigorating the whole system. No one should allow business or anything else to curtail this luxury, and parents should promote it in children, instead of drumming them out of bed early.—Homeopathic Envoy.

## FRIENDS HELP

### St. Paul Park Incident.

"After drinking coffee for breakfast I always felt languid and dull, having no ambition to get to my morning duties. Then in about an hour or so a weak, nervous derangement of the heart and stomach would come over me with such force I would frequently have to lie down.

"At other times I had severe headaches; stomach finally became affected and digestion so impaired that I had serious chronic dyspepsia and constipation. A lady, for many years State President of the W. C. T. U., told me she had been greatly benefited by quitting coffee and using Postum Food Coffee; she was troubled for years with asthma. She said it was no cross to quit coffee when she found she could have so delicious an article as Postum.

"Another lady, who had been troubled with chronic dyspepsia for years found immediate relief on quitting coffee and beginning Postum twice a day. She was wholly cured. Still another friend told me that Postum Food Coffee was a Godsend to her, her heart trouble having been relieved after leaving off coffee and taking Postum.

"So many such cases came to my notice that I concluded coffee was the cause of my trouble and I quit and took up Postum. I am more that pleased to say that my days of trouble have disappeared. I am well and happy." "There's a Reason." Read "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs.

# A TALE OF THE OLD WEST

By HARRY LEON WILSON, AUTHOR OF "TRUTH WINNERS"

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### CHAPTER XXXV.—Continued.

He was still uneasy, hesitating, fearful; but he saw interest here and there in the faces before him. Even Brigham, though unseen by the speaker, was looking mildly curious.

"You remember the revelation that came to Joseph in an early day when there was trouble in raising money to print the Book of Mormon,—'Some revelations are from God, some from man, and some from the Devil.' Recalling the many chastenings God has put upon us, may we not have failed to test all our other revelations by this one?"

Deep within he was angry at himself, for he was not speaking with words of fire as he had meant to; he was feeling a shameful cowardice in the presence of the Prophet. He had seen himself once more the flute of the Holy Ghost, strong and moving; but now he was a poor, low-spoken, hesitating rambler. Nervously he went on, skirting about the edge of the truth as long as he dared, but feeling at last that he must plunge into its icy depths.

"In short, brethren, the Book of Mormon denounces and forbids our plural marriages."

Even this astounding declaration he made without warmth, in tones so low that many did not hear him. Those on the platform heard, however, and now began to view his obvious physical weakness in a new light. Yet he continued, gaining a little in force.

"The declarations on the subject in the Book of Mormon are so worded that we cannot fall to read them as denouncing and forbidding the practice of the Old Testament patriarchs in this matter of the family life."

In rapid succession he cited the passages to which he referred, those concerning David and Solomon and Noah and Ripkalish, who "did not do that which was right in the sight of the Lord, for he did have many wives."

There were murmurings and rustlings among the people now, and on his right he heard Brigham stirring ominously in his chair; but he nerved himself to keep on his feet, feeling he had that to say which should make them hail him as a new prophet when they understood.

"But besides these warnings against the sin there are many early revelations to Joseph himself condemning it."

He cited several of these, feeling the amazement and the alarm grow about him.

"And now against these plain words, given at many times in many places, written on the golden plates in letters that cannot lie, or brought to Joseph by the angel of the Lord, we have only the one revelation on celestial marriage. Read it now in the light of these other revelations and see if it does not too plainly convict itself of having been counterfeited to Joseph by an evil spirit. Such, brethren, has been the revelation that the Lord has given to me and again and again until it burns within me, and I must cry it out to you. Try to receive it from me."

There was commotion among the people in front, chairs were moved at his side, and a low voice called to him to sit down. He heard this voice through the ringing that had been in his ears for many days, like the beating of a sea against him, and he felt the strength go suddenly from his knees.

He stumbled weakly back to his chair and sank into it with head bowed, feeling rather than seeing, the figure of Brigham rise from its seat and step forward with deliberate, unruffled majesty.

