

# STRONG AND STEADY

By HORATIO ALGER, JR.

## CHAPTER XII.

Walter went up to his room, and hastily packed his trunk. He felt wretched and outraged by the unfounded charges that had been made against him. Why, he argued, should Mr. Drummond so readily decide that he had cheated him out of five dollars? He felt that he could not, with any self-respect, remain any longer under the same roof with a man who had such a poor opinion of him.

He was not sorry that his engagement was at an end. He had obtained some knowledge of the dry goods business, and he knew that his services were worth more than his board. Then, again, though he was not particular about living luxuriously, the fare at Mr. Drummond's was so uncommonly poor that he did sometimes long for one of the abundant and well-cooked meals which he used to have spread before him at home, or even at his boarding-house while a pupil of the Essex Classical Institute. He was packing his trunk, when a step was heard on the stairs, and his door was opened by Mr. Drummond, considerably to Walter's surprise.

The fact is that Mr. Drummond, on realizing what a mistake he had made, and that Joshua was the real culprit, felt that he had gone altogether too far, and he realized that he would be severely censured by Walter's friends in Willoughby.

Besides, it was just possible that Walter might, after all, recover a few thousand dollars from his father's estate, and therefore it was better to be on good terms with him. Mr. Drummond determined, therefore, to conciliate Walter, and induce him, if possible, to remain in his house and employ.

"What are you doing, Conrad?" he asked, on entering Walter's chamber. "Surely you are not going to leave us."

"I think it best," said Walter, quietly.

"You won't—ahem!—bear malice on account of the little mistake I have made. We are all liable to mistakes."

"It was something more than a mistake, Mr. Drummond. What had you seen in me to justify you in such a sudden charge of dishonesty?"

"Well, Conrad, I was mistaken. I shall be glad to have you come back to the store as before."

"Thank you, Mr. Drummond, but I have decided to go back to Willoughby for a short time. I want to consult Mr. Shaw about the future. It is time I formed some plan, as I shall probably have to earn my living."

"If you have made up your mind, all I have to say is that my humble dwelling will be ever open to receive you in the future. Perhaps, after a short visit at your old home, you may feel inclined to return to my employment. I will give you a dollar a week, besides board."

Mr. Drummond looked as if he felt that this was a magnificent offer, for which Walter ought to feel grateful. But our hero knew very well that he could command better pay elsewhere, and was not particularly impressed. Still, he wished to be polite.

"Thank you for your offer, Mr. Drummond," he said; "but I am not prepared to say, as yet, what I will do."

"I hope," said Mr. Drummond, rather embarrassed, "you won't speak of our little difference to your friends in Willoughby."

"No, sir; not if you wish me not to do so."

By this time the trunk was packed, and Walter, locking it, rose from his knees.

"If it won't be too much trouble, Mr. Drummond," he said, "I will send for my trunk to-morrow."

"Certainly. Why don't you wait till to-morrow yourself?"

"As I am ready, I may as well take the afternoon train. I will go down and bid good-by to Mrs. Drummond."

Mrs. Drummond had just come from the kitchen. She looked with surprise at Walter and her husband, whose presence in the house at that hour was unusual.

"What is the matter?" she asked.

"Conrad is going home a short time on business," explained Mr. Drummond. "I have offered him increased pay, if he will return to the store. I hope he may decide to do so. Our humble roof will ever be ready to shelter him."

Just at that moment Joshua, unconscious of the damaging discovery that had been made relative to himself, entered the room.

"Hello! what's up?" he asked.

It was the first time his father had seen him since the discovery of his dishonesty, and his anger was kindled.

"You ought to be ashamed to show your face here, you young reprobate!" he exclaimed.

Joshua stared in amazement, and Mrs. Drummond exclaimed, "What makes you talk so, Mr. Drummond? What has he done?"

"What has he done?" ejaculated Mr. Drummond, adding, rather ungrammatically, "He's a thief—that's what he's done. It would serve him right if I should flog him within an inch of his life."

"If you try it," said Joshua, sullenly, "I'll have you arrested for assault and battery."

her husband. "That boy sold a shawl a fortnight ago, when alone in the store, and pocketed the money."

"Who said I did?" asked Joshua, boldly, though he looked a little pale.

"The woman who bought it of you was in the store to-day."

"Did she know my name?"

"No; but she described you."

"I remember now."

"What made you keep the money?"

"I didn't. I waited till Conrad came into the store, and gave the money to him. What he did with it, I don't know. Perhaps he forgot to put it in the drawer."

