

RED CLOUD CHIEF

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LONE HOLLOW

Or, The Peril of the Pennoys.

A Thrilling and Romantic Story of Love and Adventure.

By James M. Merrill, Author of "Douglass Hill," "Fisher Joe" and "Other Stories."

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CHAPTER XXVII

He paused. She made no attempt to interrupt him, and he proceeded:

"When you put in an appearance at Lone Hollow I realized that my chance of winning the heiress was assured. I knew how you hated me, and I felt alarmed. I wished you away, anywhere but in this house."

"Even under the sod," she smiled grimly as she interrupted him.

"No. In that you wrong me," he asserted, impressively. "I did not plan to harm you. I could not do that; for to be honest with you, Lura, you are the only girl who ever stirred the inner depths of my heart. If you had been the heiress instead of Grace I could have married you long ago. But let that pass. I endured your presence without attempting to abate it. That night, when you disappeared so mysteriously, and during the days that followed when I turned heaven and earth to find you, I was really sane and sane again. I thought that you would not be likely to trouble me again."

"I was getting on swimmingly with Grace when, to my surprise, you suddenly returned. I saw you enter the house and go to Grace Penroy's room. I then believed that you had played a trick on all of us, for the purpose of beating me out of this fortune on which I set such hopes. The thought that I was not to be deflected when the wealth was ready to fall into my hands maddened me, and I lost reason and coolness."

"That was why I assaulted you so furiously. I repented it afterward, and have been longing to see you to ask your forgiveness. I came near being killed by a madman myself. He carried you away, and I afterward feared that he had murdered you."

"Captain Starbright had resumed his seat during this narration, while Lura Joyce leaned one hand on the table and contented herself with listening in a meek way that was surprising considering her fiery nature."

"Do you expect me to believe all this, Captain Starbright?" she said, without lifting her eyes.

"I have known the truth. Of course, I have no means of compelling belief," he said, in a subdued tone. "I tell you honestly, I am glad that you escaped from the clutches of the madman."

"He seemed gentle enough with me," resumed the girl. "What became of the poor fellow at last? I haven't seen him of late."

"I remember to have seen him at the poor fellow to a madhouse."

"Did you know him?"

"No, only that he made an absurd claim to be a brother of the late Mr. Vandine."

"About the shooting to-night," said Lura, suddenly dropping the subject of the madman. "Can you throw any light on that?"

"It is a sad affair," sighed the Captain. "I would rather not talk of that now."

"Why has Austin Westwood been arrested?"

"It was necessary. In case Grace dies the fellow might be the beneficiary."

"Then you suspect him of being the assassin of the girl he loved, who has been treated, in fact?"

"Her eyes were regarding him now with their steely glitter, that rendered him nervous always."

"My suspicion amounts to conviction," he said, coolly.

"You saw him commit the act?"

"I am not prepared to say that. At the proper time my evidence shall be forthcoming."

"Indeed! Is this a part of your plot to win the Vandine fortune?"

"He became uneasy under her gaze. He realized that she was reading him like an open book. He might deserve some woman, but not this girl, so cold and hard, with a strong mind and quick wit more than a match for him."

"It is useless to prolong this interview," he said, coming to his feet. "You would distrust me even if I were to swear on a mountain of Hymalayas that I am, in time I shall be able to prove to you that I am a much abused man."

"Then he strode from the room and sought the outer air."

"So!" murmured Lura. "I am once more back to my own room, and I am once more under the influence of the Vandine fortune. I am a doubly doomed man. The idea that Austin Westwood fired that shot that year might be the mark, but it will not pass current with me. Ah! if you only knew what I know, Captain, you would tremble at your boots. It is just as well, you do not know. I will now have an opportunity to search this house for the will of Mr. Vandine made long ago. That, I believe to be the only valid document of the kind in existence."

"He told me that it was somewhere within the walls of Lone Hollow, and I mean to find it and confound them all!"

"Then Lura went to the room where her wounded cousin lay. When Mrs. Penroy saw the girl she uttered a scream and fell fainting to the floor."

"It will be remembered that the widow did not know of the continued existence of Lura Joyce. She had kept her secret according to promise, and her sudden appearance was as startling as the appearance of a ghost."

