

The Drummer's Sermon

Being a Drummer's Philosophizing Concerning Some People He Has Met on the Road—The Exceeding Humanness of Human Nature, A British Dame Who Wanted a "Pawtah," and the Hoosier Who Knew About Excursion Trains—
"All the World Comes to Kandy."

By WILLIAM T. ELLIS.

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A party of young Hoosiers who had been up to the lakes got aboard an accommodation train in southern Indiana a few months ago. They were mostly young fellows from the farms, and real cut-ups. Having been away from home over night, they were now traveled men of the world, they wanted you to know, and they took possession of that sleepy old coach in real coltish fashion. I've seen that type often, in so many places that I was not especially interested. Across the aisle from me, though, occurred a rather illuminating incident.

Two of the excursionists, a young man and his "steady company," seated themselves in front of Jenkins, who travels for a book house in New York, and who is really one of the most cultivated and urbane men on the road. Young Hayseeds lighted a rank cigar, and began to smoke, to the evident distress of the girl and several ladies seated near them. Jenkins leaned forward and tapped the smoker on the shoulder.

"Pardon me, my friend, but this is not a smoking car."

"You darst smoke on excursion trains," came back the rather belligerent answer.

"Ah," very politely, "but this is a regular train, not an excursion train. And you will find a smoking car forward."

With a look of triumph, and a note of contempt for Jenkins' impudence, the bumptious retorted: "Huh! But this is an excursion train, 'cause I have an excursion ticket."

On Ceylon's Spicy Isle. There was no gaudy sign of monumental provincialism as this, and Jenkins sank back in sheer enjoyment of the situation. He has all the literary man's love of "types." I watched the barnyard rooster turn to his companion and crow over the defeat of that greenhorn back of him. He knew the world, he did; and he could tell them all a thing or two.

I suppose if Jenkins were to moralize aloud over the incident he would say that the commonest fault in all this big world is just provincialism. Every pig thinks his own barnyard the universe.

The episode recalled my visit to Ceylon. I had done some business for the house at Colombo, which is a more important city than a man from Boston thinks, and having a full day



THE COMMONEST FAULT IS PROVINCIALISM

before my steamer sailed, I had run up to Kandy, a beautiful mountain town that is the center of Buddhism. Buddha's tooth—or what passes for Buddha's tooth—is worshipped there. A black and oily Buddhist, with few clothes and a vast array of misinformation, had attached himself to me as guide. He was supposed to be educated, and a half-way Buddhist priest himself, so he gave me quite a lecture on Buddhism, and the glories of this particular shrine, winding up with the assertion that "All the world comes to Kandy every full moon."

And he believed it. His horizon was narrow, that was all; his little world was peopled chiefly with dusky devotees of "the great and good Buddha."

It is human to think your way the only way. The Britisher who cleverly breaks the top of his boiled egg and eats the contents from the shell is horrified at the mussy American way of cutting the egg in half and spilling the whole mess into a cup. Because the whole Briton "queer" because

he ends his breakfast with fruit, instead of beginning it so, and because the Briton must have his afternoon tea, and because he eats such slathers of meat at every meal. This is merely each man's putting up of his own local standard as universal.

Well do I remember the half-concealed look of pitying scorn on the face of my Indian room steward the first time I ever entered a P. and O. steamer and began to dress for dinner as is the way of the world east of Provincetown. The P. and O. line, it would by myriads be considered provincial not to know, has customs as firmly fixed as those of a court. "But, sir," he remonstrated, "you know we do not dress for dinner in harbor." I didn't know, any more than I knew that it was "the thing" for a man to go into the dining room any time before eight o'clock in his pajamas for his "little breakfast," or that pajamas were a sufficient dress for deck any time after 11 at night and before eight in the morning. On another line, this sort of dishabille would not be tolerated.

