

STRONG AND STEADY

By HORATIO ALGER, JR.

CHAPTER I.

"This is a nice room you've got, Walter."

"Yes, you know I am to stay here for two years, and I might as well be comfortable."

"It's a good deal better than my room—twice as big, to begin with. Then, my carpet looks as if it had come down through several generations. As for a mirror, I've got a seven-by-nine looking glass that I have to look into twice before I can see my whole face. As for the bedstead, it creaks so when I jump into it that I expect every night it'll fall to pieces and spill me on the floor. Now your room is splendidly furnished."

"Yes, it is now, but father furnished it at his own expense. He said he was willing to spend a little money to make me comfortable."

"That's more than my father said. He told me it wouldn't do me any harm to rough it."

"Perhaps he's right," said Walter. "Of course, I don't object to the new carpet and furniture, but I shouldn't consider it any great hardship if I had to rough it, as you call it."

"Wouldn't you? Then I'll tell you what I'll do. Let's change rooms. You can go round and board at Mrs. Glenn's, and I'll come here."

"I am not sure what my father would think of that arrangement," said Walter, smiling.

"I thought you'd find some way to crawl out," said Lemuel. "For my part, I don't believe you'd enjoy roughing it any better than I."

"I don't know," said Walter; "I've sometimes thought I shouldn't be very sorry to be a poor boy, and have to work my own way."

"That's very well to say when you're the son of a rich man."

"So are you."

"Yes, but I don't get the benefit of it, and you do. What would you do now if you were a poor boy?"

"I can't say, of course, now, but I would go to work at something. I am sure I could earn my own living."

"I suppose I could, too, but I shouldn't want to. Some people are born lazy, don't they?"

"Perhaps you are right," answered Walter, with a smile. "Now suppose we open our Cessar."

Lemuel Warner was a pleasant looking boy of fourteen, the son of a prosperous merchant in New York. Walter Conrad was from a small country town, where his father was the wealthiest and most prominent and influential citizen, having a handsome mansion house, surrounded by extensive grounds.

Nobody knew just how rich he was; but he was generally supposed to be worth two hundred thousand dollars. Mrs. Conrad had been dead for five years, so that Walter, who was an only child, had no immediate relation except his father. It was for this reason, perhaps, that he had been sent to the Essex Classical Institute. Being a boy of talent, and well-grounded in Latin, he was easily able to take a high rank in his class. Lemuel Warner had become his intimate friend, being in the same class, but inferior to him in scholarship. They usually studied their Latin lessons together, and it was owing to this circumstance that Lemuel made a better figure in his recitations than before Walter came to the school.

"There, that job's done," said Lemuel, closing his book with an air of satisfaction. "Now we can rest."

"You forget the Latin exercise. You know the doctor expects each boy to write a letter in Latin, addressed to his father, not less than twelve lines in length."

The boys started on their new task, and finished by nine o'clock. Lemuel's letter was written with a brilliant disregard of grammatical rules, but it was considerably revised in accordance with suggestions from Walter.

"I've a great mind to send my letter home, Walter," said Lemuel. "Father expects me to write home every week, and this would save me some trouble. Besides, he'd think I was getting on famously, to write home in Latin."

"Yes, if he didn't find out the mistakes."

"That's the rub. He'd show it to the minister the first time he called, and then my blunders would be detected. I guess I'd better wait till it comes back from the doctor corrected."

"I expect to hear from home to-morrow," said Walter. "It is my birthday."

"Let me be the first to congratulate you. How venerable will you be?"

"As venerable as most boys of fifteen, Lem."

"You're three months older than I am, then. Do you expect a present?"

"Father promised to give me a gold watch chain some time. You know I have a gold watch already."

"Yes, and a regular little beauty."

"So it wouldn't surprise me much to get a chain for a present."

"You're a lucky boy. My watch is silver, and only cost twenty dollars."

"I dare say I should be just as happy with a silver watch, Lem."

"I suppose you wouldn't like to buy, would you? If so, I'll give you the chance. A fair exchange is no robbery."

"No, I suppose not; but it wouldn't do to exchange a gift."

"Perhaps, if my watch were gold and yours silver, you wouldn't have any objections."

