



THE TEXAS CRUISER

BY T. HURLINGAME BOSS

CHAPTER X.—(Continued.)

The road from the city ran for nearly a mile and a half over the low, sandy shore of the sea, and then it turned abruptly to the westward, winding along among numerous hills of sand. At the end of three hours they had traveled a little over nine miles, and as they now came to a spot where a small clump of trees stood a standing place in the sand, they turned down to rest for a while. But they dared not stop too long, and at the end of some fifteen minutes, Irene said she was ready to start on, though Gonzales had informed that that he could go no further.

CHAPTER XI.

Clarence was right with regard to the intended movement of the brig. She pounded on, and came up alongside the schooner. Her men were at the guns with lighted matches, but they did not fire. A soon as the grapplings could be made fast, the captain of the brig leaped upon the schooner's deck. He was a dark, ignorant-looking fellow, but possessing not only great brute strength, but apparently a good degree of boldness. "Who's commander here?" the Mexican asked. Max looked at Clarence, and Clarence looked at Max; but the younger man replied: "This man, senior, is captain of the vessel, but 'twas I that ordered the resistance that has been made."

the vessel safely into Vera Cruz, for they could have their prisoners securely imprisoned, so that no trouble need be apprehended from them.

The sun was down and night almost shut in, when the last load of stuff was brought off from the prize, and then the three men were sent on board to take charge, with instructions to keep as near as possible to the brig through the night, a light being suspended at the main peak as a guide. "Quite a prize," said the Mexican captain, standing upon the cheeks on which the boat stood, and holding his lantern over so that he could see the hands and feet of his prisoners. "Your beef and pork comes quite handy."

CHAPTER XII.

The first hours of the night passed slowly, heavily away. The bell was not struck at the regular half hours, but only when it was time to call a new watch—yet Clarence judged it was about eleven when he bade Max hold out his hands. He had set the blade of his saw, and only waited for the opportunity to use it. He gazed carefully about the deck, and he was sure there was no one near the boat. Carefully he applied his saw to the swivel of Winter's hand irons. The tiny teeth took hold keenly upon the soft iron, and at the end of a minute the swivel was separated and Max's hands free.

holds, we sha'n't spend the whole of another night at sea." "I believe ye, capt'n." "Then look ye—sh! Get out your files when I give the signal, and be sure that you make no noise. Each man must work upon his companion's irons, for he cannot work upon his own. Don't sleep, now—only be ready to pretend if anybody comes. Let the man next to ye get your file out for you. Now keep your eyes open. We won't wait long."

A Strong Man's Secret.

One of the strongest men recently stated that the secret of his wonderful power was perfect digestion. Hostetter's Stomach Bitters makes digestion perfect, and cures all complaints arising from a weak stomach, such as indigestion, biliousness and all liver and kidney ailments. As a blood purifier and nerve tonic it is marvelous. It is recommended by physicians, and sold by every druggist in the country. Try it also for malaria, fever and ague.

A Chicken-Picking Machine.

A device has been invented by a western packing house for picking chickens. There is a receptacle in which the fowl is placed after being killed, and into this are turned several cross currents of air from electrical fans revolving at the rate of 5,000 revolutions per minute. In the twinkling of an eye the bird is stripped of its feathers, even to the tiniest particle of down, and the machine is ready for another. The hint must have been taken from tornadoes.

If You Have Dyspepsia.

Send no money, but write Dr. Snow, Racine, Wis. Box 115, for six bottles of Dr. Snow's Dyspepsia Cure. It cures, just as it does in the case.

No Rivals.

Mr. Blinks—"Who has been here?" Mrs. Blinks—"No one."

Mr. Blinks—"Huh!" Who's been smoking those cigars you gave me last Christmas?" Mrs. Blinks—"No one, my dear. The lamp was turned up too high, that's all."

When You Buy Ink.

Get Carter's and you will get the best every time. "Inkings," free. Carter's Ink Co., Boston.

A Little Swapper.

A little boy was suffering from a severe cold, and his mother gave him a bottle of cough mixture to take while at school. On his return she asked if he had taken his medicine. "No," he answered, "but Bobby Jones did. He liked it, so I swapped it with him for a handful of peanuts."

Editorial Fuel.

Steady Reader—"Here's an article I jst dashed off about my trip to Iowa last summer. I thought you'd be glad to have it fill up."

Wearly Editor (with the sarcasm)—"Oh, we're tickled to death to get it! We've been keeping th' office warm all winter on that sort of stuff."

Sulphurous baths are supplied gratuitously in Paris to all persons employed in handling lead.

helmsman, darted towards him. The moment they had passed the mainmast, Clarence started, and the waiting Yaukees rushed upon them. Those heavy clubs did the work well, for one blow fairly dealt upon the head, was sure to level the poor fellow who received it. At an order from the leader, Sloan hastened to the forward hatchway, and there he knocked the other watch down as fast as they attempted to come up. The place was not fairly wide enough for two to come up abreast, so that Jack's work was comparatively easy, for the light woolen caps which the Mexicans wore upon their heads offered no resistance to the blows of the heavy club. (To be continued.)

FARMING IN WESTERN CANADA.

The Great Natural Fertility of the Soil in Manitoba, Assiniboia, Saskatchewan and Alberta.

What Has Been Done by Premier Greenway, Himself a Leading Farmer.

