

Out on the Pampas

By G. A. HUNTY

CHAPTER I.

"What are you thinking of, Frank?" Mrs. Hardy asked her husband one evening, after an unusually long silence on his part.

"Well, my dear, I was thinking of a good many things. In the first place I began with wondering what I should make of the boys; and that led to a train of thought about ourselves and our circumstances."

Mr. Hardy spoke cheerfully, but his wife saw at once that it was with an effort that he did so. She moved her chair nearer to his by the fire. "It is a serious question, Frank, about the boys. Charley is fifteen now, and Hubert fourteen. I wonder myself sometimes what we shall do with them."

"There seems no opening here in England for young fellows. The professions are crowded, even if they were not altogether beyond our means; and as to a clerkship, they had better have a trade and stick to it; they would be far happier, and nearly as well paid. The fact is, Clara," and here Mr. Hardy paused a little, as if to gain courage to say what he feared would be very disagreeable to his wife—"the fact is, we are altogether too crowded here. The best thing for the children, by far, and I think the best thing for ourselves, would be to emigrate."

Mrs. Hardy gave a little sigh, but said nothing, and sat looking quietly into the fire, as her husband went on: "You see, my dear, I am just, and only just, making enough for us to live upon. Nor is there any strong probability of an increase of business. The boys are growing up, and I see no prospect of giving them a fair start in life. Abroad it is altogether different; we can buy land and stock it for next to nothing. We should live roughly, certainly; but at least there is no fear for the future, and we should start our boys in life with a fair certainty of success. Still, it is far too serious a matter to decide upon hastily. I only threw out the suggestion; and if you, after thinking it over, are against it, there is an end of the matter."

Mrs. Hardy was silent for a little, and a tear sparkled on her cheek, then she said: "I am not surprised, Frank, at what you have said. In fact, I have expected it for some time. I have observed you looking over books upon foreign countries, and have seen that you often sat thoughtful and quiet. I guessed, therefore, what you had in your mind. Of course, dear, as a woman, I shrink from the thought of leaving all our friends and going to quite a strange country, but I don't think that I am afraid of the hardships or discomfort. Thousands of other women have gone through them, and there is no reason why I should not do the same. I do think with you that it would be a good thing for the boys, perhaps for the girls, too; and that, when we have got over the first hardships, we, too, should be happier and more free from care than we are now. So you will meet with no opposition from me; and if, after deliberation, you really determine that it is the best thing to do, I shall be ready to agree with you."

Mr. Hardy was an architect, as his father had been before him. He had not, however, entered the office at the usual age, but when eighteen had gone to the United States, to visit an uncle who had settled there. After spending some time with him, the love of adventure had taken him to the far West, and there he had hunted and shot for nearly three years, till a letter entreated him to return to England, as his father's health was failing. He at once started for England. He was a good draughtsman, and was shortly able to take a great burden off his father's shoulders.

He had not been long at home, however, before he fell in love with Clara Aintree, the daughter of a clergyman; and his father making over to him a share in the business, they were married just as Frank attained his twenty-fourth year, his wife being about nineteen. Two years after the marriage Mr. Hardy senior died, and from that time Frank had carried on the business alone.

His father had been possessed of a small private fortune, but had rashly entered into the mania of railway speculation, and at his death had left about fifteen thousand dollars to his son. This sum Frank Hardy had carefully preserved intact, as he had foreseen that the time might come when it would, for his children's sake, be advisable to emigrate. He had long looked forward to this, but had abstained from taking any step until his sons were of an age to be able to make themselves useful in a life in the bush or upon the prairies.

The subject of emigration once started, was frequently continued, and presently books and maps began to be consulted, and the advantages and disadvantages of the various countries and colonies to be debated. Finally, Mr. and Mrs. Hardy agreed that the Argentine Republic, in its magnificent rivers, its boundless extent of fertile land, its splendid climate, its cheap labor, and its probable prospects, offered the greatest advantages.

The decision once arrived at, it was determined to announce it to the children. Breakfast was over, when their father said: "Wait a moment, boys; there is something we want to talk to you about. Your mamma and I have been wondering what you boys are to become, and we do not see any openings likely to occur here. Now, what should you say to us all emigrating?"

"What, going abroad, papa?" they both exclaimed, joyously.

"Yes, boys; settling in the backwoods or in the prairies."

"Oh, that would be jolly," Charley said. "I know, papa, having fights with Indians, and all that sort of thing. Oh, it would be glorious!"

"Well, Charley," his father said, smiling. "I do not know that we shall have fights with Indians, nor do I think it would be very jolly if we did. But we should have to rough it, you know; you boys would have to work hard, to help me in everything, and to look after the cattle and sheep."

"What fun! what fun!" the boys both shouted; "we should like it of all things in the world."

