WHAT YOUR UNCLE DOES FOR POOR LO

Klamath Country *and* What It Contributes Through It's Red Citizens

Of the 5,832 square miles in Klamath county, nearly 1,800 are within the boundaries of the Klamath Indian reservation, and Uncle Sam's Klamath wards have a magnificent extent of territory set aside for them, made up of well watered valleys, fine grazing lands and mountain slopes covered with superior pine timber.

For 44 years the Indians have lived on this reservation, and during the time since the first treaty with the southeastern Oregon tribes of Klamaths, Modocs and Yahooskin Snakes, in October, 1864, many improvements and changes have taken place.

The first allotments were not ordered until 1894, and now Hon. Hiram F. White, special alloting agent, is engaged in making the final allotments, and on completion of his work every Klamath, Modoc and Pitt River Indian entitled to land will have received his plat of ground and the remainder of the reservation will be thrown open for settlement. Many people familiar with the class of timber on the reservation, and of its proximity to the survey of the Oregon Eastern railway, have not as yet used their timber right, in anticipation of this opportunity.

Not all of the reservation is irrigable land, or even grazing land, 90,000 acres being included in the Klamath marsh, on the edges of which thousands of cattle feed, and many acres in the Williamson and Sprague river valleys, now covered with sage brush, would produce abundantly with irrigation. Surveys have been completed and reports filed with the Indian department for a system of drainage and irrigation of the marsh and sage brush lands that would mean the reclamation of nearly 150,000 acres, within the reservation boundaries.

Cattle raising is the principal industry of the Indians, and there is no finer cattle country on the coast than Wood river valley into which the reservation extends, as it is watered by the most beautiful streams of clear, cold water, and the wild hay is of the most luxuriant growth. Many of the Indian homes scattered over the valley represent the prosperity of the owners, with neat houses, fields well tilled, and sleek, fat cattle feeding in the meadows.

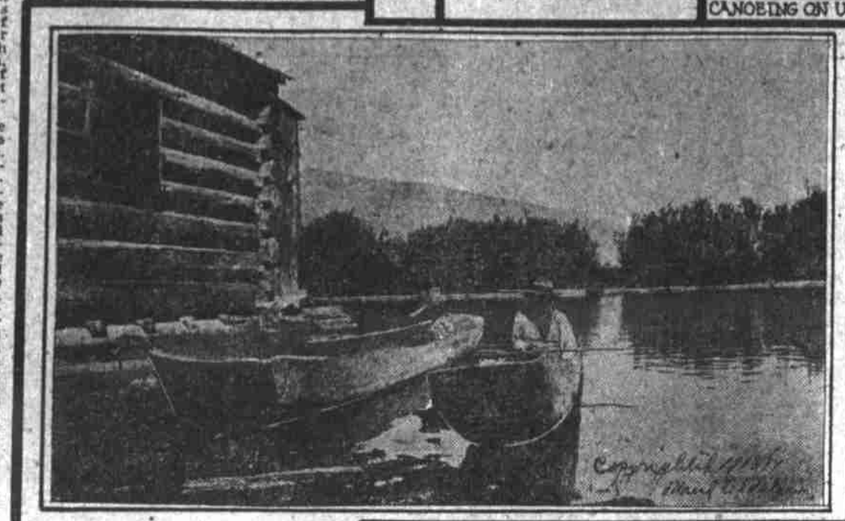
There are now 1,100 Indians on the reservation, and 250 children of school age at the agency boarding school and in the day schools. An effort is being made to make the boarding school a training school of the Chemawa class, as it is found very detrimental to the health of the young Indians to send them from this section, with its altitude of nearly 4,500 feet, into the lower altitude and different climate where the training schools are located. The main agency school is beautifully located in a grove of large pine trees, the building being built on three sides of a square, surrounding a grove in the center. There are blue grass lawns in front of the cottages, tennis courts, parade grounds, and all of the buildings are freshly painted, with neat fences surrounding the grounds. The inside of the buildings are in harmony with the exterior, and good equipment and furnishings are the rule. Water for household purposes, as well as for irrigation is secured from a large beautiful spring near the grounds, and the surplus is used for operating a sawmill, besides furnishing power for an electric plant. A complete water works system was installed this spring, modern in every respect, and the Klamath Indian agency now ranks with the very best in the United States. H. G. Wilson is superintendent and under his administration much has been done in the upbuilding of the school.