Hon. Thomas Greenway, Premier of the Province of Manitoba, one of the foremost farmers of Western Canada, writes an excellent article to the press, from which the following extracts are made: The writer came to Manitoba from Ontario in the autumn of 1878, and has ever since been engaged in agricultural pursuits. From the day, nearly twenty-two years ago, when he selected his homestead, he has had unbounded faith in the country as a place where farming can be successfully carried on, if pursued upon proper lines. There is a large number in this province who should rather be called "wheat growers" than farmers. On account of the facilities, natural advantages, and therefore cheapness with which wheat can be grown, no doubt many have done exceedingly well by raising wheat only; still, it is far from ideal farming. Not only will such a course, if persisted in, have the effect of causing the land to run out, as has been the experience of those who pursued the same plan in the wheat-producing prairie States to the south of us, but it is far from being the most profitable course to adopt.

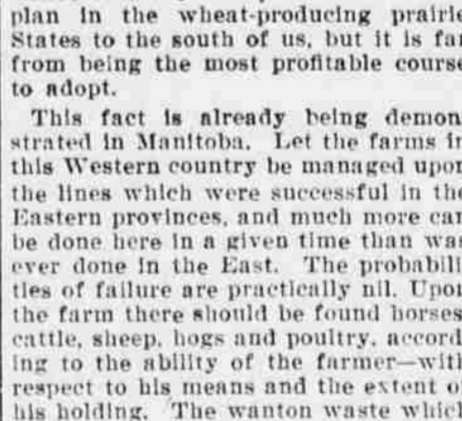
This fact is already being demonstrated in Manitoba. Let the farms in this Western country be managed upon the lines which were successful in the Eastern provinces, and much more can be done here in a given time than was ever done in the East. The probabilities of failure are practically nil. Upon the farm there should be found horses, cattle, sheep, hogs and poultry, according to the ability of the farmer—with respect to his means and the extent of his holding. The wanton waste which has hitherto been practiced by many farmers, that of burning vast quantities of excellent fodder after threshing is done, should cease; it should all be used upon the farm and converted into the old sensible kind of fertilizer manure, and afterwards be returned to the soil, so that what has been taken from it by the crop may be restored. Although admitting that the great natural fertility of the soil in Manitoba and the success that has attended the growing of wheat after wheat for years upon the same land have a tendency to make such a course as the one mentioned tempting, yet, if continued, wheat growing upon the same land year after year is undoubtedly a mistake.

The writer knows of no country that offers advantages so great to the agriculturist as does Manitoba. The various branches of farming can be carried on successfully, as twenty-two years of practical operations and observations of what others are doing have proven. To those desiring to make new homes for themselves, the low price of some of the best lands in the world although rapidly advancing in price this year offer still great opportunities. To all such the invitation is cordially given to "come and see." There need be no poor people here. There is land for all who choose to come, land upon

which happy homes can be established, and from which ample resources can be gathered against old age. All that a man needs to achieve competence in this domain is common sense and industry. With these qualifications he is bound to succeed. Particulars of these lands, and how to obtain them, may be had on application to any agent of the Dominion Government, whose advertisement appears elsewhere. Wealthy Russians seek final repose in glass coffins.

THE DUTY OF MOTHERS.

What suffering frequently results from a mother's ignorance; or more frequently from a mother's neglect to properly instruct her daughter! Tradition says "woman must suffer," and young women are so taught. There is a little truth and a great deal of exaggeration in this. If a young woman suffers severely she needs treatment, and her mother should see that she gets it. Many mothers hesitate to take their daughters to a physician for examination; but no mother need hesitate to write freely about her daughter or herself to Mrs. Pinkham and secure the most efficient advice without charge. Mrs. Pinkham's address is Lynn, Mass.



Mrs. August Pfalzgraf, of South Byron, Wis., mother of the young lady whose portrait we here publish, wrote Mrs. Pinkham in January, 1899, saying her daughter had suffered for two years with irregular menstruation, had headache all the time, and pain in her side, feet swell, and was generally miserable. Mrs. Pinkham promptly replied with advice, and under date of March, 1899, the mother writes again that Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound cured her daughter of all pains and irregularity. Nothing in the world equals Mrs. Pinkham's great medicine for regulating woman's peculiar monthly troubles.

Excursion Rates to Western Canada and particulars as to how to secure 100 acres of the best wheat growing land on the Continent, can be secured on application to the Superintendent of Immigration, Ottawa, Canada, or the undersigned, who will mail you a great many, and our best testimonials, free of cost. W. V. Bennett, 80 New York Life Building, Omaha, Nebraska, Agent for the Government of Canada. Special Excursions to Western Canada during March and April.

Advertisement for Cascarets, a laxative medicine. Text includes: 'CONSTIPATED OLD AGE', 'Means misery on the eve of life. Nine out of ten old people are constipated because the muscles of their intestines have become weak, worn out and flabby.', 'PREVENTED BY Cascarets LIVER TONIC', 'BEST FOR THE BOWELS', 'CURE all bowel troubles, appendicitis, biliousness, bad breath, bad blood, wind on the stomach, bloated bowels, foul mouth, headache, indigestion, pimples, pains after eating, liver trouble, salt and acid in the blood, and all ailments of the bowels. When your bowels don't move regularly you are getting sick. Constipation kills more people than all other diseases together. It is a starter for the chronic ailments and long years of suffering that come afterwards. No matter what ails you, start taking CASCARETS to-day, for you will never get well and be well all the time until you put your bowels right. Take our advice; start with CASCARETS to-day, under an absolute guarantee to cure or money refunded.'