"And what do you think of it, Maud and Ethel?" their mamma asked the two little girls, who were looking very surprised, but rather doubtful as to the pleasure of the fights with Indians. "You will have to be two very useful little women, and will have to help me just as the boys will have to help papa. Very likely we may not be able to get a servant there, and then we shall have to do everything."

"That will be fine, mamma," said Maud, who was rather over twelve, while her sister was just eleven. "I don't think I could cook, but you should cook, and I could scrub and do all the hard work, and Ethel could wash up, and lay the table, and that sort of thing."

"This affair is a serious business," said Mr. Hardy, "and although I hope and believe that we shall all enjoy our life very much, still we must prepare for it, and look upon it in earnest, and not as a sort of game. I have business here which I cannot finish before another eight or nine months. Let us all make the most of our time before we start. In the first place, the language of the people among whom we are going is Spanish, and we must all learn to speak it well before we leave. For the next three months we will work together at grammar and exercises, and then I will try and get some Spanish teacher to live in the house, and speak the language with us until we go. In the next place, it will be well that you should all four learn to ride. I have hired the paddock next to our garden, and have bought a pony, which will be here to-day, for the girls. You boys have already ridden a little, and I shall now have you taught in the riding school. I went yesterday to Mr. Barle, and asked him if he would allow me to make an arrangement with his head gardener for you to go there to learn gardening. He at once agreed; and I have arranged with the gardener that you are both to share every morning at six o'clock, and are to work until nine. From breakfast to dinner you will have to yourselves. From two till half-past four you are to learn carpentering. I have made an agreement with Mr. Jones to pay him so much to take you as a sort of apprentices for the next nine months. In the evening we will all work together at Spanish. It will be hard work; but if you want to be of any real use to me, it is absolutely necessary that you should be able to use a spade and to do rough carpentering. As the time draws on, too, I shall ask one of the farmers near to let you go out with his men and get some notion of plowing. Well, what do you say to all that?"

"But you have not told us yet where we are going to, papa," Charley said.

"We are going to farm upon the banks of one of the great South American rivers—probably the Parana, in the Argentine Republic."

Mr. and Mrs. Hardy watched their children from the window. They went out in a group to the summer house in the corner of the garden, all talking excitedly. Then Maud ran back again to the house, and in a minute or two returned with the school room atlas, and opening it upon the table, they all clustered over it in eager consultation.

Mrs. Hardy turned to her husband with a smile. "You will have to get up the subject, Frank, so as to be able to answer the innumerable questions you will be asked."

"I shall always refer them to you."

There was quite a talk when it was known that Mr. Hardy was going to emigrate with his wife and family. He, and his father before him, had been so long established in the town that there were few people who did not know him, more or less.

Emigration in the year 1851 was far less common than it is now, and the interest was proportionately greater. Charley and Hubert became quite popular characters among their school fellows, who, whenever they met them, would always stop to have a talk about the distant country to which they were going.

After four months' gardening, Mr. Hardy placed the boys with a farmer who lived a mile distant, and made an arrangement for them to breakfast there, so that they now remained at work from 6 in the morning until 12. Here they obtained some idea of harnessing and driving horses, of plowing, and of the other farming operations.

One day Mr. Hardy said to the boys: "There is no reason why you should not be able to shoot as straightly as a man, and I have therefore bought two carbines. They will carry up to 500 yards. I have obtained leave from Mr. Harcourt, who lives three miles from here, to put up a target at the foot of some bare hills on his property, and we will walk over there twice a week to practice."

As Mr. Hardy spoke the boys were ready to dance with delight, and this was increased when they were shown the arms which he had bought for the expedition.

The firing was rather wild at first, but

after a few weeks' practice they became very steady, and in three or four months could make pretty certain of a bull's-eye at 300 yards. Of all this Mrs. Hardy and the girls knew nothing; but there was not the same secrecy observed with reference to the shotguns. These they took home with them, and Mr. Hardy said that he understood that the plains of South America swarmed with game, and that, therefore, it was well that the boys should learn how to shoot.

CHAPTER II.

It was nearly a year after he had made up his mind to emigrate before Mr. Hardy was able to conclude all his arrangements. Then came the great business of packing up. This is no trifling matter when a family of six persons are going to make a move to a new country. The bulk of luggage was very large. Mr. Hardy was taking with him plows and agricultural implements, besides a good stock of seeds of various kinds. These had been sent on direct by a sailing ship starting a fortnight before themselves. When their heavy baggage was packed up it, too, was sent off, so as to be put on board the steamer by which they were to sail; and then came a long round of visits to bid farewell to all their friends. This over, they embarked on board the Barbadoes for Rio and Buenos Ayres. Greatly were the girls amused at the tiny little cabin allotted to them and their mother—a similar little den being taken possession of by Mr. Hardy and the boys. The smartness of the vessel and the style of her fittings alike, impressed and delighted them. Sarah, their housemaid, accompanied the party. She had been left early an orphan, and had been taken as a nursemaid by Mrs. Hardy. As time went on, and the little girls no longer required a nurse, she had remained as housemaid, and having no friends, now willingly accompanied them. Mr. Hardy had, to his great amusement, insisted upon her signing a paper agreeing, upon her master's paying her passage, to remain with him for a year; at the end of which time she was to be at liberty to marry or to leave them, should she choose.

