

When Abby Cleaned Up

By Sophie Swett

(Copyright, by Joseph B. Bowles.)

"Selly's down with a fever," said Hiram Rogers, slowly, after another swallow of coffee.

"You don't say!" exclaimed his wife. "A fever? Well, I don't know as it is to be wondered at. I won't say that she ain't neat, seeing she's your only sister, but she does live so budgety and cluttered up."

"She's so rheumatic, it must be hard for her to keep her house in order," said Abby Rogers, aged 18, from the end of the table. "I saw in through the window once, and I just ached to get in and clear up for her."

Abby had a firm, round, pink-checked face and the crinkly hair that is said to denote energy.

"How came you to look in at the window?" demanded her father, sharply.

"I went to get the yellow kitten out of her pear tree. She helped me, and seemed very kind, but when I thanked her she said she had only done it because she didn't want a Rogers kitten in her pear tree."

Hiram Rogers chuckled. "That's Selly all over," he said.

"Poor Selly! I can't say that I ever thought 'twas just right for your father to cut her off with \$500 because she wouldn't give up Alvin Getchell," said Mrs. Rogers, reflectively to her husband.

"We always meant to do something towards making it up to her, Horace and I," said Hiram Rogers, unworldly communicative, and reaching for another doughnut, "if she hadn't been so cantankerous, and the property hadn't run down so. We've had about all we could do to get along." He shuffled a little uneasily as he spoke.

"I suppose Jane Leggett is nursing Aunt Selly," said Abby, slowly. "She's old and almost blind. She won't make things any neater."

"Land! I don't suppose your Aunt Selly would let anybody meddle with her things, anyway," said Mrs. Rogers, rising from the table.

"Riah! Riah!" called Abby, clearly but cautiously, at the back door. Her brother Uriah, 17, and as tall as his father, thrust his head out at the hon-house door, and obeyed Abby's mysteriously beckoning finger.

"I want you to go down to Aunt Selly's with me," she whispered.

Uriah was apt to argue—and agree. Abby looked back as she climbed the orchard wall and saw, as she expected, that he was following her.

Jane Leggett lived at the poor-house, when there was no one who would give her a home for her care in sickness.

"I will take the responsibility—if you will please say nothing," said Abby.

Abby fell upon the kitchen first. "Who would have thought that it was a kitchen, with a box or budget in every corner?" she said, with uplifted hands.

Abby restored the boxes and budgets to their places conscientiously, after she had cleaned the corners where they were piled—in the kitchen. In the shed she was not quite so scrupulous. She said to Uriah that they might have a bonfire and burn the rubbish that was piled up in the loft—moldy feather pillows, moth-eaten rags and broken baskets and boxes.

The "loft" was formed of three or four rough boards placed across the beams of the unfinished shed. It was covered thickly with dust and festooned with cobwebs.

Uriah did as he was bidden without remonstrance.

Aunt Selly's fever was a slow one. It was four weeks after the cleaning day that Jane Leggett was, one morning, discovered rheumatically climbing the orchard wall and breathlessly struggling up the orchard slope.

"She's 'most had a fit!" she announced. "She wa'n't well enough to get up, but she would, she was so anxious about her things. She knew somebody had been meddling with her things, and she's been barking on it ever since. So get up she would, and I had to tell her that you had been and cleaned up for her. She's going on about her attic. She says you love out her attic."

"Her attic?" echoed Abby, amazed. "That place that she had up aloft in the shed. She said 'twas all the attic she had, and nobody wa'n't nothing without an attic. She keeps wringing her hands and saying she could have borne anything but to have her attic hove out. She calculates to go to Carmel Monday, to see her second cousin Mirandy, that's sent for her to come. She hasn't been away from home for 15 years, but she says she's so upset by the loss of her attic that it doesn't make any difference what becomes of her."

Abby dropped upon the window seat, as Jane Leggett hurried back down the orchard slope. The firm, rounded cheeks under the sweeping cap were not pink, but scarlet. And the sweeping cap became a thinking cap for as much as an hour.

"Father, Dar'us Blake says carpentering is slack," began Abby, and her mother pulled her dress to stop her.

"Don't go at him that way; you'll give him a stroke, or something," she whispered. But Abby went on, in spite of her mother's warning twitch.

"So he will work at a low price. And I want Aunt Selly to have an attic."

