

Wasn't Disappointed. Chicago Journal: "A little boy was being reproved by his mother. "Charlie," she said, "if you behave like this, you know, you won't go to heaven." The child thought a little and then said: "Well, I've been to two circuses and to 'Uncle Tom's Cabin'; I can't expect to go everywhere."

A Quiet Call Down. South Bend Tribune: The Bystander—Your time must be of very little value. I've been watching you for an hour and you haven't had a bite. The Fisherman—My time is worth too much to waste an hour of it watching a man fish who isn't catching anything.

A traveler in the upper Tangtse provinces of China found recently in the town of Hingantu many Chinese Mohammedans who keep up communication with their fellow religionists of Arabia. A missionary who has lived among them for years declares that they are very quarrelsome, much given to boasting of their Turkestan origin, and, in spite of the prophet's injunctions drink a great deal of wine. This is usually the case with Chinese Mohammedans.

General James Buchanan, who has been appointed brigadier-general, is a great-grandson of Samuel Ogle, a colonial governor of Maryland.

Especially for Women. Champion, Mich., July 24.—(Special.)—A case of especial interest to women is that of Mrs. A. Wellett, wife of a well-known photographer here. It is best given in her own words.

"I could not sleep, my feet were cold and my limbs cramped," Mrs. Wellett states. "I had an awful hard pain across my kidneys. I had to get up three or four times in the night. I was very nervous and fearfully despondent. I had been troubled in this way for five years when I commenced to use Dodd's Kidney Pills, and what they caused to come from my kidneys will hardly stand description. "By the time I had finished one box of Dodd's Kidney Pills I was cured. Now I can sleep well, my limbs do not cramp, I do not get up in the night and I feel better than I have in years. I owe my health to Dodd's Kidney Pills."

Women's ills are caused by diseased kidneys; that's why Dodd's Kidney Pills always cure them.

PALACES OF GREAT RULERS. No monarch in the world excels the Czar of Russia in the splendor of his palaces. Tsarkoe, near St. Petersburg, where the emperor has been staying recently, has a park around it which is eighteen miles in circumference.

One room of the palace has walls of lapis lazuli and a floor of ebony inlaid with mother-of-pearl. Another has walls of amber curiously carved, and the walls of a third are laid thick with gold.

In the throne room of the palace of the Shah of Persia there is a carpet so thickly sown with pearls that the texture of the cloth can hardly be seen. Near it a cheap European painted urn, studded with jewels valued at \$5,000,000.

Near the throne stands a huge silver vase set with pearls and turquoises, but, strange to say, alongside of it stands a cheap European painted urn, such as can be bought anywhere for a dollar.

The Shah has curious ideas about the value of things, and on the walls of one room a painting by one of the old masters hangs side by side with a gaudy poster advertising a dealer in fish hooks.

And everywhere about the palace are cats. The Shah has a specimen of every kind of cat of which he has ever heard, and there is hardly a country that is not represented in the feline army which it is the pleasure of the Persian ruler to maintain.

To take care of this assemblage of cats there is a corps of well paid officials.

The palace of the emperor of Abyssinia is a large building, built like a Swiss chalet, with a red tiled roof and whitewashed walls. It is a very ordinary affair, and is surrounded by huts and other inferior buildings. There is nothing splendid about the palace or its furnishings, and, indeed, it would be considered as quite lacking in everything except size as a residence for an American of moderate means.

But it is the palace of an emperor, nevertheless, and a powerful one.

CHANGED HUSBAND. Wife Made Wise Change in Food. Change of diet is the only way to really cure stomach and bowel trouble.

A woman says: "My husband had dyspepsia when we were married and had suffered from it for several years. It was almost impossible to find anything he could eat without bad results. I thought this was largely due to the use of coffee and persuaded him to discontinue it. He did so, and began to drink Postum Food Coffee. The change did him good from the beginning, his digestion improved; he suffered much less from his nervousness, and when he added Grape-Nuts food to his diet he was soon entirely cured. My friend, Mrs. _____, of Vicksburg (my former home) had become a nervous wreck also from dyspepsia. Medicines had no effect, neither did travel help her. On my last visit home, some months ago, I persuaded her to use Grape-Nuts food. She was in despair, and consented. She stuck to it until it restored her health so completely that she is now the most enthusiastic friend of Grape-Nuts that I ever knew. She eats it with cream or dry, just as it comes from the package—keeps it in her room and eats it whenever she feels like it."

