

LIFE'S SCARS. They say the world is round, and yet I often think it square; So many little hurts we get From corners here and there. But one great truth I've found. While journeying toward the West: The only folks who really wound Are those we love the best.

THE WATCHER IN THE PASS.

A man rode slowly along a narrow trail that skirted the flank of Eagle Peak, leading a pack-horse. A rifle, slung across his back, bumped with monotonous reiteration as his animal stumbled from time to time over some outcropping stone.

Behind him the trail along which he had come dipped and rose, visible in places as a narrow ledge along the mountain wall, but for the most part nothing but a succession of round, black hoof-prints in the snow. He had ascended steadily, so that, looking back, he could see the desert valley from which he had been climbing, and the low foothills in a vast panorama beneath him.

His path grew narrower; it seemed to cling to the mountainside over the dizzy precipice beneath. Several times his freighted horse, picking its way among the showers of loose stones that it continually dislodged, bruised his leg against the wall of rock. Few men had passed this way before—none, perhaps, save some Cheyenne hunter or Mormon prospector. It was a short but difficult trail between the desert and the fertile valley that lay beyond the mountain chain. The proper passage ran at a lower level upon the opposite side of Eagle Peak, and was more easily to be traveled.

At last the worst part of the traveler's journey was accomplished. A sudden twist of the trail brought him upon an open camping space, shut in between two walls of rock, where the difficult mountain path linked itself to the regular road upon the apex of the ascent. It was a narrow pass in which the drifted snow rose to the height of a man's head, and the pass, from which a gentle descent could be made, on the one side to the desert, upon the other to the pasture lands beyond the range. A single man could have held it against an army.

And, as the young man hesitated, Eli went on with ponderous inflexibility: "We're God-fearin' folks an' sot upon Godly ways. Emma's goin' to marry a Baptist. I won't say as how she mightn't take a Methodist at a pinch, seem' as how they're next to the truth; but if you're one of them Reformed Dutchmen or anything else—"

"I'm one of the Saints—what you call Mormons," said the young man. He remembered afterward the incredulity, the horror, the mocking invectives, when they realized. He had broken through to where the girl stood, had seized her hand—and, as she turned away, they had seized him and dragged him from the encampment, telling him that if he set foot within its confines again it would be at the peril of his life. Then they had set him free.

And he had seen the girl laugh disdainfully, all her love—if she had loved him—turned to contempt and scorn. In Illinois the memory of the Mormons had left bitterness behind it. The memory of it burned on his cheek even now. The hatred rose up, strong and single in his heart. But now another emotion had come to contend with it—wild elation. For his opportunity had come!

He had waited for it through many nights and days, while he lurked in the mountains, planning and plotting, plotting ceaselessly his revenge. He had the stark and simple emotions of the frontiersman. They had given him an insult worse than death, and only death could wipe it away. Death—but not of one. It must be a holocaust. And at last his plan had come to him, full-fledged, and on the instant. Soon, when the snows began to melt, the immigrants would set forth upon their journey over the mountains. At one point only would the snow-drifts lie thick and sodden between the strong containing walls of rock—in Eagle Pass. To this spot they would come, then; they would turn the bend and debauch into this small open space, huddled pell-mell together, wagons and oxen, and the horses, all floundering in the drifts. Then—

Far in the distance something caught the man's eye. It seemed like a white and rounded boulder—a boulder that moved. Through the thin air the faintest sound floated upward—that of creaking axle. And the white boulder—he knew! The blood tingled in every vein. It was the round white canvas top of a prairie-schooner. In half an hour the immigrants would appear around the bend. He shifted his body and spread out the cartridges in a little heap in front of him. He counted them: there were sixty, and in each one of them lay hidden an individual death. He gloated over the thought.

