

the cause, for flames were bursting forth and licking up one of the town's finest buildings. We entered the coulee boldly, near where we had camped. The water came up to the axles of the buckboard, then above the sides of the box which contained our provisions and blankets. We hastily piled as much as we could on the seat and climbed up on top, but the water rose higher and higher; we were now standing on top of the seat while the horse appeared to be swimming, nothing being seen of him but his head and a portion of his neck. We were beginning to think that it would be necessary to let everything go and swim to save our lives, when the horse seemed to touch bottom again, and the water did not come up any higher, but rather seemed to recede. Soon the horse began to ascend, and we emerged little the worse, except for a wetting, and the loss of a portion of our provisions.

Four miles south of the coulee we crossed the real Scratching River by means of a bridge, and entered the town of Morris. We saw the smoking ruins of one of the town's best hotels. The town looked progressive. There were several good general stores, three hotels, four churches, a lumber-mill, a large white brick school house and county buildings. We came westward ten miles to the Lowe Farm, passing through six miles of water and marsh. We found the farm a bee-hive of industry. About twenty-five men were at work; some were seeding, some were plowing, some were threshing. I was much interested in the steam plow, invented by the manager, Wm. Stevenson, which seemed to me the most complete machine that I had ever seen. It consisted of a traction engine built upon a carriage with immense wheels; the tender was not large, since it did not seem necessary to carry much fuel. Hitched on behind the tender were ten plows, and as the engine propelled the wheels the plows followed, turning over ten furrows at once, and doing it as neatly as if every plow had a plowman behind it. The only fuel used was straw and stubble raked together in heaps in the field and left in rows along the course taken by the engine. The fireman, as he passed each heap, reached down with a pitchfork and drew it up and dropped it in the fire box.

From the Lowe Farm we travelled four miles south and struck a bachelor's shack. No one was around, so we commenced to investigate. There was a wall of sods six feet high, with boards running up from the ground to the top of the wall in a slanting direction. Underneath the boards was a

quantity of bedding and clothes. Outside stood an old rusty stove, which was the center around which congregated a quantity of pans and cooking utensils. We were wondering who the owner was, when on looking up we espied him crossing quickly from an adjoining field where he had been seeding. The man was rough and unkempt, and possibly thirty years of age; his hair and whiskers were long and shaggy, his clothes were ragged, and wooden pegs and bits of nails took the place of buttons which had long since departed. The patches that were to be seen basted on his shirt and trousers in a rough sort of a way evidently had been borrowed from an old grain sack. His whole appearance was extremely dilapidated, and any one could tell from his neglected condition that he was a poor, forlorn bachelor. His salutation was hearty; he greeted us as beings from another and brighter world. We told him that we were looking for Sec. 12, Tp. 4, R. 3, west, and that possibly we might settle near by. This intelligence seemed to please him greatly; his eyes glistened and he said earnestly, "For God's sake, gentlemen, do come down here; it is terrible living alone. Sometimes I never see a soul for days and days."

TO BE CONTINUED.

DEDICATION HYMN.

GEO. W. ARMSTRONG.

This house, O Lord, to Thee we raise,
And dedicate it to Thy praise;
And with it consecrate anew
Ourselves—thy living temples too.

We pray, O Lord, that in this place,
May be displayed Thy power and grace,
Thy power to sanctify and bless,
Thy grace, to clothe with righteousness.

Here may Thy people love to meet,
To talk with Thee in converse sweet;
And may the spirit of Thy love,
The witness give, our faith to prove.

Here may the Prince of Peace impart
His God-like mind to every heart,
And may the lessons of His life
Dispel all doubt, and fear, and strife.

Here may the three fold cord unite
Our hearts with Thine, O God of might;
And may our efforts men to bless
Be crowned by Thee with great success.