"I don't think that would alter the case with me. A gift is a gift, no matter about its value."

"It's the hard study, I suppose, that's done it. I must be getting back to Ma'am Glenn's. Good-night."

It. He was still more surprised to recognize in the visitor Dr. Porter, the principal of the Institute.

"Good-evening, Conrad," said the doctor. "I am rather a late visitor. I was not sure but you might be in bed. Have you heard from home lately, Conrad?" asked the doctor.

"Yes, sir, I received a letter a few days since."

"Did your father speak of being unwell?"

"No, sir," said Walter, taking instant alarm. "Have—have you heard anything?"

"Yes, my boy; and that is my reason for calling upon you at this unusual hour. I received this telegram twenty minutes since."

Walter took the telegram, with trembling fingers, and read the following message:

"Dr. Porter—Please send Walter Conrad home by the first train. His father is very sick. NANCY FORBES."

"Do you think there is any danger, Dr. Porter?" asked Walter, with a pale face.

"I cannot tell, my boy; this telegram furnishes all the information I possess. Who is Nancy Forbes?"

"She is the housekeeper. I can't realize that father is so sick. He did not say anything about it when he wrote."

"Let us hope it is only a brief sickness. I think you had better go home by the first train to-morrow morning."

The principal shook hands with Walter and withdrew. When his tall form had vanished, Walter sat down and tried to realize the fact of his father's sickness; but this he found difficult. It was a long time before he got to sleep, but at length he did sleep, waking in time only for a hasty preparation for the homeward journey.

He was so occupied with thoughts of his father that it was not till he was well on the way home that it occurred to him that this was his fifteenth birthday, to which he had been looking forward for some time.

The seat in front of Walter was for some time vacant; but at the Woodville station two gentlemen got in and entered upon an animated conversation. Walter did not at first pay any attention to it. He was looking out of the window listlessly, unable to fix his mind upon anything except his father's sickness. But at length his attention was caught by some remarks made by one of the gentlemen in front, and from this point he listened diantly.

"I suspected him to be a swindler when he first came to me," said the gentleman sitting next the window. "He hadn't an honest look, and I was determined not to have anything to do with his scheme. Mining companies are risky things always. I once got taken in to the tune of five thousand dollars, but it taught me a lesson. So I was not particularly impressed with the brilliant prospectus of the Great Metropolitan Mining Company, in spite of its high-sounding name, and its promised dividend of thirty per cent. Depend upon it, James Wall and his confederates will pocket all the dividends that are made."

"Very likely you are right. But it may be that Wall really believed there was a good chance of making money."

"Of course he did, but he was determined to make the money for himself, and not for the stockholders."

"I might have been tempted to invest, but all my money was locked up at the time, and I could not have done so without borrowing the money, and that I was resolved not to do."

"It was fortunate for you that you didn't, for the bubble has already burst. There will be many losers. By the way, I hear that Mr. Conrad of Willoughby was largely interested. He is a rich man, but for all that he may have gone in beyond his means."

"I am sorry for him, but that was reckless."

"Yes, he was completely taken in by Wall. He's a smooth fellow."

When the gentlemen left the cars Walter saw one of them had left a morning paper lying in the seat. He picked it up and examined the columns until his eyes fell upon the following paragraph:

"The failure of the Great Metropolitan Mining Company proves to be a disastrous one. The assets will not be sufficient to pay more than five per cent of the amount of the sums invested by the stockholders, possibly not that. There must have been gross mismanagement somewhere, or such a result could hardly have been reached. We understand that the affairs of the company are in the hands of assignees who are empowered to wind them up. The stockholders in this vicinity will await the result with anxiety."

"That looks rather discouraging, to be sure," thought Walter. "I suppose father will lose a good deal. But I'll tell him he needn't worry about me. I shan't mind being poor, even if it comes to that. As long as he is left to me, I won't complain."

The time passed until the cars stopped at Willoughby station. Walter jumped over a fence and took his way across the fields to his father's house. By the road it would have been a mile, but it was scarcely more than half a mile by the foot path.

He went up the pathway to the front door and rang the bell. The door was opened by Nancy Forbes, the housekeeper, whose name was appended to the telegram.