As the Prophet faced his people they became quite silent, so that the robins could be heard in the Pettigrew peach trees across the street. He poured a glass of water from the pitcher on the table, and drank it slowly. Then, leaning a little forward, resting both his big cushiony hands on the green of the table, the Lion of the Lord began to roar—very softly at first. Slowly the words came, in tones scarce audible, marked indeed almost by the hesitation of the first speaker. But then a difference showed; gradually the tone increased in volume, the words came faster, fluency succeeding hesitation, and now his voice was lithe and searching, while his easy, masterful gestures laid their old spell upon the people.

"It does not occupy my feelings to curse any individual," he had begun, awkwardly; "in fact, I feel to render all thanks and praise for the discourse to which we have just listened, but I couldn't help saying to myself, 'Oh, dear, Granny! what a long tail your puss has got!'"

An uneasy titter came from the packed squares of faces in front of him. He went on with rising power:

"But it is foretold in the Book of Mormon that the Lord will remove the bitter branches, and it's a good thing to find out where the bitter branches are. We can remove them ourselves. We can't expect the Lord to do all our dirty work. Now hear it once more, you that need to hear it—and damn all such poor pussyism as sniffles and whines and rejects it! We don't want that scrubby breed here!—Listen, I say. The celestial order of marriage is necessary for our exaltation to the fulness of the Lord's glory in the world eternal! Where much is given much is required. Understand me,—those that reject polygamy will be damned. Hear it now once for all. I will give you to know that God, our Father, has many wives, and so has Jesus Christ, our Elder Brother. Our God and Father in heaven is a being of tabernacle, or, in other words, He has a body of parts the same as you and I have. And that God and Father of ours was Adam."

Again there was a stirring below as if a wind swept the people, and the little man in his chair cowered for shame of himself. He had meant to do a great thing; he had thrilled so strongly with it; it had propelled to master others as it had mastered him; and now he was shamed by the one true Lion of the Lord.

"Hear it now," continued Brigham. "When God, our Father Adam, came into the garden of Eden, he came into it with a celestial body, and brought one of his wives with him,—Eve. He made and organized this world. He is Michael, the Archangel, the Ancient of Days, about whom holy men have written and spoken. He is our Father and our God, and the only God with whom we have to do. I could tell you much more about this; but were I to tell you the whole truth, blasphemy would be nothing to it, in the estimation of the superstitious and overrighteous of mankind. But I will tell you this, that Jesus, our Elder Brother, was begotten in the flesh by the same character that was in the garden of Eden, and who is our Father in Heaven."

He turned and went to his seat with a last threatening gesture, amid many little sounds of people relaxing from strained positions.

But then, before another could arise, a wonder came upon them. The little man stood up and came quickly forward, a strange new life in his step, a new confidence in his bearing, a curious glow of new strength in his face. Even his stoop had straightened for the moment. For, as he had listened

"O God, I Am Tired and Ready! Take Me and Burn Me!"

to Brigham's last words, the picture of his vision in the desert had come back,—the cross in the sky, the crucified Savior upon it, the head in death agony fallen over upon the shoulder. And then before his eyes had come page after page of the New Testament with a wash of blood across two of them. He felt the new life he had prayed for pouring into his veins, and with a fierce anger. The one on the cross who had been more than man, who had shirked no sacrifice and loved infinitely, was not thus to be assailed. A panorama of wrong—wrong thinking and wrong doing—extended before his clearing gaze. For once he seemed to see truth in a vision and to feel the power to utter it.

There was silence again as he stood in front of the little table, the faces before him frozen into wonder that he should have either the power of the temerity to answer Brigham. He spoke, and his voice was again rough with force, and high and fearless, a voice many of them recalled from the days when he had not been weak.

"Now I see what we have done. Listen, brethren, for God has not before so plainly said it to any man, and I know my time is short among you. We have gone back to the ages of Hebrew barbarism for our God—to the God of Battles worshipped by a heathen people—a God who loved the reek of blood and the smell of burning flesh. But you shall not—"

He turned squarely and fiercely to the face of Brigham.

"—you shall not confuse that bloody God of Battles with the true Christ, nor yet with the true God of Love that this Christ came to tell us of. Once I believed in Him. I was taught to by your priests. War seemed a righteous thing, for we had been grievously put upon, and I believed the God of Israel should avenge our wrongs as He had avenged those of His older Zion. And now—now—so long as I believed this, I was no coward; while you, sir—"

A long forefinger was pointed straight at the amazed Brigham.