The older Indians, although living in houses, retain many of the old habits, and in the summer permission is obtained from the superintendent for them to leave the reservation and camp in the mountains and along the shores of the lake. Here they live in the wickiups, as of old, hunt and fish and sell their wares, consisting of baskets, bows and arrows, buckskin gloves and moccasins, to the summer tourists at the resorts along the lake. They paddle around the lake in their old dug out canoes, made from the trunks of trees, and their morning visits to the summer cottages and hotels are always watched for with interest.

There is a beautiful place on Wood river, consisting of 40 acres, that has been set aside by the government for permanent council and pleasure grounds for the Indians. Here, every Fourth of July, the Indians camp for a week or more, to celebrate the white man's Independence day, with speeches and sports during the day, and war dances in the evening. The war dances are mock ceremonies for although the Indians are dressed in all the barbaric trappings of the warlike days, they seem more like children in "dress up" plays, and are greatly amused at their own antics.

There are but few of the old men of the tribes left, who signed the treaties in the early days, or who took part in the Modoc war of 1873, and these will soon be gone to their fathers. Meantime the younger members are working out their salvation along the lines laid out for them by the government, to the end of becoming self-supporting citizens, and to those who have watched the growth of the school, and its influence on the young Klamaths, there is much hope in the outlook.

CANOEING ON UPPER KLAMATH



SELLING BASKETS AT ODESSA ON UPPER KLAMATH

SUMMER HOMES ON SHORE OF UPPER KLAMATH.

THREE TYPES OF KLAMATHS. PHOTOS. COPYRIGHTED 1908 BY M. E. BALDWIN.

The Landlord.

From the Lumberman.

The landlord used to come around
As regular as a clock,
Upon the door we'd hear him pound—
Oh, 'twas a glad and joyful sound
To hear that landlord knock!

He knocked upon the entryway,
He knocked upon the door;
He came around the first of May
And saw the puppies at their play,
And then he knocked some more.

That landlord used to hand us knocks
Because we had a cat,
A bird, a rabbit in a box,
And half a hundred Plymouth Rocks—
What think you, now, of that?

But when he acted meanest yet
Was over Gwendolen;
When she was born, the little pet,
He growled and said, "You mustn't let
This thing occur again."

We have another landlord now
And he is different.
We've bought a parrot and a cow—
He doesn't holler, anyhow,
Or press us for the rent.

Now Gwendolen has sisters four
And she has brothers two;
They pound the walls and pound the floor,
And still this landlord doesn't roar
Like that one used to do.

We've put that landlord mean to rout,
And I will tell you how;
We have a cottage farther out,
With vines and roses 'round about,
And I'm the landlord now.

His Idea.

Teacher—Tommy, what is a "fruitless search?"

Tommy—When you're looking fer apples in the pantry an' only find potatoes.

HOW THE UNITED STATES SECRET SERVICE MEN WORK

THERE is nothing about the office of Chief John E. Wilkie of the United States secret service to suggest crime and criminals. It is merely a little "den" on the third floor of the Treasury building, Washington. There the chief sits, calmly smoking a pipe.

"If you're looking for romance I'm afraid you've come to the wrong shop," he said, laying aside his pipe, crossing his legs, joining hands across his knees and swinging back in his revolving chair. When a man does that you've got him, no matter how deprecatory his preliminary remarks may be.

"Suppose I wanted to become a secret service man, how would I go about it?" the caller asked.

Chief Wilkie reached over his desk for a printed slip of paper.

"Do as that bids you," he said.

The slip was an extract from the civil service manual, and, in the cold and unsympathetic wording of officialdom, read:

"Sec. 79. Secret Service.—Applicants for positions in the secret service of the Treasury department should forward, addressed to the Secretary of the Treasury and marked 'personal,' Form 304, properly executed, and such evidence as to their experience, training, qualifications and personal characteristics as they may be able to obtain, without any reference to their political or religious affiliations, which may be considered as proof of their fitness for employment in this service. This examination shall be confined to experience and personal fitness. Applicants should give the names and addresses of the persons to whom they refer as to their character and qualifications for employment in this service.

"And then?" suggested the interviewer.

"If your reply to that circular showed that you were unfitted for the work you would be promptly discarded. If you seem a likely man, and a vacancy existed, I would bring you down here and have a personal interview with you regarding your experience and your physical qualifications. This being satisfactory, you would go on the eligible list, and when the appointment division certified you you would be assigned to a 30-day try-out in actual service in one of the 26 districts we have throughout the country. If you made good you would go on the rolls permanently. That is all there is to it."

