

LETHBRIDGE, ALBERTA, SECURES DRY FARMING CONGRESS FOR 1912.

The term, "dry farming" does not indicate all that might be implied. It does not mean a system of irrigation, but one where all the rain fall and precipitation is stored up and conserved in the soil, to be drawn upon by scientific and sane processes when it may be required to forward and increase the growth of grain.

In certain sections of the Canadian West as well as in the American West, there is a portion of the country in which the soil is the very best for the growing of cereals, but the geographical locations and relative position to the rain avenues, do not give the advantage that other parts possess in the matter of precipitation.

Agricultural science, however, has been making rapid progress during the past few years, and it is now ascertained that it is not altogether the number of inches of rain that is essential to the growing of crops, but its conservation, and that is the meaning of "dry farming." "Dry Farming" may well be applied to districts where there is a heavy rain fall and better results will follow. The education of the public into these new methods, not new exactly, but such as have had satisfactory demonstration, is not alone the purpose of these dry-farming Congresses. One idea is to bring into life and into operation the great areas of splendid land lying within what might be termed semiarid, without placing them under the restrictive and expansive process of irrigation.

The Congresses are attended by thousands and they bring representatives from all parts of the world. The Province of Alberta, and also of Saskatchewan, has taken a vital interest in the Congresses which have been held in the past two or three years. The Province of Alberta has made provincial exhibits, districts have shown their products, and last year, several hundred dollars were taken in prizes; this year the Province of Alberta took prizes ten to one in excess of any state in the Union. Alberta has won eight out of twenty special cups, that province taking one, Lethbridge one, Arthur Perry six, and John Baxter, Edmonton, carrying off one sweepstakes. When it came to a matter of location for the Congress for 1912, the City of Lethbridge, which had put up a splendid fight for it, secured the Congress by a unanimous vote. It is expected that the Lethbridge Congress will be the largest yet held and will be the biggest convention in the history of Western Canada. In emphasizing his invitation to Lethbridge, one of the speakers said he had just received a telegram from Magrath (near Lethbridge) stating that of one thousand acres of wheat just thrashed Hethershaw and Bradshaw had thrashed 47,000 bushels.

Literature sent out recently by the Canadian Government Agents, which will be sent postage free on application, tells of hundreds of splendid yields in all parts of Western Canada.

Pantomime Code.

James T. Fields of the firm of Ticknor & Fields wore a flowing beard, as many men of his time did. He was scrupulous in the care of it, and in the main managed it at the table with skill.

His wife was always on watch for him, too, when they went out to dinner together. They had a pantomime code and a few expressive spoken signals. Should a bread crumb catch in the floss Mrs. Fields would say: "My dear, there's a gazelle in the garden."

Unwritten Law.

According to the Standard Dictionary, the unwritten law is a rule or custom established by general usage, etc." The unwritten law, as the term recently has come into use, is the assumed or supposed right of a person to punish even with death the author of a gross wrong committed against a member of his family. Courts do not countenance it, but justices frequently act upon it, and several instances have occurred within recent years in which persons accused of homicide have been acquitted.

To Be Sure.

"I wonder why it is that show girls look down on ordinary chorus girls." "Well, perhaps one reason why they do so is that they are nearly always taller."

The Chicago Fire could have been prevented with one pail of water, but the water was not handy. Keep a bottle of Hamlin's Wizard Oil handy and prevent the fiery pains of inflammation.

Ancients Used Lightning Rods.

As early as 400 B. C. the ancients had observed that iron rods had the power to avert lightning.

The miserabest day we live there's many a better thing to do than dying.—Darley.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for Children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic, 25c a bottle.

A mouse is afraid of a man, a man is afraid of a woman, a woman is afraid of a mouse—and there you are.

Dr. Pierce's Pellets, small, sugar-coated, easy to take as candy, regulate and invigorate stomach, liver and bowels. Do not gripe.

Irrigation projects are receiving the serious attention of the government of Brazil.



SYNOPSIS.

