

For The Term of His Natural Life

By MARCUS CLARKE

CHAPTER V.

In the prison of the 'twain-decks reigned a darkness pregnant with murmurs. The sentry at the entrance to the hatchway was supposed to "prevent the prisoners from making a noise," but he put a very liberal interpretation upon the clause, and so long as the prisoners refrained from shouting, yelling and fighting he did not disturb them.

To one coming in from the upper air, the place would have seemed in pitchy darkness; but the convict eye, accustomed to the sinister twilight, was enabled to discern surrounding objects with tolerable distinctness. The prison was about fifty feet long and fifty feet wide, and ran the full height of the 'twain-decks. The barricade was loopholed here and there, and the planks were in some places wide enough to admit a musket barrel. On the left side, next the soldiers' berths, was a trap door, like the stove-hole of a furnace. At first sight this appeared to be contrived for the humane purpose of ventilation, but a second glance disclosed its true purpose. The opening was just large enough to admit the muzzle of a small howitzer, secured on the deck below. In case of a mutiny, the soldiers could sweep the prison from end to end with grape-shot. Such fresh air as there was, filtered through the loop-holes, and came, in somewhat larger quantity, through a wind-sail passed into the prison from the hatchway. But the wind-sail being necessarily at one end only of the place, the air it brought was pretty well absorbed by the twenty or thirty lucky fellows near it, and the other hundred and fifty did not come so well off. The scuttles were open, but as the row of bunks had been built against them, the air they brought was the peculiar property of such men as occupied the berths into which they penetrated. These berths were twenty-eight in number, each containing three men. They ran in a double tier round three sides of the prison, twenty at each side, and eight affixed to that portion of the forward barricade opposite the door. Each berth was presumed to be five feet six inches square, but the necessities of stowage had deprived them of six inches, and even under that pressure twelve men were compelled to sleep on deck.

When Frere had come down, an all snugly between their blankets. They were not so now; though, at the first clink of the bolts, they would be back again in their old positions. To the appearance of sound asleep. Groups of men, in all imaginable attitudes, were lying, standing, sitting or pacing up and down.

Old men, young men and boys, slant-eyed burglars and highway robbers, steeled by side with wined pickpockets or cunning-favored men and high living forger occupied the same berth with the body snatcher. The man of education learned strange secrets of house breakers' craft, and the vulgar ruffian took lessons of self-control from the keener intellect of the professional "stealer."

The fraudulent clerk and the flash "crackman" interchanged experiences. The smuggler's stories of lucky adventures and successful runs were capped by the footpad's reminiscences of foggy nights and stolen watches. The poetical, grimly thinking of his sick wife and orphaned children, would start as the night-house ruffian clapped him on the shoulder and bid him to take good heart and "be a man." The shop boy, whose love of fine companies and high living had brought him to this pass, had shaken off the first shame that was on him, and listened eagerly to the narratives of successful vice that fell so glibly from the lips of his older companions. To be transported seemed no such unaccountable fate. The old fellows laughed, and wagged their gray heads with all the glee of past experience, and listening longed for the time when it might do likewise. Society was the common foe, and magistrates, jailers and parsons were the natural prey of all noteworthy mankind. Only fools were honest, only cowards kissed the rod, and failed to meditate revenge on that world of respectability which had wronged them. Each newcomer was one more recruit to the ranks of ruffianism, and not a man penned in that reeking den of law, order and freedom. What he might have been before mattered not. He was now a prisoner, and he lost his respect, and became what his jailers took him to be—a wild beast to be locked under bolts and bars, lest he should break out and tear them. The conversation ran upon the sudden departure of the four. "What could they want with them at that hour?"

"I tell you there's something up on deck," says one of the group nearest him. "Don't you hear all that rumbly and rolling?"

"What did they lower boats for? I heard the dip of the oars."

"Ain't a cove to get no sleep!" cried a gruff voice. "My blood, if I have to turn out, I'll knock some of your empty heads together."

It seemed that the speaker was a man of mark, for the noise ceased instantly. "Wot's the matter?" roared the silence of the riot, jumping from his berth and scattering the crew and his companions right and left.