"That's a lie, Joshua Drummond!" said Walter, quietly, "and you know it is. I think your father knows it is also."

"Do you mean to say I lie?" blurted Joshua.

"I wouldn't if I wasn't obliged to; but in my own defense I am compelled to do so."

"What would I want of the money?" demanded Joshua.

"I think you wanted the money to buy lottery tickets with," said Walter, calmly.

"To buy lottery tickets with?" demanded his father, sternly.

"It's a lie!" said Joshua, unblushingly.

"Can you prove this charge which you have made against my son?" asked Mr. Drummond, turning to Walter.

"I can, but I am sorry to be obliged to do so. I picked up this letter a day or two since, and intended to give it back to Joshua, but it escaped my mind. I would not have exposed him if he had not tried to charge me with theft."

He placed in Mr. Drummond's hands the letter already given, announcing to Joshua that he had drawn a blank. Mr. Drummond read it with no little anger, for he detested lotteries.

"Unhappy boy!" he said, addressing Joshua. "I understand now what became of the five dollars. This decides me to do what I had intended to do sooner. I have supported you in laziness long enough. It is time you went to work. Next week you must go to work. I will take you into my store; but as I am not sure of your honesty, if I find you appropriating money to your own use, I will put you into a shoe shop and make a shoemaker of you."

This was an alarming threat to Joshua, who had a foolish pride, which led him to look upon a trade as less respectable than the mercantile profession. He slunk out of the house, while Walter set out on foot for the railway station, three-quarters of a mile distant.

## CHAPTER XIII.

"Give me a ticket to Willoughby," said Walter.

Five minutes later he was occupying a seat, or, rather, half a seat, for there sat next to him a brisk, energetic-looking man of about thirty years of age. He had been reading the morning paper, but apparently he had got through with it, for he folded it up and put it in his pocket.

"Fine day," he said, briskly.

"Yes, sir, very fine," answered Walter.

"Some people are affected by the weather. I am not," pursued his fellow traveler. "I feel as smart one day as another. I'm always cheerful. I've got too much business to do to mope. When a man's got enough to busy himself about, he hasn't time to be in the dumps."

"There's a good deal in that," said Walter.

"Of course there is. Push along, keep moving, that's my motto. Are you in business?"

"No, sir, not at present."

"I'm in the subscription book business—got an office in New York. We send out agents everywhere to canvass for our publications. Lots of money in it."

"Is there?"

"Yes, I used to be an agent myself, and, though I say it, I don't think there are many agents that can get ahead of me. Sometimes I used to make twenty dollars a day. At last I thought I'd like to settle down, so I bought partnership, and now, instead of being an agent, I send out agents."

"Isn't twenty dollars a day pretty large for an agent to make?" asked Walter.

"Yes, there are not many who do it, but plenty make from five to ten right along. You look as if you would make a good agent."

"What makes you think so?" asked Walter.

"You look smart."

"Thank you," said Walter, laughing. "I am afraid you won't think so much of my ability when I tell you that I have been working for the last three months for my board."

"It's a shame. You'd better come with us. We'll do much better by you than that."

"I am going to consult some friends about my future plans. If you are willing to tell me a little of your business, I will think of what you propose."

"I have with me our latest publication. It's going like wildfire. Just the thing to please the people. I will show it to you."

Walter looked with interest while his new acquaintance drew out from a carpet-bag, which he had beneath the seat, a good-sized parcel wrapped in brown paper. Unfolding it, he produced a bulky octavo, in flashy binding, and abounding in illustrations. He opened the book and turned over the leaves rapidly.

"It's stuffed full of illustrations, you see," said he. "The expense of the pic-

tures alone was absolutely enormous—was added, dwelling upon the last word by way of emphasis. "But we're going to make it pay. The sale will be immense. Our agents already in the field report remarkable sales."

"What's the title of the book?" asked Walter, who had yet been unable to determine this point, by reason of the rapid turning of the pages.

"Scenes in Bible Lands." We include other countries besides Palestine, and we've made a book that'll sell. Most every family will want one."

"What terms do you offer to agents?"

"Why, the book sells at retail at three dollars and fifty cents. Of this the agent keeps one dollar and twenty-five cents. Pretty good, isn't it?"

"Yes, I should think it was."

"You see you have only to sell four copies a day to make five dollars. If you're smart, you can do better than that."

It really did seem very good to Walter, who couldn't help comparing it with the miserable wages he had received from Mr. Drummond.

