

JOHN RAYMOND'S LUCK.

Fifty Thousand Dollars' Worth of Wheat From a Fifty-five Thousand Dollar Farm.

A Visit to a Model Farm--The Harvesters at Dinner and in the Field.

Special Cor. of The Inter Ocean.

FARGO, D. T., Aug. 15.—What is known as the Raymond farm is declared to be perfection in crop, equipment and management. It lies twelve miles northwest of Fargo, and contains about 6,000 acres. It is managed by John B. Raymond, United States Marshal, "one of the men God made," as they say up here, and is owned by him and Mr. Greene, a banker of Jackson, Miss.

Mr. Raymond is an Illinoisan, and went to the war as a member of General Logan's old regiment, the Thirty-first Illinois, existing at Pekin. He was one of the "boy veterans," entering the war at the age of 13, and serving with honor until the dissolution of the armies, when he settled in Mississippi. Captain Raymond is well-known as the last man who spoke to General McPherson before the latter's death. He was only a few feet from the general when he fell, and taken prisoner by the squad that killed him. The political revolution in Mississippi and the overthrow of the Republican party there by the impeachment and resignation of Governor Ames, destroyed his business, and he concluded to go where

THE DESIRED CARPET-BAGGER was welcome. He sought the office of United States Marshal for Dakota, in order to secure a foothold, and after securing the appointment, and looking the territory over, concluded to settle in Fargo and become a land owner. In company with Mr. Greene and old Mississippi friend, he bought in August, 1879, eleven sections of land, comprising 8,000 acres.

"For four sections," said Mr. Raymond, whom I asked for a history of his farm, "which had been cultivated one year, we paid \$8.50 an acre; for the new land we paid \$3 an acre to the railroad company. We sold three sections of the new land to Marshall Field, of Chicago, and now have about 6,000 acres in our farm."

"When did you get your first crop?" "This year. Last fall we broke three sections, 2,000 acres, for seeding, and put up our buildings."

"What is your crop going to be?" "We will have an average of twenty-five bushels to the acre, or about 50,000 bushels of wheat."

"What was your entire investment?" "Before we receive a return from our crop we will have invested \$55,000. That includes the purchase of our land, the erection of five barns, a dwelling house, an elevator capable of holding 100,000 bushels of wheat and oats, all the stock and machinery necessary to run the farm, and all the cost of breaking the land, planting and reaping the crop, and delivering it at the market."

"That is, you will have expended \$55,000 on your year from the Northern Pacific railroad land office to the market with your first crop."

"That is just the size of it; but you must remember that we have owned our farm two years, and that the first year it was idle, so that we lost the interest on our money by not cultivating it."

"And now what are you going to make on your first crop?" "We have 2,000 acres in wheat, and enough in oats to keep our stock. We will get about twenty-five bushels to the acre, which will be 50,000 bushels from the entire place. We will save out our seed wheat for next year, and can then sell the crop for about \$50,000."

"That is your dividend upon a \$55,000 investment?" "A DIVIDEND OF 90 PER CENT. 'Yes, a two years' dividend; about 90 per cent. for two years, or 45 per cent. for one. If we had worked the farm last year we should have made a large crop, and perhaps larger, for that was a better year."

"If you had put your entire 6,000 acres in wheat, you would have received just three times the crop you will actually harvest?" "Very likely. The land is all alike, and there is no reason why it should not yield alike."

"How much more would it have cost you to have cultivated the whole instead of a third?" "About \$7.50 or \$8.00 for every extra acre, or a total, calling it the maximum figure, of \$52,000."

"And you would have harvested 160,000 bushels of wheat, instead of 50,000, and got \$150,000 as your profits on an investment of \$87,000, instead of \$50,000 as a profit upon an investment of \$55,000?" "Yes; assuming, of course, that we had the same crop. The bigger the farm, the bigger the profits. This year we will break up 2,000 acres more, and expect to double our profits without further investment in the way of buildings or machinery."

"Have you figured up what your first crop has cost you outside of what may be considered permanent improvements?" "Yes, I can tell very nearly. It cost us just about an even ten dollars an acre to make our first crop. It will cost less to make the second, because there is one less plowing. It takes from \$7 to \$8 an acre to get a crop, with prudent management."

and you will find that every farmer likes his own method best. I consider it 25 per cent. cheaper to own my machinery and stock, and believe it is more economical to borrow money to buy stock, and machinery than to hire the work done."

