

From Alpha to Omega

By HERBERT QUICK

Author of "Alladin & Co."

"Virginia of the Air Lines," Etc.

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found they had sold too much stock, and quit mining ore to run it down so they could buy it back. Some big holders hung on, and they had to make the play strong. So they went and broke for fair, and let Brady's widow and Pete and a lot of others get judgments, and they bought up the certificates of sale. D'ye see?"

"Kind of," said I. "It'll come to me all right."

"It was a stock market harvest of death," said Lungey. "The judgments were to wipe out all the stock. This convinces me that the vein is hidden and not lost, as you said."

"I thought I mentioned the fact," said I, "that Brady showed me the ore-ore."

"That's why I'm here," said he. "I want you to find Pete Peterson for me."

"Why?" I said.

"Because," answered Addison, "he's got the junior certificate."

"Give me the grips and pass words," I demanded; "the secret work of the order may clear it up."

"Listen," said he. "Each certificate calls for a deed to the mine the day it's a year old; but the younger can redeem from the older by paying them off—the second from the first, the third from the second, and so on."

"Kind of rotation pool," said I, "with Pete's claim as ball fifteen?"

"Yes," said he; "only the mine itself has the last chance. But they think they know that Pete won't turn up, and they gamble on stealing the mine with the Brady certificate. Your perspicacity enables you to estimate the importance of Mr. Peterson."

"My perspicacity," I said, giving it back to him cold, "informs me that some jackleg lawyer has been and bunked Pete out of the paper long since. And he couldn't pay off what's ahead of him any more he could buy the Homestake? Come, there's more than this to the initiation!"

"Yes, there is," he admitted. "You remember Lucy, of course? No one could forget her. Well, her father and I are in on a secret pool of his friends, they to find the money, we to get this certificate."

"Where does Lucy come in?" said I.

"I get her," he replied, coloring up. "And success makes us all rich!"

"I never said a word. Lungey was leery that I was soft on Lucy—I might have been, easy enough—and

They know where Pete is. So will we if we follow their spoor."

We pelted on right brisk after them. The draw got to be a canyon, with grassy, sheep-nibbled bottom, and we knew we were close to somewhere. At last rolling to us around a bend, came a tide of remarks, rising and swelling to the point of rough-house and riot.

"The widow!" said I. "She knows me. You go in, Lungey, and put up a stall to keep 'em from seeing Pete alone first!"

I crept up close. The widow was calling the Jackleg everything that a perfect lady as she was, you know, could lay her tongue to, and he trying to blast a crack in the oratory to slip a word into.

"I dislike," said Lungey, "to disturb privacy; but we want your man to show us the way."

"Who the devil are you?" said the sheriff.

"My name—" began Lungey.

"Whatever it is, sort," said the widow, "it's a better name for his you shake to—the black far-down, after taking me man and lavin' me shawnee wid me babies he robbed you what the court give." But as long as I've a tongue in me hid to hold, ye'll not know where he's hid!"

And just then behind me came braced with a double X.

"Dat bane you, Bill!" said he casual-like. "You must back a piece and told him the Jackleg was there. He ran, and I had to rope him."

"You're nervous, Pete," said I, helping him up. "What's the matter?"

"Dis blame getaway biz," he said, "bane purty tough on fallar. Ay listen an' yump all ten nights!"

"How about going back for the mine?" I asked.

"Dat bane gude yoke!" he grinned. "Ay got gude flock an' plenty rance here, an' Ay stay, Ay tank. You kill fallar, Bill, an' take half whole shooting-match!"

"Got that certificate?" I asked.

It was all worn raw at the folds, but he had it. The Jackleg had an assignment all ready on the back, and I wrote Addison's name in, and made Pete sign it.

"Now," said I, "we'll take care of Mr. Jackleg, and you'll get something for this, but I don't know what. Don't

order for six dollar John Johnson's wages. Ay bane gude fallar!"

"Thanks!" said the Jackleg, plous like. "And is that long document the certificate of sale in Peterson vs. Golden Fountain, etc.?"

