

DRY FARMING CONGRESS.

Methods of Increasing Crop Output Will Be Discussed.

The Dry Farming congress is now organized, with some persistency and determination to be heard from in the matter of urging its claims upon the attention of the public. The faith that the promoters and operators of this association have in their claims of dry farming methods, well carried out, cannot be questioned, says the editor of the Twentieth Century Farmer. The experiences and results of careful and persistent work in crop growing efforts are the evidence that is offered in testimony of the feasibility of dry farming methods and dry farming as an industry.

It is not surprising that there are the doubtful, the skeptical, the unbeliever in converting the dry land of the arid West to agricultural purposes, the growing of crops, the cultivation of orchards and forests, the establishing of homes and the building up of commercial interests and industries on these lands; we say that it is not surprising that some hesitate, that they doubt the availability of sufficient moisture to grow crops; that they forecast seasons of drouth, etc. All these things had their period and have exerted their influence to discourage and prejudice the mind of the public as the settlement of the country has progressed westward for the last fifty years, and yet cultivation has been the civilizing influence that has conquered drouth, hot winds and the barrenness of the plains and prairie countries that are now the dependence in production.

The Fourth Dry Farming congress will hold its meeting at Billings, Montana, October 26, 27 and 28, 1909. This will not only be an institute for dry farming farmers and dry farming instructors and teachers, but it will be an exposition of dry farming products such as this or other country has ever witnessed. There are pledged already exhibits from thirteen Western states that are engaged in dry farming work. The organization by states, to show what each is doing and capable of doing in the raising of grain and vegetable crops, without irrigation, is a feature never before undertaken in this district and promises some great surprises for visitors.

The area of tillable lands in the United States not yet turned to cultivation is comparatively small, and under present conditions of demand by the homesteader will last but a few more years at most. It is only the part of good business judgment that the dry farming districts be investigated by those who contemplate getting a home under the free homestead law. Good lands and the best locations will be the first taken. Each year will reduce the quality of lands to be disposed of as government homesteads.

The Dry Farming congress will be a good place to visit next October, in view of getting dry farming information and dry farms on which to put it into practice. The Dry Farming congress announces that there are 200,000 acres of arable land awaiting development by the dry farming methods.

Appropriate Breed.

"The aeronaut who is going to try that long flight will take his pet dog along."
"What kind of a dog is it?"
"A sky terrier, of course."—Baltimore American.

Information Bureau.

Caller—I wish you would tell me if there has been any change in the size of the 5 cent piece within the last ten or fifteen years.
Man at the Desk—Decidedly there has. The 5 cent piece of ice isn't more than half as large as it used to be.

The Real Thing.

"I must congratulate Jack on his golden wedding."
"Golden wedding? Why, he's only just married."
"I know, but the bride is worth a million."—Boston Transcript.

Hidden.

Her fatal gift of beauty
Never caused the pit-a-pat
Of anybody's heart at all
She wore a modern hat.
—Houston Post.



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Should remember that our force is so arranged that we can do their ENTIRE CROWN, BRIDGE AND PLATE WORK IN A DAY if necessary. POSITIVELY PAINLESS EXTRACTING FREE when plates or bridges are ordered. WE REMOVE THE MOST SENSITIVE TEETH AND ROOTS WITHOUT THE LEAST PAIN. NO STUDENTS, no uncertainty.

- For the Next Fifteen Days**
- We will give you a good 22k gold or porcelain crown for..... \$2.50
 - 22k bridge teeth..... 3.50
 - Gold or enamel fillings..... 1.50
 - Gold or enamel fillings..... 3.00
 - Silver fillings..... .50
 - Good rubber plates..... 5.00
 - The best red rubber plates..... 7.50
 - Painless extractions..... 7.50
- ALL WORK GUARANTEED 15 YEARS**

Dr. W. A. Wise
President and Manager
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PORTLAND, OREGON

The Main Chance

BY
Meredith Nicholson
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CHAPTER II.—(Continued.)

Saxton was walking beside Haridan in the lower hall. He felt an impulse to express gratitude for his rescue from the loneliness of the twilight; but Haridan, talking incessantly, and with hands thrust easily into his trousers' pockets, led the way into the reading room.

"Hello, Wheaton, I didn't know you were at home," he called to a man who sat reading a newspaper, and who now rose on seeing a stranger with Haridan. "This is Mr. Saxton, Mr. Wheaton."

"Oh, yes," said the man introduced as Wheaton. "I wondered whether I shouldn't see you here. Mr. Porter told me you had come."

Wheaton seemed very serious, and had not much to say. He had just come home, from a ferocious trip to the western part of the State. He was tall, slim and dark. There was a suggestion of sleepy indifference in his slack eyes, though he had a well-established reputation for energy and industry.