"The applicants usually come from the lower walks of life?" was suggested in as matter-of-fact manner as could be assumed. It had the desired effect. Wilkie's eyes snapped a bit angrily, and he answered with some curtness:

"Your assumption is unwarranted. The secret service, on the whole, is made up of high-class men—fellows who don't go into it for the pay, for that isn't great, but from sheer love of the work. Let me tell you that a drinking man stands less show in this branch of the government than probably anywhere else. I give a man one chance—just one—if he stumbles. A second offense means dismissal swift and sure."

"What qualifications should an operator have?"

"While all of our men must measure up to a certain standard, I believe experience has shown that our best operators are those who have done work in the claims department of a railroad or performed similar duties for a life insurance company.

"You see what is needed in the secret service is initiative and ability to look far ahead and take into account all possibilities. It requires no little intelligence to work up a case without putting your foot into it, and to weave together the strands so that they can be presented as legal evidence. The former experience of these railroad and insurance men who have come into the service makes them expert in such matters.

"There have been two or three instances in which failure to exercise a little caution has upset all the well-laid plans of the bureau. There was the case of Robyns out in Omaha, at the time of the Spanish war. To understand it you must know that the department takes the ground that as we are organized for the suppression of counterfeit money, we shall not, even in the interests of justice, have a hand in its making or its floating. Well, this Robyns trouble came along when, in addition to our regular work, we had our hands pretty full with looking after Spanish spies and other secret matters connected with the war.

"Robyns was a German and what we needed in his business was a man who could speak the language. I picked up a young fellow who could do this and sent him out west. He wasn't the kind of operator I wanted but he was the best I could get at the time. He did very well for a while—got in with Robyns, saw him make his spurious dollars and half dollars and all that sort of thing—but one day he tripped. Robyns wanted some acid for his silver plating solution and asked our man to buy it. The operator consented and when his report reached the office he was recalled and the case against Robyns dropped. We could not afford to make the government's agents participeps criminis even in so small a matter. Three months later, however, we jugged Robyns on an entirely new charge.

"By the way," Chief Wilkie observed, as a new angle of thought struck him, "did you know that sleight-of-hand is figuring more and more in the operations of the secret service? I am trying to get the art down to a thoroughly practical working basis and so far have had good results. Yes, it's a little hobby of mine—this 'hand is quicker than the eye' business—but I believe I have several men in this bureau who have me beaten at it. It's a mighty useful accomplishment when you are in a tight place.

"One of our men who is pretty handy with his fingers was trying to land a gang of counterfeiters and succeeded in establishing friendly relations with the bunch. Every newcomer is naturally looked upon with suspicion until he commits some overt act, and in this instance the gang determined to have a showdown. In floating bad money each man is given so much of it and keeps half of the good money he gets hold of, turning the remainder in to the makers. The operator was given a lot of $1 imitations and told to get rid of them, another of the gang going along to see that he made good. Each time that he entered a store to make a small purchase, as the real crook thought, he came out with the proper change. But for some reason his companion was not satisfied and adopted the policy of entering the places with him, watching him closely as he bought. It was a pretty trying situation, but our man managed to do the sleight-of-hand trick so well that good American dollars found their way to the cash drawer while the 'phony' ones disappeared somewhere on his person, as evidence against the counterfeiters."

"What are the most difficult phases of secret service work?"

"Shadowing and roping," answered Chief Wilkie. "It may seem mighty easy to an outsider—this thing of merely following a man—but anyone who has ever turned his hand seriously to it will tell a different story. It's hardly putting it too strongly to say that it is an art in itself. Remember, the 'shadow' is dealing with criminals, who feel that at all times they are being watched. They suspect everyone and constantly on the alert to discover whether they are trailed. One will go to the gutter, ostensibly to expectorate, and look backward under his arm or over his shoulder, or start on a run and, turning a corner sharply, stop-stock still to see whether the 'shadow' comes piling after him, only to be given the laugh. The double glass windows of corner drug stores also afford an opportunity to crooks to reassure themselves that they are not being followed. And sometimes where the suspicion is strong a second man will be put out to see if No. 1 has a 'shadow' in his wake.