"I began eating Grape-Nuts food, myself, when my baby was 2 months old, and I don't know what I should have done without it. My appetite was gone, I was weak and nervous and afforded but very little nourishment for the child. The Grape-Nuts food, of which I soon grew very fond, speedily set all this right again, and the baby grew healthful, rosy and beautiful as a mother could wish. He is 2 years old now and eats Grape-Nuts food himself. I wish every tired young mother knew of the good that Grape Nuts would do her." Names given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich. There's a reason.

THE MASTER OF APPLEBY

By Francis Lynde.

CHAPTER XX.—Continued. We marched in Indian file, Ephraim Yeates in the lead, Uncanoola at his heels, and the two of us heavier-footed ones bringing up the rear. Knowing the wooded wilderness by length and breadth, the old man held on through thick and thin, straight as an arrow to the mark; and so we had never a sight of the road again till we came out upon it suddenly at the foot of a rise.

Here I should have been in despair for the lack of any intelligible hint to point the way; and I think not even Jennifer, with all his woodcraft, could have read the record of the onfall as Yeates and the Catawba did. But for all the overlapping range of moccasins and hoof prints neither of these men of the forest was at fault; though ten minutes later even their skill must have been baffled, inasmuch as the first few spitting raindrops were pattering in the tree tops when we came upon the ground.

"That's just about what I was most afraid of," said the borderer, with a hasty glance skyward. "Down on your hunkers, chief, and help me read this sign above the good Lord takes to sending his rain on the west and the east," and here-with these two fell to quarreling all the ground like trained dogs nosing for a scent.

We stood aside and watched them, Richard and I, realizing that we were of small account and should be until, perchance, it should come to the laying on of heavy blows. For the closest scrutiny which took account of every broken twig and trampled blade of grass, this prolonged until the rain was falling smartly to wash out all the foot-prints in the dusty road, and Yeates and the Indian gave over and came to join us under the sheltering branches of an oak.

"'Tis a mighty cur's sign; most mighty cur's," quoth the hunter, slinging the rain drops from his fur cap and emptying the pan of his rifle, not upon the ground, as a soldier would, but saving every precious drop. "I'll allow, never heard of any of 'em, but I've seen 'em, what's-a-ye, have you, chief? he?" The Catawba's negative was his guttural "Wah," and Ephraim Yeates, having carefully restored the final grain of the powder to its proper horn, proceeded to enlighten us as some length.

"Mighty cur's, ez I was a-saying, them Injuns fixed up an ambushment, blazed in a valley at the closest sort o' range, and followed it up with a tomahawk and knife rush—lessen that there Afrikin was too plumb daddled to tell any truth, what's-so-ever. And, spite of all this here rampaging, they never drewed a single drop o' blood in the whole endur'g scrimmage! Mighty cur's, that; ain't it, now?" And that ain't all; some o' them same Injuns, or what's-so-ever o' 'em, was a-wearin' boots with spurs onto 'em. What say, chief?"

Uncanoola held up all the fingers of one hand and two of the other. "Sebben Injun; one pale face," he said, in confirmation. I looked at Richard, and he gave me back the eye-shot, with a heavy curse to speed it.

"Falconnet!" said he, by way of tall-piece to the oath; and I nodded. It was that there same holl-captain, sure enough, ez I reckoned; drawed Yeates: "Maybe one o' you two can tell what-its he mought be a-riv'ing at."

Jennifer shook his head, and I, too, was silent. 'Twas out of all reason to suppose that the baronet would resort to sheer violence and make a terrified captive of the woman he wanted to marry. It was a curious mystery, and the hunter's next word involved it still more.

"And yet that ain't all. Whilst some o' the Injuns was a-whooping it up across the creek, a-chasing the folks that was making a run for their city o' refuge, 'others run the two gals off into the big woods at the side o' the road. Then Mister Hoss-captain picks up the Afrikin, chucks him on a hoss and sends him a-kidning with his flea in his ear; after which he climbs his hoss and makes tracks hisself—not to ketch up with the gals, ez you mought reckon, but off on you way," pointing across the creek and down the road to the southward.

On the march; and when that was spent or spoiled we did as we could, being somewhat comfortably filled. I think, an oftener haggard and enfeebled by the want of food. Since we dared not stop to go aside for game, the Catawba would set over-night snares for rabbits; and for another shift we cut knobbed sticks for throwing and ran keen-eyed along the trace, alert to murder anything alive and fit to eat. In this haphazard hunting nothing ever fell to Jennifer's skillful clubbing, or to mine; but the old borderer and the Indian were better marksmen, and now and then some bird or squirrel or rabbit sitting on its form came to the pot, though never enough of all or any more than sharpen the famine edge of hunger.

