

# SHOSHONE IRRIGATION CO.

OWNERS OF THE

# CODY CANAL

Has Water Ready for Thousands of Acres  
of Good State Lands.

FINE  
LAND  
WAITS  
THE  
PLOUGH



UNLIMITED  
WATER  
WAITS  
THE  
CULTIVATOR

Letter from State Engineer.

STATE OF WYOMING,  
ELWOOD MEAD, STATE ENGINEER,  
CHEYENNE, WYO., Dec. 22, 1896.

SHOSHONE IRRIGATION CO., CODY, WYOMING.

GENTLEMEN:—I regard the Cody Canal as one of the most important and valuable projects ever inaugurated in this State, and believe it is destined to exercise great influence on our growth in wealth and population. It will open to settlers a region having vast and varied resources. I know of no place in this country which offers to prudent and industrious farmers greater assurances of material prosperity and physical comfort than the Big Horn Basin.

This valley has a local climate, with less snow fall in the winter than any part of the surrounding country, and with a mean temperature in summer which permits of a wider diversity of crops than is possible in much of the country five hundred miles south of it. It is, therefore, equally well adapted to the purposes of the stock raiser, grain grower, fruit raiser or market gardener.

The Cody Canal takes its water supply from one of the largest rivers in the West, and reclaims some of the best land in this State. The completed portion is well and substantially built with an ample capacity to water all the land below it.

The price of shares therein is as low as the cost of the work will permit and the conditions of purchase absolutely fair to water users.

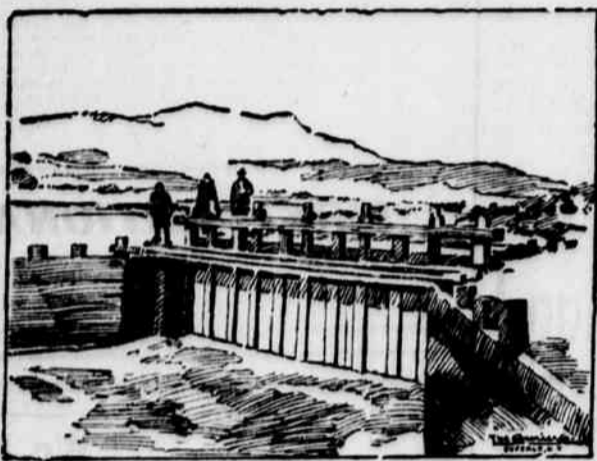
The ultimate ownership of both Canal and land by settlers with the abundant water supply, gives the cultivators of these lands a security and independence not always enjoyed by irrigators.

I can, therefore, unreservedly and heartily commend your projects to investors and the lands it waters to home-seekers.

Respectfully, ELWOOD MEAD, State Engineer.

## Titles To Homes Perfect.

Titles to  
the Land  
from the  
United  
States  
to the  
State of  
Wyoming



From the  
State of  
Wyoming  
for both  
Land and  
Water  
to the  
Purchaser.

Comparative cost of land. The price of irrigated land varies in the different localities. Taking the arid region as a whole, the average price varies from \$50 to \$100 per acre. In California it ranges from \$50 to \$400; in Arizona from \$25 to \$100; in Washington from \$55 to \$100, and in Western Colorado from \$50 to \$100. In all States there are lands suited only to the cultivation of grasses and cereals which may be had from \$25.00 upwards. But for lands under the Cody Canal which can produce such a variety of crops the price asked is remarkably low. It must be remembered that you secure not only the land, but a perpetual water right. The State charges only 50 cents per acre for the land (and \$2 fee for completing title), but requires of the settler that he shall show evidence of contract with the Irrigation Company for the water right requisite to make his land of any use and the company's price is \$15 per acre. This need not all be paid at once, however. It can be paid in five annual instalments, with simply the addition of 6 per cent. interest.

Price Reasonable and in Small Payments

# COL. W. F. CODY, Pres.

Full information can be obtained concerning procurements of this land by prospective settlers from

**GEO. T. BECK, Manager and Secretary,**

Cody, Big Horn County, Wyo.