"—while you, sir, were a craven, contemptible in your cowardice. I would have fought in Echo canyon to the end, because I believed. But you did not believe, and so you were afraid to fight. And for your cowardice and your wretched lusts your name among all but your ignorant dupes shall become a hissing and a scorn. For mark it well, unless you forsake that heaven God of Battles and preach the divine Christ of the New Testament, you shall come to hold only the ignorant, and them only by keeping them ignorant."

The commotion among the people in front was now all but a panic. On the platform the sires of Israel whispered one to another, while Brigham gazed as if fascinated, driven to admiration for the speaker's power and audacity. For the feverish, fleeting moment, Joel Rae was that veritable Lion of the Lord he had prayed to be, putting upon the people his spell of the old days. Heads were again strained up and forward, and amazed horror was on most of the faces. Far back, Prudence trembled, feeling that she must be away at once, until she felt the firm grasp of Follett's hand. The speaker went on, having turned again to the front.

"Instead of a church you shall become justly hated and despised as a people who have driven their homes and dishonor beyond forgiveness the names of wife and mother. Then your punishment shall come upon you as it has already come for this and for other sins. Even now the Gentile is upon us; and mark this truth that God has but now given me to know: we have never been persecuted as a church,—but always as a political body hostile to the government of this nation. Even so, you had no faith. Believing as I believed, I would have brought upon this nation and died a thousand bloody deaths rather than submit. But you had no faith, and you were so low that you let yourselves be ruled by a coward—and I tell you God hates a coward."

He stopped, waiting as if he were not done, but the spell was broken. The life, indeed, had in the later moments been slowly dying from his words; and, as they lost their fire, scattered voices of protest had been heard; then voices in warning from behind him, and the sound of two or three rising and pushing back their chairs.

The little bent man tried again to smile, hoping for a friendly glance, perhaps a hand-clasp without words from some one of them. Seeing that he was shunned, he stepped down off the platform at the side, twisting his hat in his long, thin hands in embarrassment. A moment he stood so, turning to look back at the group of priests and Elders around the Prophet, seeking for any sign, even for a glance that should be not unkind. The little pained smile still flighted his face, but no friendly look came from the others. Seeing only the backs turned toward him, he at length straightened out his crumpled hat, still smiling, and slowly put it on his head; as he turned away he pulled it his hat farther over his eyes, and then he was off along the dusty street, looking to neither side, still with the little smile that made his face gentle.

But when he had come to the end of the street and was on the road up the hill, the smile was gone. He seemed all at once to shrink and stoop and fade, —no longer a Lion of the Lord, but a poor, white-faced, horrified little man who had meant in his heart to give a great revelation, and who had succeeded only in uttering blasphemy to the very face of God's prophet.

From below, the little groups of excited people along the street looked up and saw his thin, bent figure alone in the fading sunlight, toiling resolutely upward.

Other groups back in the square talked among themselves, not a few in whispers. A listener among them might have heard such expressions as, "He'll be blood-atoned sure!"—"They'll make a breach upon him!"—"They'll accomplish his decease!"—"He'll be sent over the rim of the basin right quick!" One indignant Saint, with a talent for euphemism, was heard to say, "Brigham will have his spirit disembodied."

To the priests and Elders on the platform Elder Wardle was saying, "The trouble with him was he was crazy, with fever. Why, I'll bet my best set of harness his pulse ain't less than a hundred and twenty this minute."

The others looked at Brigham.

"He's a crazy man, sure enough," assented the Prophet, "but my opinion is he'll stay crazy, and it wouldn't be just the right thing by Israel to let him go on talking before strangers. You see, it sounds so almighty sane!"

Back in the crowd Prudence and Follett had lingered a little at the latter's insistence, for he had caught the drift of the talk. When he had comprehended its meaning they set off up the hill, full of alarm.

At the door Christina met them. They saw she had been crying.

"Where is father, Christina?"

"Himself saddle Dandy, and say, 'I go to toe some of those marks.' He say, 'I see you plenty not no more, so good-bye!' He kissed me," she added.

"Which way did he go?"

"So!" She pointed toward the road that led out of the valley to the north.

