

STRONG AND STEADY

By HORATIO ALGER, JR.

CHAPTER II.—(Continued.)

At five o'clock on the afternoon of the day after Mr. Conrad's death, Mr. Drummond entered the house, which was on the opposite side of the street from the store. This was the supper hour, and supper was ready upon the table.

A single glance was sufficient to show that Mr. Drummond was not a man to indulge in luxurious living. There was a plate of white bread, cut in thin slices, a small plate of butter, half a pie, and a bowl of coarse brown sugar, and a pot of the cheapest kind of tea completed the preparations for the evening meal. Certainly there was nothing extravagant about these preparations; but Mr. Drummond thought otherwise. His attention was at once drawn to the cake, and instantly a frown gathered upon his face.

"Are you going to have company to-night, Mrs. Drummond?" he asked.

"Not that I know of," answered his wife, in some surprise.

"Then why is it that you have put both pie and cake on the table?"

"The cake is a cheap kind."

"No cake is cheap, Mrs. Drummond. I take it you used eggs, butter and sugar in making it. You are probably not aware that all these articles are very dear at present. Until they get lower we need not have cake, except when company is present. Take away the cake, if you please. You can save it for Sunday evening."

"I am afraid it will be dried up by that time."

"If it is dry, you can steam it. I have continually to check you in your extravagant tastes. Cake and pie, indeed! If you had your way, you would double my household expenses."

Mrs. Drummond rose from the table, and meekly removed the offending cake. Just then the third and only other member of the family entered.

This was Joshua Drummond, the only son, now eighteen years of age, though he looked scarcely more than sixteen. He inherited his father's meanness, but not his frugality. He was more self-indulgent, and though he grudged spending money for others, was perfectly ready to spend as much as he could get hold of for himself.

CHAPTER III.

Over Joshua, Mr. Drummond had less control than over his wife. The latter gave way meekly to his unreasonable requisitions; but Joshua did not hesitate to make opposition, being as selfish and self-willed as his father, for whom he entertained neither respect nor affection.

In silence he helped himself to bread and butter, and in due time accepted a piece of pie, which Mrs. Drummond made larger at the expense of her own share. Finally Mr. Drummond remarked:

"I've had a telegram to-day from Willoughby."

"From Willoughby?" repeated his wife. "Is't that where your cousin, William Conrad, lives?"

"He doesn't live there any longer. He's dead. The funeral is to be day after to-morrow."

"Shall you go?"

"Yes. It will cost me considerable; as much as five dollars or more; but he was my cousin, and it is my duty to go," said Mr. Drummond, with the air of a man who was making a great sacrifice.

"He was rich, wasn't he?" asked Joshua, becoming interested.

"Probably worth a hundred thousand dollars," said his father, complacently.

"I should think he might have left me something," said Joshua.

"He never saw you, Joshua," said his mother.

"Joshua stands a better chance of getting a legacy from one who doesn't know him than from one who does," said Mr. Drummond, with grim pleasantry.

"He leaves children, doesn't he?"

"One child—a boy. Let me see, he must be fifteen by this time. It's likely I will be appointed his guardian. I'm the nearest relative."

"Will he come here, then?" asked Joshua.

"Very probably."

"Then I hope you'll live better, or he won't stand it."

"When I require any advice from you, Joshua, I will apply for it," said his father.

Joshua inwardly hoped that his father would be appointed guardian, for he hoped that in this event it would make a difference in the family living; and, besides, if his cousin were rich, he meant to wheedle himself into his confidence, in the hope of future advantage.

Jacob put off going to Willoughby till the morning train on the day of the funeral. The next day, therefore, he started, taking with him in his valise a lunch of bread and meat tied up in a piece of brown paper. Shortly after his arrival, he called at the house of mourning.

"I am Jacob Drummond of Stapleton, the cousin of the deceased," he explained to Nancy, who opened the door to admit him. "Is my young relative, Mr. Conrad's son, at home?"

"Yes, sir," said Nancy, taking an inventory of his features, and deciding that he was a very disagreeable looking man.

Mr. Drummond was ushered into the parlor, where he had a little chance to look around him before Walter appeared. Mr. Drummond rose at his entrance. "I suppose you don't know me," he said; "but I was your father's nearest living relation."

"Mr. Drummond, I believe."

"Yes, Jacob Drummond of Stapleton. You have probably heard your father speak of me?"

"Yes, sir," said Walter.

"I came as soon as I could after getting the telegram. I left my business to take care of itself. I wanted to offer you my sympathy on your sad loss."