"I think that would pay very well," he said.

"Most paying business out," said the other. "Say the word, and I'll engage you on the spot."

"Where would you want me to sell?"

"I should like to have you go West. This way districts are mostly taken up. It would give you a good chance to travel and see the world."

Now Walter was like most other young people, fond of new scenes, and this consideration was a weighty one. It would enable him to travel, and pay his expenses while doing so.

"Better say the word."

"I can't say now. I must see my friends first."

"Well, I'll give you the number of our office in New York. When you get ready, report to us there, and we'll put you in the field."

To this Walter assented, and asked several questions further, to which he received encouraging answers. The stranger gave him his card, from which our hero learned that he had made the acquaintance of Mr. James Pasher, of the firm of Flint & Pasher, subscription publishers, Nassau street, New York.

"Good-by," said Mr. Pasher, cordially, when Walter left the train for the Willoughby station; "hope to see you again."

"Thank you," said Walter, "very likely you will."

Taking his carpet-bag in his hand, for he had arranged to have his trunk come next day, he walked over to the house of Mr. Shaw, his father's executor.

Mr. Shaw was in his office, a little one-story building standing by itself a little to the left of his house. He was busy writing, and did not at once look up. When he saw who it was, he rose up and welcomed Walter with a smile.

"I'm very glad to see you, Walter," he said. "I was just wishing you were here. When did you leave Stapleton?"

"This afternoon, Mr. Shaw. I have just reached Willoughby. What progress have you made in settling the estate?"

"I can give you some idea of how it stands. There will be something left, but not much. After paying all debts, including Nancy's, there will certainly be a thousand dollars; but if you pay Nancy's legacy, that will take half of this sum."

"The legacy shall be paid," said Walter, promptly, "no matter how little remains. I am glad there is enough for that."

"I honor your determination, Walter, but I don't think Nancy will be willing to take half of what you have left."

"Then don't let her know how little it is."

"There is a chance of something more. I have made no account of the Great Metropolitan Mining stock, of which your father held shares to the amount of one hundred thousand dollars, cost price. How those will come out is very uncertain, but I think we can get something. Suppose it were only five per cent, that would make five thousand dollars. But it isn't best to count on that."

"I shan't make any account of the mining stock," said Walter. "If I get anything, it will be so much more than I expect."

"That is the best way. It will prevent disappointment."

"How long before we find out about it?"

"It is wholly uncertain. It may be six months; it may be two years. All I can say is that I will look after your interests."

"Thank you, I am sure of that."

"Now, as to your plans. You were at the Essex Classical Institute, I think?"

"Yes, sir."

"What do you say to going back for a year? It is not an expensive school. You could stay a year, including expenses, for the sum of five hundred dollars."

"It would consume all my money; and as long as I am not going to college, my present education will be sufficient."

"As to consuming all your money," said Mr. Shaw, "let me pay one thing. I received many favors from your father, especially when a young man just starting in business. Let me repay them by paying half your expenses for the next year at school."

"You are very kind, Mr. Shaw," said Walter, gratefully, "and I would accept that favor from you sooner than from any one; but I've made up my mind to take care of myself, and paddle my own canoe."

(To be continued.)

## Hydrocephalus.

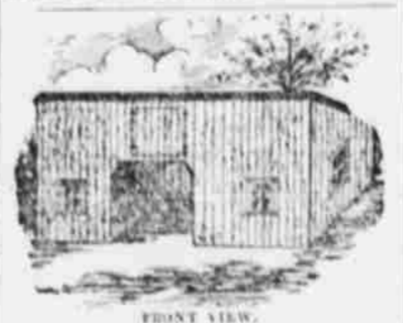
"Is isn't exceedingly clever, is he?" "Clever? I should say not. Why, if an idea should get into that fellow's head you could hear it splash."—Kansas City Times.

In employments requiring quickness and dexterity of the hands women are far more valuable than men.