She Wanted a "Pawtah." Speaking of our British friends, reminds me of a lot of quiet fun a carload of passengers had over an English woman who was "doing" America from a car window. She had come to these shores absolutely assured that



"PAWTAW!!"

the English way in everything is the only way, and her comments upon what she saw, made in a loud enough voice for her neighborhood to hear, would have been maddening were we not all so highly amused at her.

The climax came when the whole trainload of people had to change cars at a little junction, where there were few conveniences except a lunch counter. Into this most of us had piled, and were ornamenting the stools nearest to the grub when the door opened and a familiar voice called, "Pawtah! Pawtah!"

No porter responded, for the simple reason that there was none; and after madam had again cried, "Pawtah! Pawtah!" this time more peremptorily than before, a good-natured drummer near the door stepped up and, raising his hat, asked if he could be of any assistance. Giving him a cold stare through her lorgnette, the old dame demanded, "Are you the pawtah?" The drummer confessed that he wasn't, but that every American man was at the service of any lady in need.

"Oh, but I'd ever so much rather have the pawtah," was the disconcerting response. "I know it, madam, but I regret to say that there is no porter here. Can I help you?" Quite ungraciously the snorting traveler, muttering comments about how much better they do things in England, allowed him to transfer her 18 pieces of hand luggage to the other train. Then, when he had finished, she offered him a tip!

Anybody who has been a thousand miles from his own doorstep can multiply instances of this sort indefinitely. For the moment, though, I am interested in the truth that provincialism is one of the great factors in the world's religious life. It is petty-mindedness that has filled the earth with local deities, or with partial and inadequate ideals of a Supreme Being. Go where you will and you will find local customs being practiced, instead of a supernatural religion. Provincial prejudices take the place of universal truth. Puritan ancestors are followed instead of the Almighty. We all seem bound to worship God, if at all, according to Luther, or Wesley, or Calvin, or Channing, or Campbell, or some still smaller man.

As I have sized up the situation, the greatest barrier encountered by the blighness of the Christian religion is the blighness of human nature. Seems to me that the Founder of Christianity was done to death by provincials because he preached a gospel too big for his time. Ever since then his true representatives have been trying to pull men and women out of their two-by-four state of mind into the broader view, deeper sympathy and longer reach of a universal religion. The spirit of provincialism and the spirit of Christianity are deadly enemies.

THE DRUMMER.

ALL HAVE HAD TO TIP

Petty Extortion It Seems Impossible to Eradicate.

More suggestive of the book's title than the topic of libraries is the all-important subject of tips, to which Mr. Russell devotes a chapter. Like all wise people, he has given up the struggle against the tip, admitting that you "might as well try to poultice the hump of a camel's back as to cure mankind of these little corruptions." Besides, from time immemorial, everybody has had to tip—even George I. "This is a strange country," said that king, according to the report of Horace Walpole. "The first morning after my arrival at St. James' I looked out of the window and saw a park with walks, and a canal, which they told me were mine. The next day Lord Chetwynd, the ranger of my park, sent me a fine brace of carp out of my canal, and I was told I must give five guineas to Lord Chetwynd's servant for bringing me my own carp, out of my own canal, in my own park." But,

after all, George's little perplexity was nothing compared with the grim irony of William Lord Russell, as he discussed the question of the tip under sentence of death. "He asked," says Bishop Burnet, "what he should give the executioner. I told him ten guineas. He said, with a smile, it was a pretty thing to give a fee to have his head cut off."—T. P. London Weekly.

Woman Suffrage Again.

Mrs. W. W. Crannell is the editor of a new quarterly, the organ of the New York Association Opposed to the Further Extension of Suffrage to Women. The new publication contains only four small pages. Miss Harriet May Mills edits the New Letter, the official organ of the New York Woman's Suffrage association, a magazine with twenty-four pages and a subscription list said to be larger than that of many daily papers.

Galt receipts—the sprinter's pay

NOTES FROM MEADOWBROOK FARM

By William Pitt



You cannot afford to put high-priced feed into scrubs.

