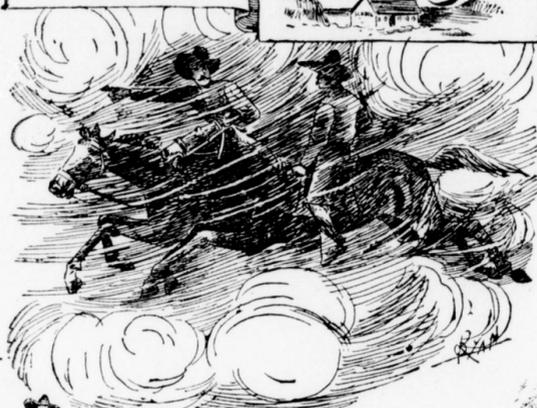


A Frontier Washington.



FOR ONCE the Father of His Country was to be properly honored in Wathena. The settlers had decided that it ought to be done, and the method of its carrying out was left to a committee consisting of the storekeeper, the teacher, and one of the leading cattlemen who, rumor said, had once owned a library.

"Of course it ain't proving nothing about our honesty that we do this sort of thing," remarked Borden, the rancho foreman, "but it's the right thing to do."

"Yes, Washington was a fine old gentleman," added the storekeeper, "and we Virginians always will stand by him."

"Mighty nice thing to be honoring the leader of a revolution," broke in a gruff voice from the rear of the store. It was the Englishman who was overseeing the fencing of the Olympic Cattle company's new lands. He had been a farmer over in the Cimarron country, and was always objecting to whatever was on foot.

"Hush up, you got too badly licked to talk," was the rejoinder from Borden; and Glade, the foreigner, subsided.

The celebration was to take place in the schoolhouse out on the edge of the tiny settlement. From its door could be seen the haze that covered the tops of the Spanish peaks off to the west and also the sunken lines of the Cimarron. It was all the conception of the pretty school mistress, who thought to thus raise enough money to buy a flag for the building's roof. There were other inducements for the two men who helped in the preparations—Borden and Glade. The cattleman thought there was no one like Lizzie Dean—and the Englishman thought the same.

"You are to be Washington," said the director to Borden, and the part fitted him well.

"All right, I'll lick the Britishers out of their boots," he declared as he pranced around with a stick for a sword, and cast ugly looks at Glade.

"And you shall be Cornwallis," turning to Glade. This, too, seemed satisfactory.

Night after night they met at the schoolhouse preparing the rendition of the play. The half-dozen actors were determined that there should be no ground for criticism. Spring was early on the prairie, and the gray and brown grasses were dry as tinder. The close curling buffalo grass was like that of the blue stem, crackling in the breeze, and the cattle were nibbling it away to get at the tiny spears of green beneath.

One night the play was nearly over when Borden remarked, in tones that came to the ears of the entire company: "If I had my way, I'd order every one of these red coats off the soil of America."

"Maybe you can't do any better than did your first president at that," was the sneer that came from back in the flies (curtains strung on pieces of twine) somewhere.

Borden grew angry. "Well, I can try, the same as he did. He won in the end, I believe."

The Englishman came out in the middle of the room. "I would not advise thee to try it," he drawled. The words were not more than out of his mouth when there came a crash of scenery, and along with the flies and nearly everything portable came Borden from the stage which he left with a leap. He made straight for the throat of his adversary, but what met his grasp when he reached out was—Miss Dean's hand.

"There, there, let this stop right here. The man you represent would never have fought in the presence of a woman."

Borden, abashed, stood back, and then went to the stage. But it did not mean the end of the trouble—everybody knew that. The men had a fight after the evening's practice was over, but it settled nothing, except that they were both very much in love with Lizzie.

The school did not amount to much these days, for all the scholars were practicing for their parts in the coming drama. The work on the ranches suffered likewise, for there was the same interest among the older people. On the night before the festival day there was a final practicing at the schoolhouse, and again the two representatives of the opposing sides in the revolution had their warlike words.

In his speech the American took pains to insert a few words reflecting on the

ing mass the people left the place and their wagons and horses were dotting the flame-lighted plain. Two men found themselves side by side a quarter of a mile from the building, each on his broncho and each galloping toward the north.