"So it's you, Master Walter," she said. "I am glad you are home, but it's a sad home you're come to."

"Is father very sick, then?" asked Walter, turning pale.

"My dear child, your father died at eight o'clock this morning."

CHAPTER II.

This sudden announcement of his father's death was a great shock to Walter. The news stunned him, and he stood, pale and motionless, looking into the housekeeper's face.

"Come in, Master Walter, come in and have a cup of hot tea. It'll make you feel better."

"Tell me about it, Nancy: I—I can't think it's true. It's so sudden. When was he first taken sick?"

"I didn't notice nothing till last night just after supper. Richard went to the postoffice and got your father's letters. When they came he took 'em into the library, and began to read 'em. There was three, I remember. It was about an hour before I went into the room to tell him the carpenter had called about repairing the carriage house. When I came in, there was your poor father lying on the carpet, senseless. He held a letter tight in his hand. I screamed for help. Mr. Brier, the carpenter, and Richard came in and helped me to lift up your poor father, and we sent right off for the doctor."

"What did the doctor say?"

"He said it was a paralytic stroke—a very bad one—and ordered him to be put to bed directly. But it was of no use. He never recovered, but breathed his last this morning at eight o'clock."

"Nancy, have you got that letter which my father was reading?"

"Yes, Master Walter, I put it in my pocket without reading. I think there must have been bad news in it."

She drew from her pocket a letter, which she placed in Walter's hands. He read it hastily, and it confirmed his suspicions. It was from a lawyer Mr. Conrad had asked to make inquiries respecting the Great Metropolitan Mining Company, and was as follows:

"William Conrad, Esq.:

"Dear Sir—I have, at your request, taken pains to inform myself of the present management and condition of the Great Metropolitan Mining Company. The task has been less difficult than I anticipated, since the failure of the company has just been made public. The management has been in the hands of dishonest and unscrupulous men, and it is doubtful whether the stockholders will be able to recover anything."

"ANDREW HOLMES."

Walter folded up the letter, and put it into his pocket. He felt that this letter had cost his father his life, and in the midst of his grief he had very bitter thoughts about the unscrupulous man who had led his father to ruin. Had it been merely the loss of property, he could have forgiven him, but he had been deprived of the kindest and most indulgent of fathers.

"I should like to see my father," he said.

An hour later he came out of the death chamber, pale but composed. He seemed older and more thoughtful than when he entered. A great and sudden sorrow often has this effect upon the young.

"Nancy," he said, "have any arrangements been made about the funeral?"

"No, Walter, we waited till you came."

"My father had no near relatives. There is a cousin, Jacob Drummond, who lives in Stapleton. It will be necessary to let him know. It will be best to telegraph."

Jacob Drummond kept a dry goods store in the village of Stapleton. He had the reputation of being a very mean man. He carried his meanness not only into his business, but into his household, and there was not a poor mechanic in Stapleton who did not live better than Mr. Drummond, who was the rich man of the place.

(To be continued.)

One Thousand Men, \$1,000.

"If 1,000 men were to come in here and each one eat a dollar's worth, I would have just \$1,000," said the manager of one of those restaurants where each person helps himself. "On the other hand, if I should feed 1,000 women and allow them to pick out their own checks, I might possibly have \$500, but I doubt it. Every woman is a natural born cheat. It seems to be a sixth sense in her makeup to try to get ahead of the person who provides her meals."

The woman to whom these horrifying revelations had been made walked away trying to evolve some plan for emancipating her sex from the web of dishonest propensities in which they had become enmeshed. Outside the restaurant she met a man friend.

"I've just been down there for lunch," he said. "Glorious place; cheap, too. If a fellow knows his business it is dead easy to get a fifty cent meal for a quarter. They never watch the men, but I tell you they keep a close eye on you women."

The woman with an ambition to reform her sex looked back into the restaurant.

"One thousand men, \$1,000," she said, and smiled wickedly.—New York Times.

Ultra-Fashionable.

"Whatever became of that plain family called the Dewberrys who used to live in the little house at the end of the lane?" queried the man who had just returned to the village after a five years' absence.

