



54-40 OR FIGHT BY EMERSON HOUGH

ILLUSTRATIONS BY MAGNUS G. KETNER

SYNOPSIS.

John Calhoun becomes secretary of state in Tyler's cabinet with the fixed determination to acquire both Texas and Oregon. Nicholas Trist, his secretary, is sent with a message to the Baroness von Ritz, spy and reputed mistress of the British minister, Pakenham. Trist encounters the baroness and assists her in escaping from pursuers. She agrees to see Calhoun, and as a pledge that she will tell him what he wants to know regarding the intentions of England toward Mexico, she gives Trist a slipper, the sale of which has been lost. Trist is ordered to Montreal on state business, and arranges to be married to Elizabeth Churchill before departing. The baroness says she will try to prevent the marriage. A drunken congressman, who is assisting Trist in his wedding arrangements, blunderingly sends the baroness' slipper to Elizabeth instead of the owner, and the marriage is declared off. Nicholas finds the baroness in Montreal, she having succeeded, where he failed, in discovering England's intentions regarding Oregon. She tells him the slipper he had contained a note from the Texas attaché to Pakenham, saying that if the United States did not annex Texas within 30 days she would lose both Texas and Oregon. Calhoun orders Trist to head a party bound for Oregon. Calhoun excites the jealousy of Senora Yturbe, and thereby secures the signature of the Texas attaché to a treaty of annexation. Nicholas arrives in Oregon. Later the baroness arrives on a British warship. She tells Nicholas that a note she placed in her slipper caused the breaking off of his marriage, and that she intends to return to Washington to repair the wrong. Nicholas follows her. He learns on the way that Polk has been elected and Texas annexed, and that there is to be war with Mexico. The baroness tells Trist that in return for a compromise of the Oregon boundary on the forty-ninth degree, she has sold herself to Pakenham. She tells him the story of her life. Trist breaks Pakenham's key to the baroness' apartments. Pakenham calls for his price, and the baroness refuses to pay. He insults her. She compels him to apologize, holds him up in his true light, and he declares that she is pure as a lily. The treaty is signed by Pakenham. The baroness gives the treaty to Calhoun and tells him she got it for Nicholas. Calhoun invites the baroness to a diplomatic ball at the White House. Nicholas and Elizabeth are married. Nicholas is chosen a commissioner to negotiate peace with Mexico. Owing to enmity on the part of Polk his actions are repudiated and he is dismissed from the service. The senate, however, ratifies the treaty.

Epilogue—Continued.

With the cessions from Mexico came the great domain of California. Now, look how strangely history sometimes works out itself. Had there been any suspicion of the discovery of gold in California, neither Mexico nor our republic ever would have owned it! England surely would have taken it. The very year that my treaty eventually was ratified was that in which gold was discovered in California! But it was too late then for England to interfere; too late then, also, for Mexico to claim it. We got untold millions of treasure there. Most of those millions went to the northern states, into manufactures, into commerce. The north owned that gold; and it was that gold which gave the



The Trail of Democracy, of America, of the World.

north the power to crush that uprising which was born of the Mexican war—that same uprising by which England, too late, would gladly have seen this union disrupted, so that she might have yet another chance at these lands she now had lost for ever. Fate seemed still to be with us, after all, as I have so often had occasion to believe may be a possible thing. That war of conquest which Mr. Calhoun opposed, that same war which grew out of the slavery tenets of his otherwise splendid public life—found its own correction in the civil war. It was the gold of California which put down slavery. Thenceforth slavery has existed legally only north of the Mason and Dixon line!

We have our problems yet. Perhaps some other war may come to settle them. Fortunate for us if there could be another California, another Texas, another Oregon, to help us pay for them!

I, who was intimately connected with many of these less known matters, claim for my master a reputation wholly different from that given to him in any garbled "history" of his life. I lay claim in his name for foresight beyond that of any man of his time. He made mistakes, but he made

them bravely, grandly, and consistently. Where his convictions were enlisted, he had no reservations, and he used every means, every available weapon, as I have shown. But he was never self-seeking, never cheap, never insincere. A detester of all machine politicians, he was a statesman worthy to be called the William Pitt of the United States. The consistency of his career was a marvelous thing, because, though he changed in his beliefs, he was first to recognize the changing conditions of our country. He failed, and he is execrated. He won, and he is forgot.