Keep posted on the market prices of cereals and produce.

The pigs need exercise. An 8x10 yard will not give it to them.

See that your crops do not suffer from cold, wet "feet," by draining the land.

The good farmer is not always the good business man. How is it with you?

The manure that is allowed to accumulate in the pile will lose about 50 per cent. of its value.

Cool the milk as soon after drawing as is possible. This applies to winter as well as summer.

The curried horse is healthier, and utilizes more of the feed given to him than the uncared-for animal.

The early hatched pullets ought to be laying now. Feed them up and get them into the earning class as soon as possible.

Protect the young trees in the orchard from rats, mice and rabbits. A shield of tar paper will prove quite effective if well put on.

"Variety is the spice of life," and that is a good rule to apply to crops. Rotation is the thing. Work out some plan to begin on next year.

Shut-in poultry should be provided with plenty of exercise. Feed the grain in deep litter and make them scratch for every bit they get. They will enjoy it better.

The completion of the \$100,000 agricultural building by the Missouri state college next September will mark another advance step in a farm education in that state.

Of course all the farm machinery has been properly cleaned and housed before this, and yet we cannot help but fear that some neglectful farmer has forgotten. This is by way of reminder.

Weigh the milk of each cow, keep a record, test the milk and find out whether your cows are turning you a profit or not. Feed is too high to waste on robber cows. Weed them out.

Some who have tested it declare that the same amount of feed needed to produce a pound of pork will produce a pound of gain in a chicken. And when one remembers that the selling price of poultry is about twice that of pork we feel that a big point is made in favor of poultry raising.

Now is the time of year to take account of things, and see where you stand. Figure out what your crops and your stock are worth, try and estimate the expenses of the year and then strike a balance. Such figuring will make of you a more careful farmer, and will make you search out many a leakage in farm methods.

The easiest and cheapest way of supplying nitrogen to the soil is by the growing of leguminous crops. Without this element you cannot produce good crops of any kind. Remember this and lay out a system of crop rotation which includes the growing of clover or other leguminous crop upon the land once in every four or five years.

It depends entirely upon the soil and its condition as to what kind of fertilizer it needs. Some soils need liming. Others do not. Some need to be built up in humus, some need phosphate, others are sadly deficient in nitrogen. By the application of manure, special fertilizers and the growing of leguminous crops there is no soil to which can be built up to a high state of productivity.

It's the farmer that's got the money. Here is what a western banker says: "I don't know what we will do with their accumulations when the corn crop is gathered. A few years ago, nearly all the money loaned by the banks to farmers was to live on or to carry over their mortgage interest. At that time, hardly any money was borrowed by business men. Today the business interests are the borrowers, and it is the farmers' surplus wealth which is loaned to them."

Here is the conversation which took place between a certain farmer and his friend over a cow which was valued very highly and illustrates what false notions some men have as to the real money value of a good cow. "What is that cow worth?" was asked as they were looking the animal over. "Five hundred dollars." With a look of astonishment in his face the other replied: "I wouldn't give that for the best cow on earth." Now last spring we happened to know that he paid \$500 for a nice team of horses. "That," he said, "was all right." Then we told him the history of that cow, how she had earned in calves \$700 in the six years she had been milked, besides about \$600 more in milk. Then we asked him if he had not better raise his ideas about cows. "It beats all," was all he said.

There is an increasing demand for medium-sized hogs.

Better to sell some of the cows than to stint them on feed.

Set a standard for the farm work and then strive to maintain it.

Not a question as to keeping live-stock but rather what kind of live-stock.

Salt should be kept where the horses and other stock can help themselves.

Never allow any dust-raising operations in the barn just before milking time.

Corn-fed cattle are likely to be scarce the coming season, owing to the high price of corn.

The pig pen has given place to the pig pasture on farms where pig-raising is conducted for profit.

To get the best out of any soil a leguminous crop should be grown at least once in four or five years.