For all the sharp privations of the forced march there was no hint on any lip of turning back. With Margery's desperate need to key us to the unflinching plight, Richard and I would go on while there was strength to set one foot before the other. But for the old borderer and the Indian there was no such bellows to blow the fire of perseverance. None the less, these two did more than second us; they set the strenuous pace and held us to it; they kept the spirit from flagging, and they explained; the old hunter no whit less tireless and enduring. At this far-distant day I can close my eyes and see the gaunt, leather-clad figure of Ephraim Yeates, striding on always in the lead and ever pressing forward, tough, wiry, and iron to endure, and yet, though so elastic that the shrewdest discouragement served only to make him rebound and strike the harder. Good stuff and true there was in that old man; and had Richard or I been less determined, his fine and noble heroism in a cause which was not his own would have shamed us into following where he led.

We had been ten days in this starveling wilderness, driving onward at the pace that kills and making the most of every hour of daylight, before Yeates and the Indian began to give us hope that we were finally closing in upon our quarry.

The dragging length of the chase grew upon two conditions. From the beginning the kidnapers were able to increase their lead by stretching out the days and borrowing from the nights; also, they were doubtless well provisioned, and they had horses for the captives and their impedimenta. But as for us, we could follow only while the daylight let us see the trail; and though we ran well at first, the lack of proper food soon took toll of speed.

So now, though the hoof prints grew hourly fresher, and we were at last so close upon the heels of the kidnapers that their night camp fires were scarcely cold when we came upon them, we ran no longer—could hardly keep a dogged foot pace for the hunger pains that griped and bent us double.

The tenth day, as I well remember, was furnace hot, as were all the fair-weather days of that never-to-be-forgotten summer, with a still air in the forest that hung thick and less like the atmosphere of an oven, than though we were well among the mountains and rising higher with every added mile of westering.

The sun had passed the meridian, and we were toiling, sweaty-weak, up a rock-strewn mountain side, when a thing occurred to rouse us roughly from our fainting stupor and watch us fully alert. In the steepest part of the ascent where the wood scanted of rooting ground by the thickly sown straggling of boulders, was open and free of undergrowth, Ephraim Yeates halted suddenly, signed to us with upflung hand, and dropped behind a tree as one shot; and in the same breath the Catawba, running at Yeates' heels, lurched aside and vanished as if the earth had gaped and swallowed him.

A moment later the twang of a bow string buzzed upon a breathless noontide stillness, Jennifer clutched and dragged one down in good time to let the arrow whistle harmless over us. Then, like a distorted echo of the buzzing bow-string, the sharp crack of the old borderer's rifle rang out smartly, setting the trees and mountains to shiver in all clamor with mocking repetitions.

"Missed him, slick and clean, by the eternal coon-skin!" growled the old marksman, sitting up behind his tree to reload. "That there's what comes o' being so deak-blame' hungry that ye can't squelch fair atween the gurgles. I reckon ez how ye'd better hunker down and lie close, you two. 'Twouldn't s'prise me none if that redskin had a when more o' them sharp-p'nted sticks in his—The Lord be praised for all His marces! the chief's got him!"

But Uncanoola had not. He came in presently, his black eyes snapping with disappointment, saying in answer to Yeates' question that the yell was his own; that his tomahawk had sped no truer than the old borderer's bullet.

"Chelake snake heap slick," heap quick dodge," was all we could get out of him; and when that was said he squatted calmly on a flat stone and fell to work grinding the rick out of the edge of the missed hatchet.

(Continued Next Week.)

It Was the Same Bunch. Dan Hart, the playwright, was in Pittston a few evenings ago during the production of one of his plays for the benefit of the local fire company. As Mr. Hart is a native of the neighboring town of Wilkesbarre the "boys" determined to show their appreciation of his talent and secured the biggest bouquet in town for him. One of the firemen was specially detailed to present it to the young playwright at the moment of inspiration. Unfortunately the guardian of the "focal tribune" fell asleep and was in that happy condition when Mr. Hart was called before the curtain. The stage manager came to the rescue, however, and presented the bouquet amid great applause.

Mr. Hart had a funny story to tell, and, laying the bouquet on a little table in the wings, stepped down to the footlights to deliver the yarn to the best advantage. It was at this juncture that the "special committee of one on flowers" woke up. Catching a glimpse of the bouquet he sprang to his feet, and before any one could stop him, darted forward and presented it once more to the astonished playwright, while the audience roared with delight.