## ...FOR...

THE HOME—THE STORE—THE SHOP

Mr. H. W. DARRAH, pioneer proprietor of the CARTER MOUNTAIN SAW MILL, is prepared to fill large or small orders for

# LUMBER

of all kinds, Lath, flooring, siding ready for delivery upon short notice. Estimates cheerfully furnished.

H. W. DARRAH  
Cody, Wyo.

## PIONEER RESTAURANT

Good accommodations and charges reasonable. All stages stop at the door. First-class Livery Stable in connection with restaurant. . . .

THOS. MASSY, Prop.  
OTTO, WYO.

## The SHERIDAN INN

Steam Heat, Electric Lights  
Best Accomodations in City.

Refitted Throughout

WARNER & CANFIELD  
Opposite Depot  
Phone 30 Sheridan

## HORSES

FOR SALE!

Of all grades. Ten equipped 2 and 4-horse rigs for use of Park Tourists. 20,000 lbs. of oats for sale.

A. M. PLUMB  
CODY, WYO.

## GUIDE, SCOUT and HUNTER.

S. H. BERRY, Cody, Wyo.

Parties desiring service of one who thoroughly understands his duties and is familiar with the location of the best hunting grounds address as above. Very best references furnished. Correspondence solicited.

## Photographs

VIEWS OF CODY Mountain and Canon Scenery

F. J. HISCOCK  
Photographer  
CODY, WYO.

R-I-P-A-N-S Tablets  
Doctors find  
A good pre-scription  
For mankind

The best packet is enough for usual occasions. The family bottle (50¢) suits a supply for a year. All drug stores sell them.

FREE. Knowing what it is to suffer to any ailment, a positive cure for Eczema, Salt Rheum, Erysipelas, Piles and skin diseases. Instant relief. Don't suffer longer. Write F. W. WILLIAMS, 409 Manhattan Ave., New York.

# Bowser Acts Quickly

He Suddenly Decides to Go to the World's Fair and Brooks No Delays, but His Mother-in-law Arrives and Vetoes His Plan.

[Copyright, 1904, by T. C. McClure.]  
THERE were animation and enthusiasm in Mr. Bowser's demeanor at the dinner table the other evening, and he kept Mrs. Bowser guessing all through the meal, but he did not keep her waiting long after their return to the sitting room.

"Mrs. Bowser," he began as he lighted a cigar and waved it around with profound dignity, "I think you will readily acknowledge that I am a man of action."

"Yes, I have seen you act," she admitted.

"No sarcasm, please." He looked at her for a moment and flushed up and swallowed, but he wanted to prove his case, and after a bit he continued:

"We have known that there was to be a world's fair at St. Louis for a year past, haven't we?"

"Of course."

"But have I ever said that we would attend it? Have you even heard me say I'd like to go?"

"I don't think so. While everybody else, even down to the banana ped-

"Woman, don't worry about creases and wrinkles," replied Mr. Bowser as he went after a second load. "The instructions as laid down in my book are all right and have been adopted by all the leading actors and actresses and the traveling public generally. Let me get another armful."

"If we've got to pack this way I—I don't believe I want to go to the fair. Those things would be simply ruined when we got there. I'll agree to be ready by tomorrow night."

"At 9:30 in the morning, Mrs. Bowser."

"Then I won't go."

"Very well. I told you I was a man of action. It is now a quarter to 8. In five minutes my trunk will be packed and downstairs, and at 9:30 in the morning I set out for St. Louis all by my lonesome. I am no man to shilly-shally. I either go or stay. You can go to your mother's or send for her to come here, but I am off in the morning."

Mrs. Bowser sat down on the bed and began to weep softly, while he grabbed his clothes from the closet, and his shirts and collars from the



THEY WATCHED THE NIGHT GROW OLD AND THE MOON COME UP.

dlers, have gone or are going. It is a subject you have kept clear of. I mentioned it once, but you fell asleep while thinking out a reply."

"You but corroborate what I have said, Mrs. Bowser. Not knowing whether I could shape my affairs to go, I have said nothing about it. Of what use to promise you to go and then fail to keep it? Today, however—today at 4:30 o'clock, I saw my way clear, and now, only two hours later, I have the satisfaction of announcing to you that we shall make a two weeks' visit to the fair."