"Oh, they struck oil, stranger," replied the old postmaster. "They own a big mansion on the hill, three automobiles and their daughter is engaged to a real duke."

"Strange! And do they still have 'Dewberry' on the gate as they did when they lived in the little house in the lane?"

"Oh, no. They call themselves DuBarry now. Dewberry sounds too plain."

Changed.

"They're not as loving as they were when they were married last spring."

"No; she has developed a terrible temper."

"But he used to consider her an angel then."

"Yes; and now he wishes she was one for sure."

Catching the Wayfarer.

Cogger—The good parson told me I should always be trying to lift up my fellow man.

Motorwood—What did you answer? Cogger—I told him I would put a scoop on my automobile at the earliest opportunity.



A Gate for the Barn Doorway.

When the horse stable opens into the buggy room and it is necessary to keep the door open for ventilation, I find that a small gate constructed of light material is an excellent protection against horses getting loose and injuring the buggies. The cut herewith shows a light gate we have in use in our horse barn. It is very simple in construction, but serves a very important purpose. Were it not for this light gate we would find it necessary to keep the door closed between the horse stable and buggy room, thus shutting off ventilation.

The gate is hinged onto the rolling door with light strap hinges, explains a writer in the Prairie Farmer, so that when the gate is not in use it swings



SLAT STABLE DOOR.

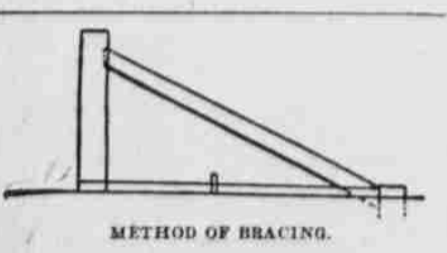
around and fastens to the large door out of the way. For material in making the gate we use inch strips of good pine for the horizontal pieces. The upright pieces are light strips gotten out for fence pickets. I find a light gate of this character a good thing to keep poultry out of the barn during the summer months.

The Colony Plan.

If you want vigorous chickens and hens that lay do not overcrowd them. Forty or fifty in one flock are sufficient. If you have more than this number by all means make a change, for your chickens are probably costing you more than they are worth. If you do not care to sell any of your birds then start into the chicken business on the colony plan. Divide your flock into colonies of about forty fowls each and build houses for them in different parts of the farm. For instance, if you have one hen house on the east side of the barn, put another house on the west side. Then if you have enough birds put another house down by the calf lot and another to the farther end of the barn yard. A dozen different places will suggest themselves if you look for locations on your farm. If you have made a failure in raising chickens or your hens "don't amount to much," try this method. It will surprise and please you. Your hens will be healthier, will lay better and will require less feed. The reason for this will be easily seen when you have once tried it. Chickens, or anything else for that matter, cannot stand crowding. Also the colony plan gives the fowls wider range and encourages the birds to hunt for their living.—Exchange.

Bracing Corner Posts.

This method, which cheaply devised, is used very effectively in bracing corner posts. Use as a brace a pole nine or ten feet long, four or five inches in diameter and square at both ends. Fit one end of pole to the post half way between its middle and top and place other end of brace on a flat stone. Secure one end of a wire around bottom of post, then take it to outer end of brace and back to post again, fastening securely. With a short stout stick twist wires together until very tight



METHOD OF BRACING.

and your brace is complete, says Farmers' Review. This brace comes in line with your fence and by fastening your wire or boards to it prevents it from slipping sideways.

Hogs for Cuba and Mexico.

Some of the coast country farmers while visiting Galveston saw that many logs from distant points in Texas and Oklahoma were being shipped to Cuba and Mexico and returned home impressed with the idea that if it paid the North Texas and Oklahoma farmers to raise hogs for the Cuban and Mexican markets, it would pay the coast country farmers to do the same thing.—Galveston News.

If You Doubt It, Try It.

A man once backed himself for a large amount, which he subsequently lost, to move an ordinary brick attached to two miles of cord along a level road outside Chichester. He failed to move the brick, and it may be roughly estimated that the friction of the cord on the road increased the weight of the brick (about seven pounds) and cord to a dead weight of not far short of a ton.—Fry's Magazine.