NOT LAND OFFICE STORIES, but the actual experience of a man who is known to many readers of The Inter Ocean, told in a straightforward, business-like way. Everybody who knows John B. Raymond will vouch for him, and he could have no possible objection in misrepresenting or exaggerating.

The first question I ask of a man up here is: "Have you any land to sell?" If he says "No," I take out my note-book. If he says "Yes," I don't. And, right here, I want to say that, while these stories sound like marvels, while it seems incredible that a man who never worked a wheat field in his life can go into Dakota and make a profit of from 50 to 100 per cent every year, the incredulous reader is at liberty to address by mail any of the gentlemen whose names I have mentioned, or may in the future mention and inquire whether they have been correctly quoted. Then, if the incredulous are not convinced, they can apply to the postmaster of the county clerk, or the county judge, to know the reputation for truth and veracity of the person named.

In making this investigation, I am seeking information from people I personally know, and in every instance will repeat their experience in their own words.

A MODEL FARM. Mr. Greene, of Jackson, Miss., a native southerner, but one of the liberal kind, came up here the other day to see the farm, of which he is part owner, for the first time. Mr. Raymond made up a party of ladies and gentlemen, some residents and some guests, and we drove twelve miles across the prairie, golden in yellow grain, to the Raymond farm-house.

There were no fences on the way; nothing to divide farm from farm except a strip of unplowed turf that marks a section line, and which, under the law, must be reserved for a highway; but the miles after miles of waving grain stretched before us, restless with a soft and undulating motion as the gentle breeze swept over it. A green lawn is charming in June, but there is nothing in nature so quietly beautiful as a ripened harvest field.

"How far does your land go?" some one asked of Mr. Raymond, when we reached his boundary line. "It runs six miles that way, he replied, with a motion, "and four miles the other. There are some logs in it, and right in the center, only a stone's throw from our house, an old soldier has a pre-emption claim which he is working. We tried to buy him out, but he thinks too much of a good thing."

THE FARM HOUSE was reached just as forty-five sun-burned, hard-handed men were coming out from their dinner. They had been at work since 6 o'clock in the morning, and had laid low thirteen strips of grain, each four miles long. Most of them were Swedes. Many were "homesteaders," who had 160-acre farms somewhere in the neighborhood, and were trying to earn enough to build a house and a barn, or buy a team, so as to set up on their own hook next year. They went to the barn—long, low-roofed, but substantial buildings, and brought out the horses and mules, which were drawn up before the house in military line for inspection, and then sent to the field where the thirteen harvesters had been left, two miles away. Just before the machines were started a photographer took a negative of the scene, with the pleasure party in the foreground.

Returning to the house, a substantial dinner was cooked and eaten, and then the barns and elevator were inspected. Mr. Raymond is building an elevator of his own, with a capacity of 100,000 bushels, so as to be able to store his grain to get the advantage of advancing prices, and will build a private track through his farm to the main line of the Northern Pacific, six miles away, so that the cars can be brought to the elevator whenever the grain is sold, and the wheat transferred without sacking or cartage.

CURTIS. SIGHTS IN IRELAND. Pitchforks and Hot Water That Kept Armed Men at Bay. A Dublin correspondent of The New York Times writes: The latest sensational drama in real life was presented this week in a picturesque district called Shanbough, near New Ross, in the county of Wexford. At early noon a strong force of cavalry, infantry, and police moved along the high-road, evidently on serious business bent. In the rear of the little army these followed a number of balliffs and "general-utility men," carrying crow-bars, pickaxes, sledgehammers, ladders, and other "properties." They were en route to the residence of a widow woman named Holden, who was a tenant on the property of Mr. Boyd, whose son was shot dead one Sunday afternoon some time ago, while driving along the road with his father, who at the time escaped with his life as if by a miracle. The Widow Holden was under eviction. She, through her family, held possession of the farm-house, and the large civil and military force was proceeding to aid the sheriff in the execution of the law's decree. If force of arms, if necessary. When the widow's house was reached, it was seen that "No surrender" was the order of the day, and that there was tough work to be done.

