Ranching Lands.

Dairying Resources. The Editor of the Wiscensin Agriculturist, who was one of a party of editors of agricultural papers who took a trip through Canada during the past spring, writes to his paper in the

following strain. The reason of his visiting Canada was to satisfy himself that the reports coming to his paper regarding the wonderful resources of that country were accurate. In view of the wonderful settlement that was going on there, many from this country crossing the line in search of permanent homes and in view of what he had heard in regard to conditions of soil, water, cllmate, topography, fuel, grasses, rainfall, markets, etc., and also the influence which these have had on the present and future of agriculture, he deemed it necessary to make an extended trip through all of the above

In speaking of the Province of Manitoba, he says:

"The province of Manitoba comprises within its limits the far-famed grain-growing valleys of the Assiniboine and Red rivers. Although called the Prairie Province of Canada, Manitoba has large areas of forests, numerous rivers and vast water expansions.

"The soil is a rich, deep, mould, or loam, resting on a deep clay subsoil. It is well adapted to wheat-growing, giving a bountiful yield of the finest quality, known the world over as No. 1 hard wheat. During the past ten years the growth of wheat and other grains has steadily increased, until now the production, by 35,000 farmers, reaches over 100,000,000 bushels. Of the 23,000,000 arable acres in Manitoba, probably not one-half of it is occupied. Cultivated grasses yield about two tons per acre and native grasses a ton and a half.

"There can be no question but that dairying will become a great industry throughout the Northwest, and especially cheese-making, as the climate is favorable and similar to that of Ontario.

"Crops grown are wheat, barley, oats, flax, rye, peas, corn for fodder, brome, potatoes, roots, etc. The soil is very fertile and moisture ample. The climate is good and the growing season, while not quite so long as in Wisconsin, matures crops as the sun shines much longer, rising about 4 o'clock and shines until about 9 at night. Ore can easily read a newspaper at 10 p. m. The long days make | makes. They will send you their big growth fast and push crops to maturity ahead of frost.

"The ranching, the wheat-growing and the mixed farming belts all cross over Assinibola. The yield and the quality of wheat raised along the main line of the Canadian Pacific railway, at such places as Indian Head and its allied districts, have become famous. Its possibilities are shown by the averages of tests made at the experimental farm in 1902, when eleven varieties of the most suitable wheat, sown on April the 19th, were cut in 130 days and yielded 4,314 pounds of straw and 43 bushels and 2 pounds of grain per acre. Its mixed farming area is excellent, its range cattle, horses and sheep are the equals of any seen in the Northwest, and its treeless portion is underlaid with coal. The town of Medicine Hat is heated and illuminated with natural gas. There are abundant deposits of brick, pottery and fire clays."

Agents of the Canadian Government will be pleased to mail an Atlas to any one interested and also all other information regarding railway rates, etc.

When a man marries he wants something clinging to cling to.

Teosinte and Ellion Dollar Grass. The two greatest fodder plants on earth, one good for 14 tons hay and the other 80 tons green fodder per acre. Grows everywhere, so does Victoria Rape, yielding 60,000 lbs. sheep and swine food per acre.

JUST SEND 10c IN STAMPS TO THE John A. Salzer Seed Co., La Crosse, Wis., and receive in return their big catalog and lots of farm seed samples.

Self-conquest is the greatest of vic-

Pleasure is but a weed, joy a fruit. FREE TREATMENT

to every Sufferer of Stomach, Heart and Nervous Disease. The Elmo Chemical Company, 360 Good Block, Des Moines, Iowa, have discovered a new and wonderful Medicine which they call "Elmo Cactarine" which gives immediate relief and permanently cures every case of Stomach. Heart or Nerve Diseases that have tried it. They have made arrangements to give away 50,000 25-cent boxes of Elmo Cactarine in the United States to people afflicted with any disease or weakness of the Heart, Stomach or Nerves. They want every body to try it at their expense. Send no money or stamps—just write your name and address piain and say what paper you saw this in and get a box of this wonderful Medicine free. Get well and tell your friends, that's all we

Talents are tools, not merchandise. Love is always far sighted.

