

Progress and the Performing Bear.

By JOEL CHANDLER HARRIS.

STRICTLY speaking, Mr. Billy Sanders, of Shady Dale, belongs to the old order of things; but, as he quaintly put it, he has allowed the new conditions to lap over the old in his mind until now it would be difficult to find the seam that joins them together—difficult to tell 't'other from which. So far from being surprised by the great changes that have taken place in the South during the past twenty years, he has done his best, so far as his own town and country are concerned, to hasten their advent. The industrial improvement and the material progress in which the South has shared in common with the rest of the country—the spread of the spirit of commercialism, which has met with some criticism from the more conservative—these things, and others that might be mentioned, have found Mr. Sanders not only blandly tolerant but actively sympathetic. He is old enough to be venerable, but he seems to be as far from this, the last stage of longevity, as a man in the prime of life.

With respect to the great industrial movement that has been going on, Mr. Sanders declares that he had been expecting something of the kind long before it came. Nevertheless

it was greased. It was sech an easy job that Henry had plenty of time to spar an' in no long time he tacked on a cotton factory to the bank. The factory begun to pay as soon as he could git the machinery started. Then he started a tannery, an' that paid from the jump; as the neighbors said, it was lots more profitable than it smelt. An' then nothing would do but Henry must have a knittin' mill.

"You'd 'a' thought from the way he talked that it was the biggest thing on the face of the yeth, but when it was up an' in runnin' order it looked to me as ef you could put the whole concern in a two-bushel basket, an' have some room to spare. But when the little concern got down to business there wasn't nothin' in seven counties that could hold a candle to it; nothin' like it was ever seed in this part of the country. Lively! Why, it walped up the dry ones in little or no time; forty vats of green hides and a stack of dry ones as big as the tavern wasn't skeersly a mouthful for it. An the fust thing anybody know'd it had swallered the cotton factory an' was a-chawin' on the bank.

"Well, it got so that a receiver had to set down on it for to keep it from eating up the town an' all the innocent wimmen an' children. There was a



"Give Jim a frailing" that laid him up for mighty nigh a month."

as he says, his attitude is similar to that of the young fellow who was locking forward with some pride to the advent of a girl baby with curly black hair and big bright eyes, and who was suddenly informed that he was the parent of twin boys, with red hair and blue eyes, and a complexion in which the freckles could be counted by anticipation. All that Mr. Sanders regrets is that some of the more impatient young fellows of his acquaintance are inclined to bite off more than they can chew when the price of cotton begins to soar.

"There ain't a man in the world," says Mr. Sanders, with one of his Middle Georgia smiles, "but what can put more on a wagon than he can pull, and there's mighty few that won't try it ef you give 'em half a chance. Accordin' to my notion, there ain't a sadder sight outside of a graveyard, where there's weepin' willows on the tombstones, than that of a young fellow that's gone and sprained his abilities.

"It ain't been so very long ago that a young friend of mine named Harry Lawson—you all know him e'en about as well as I do—took a notion that he wanted to start a bank; not one of these here cosmowollopin' banks, but jest a modest country bank, warrant-ed to be open for business every mornin' as soon as the sun had dried the dew on the grass. Well, Henry started the bank, an' it run jest like

little piece of the bank left when the receiver got the knittin' mill choked off, an' Henry's down there now, countin' other people's money, an' pretendin' to be the biggest financier this side of Philadelphia, I never think or that knittin' mill that it don't put me in mind of Jim Lazenby.

"Jim was a mighty man in a scrimmage, an' them that was afeard of him claimed that he could lick any man in seven counties except his wife. Natchally, this kind of left-handed braggin' gits tiresome ef a man has to live up to it, an' Jim was constantly a-doin' fool things that he never would 'a' thought of ef there 'ad been nobody to agg him on. Business kinder got slack in the fightin' line alter so long a time, an' Jim hardly know'd what to do to make the boys talk.

"One day our thrifty little community happened to be favored wi' a visit from a gentleman Dago, from somewheres or 'nother, who was walkin' through the country for his health, an' for such dimes as he could pick up. His only reckermendation, as fur as I could see, was that he had in tow one of them performin' bears that you've heer'd tell on before now. I reckon maybe you've seed bears in your day an' time, but ef you ain't seed this one you may as well say you ain't seed nothin' but runts, bekaze he was as big as a Jersey bull, an' mighty nigh as playful. Brit Wiggins, who had

KALEDEN, B.C. THINK IT OVER.