The last looks which the party cast toward England, as the Welsh coast sank in the distance, were less melancholy than those of most emigrants. The young people were all full of hope and excitement, while even Mrs. Hardy felt but little disposed to give way to sorrow, as it had been arranged that in three or four years, if all went well, she should bring her daughters over to England to finish their education.

After an uneventful voyage across the Atlantic they finally arrived at the harbor of Buenos Ayres, where the two great rivers, the Uruguay and the Parana, unite to form the wide sheet of water called the river La Plata. It was night when the Barbadoes dropped her anchor, and it was not until the morning that they obtained their first view of their future home. Their exclamation was one of disappointment. The shores were perfectly flat. After the magnificent harbor of Rio this interesting coast was most disappointing.

"What a distance we anchored from the shore," Hubert said. "It must be three or four miles off."

"Not so much as that, Hubert," Maud insisted; "not more than two miles, I should think."

"The distance of objects across water is very deceiving," said the captain. "It is from eight to nine miles to those buildings you see."

"Why do we anchor such a long way off, captain?" asked Charley.

"Because the shore is so flat that there is no water for us to get in any closer. In a couple of hours you will see boats coming out to fetch you in; and, unless it happens to be high tide, even these cannot get to the beach, and you will have to land in carts."

"In carts, Captain Trevor?" they all repeated; "that will be a strange way of landing."

"Yes, it is," the captain answered. "I think that we can safely say that the Argentine Republic is the only country in the world where the only way to land at its chief city is in a cart."

Tide was fortunately high, and the boat containing the Hardys and the lighter portion of their luggage was able to get up to the landing place without the carts being called into use. As they approached the land they were hailed in a hoarse voice, and greetings were exchanged between Mr. Hardy and his friend Mr. Thompson—a sunburnt-looking man with a great beard—in a Panama hat and in a suit of spotless white.

"Why, Mrs. Hardy," he said as they landed, "you hardly look a day older than you did when I last saw you fourteen years ago. And now, if you please, we will be off as soon as we can, for my estancia is fifteen miles away. I have made the best arrangements I could for getting out; but roads are not a strong point in this country, and we seldom trust ourselves in wheeled vehicles far out of the town. You told me in your letters, Hardy, that the young people could all ride. I have horses in any number, and have got in two very quiet ones, with side saddles, which I borrowed from some neighbors for your girls; but if they prefer it, they can go in the trap with Mrs. Hardy."

"Oh, no, please," Maud said; "I had much rather ride."

(To be continued.)

Sarah's Kissing Record.

When Mme. Sarah Bernhardt returned to Paris from this country she established a record in kissing which will be hard to beat. A large number of her friends and admirers met her at the station and greeted her with an enthusiastic outburst of applause, some 200 of them insisting upon kissing her. She returned the salutations, and for nearly a quarter of an hour after alighting from the train the great actress was being kissed and embraced.

LIVER AND KIDNEYS

It is highly important that these organs should properly perform their functions.

When they don't, what lameness of the side and back, what yellowness of the skin, what constipation, bad taste in the mouth, sick headache, pimples and blotches, and loss of courage, tell the story.

A great alterative and tonic
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Gives these organs vigor and tone for the proper performance of their functions, and cures all their ordinary ailments. Take it.

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"What a luxury a clear conscience is!" exclaimed the high minded statesman.
"Yes," answered Senator Forghum, "it's a luxury, but it isn't a necessity."

No Danger.
"Do you think there is any danger of America being dominated by Europe?"
"No sir," answered Mr. Meekton with extraordinary emphasis; "not so long as eminent Europeans continue to marry American girls."

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Imperative.
Schoolmaster—Now, Jones, give me a sentence, and then we will see if we can change it to the imperative form.
Pupil—The horse draws the wagon.
Schoolmaster—Now put it in the imperative.
Pupil—Gee up!—Chums.

A Musical Hero.
Little Daniel was visiting at his grandfather's in the country for a few days, and on going to the barn to see the animals he heard cows lowing and said to his grandpa:
"Hear the cows howling."
"That is not what they are doing," said grandpa. "They are lowing."
"Oh," said little Dan. "I thought they were blowing their horns."