RED CROSS BALL BLUE Should be in every home. Ask your grocer

for it. Lavge 2 oz. package only 5 cents.

Give a woman authority and you convert her into an autocrat.

When Your Grocer Says he does not have Defiance Starch, you may be sure he is afraid to keep it until his stock of 12 oz. packages are sold. Defiance Starch is not only better than any other Cold Water Starch, but contains 16 oz. to the package and sells for same money as 12

Opportunity is the cream of time.



# On Crop Payments, SEVERAL CHOICE FARMS. Send for Mat. J. MULHALL, Sioux City, lows,

Mark Twain.

Mark Twain does not let his New York friends forget him. He recently wrote from Florence to one of them: "My house is the Villa Quarto. So I shall get up my autobiography for a quarto edition. Don't say anything to the fellows who are writing their lives in octavo."

Deafness Cannot Be Cured by local applications, as they cannot reach the dis-cased portion of the ear. There is only one way to cure deafness, and that is by constitutional remedies. Deafness is caused by an inflamed condition of the mucous lining of the Eustachian Tube. When this tube is inflamed you have a rumbling sound or im-

tube is inflamed you have a runibling sound or imperfect hearing, and when it is entirely closed, Deafness is the result, and unless the inflammation can be taken out and this tube restored to its normal condition, hearing will be destroyed forever; nine cases out of ten are caused by Catarrh, which is nothing but an inflamed condition of the mucous surfaces.

We will give One Hundred Dollars for any case of Deafness (caused by catarrh) that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure. Send for circulars, free.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.

Sold by Druggists, 75c. Sold by Druggists, 75c Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

When a man marries he wants something clinging to cling to. The woman who can talk well is

not always the one who does it.

Wiggle-Stick LAUNDRY BLUE Won't spill, break, freeze nor spot clothes. Costs 10 cents and equals 20 cents worth of any other bluing. If your grocer does not keep it send 10c for sample to The Laundry Blue Co., 14 Michigan Street, Chicago.

When a mar shows contentment he is apt to be regarded as lacking in It is more profitable to read one man than ten books.

Those Who Have Tried It will use no other. Defiance Cold Water Starch has no equal in Quantity or Quality-16 oz. for 10 cents. Other brands contain only 12 oz.

People who think themselves "so good" are often only hysterical.

A man cannot go where temptation cannot find him.

Stops the Cough and Works Off the Cold Lexative Bromo Quinino Tablets. Price 25c.

Bachelor girls are spinsters who

refuse to admit it. Faith is the secret of firmness.

FITS permanently cured. No fits or nervousness after lirst day's use of Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restor-Gr. Send for FREE \$2.00 trial bottle and treatise, DB. R. H. ELINE, Ltd., 931 Arch Street, Philadelphia, Pa

It takes a woman to carry off a lie

with a smile. 10,000 Plants for 160.

This is a remarkable offer the John A. Salzer Seed Co., La Crosse, Wis., plant and seed catalog, together with enough seed to grow 1,000 fine, solid Cabbages,

2,000 delicious Carrots. 2,000 blanching, nutty Celery. 2,000 rich, buttery Lettuce. 1,000 splendid Onions.

1,000 rare, luscious Radishes. 1,000 gloriously brilliant Flowers. This great offer is made in order to induce you to try their warranted seeds -for when you once plant them you will grow no others, and

ALL FOR BUT 16C POSTAGE. providing you will return this notice, and if you will send them 20c in postage, they will add to the above a package of the famous Berliner Cauliflower. (W. N. U.)

The Coreans use neither bedsteads nor chairs.

# Little Maple Custards.

Make a plain cup custard mixture. adding a pinch of salt and sweetening with a very little maple sugar. Put a small quantity of maple sugar or syrup over the fire and boil until it is reduced to crack degree when tried in cold water. Stir while boiling to preis set in the middle. When done take hot so that the maple syrup will run down over them, forming a sauce. Serve at once.