Just then there came a groan from the man in the opposite bunk.

"Well, I'm blessed!" said the giant. "Here's a pretty go! All the blessed chickens 'as' got the croop!" Sentry, here's a man sick!"

But the prudent sentry answered never a word, until the ship's bell warned him of the approach of the relief guard; and then honest old Pine, coming with anxious face to inquire after his charge, received the intelligence that there was another prisoner sick. He had the door unlocked and the man outside in an instant. One look at the flushed, anxious face was enough.

"Who's that moaning in there?" he asked.

It was the man who had tried to call for the sentry an hour back, and Pine had him out also, conviction beginning to waver a little.

"Take 'em both aft to the hospital," he said; "and, Jenkins, if there are any more men taken sick, let them pass the word for me at once. I shall be on deck."

The guards stared in each other's faces with some alarm, but said nothing, thinking more of the burning ship, which now flamed furiously across the placid water, than of peril nearer home; but as Pine went up the hatchway he met Blunt.

"We've got the fever aboard! Head like a fire-ball, and tongue like a strip of leather. Don't I know it?" and Pine grinned, merrily. "I've seen 'em him moved into the hospital. Hoosier! As dark as a wolf's mouth. I've seen dog-kennel I liked better."

rection," said Frere. "They had a good four hours' start of us, you know."

Then Best came up and told the story to a crowd of eager listeners. The sailors having hoisted and secured the boats were hurried off to the forecastle, and the four convicts were taken in charge and locked below again.

"You had better go and turn in, Frere," said Pine, gruffly. "It's no use whistling for a wind here all day."

Pine took a couple of turns up and down the deck, and then, catching Blunt's eye, stopped in front of Vickers. "You may think it a hard thing to say, Captain Vickers, but it's just as well if we don't find these poor fellows. We have quite enough on our hands as it is. The fever has broken out."

Vickers raised his brows. He had no experience of such things, and though the intelligence was startling, the crowded condition of the prison rendered it easy to be understood, and he apprehended no danger to himself.

"It is only in the prison, as yet," said Pine, with a grim emphasis on the word; "but there is no saying how long it may stay there. I have got three men down as it is."

"Well, sir, all authority in the matter is in your hands. Any suggestions you make I will, of course, do my best to carry out."

"Thank you. I must have more room in the hospital, to begin with. The soldiers must lie a little closer. And you had better keep your wife and the little girl as much on deck as possible."

Vickers turned pale at the mention of his child. "Do you think there is any danger?"

"There is, of course, danger to all of us; but with care we may escape it. There's that maid, too. Tell her to keep to herself a little more. She has a trick of poking about the ship I don't like. Infection is easily spread, and children always sicken sooner than grown-up people."

Blunt, hitherto silently listening, put in a word for the defense of the absent woman. "She is right enough, Pine," said he. "What the matter with her?"

"Yes, she's all right, I've no doubt. She's less likely to take it than any of us. You can see her vitality in her face—as many lives as a cat. But she'd better keep infection quicker than anybody."

"I'll be at once," cried poor Vickers, turning round.

(To be continued.)

CHANCE FOR LION HUNTERS.

Cougars Multiplying Too Rapidly in Yellowstone National Park.

Mountain lions have increased so rapidly in Yellowstone Park of late that they threaten the extinction of deer, elk and other wild animals that live in this great government game preserve. So numerous have the cougars become that the government, through President Roosevelt's recommendation, has given John and Homer Goff, celebrated guides and hunters at Meeker, Col., a contract to clear the lions out of Yellowstone Park. John Goff is the guide who won fame taking President Roosevelt on his successful cougar-hunting trip to Colorado.

The work of hunting lions in Yellowstone Park will, it is estimated, take several seasons, and in the meantime there is a demand for lion hunters in Colorado, Wyoming and other cattle states, where stockmen are suffering great losses from these predatory animals. Cougars are said to be on the increase in the Rocky Mountains.

Owing to the enormous number of mountain lions in Yellowstone Park the government will not have to pay a large bounty to the Goff brothers. The hunters will receive a bounty of \$5 on each mountain lion they kill, in addition to a salary of \$75 a month each for their work. Most of the work will be done between the spring and fall, for the winters are very severe in Yellowstone Park, the climatic conditions being almost arctic, owing to the moisture generated by many geysers. The Goff brothers have the largest and finest pack of cougar hounds in the world.