What Beef Men Think of Silage.

The success attending the use of silage in the dairy business has created much interest among beef cattle men. Silage furnishes a succulent food, which is quite essential to the dairy sow in keeping her digestive system in good condition. The same will be found true for the beef animal. Twenty pounds of silage per day will supply all the bulk and water needed in a fattening ration. The other roughage may consist of either long fodder or mixed hay. The economy of using silage for fattening purposes is well brought out by Prof. A. M. Soule of the Virginia station, who has stated the following conclusions:

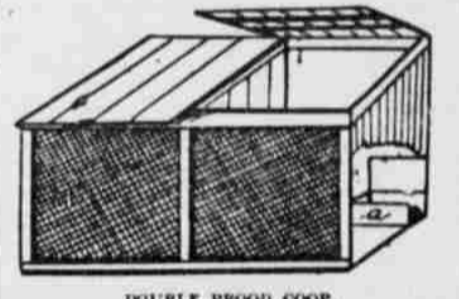
"There was a difference of from 3 to 5 of a pound of grain per head per day in favor of the silage-fed cattle. They also finished out better and in any discriminating market would certainly bring a better price than the dry-fed cattle."

"Of the three forms of roughage fed, the silage was eaten with the greatest relish, and there was absolutely no loss, whereas with the stover the loss amounted to 13.5 per cent and with hay 4.16 per cent. Where a large number of animals are fed this would make a considerable difference in the cost of ration, except that the shredded stover can be utilized to advantage for bedding."

Silage as it is put up to-day is better than when the practice was first started. Good silage of corn is made when the grain has passed the milk stage and has commenced to glaze a little. Silage is made also from sorghum, corn and cowpeas and pea vines.

Double Brooding Coop.

The double brooding coop shown in the drawing is four feet square and three feet high at rear, two and one-half in front. It may be built of tongue and grooved stuff or straight-edge boards one-half or three-fourths inch thick. The hinged lids should have two cleats each to make them firm. In front is a one-inch mesh wire netting and at the edges are strips of three-quarter by one and one-half-inch stuff, to insure rigidity. In one corner, as shown, is the nest, four inches deep and fifteen or eighteen inches square, according to the size of the hens kept. The board floor, explains the Orange



DOUBLE BROOD COOP.

Judd Farmer, is covered with sawdust or sand. Food and drink are more readily supplied through the door, which preferably lifts in front, as shown.

Corn Leading Western Crop.

The statistical bureau of the Union Pacific passenger department issues a statement compiled from government reports showing the value of farm products in seventeen States west of the Mississippi in 1907 to have been \$1,091,000,000. Corn leads in production, being valued at nearly half a billion dollars. Winter wheat is next, valued at \$200,000,000, and domestic hay was valued at only \$2,000,000 less. Rye, oats, barley and potatoes follow in order. The report also shows an increase in live stock of 250 per cent since 1870.

Color of Eggs.

There is no difference in the color of the yolk of the eggs laid by different breeds, nor individually. But the color of the shell is a matter of breed and mating, and the color of the yolk is governed by the food given. The average length of a hen's egg is 2.27 inches; diameter at the broad end, 1.72 inches; weight, about one-eighth of a pound.

Farm Notes.

Alfalfa seed is now selling in many parts of the West for 10 to 12 cents a pound.

Egyptian cotton land produces nearly four times as much per acre as that of this country.

In four years a pair of rabbits could secure a progeny of nearly 1,500,000. A doe rabbit produces as many as seven families a year.

Many important drainage projects are under way in the marsh land in Louisiana, which will ultimately make it a great agricultural country.

A dairy train which recently went out from Lafayette, Ind., covered 500 miles on the Monon route, and 4,000 people heard the lectures which were delivered from the cars.

The Sacramento Valley, in California, shipped over \$3,000,000 worth of oranges last year, and the growers of that section estimate that the new crop will be worth \$1,000,000 more.

It is estimated that if the cattle shippers of Iowa succeed in establishing their claims against the railroads for excessive shipping charges in Chicago they will get back fully a half million dollars.