Keeping up the milk flow is the problem which now faces the farmer. You can't do it except you feed for it.

The curtain front to the poultry house provides fresh air without permitting a draft upon the chickens. Try it.

Keep close eye on your flock of chickens and mark the ones that are the best layers for breeding purposes next spring.

Lots of dirt is flung into the milk pail from the tail. Be sure and do not neglect to brush and clean it with the rest of the animal.

Care must be taken in breaking the colt that proper bit is used. Many a horse's mouth has been ruined by the use of the wrong bit.

Think of the folly of trying to build up a good dairy herd with a scrub bull. And yet that is what many a farmer is trying to do.

Tilling not only draws off the surplus water from the land but it helps to aerate and warm the soil. Crops need air and warmth.

Winter the calves well. You will see the wisdom of it next spring when you turn them out to pasture and see the rapid gains they make.

It were almost better to turn the stock out into the open air as to make them stand in the draughty stable. Close up the chinks.

The successful farmer is the farmer who knows what his land will produce, who raises what he can most readily market and who follows up his work so that it is always well in hand.

When buying a separator never buy the size that is only barely large enough to handle your milk. There is no economy in this. It always pays to get a machine which has considerable reserve capacity.

Feed green cut bone when you can. There is nothing better to induce the hens to lay. Skim milk is also fine. But if you haven't either of these feed some beef scrap or beef meal and feed a little each day.

Don't let your horses drop suddenly from hard work into days of idleness. The radical change will work to his hurt. Bring into the slack season of winter gradually and let down on the full grain ration gradually also.

Cows that are trained to milk from either side is a Kansas idea. A farmer from that state reports that his cows are broken thus and that when one of his young folks gets through milking and there are no more "whole" cows to be milked, they take it two to a cow, one on each side. Kansas always was a strenuous state.

Farmers above all others are interested in the work of the conservation commission, and scarcely a single farmers' organization meets but that it adopts resolutions indorsing the commission and urging co-operation in the work. It's a good thing. What are you doing to carry out the idea of conservation upon your own farm?

It is a mistake to think that any old place is good enough for the hog. His layer of fat may make it possible to stand a deal of cold but it will not help him to make good return for the feed you are putting into him. Remember that the animal that is to give a good account of itself must be provided not only with good food and plenty of it but with comfortable quarters.

Cats in the orchard in the summer time will tend to lessen the mice there in the winter time. One farmer who has a large orchard keeps a dozen or two of cats feeding them new milk each morning in the center of the orchard. This keeps their activities centered in the orchard and the farmer declares there are few mice, squirrels, rabbits or rats on his farm. We are a little afraid that the cats would interfere with the birds though, and drive them away. It is a question whether the mice would do as much damage as the insects which the birds failed to get.

Sappy corn is very difficult to store over winter. The excess of water, or sap, in green corn massed in the crib with poor circulation of air for carrying off moisture and promoting evaporation will cause the corn to spoil. Unless stored in a very narrow crib with plenty of bottom, top, and side ventilation it is almost sure to either mold or rot, depending of course upon the dryness of the weather, the condition in which the corn was cribbed and other causes. Sometimes it can be kept by spreading it out thin in a dry and well ventilated place, such as the hay mow, but even then there is no certainty of its not molding, and perhaps rotting.

YOUTHFUL MONITOR AT WORK.

Little Sister's Error Corrected by Six-Year-Old Authority.

Six-year-old Marjorie and four-year-old Josephine were making their first transcontinental trip from New York to San Francisco—and, of course, encountered new marvels at almost every turn of the trip. But the crescendo of their ecstatic outpourings was reached when they saw their first Indian families—braves, squaws and papooses.

"Oh-h-h!" sighed Josephine, gazing wild-eyed at the moccasined, gaudily blanketed squaws, "ain't those squashes just splendid, though!" Marjorie's equally deep admiration was momentarily quenched in her feeling of responsibility as elder-sister monitor, and she eyed Josephine severely as she admonished: "They ain't squashes, Josephine; they're squaws."