For some reason the mountain lion prefers the flesh of a goat to that of any other animal, and cougars have become the terror of horse raisers in the Rocky Mountain states. It is estimated that as a result of the ravages of mountain lions in the last year not fifty goats are left alive on the ranges between Phoenix and Prescott—San Francisco Bulletin.

Kind to the Dentist.

New Dentist (in Frozen Dog)—Will you take gum?
Brynes Bill—Will it hurt much if I don't?
Dentist—It will.
Bronco Bill—Then, stranger, for your sake I think I'd better take it—Life.

Information Wanted.

Skipper—You want to send that case of freight to Baltimore? I'll cost you \$8 a cent's foot.
Lady—My! How many feet is it from here to Baltimore?—Philadelphia Press.

A Reflection Amplified.

"All the world's a stage," quoted the melancholy man.
"Yes," answered Stormington Barnes, "and the average lifetime isn't long enough to provide a good rehearsal, let alone a first-class performance."—Washington Star.

Profit and Loss.

"I'm afraid," said the doctor, "you did not profit by my advice."
"Of course I didn't," growled the sick man. "That's where you come in, your charge of \$2 for giving it!"

His Proposition.

She—I will become engaged to you for two weeks.
He—Make it a week. I don't think my money will last longer than that.—Judge.

Carding Affairs.

Mandy—You don't use those colored supplements around your milk bottles any more, do you, Cynthia?
Cynthia—Goodness, no! The news was so sensational it curdled the milk.

Starting Rumor.

"I hear," said the sarcastic friend, "that you are engaged."
"Dear me!" exclaimed Miss Elderleigh, excitedly. "Is it to any one I know?"

Successful Marriages.

Sillicus—Do you believe that love is blind?
Cynicus—Yes, if the girl is rich.—Philadelphia Record.

TOPICS OF THE TIMES.

A CHOICE SELECTION OF INTERESTING ITEMS.

Comments and Criticisms Based Upon the Happenings of the Day—Historical and News Notes.

If marriage has been a failure this civilization would not have been here.

Everybody says the love of money is the root of all evil, but nobody believes it.

If John D., Jr., is not a trifle more careful John D., Sr., may take him out in the woods.

A building may burn either down or up; it depends on whether the fire starts in the attic or basement.

Blunt says he never accepts change. This may be the reason he is making such a fuss over the change suggested for him.

A railroad is to be constructed across Borneo, enabling the celebrated wild man to come to town by steam next time.

Can a man live on water? asks a contemporary. In this age of stock watering extraordinary questions are a strange one.

Probably no bride ever began house-keeping with a more magnificent array of pickle dishes than Mrs. Nicholas Longworth has.

The editor of London Punch has resigned on account of old age, but it would be cruel to say that he has set a worthy example for some of Punch's jokes.

Ian MacLaren says a young man should hide his humor, if he has any. The trouble is, so few young men have humor, and they refuse to hide what they think is humor.

Mr. Jerome, the English humorist, thinks Americans joke too much. It is natural that he should object to the "Every man his own humorist" arrangement. The professionals must live.

Borrowing, says young Mr. Rockefeller, kills friendship, and should be shunned. We hope no one has been so unwise as to forfeit the young gentleman's friendship by asking him for a loan.

Our new minister to Japan, Luke Wright, complains that no two of his pictures in the papers are of the same man. Seems kind of fussy about his pictures. Wants them to Luke Wright, so to speak.

Revolutions are fashionable nowadays. Revolutionists have triumphed in Ecuador. Santo Domingo is just settling down after an upheaval. Representative government has lately been established in Montenegro through the generosity of the prince. Russia is still in a condition of struggle, neither openly warlike nor wholly peaceful. Even the Persians are beginning to talk of a constitutional government.

Take good care of your feet if you want good health. This you might think a trivial remark, but it is indeed very serious. The reports of the Japanese army surgeons show that the remarkable good health and endurance of the Japanese army were due to the care of the feet. This is not a theory. Experience of hundreds of thousands of men ought to be worth something.