Jack Keith, a Virginian, now a border plainsman, is looking for roaming war parties of savages. He sees a wagon team at full gallop pursued by men on ponies. When Keith reaches the wagon the raiders have massacred two men and departed. He searches the victims finding papers and a locket with a woman's portrait. Keith is arrested at Carson City, charged with the murder, his accuser being a ruffian named Black Bart. A negro companion in his cell named Neb tells him that he knew the Keiths in Virginia. Neb says one of the murdered men was John Sibley, the other Gen. Willis Waite, formerly a Confederate officer. The plainsman and Neb escape, and later the fugitives come upon a cabin and find its occupant to be a young girl, whom Keith thinks he saw at Carson City. The girl explains that she is in search of a brother, who had deserted from the army, and that a Mr. Hawley induced her to come to the cabin while he sought her brother. Hawley appears, and Keith in hiding recognizes him as Black Bart. There is a terrific battle in the darkened room in which Keith is victor. Horses are appropriated, and the girl who says that her name is Hope, joins in the escape. Keith explains his situation and the fugitives make for Fort Larned, where the girl is left with the hotel landlady. Miss Hope tells that she is the daughter of General Waite. Keith and Neb drift into Sheridan, where Keith meets an old friend, Dr. Fairbain. Keith meets the brother of Hope Waite, under the assumed name of Fred Willoughby, and becomes convinced that Black Bart has some plot involving the two.

CHAPTER XIX.—(Continued.)

The dead silence which ensued was broken only by heavy breathing. Then Scott swore, bringing his fist down with a crash on the washstand.

"That rather stumps yer, don't it, Bart? Well, it don't me. I tell yer it's just as I said from the first. It was Keith an' that nigger what jumped ye in the cabin. They was hidin' there when we rode in. He just nat'rly pumped the gal, an' now he's up here trallin' you. Blame it all, it makes me laugh."

"I don't see what you see to laugh at. This Keith isn't an easy man to play with, let me tell you. He may have got on to our game."

"Oh, hell, Bart, don't lose your nerve. He can't do anything, because we've got the under holt. He's a fugitive; all we got to do is locate him, an' have him flung back inter jail—there's murder an' hoss-stealing agin him."

Hawley seemed to be thinking swiftly, while his companion took another drink.

"Well, pard, ain't that so?"

"No, that trick won't work, Scott. We could do it easily enough if we were down in Carson, where the boys would help us out. The trouble up here is that 'Wild Bill' Hickock is Marshal of Sheridan, and he and I never did hitch. Besides, Keith was one of his deputies down at Dodge two years ago—you remember when Dutch Charlie's place was cleaned out? Well, Hickock and Keith did that job all alone, and 'Wild Bill' isn't going back on that kind of a pal, is he? I tell you we've got to fight this affair alone, and on the quiet. Maybe the fellow don't know much yet, but he's sure on the trail, or else he wouldn't have been in here talking to Willoughby. We've got to get him, Scott, somehow. Lord, man, there's a clean million dollars waiting for us in this deal, and I'm ready to fight for it. But I'm damned sleepy, and I'm going to bed. You locate Keith tomorrow, and then, when you're sober, we'll figure out how we can get to him best; I've got to set Christie right. Good-night, Bill."

He went out into the hall and down the creaking stairs, the man he wanted so badly listening to his descending footsteps, half tempted to follow. Scott did not move, perhaps had already fallen drunkenly asleep on his chair, and finally Keith crossed his own room and lay down. The din outside continued unabated, but the man's intense weariness overcame it all, and he fell asleep, his last conscious thought a memory of Hope.

CHAPTER XX.

Hope Goes to Sheridan. The discovery of the locket which had fallen from about Keith's neck made it impossible for Hope to remain quietly for long in the hotel at Fort Larned. The more carefully she thought over the story of that murder at the Cimmaron Crossing, and Keith's tale of how he had discovered and buried the mutilated bodies, the more assured she became that that was where this locket came from, and that the slain freighter must have been her own father. She never once questioned the truth of Keith's report; there was that about the man which would not permit of her doubting him. He had simply failed to mention what he removed from the bodies, supposing this would be of no special interest.