As they mounted a little swell in the prairie the blaze lighted their faces. From each came an exclamation: "Borden!" "Glade!"

"I thought you were with her," demanded the former, angrily.

"I thought you were the one," replied the latter.

For an instant the two men glared at each other and then the test came. Borden looked straight in the face of the Englishman and then at the sea of flame sweeping up from the south and whose breath was hot in their faces.

"Well," he demanded, "which shall it be? This is the time to prove which is the true representative of bravery."

"Oh, it's not that sort of a question," pleaded the other.

"It is just that sort of a question. There is a chance for the one who rides into that blaze to come out alive—and only a chance. It will be at the schoolhouse in a moment, and the race there is no small thing in itself, even if the horses will take it."

"We'll go together," after a little thought.

"Very well." The horses' heads were turned and the rivals went toward the long line of leaping flames, each determined to make the other weary of his undertaking. On and on they rode the horses becoming wilder as each whiff of the wind brought them a stronger smell of smoke.

Finally the Englishman began to falter. His horse was not so unruly as Borden's, and there seemed no reason for his retrogression.

"Come on, Cornwallis," called the ranchman, and the cut was felt by the laggard.

Faster and faster rode the frontiers man into the thick of the smoke and was lost to the sight of his comrade. With head bent low and nostrils shielded in the folds of his cloak, he steered toward the schoolhouse whose black form rose out of the flames.

Finally the door was reached and with a shout he called to the teacher. She was there? He remembered that she had gone to the rear of the building when the alarm was given. She might have thought there was no danger in staying in the schoolhouse.

He leaped from the horse. Into the building he ran and to the rear. What was that—a sobbing? Leaning over a pile of curtains in the corner he took from them a bundle of humanity that to see very frightened and very thankful to see him.

"Is it you, Lizzie?" he questioned.

"Yes—and Jimmie."

"Who is that?"

"The widow's little lame boy. I thought he would like the show and brought him. He is too heavy to carry and we had to stay here. What can we do?"

For an answer the strong man lifted the woman in one arm and the boy in the other and rushed to the door. Throwing them to his saddle he bade them cling for their lives. The fire was already around the yard and was eating its way to the building. The intense heat had made the shingles smoke and in a few minutes the whole structure would be a pyramid of blaze.

It was no easy task to control a wild and excited horse in the midst of a fire and also see that two helpless charges did not fall from the back of the animal. But Borden with his superb mastery of horseflesh did it, and the gait that they took through the wall of flame was something marvelous. Had the riders been living a little nearer to civilization they would have called it "record breaker."

"Well, that was a scorcher," remarked Borden, when they had come to a safe place. "Hello, who is that?" a solitary rider came out of the smoke and approached them.

"Who?" exclaimed the Englishman, wiping his eyes. "I couldn't find the schoolhouse or I would have saved the little school ma'am."

"Was it hot?"

"Awfully so. I suppose it is too late now to do her any good."

"Oh, I don't know, Cornwallis. She is here all right," and the form of Lizzie came to the astonished eyes of the late arrival.

The Englishman looked sheepish for a minute and then hit his horse with his hand and started off.

"Say," called Borden, "that little rivalry is settled now." And then to Lizzie: "I knew that he was not hunting that schoolhouse very hard. You gave him the right character—that is, the side that got licked!"

And Lizzie Dean agreed with him. So thoroughly was the defeat felt that the vanquished suitor did not even deign to come to the wedding—the dedication event of the new schoolhouse that replaced the one destroyed by the fire. Lizzie wanted it that way and Borden was willing to have it so.

"I don't know much about it," he said, "but I take it for granted that Washington always pleased the ladies when he could."

CHARLES MOREAU HARGER.

When Washington Was Young.

The stagecoach rolled along its way, Lizzie Dean was young.

The speediest travel of the day When Washington was young.

A wick in tallow wax imperaled Its feeble luster flung To light the darkness of the world When Washington was young.

But thirteen states and thirteen stars Who scanned the patriotic bars When Washington was young.