This is the age of combination and in no field is this spirit of the age more manifest than in that of the railroads. In acquiring control of the Illinois Central Mr. Harriman and his associates are putting the spirit into practice once more. It is not apparent that the tendency toward consolidation is diminishing or that the possibilities of further combination among railroads are nearly exhausted. Mightier and mightier wax the groups and more powerful grow the financial chiefs. For the present Mr. Harriman is the most conspicuous of the chiefs, just as his system of lines is the vastest. But railway kings, like kings of state, do not reign forever and if the process of combination and evolution continues another king even greater than he may arise in another year.

Should a dentist charge a royal patent ten or twenty times more than a commoner? This question is now agitating New York society, being inspired by the disclosure that a metropolitan tooth tinker assessed Prince Louis of Battenberg \$1000 for fixing up four of his molars, or at the snug rate of \$250 a tooth. Physicians and surgeons have always held that the saving of the life of a person of importance in the world is worth more than the cure of a life of mediocre or negligible value. There is a well-defined principle of professional charges, stoutly maintained by the practitioners, and as stoutly resisted by the patients, though without much success, that the beneficiary of professional skill pays according to his bank account and not according to the character of the operation or treatment.

It would be commonplace to point out the advances made in both medicine and surgery during the last half century, for in that time medicine has come to be a real science and surgery both an art and a science. Sanitation, hygiene, the broad principles that underlie the health of continents and states, are now well understood and the individual is made safe because the public may be thoroughly safeguarded against pestilence of any kind. The doctors have conquered smallpox, diphtheria, yellow fever, the bubonic plague, and all but one of the dreadful scourges that devastated the homes of our fathers, and they seem now on the right track in the systematic, relentless, intelligent and heroic war they are waging against tuberculosis. Typhoid fever, pneumonia and scarlet fever are robbed of much of their terrors, for where either was once likely to prove fatal now they are

very likely not to. Who, then, has done so much for his fellow man as the doctor? Who else has lived for him so self-sacrificingly and died for him so uncomplainingly?

The most convincing evidence of present American prosperity is the apparent ability of the labor market to absorb the shiploads of immigrants that are arriving daily. Between the 1st of January and the 1st of September 1901, 645 aliens—568,729 males and 199,910 females—landed in this country. Most of them, judging from the countries whence they came, must have been unskilled laborers. There came from Austria-Hungary 215,000, from Italy 208,000, and from Russia 130,000. One would suppose that the demand for rough, unskilled labor had been fully met by the earlier immigrants and that there was nothing left for the newcomers to do, but presumably they have been able to turn their hands to something. In London the bitter cry of tens of thousands of unemployed is heard. Their sufferings are so acute and prolonged that they can no longer remain silent. No such cry is heard in the United States, not even in New York City, where the poorest and least enterprising among the immigrants take up their abodes. If any number of them were in such straits as the starving Londoners, who recently sent a deputation to plead with Arthur Balfour, they would be heard from. There is a manifest and unprecedented demand for skilled labor. It is known that manufacturing plants are not only being run on full time but are being enlarged so that they can meet the demand for their products. That does not explain why it is that the unskilled laborers who are pouring in so rapidly are able to get work at wages that will enable them to live. Perhaps one explanation is that many of the men who were rated as unskilled laborers a few years ago when they came to this country have gone up a step in the economic scale. They have become skilled, or partly skilled, workmen in some industry, and the cheaper work they used to do has fallen into the hands of others. There have always been immigrants who have remained at the foot of the ladder, but the smarter, brighter ones have acquired a little knowledge of the language of the country. Notwithstanding the seeming ability of the country to take care of a great mass of unskilled labor, a decrease in immigration would be desirable. There is a falling off when times are hard here and the fact becomes known abroad, but immigration keeps up until then. The result is that as prosperity declines and the labor market is inactive it becomes painfully apparent that the influx of unskilled laborers has been excessive. At present every able-bodied workman who wants work can get it. There are idle men to be seen, but they are, as a rule, the loafers and the drinkers. So long as the present phenomenal prosperity endures there apparently will be something for the rawest, greenest immigrant to do.