His plans had been well matured, but they contained one flaw. It was not vengeance alone that he desired. He had brought with him, for a definite purpose, the second horse. With its aid he would carry the girl away, far from pursuit, over the plains, to his own country. There he would repay her scorn with devotion until he had won her, not only body, but soul as well. But he would require all his wits to save her from the hoofs of the terrified horses, from the crush of the trampling cattle, to snatch her bodily and unharmed from the press of the rout and bear her away. That part he left, to fate; that he dimly and instinctively recognized the workings of that larger quantity of the equation which must be solved when man pits himself against men in that private vengeance which he assumes. Instinctively he glanced toward the hills. They had strayed from the shelter of the rocks and would be visible to the oncoming settlers. Suspicion would be aroused; he must conceal them from sight. With this purpose, the man arose hurriedly and hastened toward the top of the pass to secure and bring back the animals. They were pushing their way quickly from rock to rock, greedily munching at such sparse herbage as they were able to find. With some difficulty the man secured them.

For one moment he stood still, struck with a vague and hardly discerned admiration of the beauty of the scene that lay before him. Far under him stretched the fertile valley, bathed in the slanting rays of the setting sun. Then, slowly, the expression upon his face changed to horror. His eyes widened and his limbs stiffened; he stared at what lay below. At the foot of the pass, drawn up in military formation, was a large body of mounted Cheyennes, wearing their feathers and war-paint. In the clear air each man was distinctly visible. They had foregathered there in the evident intention of falling upon the settlers as they emerged into the valley of twilight. They sat like wooden horsemen upon steeds of wood, the only movement visible among them being that of their leader, who rode slowly from man to man. The blood that had so lately flushed his veins in the triumph of his hatred suddenly seemed to congeal. He was too skilled in Indian warfare not to know what that would mean. He cared little enough what fate befell those settlers who had driven him from their camp. But Emma! And then he knew that even his hate must disappear in the face of that danger. The race instinct rose in him; he understood that he must take upon himself the duty of saving those who had forsaken him. He ran back wildly, firing his rifle in the air in warning. The settlers were emerging into the pass. Horsemen rode forward. He saw them halt hurriedly and dismount and stumble forward in the snow. Then the air became suddenly alive with hissing lead, and the silence was broken by the crackle of musketry, reverberating among the cliffs. They had recognized him—perhaps they had been forewarned of him. They were firing at him—at him, who had held them at his mercy and thrown his opportunity aside to save them. He laughed loudly and bitterly. Why, five minutes ago the maturing of his long-thought-out vengeance had been at hand; and now—

along the pass. Trust a Mormon? They would as soon have trusted a rattlesnake. He'd better pray to die quickly before they strung him up to a tree. The dying man, unable to speak, pointed feebly to the west. He moved by curiosity, as if he were next to the truth; but if you're one of them Reformed Dutchmen or anything else—

The Trade-rat. This is the name given in Nebraska and other States of the West to a queer little animal which, in its general appearance, resembles the common Norway rat, but is smaller and of a lighter color, being almost white on the under parts. Its tail is short and bent over the back; its eyes are large and mild, like those of the rabbit.

This little fellow has his home in the timber, usually in a hollow elm or pine tree, from which he makes frequent forays upon the nearest farm in quest of provisions, such as grain, vegetables, and so on. But, unlike some animals of a higher order, he is strictly honest, and takes nothing without giving something in return. That is why he is called the "trade-rat."

A Nebraska man had an opportunity to make some interesting observations concerning this animal. He was then living near a tract of timber, and for convenience had some corn piled in a corner of the stable.

One morning, on going into the stable, he noticed a corn lying apart from the pile, with about a dozen of the grains missing, which close by, in a neat little heap, were several freshly cut willow twigs and a few pine cones. A careful examination was made of the different articles that the owner had acquired by this sided transaction, and these were left just as they had been found.