"I'll go after him," said Follett.

"I'll go with you. Saddle Dandy and Kit—and Christina will have something for you to eat; you've had nothing since morning."

"I reckon I know where we'll have to go," said Follett, as he went for the saddles.

### CHAPTER XXXVI.

### The Little Bent Man at the Foot of the Cross.

It was dusk when they rode down the hill together. They followed the canyon road to its meeting with the main highway at the northern edge of Amalon. Where the roads joined they passed Bishop Wright, who, with his hat off, turned to stare at them, and to pull at his fringe of whisker in seeming perplexity.

"He must have been on his way to our house," Prudence called.

"With that hair and whiskers," answered Follett, with some irrelevance, "he looks like an old buffalo bull just before shedding time."

They rode fast until the night fell, scanning the road ahead for a figure on horseback. When it was quite dark they halted.

"We might pass him," suggested Follett. "He was fairly tuckered out, and he might fall off any minute."

Down out of Pine valley they went, and over more miles of gray alkali toward a line of hills low and black in the north.

They came to these, followed the road out of the desert through a narrow gap, and passed into the Mountain meadows, reining in their horses as they did so.

Before them the meadows stretched between two ranges of low, rocky hills, narrow at first but widening gradually into the gap through which they had come. But the ground where the long, rich grass had once grown was now barren, gray and ugly in the moonlight, cut into deep gullies and naked of all but a scant growth of sage brush which the moon was silvering, and a few clumps of shadowy scrub oak along the base of the hills on either side.

Instinctively they stopped, speaking in low tones. And then there came to them out of the night's silence a strange, weird beating; hollow, muffled, regular and rhythmic, but penetrating and curiously exciting, like another pulse cunningly playing upon their own to make them beat more rapidly. The girl pulled her horse close in by his, but he reassured her.

"It's Indians—they must be holding the ceremony of some chief. But no matter—these Indians aren't any more account than prairie dogs."

They rode on slowly, the funeral drum sounding nearer as they went.

Then far up the meadow by the roadside they could see the hard, square lines of the cross in the moonlight. Slower still they went, while the drum beats became louder, until they seemed to fall upon their own eardrums.

"Could he have come to this dreadful place?" she asked, almost in a whisper.

"We haven't passed him, that's sure; and I've got a notion he lied. I've heard him talk about this cross off and on—it's been a good deal in his mind—and maybe he was a little out of his head. But we'll soon see."

They walked their horses up a little ascent, and the cross stood out more clearly against the sky. They approached it slowly, leaning forward to peer all about it; but the shadows lay heavy at its base, and from a little distance they could distinguish no outline.

But at last they were close by and could pierce the gloom, and there at the foot of the cross, beside the cairn of stones that helped to support it, was a little huddled bit of blackness. It moved as they looked, and they knew the voice that came from it:

"Oh God, I am tired and ready! Take me and burn me!"

She was off her horse and quickly at his side. Follett, to let them be alone, led the horses to the spring below. It was almost gone now, only the feeblest trickle of a rivulet remaining. The once green meadows had behaved, indeed, as if a curse were put upon them. Hardly had grass grown or water run through it since that day of the wrath visited there. When he had tied the horses he heard Prudence calling him.

"I'm afraid he's delirious," she said, when he reached her side. "He keeps hearing cries and shots, and sees a woman's hair waving before him, and he's afraid of something back of him. What can we do?"

At the foot of the cross the little man was again sounding his endless prayer.

"How me, bend me, break me, for I have been soul-proud. Burn me out—"

She knelt by his side, trying to sooth him.

"Father—it's all right—it's Prudence—"

But at her name he uttered a cry with such terror in it that she shuddered and was still. Then he began to mutter incoherently, and she heard her own name repeated many times.

"If that awful beating would only stop," she said to Follett, "he would have brought water in the curled brim of his hat. She tried to have the little man drink. He swallowed some of the water from the hat brim, shivering as he did so.

"We ought to have a fire," she said. Follett began to gather twigs and sage brush, and presently had a blaze in front of them.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

# What She Asked Him.

They were sitting close together in the gathering twilight, so close together that she tickled his cheek with her eyelashes.

"And do you really love me?" she whispered, while her heart stood still to await his answer.