My chief, Mr. Calhoun, did not die until some six years after that first evening when Dr. Ward and I had our talk with him. He was said to have died of a disease of the lungs, yet here again history is curiously mistaken. Mr. Calhoun slept himself away. I sometimes think with a shudder that perhaps this was the revenge which Nemesis took of him for his mistakes. His last days were dreamlike in their passing. His last speech in the senate was read by one of his friends, as Dr. Ward had advised him. Some said afterwards that his illness was that accursed "sleeping sickness" imported from Africa with these same slaves. It were a strange thing had John Calhoun indeed died of his error! At least he slept away.

It was through John Calhoun, a grave and somber figure of our history, that we got the vast land of Texas. It was through him also—and not through Clay nor Jackson, nor any of the northern statesmen, who never could see a future for the west—that we got all of our vast northwest realm. Within a few days after the agreement was signed between Minister Pakenham and Mr. Buchanan, our secretary of state. This was done at the instance and by the aid of John Calhoun. It was he—he and Helena von Ritz—who brought about that treaty which, on June 15, of the same year, was signed, and gladly signed, by the minister from Great Britain. The latter had been fully enough impressed (such was the story) by the reports of the columns of our west-bound farmers, with rifles leaning at their wagon seats and plows lashed to the tail-gates. Calhoun himself never ceased to regret that we could not delay a year or two years longer. In this he was thwarted by the impetuous war with the republic on the south, although, had that never been fought, we had lost California—lost also the south, and lost the Union!

Under one form or other, one name

of that strange woman, Helena, Baroness von Ritz, I have never definitely heard since then. But all of us have heard of that great uplift of central Europe, that ferment of revolution, most noticeable in Germany, in 1848. Out of that revolutionary spirit there came to us thousands and thousands of our best population, the sturdiest and the most liberty-loving citizens this country ever had. They gave us scores of generals in our late war, and gave us at least one cabinet officer. But whence came that spirit of revolution in Europe? Why does it live, grow, increase, even now? Why does it sound now, close to the oldest thrones? Where originated that germ of liberty which did its work so well? I am at least one who believes that I could guess something of its source. The revolution in Hungary failed for the time. Kossuth came to see us with pleas that we might aid Hungary. But republics forget. We gave no aid to Hungary. I was far away and did not meet Kossuth. I should have been glad to question him. I did not forget Helena von Ritz, nor doubt that she worked out in full that strange destiny for which, indeed, she was born and prepared, to which she devoted herself, made clean by sacrifice. She was not one to leave her work undone. She, I know, passed on her torch of principle.

Elizabeth and I speak often of Helena von Ritz. I remember her still—brilliant, beautiful, fascinating, compelling, pathetic, tragic. If it was asked of her, I know that she still paid it gladly—all that sacrifice through which alone there can be worked out the progress of humanity, under that idea which blindly we attempted to express in our Declaration; that idea which at times we may forget, but which eventually must triumph for the good of all the world. She helped us make our map. Shall not that for which she stood help us hold it?

At least, let me say, I have thought this little story might be set down, and, though some to-day may smile at fags and principles, I should like, if I may be allowed, to close with the words of yet another man of those earlier times: "The old flag of the Union was my protector in infancy, and the pride and glory of my riper years; and, by the grace of God, under its shadow I shall die!" N. T.

At last we reached Oregon. It holds the grave of one of ours; it is the home of others. We were happy; we asked favor of no man; fear of no one did we feel. Elizabeth has in her time slept on a bed of husks. She has cooked at a sooty fireplace of her own; and at her cabin door I myself have been the guard. We made our way by ourselves and for ourselves, as did those who conquered America for our flag. "The citizen standing in the doorway of his home shall save the Republic." So wrote a later pen.

It was not until long after the discovery of gold in California had set us all to thinking that I was reminded of the strange story of the old German, Von Rittenhofen, of finding some pieces of gold while on one of his hunts for butterflies. I followed out his vague directions as best I might. We found gold enough to make us rich without our land. That claim is staked legally. Half of it awaits an owner who perhaps will never come.

There are those who will accept always the solemn asseverations of politicians, who by word of mouth or pen assert that this or that party made our country, wrote its history. Such as they might smile if told that not even men, much less politicians, have written all our story as a nation; yet any who smile at woman's influence in American history do so in ignorance of the truth. Mr. Webster and Lord Ashburton have credit for determining our boundary on the northeast—England called it Ashburton's capitulation to the Yankee. Did you never hear the other gossip? England laid all that to Ashburton's American wife! Look at that poor, hot-tempered devil, Yrujo, minister from Spain with us, who saw his king's holdings on this continent juggled from hand to hand between us all. His wife was daughter of Gov. McKean of Pennsylvania yonder. If she had no influence with her husband, so much the worse for her. In important times a generation ago M. Genet, of France, as all know, was the husband of the daughter of Gov. Clinton of New York. Did that hurt our chances with France? My Lord Oswald of Great Britain, who negotiated our treaty of peace in 1782—was not his worldly fortune made by virtue of his American wife? All of us should remember that Marbois, Napoleon's minister, who signed the great treaty for him with us, married his wife while he was a mere charge here in Washington; and she, too, was an American. Erskine, of England, when times were strained in 1808, and later—and our friend for the most part—was he not also husband of an American? It was as John Calhoun said—our history, like that of England and France, like that of Rome and Troy, was made in large part by women.