The scene is well "set" on a stage across in extent; infantry soldiers and police in a semi-circle in front of the widow's cottage; a fringe of cavalry in their rear, and a background of excited peasantry—men, women and children. In front of the troops are the "property men" and the officers in command of the expedition. There are heard the rattling of muskets, as the soldiers bring their arms to the rest; the clanking of sabres, the clamping of the bridle-bits, the light laughter of the troops in their native tongue. Enter now the sheriff with the original writ of ejection in his hand. The door of the cottage is shut

and the windows are barred from within. The sheriff knocks at the door, with the usual "knock, knock, knock," and in a somewhat uncertain tone of voice, demands possession by virtue of the queen's writ to him directed. There is no response save a derisive shout from the crowd grouped around the line of military; all is as silent within the cottage as if it were deserted. But the sheriff knows that it isn't deserted, and this is the trouble with him. At a sign from him the "property men" advance and set to knocking in the door with sledge hammers and crowbars. The first blow of a sledge is the signal for action from within. From an upper window comes a deluge of boiling water on the men beneath, who drop their implements and run swearing from the scalding shower. A wild shout of triumph comes from the crowd, and the sheriff's attention is attracted to the chiefs of the expedition, and the "property men" again advance to the door, not at all with alacrity; again the boiling water leaps out at the windows on their heads, and comes hissing into their faces through every space in the gaping door. One powerful fellow, who has been badly scalded on the shoulders and back, takes up with great stone, and with a giant effort, hurls it against the door, which shakes on its straining hinges, but doesn't give way. A long and heavy ladder is now used as a "battering-ram," and before some of its impetuous blows the enfeebled door groans, gaps still wider, and ultimately falls in.

But this is not much of a gain for the storming party, who find themselves face to face with a well built barricade of stones and wood in the hall. The house is now surrounded by the military and police, who have orders to capture the garrison. The balliffs set to work to tear down the barricade, and the boiling water does cruel execution upon their heads and faces. It seems as if they had been boiling water for a week in the cottage, and anticipating the next stage; the supply appears to be unlimited. The barricade in the hall is at length torn down, when new trouble and danger present themselves in the form of the widow's stalwart sons and retainers holding the pass armed with pitchforks. The sheriff's men, regarding this obstruction as more serious than the boiling water, refuse to advance.

The bayonet of the hero of the day, a party of police, led by an officer, confront the men with the pitchforks, upon whom the officer calls to surrender or take the consequences. They won't surrender, they say, and they don't care for consequences, and saying this they take up a strong position on the stair-landing. "Prepare to charge," says the officer to his men, and the bayoneted rifles drop to the ground, the women of the house and daughter alone remain. They refuse to cross the threshold, which the law requires to be done, otherwise the entire proceeding would be abortive. The end of it is that the widow and her daughter are carried outside the threshold, and then the legal process is completed. There are loud lamentations from the women of the crowd; the men are excited, and, probably, but for the presence of what they call "the army" in such overwhelming force, they would plunge into the scene. The house is now garrisoned in the interest of the landlord, and the troops reform and march off the ground with their prisoners. All this, I think, leads to the conclusion that if dramatists would give up attempting to invent sensational scenes and stick to the facts as we have them now they would produce plays intensely sensational and at the same time rigidly true to real life."

Frightful Misery. Mr. Wm. Pomeroy, Bangor, Me., writes: "I have for a long time suffered from continual constipation, making my life a misery, and causing headache and frightful cramps. Mr. Thomas (who has been lately visited by me) advised me to try the Serravallo's. It has perfectly cured me." Price 50 cents, trial bottles 10 cents.

Tally Another for North Nebraska. Ponsa Courier. That excellent apples and lots of them can be raised in northern Nebraska is no longer a matter of doubt. As a sample of the apples in Dakota county, Mr. Myers, of Homer, brought us some on Monday which were large and equal in flavor to those of Michigan, and of which he has in his orchard over a hundred bushels. His neighbor, Mr. Taylor, has double that number. And there are many others in that county who are making a success of the apple business.

In Dixon county there are also a number of good bearing orchards, as a sample of Mr. Hill, of Ionia, Mr. Beardshar, of Highland, and Mr. Martin, of Martinsburg. The success of these show that all may have orchards and plenty of fruit if they will try.

Wicked for Clergyman. Rev. Washington, D. C., writes: "I believe it to be all wrong and even wicked for clergymen and other public men to be led into giving testimonials to quack doctors or vintu-stuffs called medicines, but when a really meritorious article made of valuable remedies known to all, that all physicians use and trust in daily, we should freely commend it. I therefore cheerfully and heartily commend Huxley's Bitters for the reason they have done me and my friends, firmly believing they have no equal for family use. I will not be without them."—New York Baptist Weekly.

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