That selfsame flag to-day is fraught (Of seventy millions swung) With principles of honor taught When Washington was young.

Grand history lessons are enrolled Its stars and stripes among. Hurrah, then, for the days of old, When Washington was young!

—Mrs. M. L. Rayne, in Chicago Times-Herald.

ARE YOU TO LIVE IN ALASKA?

Some Requirements That Will Be Found Indispensable.

The universal article of diet in that country, depended upon and indispensable, is bread or biscuit. And to make the bread and biscuit, either in the camp or upon the trail, yeast cannot be used—it must be baking powder; and the powder manufactured by the processes of the Royal Baking Powder Company, miners and prospectors have learned, is the only one which will stand in that peculiar climate of cold and dampness and raise the bread and biscuit satisfactorily.

These facts are very important for every one proposing to go to Alaska and the Yukon country to know, for should he be persuaded by some outfit to take one of the cheap brands of baking powder, it will cost just as much to transport it, and then when he opens it for use, after all his labor in packing it over the long and difficult route, he will find a solid caked mass or a lot of spoiled powder, with no strength and uselessness. Such a mistake might lead to the most serious results. Alaska is no place in which to experiment in food, or try to economize with your stomach. For use in such a climate, and under the trying and fatiguing conditions of life and labor in that country, everything must be the best and most useful, and above all it is imperative that all food supplies shall have perfect keeping qualities. It is absurd to convey over such difficult and expensive routes an article that will deteriorate in transit, or that will be found when required for use to have lost a great part of its value.

There is no better guide to follow in these matters than the advice of those who have gone through similar experience. Mr. McQuesten, who is called "the father of Alaska," after an experience of years upon the trail, in the camp, and in the use of every kind of supply, says: "We find in Alaska that the importance of a proper kind of baking powder cannot be overestimated. A miner with a can of bad baking powder is almost helpless in Alaska. We have tried all sorts, and have been obliged to settle down to use nothing but Royal. It is stronger, and carries further, but above all things, it is the only powder that will endure the severe climatic changes of the Arctic region."

It is for the same reasons that the U. S. Government in its relief expeditions, and Peary, the famous Arctic traveler, have carried the Royal Baking Powder exclusively.

The Royal Baking Powder will not cake nor lose its strength either on board ship or in damp climates, and is the most highly concentrated and efficient of leavening agents. Hence it is indispensable to every Alaskan outfit. It can be had of any of the trading companies in Alaska, but should the miner procure his supplies before leaving, he should resist every attempt of the outfit fitter to palm off upon him any of the other brands of baking powder, for they will spoil and prove the cause of great disappointment and trouble.

BIRDS EAT 400 SHEEP.

The Feast Took Place 100 Miles From Dawson and Cost \$20,000.

Jack Collins, who started for Dawson City with a band of sheep last summer, has been heard from. He sold part of his flock for \$20,000. The other and biggest half of the flock fed the birds of the arctic zone. This is how it happened:

He drove the sheep in over the Dalton trail. Some time before Dawson was reached cold weather came on, and Collins decided to kill his sheep. He killed and sold 500, and received nearly \$20,000 for them.

Then he concluded to hold the remainder for a better market. He killed the remaining 400 in a sort of secluded place off the line of travel and suspended the carcasses on poles far enough above the ground to be out of the reach of bears, wolves or other wild animals. He left two young men to watch the mutton, and proceeded to look for a mining section. Having found one, he located a claim and proceeded to test it. After he had dug out a few thousand dollars' worth of gold he thought he would, as the French say, "return to his muttons."

His stay had been so prolonged that the young men had become weary of holding a wake over the sheep, and, imagining Dawson to be only a few miles away, had started for that city to enjoy some of the pleasures a metropolitan city can afford. It proved to be about 100 miles to Dawson, so their absence was more extended than they had intended, and when Collins reached the place where he had left the carcasses of 400 sheep he found only 400 bleaching skeletons.