Mr. Hart paused a moment as he regarded the fireman and the bouquet with a slightly embarrassed feelings. Then recovering himself, said with a smile: "I am doubly grateful for this renewed evidence of regard. I shall cherish this bouquet, and the other one, as fragrant mementos of my visit to Pittston." "Ah, g'wan!" shouted a small boy in the gallery. "There ain't no other. It's the same bunch what's been uncured."

IN WESTERN CANADA. WHERE MILLIONS OF FARMERS MAY FIND HOMES.

Four Territories With Sparse Population Have Become Two Provinces with Half-a-Million People—Best Agricultural Country on Earth.

When in 1869 the Canadian government paid \$1,500,000 for the extinguishment of the Hudson's Bay Company's title to the whole of Western Canada, embracing an area of well on to 2,000,000 square miles of land, that ultimately will be used in the different lines of agriculture, there were wisecrats at home as well as abroad who declared it to be a bad bargain. When again, in the early seventies the government began the effort to build the Canadian Pacific railway from ocean to ocean to open up this country, some of the ablest men inside as well as outside declared the road would never pay, not because they were not anxious to see the Dominion grow and expand, but because they had no knowledge of what nature had done for the great West. They believed at best that the soil was not good and even if good, the latitude of the country precluded the possibility of anything like moderately successful agriculture; but it has remained for time, but a short period at that, to do the country justice.



WESTERN CANADA SCHOOLHOUSE.

At the time of the purchase in 1869, the white population of the entire country, including the officials of the Hudson's Bay Company, could be numbered on four fingers.

With the creation of Manitoba into a province a year later, and navigation of the Red river improved, the attention of settlers to a limited extent was drawn that way; but it remained for the approach of the railway ten years later to give shape to the marvelous growth that has since followed. In short, the settlement of the entire country is the work of but the last 25 years.

The Western Territories. In 1882, that part of the country now open for settlement was divided into four territories—Assiniboia, Alberta, Saskatchewan and Athabasca—and an elementary form of government conceded to them. In the present year these four territories were converted into two provinces, with full provincial autonomy and admitted to full membership in the Canadian confederation with all the powers and privileges of the older provinces.

Very naturally the agriculturist of older countries who is satisfied with present surroundings, and the man whose intentions are to give agriculture a trial, have a few leading questions revolving in their minds, and ever before them for consideration, such as climatic conditions, character of public institutions, educational facilities, postal conveniences, transportation facilities, and last, but not least, the nature and extent of the natural resources and advantages of the country in which they are about to locate.

Nobody claims that Western Canada is perfection in every particular, but it is claimed and fully borne out by the experience of thousands who have settled there, that there is no country on the face of the globe that surpasses it in opportunities for the man of limited means who is content with pioneering for a couple of years.

Its productive capabilities are now fully past the experimental stage, as the crop yields, dairy returns, profits of the rancher and general satisfaction to the man in mixed farming fully demonstrate.

Under territorial or primitive government, where authority between federal and local governments was divided, there could not have been the same liberties and freedom that now exist when the whole legislation of the country is vested practically in the hands of the people themselves under manhood suffrage. This gives them the freest form of democratic government under the sun.

Low Taxation. One of the terrors of the people of the older countries is taxation. In the provinces of Manitoba, Alberta and Saskatchewan, which constitute the entire Canadian west that is open for settlement, there is no taxation but as the settler imposes it on himself. On the homestead in the unorganized territory, the tax collector is never seen. As people organize municipalities, however, roads and bridges have to be built, and schools have to be maintained; but the government defrays much of the cost of the latter, and taxation is necessary for the former. The taxes for both purposes, however, rarely exceed \$8 a year on a quarter section (160 acres).

Schools are established in every country section where there are ten or more pupils to attend them, conducted by highly certificated teachers under the best system known to the most advanced educationists of the world. In 1886 there were but 76 schools in the territory that now comprises the provinces of Alberta and Saskatchewan with a government support of \$8,908. In 1904 there were \$75 in the same territory with a government support of \$292,070. As the subsidies these two provinces are now in receipt of from the Dominion government amount to about \$1,093,000 each, they are a sufficiently large sum to carry on all the expenses of the country, including schools, with but little or no taxation on the people. As these subsidies increase as the provinces grow in population, settlers in the Canadian west will always have immunity from taxation.