WEALTH CAME FROM AUNT.

Honest Taxpayer Thought He Was on a Gift Train.

Once upon a time a free-born taxpayer who could not be satisfied to let well enough alone by paying his taxes and letting other folks divvy up the stealings, went to the alderman of his ward and said:

"My dear sir, I am come to ask you a question that has caused me several sleepless nights, and I hope you will have no hesitation in answering."

"Did you ever know an alderman to hesitate at anything?" was asked in reply.

"The question, sir, is this: How is it possible for an alderman in receipt of a salary of not more than \$500 a year to accumulate at least \$20,000 worth of riches in the space of five years?"

"Meaning that I have done that same?"

"Prithce, it is so."

"There are various ways, my friend, such as buying stocks in an alley or playing with the catnip market, but to be plain with you, I owe my advancement to the death of my aunt. She died and left me all she had, and here in my desk are the written proofs."

"Truly, but I am disappointed," said the taxpayer, as he turned away. "I believed that I was on a hot trail, and that we would have another case for Hughes to investigate. I beg your pardon and will now take my departure."

Moral (if any be needed): If he had asked me how much my aunt left me I should have been up a tree," smiled the alderman, as he rubbed his hands together and felt the blandness of integrity stealing over him.

Not Darkest Before the Dawn.

The idea that the darkest hour is just before the dawn is poetical, but to be incorrect. The darkest hour is midway between sunset and dawn, and the legend is of a piece with the statement often made that the hour preceding dawn is the coldest.

In many countries there is a fixed belief that just before the break of day there comes an hour when nature grows cold and pulseless and life butters in the breast of the dying man finally expires.

According to science such dislocation should occur between three and four o'clock, investigation extending over a period of several years having proved that the temperature is lowest then.

Chess to Build Character.

J. P. Withrow, a merchant of Hollis and Ellersboro, N. C., has a novel plan in behalf of the Interdenominational Church he proposes to build in Hollis. Tobacco tags, if this plan does not mature, are to serve as the financial foundation of the new place of worship. Already the tags are pouring in upon the devoted collector from many sources. Mr. Withrow hopes before long to have the building of the "tobacco tag church" under way.

Whenever some women appear with a new friend, others think, "That's another one I have heard her abuse a thousand times."

Don't worry about the bad news you get in letters: If the news was really bad, it would have been telegraphed.



FARMERS' CORNER.

Horse Blanket.

A horse blanket particularly adapted to draft animals is the invention of a Seattle man. This blanket is so ventilated that undue accumulation of animal heat under the blanket is prevented. This is accomplished by having openings in that portion of the horse. The openings being at the highest point occupied by the blanket when arranged on the animal, the rising animal heat passes off freely. To

prevent water or snow from gaining access through these openings there is used a shield, which is supported above the openings by a skeleton wire frame. The reins for guiding the horse are held in place in the frame. The shield, which is made of fabric, is of greater width than the openings, thoroughly protecting the animal. Such a blanket would be suitable for livestock of any kind.

Building Up a Beef Herd.

It is important to have cattle of good individual quality and to have this backed up by good pedigrees. But it is equally important that their environment be right, writes a New York farmer in American Agriculturist. A farm that is naturally poor and grows poor crops can only develop stock of poor quality. I am positive of this. The farm on which my cattle are kept is considered one of the best in the county and is not getting any poorer with the large amount of manure my stock make. It is not what could be called high ground, but almost level and well drained. This soil is underlain with limestone, similar to the limestone and blue grass lands of Kentucky, that have long been famous for the stock that came from them.

The Honey Muskmelon.

One of the astonishing things in vegetable growing or rather in growing vegetables for the express purpose of supplying the consumer, is the utter indifference shown by the grower to the matter of quality. The same excuseable if there were no other sorts, but when there are a dozen more or less far better than the varieties offered it is strange, indeed, they are not grown. A family well known to the writer was especially fond of musk melons and bought them in large quantities until all that were offered them were so poor in quality they stopped using them and the producer lost valuable trade. The Honey melon, which has been tested for three years past, is one of the promising new sorts. It is a nicely formed melon, the skin green and the flesh a yellowish green. The flesh is firm and deep and of a

Wheat the Best Sheep Food.