"Mr. Porter told me you were quartered here. I hope they can make you comfortable. I'm personally relieved that you have come. Your Boston friends were getting very impatient with us. We shall do all in our power to aid you; but of course Mr. Porter has said all that to you." His smile was by a movement of the lips, and his eyes did not seem to participate in it. He did not refer again to possible business relations with Saxton, but turned the conversation into general channels. They sat together for an hour, Haridan, as was his way in any company, doing most of the talking. They seemed to have the club house to themselves. Now and then one of the negro servants came and looked in upon them sleepily. A clerk at the desk in the hall read in peace. A party of young people could be heard entering by the side door set apart for women; and muffled echoes of their gaily reached the trio in the reading room.

"That's back in the incurables' ward," said Haridan, in explanation to Saxton. "It isn't nice of you to speak of the gentler sex in that way," admonished Wheaton.

"Oh, there are girls and girls," said Haridan, wearily. "It does seem to me that Mabel Margrave is always hungry. Why can't she do her eating at home?"

"He's simply jealous," Wheaton remarked to Saxton. "He always acts that way when he hears a girl in the ladies' dining room, and doesn't dare go back and break in on some other fellow's party."

"When you show signs of mental decay, it's time for us to go home, Wheaton," Haridan held out his hand to Saxton. "I'm glad you're here, and you may be sure we'll try to make you like us. Wheaton and I live in a barracks around the corner, with a few other homeless wanderers. I hope to see you there. Don't be afraid of the Chinaman at the door. My cell is up one flight and to the right."

"And don't overlook me there," Wheaton interposed. "I suppose we shall see you down town very often. Mr. Haridan is the only man in Clarkson who has no visible means of support. The rest of us are pretty busy; but that doesn't mean that we shan't be glad to see you at the Clarkson National."

CHAPTER III.

William Porter lived well, as became a first citizen of Clarkson. His house stood at the summit of a hill near the end of Varney street, and the gradual slope leading up to it was a pretty park, whose lawn and shrubbery showed the intelligent care of a good gardener. The dry air was still hot as John Saxton climbed the cement walk which wound over the slope at the proper degree to bring the greatest comfort to pedestrians. The green of the lawn was grateful to Saxton's eyes, which dwelt with relief on the fine spray of the rotary sprinklers that blessed coolly at the end of long lines of hose. Interspersed among the indigenous scrub-oaks were elms, maples and cedars, and the mottled bark of white birches showed here and there. The lawn was broken by beds of cannas, and it was evident that the owner of the place had a taste for landscape gardening and spent his money generously in cultivating it. The house itself was of red brick dating from those years in which a brick roof and a tower were thought indispensable in serious domestic architecture. There was a broad veranda on the river side, accessible through French windows of the same architectural period.

A maid admitted Saxton and left him to find his own way into the drawing-room, through which a breeze was blowing pleasantly from across the valley. Saxton sat in a deep wicker chair, mopping his forehead. He heard a light step crossing the hall, and a girl, still slipping softly to herself, passed back of him to a little stand which stood by one of the drawing room windows. The back of the wicker chair hid him; she was wholly unconscious that any one was there. The breath of the sweet peas which she was distributing suddenly sweetened the cool air of the room. Seeing that the girl did not know of his presence in the house, and that she would certainly discover him when she turned to go, he rose and faced her.

"I beg your pardon!"

"Oh!" The sweet peas fell to the floor, and the girl looked anxiously toward the hall door.

"I beg your pardon," Saxton repeated. "I think—I fear—I wasn't announced. But I believe Mr. Porter is expecting me."

"Yes!" The girl looked at Job for

the first time. He was taking the situation seriously, and was sincerely sorry for having startled her. "Father will be here very soon, I think." She moved toward the door with dignity, ignoring the fallen flowers, and Saxton stepped forward and picked them up.

"Allow me," The girl took them from him, a little uncertainly and guardedly, then returned to the vase and placed the flowers in it.

"Thank you very much," she said. "I think I hear my father now." She went to the outer door and opened, inclining her head slightly as she passed John, who also heard Mr. Porter's voice outside. He was remonstrating with the gardener about the position of the sprinklers, which he wished reset in keeping with ideas of his own.

"Well, Evelyn?" he said, as he came up the steps. Saxton could hear the young woman making an explanation in low tones to her father. Mr. Porter stood suddenly in the door.

"Well, this beats me," he began, effusively, coming forward and wringing Saxton's hand. "I'm not going to try to explain. I simply forgot, that's all." He took Saxton's arm and turned him toward the door where the girl still stood, smiling.

"Evelyn, this is Mr. Saxton. He's come to dine with us, but I forgot all about it. See here, Evelyn, you've got to square this for me," he concluded, with Saxton.

