



CAMP NO. 1.

Synopsis.—Dissatisfied because of the seemingly barren outlook of his position as a school teacher in a Canadian town, John Harris determines to leave it, take up land in Manitoba and become a "homesteader." Mary, the girl whom he loves, declares she will accompany him. They are married and set out for the unknown country.

CHAPTER I—Continued.

Harris left his wife with a company of other women in the government immigration building while he set out to find, if possible, lodgings where she might live until he was ready to take her to the homestead country. He must first make a trip of exploration himself, and as this might require several weeks his present consideration was to place her in proper surroundings before he left. He inquired at many doors for lodgings for himself and wife, or for his wife alone. The response ranged from curt announcements that the inmates "ain't takin' boarders" to sympathetic assurances that if it were possible to find room for another it would be done, but the house was already crowded to suffocation. In two hours Harris, notwithstanding his stout frame and his young enthusiasm, dragged himself somewhat disconsolately back to the immigration building with the information that his search had been fruitless.

At the door he met Tom Morrison and another, whom he recognized as the teller of Indian stories which had captivated the children of his car.

"And what luck have ye had?" asked Morrison, seizing the young man by the arm. "Little, I'll be thinkin', by the smile ye're forcin' up. But what am I thinkin' of? Mr. McCrae is from 'way out in the Wakopa county, and an old timer on the prairie."

"Aleck McCrae," said the big man. "We leave our 'misters' east of the Great Lakes. An' Ah'm not from Wakopa, unless you give that name to all the country from Pembina crossing to Turtle mountain. Ah'm doing business all through there, an' no more partial to one place than another."

"What is your line of business, Mr. McCrae?" asked Harris.

"Aleck, I said, an' Aleck it is."

"All right," said the other, laughing. "What is your business, Aleck?"

"My business is assisting settlers to get located on suitable land, an' eking out my own living by the process. Tom here tells me you're hunting a house for the wife. Ah know Emerson too well to suppose you have found one."

"I haven't, for a fact," said Harris, reminding of the urgency of his mission.

"It's out of the question," said McCrae. "Besides, it's not so necessary as you think. What with the bad time our train made, an' the good time the stock train made, an' the fact that they started ahead of us, they're in the yards now. That's a piece of luck, to start with."

"But I can't put my wife in a stock car!" protested Harris.

"There's worse places," McCrae answered, calmly worrying a considerable section from a plug of black chewing tobacco. "Worse places, Ah should say. Ah've seen times when a good warm stock car would have passed for heaven. But that ain't what Ah have in mind. We'll all turn in an' get the stock unloaded, hitch up the horses, pack a load, an' get away. Ah've been making a canvass, an' Ah find we have six or seven families who can be ready to pull out this afternoon. My team will go along, with a good tent an' some cooking outfit. Everyone has bedding, so we're all right for that. Now, if we all hustle we can be started by 4 o'clock, an' out ten or 12 miles before we pitch camp. How does it suit you?"

"What do you say, Mr. Morrison?"

"I think Aleck's plan is best. I've my wife and the two girls, and there's no roof for their heads here. It suits me."

"If it's all settled," continued McCrae, who had the leader's knack of suppressing indecision at the psychological moment, "we'll all turn in with the unloading of the stock."

Harris ran to tell his wife that they were to join a party for "the front" that very afternoon. She received the news joyously.

In a few minutes all hands, both men and women, were busy at the cars. Many hands made the work light, and by mid-afternoon six sleighs

were loaded for the journey. All the women and children were to go with the party; Morrison and one or two hired men would remain in Emerson, complete the unloading, and take charge of the effects until the teams should return from their long journey. McCrae, on account of his knowledge of the town and of the needs of the journey, was chosen to secure the supplies.

Each settler's sleigh carried that which seemed most indispensable. First came the settler's family, which, large or small, was crowded into the deep box. McCrae made them pack hay in the bottom of the sleigh boxes, and over this were laid robes and blankets, on which the immigrants sat, as thickly as they could be placed. More robes and blankets were laid on top, and sacks stuffed very full of hay served the double purpose of cushioning their backs and conveying fodder for the animals.

Morrison came up to Harris' sleigh, and gave it an approving inspection.

"You will all be fine," he said, "and a great deal better than wearyin' about here. Besides, you're just as well to be away," he added, in a somewhat lower voice. "McCrae tells me if this sun keeps up the roads will be gone before we know it, and that means a delay of two or three weeks."

At this moment McCrae himself joined the group. "There's only two in your party, Harris," he said, "an' while Ah don't want to interrupt your honeymoon, there's another passenger to be taken care of." Dr. Blain is going with us, and Ah'm going to put him in your charge. He's a bit peculiar, but Ah don't think he'll give you any trouble. It's just a case of being too much of a good fellow. One thing Ah know—he's a doctor. Ah'm going up town for him now; you can shift your stuff a little an' make room."

The whole party were ready for the road and waiting before McCrae appeared again. When he came a companion staggered somewhat uncertainly by his side.