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DIVERSIFICATION ON SOUTHERN FARMS

Some Reasons for Getting Away From One-Crop Idea.

VITAL PROBLEM FOR FARMER

Must Inaugurate a Safe and Sane System of Farming to Enrich, Instead of Wearing Out Our Land—Cotton Exhausts Humus.

(By G. H. ALFORD)

There are two problems before us for solution. However, the most real and vital problem before us just at this time is to get our farmers to practice a safe and sane system of farming; one that will include crops to enrich instead of wear out our lands; one that will include plenty of good live stock to consume the surplus products and the leguminous crops that must be grown to still further enrich the land—a system of farming that will grow the necessary corn, oats, wheat, rice, sugar cane, vegetables, fruits of all kinds, poultry, hogs, mules, horses, cattle, sheep and other live stock for home use and to sell at a price the people in our towns and cities can afford to pay.

The too exclusive culture of cotton has exhausted the humus, the life-giving principle in our soils; the washing of the clean cotton fields has gone on to such an extent that millions of acres of the best land in the cotton belt have been ruined. The too exclusive culture of cotton makes it necessary to send the money obtained for cotton north to pay for corn, oats, pork products, mules, horses and other farm products. The too exclusive culture of cotton has caused overproduction, thereby forced the price far below an equitable one, so that there has been but little more than a bare living for cotton farmers. The too exclusive culture of cotton established the credit system. As long as our farmers raise their supplies at home there is no necessity for the credit system. The too exclusive culture of cotton compels us to buy on credit and dump all of our cotton on the market in the fall in order to satisfy our creditors and thereby force the price down.

is increased while with the too exclusive culture of cotton the fertility rapidly decreases.

The most destructive and energetic insect that the world has ever known is gradually covering the cotton belt. There is one hope and only one hope for the farmers, and that is the diversification of crops. The adoption of a sane and safe system of farming—one that will grow grasses, leguminous crops, oats, corn, hogs, sheep, cattle, mules, horses and some cotton will solve the boll weevil problem.

The credit system is the curse of the cotton belt. It sweeps the earnings of toil from the masses into the coffers of the few. Some years ago the commissioner of agriculture of Georgia, after careful inquiry of several hundred, found that the average rates charged the farmers for extension of credit from April and May to October and November was 54 per cent. per annum over and above the cash price. Wives and children were compelled to work in the heat and cold from January until December to pay the 54 per cent. credit profits. Diversification of crops will abolish the credit system.

We are sending millions of dollars to other sections of the country every year to pay for pork products, mules, horses and other farm products. Diversification of crops will keep this money at home, our banks will soon be full to overflowing and the rate of interest lowered to say 6 per cent. because of the abundance of money. Then we will have the necessary money to pay good teachers better salaries to teach longer terms, to build comfortable homes and good roads and properly equip our farms.

Diversification is the only remedy for low-priced cotton. There is no sane man who does not know that we will get more money for 12,000,000 than we will for 15,000,000 bales. The history of the past 20 years is proof positive of this statement. We all know that large crops of cotton mean a low price and that a low price for cotton means poverty and wretchedness all over the cotton belt. This being true, why will our farmers and their wives and children toil in the heat and cold in large cotton fields to grow large crops of cheap cotton to pay for high-price corn, oats, bacon, lard, mules and other farm products with the profits of several middle men, supply merchants and railroads added?

The growing of every farm product necessary for home use will curtail the production of cotton, raise the price to at least 12 cents per pound and enable us to use the money obtained for cotton to build good roads, magnificent homes, churches and school houses and fill our banks to overflowing. Life on the farm will then be free, unfettered by the bands of promissory obligations and our position in the world made conspicuous by that independence which the farmer alone can enjoy in the fullest significance of the term.

Every farmer should raise his own farm-work stock. It is true that millions are sent out of the cotton belt each year for mules and horses, but this is not the main reason why your attention is called to this subject at this time. Probably one of the two chief causes of poverty in the cotton belt is the one-horse plow. The small mule and a turning plow is a guarantee of shallow soil devoid of vegetable matter. A shallow soil devoid of vegetable matter means small crops and poor farmers.