The next morning the investigator found that he had lost some more corn, while the pile of twigs and cones had increased in size, and a few small, round pebbles had been added to it. Thinking that his nocturnal trader had much the better of the bargain, the owner removed the corn. The next day, while working about the barn, he caught sight of a rat sitting contentedly on a log and watching him with his little eyes, as if he would ask, "How many cones or pebbles for an ear of corn?"

The Last Yew Forest. The yew-tree, whose wood was so eagerly sought in the days when the crossbow was still a dangerous weapon of warfare, was, in the Middle Ages, widely distributed in Germany, and is to-day almost extinct, and even most German foresters know it only as a very rare tree individual specimens of which are here and there preserved. There is, however, a tiny yew woodland still in existence in the Prussian mountains, not far from the royal city of Munich in Bavaria.

It is a primeval forest land and, according to a recent count, comprises some 845 large and 1,456 small trees. The larger trees are at least 200 to 500 years old, and perhaps hundreds of years more. The smaller trees are all under 50 years. The largest of them is a height of 4 feet from the ground, has a circumference of 8 feet 8 inches, and quite a number of them are more than 6 feet in circumference and have heights varying from 50 to 60 feet. The larger trees are much damaged by storm and still more through the cutting away of the young sprouts in the spring. The dense, tangled, needed branches are much sought for decoration.

Fortunately, if it may be so put, the old trees are all more or less rotted and their wood rendered useless, for to this fact undoubtedly is due their preservation. A small part of the yew woodland belongs to the community of Paterszell, but by far the greater part is included in the State forest reserve.

The little Princess Juliana of Holland is fairly identical with the Dutch nation. Her birth was of the greatest importance to Holland, as Queen Wilhelmina was the last of the chief branch of the noble house of Orange and the next successor to the Dutch throne would have been a German-prince. For this reason the Princess Juliana is known as the "Child of Hope." She is in her third year and is one of those dainty, fairy-like children who would attract attention though she were of humble station. Even at this tender age she seems to realize her importance and will wave her tiny hands at the people as she is driven through the streets in the royal carriage with her mother. During the Queen's stay in Amsterdam, the little princess is taken for a drive every day at nine o'clock. The loyal Hollanders know the hour and there welcome her frequently when the crowd is great the nurse will stand in the carriage holding the princess up to give the populace a better view. This seems to delight the child. Juliana seems to be stamped on Holland, for one finds Princess Juliana cigars, Princess Juliana lemonade, Princess Juliana caps and coats, and Princess Juliana hotels and boats. Hundreds of children have been named in her honor and even towns bear her name. During the tourist season many Americans join the throng which gathers about the palace and cheer her as heartily as do the Dutch themselves.

A woman who has mislaid her hat has been known to look for it in her purse, among other impossible places. If women realized that much of the medical treatment received from local practitioners was an effort only to locate disease, and a search for it in most unlikely and impossible places, they would place a higher value on the opinion of a specialist like Dr. Pierce. His wide experience in the treatment and cure of more than half a million women enables him to promptly locate the disease by its symptoms. For all diseases of the delicate womanly organs there is no medicine so sure to heal as Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription.

Sick women are invited to consult Dr. Pierce by letter, free of charge. All correspondence strictly private. Address Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y.

How the Spiders Spin.

The silk thread is formed only on its exit from the insect's body. As soon as the paste reaches the air it dries and becomes solid, and the spider expels it through two or three pairs of spinnerets that are situated at the lower part of the abdomen. The extremity of the spinnerets contains numerous small apertures, and to each of these corresponds a very small open tube.

It is interesting to observe the insect at work, turning aside the thread with one leg or guiding it through its teeth. The spinnerets are not all grouped in the same way. Some are arranged in bundles and others in clusters. It is quite difficult to conclude from this that the thread has not the same qualities in these various cases, and that its diameter, tenacity, elasticity, and flexibility must vary with its form, according as it is more or less twisted.