"Obviously, what is needed to make a successful 'shadow,' then, is a man who looks like everybody and nobody; who, if you meet him in one block with his hat down over his eyes would not be identified as the fellow you met in another block five minutes before with his hat on the back of his head. He must be a man of intuition, too, who knows in some way or other about the next move the crook will make, and who is always on his guard against surprises.

"Roping is accompanied by more danger than shadowing. The term embraces worming one's self into the acquaintance of a gang for the purpose of gaining information on which to base an arrest. Of course, a man's life isn't worth much if he's caught at such a game and has the goods on those whose confidence he has won.

"What does a secret service man do when arrested in the line of duty?"

"Keep his mouth shut," was Chief Wilkie's reply. "When an operator is on a roping case he carries nothing that will lead to his identity. This rule is absolute. We know where every man is. If he is arrested he takes his medicine without taking any one into his confidence, and we bring about his release in his own way. It has happened that an operator assigned to 'pipe' a home in a neighborhood in which burglaries have occurred has been picked up by the police. The experience may be unpleasant, but it is a part of the business and must be endured. And right here I wish to say that while we work along our own lines and have no hard and fast understanding with the police departments, there have been times when their officers have rendered us much service. Where our interests touch we have always had their hearty cooperation."

"Is there less counterfeiting now than formerly?"

"Well, we thought we had things pretty well down to the minimum, but the industrial depression came along last October and threw a lot of men out of work and the business began to worry along again. The counterfeits put out were mostly coin. You see it's easier and cheaper than paper counterfeit. All you need is some tin and antimony and a mold. For a dollar you can get enough material for $25 of phony coin.

"It might be interesting to know that the development of photo-engraving has made the work of the bureau somewhat heavier. In former years comparatively few persons had the art of steel engraving down so fine as to be able to do all the work connected with counterfeiting, and we were able, by a process of elimination, to locate without great difficulty any of these experts. But when you remember that there are 1,800 photo-engraving concerns in the country, and that almost any man with a camera and a text book on chemistry can become a counterfeiter if he is so inclined, the possibilities of secret service work broaden considerably. It is a tribute to the photo-engraving art that only two proprietors of such concerns have utilized their knowledge for counterfeiting. And I may add that not a single employe of the bureau of engraving and printing, so far as this office knows, has ever gone wrong."

"Does the secret service ever consider a case closed while it remains unsolved?"

"Never. Administrations may change; chiefs may come and go, and detectives may die, but the machinery of justice goes remorselessly on. When I became the head of the service in 1897, for 12 years $2 notes with the heads of Hancock and Windom had been circulated without the makers being detected. Two of my predecessors had left office without the mystery being cleared up. It happened that the solution came in my administration. The Johnson brothers, in Detroit, were found to be the guilty parties, and were jailed.

"No, the man who commits the crime of counterfeiting against the United States government must forever know that only death, his death, will end the search for him."

PEERESSES REBEL AGAINST RECOGNITION OF AMERICANS--By Mrs. John A. Logan

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ONE IS glad to hear that English peeresses have formed a league to stop the aggressiveness of American women who have one way or another worked their way to the foremast places in royal favor. We trust these noble ladies will be successful in the exclusion of "parvenues" who have purchased recognition through English lords, ladies, chamberlains, intimates of royalty, and their agents. If the impecunious condition of titled personages in England, France, Germany, Italy and other European countries has forced them to sell, rent or hypothecate their estates and use their titles for base purposes, there is no reason why the luckier nobles should raise an outcry against Americans who happened to have the money to save the spendthrift aristocracy from bankruptcy. It cannot be denied that these much-despised wealthy Americans who have been willing to invest in bankrupt estates and profligate scions of nobility have saved more than one noble house and its pretentious but dissolute representative from financial ruin and royal displeasure.

As a matter of fact, this movement on the part of the members of the "oldest families" is more amusing than otherwise and smacks strongly of trying to stop such cataracts as Niagara, because it has been demonstrated that American money can take Americans wherever they wish to go—the most exclusive court in the world has failed to close its doors against Americans who have reasonably fair reputation. Boorishness will surely never be a barrier in their way as they find plenty of male and female boors in processions which only halt to make obeisance to royalty.