Farmers who buy their work stock never have enough for the economical production of crops. We have about one-fourth the horse power and earn about one-fourth as much money as farmers in some other sections of the country.

Farmers who buy feed stuffs to feed plow teams never raise sufficient farm work stock to supply their needs. We buy feed stuff and this is the main reason why we have about one-fourth as many horses and mules as farmers in other sections of the country.

We can save the millions of dollars paid out for mules and horses each year and bring in millions from the sale of mules and horses, but a greater profit will come from securing in this way sufficient work stock for economical crop production.

sat looking at me for a straight hour.

"Can you find him for me?" said he.

"Sure!" said I.

He smoked another pipeful and knocked out the ashes.

"Will you?" said he, kind of wishful.

"If you insult me again," I hissed, "I'll knock that other lung out! Turn in, you fool, and be ready for the saddle at sun-up!"

We rode two days in the country that looks like the men had gone out when they had the construction work on it half done, when a couple of horsemen came out of a draw into the canyon ahead of us.

"The one on the pinto," said I, "is the perspiration specialist."

"If he doesn't recognize you," said Lungey, "let the dead past stay dead!"

"Out there in the sunshine the Jackleg looked the part, so I wondered how we come to be faked by him. We could see that the other fellow was a sheriff, a deputy sheriff, or a candidate for sheriff—it was in his features."

"Howdy, fellows!" said I.

"Howdy!" said the sheriff, and closed his face.

"Odd place to meet!" gushed the Jackleg, as smily as ever. "Which way?"

"We allowed to go right on," I said.

"This is our route," said Jackleg, and moseys up the opposite draw, clucking to his bronk, like an old woman.

"What do you make of his being here?" asked Lungey.

"Hunting Swedes," I said. "And with a case against Pete for robbery and assault."

We went on, Lungey ignorantly cheerful, I lost—like to know what was what, and feeling around with my mind's finger for the trigger of the situation. Suddenly I wheeled up, shifted around on my hip, and looked back.

"Lost anything, Bill?" asked Lungey.

"Temporarily, mislaid my brains," said I. "We're going back and pick up the scent of the Jackleg."

Lungey looked up inquiringly, as we doubled back on our tracks.

"When you kick a covey of men out of this sage brush," I explained, "they naturally ask you if you know a after. I know a Jenny-Wren, Cock-Robin married to a Jenny-Wren, or an Owl to a Pussy-cat, or whatever marital misad they're trailing. They don't moan on like it was Kansas City or Denver."

"Both parties kept still," replied Lungey. "What's the answer, Bill?"

"Both got the same guilty secret," said I, "and they've got it the worst.

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What Is Taste.

On the whole, it appears to me that what is called taste, in its most general acceptance, is not a simple idea, but is partly made up of a perception of the primary pleasure of the imagination, and of the conclusions of the reasoning faculty, concerning the various relations of these, and concerning the human passions, manners and actions. All this is requisite to form taste, and the ground work of all these is the same in the human mind; for as the senses are great originals of all our pleasures, and consequently of all our pains, and the whole groundwork of taste is common to all, and therefore there is a sufficient reasoning on these matters.—Edmund Burke.

Tearful Monkey.

There is a species of very small monkey found in the Brazilian forests which is remarkable for its gentleness and delicate elegance of its appearance and its almost human conduct. Bounding from branch to branch or from tree to tree, it has every appearance of a bird. When hanging from a tree asleep it looks like a black doll. Its dark soft eyes are very large, its coat is like black velvet trimmed with satin and dotted with gray beads. "I have seen him weep," said Humboldt, "and I avow that the samarit is like a child in every feature. He has the same innocent expression, the same bright, intelligent smile, the same childlike way of passing swiftly from joy to sorrow."—Harper's Weekly.

Space Rates.

George Ade was talking at the Chicago Athletic club about his early days of struggle.

"Well, they didn't last long," he said, "but they were hard and bitter while they lasted."

"How did you sell your stuff?" an editor asked.

"By space," Mr. Ade replied.

"And what space rates did you get? Five dollars a column?"