Where Diamonds Lie. In the South-African diamond-fields the gems are found in what are called "pipes," which are round or oval stems of a peculiar kind of rock, several acres in extent at the top, and running down to unknown depths into the earth. Near the surface this rock, which is rich in iron, is disintegrated by exposure to the weather, and assumes a yellowish color. The precious pebbles are readily extracted from the friable rock.

Deeper down the "pipe" changes character. The rock becomes a comparatively hard, blue mass, much more difficult to work. Yet it is still sprinkled through with diamonds, lying embedded in the moulds where nature made them. This blue rock has to be exposed to the weather, or treated with water, before it will yield up its treasures. Now it is clear from the nature and appearance of the diamond-bearing rock that it is of volcanic origin, and the "pipes" are evidently the necks of ancient volcanoes, whose fires died out probably thousands of years ago. When we consider that the diamonds are and is consumed at a high temperature, we cannot think that the gems contained in those ancient pipes of rock were brought there from the interior of the earth while the rock was in a molten condition.

It is far more probable that, under peculiar conditions of pressure and temperature, they were formed where they are now found while the rock was cooling off. It remains to be learned what the real conditions of their formation were.

How Needles are Made. The steel wire from which needles are made is cut into the proper lengths. After a bath of such bits as have been put out, they are put in a furnace, when they are rolled until they are perfectly straight.

The needle-pointner then takes a dozen or so of the wires, rolling them between his thumb and finger, with their ends on a grinding-stone, first one and then the other being ground. The little steel bobbin is then fastened to a machine that flattens and gutters the heads, after which operation the eyes are punched. The result is a complete needle, but one that is rough and easily bent, and it is necessary that it should receive further attention in the form of careful heating and sudden cooling, which process affords the necessary temper. There then remains nothing but to give the finished needle a polish. On a coarse cloth there are spread needles to the number of forty or fifty thousand. Emery-dust is strewn over them, oil is sprinkled on, and soft soap dabbed over the cloth, which, rolled tightly, is thrown into a pot with others, where it rolls about for a space of twelve hours or thereabouts. When taken from this friction bath the needles require only a rinsing in clean hot water, when they are ready to be sorted and packed.

Dreams are the pirates of the sea of sleep. What should be a pleasant voyage through the night becomes a fearful struggle against hideous foes. Dreams are often symptoms of disease. When the stomach and organs of digestion and nutrition are in a disordered or diseased condition the sleep commonly becomes disturbed, and disturbed. To sleep well is a necessity to health. Sleep is Nature's "sweet restorer," and "knits up the raveled sleeve of care." One of the results of the use of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery is a refreshing sleep. The "Discovery" heals diseases of the stomach and digestive and nutritive organs, and purifies the blood, thus removing the common cause of wakefulness and disturbing dreams. It contains no alcohol, neither opium, cocaine nor other narcotic. It cures ninety-eight per cent. of all those who give it a fair and faithful trial.

How Colored Fires are Made. For the production of red, green, yellow, and blue fires, one-fifth part of the composition is shellac. As this is a constant quantity, it is apparent that the shellac has nothing to do with determining the color. It holds the other elements in desired form, and regulates the rate of combustion.

Another fifth part of these several compounds is the chlorate of potassium. This is used for the detonating effect. Of itself, it would give a white light and would burn with intense energy. It imparts a "pop" to the rockets. The remaining three-fifths are what give color to the flame. For producing red fire, nitrate of strontium is used; for green, nitrate of barium; for yellow, nitrate of sodium; and for blue, ammonia violet and purple flames are composite. To produce the violet, lime and copper and sulphur are burned together. For purple, strontium and calomel are burned with just a little copper.

For high class Job Work come to the WATCHMAN OFFICE.

FOR AND ABOUT WOMEN

DAILY THOUGHT. The habit of viewing things cheerfully and of black sabbath life hopefully may be made to grow up in us like any other habit.—Smiles.