Mr. Drummond's words were kind, though the reference to his sacrifice in leaving his business might have been as well left out. Still Walter could not feel as grateful as he wanted to do. Somehow he didn't fancy Mr. Drummond.

"You are very kind," he said.

"I mean to be. You know I'm your nearest relation now. I truly feel for you in your desolate condition, and though it may not be the right time to say it, I must tell you I hope, when the funeral is over, you will accompany me home and share our humble hospitality. Mrs. Drummond joins me in the invitation."

"I have not had time to think of future arrangements," said Walter; "but I thank you for your invitation."

"My son Joshua, too," said Mr. Drummond, "is longing to make your acquaintance. He is older than you, but not much larger. Joshua is eighteen, but he will make a very pleasant companion for you. Let me hope that you will accept my invitation."

"Thank you, Mr. Drummond; I will consult my friends about it."

"I wonder how much I could venture to ask for board," thought Mr. Drummond. "If I am his guardian I can fix that to suit myself. A hundred thousand dollars would make me a rich man. That is, I could make money from it without injuring the boy."

Mr. Drummond asked a few more questions about Mr. Conrad's sickness and death. Walter answered them, but did not think it necessary to speak of his losses by the mining company. Mr. Drummond was a stranger, and not a man to inspire confidence. So Walter told as little as he could. At length the visitor, having exhausted inquiries, rose.

"I shall be here to-morrow," he said. "I shall return to Stapleton after the ceremony. I hope you will make up your mind to go back with me."

"I could not be ready so soon," answered Walter, doubtfully.

"I can wait till next day."

"That will not be necessary, Mr. Drummond. I shall have no difficulty in making the journey alone, if I conclude to accept your kind invitation."

Mr. Drummond shook our hero's hand sympathetically, and at length withdrew. As he went down the avenue, he took a backward glance at the handsome mansion in which his cousin had lived.

"That boy owns all that property," he said, half enviously, "and never worked a day for it. I've had to work for all my money. But it was foolish to spend so much money on a house. A third the sum would have built a comfortable house, and the rest might have been put at interest. If it turns out that I am the boy's guardian, I think I shall sell it. That'll be the best course."

CHAPTER IV.

The funeral was over. Mr. Drummond, as indeed his relationship permitted, was one of the principal mourners. Considering that he had not seen Mr. Conrad for five years preceding his death, nor during that time communicated with him in any way, he appeared to be very much overcome by grief. He kept his eyes covered with a large white handkerchief, and his movements indicated suppressed agitation. He felt that this was a tribute due to a cousin who had left over one hundred thousand dollars. When they had returned from the grave he managed to have a word with Walter.

"Have you decided to accept my offer, and make your home beneath my humble roof?" he asked.

"There has been no time to consult with my friends here, Mr. Drummond. I will let you know next week. I thank you at any rate for your kindness."

"Do come, Walter," said his cousin, twisting his mean features into an affectionate smile. "With you beneath my humble roof, I shall want nothing to complete my happiness."

Jacob Drummond went back to Stapleton ignorant of the state of Mr. Conrad's affairs and regarding Walter as a boy of great wealth.

When the will was opened it was found to bear date two years back, before Mr. Conrad had plunged into the speculation which had proved so disastrous to him. He bequeathed all the property which he did possess to Walter, with the exception of five hundred dollars, which were left as a legacy to his faithful housekeeper, Nancy Forbes. At the time the will was made, its provisions made Walter heir to a large fortune. Now it was quite uncertain how things would turn out. Clement Shaw, the village lawyer, an honest and upright man, was made executor, being an old and tried friend of the deceased.

With his Walter had a long and confidential conversation, imparting to him what he knew of his father's mining speculation and its disastrous result, with its probable effect in accelerating his death.

"I knew something of this before, Walter," said Mr. Shaw. "Your father spoke to me of being largely interested in the Great Metropolitan Mining Company; but of the company itself and the extent to which he was involved I knew nothing."

"Cruel,"

Gunner—So the celebrated poet married Mrs. Penner, the short-story writer?

Gayer—Yes, and some of their wedding presents were cruel insinuations.

Gunner—What did they receive?

Gayer—Sixteen waste baskets embellished with ribbons.

"I think my father must have been very seriously involved," said Walter. "It may, perhaps, swallow up the whole property."

"Let us hope not. Indeed, I can hardly believe that your father would have ventured in so deep as that."

"He had every confidence in the company; he thought he was going to double his money. If only a part of his property was threatened, I don't think it would have had such an effect upon him."

"I will thoroughly examine into the affair," said Mr. Shaw. "Meanwhile, Walter, hope for the best! It can hardly be that the whole property is lost. Do not be too anxious."