"To have what?" exclaimed Hiram Rogers, from his favorite seat on the woodbox beside the stove. Abby told the whole story.

"Darius Blake says that for \$300 he would raise the roof and make an attic all over her little house." Abby went straight on, breathlessly, although her father did not look up.

"There's a hundred dollars of my school money that I've saved, and I want you and Uncle Horace to give the rest."

Hiram Rogers arose slowly and went towards the door. His wife called him anxiously, as if she expected him to

have a stroke then and there. He went on without a word and shut the door behind him. But it opened again after a moment.

"I'll see what Horace says, daughter," he said.

It was almost a month later that Aunt Selly came home from Carmel. There was a glow on her soamy cheeks that looked as if the fever might be lingering, but it really was caused by a paper in her pocket—a musty, yellowed paper that second cousin Mirandy Slocumb had found in her husband's old secretary.

Abby, watching, as she did every night, saw the stage stop at Aunt Selly's, and flew down over the orchard slope. Aunt Selly was standing stock still in the road, blinking in amazement at the pretty dormer window that shone in the sunset light above her door.

Abby appeared before her, flushed and breathless.

"I—I feel sorry for the mischief I did—throwing out your—your attic," she stammered. "And—and father and Uncle Hiram helped me to build the new one."

Aunt Selly stared at her fixedly, amazedly. Then suddenly her hard face quivered and broke like a winter pool in the sun.

"I have wanted an attic terribly," she said. "My old things—"

"They're all safe up in our attic. I

hope you'll come and get them yourself," said Abby, eagerly. Aunt Selly had said that she never would set foot in the old house again.

She walked into her own house and shut the door. But as Abby turned away it was opened again.

"Maybe I'll come up," said a trembling voice.

It was on a Saturday, and less than a week afterward, that she came. Abby let her in, and she walked, without a word, directly up the old, familiar attic stairs.

"I wish you'd let me go alone," she said, quaveringly, to Abby. "There's something that I want to think out alone—amongst the old things."

When she came down, two hours after, she said that she had gathered her things together, and would send for them.

"You—you may come and see me if you're a mind to," she said, and suddenly drew Abby towards her and kissed her.

"There's a queer story afloat," said Abby, at the supper table, a week after. "It came from Mirandy Slocumb, up at Carmel. It seems that she found a will of grandfather's, among her husband's papers, and it bequeathed to Aunt Selly her share of his property. It was dated just before his death."

An ironical smile flickered about her father's mouth. "Guess we should have been apt to hear of it from Selly," he said.

Abby went thoughtfully up into the attic, where Aunt Selly had "thought things out." There were dry bits of paper scattered in a corner, as if a letter had been torn up. Abby gathered them up and tried to piece them together; but it was in vain; they were so small she could only make out the heading of a legal document and her grandfather's name, "Hezekiah Rogers," in the shaking hand of an old man.

She ran down across the orchard, holding up her apronful of the bits of paper. "It isn't right! You must have your own," she said, standing rigidly upright, "a Daniel come to judgment," before Aunt Selly.

"Sh!" whispered the old woman. "How did you find it out? I wrote to Mirandy not to say a word! I've got you and an attic, and that's all I want."

Compelled by Conscience.

Dr. Champlin, some years ago a practicing physician in Towanda, who is now located in Bloomburg, was the other day surprised by receiving a letter accompanying several five-dollar bills from a man in New York state. The letter explained that the money was in payment of a debt for medical attendance given by Dr. Champlin 15 years ago, when the physician and writer both lived in Towanda. The sender of the money explained that recently he had become converted to religion, and that he had also amassed considerable fortune and was now able to pay off all his old debts, and that his conscience compelled him to do this.—Philadelphia Record.

After Knowledge.

Yeast—A man anxious to see what it would do to him drank 110 glasses of beer in a day.

Crimsonback—I suppose you would call that thrifting for knowledge?

"Rather say quenching for knowledge."—Yonkers Stateman.

Ellen Terry evidently believes in a third term.

NEWS OF MISSOURI

Prison Twine Output Exhausted.

Jefferson City—The entire output of the penitentiary binding twine plant, which reached \$75,000 pounds, has already been disposed of, and orders are daily coming in. Warden Hall declares that this demonstrates a larger wheat crop than had been anticipated and also shows that the twine plant is a success. Preparations will be made to increase the output, which is sold only to Missouri farmers.

Stolen Money to Religious Society.