# Found Some of It.

Representative Reeder of Kansas saw a five-cent piece on the floor of a Pennsylvania avenue car one afternoon, while he was on his way down from the capitol. He picked the nickthe car who has lost a ten-dollar gold lars and ninety-five cents went."

# This is Miraculous.

Manhattan, Kans., March 14.-One of the strangest cases that has ever been heard of in Riley Co. is that of the three-year-old daughter of Mr. Jonas Brubaker of this place.

Some time ago the little girl took whooping cough, which was followed by pneumonia. When the pneumonia left her, she was taken down with malaria fever with at times symptoms of Spinal Meningitis.

The family doctor brought her safely through these troubles, but after the fever Bright's Disease set in and the doctors gave her up. Her father tells the rest of the story:

"We began to give her Dodd's Kid-

ney Pills and after she had taken about three and a half boxes, she was entirely cured. Now she is well as any child, running and playing as if nothing had ever been the matter tle girl's life, when she was so far voice which challenged wind and companion. into the chronic stage of Bright's wave sounded harsh as he exclaimed: Disease that we thought nothing could save her."

Most of the good times we have are not appreciated until the next day.

Let us all grow lettuce, if prices are to continue at present figures

By FREDERICK UPHAM ADAMS

Author of "The Kidnapped Milloraires," "Colonel Monree's Doctrine," Etc.

REFERENCE HANDEREN BERENERE

COPYRIGHT, 1903, BY All rights COPYRIGHT, 1902, BY A. J. DREX L BIDDLE

THE HERE WELLESS HERE WELLESS HERE WELLESS HERE

## CHAPTER ONE.

FREDE ICK UPHAM ADAMS

The Prophet's Prayer. "Kneel, John. Take off your hat,

lad. Let us pray!" An old man and a boy clung like wreckage to a rock which marked the outer edge of Black Reef. The flickering light of a lantern accentuated the gloom of the night; a night famous in the annals of New England for the storm which tore the coast

from Quoddy Head to Siasconset. The lantern's light revealed two figures worthy the pencil of a Hogarth. white locks streamed back from a forehead massive and unfurrowed. Wonderful eyes of steel gray glowed with fires of fanaticism beneath dark, shadowing eyebrows scarcely touched with the rime of years. The thin lips parted in a line which suggested implacable tenacity of purpose, not halting at cruelty nor stopping at cunning. Above the mouth, the head was that of a Greek god; below it showed the civilized savage-selfish, relent- long. You will be very careful, won't less-the incarnation of courage, strength and determination. The man's frame was so broad that the legs seemed stumpy, yet Peter Burt stood six feet four at three score

years and ten. His companion on this night miswas a boy of eight. No fear of the Carden mansion in Boston had bestorm or of the strange old man showed in the dark gray eyes of the distant relatives of General Marshall youth. He was garbed in a tightly Carden, the banker; and to them had buttoned jacket and a pair of home- been consigned the weifare of his copper-toed boots. The ends of a trusted governess. blue yarn "comforter" fluttered in the

As the old man spoke, a wave dashed its icy spray across the rock. back and forth and threw sticks and stand up and pray?"

man walked cautiously along until he reached the weed-strewn and surflashed beach. He looked into the face of the boy who trudged beside

"You are a brave lad, John; a brave, good lad. It is beginning to rain. We must hasten home."

## CHAPTER TWO.

Jessie Carden.

"I don't care to pick flowers! want to stay right where I am. Let me stay and watch for one of those Bared to the gale, the old man's scant | thingumbobs in the water. Please, Govie!"

> Jessie Carden clung firmly to an iron rod of the old bridge, and spoke with the pleading defiance of a spoiled child of twelve. The governess smiled sadly down upon the pouting lips and rebellious eyes.

> "Certainly, my dear," replied Miss Malden. "Don't lean out over the bridge, sweetheart, and keep away from the creek. I shall not be gone you, Jessie?"