Mrs. Murphy, hoping thus to quiet the apprehensions of her charge, set herself diligently at work to discover the facts. As her house was filled with transients, including occasional visitors from Carson City, and was also lounging headquarters for many of the officers from the near-by fort, she experienced no difficulty in picking up all the floating rumors. Out of these, with Irish shrewdness, she soon managed to patch together a consistent fabric of fact.



"It's My Notion That Hawley's Got Hold av Thim Papers av Yer Father's."

"Shure, honey, it's not so bad the way they tell it now," she explained, consoling. "Nobody believes now it was yer father that got kilt. It was two fellers what stole his outfit, clothes an' all, an' was drivin' off wid 'em inter the sand hills. Divil a wan does know who kilt 'em, but there's some ugly stories travellin' about. Some says Injuns; some says the posse run 'em down; an' Black Bart an' his dirty outfit, they swear it was Keith. O'lv got me own notion. Anyhow, there's 'bout three hundred dollars, some mules, an' a lot o' valuable papers missin'."

"But if it wasn't father, where is he now?"

"That's what O'lv been tryin' ter find out. First off he went out to the Cimmaron Crossing, garded by a squad o' cavalry from the fort here. Tommy Caine went along, an' told me all about it. They dug up the bodies, but niver a thing did they find on 'em—not a paper, nor a dollar. They'd bin robbed all right. The o'ld General swore loike a wild man all the way back, Tommy said, an' the first thing he did at Carson City was to start huntin' fer 'Black Bart.' He was two days gittin' on the trail av him; then he heard the feller was gone away trapping after a singin' o' dancin' gyurl called Christie Maclaire. She was supposed to be ayther at Topeky or Sheridan. A freighter told the o'ld man she was at Sheridan, an' so he started there overland, hopin' ter head off 'Black Bart.' O' reckon we could a towld mor'n that."

"What do you mean?"

"Why shure, honey, what's the use tryin' ter decave me? Didn't Jack Keith, wid his own lips, tell me ye was Christie Maclaire?"

"But I'm not! I'm not, Mrs. Murphy. I don't even know the woman. It is such a strange thing; I cannot account for it—both those men mistook me for her, and—and I let them. I didn't care who the man Hawley supposed me to be, but I intended to have told Mr. Keith he was mistaken. I don't know why I didn't, only I supposed he finally understood. But I want you to believe, Mrs. Murphy—I am Hope Waite, and not Christie Maclaire."

"It's little the loss to ye not ter be her, an' O'lv thinkin' loikely Jack Keith will be mighty well pleased ter know the truth. What's 'Black Bart' so ayger ter get hold av this Maclaire gyurl fer?"

"I do not in the least know. He must have induced me to go to that place in the desert believing me to be the other woman. Yet he said nothing of any purpose; indeed, he found no opportunity."

Mrs. Murphy shook her head disparagingly.

"It was shure some divilment," she asserted, stoutly. "He'll be up to some trick wid the poor gyurl; O'lv know the loikes av him. Shure, the two av yez must look as much aloike as two paves in a pod. Loikely now, it's a twin sister ye've got?"

Hope smiled, although her eyes were misty.

the eastward. The coach used had a partition run through it, and, as soon as the busy trainmen discovered ladies on board, they unceremoniously drove the more bibulous passengers, protesting, into the forward compartment. This left Hope in comparative peace, her remaining neighbors quiet, taciturn men, whom she looked at through the folds of her veil during the long, slow, exasperating journey, mentally guessing at their various occupations. It was an exceedingly tedious, monotonous trip, the train slackening up, and jerking forward, apparently without slightest reason; then occasionally achieving a full stop, while men, always under guard, went ahead to fix up some bit of damaged track, across which the engineer dared not advance. At each bridge spanning the numerous small streams, trainmen examined the structure before venturing forward, and at each stop the wearied passengers grew more impatient and sarcastic, a perfect stream of fluent profanity being wafted back whenever the door between the two sections chanced to be left ajar.