Some of the experiment stations find that a pound of wheat in feeding has more nutriment than a pound of any other grain. In corn there is 8 per cent of digestible protein, barley 8.25 per cent, oats 9.25 per cent, rye 9.12, while wheat has 10.23 per cent. An English authority estimates wheat fed to lambs is worth about 70 cents per bushel. The Indiana station realized 77 cents a bushel for wheat fed to sheep.

Roots Good for Poultry.

Roots of all kinds can be fed to poultry with advantage in the winter time to supply green food. It is a good practice to split the roots and allow the hens to pick out the contents. Where the roots are small drive a nail through one end and into a board on the side of the house to prevent them from being dragged around and soiled.

Cure for Lumbermen.

For lumbermen in fowls try one tablespoonful of copperas dissolved in each two gallons of drinking water. Maggots from decaying animal matter are said to produce lumbermen in fowls. This is doubtful, but as a matter of precaution would suggest that any carcass that may be around be buried.

Selecting the Bore.

In the selection of breeding swine more attention should be given to the question of early maturity and easy feeding qualities. The matter of selecting a bore is one of supreme importance. A neat head and ear, a nice coat with style and quality, are points of importance equal to those of size and bone.

White Pine Lumber Costs to-day Five Times as Much in this Country as It Cost in 1865.

To Fight Bull Weevil.

Secretary Wilson, of the Department of Agriculture, asks in his report to Congress that \$105,500 be appropriated as the bull weevil item for the following year. It is proposed that the Secretary be authorized to expend the appropriation in such manner as he shall deem best, in co-operation with the State experiment stations and practical cotton growers. Of the special appropriation of \$105,000 which was made for the fiscal year ending June 30, 1901, \$105,000 has been used by the Bureau of Plant Industry in the study of cotton diseases, diversification and co-operation with the various experiment stations in extending the improved cultural methods. It is recommended that this appropriation be continued, not as a separate item, but as a part of the regular bureau funds. It is highly important, the Secretary of Agriculture adds, that the investigation on breeding of new cottons, the general propagation of work on improved cultural methods, the study of the diseases and diversification of crops, be continued and extended into other Southern States likely to be invaded by the weevil. The object of this appropriation is to enable the department to continue this work.

Milk Pays More than Butter.

The following, with reference to the decline of butter manufacture in England, is from Hon. Frank W. Mahin, United States consul at Nottingham, England: "One plausible explanation of the manifest decline in dairying in England is that it is more profitable to sell the milk, the drinking of which is increasing, than to convert it into butter. Consequently the average British farmer is making no butter to sell, but is even buying what he needs for his own use. Furthermore, it is asserted that some English dairies buy foreign butter and sell it as their own product—the domestic article, though inferior, in the judgment of many consumers, commanding a higher price than the foreign."

Ringling Unwary Hoop.

When the saws get going and inclined to make trouble, various kinds they can be readily controlled by an arrangement made of ropes and placed around the jaws of the animal. Such a rope is not easy to put in position with an angry hog, so a little device made of an old broom handle is used. Insert a small hook in one end of the handle and near the other end nail a

FOR RINGLING THE HOGS.

strap, which fastened so as to form a loop, will enable one to get a firmer grip on the handle. Then take the rope and make a slip noose in one end, hang it from the hook on the end of the small pole and, with a quick movement, place the loop over and around the upper jaw, when the mouth is forced open. Take hold of the rope with one hand, just above the noose and with the help of the ringer insert the ring or rings on the snout. The animal will be unable to fight much with this appliance around its jaw. The illustration shows the details of the method of having the loop over the jaw.

Demand for Trotters.

The breeding of hackneys may answer for men of great wealth and large incomes, but the average American farmer will find it much more profitable to breed from the best of trotting stock, says American Cultivator. He should aim to produce animals of good size, high intelligence, pleasant disposition, a pure trotting gait and high, all round action. There is always a good demand for such animals and at prices that will insure a profit to the man who breeds and raises them, provided they are properly educated to harness and well fitted for the market.

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