The eagles, ravens, crows, kites, hawks and other birds of prey which inhabit that region had been feasting on mutton. "Where the carcass is, there will the eagles be gathered," is a proverb which applies to other birds of prey. Collins had left so many carcasses that invitations had been sent out and a general round-up of all the vultures and things in that region, from Behring sea to the Mackenzie river, had taken place. Whether the claim Collins secured will make good the loss of the mutton or not remains to be seen, but when he drives in his next band of sheep the birds of prey will not get so large a percentage of them.—Portland Oregonian.

A Town Hides in This Elevator.

Probably the only elevator in the world that is used to connect two parts of a town is the one in Heligoland, the little island just off the coast of and belonging to Germany. One portion of the town is on a cliff over 200 feet high. The other is at the base of the cliff on a flat stretch of land. There are no paths up the cliff, and all communications between the two must be held by means of the elevator—an elevator that lifts an entire community to and from the scene of its daily labors.—N Journal.

THE FARMING WORLD.

MANAGING ON SHARES.

The Equitable System Adopted by a Wisconsin Farmer.

Of late much has been printed on the above subject, but none seems to hit the mark or the plan that will always warrant success. Here in this very fertile district the farm manager gets one-half the proceeds of the farm for his salary. He owns one-half of all the live stock kept or raised on the farm, he has house and outbuildings, free of rent; he furnishes teams and all the tools, does all the work, and is required in a written contract to do all the work in season, and in a good workmanlike manner; he is allowed to keep a team on the undivided grass and hay, but must feed his own grain.

He can sell his crops at any time he sees fit, and must sell the proprietor's half at the pleasure of the owner of the farm, and gets one cent per bushel for hauling the grain not to exceed four miles; all other proceeds he must take to market free of charges.

He must work the highway; he must repair all fences and make light repairs on the outbuildings, the owner furnishing all material. The proprietor must pay all cash taxes and one-half of the thrashing bill, and has one-half of all the proceeds of the farm of every nature, except the proceeds of one-fourth acre, which is assigned to the tenant for a garden. The owner must be advised as to the crops to be raised and the different fields in which they must be grown. The manner must be drawn out every fall and put where it is most needed.

The man on my farm commenced the first of November last on his fourth year, and as yet there has not been dissatisfaction between us. The tenant gets his pay as he goes along, and is satisfied in all things; one-half of the products of the farm is his salary. Most of the farms in this vicinity are managed on the above terms, which are considered advantageous for the tenant, especially in a dry and unproductive season, for he has no rent-money to raise.—E. Reynolds, in Country Gentleman.

UNEVEN WOOD PILES.

How They Can Be Measured with Some Sort of Accuracy.

It is often desired to measure a tier of wood that is irregularly piled up. Select a portion of the tier that has the top gradually sloping. Measure the height at each end of the slope, add together and divide by two. This will give the average height of the portion taken. Multiply this height by its length, and then by the breadth and you have the cubic contents. Now

MEASURING WOOD PILES.

take another section and proceed as before. In the cut we measure the height at a and c. The half of these two heights will give the average height. Next take the section from c to d. This maintains an even thickness so the length, breadth and thickness can be multiplied together. In the slope from d to b, proceed as in the first slope. Add the cubic contents of the three sections together and divide by 128. This will give the number of cords. Tiers vary in their regularity but the principle here illustrated can be used with any of them.—Orange Judd Farmer.

SAVE THE FEATHERS.

A Source of Income Neglected by Many Poultry Keepers.

Poultry feathers should be kept for stuffing pillows, sofa cushions and other home conveniences, even where it is not deemed worth while to sell them. Geese and duck feathers, being much more valuable than others, should always be preserved with care. Downy feathers of hens and turkeys serve a very good purpose, and unless you wish to make dusters of tail and wing feathers, the soft, feathery portions of these may be stripped off the quill and added to the rest. Unless the flock is large, it will take some time to secure enough feathers to stuff even a cushion and as they are gathered from time to time, they must be put into whole cotton bags, tied securely so that no moth millers can enter, and placed for a short time in a warm oven, to dry thoroughly. If hens are scalded before picking, the feathers can be dried in a tin pan, in a moderately warm stove oven. Remove all bits of skin, as they produce an unpleasant odor hard to get rid of. Feathers well cleaned answer very well for bolsters, chair and soft cushions.—Rural World.