Crop Statistics. The following statistics as to crops and areas under crop of the territory now comprised in the two new provinces,

tell a tale of advancement more eloquently than can be given in words:

1898.	1904.
Acres under wheat 327,580	689,750
Bushels wheat 5,750,650	17,250,350
Acres under oats 115,275	569,080
Bushels oats 3,250,360	18,250,640
Acres under barley 47,840	12,850
Bushels barley 468,350	2,350,430

The average yields for those six years were as follows:

	Bushels.
Wheat, per acre	19.02
Oats, per acre	32.25
Barley, per acre	24.83

This does not include the great grain growing province of Manitoba. As there is at least 25 per cent more land under crop this year (1905) on account of the favorable spring for seeding, than there was last year, the crops will doubtless reach these figures:

	Bushels.
Wheat	22,500,000
Oats	24,000,000
Barley	3,000,000

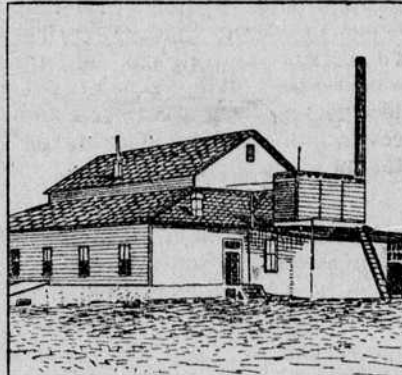
It must be borne in mind that wheat is the only grain exported easterly to any great extent, the local demand in British Columbia, the necessities of the incoming population for seed and otherwise consumes a large portion of the annual product. Placing the price of wheat at 60 cents, oats at 40, and barley at 50, which are very conservative figures, the value of the crop of 1904 was \$18,825,676. This would give each farmer established in the work well on to \$1,000 for his year's work. To this must be added the receipts from the sale of live stock, hay, dairy products, roots, vegetables, etc., well on to half as much more.

From a condition of nature, the two provinces, though lying side by side and extending from the 49th to the 60th parallel, have different climatic influences, and as a result are different in their producing capabilities from economic points of view. Alberta lying next the Rocky mountains, but more especially in its southern district, is affected by the "Chinook" or warm winds from the Pacific ocean. As a result it has dryer summer weather than its sister province, and is not so much in favor as a grain growing country, but is without question the most favorable ranching country on the globe. Large tracts are leased at a mere nominal figure, and the herds live out the whole winter through and are invariably in excellent condition in the "round up" or enumeration in the spring. There are at least 150,000,000 acres of free grazing lands in this wide country, an area six times as great as the combined areas of all the Western States.

Dairying. Many of the ranchers take up farming with the cattle industry and incidentally dairying as well. The latter promises yet, profitable as the other branches of agricultural industry may be, to become a leader in farming wealth. There is a system of dairying established in the country under government control, supervision and management that relieves the farmers of much expense and anxiety. Instead of being compelled to build structures for the care of milk and its products, they simply turn their milk over to the dairymen, who call for it once a day, receive advances once a month on the butter and cheese, and at the close of the season, or when the year's product is sold, balance up the accounts.

As cattle double every third year, are worth about \$35 as 3-year-olds, and are fed the year through on the native prairie, the doubter can readily understand there are fortunes in ranching and dairying.

There is a class of the community who imagine the country must be subjected to much inconvenience if not privation, because of lack of fuel. Because the country is prairie they conclude there must be a complete absence of fuel. The man who takes a trip over the country is, however, soon relieved from all anxiety on this score, as he finds all of the rivers, many of the lakes and ponds fringed with timber and often large bluffs of fair sized timber in patches in the open prairie, to say nothing of small forests in many districts of the entire



GOVERNMENT CREAMERY AT CALGARY.

country. When, however, timber is not available, an excellent quality of coal is always on hand. As early as 1887 some 75,000 tons were mined, and this was increased to 325,000 tons in 1900, which amount has been growing annually. Although mining is but in its infancy, enough coal has already been located to do the whole of Canada for centuries.

Wheat. To turn again to the great staple of the country, wheat, we may remark that year in and year out, the entire cost of production to the farmer, even if he hires everything done from the ploughing to the delivery at the market, is set down by a number of calculators at \$7.50 per acre. As the average crop of the country, year in and year out, is 20 bushels to the acre and the average price 60 cents, or \$12 per acre, the profit to the farmer is \$4.50 per acre. If he does his work himself he, of course, earns wages in addition to this profit. These figures are very conservative. The farmers who are living on small overgrown farms in other countries, or even land they can sell for \$20, \$40 or \$60 an acre, should bear in mind 160 acres of better producing land, where climate, educational facilities and everything else necessary for the farmer's welfare, can be procured in Western Canada free of charge. Settlers are now locating at the rate of 150,000 a year from all parts of the world. The testimonies of these settlers, which can be got from any of them for the asking, are all the recommendation the country requires to place it in a very few years in the front rank of the populous nations of the globe. It is already as prosperous as any and the success of those who have ventured and won is all the assurance that is necessary for the prosperity and development of the future.