Trenton—Five boys, from 11 to 15 years of age, have been implicated in petty thieving here within the last two weeks. Four have been sentenced. In telling of his crime in court, Ray Walker stated that he gave part of the money he stole from a store to the Christian Volunteers, who were holding services on the street, and a part of it to his mother.

Expert Reports Shortage.

Galena—Expert Accountant L. U. Crawford, who has been examining the accounts of County Treasurer W. L. Long and former County Treasurer W. B. Langley, reported to the county clerk. His report shows Treasurer Long's office is short \$1,928.49, and that the books of W. B. Langley, now county clerk of Stone county, show a discrepancy of \$321.08.

Tom Clay Will Hang.

Jefferson City—Sheriff Rothwell of Boone county, who brought seven prisoners to the penitentiary, called on the governor to learn what was to be done, if anything, toward granting clemency to Tom Clay, sentenced to be hanged at Columbia on June 27. The governor declined to grant clemency to Clay, and the sheriff will begin preparations for the execution.

Charge Against Allen Dismissed.

Jefferson City—The complaint filed with Gov. Folk two weeks ago against President Allen of Lincoln Institute, charging him with laxity in discipline and alleging moral shortcomings among the students, were investigated by the board of regents at a recent meeting and found to be false and without foundation.

One Dead; Two Hurt in Storm.

Charleston—During a severe electrical storm James Walker, Ross Owens and Thomas Butcher, working for the Ward Lumber Co. at Whiting, a sawmill town ten miles south of here was struck by lightning. Walker was killed and Owens and Butcher are in a critical condition.

Missouri Pioneer Dies.

Joplin—Thomas E. Sauls, a sergeant in the Seminole war, a participant in the Mexican and civil wars and a pioneer in the development of the lead-zinc industry of this district, died at the age of 103 years. He was born in North Carolina.

Society Leaders Marry.

Paris—J. K. Greer and Miss Kittie Moss, leaders in local society, were married by Elder J. R. Perkins at the home of A. R. Blakey. The wedding was a surprise to their families and friends. Mr. and Mrs. Greer left for Texas, where Mr. Greer will embark in the jewelry business.

Government to Send Up Balloons.

Springfield—This city is to be the scene of a number of balloon experiments by the war department this summer. Balloon ascensions in the Ozarks are rendered difficult on account of aerial conditions, and the war department is to make tests here for that reason.

Congress to Be Asked to Aid.

Springfield—Missouri's delegation in congress is to be asked to aid the movement inaugurated by citizens of Springfield to secure the improvement of National boulevard, extending from the city limits to the National cemetery. An appropriation of \$40,500 will be asked.

Dies After Fifth Attempt.

Joplin—Mrs. Grace Ponsaint is dead at her home here as a result of her fifth attempt to poison herself. She had been saved four times by the opportune arrival of physicians, but they were too late to aid her after she took a large dose of strychnine.

Dying Convict Pardoned.

Jefferson City—Charles Wedertz, sentenced to serve seven years in the penitentiary from Carroll county for highway robbery, has been pardoned by the governor and delivered to his father, to be taken to his home in Indiana to die.

Folk Names Washburne.

Jefferson City—Gov. Folk announced that R. M. Washburne of Columbia is to be appointed pure food commissioner. Mr. Washburne was state dairy commissioner, but his office was abolished by the law creating the pure food commissioner's office.

Annapolis Cadet Dies.

Brookfield—Harry Leaphart, a member of the class of '09 of the naval academy at Annapolis, died at the home of his father in this city. The young man was at home on a furlough.

Dave Ball's Nephew Weds.

Montgomery—Harry Ball and Miss Jesse Suggert were married at the Methodist church. The groom is a nephew of Dave Ball, former candidate for governor, and also a great-nephew of Judge D. P. Dyer of St. Louis.

Woman Dies On Eightieth Birthday.

Higginsville—The wife of Edward Youngs, a rich farmer, was found dead in her bed of heart disease. Preparations had been made to celebrate her eightieth birthday anniversary.

County Surveyor Named.

Jefferson City—Gov. Folk has announced the appointment of Benjamin H. Anderson to be county surveyor of Polk county to fill the vacancy occasioned by the death of Perry M. Erwin.

UNAMERICAN POLICY

EVIL IN PROPOSED GOVERNMENT OWNERSHIP OF RAILROADS.

Is Socialistic and Contrary to Provisions of the Constitution—Democratic Plag Provides Only Feasible Solution.