Lura saw her mistake the moment she crossed the threshold. She rang for Lacy, the colored maid, who, assisted by Mrs. Joyce, succeeded in conveying the fainting woman to a bed in another part of the great house."

Lacy was pretty thoroughly frightened, too, when she saw Miss Joyce, but Lura soon satisfied the maid that all was as it should be by assuring her that she had only been away on business, and that now she was back to care for Grace, and make her home hereafter at Lone Hollow."

Mrs. Penroy did not recover from her second fainting fit as from the first, and she was unable to leave her bed for several days."

In the meantime Grace regained consciousness, but remained very weak and required constant attention. Lura gave this, and exerted herself to aid the wounded girl in every possible way. Mrs. Penroy was too weak and ill herself to assist in taking care of her daughter, and so for the time Lura Joyce was complete mistress of the house."

Lacy gave assurance that Grace would speedily recover, and he came to Lone Hollow less frequently as the days passed."

When the wounded girl asked her lover, Lura gave evasive answers. The young man still languished in Stonefield jail, awaiting the outcome of the shot, and Lura feared to make known the fact, since a shock now might terminate the life of Grace."

In the meantime Captain Starbright alternated between Stonefield and Lone Hollow. He was pleasant, and even friendly to Lura and Mrs. Penroy, but he did not attempt to prevent her visit, for she had grown to fear the evil man's power more and more since the night he had been freed."

CHAPTER XXVIII

THE WEEKS PASSED. Grace improved rapidly, and was soon able to sit up, although the doctor advised quiet and no attempt at exertion, until she was fully recovered, since a reaction might set in.

The probate court granted a stay of five weeks regarding the will of the late Mr. Vandine, on account of the illness of a prominent witness. Lura Joyce had succeeded in gaining possession from the court in spite of the cover opposition of Captain Starbright and his attorney.

"The will is a fraud, and can be proved so if you will wait until the young Miss Penroy and her mother are able to appear," declared Lura, and so once again was the scheming Captain thwarted.

He understood to whom he owed his non-success, and the bitter feeling in his heart for the brave young girl deepened into absolute hatred.

Miss Joyce often visited Stonefield, in the hope of seeing her mother, who lay in the county jail awaiting the outcome of Grace Penroy's injury.

It was an outrage not to permit bail, Lura Joyce declared, and the young man innocent, too. The Captain and his attorney, however, managed to have the bail fixed at such a high figure that none so poor as Austin Westwood's friends could aid him, and so the mechanic, wholly innocent as the reader knows, languished in jail. The testimony of Captain Starbright before the justice in whose court Westwood had his examination was positive against the prisoner, and as the Captain was a prominent citizen there could be no doubting his oath.

Lura Joyce fretted at this not a little, but finding that nothing could be done to rescue the young man from prison until she could see the lawyer, she gave up the case and turned her thoughts and efforts in another channel.

Mrs. Penroy was soon able to attend upon the wants of her daughter, thus leaving Lura Joyce free time to herself.

"I believe you are right," declared Lura at the bottom of all this mystery," declared Lura one day to Grace. "You, of course, know that Austin Westwood is innocent of an attempt on your life."

"Certainly," assured Grace. "He and I were standing together when the shot was fired, and I saw him as plain as day."

"Well, you shall testify to this in good time. I have a surprise in store for Clinton Starbright that will take him down a peg when he comes to chew on it; and, mind you, Grace, the villain shall begin the malediction before he is many days older."

"I can not say whether you wrong the Captain," said poor little Grace, with a faint, sad smile. "He has been very kind to me during my illness."

"Kind! Alas! on my dear, every bit of it," declared Lura, quickly.

"To tell the truth, I made no reply. A great smile, supported by pillars in a pretty picture, that even her more busterous cousin could not fail to admire."

"You will soon be strong again, dear," said Lura, in a tone of incredulity that such an accident should come to one so good as you are, Grace. Sometimes I think that it was an accident. You see, I am sentimental, like other girls, once in awhile."

Then Lura gave vent to a sharp little laugh, and sprang to her feet, gliding out from the room.