The Innocent Suffer With The Guilty

The world to-day is full of innocent sufferers from that most loathsome disease, Contagious Blood Poison. People know in a general way that it is a bad disease, but if all its horrors could be brought before them they would shun it as they do the Leprosy. Not only the person who contracts it suffers, but the awful taint is transmitted to children, and the fearful sores and eruptions, weak eyes, Catarrh, and other evidences of poisoned blood show these little innocents are suffering the awful consequences of some body's sin. So highly contagious is this form of blood poison that one may be contaminated by handling the clothing or other articles in use by a person afflicted with this miserable disease. There is danger even in drinking from the same vessel or eating out of the same tableware, as many pure and innocent men and women have found to their sorrow. The virus of Contagious Blood Poison is so powerful and penetrating that within a short time after the first little sore appears the whole system is infected and every drop of blood in the body is tainted with the poison, and the skin is soon covered with a red rash, ulcers break out in the mouth and throat, swellings appear in the groins, the hair and eyebrows fall out, and unless the ravages of the disease are checked at this stage, more violent and dangerous symptoms appear in the form of deep and offensive sores, copper colored spots, terrible pains in bones and muscles, and general breaking down of the system.

BLOOD POISON IS NO RESPECTER OF PERSONS

S. S. S. is a specific for Contagious Blood Poison and the only remedy that antidotes this peculiar virus and makes a radical and complete cure of the disease. Mercury and Potash hold it in check so long as the system is under their influence, but when the medicine is left off the poison breaks out again as bad or worse than ever. Besides, the use of these minerals bring on Rheumatism and stomach troubles of the worst kind, and frequently produce bleeding and sponginess of the gums and decay of the teeth. S. S. S. cures Blood Poison in all stages and even reaches down to hereditary taints and removes all traces of the poison and saves the victim from the pitiable consequences of this monster scourge. As long as a drop of the virus is left in the blood it is liable to break out, and there is danger of transmitting the disease to others.

S. S. S. is guaranteed purely vegetable and can be taken without any injurious effects to health, and an experience of nearly fifty years proves beyond doubt that it cures Contagious Blood Poison completely and permanently. Write for our "Home Treatment Book," which describes fully the different stages and symptoms of the disease.



THE SWIFT SPECIFIC CO., ATLANTA, GA.

Youthful Bank President.
Wade H. Negus of Greenville, Miss., who was elected president of the First National Bank in that city last week, succeeding his father, the late Major James E. Negus, is probably the youngest bank president in the United States, being but 24 years old.

Immense Banyan Tree.
In one of the Hows islands off the Australia a banyan tree has been discovered the branches and trunk of which cover nearly seven acres.

An Easter Chirp.
First Chick—Oh, you needn't put on so many airs, your mother was not a lady.
Second Chick—Hub! My mother was a high priced incubator, while yours was only a common old hen.

There is more Catarrh in this section of the country than all other diseases put together, and until the last few years was supposed to be incurable. For a great many years doctors pronounced it a local disease, and prescribed local remedies, and by constantly failing to cure with local treatment, pronounced it incurable. Science has proven Catarrh to be a constitutional disease, and therefore requires constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure, manufactured by F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, Ohio, is the only constitutional cure on the market. It is taken internally in doses from 20 drops to a teaspoonful. It acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. They offer one hundred dollars for any case it fails to cure. Send for circulars and testimonials. Address: F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O. Sold by Druggists. The Hall's Family Pills are the best.

Cause for Rejoicing.
Dix—Does your wife play the piano? Dick—No.
Dix—Does she play any musical instrument? Dick—None whatever.
Dix—That's good. You ought to be proud of her accomplishments."

False Pretenses.
"Why does he always begin with the statement, 'To make a long story short?'"
"Oh, that's just to encourage you to believe he's going to do it."

Couldn't Do Worse.
"Young man," said the stern father, "do you think you are in a position to support my daughter in the style to which she has been accustomed?"
"Sure thing," replied the knowing youth. "Why only last week she refused to accompany me to the theater because she had nothing to wear."

Wanted to Realize.
Three-year-old Julia wanted to write Santa Claus to bring her a "shot gun." When asked what she wanted it for she said:
"I want to shoot one of papa's cattle and get the money out of it, for papa says there is money in cattle."

In Good Company.
"Isn't it a shame, Abe?" asked his father. "It is the second year in one class."
"Shame!" said Abe; "my teacher is twelve years already in the same class, and nobody thinks it's a shame!"

Very Taking.
"Do ministers take in this town?"
Inquired the advance agent of the Colonial Black-Cork troupe.
"Well, the last that were here did," responded the innkeeper sourly. They took everything, even to the soap out of their rooms."