"I do," he averred. He had returned the same reply about 3,000 times during the previous two years, so it was probable he had come to believe it.

"Do you love me truly?"

"Truly, dear."

"Much?"

"Very much."

"Ever so much?"

"Ever so very much."

"How much, dear?" It is an awkward question for a girl to put, but they all put it. Love, you see, cannot be measured in quantities, and that makes it difficult to answer the lady when she wishes to know the extent of your affections. "How much, dear?" "Not any more than I can tell, you, darling."

She sighed at that. Any reasonable girl might have been satisfied.

"Do you love me a million pounds worth?"

"More than that, dear."

"Ten million pounds worth?"

"Ever so much more than that."

"Do you love me just as much as ever you can?"

"You know I do, darling."

She sighed again. Still she was not contented.

"When we are married, dear, will you be happy?"

"Shan't I just!" he ejaculated.

"And, when we are married, will you love me more than ever?"

"Yes, darling."

"More than you do now?"

"Yes, sweetheart."

"Oh, you false brute!" she sobbed. "I know you couldn't love me much now—else how could you love me more when we're married? Oh, it's cruel, cruel!"

"But darling—" he urged. But she would not have any buts. She went straight away and left him, without saying good night, and it cost him two boxes of chocolates and a new gold charm for her chain before she would allow him to apologize and admit he was in the wrong.

### Poor Man.

She knew not her first husband's worth in fact, she used to doubt it; But now she knows for fact, she tells Her second all about it.
—Houston Post

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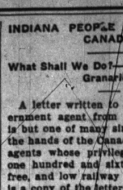

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## FIRST TO CROSS PACIFIC.

### Side-Wheel Steamer Aroused Much Interest in Japan.

"I saw the first steamship flying the American flag that ever crossed the Pacific ocean enter the harbor of Hongkong," said Frederick R. Sterling, a merchant of Hongkong.

"That vessel was the Colorado, and it landed in Hongkong in 1869. It was the first day of January, and there was a big crowd of people of all nationalities to see her. Being a side-wheeler of the old-fashioned type, she was a curiosity. At the request of Isaac J. Allen, the American consul general, the ship gave an excursion around the island on which the city is situated. It was among the 1,200 on board. It was a gala day. Whistles blew, people shouted, and numerous small sailing boats and tugs escorted us.

"As I remember now, the vessel belonged to the Pacific Mail Line and sailed from San Francisco. She made the trip of 8,000 miles in 30 days, and when she arrived was in perfect trim and good order. Everybody realized that it means the beginning of the great development of the Pacific."

### They Go Together.

"Henry," said the young wife, who had taken up physical culture, "how do you think I am built?"

"My dear," replied her husband fondly, "you are built like a watch."

"Thank you Henry. And Henry?"

"Well?"

"If—if I am built like a watch, don't you think I should have a few jewels?"

And then Henry frowned and said the man who compliments a woman is an idiot.

### Costly Cyclopedia.

The revision of the great Korean cyclopedia called Munhon Pigo, which was ordered by the government some months ago, is now completed, and it consists of an edition of 29 volumes which will be published at an expense of 47,500 yen.—Korean Daily News.

Instead of experimenting with drugs and strong cathartics—which are clearly harmful—take Nature's mild laxative, Garfield Tea! It is made wholly of Herbs. For constipation, liver and kidney derangements, sick headache, biliousness and indigestion.

### Relief Works in China.

Relief work to employ 3,000 men have been established in the Chinese famine centers. The English-American relief fund amounts to $250,000.


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CURES RHEUMATISM BRIGHT'S DISEASE DIABETES BACKACHE

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## INDIANA PEOPLE IN WESTERN CANADA.

### What Shall We Do?—I've Got to Build Granaries.

A letter written to a Canadian Government agent from Tipton, Indiana, is but one of many similar that are in the hands of the Canadian government agents whose privilege it is to offer one hundred and sixty acres of land free, and low railway fares. But here is a copy of the letter:

"Tipton, Ind., Nov. 21, 1906.