On her way to Stonefield that very day on the stage the horses became frightened and ran, the stage was overturned, and several of the passengers injured, among them Lura Joyce.

"So kind the lack!" exclaimed the girl, who had seen her uncle sprang so severely as to prevent her bearing her weight on it. "I'll never ride in that stuffy old coach again. This serves me right for not going to my own conveyance—the back of Homer."

The driver scoured a farmer's wagon, in which he conveyed his passengers to the city. Miss Joyce found shelter at the house of a friend, where, to her chagrin, she was compelled to remain for several days on account of her injuries.

"I am not sure," she was visited by a grave-looking gentleman of thirty, whose serious and quiet manners were in direct contrast to the bubbling exuberance of Miss Joyce. This gentleman was Dr. Colton, really the most learned and gifted physician in the city, and that he was a friend of Lura Joyce was proved from the cordial nature of their meeting.

"How is your patient, Dr. Colton?"

"This was about the first words after a good hearty hand-shake. Lura, with one foot on a bench, and the other on a stool, looked at the doctor with a certain amount of interest. "I have been very much interested in your case, and I am glad to hear that you are getting on so well."

"My patient is fast gaining, and will soon be sound as a dollar—my only patient, but as to my young one that remains to be seen."

"If she, too, would only die," thought the Captain, and then a wicked resolve entered his heart as he paced the long hall above in the lower part of the old house.

"While the man of evil was thus conjuring dark thoughts, the girl who was so comparatively safe, and could but dedicate to the widow and those who might choose to call themselves her friends."

Mrs. Penroy was far from well, and was at the present time confined to her room with a sudden severe cold.

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"I can hardly account for it myself," faltered Grace. "I am sure I am not a very good person, but I should have given up my medicine altogether but for Mr. Starbright."

"Yes, indeed," agreed Lura, in a suppressed voice, her eyes shining like bits of steel.

"He thought the medicine was necessary to strengthen me, and so I continued to take it, only to grow weaker gradually, until I had to take to my bed once more. Oh, you can not imagine how discouraging it has been."

"I understand it all," Lura interrupted, tenderly. "How long has it been since Dr. Faxon has been here?"

"Oh, a long time. He came but once after you went away."

"But why was this?"

"He said it was best; that Faxon was old, and that I ought to improve faster, and so he procured medicine from a doctor in Stonefield, who came to see me but once."

"It was Starbright that recommended this change?"

"Yes."

"And your mother?"

"She has been ill herself most of the time, and has made no objections, but has left every thing to the Captain. He has favored the medicine, and I have taken it regularly, but it does not seem to do any good. I grow weaker all the time. Isn't it strange?"

"Yes, it is strange," uttered Lura, in a smothered voice. "And this has been going on for three weeks. What is your medicine?"

"There is some in liquid form followed by a powder."

Lura came to her feet and made a swift examination of the bottles and glasses on the stand near her.

She found two small white powders and medicine in a glass. One of these powders she appropriated. Scarcely had she done so when Captain Starbright entered, and going to the stand took a sharp look over the numerous bottles and glasses.

"He turned suddenly upon Lura with a smothered voice. "Some one has been meddling. There were two powders here a short time ago."

"Grace has taken one," answered Lura, promptly, anxious to avoid suspicion, and feeling justified in making a false statement under the circumstances.

"Is that true?"

"Question her if you doubt. I supposed the powder was proper enough."

"Certainly," he uttered, quickly. "It is all right."

He then lifted the tumbler containing the liquid medicine, and going to the window, raised it and flung the contents to the winds.

To Lura Joyce this was a surprise action, and she was thankful that she had made such a mistake in her own mind. The next moment she saw the powder in a glass on the stand, and she knew that she had been caught by Grace during her illness was on

OUR FIRST PRESIDENT.

Washington at His Emigration in New York a Century Ago.

