THE WAYS OF THE WEST.

THEY ARE NOT LIKE THE WAYS OF THE EAST.

Walter Wellman Has Returned to the City of Washington and Writes Entertainingly of the Persons and Things He saw While Away.

(Special Correspondence.)

WASHINGTON, Sept. 24.—I have been "out west." The people there are more interesting than they are in the east. They are, some way, a different people. They are of the same flesh and blood, wear the same presidential tickets, fly the same flag and wear the same eagle. But you wouldn't be surprised to hear them speak a different language. They look like foreigners, or else we do in the east. I am not sure which. There was her weather when I was in the west, but I didn't see anybody in the light, unseasonable clothing which we have taken up in the east. Westerners wear the same weight of clothing the year round, and the same shoes. High silk hats are worn everywhere. Chicago. Even in the city of the fair the medley crowd on the street is for the most part a slouch hat crowd. The men of Chicago pay about one-half as much attention to dress as they do in New York, and further west the discrepancy is still greater.

A theater audience in Chicago or west from a box does not look like a theater audience in New York. Charley Hoyt, the theatrical manager, once told me he could be carried around the country transfigured, in ignorance of his whereabouts, and if taken on the stage of a theater and permitted to look through the peephole at the audience, could tell whether he was in New York or Boston or Chicago or Kansas City. "I can't tell you by what sign or indication I could distinguish one audience from another," he said, "but the difference is there, strongly marked, unmistakable though indescribable." I believe he could do it.

The people of the west are darker than those of the east. It is easy to see that. They live more in the open air. They are browned by the sun and roughened by the winds of the prairies. This is as true of the women as of the men. West of the Mississippi you see very few fat women. Even middle-weight men are rare. The rule is, tall, dark, dry-haired, brown or black beard, thin. What is to that extent so many men of the prairie west about up more than six feet in the air, and yet keep their weight down to 160 or 170 pounds. I could not divine. But any one who travels much in that region must have noticed the remarkable stature of the men as a whole.

Of course the average of humanity in the west is more square than in the east. In the hotels and dining cars you see more men, and women, too, eating with their knives or with napkins tucked under their chins. West of Chicago you will hear three times as many persons sucking soup out of their spoons as east of that point. But in kindliness, true, unaffected politeness, absence of affectation and pretentiousness, the westerners beat us every time. If you go west from the east and think to take them up for harpers or pumpkins you will make a sad mistake.

"You might to come down east," said I, just a little heartily, to a train acquaintance. "We see ever great buildings, our elevated and electric railroads. Way, in Washington we have an electric road six miles long."

"Yes," said my friend, "the electric railway is a great thing. In Denver we have a line station miles long. We have very good elevated roads in Kansas City. I was surprised to discover while in Europe that they have no elevated roads there. I did not ride the underground roads in London at all. In Berlin, Vienna and even in St. Petersburg I found the electric road used to good advantage. When I was in South America I rode all over the interior of their large cities on beautiful cars propelled by electricity."

I had thought my friend needed travel. They are the greatest travelers in the world, the people of the prairie country. They think nothing of a journey of 500 miles. Almost every man you meet has been all over the western country—to Denver, the Black Hills, to the coast, to Chicago, and very many of them have visited the east and the Old World. They are so fond of travel our trains of the trains are always crowded. At this season of the year the roads are running extra trains, and yet it is almost impossible to find a seat. Crops are big and times promise to be good, and in consequence thousands upon thousands of women and children are coming east to their old homes to see their fathers and mothers and grandparents.

The railroads are overrunning that country at a tremendous rate. The maps of Nebraska, Kansas and the Dakotas are being colorblind by the lines which indicate new highways. Really the railroads have been in a measure, and still are, the pioneers. So keen has been the competition for territory between the great railroad corporations—the Northern Pacific, the Northwestern, the St. Paul, the Santa Fe, the Rock Island—that they have pushed their lines fifty time to time far out into the frontier belt in hopes of getting ahead of some unmeaning rival. Settlement has followed the roads. Not content with all the prairie country west of Chicago, those arteries of the railway world are pushing their lines into the mountains and promise to give to the Pacific coast.

Farmers and foreigners are surprised at the magnitude of the prairie country, at the magnificent distances there to be encountered, at the manner in which agriculture and civilization have spread over those mighty plains. It is a fact that by simply looking out of the car window you cannot tell whether you are in northern Illinois, northern Wisconsin, in Minnesota, in Iowa, Nebraska, Dakota or Kansas. They are all alike superficially. They have the same farmhouses, artificial groves of trees, lawns, barns, villages. The country 100 miles west of the Missouri river appears to be just as old and rich as that 100 miles west of Chicago. Here is a tract region as big as eight or ten New Englands, every county of which is as nearly like every other county as one ear of corn is like another.