"Do not fear for me on that account," said Walter. "I always looked forward to being rich, it is true, but for all that I can bear poverty. If the worst comes, and I am penniless, I am strong, and can work. I can get along as well as thousands of other boys, who have to support themselves."

Walter did not speak boastfully by any means, but in a calm, confident way, that argued a consciousness of power.

"Yes," said the lawyer, regarding him attentively. "I think you are right there. You are just the boy who can make his own way; but I hope you will not be obliged to do so."

"I am young and strong. Nancy has spent her best years in my father's service, and she is no longer young. It is right that she should have some provision. Besides, my father meant her to have it, and I want to carry out his wishes."

"This is all very generous, Walter; but I am afraid it is inconsiderate. It would not be your father's wish to provide even for Nancy, however faithful she may have been, at the expense of his son."

"It is right," said Walter. "Besides, Mr. Shaw, I find that Nancy had laid up six hundred dollars, which she had deposited in my father's hands. That also must be paid, if there is enough to pay it; if not, I will take it upon myself to pay whenever I am able."

"You're an excellent boy, Walter," said Mr. Shaw. "I always had a good opinion of you, and I find it is more than deserved. I honor you for the resolution you have expressed, though I cannot quite agree with you about the five hundred dollars. As to the debt, that must be paid, if there is money enough to pay it. But we can leave the further discussion of this question for the present. Now let us consider what is to become of you in the meantime. You were at the Essex Classical Institute, I believe?"

"Yes, sir."

"You would like to go back again, I suppose."

"No, Mr. Shaw. It is an expensive school, and while it is uncertain how my father's affairs will come out, I should not feel justified in going there."

"Perhaps you are right. Of course, you cannot stay here, and keep house by yourself. I would invite you to my own house, but my wife is an invalid, and I have to consider her in the matter."

"Thank you, Mr. Shaw; but I think perhaps I had better accept the offer of Mr. Drummond of Stapleton. He invites me to make my home at his house, and for the present, perhaps, that will be the best arrangement."

Nancy was much troubled at the thought of parting from Walter, whom she had known from his infancy; but a situation was immediately offered her in the village, and Walter promised to take her as his housekeeper whenever he had a home of his own, and this comforted her, although it was likely to be a long time until then, since our hero was at present but fifteen.

He wrote a brief letter to Stapleton as follows:

"Dear Sir—I will accept the invitation you were kind enough to extend to me, for the present, at least, and will come to Stapleton about the middle of next week. You are the only relation of my father that I know of, and I think it would be his wish that I should go to you. If it should be inconvenient for you to receive me at that time, please write me at once. Yours respectfully,

"WALTER CONRAD."

In return, Walter received a letter couched in the most cordial terms, in which Mr. Drummond signed himself, "Your affectionate cousin." He was delighted, he said, to think that he was about to receive, under his humble roof, the son of his revered and lamented cousin. He himself met Walter at the depot.

"I am delighted to welcome you to Stapleton, my young friend," he said, shaking his hand cordially. "In the affliction which has come upon you, let me hope that you will find a haven of rest beneath my humble roof."

Walter made suitable acknowledgments, and proceeded to walk beside Mr. Drummond to the house which he termed humble.

It did not deserve that name, being a substantial two-story house, rather ugly, architecturally, but comfortable enough in appearance.

"That is my humble dwelling," said Mr. Drummond, pointing it out. "It is not equal to the splendid mansion in which you have been accustomed to live, but my worldly circumstances differ widely from those of your late lamented parent. That is my son, Joshua, who is looking out of the front window. I hope you may become good friends, considering how nearly you are related."

(To be continued.)

FARMS AND FARMERS



Farm Labor.

One of the greatest problems confronting agriculture is competent farm help that can be secured at a compensation proportionate to the net earnings for the farmer. Manufacturers, mining and railroads furnish employment to a vast number of workers who are under trained foremen and their wages are graduated according to the amount of product they can turn out. Manufacturers and transportation corporations are capitalized and the investment is required to earn a fixed dividend for the stockholders. The earnings are expected to exceed the dividends, operating expenses and fixed charges to create a surplus fund to conduct affairs in emergencies and during panics without stopping dividends.

The farmer is compelled to compete in the open market for help to conduct his agricultural operations. While the farmer is delighted if his investment returns a reasonable profit, he has no recourse if the season's results are conducted at a loss. The manufacturer in times of financial stringency to protect stockholders discharges a part of his force, reduces their wages or runs his plant on shorter hours. The farmer can only protect himself from exorbitant wages by the purchase of costly labor-saving machinery.