Of that strange woman, Helena, Baroness von Ritz, I have never definitely heard since then. But all of us have heard of that great uplift of central Europe, that ferment of revolution, most noticeable in Germany, in 1848. Out of that revolutionary spirit there came to us thousands and thousands of our best population, the sturdiest and the most liberty-loving citizens this country ever had. They gave us scores of generals in our late war, and gave us at least one cabinet officer. But whence came that spirit of revolution in Europe? Why does it live, grow, increase, even now? Why does it sound now, close to the oldest thrones? Where originated that germ of liberty which did its work so well? I am at least one who believes that I could guess something of its source. The revolution in Hungary failed for the time. Kossuth came to see us with pleas that we might aid Hungary. But republics forget. We gave no aid to Hungary. I was far away and did not meet Kossuth. I should have been glad to question him. I did not forget Helena von Ritz, nor doubt that she worked out in full that strange destiny for which, indeed, she was born and prepared, to which she devoted herself, made clean by sacrifice. She was not one to leave her work undone. She, I know, passed on her torch of principle.

Elizabeth and I speak often of Helena von Ritz. I remember her still—brilliant, beautiful, fascinating, compelling, pathetic, tragic. If it was asked of her, I know that she still paid it gladly—all that sacrifice through which alone there can be worked out the progress of humanity, under that idea which blindly we attempted to express in our Declaration; that idea which at times we may forget, but which eventually must triumph for the good of all the world. She helped us make our map. Shall not that for which she stood help us hold it?

At least, let me say, I have thought this little story might be set down, and, though some to-day may smile at fags and principles, I should like, if I may be allowed, to close with the words of yet another man of those earlier times: "The old flag of the Union was my protector in infancy, and the pride and glory of my riper years; and, by the grace of God, under its shadow I shall die!" N. T.

TO KEEP FERTILITY

Proper Physical Condition and Vegetable Matter Needed.

Rotation That Will Distribute Labor Throughout Year and Maintain Supply of Nitrogen is Best—Much Depends on Crop.

By H. F. PATTERSON, Montana Experiment Station.

No way has been discovered to maintain the fertility of arid lands except by getting the soil in the proper physical condition and supplying plenty of vegetable matter, so that the plants can utilize the rainfall and the essential elements of fertility to the best advantage. In order to maintain the fertility either by the application of vegetable matter directly or in the form of manure, it is absolutely necessary that a proper rotation be established. By a proper rotation I mean one that will distribute the labor throughout the year, that will maintain the supply of nitrogen, and that will give each crop the place where it can utilize the available elements to the best advantage. No single rotation is adapted to all parts of our country, to every farm in any particular locality, or to every quarter section of land.

However, there are certain principles that are applicable everywhere. A great deal depends upon the crop that is to be grown. A rotation for a dry farm would necessarily differ from a rotation adapted for irrigated lands. For dry lands it has been recommended that 12-year rotation be adopted. The first year winter wheat is usually raised; as soon as the crop is removed the field is thoroughly disked and harrowed, so as to preserve the moisture. The year following the land is plowed in the spring and then summer fallowed during that season. The third year another crop of wheat is raised, and then corn or some other cultivated crop the fourth year. During the summer the soil is intertilled and all the moisture retained. The fifth year the land is given over to the growing of wheat or oats. The sixth year it is summer fallowed again. Another crop of wheat is raised the seventh year and in the spring of the eighth year the land is plowed and seeded to alfalfa, using about ten pounds of seed per acre. The seed is usually sown without a nurse crop. The alfalfa is left down for four years, after which the land may be plowed up and the same rotation repeated. Very good success has been had by following such a system and in some cases the yields of grain have been nearly doubled, while upon farms that have been continually cropped the yield has been constantly diminishing.

The rotation should be divided so that it will distribute the labor throughout the year. The number of years to leave the land in alfalfa must be determined by the amount of live stock kept on the farm and the amount of available labor. In order that the labor may be distributed throughout the year, it is necessary that some live stock be kept. To the farmer who has been continually raising wheat this perhaps does not sound advisable. Many do not consider it profitable to raise anything but grain and as a result pay but little attention to the fertility of the land.