"Just awful careful, Govie. There's one of those spidery things now!" Jessie was spending her first summer in the country. For three weeks she had been living in the Bishop farm-house. So many things had sion to hurricane-swept Black Reef | happened that the memory of the come a dream. The Bishops were spun trousers, securely tucked into daughter, in special charge of a

Jessie peered over the rail and watched the waters in vain for another of the "thingumbobs." She ran "It's awful wet, granddad. Can't stones into the creek in a vain attempt to lure its denizens to the sur-"Kneel, my boy, kneel," replied the face. Then she spied a hoop-pole old man in a deep but not unkind which had fallen from a passing



"KNEEL, JOHN!

voice. "The Lord will not harm His | wagon. This slender rod easily servants whether they approach Him reached the water, and Jessie

in storm or in caim.' Falling on his knees, the old man faced the sea, raised his arms to pole caught her cap, and it fell into vent burning. Pour a little into the heaven, and prayed to the God who the creek, where the tide swept it bot, m of small custard cups and let rides on the wings of the storm. The it harden; then pour in the custard spray stung his face, but he heeded mixture. Place the cups in a shallow it not. A giant surge swept the lanpan with water and set in a mederate- tern away, and its faint light went ly hot oven and cook until the custard out as it clattered along the rocks. The old man prayed fervently that out and turn out the custards while his sins might be forgiven. There was one sin which weighed heavily upon him, though he named it not in his petition.

The year was 1860, and on that November day the news had come to Rocky Woods of Abraham Lincoln's

election to the presidency. In the tempest which lowered when the election was in doubt, and broke el up and said: "Is there anybody in in fury when the triumph of Lincoln was certain, Peter Burt saw piece?" Ten people, white and black, an augury of the storm which was promptly said in chorus: "I did." soon to sweep the country. An ar-"All right," said Reeder, as he slid for dent Abolitionist, and a rabid advothe door; "I just found a nickel of it. cate of Unionism, he lifted his voice I don't know where the other nine dol- that November night in a frenzy of eloquence which thrilled the child at carried along by the tide. Looking his side and left an impress years up the road, he placed his fingers bedid not efface. Amid the crash of tween his teeth and whistled shrilly. waters, his gray hair streaming in A large Newfoundland dog came the wind, his dripping arms stretched towards him, leaping in huge bounds. over the foam, Peter Burt prophesied the four years of desolating war then | to the cap, now whirling in an eddy. impending. He invoked the curse of God on the enemies of his country, holding it well above the water, returned thanks for the coming eman- turned for the bank. The sides were cipation of the slaves, and exulted in steep and slippery, but the boy took the victory to be achieved by the 'firm hold of the dog's collar, and after Union arms. He ended with a tender | a struggle hauled him to solid ground. plea for the grandson kneeling beside | Prince dropped the cap, filling the air him-"who is the heir," the old man with spray as he shook himself. declared, "not of my worldly posses- | wagged his tail, and lolled his tongue sions, which are nothing in Thine in canine self-satisfaction. eyes, but of those gifts and that hast graciously vouchsafed me. John | millinery gingerly at arm's length. Burt shall be the chosen one of the house of Burt. Withhold not,-O Lord, smiling through tears which were Thy blessing from him! Amen."

if you can find it. We'll break our years. necks trying to get back without it." John found the lantern, and after many attempts and muttered com- the young lady as she crawled through plaints the old man lighted it. Hold- the fence unassisted by her new ac-

thrashed the surface with all possible vigor. A projecting branch from the under the bridge.

With a cry of dismay, Jessie turned and dashed across, almost falling be neath the feet of a horse.

"Whoa, Jim!" Checked in a slow trot by a pair of taut lines, an old farm horse stopped so suddenly as to rattle the contents of the wagon. The driver, a boy of seventeen, dropped the lines and leaped lightly to the bridge.

"Did he hit you, little girl?" Jessie Carden stumbled and fell just beyond the horse's hoofs. Before the

boy could reach her, she was on her feet and peering over the bridge. "There it is! There it is!" she exclaimed, dancing in excitement and dismay. "Oh, what will Govie say?