Washington was dressed in a full suit of dark brown cloth manufactured in Hartford, with metal buttons with an eagle on them, and "with a steel-hilted dress sword, white silk stockings, and plain silver shoe-buckles. His hair was dressed and powdered in the fashion of the day and worn in a bag and solitaire." Chancellor Robert R. Livingston, one of the committee of five to draft the Declaration of Independence, thirteen years before, was dressed in a full suit of black cloth and wore the robe of office. Just before the oath was to be administered it was discovered that no Bible was in the Federal Hall. Luckily Livingston, a Grand Master of Free Masons, knew that there was one at St. John's Lodge in the City Assembly Rooms near by, and a messenger was dispatched to borrow the Bible, which is to-day the property of St. John's Lodge No. 1, the third oldest Masonic lodge in the United States.

"Secretary Otis, of the Senate, held before him a red velvet cushion, upon which rested the open Bible of St. John's Lodge. "You do solemnly swear," said Livingston, "that you will faithfully execute the office of President of the United States, and will, to the best of your ability, preserve, protect, and defend the Constitution of the United States." "I do solemnly swear," replied Washington, "that I will faithfully execute the office of President of the United States, and will, to the best of my ability, preserve, protect, and defend the Constitution of the United States." He then bowed his head and kissed the sacred Book, and with the deepest feeling uttered the words: "So help me God!" The Chancellor then proclaimed: "Long live George Washington, President of the United States!" The instant discharge of thirteen cannon followed, and with loud repeated shouts and huzzas the people cried, "God bless our Washington; long live our beloved President!" The President bowed to the people, and the air again rang with acclamations. Washington, followed by the company at the balcony, now returned to the Senate Chamber, where he took his seat and the Senators and Representatives their seats. When Washington arose to speak all stood and listened with eager and marked attention."

After delivering his address, the President, accompanied by the Vice President, the Speaker, the two houses of Congress, and all who attended the inauguration ceremony, proceeded on foot to St. Paul's church. The same order was preserved in the procession from the President's house to Federal Hall. The military "made a good figure" as they lined the street near the church. The services in the church were conducted by the Chaplain of the Senate, the Rt. Rev. Dr. Samuel Provost, Bishop of the Episcopal church of New York.

"After prayers had been read and the 'Te Deum' sung, Washington entered the State coach and was escorted home.—Century.

SOME CLOSE CALLS.

Remarkable Escapes of Adam Vandever, a Famous Western Hunter.

Adam Vandever, "the hunter of Talula," who died not long ago, made some remarkable escapes in the course of his career. On one occasion he had fired at a large buck, near the brow of a precipice some thirty feet high. On seeing the buck drop he took it for granted he was about to die, when he approached the animal for the purpose of cutting its throat. To his great surprise, however, the buck suddenly sprang to his feet and made a tremendous rush at the hunter, with a view of throwing him off the ledge. But what was more remarkable, the animal succeeded in its effort, though not until Vandever had obtained a fair hold of the buck's antlers, when the twin performed a somersault into the pool below. The buck made its escape, and Vandever was not seriously injured in any particular part. About a month afterward he killed a buck which had finally triumphed over the animal which had given him the unexpected ducking.

But the most remarkable escape which old Vandever ever experienced happened in this way: He had encamped upon one of the loftiest mountains in Union County. It was near the twilight hour, and he had heard the howl of a wolf. With a view to ascertaining the direction whence it came, he climbed upon an immense boulder which stood on the brow of a steep hillside. While standing upon this boulder he suddenly felt a swinging sensation and to his astonishment he found that he was about to make a fearful plunge into the ravine, half a mile below him. As fortune would have it, the limb of an oak tree dropped over the rock, and as the rock started from its tottering foundation he seized the limb and thereby saved his life. The dreadful crashing of the boulder, as it descended the mountain side, came to the hunter's ear while he was suspended in the air, and by the time it had reached the bottom he dropped on the very spot which had been vacated by the boulder.—Chicago Journal.

MISSOURI RIVER STEAM BOATS.

Very large steamboats are no longer built on the Mississippi, so that but few of the class which were once so common are now seen on the river.

The burning of the White, Richardson and Kate Adams wiped out the three last of the great floating palaces of the Lower Mississippi. Their places have never been filled, and there is no incentive to build any more of the same sort. They were immense boats for passenger traffic, and as fine as the ocean steamers. But the railroads made them unprofitable. During the last two years of their service they lost money, because they could not get the passenger trade. The railroads had entered their territory and deprived them of the principal source of income. The boats are now forced into narrow channels, and must go where the railroads can not reach. Hence they navigate in small streams, which were formerly despised, and where large boats could not go. This state of affairs requires shallow keels and light draught. Small, swift boats are now used where the coasting trade is done. The palace of the era of the 70s has passed out of existence.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

THE AMERICAN GIRL.