Hope was not the only woman on board, yet a glance at the others was sufficient to decide their status, even had their freedom of manner and loud talking not made it equally obvious. Fearful lest she might be mistaken for one of the same class, she remained in silence, her veil merely lifted enough to enable her to peer out through the grimy window at the barren view slipping slowly past. This consisted of the bare prairie, brown and desolate, occasionally intersected by some small watercourse, the low hills rising and falling like waves to the far horizon. Few incidents broke the dead monotony; occasionally a herd of antelope appeared in the distance, silhouetted against the skyline, and once they fairly crept for an hour through a mass of buffalo, grazing so close that a fusillade of guns sounded from the front end of the train. A little farther along she caught a glimpse of a troop of wild horses dashing recklessly down into a sheltering ravine. Yet principally all that met her straining eyes was sterile desolation. Here and there a great ugly water tank reared its hideous shape beside the track, the engine always pausing for a fresh supply. Beside it was invariably a pile of coal, a few construction cars, a hut half buried under earth, loop-holed and barricaded, with several rough men loafing about, heavily armed and inquisitive. A few of these points had once been terminal, the surrounding scenery evidencing past glories by piles of tin cans, and all manner of debris, with occasionally a vacant shack, left deserted and forlorn.

Wearied and heartsick, Hope turned away from this outside dreariness to contemplate more closely her neighbors on board, but found them scarcely more interesting. Several were playing cards, others moodily staring out of the windows, while a few were laughing and talking with the girls, their conversation inane and punctuated with profanity. One man was figuring on a scratch pad, and Hope decided he must be an engineer employed on the line; others she classed as small merchants, saloon-keepers, and frontier riff-raff. They would glance curiously at her as they marched up and down the narrow aisle, but her veil, and averted face, prevented even the boldest from speaking. Once she addressed the conductor, and the man who was figuring turned and looked back at her, evidently attracted by the soft note of her voice. But he made no effort at advances, returning immediately to his pad, oblivious to all else.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

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NOT THE OLD MASTER'S.



Visitor (admiring painting)—Is that one of the old masters? Rastus—No sah; dat belongs to de ole missus.

Turkish Medicines.

Old-fashioned physicians have plenty of reliable remedies for cholera. An agate in the pocket and a hyacinth on the neck are much esteemed, but the bone of a dead child carried in the pocket is nearly as efficacious. Cholera, we learn, is caused by the moon. Therefore drink decoctions of laurel while Mars or Mercury is in the ascendant, since these planets are unfriendly to the moon. We are glad to know this, as we have always had our doubts about the moon.

The Exception.

"Take my advice and mind your own affairs. No man ever got rich fighting other people's battles." "I don't know. How about a lawyer?"

A woman thinks of her future; other women talk of her past.

Don't Persecute Your Bowels

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Casting Aside a Fortune

Declined to Swap an Old Vest for a Worn-Out Farm Full of Diamonds.

In this day of great fortunes it is not unusual to read in the daily news columns of great fortunes being lost and won in a day, and the following anecdote is quoted to illustrate how one man cast aside an opportunity to become many times a millionaire.

Years ago a man named Saltzmann owned an estate in Griqualand, and adjoining his property was an old worn down farm that had not been worked on account of its poor soil and the lack of necessary water. The owner of this farm met Herr Saltzmann one day and offered to trade the farm for an old waistcoat he had seen him wearing.

As Saltzmann did not wish to burden himself with a piece of worthless

land he kindly refused the offer. A few years later big clear diamonds were found on this waste stretch, and now millions of dollars could not purchase it.

A Musical Prodigy.

In 1841 arrived in London a Russian boy, called Antoine Rubinstein, not twelve years old, whose performances on the piano had excited wonder and delight among the musical amateurs. He was equally skilled in the ancient as well as modern style of playing and gave with won-ertful effect the most difficult passages of Bach or Thalburg. All this, too, was done with the utmost apparent ease, and in the most difficult passages he trequently indulged himself in grotesque imitations of the peculiar trickeries of the composer upon whose music he was engaged.—The Russian Boy