According to Webster's dictionary, socialism is a social state in which there is a community of property among all the citizens; and the word is said to be a new term for agrarianism. A socialist is therefore a person who advocates a community of property among all the citizens of the state.

State socialism, or agrarianism, is tabooed in the federal constitution, by which personal liberty and private property are protected in the same sentence and under the same words with human life. No person shall "be deprived of life, liberty, or property, without due process of law; nor shall private property be taken for public use without just compensation." These words are found in the famous fifth amendment. The constitution also guarantees "the right of the people to be secure in their persons, papers, houses, and effects."

Socialism is, therefore, absolutely inconsistent with Americanism. Yet this does not imply that cities, counties or states may not, or should not, build, own, and operate railroads, turnpikes, bridges, gas works, waterworks, telephone systems, street-car lines, subways, or anything which may properly be called a public utility, any more than it implies that the government of the union may not own its shipyards, gun factories, warships, military railway, telegraph and cable lines; its "forts," magazines, arsenals, dockyards and other needful buildings; its military and naval stores, its coaling stations, its mints, its printing establishments, etc.

The government might own and operate a railroad for military or naval purposes, and it does, in fact, now own and operate a railroad in Panama, and it is constructing a canal there for national purposes consistent with the constitution. But it has no authority to own or operate "trunk lines" engaged in ordinary interstate commerce. Its power over such lines is only the "power to regulate," a sort of police power entirely distinct from ownership, yet amply sufficient to control all interstate commerce and its instrumentalities. No man who reveres the constitution or prizes individual rights will ever consent to "federal ownership of trunk lines." Because, such ownership being necessary and tending to socialism and despotism, is un-American, and contrary to the entire ethical and political ideals of the English-speaking races. A leader who would advocate such a policy would find himself at home in a feudal monarchy, but not in a republic.

The Democratic party, through its leaders in 1888, devised the only constitutional or feasible plan for controlling interstate and foreign commerce. On January 30, of that year, Mr. Rayner introduced in the house of representatives a bill based on the commerce clause of the constitution; and on August 14, of the same year, Mr. Reagan introduced a similar bill in the senate, providing for the control of trusts, and defining a trust; and subsequently Mr. Bland of Missouri offered an amendment, providing that "every contract or agreement . . . for transportation of persons or property from one state or territory into another shall be deemed unlawful within the meaning of this act" (21 Record, 4104). This amendment was aimed at the railroad "pools" and the Standard Oil trust. It passed the lower house unanimously, but was partly stricken out by the senate. It would have rendered the so-called Sherman anti-trust act, which was really the Rayner-Reagan bill, entirely effective. All that is now needed is to incorporate the principle of the old Bland amendment into the anti-trust law and increase the penalties for its violation by making such violation a felony and punishing by imprisonment the criminals found guilty. It is as foolish to talk of making the government own the railroads in order to govern them as it would be to talk of making it own all men in order to govern them. Government ownership would result in placing all railroad employees at the mercy of designing politicians, and create the worst political machine ever devised by man.

Can Do No Wrong!

In order to show that he is as fit as a fiddle, physically, the president has had some jumping pictures taken on horseback. And the critics are questioning his hold on the reins. Go to! The present occupant of the White House is absolutely flawless.—Rochester Herald.

Washington Ignored.

June 11 was District of Columbia day at the Jamestown exposition. Why couldn't we have a Washington day at the fair? If there's nothing in a name, why was the name of Washington given to the capital of the United States? If there is anything in a name why was the original name of the city changed to that of the District of Columbia? Columbus never in all his life struck a blow for human rights, nor ever breathed the air of a free country. Why should his name supersede that of Washington, as it has done? Perhaps it is because the statesmen of this imperialistic era wish to blot out the memory of his example and principles.

Proctor Knows Too Much.

If Robert G. Proctor, former private secretary to Senator Lodge, who was convicted of larceny of \$225 from the Republican campaign funds, carries out his threat to expose those "higher up," there will be fun galore. It is said that in order to avoid such a catastrophe Proctor is likely to receive a pardon.

London Youth's Rapid Career.

Edward Arthur Robinson, son of the late Peter Robinson, the London dry goods man, is 24 years old and bankrupt, having managed to get rid of \$2,100,000 since he came of age.

THE TARIFF ISSUE.

Will the Republicans Revise Their Former Creed?