Boy, get me my cap!" The youth, startled at the imperious summons, followed her gaze and caught a glimpse of the cap as it was

"Hey, Prince, go get it!" He pointed Prince soon reached the cap, and,

"Here is your cap," said the boy, as power of divination with which Thou he held a much bedraggled piece of

"Thank you, boy!" said Jessie. weiling in her eyes. With a little The old man arose and shook the sigh of relief she noted that the govwith her. The doctors said she was water from his hair. The prophet erness was not in sight. Jessie patted beyond the reach of medicine. Dodd's had gone, the New Eugland farmer the dog on the head, and with a ro-Kidney Pills certainly saved our lit. stood in his place. The resonant guish glance addressed her unknown

> "What is your name?" she asked, "Where's the lantern, John? See with the direct frankness of twelve

"My name is Burt-John Burt." "My name is Jessie Carden," said ing it high over his head, the old quaintance. The courtesy expected States.

by a miss of twelve is the same as that extended by a lad of seventeen so neither suffered in the other's es timation.

"What were you trying to do with that pole?" asked John as they reached the bridge.

"I was trying to stir up those spi dery things down there in the water,' replied Jessie, again grasping the pole, which had remained erect, fast in the sticky bottom of the creek. 'Oh, how I wish I could catch one!'

"That's easy." said John Burt, as he climbed into the wagon. "Wait until I hitch this horse and I'll show you how. Want some anyhow; you can watch me."

John Burt speedily returned with some scraps of meat and a mysterious implement which consisted of a pole with a stout dip net at the end safe with prayers?" of it. Jessie regarded the preparations with keen interest. The boy took a piece of string from his pocket and securely fastened a piece of tough raw beef to it; then he lowered the meat into the water. In his left hand he held the pole, with the meshes of the dip net but a few inches above the surface. Jessie watched with bated breath and wide opened eyes.

the string. At last the meat showed red in the murky water of the creek. As it came to the surface John thrust the net below. Out of the swirl of water it emerged, laden with the meat and a struggling, writhing crab.

"Got him!" said John, as he lifted the dripping collection over the side of the bridge.

"Isn't he ugly! Look at his legs! One, two, three, four, five, six, seven, eight, nine, ten, eleven-no, ten-I counted one of them twice. Does he bite?" Jessie hovered over the net and stretched her fingers towards the floundering crab. The little beady eyes glittered, the claws clashed help lessly.

"You bet he can bite! You get near enough and he'll nip you good and hard," said John as he unsnarled the crab from the twine and meat. "Run over to the wagon and get the basket. I forgot it." \*

Delighted to be of assistance in so famous an undertaking, Jessie ran swiftly to the wagon and returned with a large wicker basket. John had already dropped the bait in the water and the crab was crawling along the bridge. Reaching down, he deftly grabbed the crab and dropped him into the basket.

For an instant Jessie was speechless with wonder and admiration at such bravery.

"Boy, let me catch and you poke," she ventured in a plaintive note. "I never caught a crab. Won't you please-John Burt?"

"Why, certainly!" said John. "I'll show you how."

crabs and sprang to John's side. you feel something pull or jerk, pull phia Press. ap-slowly, though, or you'll scare

him. Do you feel anything?" "The line kind of twitches," whis-

pered Jessie. "Raise it up slow. Be careful, in the room just when you did." There's one on, sure! Now jam the

not under him!" Jessie made a swing with the net, but dipped too low. A huge crab his. He had never held more than one dropped from the meat, struck the of them at a time before."-Stray edge of the net and floundered back Stories. into the water.

"I lost him! What a shame!

Wasn't he big?" "Go on; try again," said John good-

naturedly.

Jessie lowered the meat and waited patiently for a minute. Then she slowly raised the line. With much care she dropped the net below the meat and raised it from the water. (To be continued.)