There is just as much vulgar pushing and shoving among lords and ladies on occasions of presentations and royal receptions as could possibly be indulged in by plebians who were making their first bow to crowned heads. I shall be glad to hear that kings and emperors have made rulings that will prevent money from being the standard upon which royal favor is based and that our scholars, distinguished soldiers, sailors, statesmen and citizens may be admitted without money and without price to the presence of royalty on account of something they have done for the advancement of civilization and the betterment of mankind.

These peeresses should find out the price demanded by those who have the power to bring about introductions at court for their services in procuring presentations, and who these brokers are. They will doubtless be shocked at the number of their own class, and even nearer the throne, who have and are still engaged in this nefarious business.

For our own part, we have as much contempt for Americans who have ambitions to be introduced to royalty as thes ladies can possibly have for them. We have yet to learn of a single advantage derived from being presented at court. It makes one no wiser, better or more to be courted than they were before, and there have been instances where persons who have had the coveted honor of being presented have fallen to the lowest depths of social depravity. Others have been weak enough to be so completely spoiled as to be insufferable and have consequently lost the positions they held before their presentation at court.

One is pained to see Americans playing the part of toadies under any circumstances, as they owe to themselves at all times proper self-respect, and should blush to bow their heads or crook their knees to royalty to accomplish any purpose whatsoever.

It strikes us forcibly that the dear duchesses have neglected too long this exclusion act. Yankee cunning and Yankee gold have placed too many Americans within the charmed circle of royalty for them to be dislodged or discouraged. It has long since become a fact that London especially is completely Americanized. American women wear ducal crowns, American men wield a golden scepter over the business affairs of more than one country and are taken into the confidence of more than one titled individual. The presence of hundreds of Americans in the foremost rank of royal society who are to be in London this season may vex the souls of the duchesses, but even royalty will welcome them cordially as they will leave behind them many golden ducats to gladden the hearts of the subjects of King Edward VII.

AFTER ALL WHO IS A GENTLEMAN?--Some Kings Cannot Claim Title; In This Country Every One Can

By Major Charles E. Woodruff.

IN discussions as to what are the characteristics of a gentleman, I have been somewhat surprised that the original meaning of the word has been ignored. Several dictionaries show that it is the same word as the French gentilhomme and the Spanish gentilhombre, both of which were originally used to describe men of the gens or clan as distinguished from outsiders who were not blood relatives, gentilis meaning "of the clan or gens." This was a vital matter in primitive times, when a man's survival depended upon his membership in a clan, all of whose members were bound together by ties so strong that we can scarcely understand them now.

Nothing in modern times, not even the self-sacrifices in war, at all equals the manner in which the gens folks would defend each other, even at the expense of their own lives. They all believed themselves descended from the same god and under the protection of a god who was probably at eternal war with the god of another gens. Consequently a person of another gens had no rights they would respect—to kill him was often a moral duty. Primitive ethnology is full of illustrations of the compactness of the gens and its religious bearings.

When a clan migrated and conquered another territory all the inhabitants were put to the sword or became the chattels of the gens-men, who were far from being "gentle" men; indeed, their survival depended upon being the reverse of gentle. The only characteristic of a primitive gentleman was blood relationship to the gens. It was a greatness born with them, and no one could achieve it or have it thrust upon him.

As civilization progressed, its refining effect was of course greatest in the ruling classes—the conquering type or military caste. The outsiders were slaves, serfs, peons, peasants, or what not, who had sunk into their positions because they were more gentle than the fierce gens-men. Thus the gentleness of nature being cultivated by those who had been fiercest, became in time a characteristic of the upper classes. They were now more refined than the lowest uncultured types, and the word gentleman took on a new meaning—that of culture as well as birth.

Nevertheless the old meaning still held for many centuries, and referred to a class between the peasant and royalty. Indeed, the kings were often not gentlemen, or gens-men, at all, not blood relatives, but imported by the clan or nation. The king is now, of course, the first gentleman in the land, but it wasn't so long ago that he wasn't a gentleman at all—neither by blood nor gentle manners. He often seized his position by the aid of trained retainers, and he could not be a gentleman at all. Indeed, the English nation many a time looked on its kings as outsiders, and the same feeling even now crops out occasionally.

In like manner it was no disgrace for a man to declare he was not a gentleman any more than it was to say he was not a Frenchman or Saxon. Indeed, the Saxon was once held in horror by the gentlemen of England and by those who were not gentlemen, too.