"I'm aw'right, McCrae," he was saying. "I'm aw'right. Shay, whash thish? Shildren 'v Ishrul?"

"Come now, Doctor, straighten up. Ah want to introduce you."

Half leading and half pulling, McCrae brought the doctor to Harris' sleigh. "This is Mr. Harris, who you will travel with—Jack Harris. An' Mrs. Harris."

The doctor had glanced only casually at Harris, but at the mention of the woman's name he straightened up and stood alone.

"Glad to meet you, madam," he said. "And it's only proper that the pleasure should be all mine." There was a little bitterness in his voice that did not escape her ear.

"But indeed I am glad to meet you," she answered. "Mr. McCrae has been telling us something of your work among the settlers. We are very fortunate to have you with us."

He shot a keen look into her face. She returned his gaze frankly, and he found sarcasm neither in her eyes nor her voice.

"Help me in, McCrae," he said. "I'm a bit unsteady * * * There now, my bag. Don't move, Mrs. Harris * * * I think we are quite ready now, are we not?"

"Most remarkable man," whispered McCrae to Harris. "Wonderful how he can pull himself together."

McCrae hurried to his own sleigh, called a cheery "All ready!" and the party at once proceeded to get under way.

Harris' thoughts were on his team, on the two cows trudging behind, and on the multiplicity of arrangements which his new life would present for decision and settlement. But his wife gazed silently out over the ocean of snow. The rays of the sun fell gratefully on her cheeks, pale and somewhat wan with her long journey. But the sun went down, and the western sky, cloudless and measureless, faded from gold to copper, and from copper to silver, and from silver to lead. It was her first sight of the prairie, and a strange mixture of emotions, of awe, and loneliness, and a certain indifference to personal consequences, welled up within her. Once or twice she thought of home—a home so far away that it might have been in another planet. But she would not let her mind dwell on it for long. She was going to be brave. For the sake of the brave man who sat at her side, guiding his team in the deepening darkness; for the sake of the new home that they two should build somewhere over the horizon; for the sake of the civilization that was to be plant-

ed, of the nation that must arise, of the manhood and womanhood of tomorrow—she would be brave.

A bright star shone down from the west; one by one they appeared in the heavens. * * * It grew colder. The snow no longer caked on the horses' feet; the sleigh runners creaked and whined uncannily.

The team came to a sudden stop. The sleigh in front was obstructing the road, and the party closed up in solid formation.

"Camp No. 1," called Aleck McCrae, from the head sleigh. "Run these sleighs up in two rows," and he indicated where he wanted them placed. "It's hard on the horses an' cattle, after the warm cars, but they'll stand it tonight if they're well blanketed. Tomorrow night we'll be among the Mennonites, with a chance of getting stable room."

Under Aleck's direction the sleighs were run up in two rows, about 20 feet apart, facing the north. Two sleighs were then run across the opening at the north end, so that altogether they formed a three-sided court. Men with shovels quickly cleared the snow from the northerly portions of the court, and there the tent was pitched. The ground was covered with blankets, robes and bedding. Pots and pans were produced; women eager to be of service swarmed about the stove, and children, free at last of their muffling wraps, romped in high-laughtered glee among the robes or danced back and forward with the swinging shadows.

Savory smells soon were coming from hot frying pans, as sliced ham with bread and gravy, was served up in tin plates and passed about the



Savory Smells Soon Were Coming From Hot Frying Pans.

tent. Everybody—married men and women, maidens and young men, girls, boys, and little children—was ravenously hungry, and for a few minutes little could be heard but the plying of the vlands. But as the first edge of hunger became dulled the edge of wit sharpened, and laughter and banter rolled back and forward through the tent. The doctor, now quite sober, took a census, and found the total population to be 28. These he classified as 12 married, eight eligible, seven children, and himself, for whom he found no classification.

When the meal was over and the dishes washed and packed, Aleck made another round of the camp before settling down for the night. Meantime mothers gathered their families about them as best they could; the little ones sleepily mumbled their prayers, and all hands, young and old, nestled down like a brood of tired chickens

Ventilation.

Through persistent education the why and wherefore of this great health necessity has been explained; still to the many, air is air, and that is all there is to it.

Ventilation does not simply mean "open wide the windows," but it should be done scientifically, especially in a sick room. To properly ventilate, the air must be kept in motion. The entrance opening for fresh air should be larger than the one for exit. If these openings are directly opposite, the motion will take place without doing the room any good. If there are two windows in the room, one should be opened from the top and the other from the bottom. For the general daytime room the temperature should be 68 degrees and at night 65. A bathroom should be kept at 70. For the sick room of pneumonia patients and several other diseases, of course, the temperature should be kept as low as possible without having the patient in a draught.

One Good Innovation.

Jud Tunkins says one of the best helps to production is the change in political customs that prevents a man to neglect work in order to go around and get bids for his vote.

under the white wings of the protective tent. Outside the ground-drift sifted gently about the sleighs, the cows sighed in contentment, and the wolves yapped to each other in the distance.

CHAPTER II.

Prairie Land.