INVALID'S SAD PLIGHT.

After Inflammatory Rheumatism, Had Came Out, Skin Peeled, and Bad Sores Developed—Only Cuticura Proved Successful.

"About four years ago I had a very severe attack of inflammatory rheumatism. My skin peeled, and the fever flared up with my hair, which came out in bunches. I also had three large bed sores on my back. I did not gain very rapidly, and my appetite was very poor. I tried many 'sure cures' but they were of little help, and until I tried Cuticura Resolvent I had had no real relief. Then my complexion cleared and soon I felt better. The bed sores went very soon after a few applications of Cuticura Ointment, and when I used Cuticura Soap and Ointment for my hair it began to regain its former glossy appearance. Mrs. Lavina J. Henderson, 138 Broad St., Stamford, Conn., March 6 and 12, 1907."

CONSTITUTIONAL OBJECTION.



Mrs. Thrifty—Well, if you're thirsty I'll give you a glass of water to drink.

Weary Willy—I dare not touch water, mum. I've got an iron constitution and it might rust it.

Home Joys for Johnnie. "Johnnie," said my husband the other evening upon his return from work to our three-year-old, "have you been a good boy to-day?"

"Yes, father," came the prompt reply. "Very well," said his fond parent. "You may go upstairs and bring down my slippers."

When Johnnie had delightedly performed this act of devotion, his father said: "Now, if you will promise to be good to-morrow, you may carry my shoes upstairs and put them away."—Harper's Bazar.

An Experienced Walker. Champion Hayes of Marathon fame, praised at a dinner in New York a walker.

"He is a walker?" someone said. "Yes," said Mr. Hayes, "and the next race he enters, me, he will win."

"Why, I didn't know he had had any experience as a walker," said the other in a puzzled voice.

Mr. Hayes laughed. "No experience as a walker, eh?" said he. "And the fellow's owned an \$80 second-hand motor car for the last two years!"

DISTEMPER. In all its forms among all ages of horses, as well as dogs, cured and others in same stable prevented from having the disease with SPOHN'S DISTEMPER CURE. Every bottle guaranteed. Over 500,000 bottles sold last year. \$5.00 and \$10.00. Any good druggist, or send to manufacturers. Agents wanted. Spohn Medical Co., Spec. Contagious Diseases, Goshen, Ind.

Urge Use of Horseflesh. Some hospital physicians are urging that horseflesh be more freely used as being not only cheaper than beef, but more tender and digestible. If dried and reduced to a powder it becomes almost tasteless.

Levis' Single Binder straight \$5. Many smokers prefer them to 10c cigars. Your dealer or Lewis' Factory, Peoria, Ill.

The proportion of left-handed people is one in six.

Good harvests make men prodigal, but bad ones provident.—W. Penn.

Levis' Single Binder—the famous straight \$5 cigar, purely best quality. Your dealer or Lewis' Factory, Peoria, Ill.

Give some people their pick and they'll pick flaws every time.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup. For children teething, soothes the gums, reduces inflammation, always cures wind colic. 25c a bottle.

He who thinks only of himself hasn't any too much to think about.

It Cures While You Walk. Allen's Foot-Powder for corns and bunions, hot, sweaty callous, itching feet. See all Druggists.

Women are almost as absurd as men are foolish.

A HIGH WIND.



Giles—They have very high winds in America.

Brown—Yes, they do.

Giles—There's a bit in the papers I read this morning about a safe being blown open there.—London Mail.

Not Fair.

"Look here, Abraham," said the judge, "it's been proved right here in court that instead of doing something to help support your wife and children you spend your whole time hunting possum!"

The old negro hung his head. "Now, Abs, you love your wife, don't you?"

"Ah suttinly does!"

"And your children?"

"Yes, suh!"

"And you love them both better—"

"Better ev'ry day, jedge!" Abe broke in.