Her Self-Reliance, Independence and Preference in Love Affairs.

The English girl, with her bloom of rugged health, her physical vigor that grasped the alpenstock and tramped through Switzerland, her skills in horsemanship, turned the current of public opinion in this country, knocked the old ideas from its pedestal, and substituted a new order of being. The crisp air became bracing, dyspepsia and neuralgia were whistled down the wind, and in their stead came the love of exercise, a generous appetite, physical and mental poise, a certain dash and daring which, added to the natural endowment of beauty, have rendered her irresistible. The education of the American girl throws her on her own resources, develops self-reliance, makes her independent. In England a girl is secluded, in France she has little freedom, and rarely faces the realities of life until she is married; in Germany she bows to the decision of her parents without a thought of questioning its wisdom. In all the older civilizations the medieval notion of her inferiority unconsciously prevails and gives color to her social relations. In this country she is habitually in the company of gentlemen, and so familiarly that the romance of the situation very soon gives way to practical judgment. American methods have shown the advantages of an early association of the sexes. While there may be some loss in this there is certainly an overbalancing gain. The American girl does not become mannish, but simply prudent. There is no change in the fineness of her fiber, though we sometimes detect a degree of worldly wisdom which seems a bit premature. She very early learns to forecast her future and make preparations for it with due regard to the necessities of life—a comfortable home and a fair bank account. She is not mercenary, but simply self-protective. She does not give love in exchange for wealth, but merely holds her affections in abeyance until the providential opportunity presents itself, making herself the sole judge of the providential character of that opportunity. It would, however, be unjust in an article of this kind to forget the claims of the American wife to our consideration. She is too frequently neglected in the literature of the time. This arises partly from her own love of retirement, but mostly from the fact that her daughters occupy all the space in the foreground. In most countries this order of precedence is reversed, and the matron is the center of observation, while the young ladies remain in the shadow. The peculiarities of our matrons are well worth study. It will repay us to break through the bery of gay girls and examine the lives of their mothers. There are few spots on earth where the wife is more truly a helpmeet to her husband. She is full of vitality, shrewd in the use of her resources, able to comprehend a man's energy and enterprise, and practical enough to become his confidential adviser. A good wife is always the best part of her husband, to employ a Hibernianism, and the American wife deserves the admiration and reverence of the world. She sacrifices without a murmur, endures poverty with a cry of pain, makes the best of poverty, and adorns wealth. She worships her children, is unpeakenly proud of their triumphs, seems all mercenary motives in her desire for their happiness, wears the white crown of old age with grace and dignity, and by patient endurance of and Christian resignation under the ills of life earns the adoration which every true man gladly lays at her feet. While there are exceptions to this rule, they only serve the paltry purpose of proving it to be generally true. Take it for all in all, we doubt if there is a spot on the green earth in which more happiness abounds than in an American home.—N. Y. Herald.

SIMPSON'S DISCOVERY.

How the Anesthetic Properties of Chloroform Were Brought to Light.