As the spirit of democracy welded the race more men became gentlemen, but even yet there are whole classes which make no claim to being of the gentlemen class, yet they are gentlemen in the modern sense. In America the spirit of democracy has welded the race into one large gens, and every man is as good as his neighbor. The word has therefore taken on a new meaning among the uncultured Americans, a meaning curiously like the old clan meaning. No matter how crude, of course, and ungentle he may be, the free-born American citizen is a gentleman in his own mind, and by that he means a member of the nation and on an equality with all others. It is the old clan feeling, which has no relation whatever to culture or gentleness, but a pure matter of inheritance of membership—only in this modern clan entrance is permissible to all who were not born into it. An Englishman who makes no claim to being a gentleman at home claims to be a gentleman when he becomes an American citizen, and he uses the word in this new democratic sense. Should he visit his birthplace he is not at all chagrined if he is not called a gentleman, for he knows the word refers to hereditary classes and that he is recognized as being much more of a gentleman than many of the gentleman class themselves.

It is thus curious that the word is used in so many different senses, and that a modified primitive meaning is adopted for members of the new American democratic nation and that this meaning has no relation whatever to the general acceptation of the term as applied to one of culture and gentle manners.

SOME FRENCH METHODS OF GROWING FRUIT

NOW has come the season of the year when week-end visitors hear nothing but discussions of the state of the garden at the homes of their amateur farmer friends. The only questions of importance are whether "our corn" will be good, or "our raspberries" as fine as last year.

According to the impression obtained by week-end visitors people sit up nights with their potato crop and cannot sleep for anxiety over the tomatoes. There is no doubt about it that American amateur farmers take their rural avocations very seriously. When a Frenchman fell to discussing the other day what he had seen on his trips about the country, however, he expressed amazement at the lack of attention to detail.

"In this country," he said, "you just put things in the ground, and let them grow more or less haphazard, as far as I can see. You have a soil so fertile that I suppose you can dispense with much that is necessary in our old country. But all the same I think the fruit might be benefited if you did some of the things that every French Grower does. France is the country of detail, you know, and we think it pays in fruit growing just as it does in cooking.

"The fruits we pet and pamper most are the peach and grape. The majority of peaches grown in this country would seem to a Frenchman to be distinctly of the second order, that is, in the language of his fruit culture, a peach 'de plein vent,' or one grown on trees in an orchard. Between peaches grown thus, 'open to the wind,' and those trained on trellises against walls the French make a sharp distinction.

"The trellis, of 'espalier,' peaches are the only ones that appear on a carefully regulated table and are universally cultivated. They always command a much higher price than the tree peach, and at Montreuil the fruit has been brought to such perfection that they habitually sell for from 40 to 80 cents apiece.

"Even more elaborate is the procedure with fine table grapes. Hothouse grapes are not highly in favor among French epicures, for they are held to lack the rich flavor of the fruit grown in the open. At the same time the grape is so much in demand as a table delicacy that it is desirable that their season should be prolonged as far as possible into the winter. The difficulty of this situation has been met by a system which, complicated as it is, is quite generally in use.

"The grapes are grown on trellises exposed to the sun and six or seven yards apart, like the peaches. When the clusters are ripe they are put with the stem and leaves in a sort of glass box or bottle, which is placed in a dark room. If the producer is growing for the market the bunches are looked at every day, for the slightest speck of imperfection will keep him from disposing of his stock to the best houses.

"The same care in lesser degree runs through all the French grower does. In certain places, but only in a few, the apricot is treated with all the care shown to the peach. It is less profitable to grow, for it does not keep well, except by an expensive process of coating it with wax. The trees, however, are kept very carefully pruned and the production of each is limited.

"Growers have a pleasant way with strawberries. This berry's flavor is, as everybody knows, more or less injured by washing, but in this country they become sometimes so dirty that there is no alternative for the careful housekeeper. In France they are never specked with earth, because every grower spreads straw neatly under his vines so that the rain can splash up no dirt nor the wind blow any dust on the delicate fruit. The result is a strawberry as clean as a cherry on its tree.

"Gooseberries and raspberries are raised in quantities for the English market, the former trimmed very low, sometimes 'cradle-shaped,' and the latter trained on wire fences, facing not the sun but the north.

"All these are the common customs of our country, founded on our national love of perfection in detail. There is another form of careful fruit growing, less sensible and much restricted, on which we can hardly pride ourselves, though it shows to what extent art can be applied to the production of luxuries.