A very correct estimate of the soil can be had by noticing the growth of the plants. If the straw is rank and the grain inclined to lodge, the soil may contain a surplus of nitrogen. However, we are seldom troubled with this factor in the west. Lodging is usually caused by a lack of potassium, for the stiffness of the straw is to some extent governed by the amount of this element present. In other words, the lodging of grain may be caused by too much nitrogen and also by a deficiency in the amount of potassium in the soil. Then again, lodging may be caused by rust or other diseases affecting the straw. If the farmer finds his grain chaffy when indicating plenty of nitrogen, and if it still retains a healthy green color, he finds a stiff straw, indicating sufficient potash, he may suspect that the soil is deficient in phosphorus. There may be plenty of this element in the soil, but it may be in an unavailable form. In this event it is necessary to supply this element or practice systems of tillage that will aid in liberating what is present in a dormant condition.

It is not profitable for the western farmer to spend money in applying these materials; the soils usually contain sufficient amounts that can be made available by rotation and by thorough methods of cultivation. In conclusion I might say that the fertility of the land in an arid region may be maintained by practicing rotation of crops, by the application of manure and by a proper system of soil cultivation.

Feeding Newly Hatched Chick. The poultry experts of the Kansas State Agricultural College feed the newly hatched chick crumbly food for the first three weeks, then nothing is used but dry feed, consisting of fine seeds, cracked grain, and "corn bread" baked crisp and then crushed fine.

Modern Incubators. Modern types of incubators have come into use during the past twenty years, and their use has greatly increased. It is doubtful, however, if any decided improvement has been made in their construction during the last ten years.

SEASON TO STORE MOISTURE

Rainfall Below Average and Wise Farmer Will Conserve Supply for Use of Crops Later On.

This is the season of the year when moisture is usually stored in the soil by copious rainfall for use of plants here during July and August when rainfall is usually deficient.

The rainfall is remarkably below the average this season and the wise farmer will use every means available to conserve the supply for use of his crops later on.

When soil has been loosened to a good depth it forms a reservoir, the water from a rain slowly moves downward through it until absorbed, and each minute grain of earth becomes covered with an invisible film of moisture. After a rain the sun and the wind dry out the surface soil and carry away the moisture contained in it. Then the water from the damper soil below moves upward to wet the surface grains and is in turn evaporated. This movement continues in and out of several feet, often, in a dry time, taking out of the soil in a week moisture equal to more than an inch of rainfall.

When the surface soil is stirred after a rain the tiny grains are separated so that the water does not easily pass from one to another. The movement of the moisture is checked and evaporation is greatly reduced. Such shallow cultivation is called an earth mulch, because it has the effect of holding the moisture in the soil, as that effected by a mulch of straw or a covering of boards.

The farmer's supply of moisture for maturing a crop of corn during July and August often depends upon his skill and judgment in maintaining an earth mulch over his cultivated fields. He should study the principles governing the absorption and movement of water in the soil, until he thoroughly understands and appreciates them. Then he can intelligently conduct the operations for maintaining the earth mulch.

Many farmers in various parts of the country have tried the experiment of dragging an old planter wheel through the corn rows after the last cultivation with a view of pulverizing the soil and filling the cracks in the ground, thus preventing the escape of moisture and adding several bushels per acre to the yield of the crop. While these experiments have proven successful in a large degree, it was found that the planter wheel often injured the brace roots of the corn, besides often becoming clogged with clods or trash that prevented thorough work.

Method of Pruning Peach Trees.

The peach tree should be pruned to make it as perfect in shape as possible, leaving on enough of the strong twigs to bear fruit and supply twigs for the next year's fruit, as well as to insure a good, but not excessive growth of wood. Then thin and thin intelligently; there is no class of work that pays as well as it does to thin. We should all try to reach that happy medium that enables us to raise the largest crop of first-class fruit and still keep our trees in good, healthy condition.

Pruning Fruit Trees.

Until apple trees begin to bear the foundation branches should be cut back annually to make them short and strong to support heavy loads of fruit without breaking down. After fruiting begins not much pruning is necessary, except to thin out surplus growth and to keep the tree symmetrical. Always prune from the top down, and not from the bottom up.

FARM NOTES.

Rust is an enemy to asparagus growers. Clear cultivation will kill out bind-weed. Remember that the peas should go in deep. Grow some good crop on every foot of the farm. Get the oats and peas in as soon as it is possible.

There is more or less science to the cutting of potato seed. Pasturing bind-weed infested fields with hogs is fairly effective. The main crop of potatoes is planted about corn planting time or a little later.