## A Handy Small Barn.

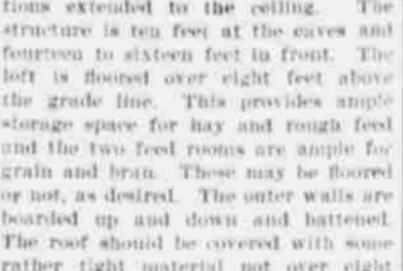
A Missouri subscriber of Farm and Home forwards a device for a handy and inexpensive barn, and in describing same says: "Many small farmers, poultrymen, fruit and truck growers have no use for a large barn such as



FRONT VIEW.

those usually published by the papers. I send the plan here illustrated in the hope that it will be of some use to those wishing a small barn. It is 18x24 feet on the ground and divided as shown in the floor plan. The open shed is used for tools, a wagon, buggy, or a shop, and sometimes simply as a place to store manure. In some of the colder States doors should be provided for the shed, and possibly the partitions extended to the ceiling. The structure is ten feet at the eaves and fourteen to sixteen feet in front. The left is floored over eight feet above the grade line. This provides ample storage space for hay and rough feed and the two feed rooms are ample for grain and bran. These may be floored or not, as desired. The outer walls are boarded up and down and battened. The roof should be covered with some rather light material not over eight inches wide, and this is tarp covered with any of the prepared roofing felt now on the market. The barn has been built several times at a price ranging from \$50 to \$60, and can be built some cheaper where native lumber is used. When neatly painted it will make a very good appearance. I was prompted to submit the sketch from several articles written by subscribers stating that small barn plans never appeared in the journals, and as it is very evident that they can only publish such article as are submitted,

possibly the readers are at fault and not the journals. I hope the above plan will be found useful to many."



FLOOR PLAN.

Don't Neglect the Garden.

In summer the farmer has plenty of work on hand, and work that must have prompt attention, but the work needed in the garden is that which he should least neglect. His living depends on it, at least he ought to think so, and act on that belief. It is certain that there is no other part of his entire work so important to the health and comfort of his family and himself, and the actual saving of expenses which a bounteous garden insures is a feature which alone warrants him in making a good garden, no matter what other work may cause him to defer. It is presumed that he has by this time of year made all necessary preparations for a supply of fruit for family use during the entire summer, and much of the provision for a supply of staple vegetables should be completed, but there is time for much more, and it will not pay to neglect it.

Mixed Breeding.

In mixed breeding, or cross breeding, nothing is accomplished beyond the first cross, says a Colorado veterinary bulletin. While a few good individuals may be secured, the tendency is for the progeny to be below rather than above the average. A man conducting his breeding in a haphazard way is contending with fearful odds, groping in the dark following a will-o'-the-wisp. In a hundred years he would be just where he started. Incidentally this is just what we have been doing in this country from the beginning, and the reason why we have so few pure breeds of live stock and are, after all this time, sending our good money across the water for pure-bred sires which we should produce at home.

After animals have been graded up to a practical purity of blood, the

longer they bred a pure line, and the more potent they become, and the more certain that the offspring will uniformly possess general excellence of form, quality, action and utility.

The same is, of course, true of all live stock. The only certain method of raising the average standard of excellence is by persistent breeding to sires of the same breed until the native blood is obliterated and the progeny uniformly possesses all those desirable qualities of the pure breed employed.

## Weaning Pigs.

It will soon be time to take young pigs from the sows, and in weaning them much care will be necessary to avoid stunting them or stopping their growth. When about three weeks old the young pigs will begin to look around for feed, and a pen should then be provided for them where they can be coaxed and given a little fresh milk—it takes very little at first—after they have once tasted the milk they may be easily called to their feed. Care should be constantly kept in this pen and the little pigs have free access to it at all times. Milk or swill should be fed to them, a little at first, and increased gradually daily. It will be beneficial to give them all the fresh clean swill they will drink up clear at each feed. Never feed little pigs anything sour, or so much swill that it will stand in the trough and sour. Feed them this way until you see that the sow is dried up, then remove her and the pigs will be weaned.

## Distributes Fertilizer.

Fertilizer is the life of the farm. The man who applies it generously is rewarded by large and fine crops, but the farmer who starts with the soil rejuvenerator pays the penalty with decreasing crops until he discovers that his ground is "worked out." Next to the use of this valuable material is the matter of its application. The best results are obtained by its even distribution over the ground, so that all parts will obtain the benefit. Where it is scattered in lumps and heaps, much of its virtue is lost. In order to accomplish this operation in the most approved manner the apparatus shown herewith has been invented by a Virginia genius. He claims that it is the most effective and compact of all the machines for the purpose, and besides this it is capable of very fine adjustment, so that the amount of fertilizer may be regulated to a nicety.