Cow Pens on Clayey Soil.

An Ohio farmer says that he has continued proof of the value of cow pens as a preparation for potatoes in clayey loams. This year his pens were worth more as plant food for potatoes than was an average crop of wheat. He has 18 acres of pens growing to be turned under for next year's crop. They add plant food and mechanically improve the condition of the soil. His neighbors are following his lead, and all feel that they have made one more step forward.—Prairie Farmer.

Work of the Busy Hen.

It is estimated that this country contains 350,000,000 chickens, and that they lay nearly 14,000,000,000 eggs each year, worth \$165,000,000. The value of the poultry meat each year is estimated at \$125,000,000, the total annual poultry product being \$290,000,000, which exceeds the value of swine, wool and sheep combined, being also greater than the production of oats, tobacco, potatoes, wheat or cotton.

A PERFECT HOME SECURED AT LITTLE COST.

Joan and Theodore Sirovski, formerly residents of Michigan, but now living in Alameda, West Canada, before taking up their home there visited the country as delegates. They reported to the Government of the Dominion of Canada the result of their observations, and from this report extracts have been taken, which are published below:

"We have visited a number of most desirable locations, and are highly pleased with the country as a whole, it being beyond our highest expectations. We find here a prosperous and well-contented lot of people. They have comfortable homes, and their vast fields of wheat and other crops in addition to their herds of choice cattle, indicate prosperity in the full sense of the word. In conversation with the farmers throughout our trip we learned that the majority of them came here with very limited means, and some with no more than enough to bring them here, and they are now well-to-do. They all claim that this is the only country for a poor man, or one with little means, to get a start and make a home for himself and family. As you are aware, we were a little shaky and undecided before leaving Detroit, but have determined since that we, with our friends, will make this country our future home. It is far from being the wilderness we had pictured it to be; it is, instead, a land having all the facilities required by modern civilization, such as railroads, markets, stores, churches, schools, etc. In fact, an ideal home for those having the future welfare of themselves and families at heart."

The Messrs. Sirovski selected the Alameda district, but what they say of it applies in a general way to most other districts in that vast country. They speak of the fuel, which is to be had in great quantities, of water that can be had by digging from 10 to 20 feet, and of the good grazing land to be had almost everywhere. There is plenty of wood, which is to be had in great quantities, and coal is convenient, and sells at low prices at the mines. In driving through the country they passed many fine patches of wild raspberries, and say they can speak highly of their flavor, as they could not resist the temptation to stop and eat.

Having already transgressed on your valuable space, I shall defer further reference to Western Canada for another issue. An illustrated pamphlet recently issued by the Department of the Interior, Ottawa, Canada, giving a complete description of the country, will be forwarded free to all who write for it.

WESTERN CANADA.

LITTLE.

Dr. Smiley—Ah, professor, is your little one a boy or a girl?

Prof. Dremey—Why—yes. We call it John. It must be a boy, I think.—Judge.

The Government's Domain.

The commissioner of the general land office has submitted his report to the Secretary of the Interior. Compared with last year, it shows a decrease of 3,298 homestead entries, aggregating 378,625 acres. Quite proportionate to this is the falling off in general health when no effort is made to reform irregularity of the bowels. This can easily be accomplished with the aid of Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, also a remedy for malaria, dyspepsia, rheumatism and liver trouble.

It's difficult for a man to check his creditors unless he has a bank account.—Chicago Daily News.

Land and a Living

Are best and cheapest in the New South. Good schools and churches. No blizzards. No cold waves. New illustrated paper, "Land and a Living," 3 months for 10 cents, in stamps. W. C. RINEARSON, G. P. A., Queen & Crescent Route, Cincinnati.

Lots of men mistake a coarse, harsh voice for a good bass voice.—Washington Democrat.

Years of rheumatism have ended with Cure by St. Jacobs Oil. Cures promptly.

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"I was troubled with eruptions on my face. I thought I would give Hood's Sarsaparilla a trial, and after taking a few bottles I was cured. I am now also free from rheumatism to which I have been subject for some time." C. E. BARR, 726 Milwaukee Street, Milwaukee, Wis.

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