Great Britain now imports every year about 9,000,000 bushels of apples, one-half of which come from the United States. Canada sends over about 3,000,000 bushels and Australia nearly all the rest.

An effort is being made to establish in the Ozark region of Missouri an extensive breeding station for farm animals. The project has the approval of Secretary Wilson and Dr. Melvin, of the Bureau of Animal Industry.

THE WEEKLY HISTORIAN



- 1508—Henry IV. of France pronounced the Edict of Nantes.
- 1628—English settlers arrived at New Haven, Conn.
- 1740—The English under the Duke of Cumberland defeated the Scottish rebels headed by the young Pretender at the battle of Culloden, near Inverness.
- 1740—British warship Pembroke wrecked near Porto Novo, with loss of 200 of her crew.
- 1755—Dr. Samuel Johnson's "Dictionary of the English Language" published.
- 1793—First newspaper in what is now the Province of Ontario issued in Newark (Niagara).
- 1803—The Bank of France established.
- 1815—Commodore Decatur of the United States navy captured two Algerian vessels and 600 prisoners.
- 1829—British Parliament passed the Roman Catholic relief bill.
- 1855—Emperor and Empress of the French arrived in England to visit Queen Victoria.
- 1858—Dr. Simon Bernard acquitted of conspiracy against the life of Louis Napoleon.
- 1861—Confederates seized Harper's Ferry.
- 1862—France declared war against the Mexican government.
- 1865—Battle of Columbus, last battle of the Civil War, fought east of the Mississippi river. Union flag replaced on Fort Sumter.
- 1868—British troops under Sir Robert Napier took Magdala, a strongly fortified place in Abyssinia.
- 1874—Body of Livingstone, the explorer, interred in Westminster Abbey.
- 1891—Treaty for the delimitation of the British and Italian spheres of influence in East Africa signed at Rome.
- 1900—Troops sent to Cornell Dan, Worcester county, N. Y., to quell a strike of Italian laborers. First International Exposition opened.
- 1904—Attempted assassination of President Maura of Spain.
- 1905—Morocco rejected the French form demand.
- 1907—National Arbitration and Peace Congress opened in New York. Earthquake destroyed Chihuahua and Chilpancingo, towns of Mexico with great loss of life.

SCHOOLS AND COLLEGES

The explosion of a powder magazine at the Minnesota university shattered glass to the value of \$250 in the university buildings and gave the neighbors a good fright.

The faculty of Clemson college, Clemson, S. C., has expelled 305 students because of an all-fools' day prank, and remained away from drill and class on April 1.

By the will of Dr. John Ordronaux the sum of \$30,000 is left to aid needy members of the Dartmouth college faculty. The rest of his estate is distributed among various charities.

The regents of the Minnesota university have given the professors authority to use their discretion in regard to the importation of rare books, charts and other aids to school work.

Prof. O'Shea of the Wisconsin state university, in an address to the teachers of Lawrence county, S. D., told them that no education at all is far better than mechanical training so frequently found to-day in the schools of the country. He claims, unites a child for all the problems of life and robs it of any individuality it may otherwise possess.

The Virginia high school debating team has challenged the North Side high school team of Minneapolis to another round debate, the terms to change sides, to play the same judges and Minneapolis to select the time and place. In the second debate the judges voted two to one in favor of Virginia, but the directors of the State Debating League set aside the verdict.

The Carnegie Foundation has responded to the appeal of the State university for admission of their professors to the pension fund with the announcement that Mr. Carnegie has increased the fund to \$5,000,000, making the total for this purpose \$15,000,000. In his letter making known this gift Carnegie says: "I am grateful to you for the privilege of contributing to this fund, to devote it to such purposes as you see fit. There are 100 colleges now on the pension list."

Norman W. Harris, a Chicago boy who was born in the village of Bedford, Mass., has offered to pay the expenses of the amount of \$5 a week to every boy born boy of the place who will attend a local high school or go to college. One of the members of Columbia's debating team with Cornell, Ithaca was a full-blooded Chinaman, K. W. Koo, a junior in the college, has won fame as a public speaker, and also prominent in literary life among undergraduates. He is a managing editor of the Columbia Spectator and an editor of the Columbia Literary Monthly.