The name of Doctor (afterwards Sir) James Young Simpson became closely identified with the study of anesthetics. He approached the subject with a due sense of its importance, and applied to it a scientific skill of the first order. Several deaths occurred through the careless and indiscriminate use of ether, causing that agent to be regarded with diminished favor. A less dangerous but equally effective substance was called for, and to the discovery of this Dr. Simpson devoted his best energies. In his researches he was assisted by several able professors, and for a time they gave a large share of their attention to the matter. Any volatile substance in which anesthetic properties were suspected was carefully examined, and it was not long before the experiments brought forth the coveted reward. One night Dr. Simpson and his assistants were sitting up late, bent on their self-imposed task. A number of chemical fluids had been selected for experiment, each man providing himself with a glass, into which a small quantity of the particular substance engaging attention was poured, the glass being placed over warm water to help the evolution of vapor. In this way, with their mouths and nostrils held over the vessels, they tested one vapor after another, but it seemed as if the spirit of unconsciousness was not to be evoked. They tried many gases and liquids which no one had ever thought of testing in this connection before, and at last a small bottle of dark liquid which provoked no great expectations, and was only known as a chemical curiosity in the laboratory, was raked up out of some obscure corner and put to take its turn with the rest. This was a little bottle of chloroform. Presently, after more promising substances had failed them, it was resolved to submit it to the test. A small portion of the liquid was poured into each glass and the experimenters began their inhalations. Dr. Miller, one of the assistants, has described what took place. An unexpected hilarity seized the party; they became bright-eyed and very happy, and conversed with such intelligence as more than usually charmed other listeners who were not taking part in the proceedings. But suddenly there was a talk of sounds being heard like those of a cotton mill, louder and louder; a moment more, then all was quiet, and then—a crash! On awaking, Dr. Simpson's first perception was mental. "This is far stronger and better than ether," he said to himself. He next observed that he was prostrate on the floor, and that his friends were confused and alarmed. Hearing a noise, he turned round and saw his assistant, Dr. Duncan, beneath a chair; his jaw dropped, his eyes staring, and his head had bent under him quite unconscious, and snoring in a determined and alarming manner. More noise followed and much commotion, and then his eyes opened. Dr. Keith's feet and legs making various efforts to overturn the table, or more probably to annihilate everything that was upon it. All speedily regained their senses, and from the middle of that night dates the discovery of the anesthetic uses of chloroform.—London Tablet.

FARM AND FRESIDE.

It improves bran to scald it before feeding it to stock.

A strip of flannel or a napkin wrung out of hot water and applied round the neck of a child that has a croup will usually bring relief in ten minutes.

A blanket for the horse is a cheap article, considering the food it saves and the colds and sickness it avoids. It is indispensable in well-regulated stables.

The average shrinkage of corn in a year is about 25 per cent. It would, then, be as profitable to sell corn at 75 cents per bushel after harvest as at 75 cents the next summer.

Pieces of steak left on the platter make nice hash by pouring hot water over them. Let it stand, drain off and put in a kettle with a little hot water; let it simmer slowly until done.

Broiled Pork Chop: Cut not quite as thick as mutton chops and broil over a brisk fire, turn them frequently and cook a dark brown. When ready to serve, sprinkle over them a little powdered sage.

When fruit is stored in a fruit house it is desirable to have the temperature kept as near forty degrees as possible. Of course it is expected that it will vary somewhat, but the nearer it can be kept to this the better will be the result.

Steamed Coffee: Put the required amount of coffee—allowing a heaping teaspoonful for each cupful to be served—into a coffee-pot with cold water, cover closely and let stand over night. In the morning let it boil up just once and serve; it will not require clearing.

Balloons Monthly. The greatest care should be taken to select those varieties of corn intended for silage, that will fully mature before frost, in the localities where it is proposed to grow them. A less number of tons of mature corn bring in all cases more valuable than a much larger number of tons of immature corn.

SUCCESS IN FARMING.

It Depends Largely Upon the Proper Arrangement of the Farm.

Prosperity as a rule, is dependent on the man's thoroughness in business application. He must be able to forecast the demands of his markets, and to meet those demands with products which fully answer all requirements. He must produce these crops in the smallest possible area on which they can be grown, in order to lessen cost and labor of production and amount of capital invested. The great trouble with most of farmers is that they spread their work over too large an area. Every additional acre is so much more capital invested in the production of a crop which might have been grown on less land. This increase of acreage compels superficial cultivation, meager fertilizing and greater risks. It costs less to harvest fifty bushels of oats, or three tons of hay, from one acre than from three. It costs less to make 250 pounds of butter from a cow in a single season than from two cows. Working a small farm does not mean profit, however, but raising big crops on a small farm means net cash.