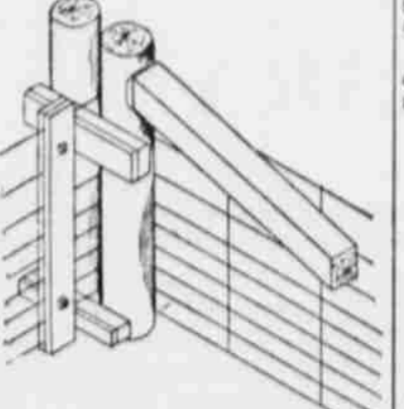
DISTRIBUTOR FERTILIZER.

United States Forest Land.

The United States Forest Service now has administration over more than 104,000,000 acres of land. This is slightly more than one-fifth of the country's total forested area; the remainder is in the hands of private owners. Nearly all the timber land of the unappropriated public domain is now in the national forests. This means that it is being protected against fire, theft, and wasteful exploitation; that its power to grow wood and store water is being safeguarded for all time, and that nevertheless its present supply of useful material is open to immediate use whenever it is wanted.

Corner Post for Wire Fence.

This contrivance is intended for the attachment of a portable woven wire fence at the ends. Two posts cleated



GOOD CORNER POST.

together at both top and bottom about four inches apart are set in line with the fence at each end. Two pieces of one by four inch oak are bolted on the fence in the form of clamps, placing one on each side of an upright wire to prevent slipping of the laterals.

Skim Milk for Chickens.

The West Virginia experiment station made a 122-day test to determine the value of the skim milk as a chicken feed. They selected twenty-two hens and fed them skim milk with the result that they secured 1,244 eggs in this time. Another lot of twenty-two hens fed with mash wet with water laid 966 eggs in the 122 days.

## PRIEST, AGED 100, FINDS LOTS OF LAUGHS IN LIFE



CANON J. C. MOYNIHAN.

Do you think that at 100 you will be able to see without spectacles, hum a merry roundelay, enjoy a funny yarn and laugh as loudly as the end men at a minstrel show?

Canon J. C. Moynihan, of Chicago, does all of these. He is vigorous and active, he sleeps well and his appetite is good. His laugh is like the first welcome peal of summer thunder.

Canon Moynihan was born in Kanturk, County Cork, Ireland, May 3, 1808. He came to America seventy years ago, and for many years after his admission to the priesthood was stationed in New Orleans. Later he was pastor of a parish in Bradford, Ill. At one time he was spoken of as a possible bishop of New Orleans. His age, however, was against him. He resides with the family of Mrs. Rosina O'Neil, whom he has known since 1848.

## FISHERMAN ACTIVE AT 84.

Capt. Brackett Won Fame as the Designer of the Dory.

The Swampscott has again come into the limelight because of the fact that the design has been favored by the United States navy to replace some of the present designs in small boats, says the Boston Post.

Capt. Brackett, the original designer of the dory, is still hale and hearty, though he is 84 years old, and he devotes almost as much attention to fishing as ever.

In fair weather he usually leads the fleet of shore fishers who put off from King's beach every morning. He still retains his skill, and among the younger fishermen there is always a pleasant rivalry to see who can get as many fish as Capt. Brackett.

Fifty-six years ago Capt. Brackett, then a young man of 32, had built from his own designs the dory which has since made Swampscott famous.

The dory then in use was the "lap-streak," a boat floating low, a hard boat to row, a slow sailer and with a strong inclination to "turn turtle" without warning. Frequent capsizing and the slowness in getting home after having a good catch led to his desire for a safe and better sailing dory.

Always on the lookout for a dory built on new lines, he came across one down on the "rape" and from it he got his ideas.

After drawing his plans he met with an unexpected difficulty—no one cared to build such a "freak" craft, but finally James Knowlton said he would try it.

The frame having been set up and partially planked, it was seen that the new craft had rather a narrow bottom and very round edges, which was enough in a fisherman's eyes to stamp her as a failure. Even when finished and the good lines were seen, very few but who agreed that the new boat was in no way equal to the "lap-streak."

However, Capt. Brackett had confidence in his boat, and she was entered in all the races and made good.

## EVOLUTION OF THE CANNON.



An early type of field gun, with a curious wheelbarrow mount for rapid and convenient transport.

## Classics Under Suspicion.

"Do you approve of the Greek drama?" inquired the student.

"No," answered the manager, "not if it gives some of these college boys their ideas of what to expect and how to behave in a theater."—Washington Star.

## Gauging His Speed.

"Of course, your friend Graphiter is rather fast."

"Well, he isn't as slow as he looks." "No, nor as slow as he pays his debts."—Philadelphia Press.

When some people speak to you, your reply should be "Hal ha!" For it's always a joke.