The factional fight in the Republican ranks on the question of tariff revision is becoming more and more intensified. Secretary Taft has been denounced as a free trader by Mr. Wakenman, the secretary of the Protective Tariff League, who says he therefore "will not bear the standard of the Republican party next year." Since the Wakenman declaration Secretary Taft has come out openly for tariff revision, thus defying the standard faction of his party. We may presume that Secretary Taft did not take this step without consulting President Roosevelt and that they agree that the time has arrived to hurl defiance at Wakenman, his Protective Tariff League and the standpat faction of his party. We may take it that Secretary Taft did not take this step without consulting President Roosevelt and that they agree that the time has arrived to hurl defiance at Wakenman, his Protective Tariff League and the standpat faction of his party. We may take it that Secretary Taft did not take this step without consulting President Roosevelt and that they agree that the time has arrived to hurl defiance at Wakenman, his Protective Tariff League and the standpat faction of his party.

Investigation will show that this 95,000 acres comprises one of the finest bodies of Agricultural and Truck Farming land in the entire state, commencing about 36 miles south of San Antonio and about two miles south of Pleasanton (the county seat of Atascosa County), and extending through Atascosa and a part of McMullen Counties, to within 17 miles of my 60,000-acre Live Oak County Ranch, which I in four months last year, sold to 4,000 Home Seekers, on liberal terms, without interest on deferred payments, which gives the poor man, from his savings, a chance to secure a good farm and town lot for his home in town. I will donate and turn over to three bonded Trustees, \$250,000 from the proceeds of the sale of this property to the purchaser, as a bonus to the first railroad built through this property on the line which I shall designate.

This property is located on that middle plain between East Texas, where it rains too much, and the arid section of West Texas, where it does not rain enough.

Its close proximity to San Antonio, the largest city in the State, with a claimed population of over 100,000, enhances its value as a market for Agricultural and Truck farm products far beyond the value of similar land not so favorably located.

Topography.

Level to slightly rolling. Large, broad, rich valleys, enclosed by elevations suitable for homes; 90 per cent. fine farming land, balance pasture land.

Forestry.

Ash, Elm, Gum, Hackberry, Live Oak, Mesquite, Pecan, abundant for shade, fencing and wood.

Soil.

About 60 per cent. rich, dark, sandy loam, balance chocolate or red sandy loam, usually preferred by local farmers, and each with soil averaging from 2 to 4 feet deep, with clay subsoil, which holds water.

Climate.

Mild, balmy, healthy, practically free from malaria, few frosts, no snow, no hard freezes; continuous sea breeze moderates extremes of heat and cold, producing warm winters and cool summers. Average temperature about 62 degrees.

Rainfall.

From the Government record, it is safe to assume that the rainfall on this property has been fully 35 inches per year, which is more than some of the old States have had, and is plentiful for ordinary crops properly cultivated, and for Grass Growing.

Improvements and Water.

This property is fenced and cross-fenced in many large and small pastures, with four barbed wires, with posts about 12 feet apart. Also a number of fine shallow wells.

Also a number of fine Lakes and Tanks.

Also, a number of fine flowing Artesian Wells, whose crystal streams flow for miles and miles down those creeks, brooks, rich valleys, irrigable from those continuously flowing streams, make it the ideal place for the Marketing Gardener who desires to raise from two to three crops of marketable produce on the same ground every year.

Farming and Truck Farming.

Seasons never end. This land is adapted to profitable culture of Beans, Cabbage, Celery, Cucumbers, Lettuce, Tomatoes, Beets, Carrots, Onions, Radish, Squash, Strawberries, Cauliflower, Okra, Oyster Plant, Peas, Raspberries, Turnips, Apricots, Cantaloupes, Grapes, Irish Potatoes, Olives, Sweet Potatoes, Bananas, Dates, English Walnuts, Figs, Melons, Peanuts, Barley, Blackberries, Broom Corn, Lemons, Pines, Tobacco, Alfalfa, Rye, Oranges, Peaches, Pecans, Corn, Cotton, Oats, Wheat, Apples, Pears.

Page 63 of the book entitled "Beautiful San Antonio," officially issued by the Business Men's Club of San Antonio, dated May, 1906, says:

"It is readily conceded by all those who know anything about Texas that the most prolific agricultural section is that which recognizes San Antonio as its logical center, particularly that portion directly south of San Antonio, with the Gulf of Mexico bordering on the southeast and the Rio Grande bordering on the south and west.