The afternoon that has just been described was typical of the days that were to follow as the immigrant party labored its slow pilgrimage into the farther west. True, they entered on the very next day a district having some pretense of settlement, where it was sometimes possible to secure shelter for the women and children under hospitable Mennonite roofs. They soon emerged from the Red River valley, left the vast, level, treeless plain behind them, and plunged into the rolling and lightly wooded Pembina region.

After numerous consultations with McCrae, Harris had arranged that his immediate destination should be in a district where the scrub country melted into open prairie on the western side of the Pembina. The Arthurses, who were also of the party, had homesteaded there, and Fred Arthurs had built a little house on the land the year before. Arthurs was now bringing his young wife to share with him the privations and the privileges of their new home. A friendship had already sprung up between Mrs. Arthurs and Mrs. Harris, and nothing seemed more appropriate than that the two women should occupy the house together while Harris sought out new homestead land and Arthurs proceeded with the development of his farm.

After the crossing of the Pembina the party began to scatter—some to homesteads already located; others to friends who would billet them until their arrangements were completed. At length came the trail, almost lost in the disappearing snow, that led to Arthurs' homestead. A quick handshake with McCrae, Ned Bacon, and the doctor, and a few others who had grown upon them in the journey, and the two young couples turned out to break their way over the little-used route that now lay before them.

Picking out a homestead.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

NEXT JOB IS WHAT COUNTS

Good Thing to Forget What One Has Done, and Look Forward to Something Else.

James J. Hill, who possessed a phenomenal memory, said it is easy to remember things you are interested in.

What to do, therefore, is to discern what things are useful, what things one ought to be interested in, and then forget the others.

That sounds easy, but it isn't easy, as we all know. However, if we try, we may accomplish something. If we don't, we won't.

Let's see, therefore, what are some of the things we ought to forget.

First, and most important of all, forget that brilliant record you made at school or that wonderful sale you made which caused all the boys to talk, or that remarkable piece of work you did which won your raise of pay and promotion.

Forget the big things you did yesterday or last year.

Forget all about the time you topped the list and were made a fuss over.

Forget that you are (in your own eyes) a wonder, a world beater.

Water that has gone over the mill wheel can grind no more corn.

Forget what you have already done and address all your mind and strength and talent to the next job.—Forbes Magazine (New York).

Franklin's Court Harmonica.

One of the first musical instruments made by an American was a mouth harmonica, made by Benjamin Franklin at the time when he was minister at the court of Louis in France, where he played it with considerable skill before Marie Antoinette and her court ladies.

The queen was so delighted and interested that Franklin presented the little instrument to her. After Marie Antoinette was beheaded in the great French revolution, this mouth harmonica had many sensational experiences till finally it came into the possession of a wealthy musical amateur and collector in this country, who has it, I believe, to this day.—Musical America.

Troublesome Spiders.

A spider in Buenos Aires spun its web near a telephone cable. The wind caught the web and wrapped it around the wires. The web soon became damp and caused several short circuits. Other spiders in the neighborhood followed the adventurous one's example, and now it has become necessary for the telephone company to send a man out every few days to clear the wires of webs.—Popular Science Monthly.

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DAIRY CATTLE NEED SILAGE

Succession It Supplies is Very Necessary for Large Milk Production—Cheapest of Feeds.

Silage is the best and cheapest form in which to store succulent feed. Many forage crops can be made into silage, but corn, where it can be grown successfully, makes the best silage.

Good silage depends upon cutting the crop at the right stage, fine cutting, even distribution, thorough packing and plenty of moisture in the cut material. When rightly put up and carefully fed, there should be little if any loss through spoiling.

Silage is well suited for feeding to all live stock. Dairy cows need it perhaps more than other classes of animals, because the succulence it supplies is very necessary for large milk production. It is a cheap and economical feed for beef cattle, from breeding cow to fattening steer. Sheep like it, and it is well suited to their needs. Even horses and mules may be fed limited quantities of good silage with excellent results.

OBTAIN PROFIT IN DAIRYING

Feed Prices Have Slumped While Price of Butter Still Remains at High Figure in Cities.

Feed prices down 50 per cent or more and butterfat prices still high should mean that men who are now milking cows or who get into the dairy business will make money. Corn and alfalfa have made decided drops in price, while butter is still retailing around 60 cents a pound in these cities. Hence the best way to market these two feeds would appear to be through stock, especially milk cows. A few good milk cows, with feed as cheap as it now is, assures an income and should mean a good profit.

FAULT IN CREAM SEPARATOR

Often Happens That Foreign Matter Lodges in Screw Causing Decrease in the Flow.

If the flow from the cream spout of the separator seems smaller than ordinarily, it usually pays to investigate. In spite of all precautions, it often happens that foreign matter lodges in the cream screw thus causing part of the cream to be retained with the skim milk. A test of the skim milk will tell.

Index to Dairyman.

The kind of bull a man keeps is a pretty fair index to the kind of dairyman he is.

Difference in Feeding. There's a difference between feeding cows so they can exist and feeding them so they can produce milk.