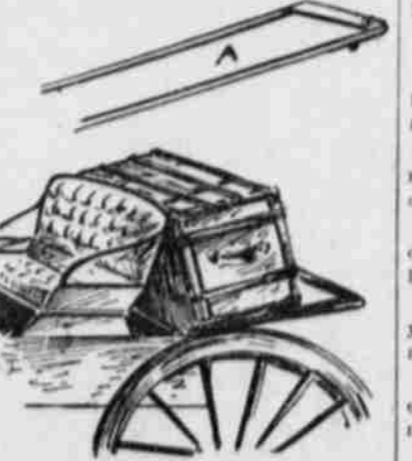
The world moves forward and the higher cost of living, the increase in value of farm lands and the higher prices of agricultural products will not soon revert to old low standards. The farmer will not find cheap labor offered in the market except by inefficient employees.

Agriculture is annually becoming more of a business proposition and the standard of labor advanced on the farm. The farm laborer must understand modern agricultural machinery and how to operate it to obtain employment. Machinery is too expensive to be trusted with inexperienced operators, and the man who can skillfully handle modern farm implements is in demand on the farm at a wage scale that will compare favorably with the employes in industrial enterprises.

Farmers are now practical business men and the majority of them keep books on farm operations and know the amount of their profit and loss annually. Farming as a profession is becoming more attractive and diversified and labor needs to be more skilled to meet new conditions of agriculture. The inducements are potential for young men to qualify as farm laborers and the field offers as brilliant prospects as any other profession. The farmer is not so much in quest of cheap labor as efficient help and is willing to pay a wage scale proportionate to the ability and proficiency of the laborer as an up-to-date farm hand.—Goodall's Farmer.

Carrying a Trunk in a Buggy.

To carry a trunk or any bulky article in a small buggy, make a frame out of two pieces of one and one-half by two-inch scantlings eight feet long. Nail a board across the ends as shown



HOW TO CARRY THE TRUNK.

In A of the accompanying illustration. Place the free ends beneath the seat and under the foot rest in front, letting the frame extend behind the buggy. The trunk or box, explains Prairie Farmer, can then be placed on the end of the frame behind the seat of the buggy. It should be tied on.

Eggs Viciously Preserved.

Eggs are preserved in many other ways besides cold storage. Often the preservative is effected by excluding the air by coating, covering or immersing the eggs, some material or solution being used which may or may not be a germicide. An old domestic method is to pack the eggs in oats, bran or salt; another consists in covering the eggs with lime water, which may or may not contain salt. In Germany sterilization is effected by placing in boiling water from twelve to fifteen seconds. Sometimes they are treated to a

solution of alum or salicylic acid. Other methods consist in varnishing with a solution of permanganate of potash, varnishing with collodion or shellac; packing in peat dust, preserving in wood ashes, treating with a solution of borlic acid and water glass, varnishing with vasoline, preserving in lime water, preserving in a solution of water glass. The last three methods have proved most successful. Infertile eggs will keep much better than fertile eggs by any manner of preservation.

New Farm Products.

Alfalfa was an unknown crop a few years ago. Now it is one of the most reliable and profitable of Texas crops. It has not been long since the onion was produced only in a few short rows for family use. Now the onion crop is one of Texas' best advertisements. The effort to raise for the market medicinal plants began with one enterprising citizen of Grayson County only a few years ago. Now this line is being taken up and will be carried on for all it is worth. The list is growing longer, and the prices of cotton and other farm products are better than they used to be, and the man with the hoe is growing more independent. The sugar beet is now being tested. Colorado holds first place in the production of beet sugar in the United States, with 422,732,550 pounds of sugar from 138,596,766 acres, while Michigan and California are closely matched for second place, producing 105,000,000 and 104,000,000 pounds, respectively. The sugar beet crop in this country last year brought \$4,500,000.

The present year will be an important season for experiments with the sugar beet in Texas. Let the tests be made under as good conditions as possible. There is really no doubt as to the results in localities where the soil is of the right density and quality. Lands that produce fine crops of beets of the ordinary variety or the "biggest turnups in the world" are quite sure to break a few records in sugar beets if given a fair test.—Galveston News.

Improved Chicken Coop.

The diagram shows a convenient way to make a coop for the poultry yard, of which the special feature is its door. Procure a box of the right dimensions and saw a hole, d, in one end. Then strengthen the box with narrow strips of wood, b, c, on each side of the hole.