It is time to remember that the more thorough and skillful culture is usually the cheaper. It is time to remember, too, that the farmer who has to employ hands all the year must so diversify his farming that he will have productive work at all times of the year. He wastes a part of his productive force if he provides but for salable products requiring culture only in summer. He must become a manufacturer as well as a producer, and feed out his summer crops—at least the majority of them—in the winter in such a way as to get better prices for them, retain the manurial elements on the farm for future crops, and give profitable employment to the hired man or men. Consumers pay higher prices for fresh butter and eggs in winter than in summer. The farmer should so arrange his dairying operations that his cows shall give milk from September to June, and give dry during the harvest season. He can thus use his hired help to the best advantage and at the same time make his dairy more remunerative. Grain does not bring very remunerative prices nowadays, and it was proved by a trial at a New England experiment station that by raising corn for ensilage and buying feeding grains and cotton-seed meal beef can be made in New England to-day and sold in her markets at lower prices than Western beef costs delivered there, and still leave a handsome profit to the feeder. The agriculture of this country has spread over too many acres. What is needed now is more intelligent application of science and work on each acre. The past year was a poor one for wheat in England, and statisticians there report that the wheat crop only averaged twenty-eight bushels per acre. This is over one hundred per cent. more than the average per acre in this country. In other words farmers here work a good deal more than twice the land for the same result.

Still more profitable is the catering to the fast-increasing demand for what were once considered luxuries. Fruits a little out of season, vegetables just gathered and put into market in a few hours thereafter, two or three weeks before the time of their usual appearance, early lambs, well fattened, fat and quickly grown broilers or turkeys, any thing extra nice and attractive in the way of food products, are always sure to bring high prices for them; competition is always limited, and the increase for price is proportionately far above the cost. The money-making farmer is the one who sees all these things and practices them. He is not the one who is dwelling about the lobbies of legislatures, to try and secure what he feebly hopes is legislation that will abate the natural or competitive evils of his business, and that will make the country prosperous by main strength, as it were. Legislation can correct some evils; good judgment and good farming can correct many more. When weather and consumptive demands are all right, almost any farmer can make something; when these factors are unpropitious, every poor farmer is compelled to scold that "farming don't pay." For it is true in his case.—Seattle Express.

NEWSPAPER ADVERTISING.

Its Development and the Benefits It Brings to Dealer and Buyer.

The development of the modern newspaper has had no more remarkable effect than the change it has produced in the prevailing ideas with regard to advertising. Twenty years ago the tradesman who made known what wares he had to sell, except in the modest and general way, was looked upon with some degree of suspicion, and the professional man who offered his services by public advertisement was condemned outright as necessarily a quack. The change from that day to this has been almost complete, and yet it has come about very gradually, and there are some trades and professions in which traces of the old traditions still remain.

MUMEROUS GEES.

How They Had a Good Deal of Fun With a Number of Young Figs.

A goose has perhaps the keenest appreciation of humor of any animal, unless it be her own arch enemy, the fox. The writer once saw in a little grassy paddock some eight or ten fat and healthy pigs and half a score of geese. From the paddock a narrow open gate gave entrance into the farm-yard, and, as evening drew on, the geese ranged themselves in a row near this Thymoplyea. Obviously supper-time was approaching, and the pigs wished to return home to their troughs. Equally clearly the geese had given each other the word not to let them pass through the gate which they guarded, without paying toll.

First there came up a jolly, good-humored little pig, who trotted cheerfully along with a confidence which ought to have disarmed criticism, till he came among the geese. Then, with a cackle and a scream, every neck was stretched to get a bite at him, and, squalling and yelling the poor little porker ran the gauntlet.

The same fate befell six or seven more of his brethren in succession, each betraying increasing trepidation as he approached the fatal pass, and made a bolt through the corps de garde of geese whose chattering and screeches of delight were almost undistinguishable from human laughter.

At last the biggest pig of the party brought up the rear. He was a pink-fleshed, clean young fellow, with fat limbs and sides, and his ears were cocked, and his tail sharply twisted in the intelligent, wide-awake manner so completely distinguishes the intellectual pig from the mere swine multitude. With a loud grunt of defiance, this brave beast charged through the flock of geese, and had actually almost gained the gate, when a large gray goose made one grab at his fat ham, caught up the skin in a bunch, and gave it a tremendous pinch with her red beak. Needless to say, the air was rent with the squeals of agony of the injured pig, and the ecstatic howls of the hunter's ear while he was