"I don't know how it can be squared." This is only one of father's lapses, Mr. Saxton. You may be sure he didn't mean to do it."

"No, indeed," declared Porter, "but I'm ashamed of myself." He waved the young people to seats and vanished into the hall.

Porter returned and launched into sta-

before him with interest. He had been making a careful inspection of all the properties that had fallen to his care. This had necessitated a good deal of traveling. He had begun in Colorado and worked eastward, going slowly, and getting the best advice obtainable as to the value of his principals' holdings. Much of their property was practically worthless. Title had been gained under foreclosure to vast areas which had no value. A waterworks plant stood in the prairie where there had once been a Kansas town. The place was depopulated and the smokstack stood as a monument to blighted hopes. Ranch houses were inhabited by squatters, who had not been on his books at all, and who paid no tribute to Boston. He was viewed with suspicion by these tenants, and on inquiry at the county seats, he found that they were lawless men, and that it would be better for him to let them alone. It was patent that they would not pay rent, and to eject them merely in the maintenance of a principle involved useless expense and violence.

"This certainly beats them all," Saxton muttered aloud.

He had reached in his itinerary what his papers called the Poindexter property. He had found that the place was famous throughout this part of the country for the idiosyncrasies of its sometime owners, three young men who had come out of the East to show how the cattle business should be managed. They had secured an immense acreage and built a stoue ranch house whose curious architecture imparted to the Platte Valley a touch of medievalism that was little appreciated by the neighboring cattlemen. One of the owners, a Philadelphian named Poindexter, who had a weakness for architecture, contributed the buildings and his two associates bought the cattle. There were one thousand acres of rolling pasture here, much of it lying along the river, and a practical man could hardly have failed to succeed; but theft, disease in the herd and inexperience in buying and selling, had wrought the ranchmen's destruction. Before their money was exhausted, Poindexter and his associates lived in considerable state, and entertained the friends who came to see them according to the best usages of Eastern country life within, and their own mild approximation of Western life without. Tom Poindexter's preceptor in architecture, an elderly gentleman with a sense of humor, had found a pleasure which he hardly dared to express in the medieval tone of the house and buildings.

"There's a remnant of the Poindexter herd out there somewhere," Wheaton had said to Saxton. "The fellow Snyder, that I put in as a caretaker, ought to have gathered up the loose cattle by this time; that's what I told him to do when I put him there."

Saxton turned and looked out over the rolling plain. A few rods away lay the river, and where it curved nearest the house stood a group of cottonwoods, like sentinels drawn together for colloquy. Scattered here and there over the plain were straggling herds.

There was much in the place to appeal to Saxton's quiet humor. The house was two stories high and there was a great hall, with an immense fireplace at one end. The sleeping rooms opened on a gallery above the hall. An effort had been made to give the house the appearance of Western wildness by introducing a great abundance of skins of wild beasts—a highly dishonest bit of decorating, for they had been bought in Chicago. Under one wing of the stairway, which divided to left and right at the center of the hall, was the dining room; under the other was the ranch office.

"Those fellows thought a good deal of their stomachs," said Snyder, as Saxton opened and shut the empty drawers of the sideboard.

"I suppose our mortgage covers the sunset, too," Saxton said. Nearly every portable thing of value had been removed, and evidently in haste; but the heavy oak chairs and the table remained. Snyder did his own modest cooking in the kitchen, which was in great disorder. The floor of the office was littered with scraps of paper. The original tenants had evidently made a quick settlement of their business affairs before leaving. Snyder did his own modest cooking in the on the long bench that was built into one side of the room, and a battered valise otherwise marked it as his lodging place. Saxton viewed the room with disgust; it was more like a kennel than a bedroom.

"My ranching wasn't so bad after all," he muttered. "If you have a pony we'll take a ride around the fences."
(To be continued.)



THE GIRL PASSED TO A LITTLE STAND.

statistics as to the number of trees that had been planted in the State by school children during the past year. The maid came to announce dinner, and Porter talked on as he led the way to the dining room. As they were taking their seats a boy of 12 took the place opposite Saxton.

"This is my brother Grant," said Miss Porter. The boy was shy and silent and looked frail. The efforts of his sister to bring him into the talk were fruitless. When his father or sister spoke to him it was with an accented kindness. His face brightened at the humor of the others.

"You'd better get Mr. Saxton to tell you how much fun ranching is," said Porter, turning to the boy, who at once became interested in Saxton.

"I'm going to be a ranchman," the lad declared. "Father's going to buy me the Poindexter ranch some day."

"That's one of Mr. Saxton's properties. Maybe he'd trade it to you for a tin whistle."

"Is it as bad as that?" asked Saxton. "Just wait until you see it. It's pretty bad."