"You dear, good man, but how nice of you! I can be ready in about ten days, and I shall look upon it as the great event of my life."

"I think I observed that I was a man of action?"

"Yes, you said so."

"And I am going to prove it in this case. We leave on the 9:30 train in the morning."

"But how can we?" she exclaimed in terror. "I have got to have about fifty different things, and it will take at least two days to pack the trunks. You surely—"

"The trunks will be packed tonight, and what you lack you can buy at St. Louis. I understand that they have at least one dry goods store there. Having discussed the matter in all its bearings, we will now go upstairs and proceed to pack."

"But it can't possibly be done. If you had ever packed a trunk you would know—"

"Mrs. Bowser, I was packing trunks before you were born. You couldn't have been over five years old when I wrote and published a little book entitled 'How to Pack a Trunk in Seventeen Seconds.' That book is to be found in almost every house in America today. I should say that we ought to take three trunks with us. We may not pack the whole three in less than one minute, but we can do it in five and then sit down and talk about what we expect to see."

"Can't I have four or five days?" she pleaded.

"Not a day. We leave at the hour named."

"But two days, then—even one?" "Mrs. Bowser," he said as he made for the stairs, "we will now go up and pack, and after you have seen me fling the things into a trunk and lock and strap it half the terrors of trunk packing will be gone. The trunks are in the storeroom, but I will have them out while you are throwing that yaller-eyed cat downstairs. I hope he starves to death while we are gone."

The three trunks came out. Mr. Bowser ripped off three of the handles and made the splinters fly from the door casings in doing it, but he made record time. Winter garments packed in camp were emptied out and kicked aside, while Mrs. Bowser stood with quivering chin and helpless look. Then he entered the closet and lifted three or four of her dresses off the pegs and chucked them into one of the trunks with an abandon that brought out the exclamation:

"For mercy's sake, don't do that! If you fling things in that way they will have a thousand creases and wrinkles by tomorrow."

dresser and began to toss them into one of the trunks. He was thus engaged when a voice announced:

"I thought it was about time I came down and took you in hand again, Lemuel Bowser!"

It was his mother-in-law. She had found the front door unlocked and walked in and upstairs. He stood looking at her with his eyes bulging out for a long minute before he could utter the words:

"What, you here again?"

"Yes, sir. I seem to be all here, and it appears I have come in good time. Mary, what's the matter?"

"He's—he's going to the St. Louis fair!" sobbed Mrs. Bowser. "He's going alone because I can't pack three trunks in five minutes!"

"I can't fool away my time," explained Mr. Bowser, as the mother-in-law turned to him with a look of inquiry.

"And you'll go alone, will you?"

"I will."

"You'll do nothing of the kind! Drop those things!"

"What have you got to say about it?" he demanded in tones he tried to make firm, but which wobbled about a good deal.

"Don't you bristle up to me like that, Lemuel Bowser—don't you do it! I have attended to your case several times before, and I shall do it this time. You don't stir one step. Take those things out and hang them up again."

Mr. Bowser looked at her and hesitated for a moment and then sulkily obeyed.

"Now put those winter goods back and the trunks where they belong. I had a feeling all this week that it was my duty to come down and take you in hand."

"If you've come down here to raise a row with me don't drive me too far. I don't want a fuss with you, but—"

"But you can have one right away!" she finished. "You may now go downstairs until I am ready to take your case up. Don't upset chairs nor break vases or I'll make it the worse for you."

Mr. Bowser descended with a wild idea of smashing everything he could and setting fire to the remainder, but he thought better of it and put on his hat and walked around town for two long hours. When he got back to his own house all was darkness, and he knew that the women folks had gone to bed. They might not be asleep yet, however, and he sat down on the door-steps to think. The cat, which had been out looking for a scrap and failed to find one, came and sat down beside him, and together they watched the night grow old and the new moon come up.

After an hour a pedestrian came along and stopped to lean on the gate with dejected and weary air. He and Mr. Bowser saw each other, but it was ten minutes before the latter asked:

"Why don't you go home?"

"Why don't you go in and go to bed?" was queried in reply.

"I can't. My mother-in-law has arrived."

"Same here!" wailed the stranger as he brushed a tear from his eye and passed on.

M. QUAD.