Notwithstanding this sameness, the country is full of interest to the traveler. The people themselves are a continual study for you. You have no difficulty in making their acquaintance. On the cars especially introductions and all other formalities are waived, and every man has the right to go to talking to his neighbor next to him and he talk back for a few years. These casual acquaintances are often most interesting, because confidential. It is the style out in that country for every man to talk of himself. He talks freely and unreservedly, on all occasions. One railway friend told me he had a farm out near Kearney Junction, Neb. "Last spring," said he, "I wanted to sell it for $40 an acre. Could have got twice that for it with horses and wagons, but I wanted cash to get out of the country with. No thing anybody to buy my place for cash I was compelled to stay there. Am very glad I did, for this year I have harvested off that farm nearly $5,000 worth of grain, nearly all with my own labor. Where am I going now? Down to Omaha to have a good time, bigoon."

"Farming pays in the west, and farming doesn't pay in the east," said a man from South Dakota. "In ten years I have made $50,000 farming, starting with nothing. Men all around me have starved to death, or pretty near it. Anything is certain. My farmer doesn't pay. There's Dalrymple, whose place is not far from mine. He tried farming on a large scale—30,000 acres, I believe. He was a good farmer too. He had real estate ability, a fine organization. He had a tremendous advantage in getting much of his machinery for nothing. He knows the agents of a reaper and mower factory to put sixty machines on Dalrymple's farm without charging him a cent, simply for the advertisement. Yet Dalrymple has not made any money. I don't know why it is, unless a large farm cannot make use of the small economies which make a small farm self sustaining—as, say, the butter, the garden, the women's work in kitchen and round about."

The oddest thing I saw in a journey to the west was the old-fashioned rail fence in Pennsylvania, Ohio, eastern Indiana and southern Michigan. Row crop of rails are to permit the wire fences to be erected 200 years before it was. Probably enough fence and timber have been wasted in the building of the old "worm" fences in the east to pay off the national debt five times. It makes one almost weep to think of the logs that have been broken of the hearth-stone fire, the energies expended, how boys kept out of school—in killing trees, splitting logs, driving posts, laying rails for those thousands of miles of rail fence. When our western farmer wants a fence now he turns a few polecats and lot of barbed wire. There men can put up half a mile of fence in a day. A rod of fence costs complete—labor, posts and all—twenty-five cents. A mile of fence costs not eighty dollars. If the farmer had plenty of growing timber of his own he could not afford to run a mile to cut out the posts alone for that money, to say nothing of the rails.

"Did you ever hear how Elwood, the barbed wire man, of DeKalb, Ills., made his money?" asked one of my train acquaintances. "Well, you see, twelve or fifteen years ago he was making a little wire in his blacksmith shop, selling the coils on with a pair of pinchers. One day a couple of young men stopped in his shop to get out of the sun, and as they thought the wire looked like a good thing they asked Ellwood to send them out on the road selling it. After a week's trip they came in and compared notes. Both had found the wire a great hit; everybody wanted it. But they were pretty street boys, and they had to go between times to find Ellwood. When he heard how business was they sowed him a few orders and stuck their heads outsoudly. 'Not much in it,' 'Better try again,' said Ellwood. 'Well, if you give us a five year contract on Nebraska, southern Iowa, Kansas and Texas we'll go out and sell what we can do.' Ellwood agreed, and one of the young men started for Texas. The other he sent on order for a car load of wire. Ellwood was astonished. It would take like a month to make a car load. He carried the letter over in his hands. 'Bill, he said, he said, 'Ills.' he said, 'Ills.' he said the banker, 'Ills plain. He wrote a car load.' 'Impossible,' replied Ellwood. 'I'll telegraph him.' The reply came 'Yes, a car load.' Ellwood made it there and hustle. Ship quick.' Again Ellwood went to his banker. He was puzzled. It seemed like a beat to him that any one should want three carloads of wire. Perpetuated The banker finally convinced him the order was genuine. 'Mr. Banker,' said Ellwood, 'I'm a poor man. I'm worth ten or three thousand dollars. How much can I draw on this bank for on my reputation and my prospects?' 'Fifteen hundred dollars.' 'Good. Give me $500 now.' In an hour Ellwood was on his way to Chicago. In two weeks he was making barbed wire by machinery. In ten years he was worth fourteen millions of dollars."

WALTER WELLMAN.

"August Flower"

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How does he feel?—He feels at times a gnawing, ravenous, insatiable appetite, wholly unaccountable, unnatural and unhealthy.—**August Flower the Remedy.**

How does he feel?—He feels no desire to go to his table and a grumbling, fault-finding, over-nicety about what is set before him when he is there—**August Flower the Remedy.**

How does he feel?—He feels after a spell of this abnormal appetite an utter abhorrence, loathing, and detestation of food; as if a mouthful would kill him—**August Flower the Remedy.**

How does he feel?—He has irregular bowels and peculiar stools—**August Flower the Remedy.**

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LEGAL NOTICE.

In the Probate Court, in and for Salt Lake County, Territory of Utah.

In the matter of the Estate of Jane Parker, deceased.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN THAT the estate of Jane Parker, deceased, has returned for settlement, and that the said court, the Probate division of the administration of said estate, and the hearing thereof, and the settlement of said estate and the allowance of said account, and hearing and settlement of said account, and hearing and settlement of said estate, and the allowance of said account, and hearing and settlement of said estate, and the allowance of said account, and hearing and settlement of said estate, and the allowance