"At your earnest solicitation a party of us from Tipton left May 15 for Western Canada. Our interviews with you and a careful study of your literature led us to expect great things of your country when we should arrive there, and we were not disappointed. We went prepared to make a careful examination of the country and its resources, and we did so. At early dawn the second morning out of Tipton we awoke in a new world. As far as the eye could reach was an apparently limitless expanse of new sown wheat and prairie grasses. The vivid green of the wheat just beginning to stool out, and the jet black of the soil contrasted in a way beautiful to see. An hour or two later we steamed into Winnipeg. Here we found a number of surprises. A hundred thousand souls well housed, with every convenience that goes to make a modern up-to-date city—banks, hotels, newspapers, stores, electric light, street railways, sewerage, waterworks, asphalt pavements, everything. With eyes and ears open we traveled for two thousand miles through Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta, going out over the Canadian Pacific railway, via Calgary to Edmonton, and returning to Winnipeg over the Canadian Northern railway. In the meantime we made several side trips and stopped off at a number of points where we made drives into the surrounding country. On every hand were evidences of prosperity. The growing wheat, oats, rye, flax, barley, not little patches, but great fields, many of them a square mile in extent, the three, five and sometimes seven-horse teams laying over an inky black ribbon of yellow stubble, generally in furrows straight as gun barrels and at right angles from the roads stretching into the distance, contrasted strangely with our little fields at home. The towns both large and small were doubly conspicuous, made so, first by their newness and second by the towering elevators necessary to hold the immense crops of wheat grown in the immediate neighborhood.

The newness, the thrift, the hustle, the sound of saw and hammer, the tents housing owners of buildings in various stages of completion, the piles of household effects and agricultural implements at the railway stations waiting to be hauled out to the 'Claims,' the occasional steam plow turning its twenty or thirty acres a day, the sod house, the unpainted house of wood, the up-to-date modern residence with large red barn by, all these were seen everywhere we went, in earnest of prosperity and wealth to be. We talked with men and visited their places that four years ago was unbroken prairie. Their houses, barns, implements and live stock were the equal of anything in Tipton County, and why not, when they were raising five, ten and twenty, yes, in one instance, forty thousand bushels of wheat a year. The fact that such large yields of wheat are raised so easily and so surely impressed us very favorably. And when we saw men who four or five years ago commenced there with two or three thousand dollars, and were now as well fixed and making money much easier and many times faster than lots of our acquaintances on Indiana farms fifty years cleared and valued at four times as much, we decided to invest. So we bought in partnership a little over two thousand acres, some of it improved and in wheat.

Before leaving Indiana we agreed that if the opportunities were as great as they were represented to be, that we would buy, and own in partnership a body of land, and leave one of our number to look after and operate it. This we accordingly did.

Just before time to thresh I received a letter from him, "What shall we do?" said he; "I've got to build granaries. There's so much wheat that the railways are just swamped. We can't get cars and the elevators are all full. I never saw anything like it." In reply we wrote, "Good for you. Go ahead and build; your story sounds better than the letters we used to get from our friends in Kansas when they bewailed the fact that the hard wheat had been destroyed by the chinch bugs and the corn by hot winds, and that they must sell the stock for means to live on. Yes, build by all means." And he did, and our wheat put in by a renter made twenty-seven bushels per acre.

Very truly yours,
(Sd) A. G. BURKHART.
(Sd) J. TRELOAR-TRESIDDER.
(Sd) WALTER W. MOUNT.

### The Estimable Family.

"Reynolds," said Millionaire Banks to his valet, "go 'round to the house of that little girl whom I ran down with the auto this morning and extend to the family my sincere regrets and sympathy. Also give them this $50 bill. I understand that they are very poor and in want."

Accordingly the valet obeyed. When he returned his master met him at the door.

"Well, Reynolds?"

"The father wished me to say, sir, that he hoped you wouldn't take the affair too much to heart. As for the family, they all feel very grateful to you, sir, and couldn't bring themselves to accept your very kind offer."

"A most estimable family! Yet I wonder why they didn't accept the money?"

"The father said such matters should be arranged through his lawyer, sir."—Judge.

### Her Chief Worry.

"Well, poor girl," said Mrs. Harryat, "you have been married just long enough now to begin to experience your husband's shortcomings."

"Yes," replied young Mrs. Galley, "but his short-comings don't bother me as much as his long-goings and stayings."