HINGELESS DOOR FOR A COOP.

b, c. This acts as a groove for the door, a, to slide in. Thus you have a sliding door, which opens and shuts with the greatest ease. The front of the coop is inclosed with lath, or narrow strips, placed 2 1/2 to 3 inches apart. The top should be covered with a good grade of roofing paper to make it waterproof. A coop of this sort should be 2 to 2 1/2 feet long, 16 inches deep and not less than 20 inches high, while 2 feet would be better.—Richard's Monreux, in Farm and Home.

Farm Hints.

The horse is man's best friend, therefore he is deserving of a friend's treatment.

Don't forget that the barnyard manure is the best all-round fertilizer you can obtain.

Pasture makes the cheapest hog feed on the farm and clover makes the best hog pasture.

Don't let money act as a padlock on your heart and shut in all the kindness and happiness.

The animal that has a full, bright eye is apt to be healthy. And a moist nose is another indication of health.

Talk over with the good housewife all the undertakings of the farm. She will have some good advice to offer.

The burning of straw and stalks, except in special cases, is a wasteful practice and has no place in judicious farming.

Every farm should have a pair of scales. It is the only way for the farmer to know exactly where he stands in his buying and selling.

Farm machinery put in repair before the busy season opens means money in the pocket. When it is put away in the fall is a better time for repairing.

The man who keeps his troubles to himself is better thought of than he who burdens his neighbors with them. The neighbors have their own troubles to think about.

Little things on the farm amount to as much in the end as they do in any other business, yet the farmer as a rule does not pay as much attention to details as does the city business man.

When the Hair Falls

Then it's time to act! No time to study, to read, to experiment! You want to save your hair, and save it quickly, too! So make up your mind this very minute that if your hair ever comes out you will use Ayer's Hair Vigor. It makes the scalp healthy. The hair stays in. It cannot do anything else. It's nature's way.

The best kind of a testimonial—
"Gold for over sixty years."

Made by J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.
Also Manufacturers of
Ayer's
SARSAPILLA,
PILLS,
CHERRY PECTORAL.



MADE FOR SERVICE
and guaranteed absolutely
WATERPROOF
OILED SUITS, SLICKERS AND HATS
Every garment guaranteed
Clean - Light - Durable
Suits \$3.99 Slickers \$3.99
MADE BY BEST DRESSERS
CATERING FREE FOR THE BUSINESS

The Straightforward Sex.
"Please give me two bills for my hat, one for \$10 for my husband and for \$20 to show my lady friends."
Meggendorfer Blatterer.

Truth and Quality

appeal to the Well-Informed in every walk of life and are essential to permanent success and creditable standing. Accordingly, it is not claimed that Syrup of Figs and Elixir of Senna is the only remedy of known value, but one of many reasons why it is the best of personal and family laxatives is the fact that it cleanses, sweetens and relieves the internal organs on which it acts without any debilitating after effects and without having to increase the quantity from time to time.

It acts pleasantly and naturally and truly as a laxative, and its component parts are known to and approved by physicians, as it is free from all objectionable substances. To get its beneficial effects always purchase the genuine—manufactured by the California Fig Syrup Co., only, and for sale by all leading druggists.

WANTED
INFORMATION REGARDING
Farm or Business
for sale. Not particular about location. Wish to hear from OWNER only who will sell direct to buyer. Give price, description and state when possession can be had. Address, when possession can be had.
L. BARSTOW, Box 128, Eugene, O. T.

HOTEL MOORE
OPEN ALL THE YEAR
CLATOP BEACH SEASIDE, OREGON
Directly on the beach overlooking the ocean. Hot salt baths and surf bathing. Recreation time given for fishing, tennis, croquet, and other sports. Fine piano and steam heat. Fine walk to beach. Electric lights. Free use of Oregon and drives. Sea food a specialty. Rates, \$2.50 and \$3.00 per day. For special rates by the week, write DAN J. MOORE, Proprietor

C. Gee Wo
The well known reliable
CHINESE
Root and Herb
DOCTOR
He made a life study of the Chinese and has in his study the best of the world's wisdom. No Mercury, Poisons or Drugs Used—He Cures Without Operation, or Without the Aid of a Knife. He guarantees to Cure Catarrh, Anemia, Leukorrhea, Rheumatism, Nervousness, Nervous Debility, Bronchitis, Liver, Kidney, Tricarbolic Acid, Loss of Sleep, Female Weakness and All Private Diseases.
A SURE CANCER CURE
Just Received from Peking, China—Safe, Sure and Reliable. DON'T DELAY. DELAY ARE DANGEROUS.
CONSULTATION FREE
If you cannot call, write for system blank and address.
THE C. GEE WO CHINESE MEDICINE CO., 112 First St., Cor. Morrison, Portland, Oregon. Please Mention This Paper.