Make plans for a succession of forage crops. All crops grown on the farm help to swell the bank account. With the exception of pigeon grass and false flax, there is no necessity of sowing any sort of weed seed with flax.

The spring and early summer is the time when the bees need the closest attention to see that they do not run short of stores.

Liquid manures are specially valuable when applied to the rows of plants or shrubs that are of low vitality in the spring.

False flax is a mustard which produces a rather flat seed which is very apt to go along with the flax in any ordinary flaxing mill.

One good colony of bees is worth a dozen or more when it comes to a honey crop, as a weak swarm seldom gets any surplus honey.

Among the many improvements none along the line of gardening equal the wheel tools for the saving of labor and the efficiency of work.

Cultivation means more than destroying weeds; more than loosening the soil. There is a chemical transformation going on whenever the ground is light enough to admit the entrance of air, and the soil which falls to get this falls short of the highest possibilities.

That Tired Feeling

that is caused by impure, impoverished blood or low, run-down condition of the system, is burdensome and discouraging. Do not put up with it, but take Hood's Sarsaparilla, which removes it as nothing else does.

"I had that tired feeling, had no appetite and no ambition to do anything. A friend advised me to take Hood's Sarsaparilla. I did so, and soon that tired feeling was gone. I had a good appetite and felt well. I believe Hood's saved me from a long illness." Mrs. B. Johnson, Westfield, N. J.

Get Hood's Sarsaparilla today. In liquid form or in tablets called Sarsapabls.

OF COURSE.



Weeks—I once knew a man who really enjoyed moving. Weeks—I don't believe it. Weeks—It's a fact. You see, he lived in a houseboat.

POPULAR BUNGALOW HOUSES

Home architecture has made great strides of late. California has taken the lead and its bungalow homes are built by thousands all over the country. We recommend to our readers a book called "Practical Bungalows," published by the Los Angeles Investment Co., 3127 S. Hill St., Los Angeles, Cal. In which is shown large photos of 199 one and two-story homes, with interior views, plans, descriptions and building costs; houses suited to our climate at prices from \$1,100 to \$9,000. You can get a hundred good, new ideas and 50 one-cent stamps sent to the Company brings the book. It is the most practical and beautiful book of the kind we have seen.

What Mamma Said.

When the new minister, a handsome and unmarried man, made his first pastoral call at the Poodicks, he took little Anna up in his arms and tried to kiss her; but the child refused to be kissed; she struggled loose and ran off into the next room, where her mother was putting a few finishing touches to her adornment before going into the drawing room to greet the clergyman.

"Mamma," the little girl whispered, "the man in the drawing room wanted me to kiss him."

"Well," replied mamma, "why didn't you let him? I would if I were you."

Thereupon Anna ran back into the drawing room, and the minister asked:

"Well, little lady, won't you kiss me now?"

"No, I won't," replied Anna, promptly, "but mamma says she will."—Exchange.

When a Wife is Cruel.

The husband rushed into the room where his wife was sitting.

"My dear," said he, excitedly, "Guess what? Intelligence has just reached me—"

The wife gave a jump at this point, rushed to her husband, and kissing him fervently, interrupted with:

"Well, thank heaven, Harry!"

At All Hours.

"Professor, what do you consider the most wonderful thing in the world?"

"The brain of a centipede; it is infinitesimally small, yet it has perfect control over the creature's entire system of legs and feet."

FEED YOU MONEY

Feed Your Brain, and It Will Feed You Money and Fame.

"Ever since boyhood I have been especially fond of meats, and I am convinced I ate too rapidly, and failed to masticate my food properly.

"The result was that I found myself, a few years ago, afflicted with ailments of the stomach, and kidneys, which interfered seriously with my business.

"At last I took the advice of friends and began to eat Grape-Nuts instead of the heavy meats, etc., that had constituted my former diet.

"I found that I was at once benefited by the change, that I was soon relieved from the heartburn and indigestion that used to follow my meals, that the pains in my back from my kidney affection had ceased.

"My nerves, which used to be unsteady, and my brain, which was slow and lethargic from a heavy diet of meats and greasy foods, had, not in a moment, but gradually, and none the less surely, been restored to normal efficiency.

"Now every nerve is steady and my brain and thinking faculties are quicker and more acute than for years past.

"After my old style breakfasts I used to suffer during the forenoon from a feeling of weakness which hindered me seriously in my work, but since I began to use Grape-Nuts food I can work till dinner time with all ease and comfort." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

"There's a reason."

Read the little book, "The Road to Wellville," in pgs.

Ever read the above letter? A new one appears from time to time. They are genuine, true, and full of human interest.