"—Better than a thousand 'possums'!"

"Look hyah, jedge," exclaimed Abe, with widening eyes, "dat's takin' a coon at a pow'ful disadvantage!"—Bohemian Magazine.

Powder Proof. Mile. Genee, the dancer, at a ladies' luncheon in her honor in New York, said:

"I am glad to see that American women are not using powder in the ridiculous manner that prevails abroad. Over there the powder is, really, laid on quite too thick."

"They say a London man remarked the other day to a friend:

"But if it was pitch dark, and she said nothing, how can you be sure that you kissed your wife's cousin by mistake?"

"It was," the other answered, "a different brand of powder!"

Why Joyner Left Home. "Are you ready to receive the obligations?" asked the most upright, supreme hocus-pocus of the Order of Hoot Owls.

"I am," said the candidate, firmly. "Then take a sip of this prussic acid and place your right hand in this pot of boiling lead, rest your left hand upon this revolving buzz-saw, close your eyes and repeat after me—"

Early next morning a shroud of Joyner's clothing were found upon the bushes and trees all along the road to Pottsville, 30 miles distant, and at Scabbertown, 69 miles away, he was reported still headed west.—Judge.

Journalism in Pennsylvania. We have taken wood, potatoes, corn, eggs, butter, onions, cabbage, chickens, stone, lumber, labor, sand, calico, sauerkraut, second-hand clothing, coon skins and bug juice, scrap iron, shoe pegs, rawhides, chinquapins, tan-bark, dogs, sorghum, seed, jawaree and wheat straw on subscription, and now a man wants to know if we would send the paper for six months for a large owl.

We have no precedent for refusing, and if we can find a man who is out of an owl and wants one we'll do it.—Trevorton Times.

\$100 Reward, \$100. The readers of this paper will be pleased to learn that there is at least one dreaded disease that science has been able to cure in all its stages, and that is Catarrh. Hall's Catarrh Cure is the only positive cure now known to the medical profession. Catarrh being a constitutional disease, requires a constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system, thereby destroying the foundation of the disease, and giving the patient strength by building up the constitution and assisting nature in doing its work. The proprietors have so much faith in its curative powers that they offer One Hundred Dollars for any case that it fails to cure. Send for list of testimonials. Address F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O. Sold by all Druggists. Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

Cured by Suggestion. Howard—Did you ever know any one who was cured by suggestion?

Coward—Yes. I cured the duke's infatuation for my daughter by suggesting that he lend me \$5.—Judge.

FILES CURED IN 6 TO 14 DAYS. PAZO OINTMENT is guaranteed to cure any case of itching, blind, bleeding or protruding Piles in 6 to 14 days or money refunded. 50c.

Sometimes a woman is known by the company she avoids.

Levis' Single Binder straight \$5. Many smokers prefer them to 10c cigars. Your dealer or Lewis' Factory, Peoria, Ill.

The proportion of left-handed people is one in six.

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INFANTS & CHILDREN

Promotes Digestion, Cheerfulness and Rest. Contains neither Opium, Morphine nor Mineral.

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A perfect Remedy for Constipation, Sour Stomach, Diarrhoea, Worms, Convulsions, Feverishness and Loss of Sleep.

Fac-Simile Signature of
Chas. H. Pitcher

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AN ABSOLUTELY EXCLUSIVE STYLE ADAPTED TO THE SMALL KNOTTIE

WM. BARKER CO.

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If your home dealer can not supply you with this new style linen collar, send us P. O. order, amount 75 cents, and we will send you six collars by mail paid. Be particular and mention the size collar you wear when you order.

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For Sale

Four hundred acre farm with in three miles of Danbury in the C. M. & St. P. Ry. Soil is a rich black loam and the entire farm has just been thoroughly drained. Price \$20 per acre, payable \$6 per acre cash, balance one, two and three years at 4% interest. Farms all around selling for \$50 to \$100 per acre. This