"No. A dollar a mile."



ever come belly-aching around saying we've bunked you after Lungey has put his good money and copped the mine. These men want this paper, not you. Probably they've got no warrant. Brace up and stand pat!"

So we walked around bold as brass. The widow was dangling a Skandy-looking kid over her shoulder by one foot, and analyzing the parentage of Jackleg. Lungey was grinning, but the sheriff's face was shut down.

"Ah, Mr. Peterson!" said the lawyer. "And our old and dear friend William Snake, too! I thought I recognized you this morning! And now, please excuse our old and dear friend Mr. Peterson for a moment's consultation."

"Dis bane gude pless," said Pete. "Crack ahead!"

"This is a private matter, gentlemen," said Jackleg.

"Shall we withdraw?" asks Lungey.

"No!" yells Pete. "You stay—be witness!"

"I wish to remind you, dear Mr. Peterson," said he as we sort of settled in our places, "that your criminal assault and robbery of me has subjected you to a long term in prison. And I suffered great damage by interruption of business, and bodily and mental anguish from the wounds, contusions and lesions inflicted, and especially from the compound fracture of the inferior maxillary bone—"

"Dat bane lie!" said Pete. "Ay just broke your yam!"

"He admits the corpus delicti!" yelled the lawyer. "Gentlemen, bear witness!"

"I didn't bear any such thing," said Lungey.

"Neither did I," said I.

"I figure my damages," he went on, "at twelve thousand dollars."

Pete picked a thorn out of his finger.

"Now, Mr. Peterson," went on the lawyer, "I don't suppose you have the cash. But when I have stood up and fought for a man for pure friendship and a mere contingent fee, I learn to love him. I would fain save you from prison, if you would so act as to enable me to acquit you of felonious assault. A prison is a fearful place, Mr. Peterson!"

"Ay tank," said Pete, "Ay brace up and stand pat!"

"If you would do anything," pleaded the Jackleg, "to show good intention, turn over to me any papers you may have, no matter how worthless—notes, or—certificates!"

Pete pulled out his wallet. Lungey turned pale.

"Take dis," said Pete. "Dis bane

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ERADICATION OF QUACK GRASS

Badly Infested Field Should Be Plowed From Five to Eight Inches Soon as Crop Is Removed.

(By ANDREW ROSS, Minnesota Experiment Station.)

Where a field is badly infested with quack grass it should be plowed from five to eight inches deep as soon as the hay or grain crop is removed. All portions of the grass must be turned under. Within a few days the plow should be followed by a disk harrow with the disks set straight at the first time over to avoid turning any of the sod. The disking should be repeated once or twice a week for six or eight weeks and occasionally after that until freezing weather.

Short crop rotations are useful in keeping quack grass under control and when arranged so as to provide an opportunity to attack the quack grass at the right time they will permit eradication of the weed without losing the use of the land.

Feeding Pumpkins.

It is well to remove the seeds before feeding pumpkins to the stock.

For Skin Disorder.

The following powder given each day is said to be good for skin disorder in horses: Finely powdered iodide of potash, four ounces; granulated sugar and common salt, of each one pound. Mix well together and divide into thirty-two powders. Feed no corn, but let the grain feed be oats and wheat bran. Use tincture of iodine on the lumps every second day until the skin becomes a little tender.

Danger of Overchurning.

Overchurning, that is, churning until the butter forms in large lumps, increases the moisture, because a considerable amount of buttermilk is incorporated. This buttermilk is usually detrimental to the keeping quality of the butter and should not by any means be churned into the butter.

Good Plan.

In the long run it is always a good plan to give a cow a dose of some laxative at the first symptom of udder trouble.

POPULATION AND PRODUCTION.

Year	Population	Production
1870	38 Millions	\$1,564,000,000
1880	50 "	\$2,085,000,000
1890	63 "	\$2,324,000,000
1900	76 "	\$2,190,000,000
1910	95 "	\$2,475,000,000
1920	117 "	\$2,797,000,000
1930	142 "	\$3,160,000,000
1940	178 "	\$3,572,000,000

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