# DESERVED TO WIN BRIDE.

### How Hindoo Lover Secured the Maiden of His Choice.

In many parts of India Hindoo girls are wedded not with a ring, but with a necklet or thali. At the wedding of a daughter of a leading native Moulmein there were present among the numerous guests a Hindoo maiden and her lover, whose suit had not so far progressed to his satisfaction. While the wedding ceremony was in progress the young man suddenly went up to her and, before any one suspected what his object was, pulled out a thali from his pocket and quietly tied it round her neck. Of course there was a hubbub and parental lamentations over this dramatic episode, but so great is the veneration for the thali among Hindoos that no one dared to remove it from the neck of the astonished maiden. All concerned therefore repaired to the Marriamme temple, where the act was ratified, and the maid who went to the wedding of her friend fancy free left the scene as the legal wife of a bold and successful husband.

Where Gun Barrels Are Made.

The Damascus gun barrel is manufactured only at Nessovaux, near Liege, Belgium, while the steel barrel is made in Liege. Every barrel mast, under the law, successfully withstand the government test before it is admitted for sale. The gun barrels are made by the workmen in their own homes, and are delivered to the mer- cafe and get a meal and charge it. cants, who combine the parts for the markets. It is the universal understanding that the United States is the Free Press. best market for the cheap grade of guns. The two towns sold \$273,000 worth to the United States last year.

### Japan's Population. The population of Japan is twelve

times as dense as that of the United



A Burglar "With Religion." Former State Senator Guy once was asked to defend an ex-convict who was charged with burglary, says the New York World. He refused the case, but had a talk with the prisoner. In the course of conversation the burglar said:

"I had a partner once, but he got religion."

"Indeed! I presume he quitted the business?"

"Nixy; I just fired him, see? What could a man like me expect of a chump who always wanted to open a

The Mistress Was Forgiving.

D. C. Brewer tells of a colored maid who came home about two hours later than she ought and burst out to her mistress:

"Oh, missus! I'se got 'ligion! I'se got 'ligion."

"Very well,' said the mistress, "I'll forgive you this time. But don't let Slowly and carefully John raised it happen again."-Boston Record.

Comes to the Same Thing.



Bings-Do you consider it proper to mind the baby?

Bangs-Well, I think it preper to mind the wife.

Now a Respectable Citizen. Drummer-What became of old

Tuffnut, who formerly owned a disreputable dive on Blank street? Merchant-Oh, he reformed several years ago and is now one of our most honest and respected citizens.

Merchant-None at all. He made a fortune out of his dive and retired.

Drummer-What business is he in

Two Methods. "The average married woman," said Henpeck, "works her game so as to play 'man-of-the-house' and get control of the purse strings."

"Oh, I don't know," replied the Jessie left the squirming mass of other, whose wife is a cute, cooing little creature, "sometimes she plays "Reach down as far as you can," her game so as to work the man-of-John directed. "That's right. When the house to the same end."-Philadel-

Signs of Progress. "I think Arthur would have proposed to me last night if you hadn't come

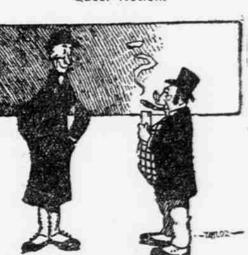
"What reason have you for believing that?" "He had taken both of my hands in

A Common Failing. "He started out to be the architect of his own fortunes. Did he succeed?"

"Well, he's the architect all right. but he didn't succeed in putting up much of a structure."

"What seemed to be the trouble?" "He revised the plans too often."

Queer Notion.



Mr. Peck-Jack writes me from the country that it's lovely out thereregular paradise, he says.

Mr. Bjinks-H'm! Did he take his Mr. Peck-Shucks, man! What's your idea of paradise, anyway?

Exchange of Compliments.

"I love you, papa," said four-yearold Margie, as she climbed upon her father's knee.

"And I love you, dear, when you are a good girl," rejoined her father. "But, papa," continued Margie, not to be outdone, "I love you even when you ain't no good."

Force of Habit.

He-What would you do if you were starving, dear? Would you steal a loaf of bread?

She-Certainly not! I'd walk into a She-To you, of course.-Detroit

Not an Everyday Occurrence. Cheerful Widow-Why so disma!? Future Husband-I am afraid our wedding trip will take all the cash I have saved up?

Cheerful Widow-What of it? A wedding trip only happens once in live or six years.