CITY LIFE WITH ITS
RESTLESS TOIL
ENDLESS WORRY
CEASELESS GRIND
AND WINTRY BLASTS

OR KALEDEN
WITH ITS FREEDOM
AND HEALTH. ITS
BEAUTY AND WEALTH
OF FRUIT AND CLIME

IT'S well known among fruit growers that the large profits in fruit farming are chiefly confined to high grade commercial orchards. The demand for quality is never filled. Prof. Lake, Horticulturist, Washington State Agricultural College, visited Okanagan Valley in fall of 1907 and made special trip to Dog Lake (now Lower Okanagan Lake) to secure some of the famous Yellow Accoteron Pippin apples grown in Jno. Mattheson's Orchard, Kaleden. He pronounced them the equal of the Hood River Apple of the same variety which sold at \$3.15 per box (\$10.00 fl.) for the entire district's crop. At the great Spokane Apple Show, November, 1908, one of the largest exporters of England pronounced them superior to the Hood River apple and would buy hundreds of car loads of them at fancy prices. 43 of these trees grow on one acre and Mr. Mattheson says they yield about 15 boxes per tree at 10 or 12 years old—begin to bear in four years. Apricots and Peaches show astonishing results at Kaleden, seven year Apricot trees yielded in 1908 over 20 boxes per tree, 135 trees are grown on one acre. Apricots sell for 75c. to \$1.25 per box wholesale. Figure it out. Peach trees at Kaleden will bear second year and bear all the limbs will carry in third year. The essentials for high grade fruit are

SOIL-CLIMATE=WATER

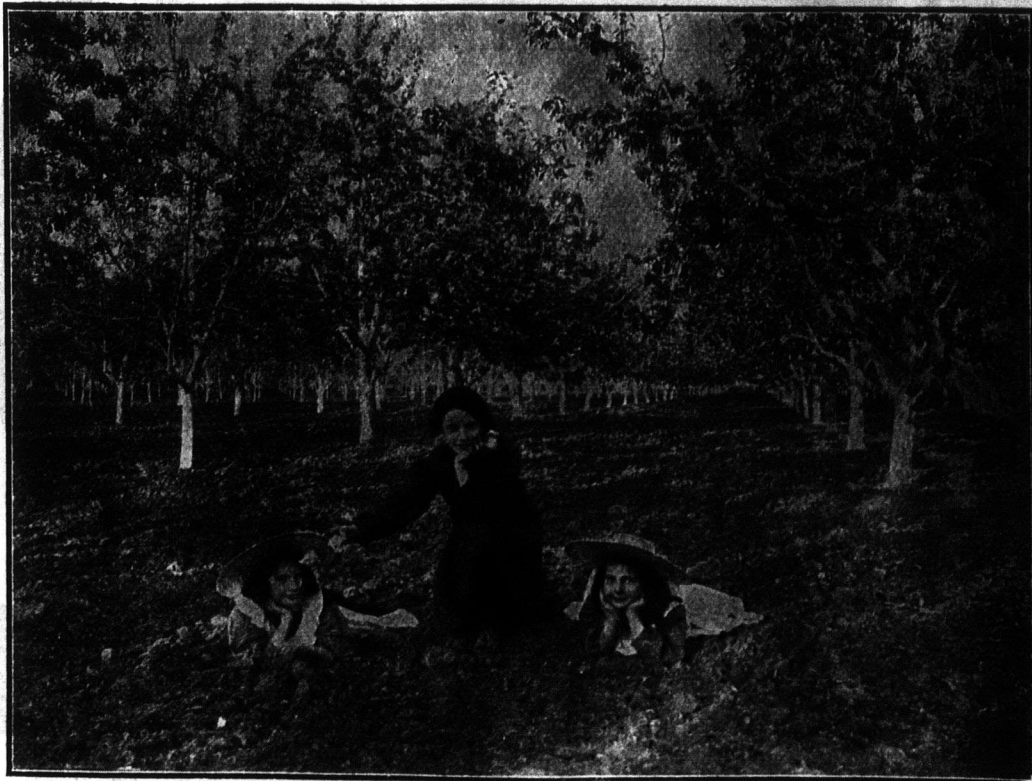
We have this combination more perfect at Kaleden than any other place in Canada. The soil we have at Kaleden is extremely scarce anywhere in the world. Man never kicked his boot into a finer loam or one requiring less labor to cultivate. Some so-called fruit lands require four or five years labor and toil to condition them as good for fruit as Kaleden soil is to start with—note also that you have

FREE WATER AT KALEDEN

till end of 1913—and 50c. per acre will cover cost after that. Write for our illustrated booklet "Kaleden Fruit Lands." It's free

T. G. WANLESS

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Apple trees in bloom, Okanagan Valley