"The house must have been charming," said Miss Porter.

"And that's about all it was," replied her father.

It was warmer outside than in, but Porter pretended that it was pleasant out of doors, and insisted that there was always a breeze on the hill at night. Haridan appeared at the step presently. They all rose as he came up, and he said to Saxton as he shook hands with him: "I see you've found the way to headquarters. All roads lead up to this Alpine height—and I fear—I fear—that all roads lead down again," he added, with a doleful sigh, and laughed. He began making himself greatly at home. He assured Mr. Porter, with amiable insolence, that his veranda chairs were the most comfortable ones he knew, and went to fetch himself a better seat from the hall.

"Mr. Haridan likes to be comfortable," said Miss Porter in his absence.

"But he finds pleasure in making others comfortable, too," Saxton ventured.

"Oh, he's the very kindest of men," Miss Porter affirmed.

"What a nuisance you are, Warry," said Porter, as the young man fussed about to find a place for his chair. "We were all very easy here till you came. Even the breeze has died out."

Saxton got up to go presently and Haridan rose with him. He and Saxton went down the walk together.

"They seem to have struck up an acquaintance," observed Mr. Porter.

"Mr. Saxton is very nice," said Evelyn.

"Oh, he's all right," said her father, easily.

CHAPTER IV.

John Saxton trotted his pony through a broken gate into a great yard that had once been sown in blue grass, and at the center of which lay the crumbled ruins of a fountain. Before he could make his presence known, a frowsy man in corduroy emerged from the great front door and came toward him.

"My name's Saxton, and you must be Snyder."

"Correct," said the man, and they shook hands. "Walk in and help yourself." He led the pony toward the out-buildings, while Saxton viewed the site

before him with interest. He had been making a careful inspection of all the properties that had fallen to his care. This had necessitated a good deal of traveling. He had begun in Colorado and worked eastward, going slowly, and getting the best advice obtainable as to the value of his principals' holdings. Much of their property was practically worthless. Title had been gained under foreclosure to vast areas which had no value. A waterworks plant stood in the prairie where there had once been a Kansas town. The place was depopulated and the smokstack stood as a monument to blighted hopes. Ranch houses were inhabited by squatters, who had not been on his books at all, and who paid no tribute to Boston. He was viewed with suspicion by these tenants, and on inquiry at the county seats, he found that they were lawless men, and that it would be better for him to let them alone. It was patent that they would not pay rent, and to eject them merely in the maintenance of a principle involved useless expense and violence.

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(To be continued.)

No More "White Bread!"

"White bread is abolished in the United States," it is stated in telegraphic dispatches, referring to the ruling of the Secretary of Agriculture that millers must not bleach flour. The ruling went into effect this week, but millers have until June 3 to dispose of the bleached flour still in stock. It is declared that there will be as much difference between bread made from unbleached flour as there is between angel cake and sponge cake. The flour will be of a creamy color instead of white, and the bread will be light golden in color. But there will be no difference in flavor, and the bread will have an additional quality to commend itself to the consumer, because it will be just like that "mother used to make." In the good old days before the craze for bleached flour came into vogue.—Rochester Democrat.

Unquestionably.

"Don't you think this dealing in futures is awful?" asked the young woman who would like to reform the world.

"I don't know much about it," confessed the woman with suspiciously blonde hair. "but I'm sure it must be much nicer than dealing in pasta."—Kansas City Times.

Wise.

"I accepted him because he's so sensible and practical."
"How did you find it out?"
"He waited till after Christmas to propose."—Cleveland Leader.

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"Beat it! Beat it!" cried the masterful wife to her meek and obedient husband.

But he did not go a step. She was referring to the carpet hanging on the line.—Baltimore American.

Better than gold—Like it in color—Hamlin's Wizard Oil—the best of all remedies for rheumatism, neuralgia, and all pain, soreness and inflammation.

The Cause of It.

"The writer you introduced me to the other day was not at all imposing in his appearance. In fact, I thought he had a very poor carriage."
"That may be because he is nothing but a hack."—Baltimore American.

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Fair Client—Not at all, sir; he promised me a divorce, and he's gone back on it.

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Harry Stuckley, Mauch Chunk, Pa.
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Guarantees to cure Catarrh, Asthma, Lung, Stomach and Kidney troubles, and all Private Diseases of Men and Women.

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Guaranteed under all Pure Food Laws

Improve Your Baking

KC Baking Powder will do it! Get a can. Try it for your favorite cake. If it doesn't raise better, more evenly, higher, —if it isn't daintier, more delicate in flavor, —we return your money. Everybody agrees KC has no equal.

KC BAKING POWDER

Pure, Wholesome, Economical.

Jacques Mfg. Co. Chicago