"Within the last four or five years, in the territory named, special attention has been given to growing vegetables, their maturing at a time when they secure the maximum prices on Northern markets, which markets they virtually invade without a competitor. The profit in growing vegetables in this territory will be seen by an examination of the following figures, secured from reliable sources, showing

Net Earnings Per Acre:

"Watermelons from \$75.00 to \$200.00.
"Cantaloupes from \$40.00 to \$75.00.
"Cabbage from \$125.00 to \$225.00.
"Cauliflower from \$75.00 to \$225.00.
"Beans and Peas from \$100.00 to \$125.00.
"Tomatoes from \$125.00 to \$400.00.
"Potatoes from \$50.00 to \$150.00.
"Onions from \$150.00 to \$500.00.
"Tobacco Peppers from \$50.00 to \$500.00 per acre.

"The Chicago Record-Herald publishing the following individual experiences in South Texas:

"Men who came here with \$500 and \$600 a few years ago are now independently rich."
"A young man who came to this

Tom Reed's Birthplace.

The birthplace of the late Speaker Reed, which is about to be torn down, is in the heart of Portland's Italian quarter and is now a tenement, swarming with sons and daughters of sunny Italy. How much they are impressed with the greatness of their surroundings is shown when a visitor, desiring to get a look at the celebrated statesman's birthplace, asked a boy if he would show him the "Tom Reed house." "Tomma Reed! Tomma Reed! You mean Tomma Reed, da

President Roosevelt Said:

"Texas is the Garden Spot of the Lord"

95,000 Acre Ranch of Dr. Chas. F. Simmons Now On the Market.

Here is Your Opportunity to Buy a Farm of from 10 Acres to 640 and Two Town Lots in This "Garden Spot" for \$210. Payable \$10 per Month Without Interest.

country for his health, bought 19 acres and in one year cleared over \$4,000 from it, which was \$233.33 per acre.

"Another man, 65 years old, from 79 acres, sold \$5,000 worth of produce, from which he realized \$63.29 per acre and then raised a Cotton crop on part of it, which made him \$35 per acre, which made the same land net him \$98.29 per acre for that year.

"Another man from 80 acres in 1904 realized as follows: From Onions, \$2,226.91; from Cotton, \$1,800; 200 bushels Corn; 12 tons Hay; 5,000 pounds Sweet Potatoes.

"Another made \$2,200 from five acres of early Cabbage, which was \$640 per acre, and grew a second crop of Corn and Peas on the same ground that year.

"Another realized \$27,000 from 90 car loads of Cabbage, averaging \$300 per car, which was \$207.69 from each of the 130 acres he had planted.

"Another netted, above all expenses, \$60 per acre on Potatoes, and planted the same ground in Cotton that year from which he realized \$35 per acre, which made that ground yield him \$95 per acre.

"Another realized \$32,966 from 230 acres in Melons, which was \$143.33 per acre.

"Another netted \$21,000 from 35 acres in Onions, which was \$600 per acre.

"Another netted \$17,445, or \$79.25 per acre from nine cuttings of 220 acres in Alfalfa, which yielded in one year 2,475 tons and sold at \$11 per ton.

"Another received \$900 from one acre in Cauliflower; sown in July, transplanted in August, and marketed in December."

The same authority quotes the following statement from the Hon. Joseph Daily, of Chillicothe, Ill., who owns thousands of acres in the Illinois Corn Belt. He says:

"I am one of the heaviest taxpayers on farm lands in Mason and Tazewell Counties, Illinois, and I have been familiar with the conditions around San Antonio for 12 years. Any thrifty farmer can get rich, and make more money off of this cheap land, acre for acre, than any land in the State of Illinois, that sells from \$150 to \$225 per acre."

Come to the land of beautiful sunshine and almost perpetual harvest. Where the people are prosperous, happy and contented.

Where the flowers bloom ten months in the year.

Where the farmers and gardeners, whose seasons never end, eat home-grown June vegetables in January, and bask in mid-winter's balmy air and glorious sunshine.

Where the land yield is enormous and the prices remunerative.

Where something can be planted and harvested every month in the year.

Where the climate is so mild that the Northern farmer here save practically all his fuel bills and three-fourths the cost of clothing his family in the North.

Where the country is advancing and property values rapidly increasing.

Where all stock, without any feed, fatten