"Growers can at once retard fruit and dwarf trees to such an extent that it is possible to purchase during the winter fruit actually growing on little trees small enough to be served, pot and all, on the table. Peaches thus grown (one on a tree only) cost about $20 apiece, other things in proportion, and the fruit is sold usually not to French people but to visitors with more money than discretion, who think it smart to imitate what they consider the luxury of our gay capital.

"All this care of detail may seem absurd to you who have a country so large and so lavishly productive as America. Still, I think it is an open question whether even here, where 'time is money,' so much more than it is in Europe, the expenditure of care and thought on some neglected details might not lead to the financial profit of some growers."

LIVING ON THE LAND--Personal Story of a Successful Farmer's Wife

From the Des Moines Capital.

So far as success goes, the wife of a farmer in the western part of the state of Iowa tells a very good story. It is a story of success at farming. With her husband, she paid for some of the land as high as $45 per acre. It is another case where constant work and the proper kind of economy won out. In a letter from Ogden, Iowa, to the Capital, "A Farmer's Wife" says:

"In September, 1892, 16 years ago, my husband, then a young Illinois man 26 years of age, started northwest to seek a home. Going first to Minnesota, from which state he turned with apparent disgust, returning to central Iowa, where he secured an 80-acre farm with a three-room cottage and small stable for $2,800, paying down $1,000, money he had saved from his wages as farm hand, and giving a mortgage on the land for $1,800 for five years at 8 per cent.

"In the spring of 1893 we were married and came to Iowa to live on this farm. Starting in with two good horses, a plough and harrow, wagon and corn planter, two cows, one dozen chickens, we went to work with a determination to win. The first year we did some tilling, built a cellar, plastered and painted our cottage, bought some machinery, paid our interest and had $100 to pay as principal. In the fall of 1895 we purchased another 40 acres joining the original 80, paying $42.50 an acre, or $1,700.

"At the close of each year we always pay all of our debts, our taxes and interest, and always have a snug sum to pay as principal, making it a point to pay the cash for everything we buy, so far as possible. For we are firm believers in the motto, "Pay as you go and then you won't owe." Have never run a store bill to exceed $10. It is so much easier to pay for an article when you get it than after it is gone.

"The spring of 1898 found us free from debt with some money on hand, so we bought another 120-acre farm, paying $45 an acre, which we have paid for by working hard and keeping everlastingly at it. This farm we have always rented out at $3 and $3.25 an acre.

"In 1901 we purchased another 40, paying $70 an acre, which we have paid for by close farming, raising horses, cattle and hogs to sell, milking from five to eight cows, raising about 200 chickens a year. We have never kept a hired man, preferring to do the work alone. In busy seasons I often help do light work in the field, such as raking hay, ploughing with riding plough, and picking corn; work that I find healthful as well as profitable, having never been sick a day. I think it is a wife's duty to help meet as well as help eat, and in return the 'better half' helps me wash and churn.

"In 1905 we purchased another 80-acre tract, joining the first two named purchases, making us a lovely 200-acre home farm, paying $70 an acre, with no improvements. This farm we have improved by building an addition to our house, a $1,000 barn, three wells and windmills and other buildings, besides laying 10,000 tile on the different farms.

"We have been very busy, but yet have found time to make seven trips to Illinois to visit home folks. We do not find it necessary to work on Sundays, as some do, but find it a pleasant recreation to drive to the village church, three miles away, or rest quietly in our own home, reading good books of papers, among them the Daily Capital. We are no misers or spendthrifts, always having plenty to eat and wear. We are contented and happy. I have not endeavored to tell of hard times or misfortunes that have come to us, as will come to all, preferring to look on the bright side of life and strive on, not forgetting that the things of the world are only temporal, but "lay up for yourselves treasures in heaven, where moth and rust doth not corrupt or thieves break in and steal."

"We are at present preparing to move to a small farm near town to educate our children. I have endeavored to state facts as they occurred to us, hoping some one may be benefited thereby and determined to secure a home, for what two have done surely others may do."

Frogs, She Says, Ate Her Chickens.

York Correspondence Philadelphia Record.

Mrs. Caroline Ferguson, living near Margaretta Furnace, had for some time been missing young chickens. Near the house is a pond and Mrs. Ferguson declares that she saw a frog leap from the water, catch a chick which had strayed near, and leap back again with it.

The pond has since been drained and every frog, a dozen or more, shot. Now no more chicks are missed.