With reference to velvet it is interesting to know that the tailors are making more suits of it than of anything else. The very smartest thing is a plain skirt, with a slightly trimmed coat of thick black velvet, finished off with rolling collar and revers of white velvet, of ratine, or of velvet de laine.

The sleeves are long and tight, finishing well over the hand and ending in a 3-inch turnover cuff of the white fabric and a 2-inch knife plaited ruffle of shadow line, or rather begins there, for buttons and buttonholes are now continued to the hem in order that the coat may fit snugly across the hips.

These buttons are of thick black silk braid and the buttonholes are bound with black satin. A good deal of the blouse shows under this kind of coat, with a narrow opening from the neck to the waist, but to offset this there has come about the very pretty fashion for muffers of velvet or ribbed corduroy of satin or fur.

There were an English innovation and were not widely taken up in America, although a few well-dressed women caught on to them last year. They not only keep the chest warm, but they provide a good color scheme for the costume. With the black velvet suit it is wise to wear a coat of ermine, rabbit, slung red plush or the fashionable choices.

Young girls are wearing geranium red ones with suits of dark blue cloth, and they are even added to suits of gun metal and black and gray striped corduroy to give an enlivening dash of brilliancy to an otherwise sombre whole.

The striped corduroys, or peltine velvet as they are called, are immensely stylish and look far more attractive than cloth on these bitter days. Many suits are being rushed through of this fabric to meet the demand of this season. October is eased along on thin suits since they are because of the mild winter; they are made in a very snappy manner and can probably be worn until the month of May.

The skirt is narrow, about two yards wide, is opened up the side for twelve inches, and filled with a V-shaped gusset of the material. The edges of the opening are stitched down over this with three rows of machine stitching and finished with a gun metal button at the top. The coat is quite long in comparison with those worn in the autumn, is fastened over the waist and hips, where it is held with gun metal buttons, and has a long rolling collar of white ratine.

Another popular coat is half-way to the knees, cut on slim, straight lines, as usual, is single-breasted to the bust and fastened with large gun metal buttons, has a narrow rolling collar and revers of the material, and wide Directorate pockets with flaps on the hips.

There is something quite distinguished looking about the plain black velvet suit with a collar of itself or one of white ratine. It is more fashionable, strange to say, than the velvet suit that has a trimmings of ermine or satin cording. It is strange, because cloth suits of all kinds are trimmed and there are few plain ones; yet black velvet, which is one of the most sumptuous fabrics we have, is now made up without any ornamentation.

As it is in its present vogue, with its small white collar and wrist ruffles, it makes an alluring suit for the young girl or the older woman. It may not be an especially fit fabric for the morning hours and for street wear, or possibly tradition is with us in making that judgment, but fashion has approved of it, and whether or not it is at its best in the market places, it is certainly quite enchanting at the luncheon hour and the tea hour.

The colorful trick that every one has these days of adding a single artificial flower or a bunch of small blossoms to their costume is particularly heating them during winter days, and it should be given the greatest encouragement. The shops offer the flowers in exquisite shapes and colorings and at not too exorbitant prices; they can also be made in small ones—that is the small ones can be clever at twisting satin and velvet.

The best choice for a black velvet suit in the afternoon is a large open orchid in lavender tones, with maidenhair fern as a background; and the next best choice is a large pink and satin rose with green leaves.

While frost-bite or chilblains may result after simply an exposure of the feet, hands or ears to cold, it is more often caused by suddenly heating them when they have been chilled. Coming in from walking or skating in cold weather, and putting the feet at once to a hot fire, is an almost certain way of getting frost-bite. Heat and cold have the effect of altering the bulk of fluids more than that of the solids that contain them, and sudden expansion and then contraction, or vice versa, bursts or strains the delicate cells of the cutaneous blood-vessels. Thus frost-bite, an acute inflammation of the skin, is produced. If the feet are actually frozen, mortification is endangered. During the height of the inflammation applications of lead-water, glycerine and laudanum (two tablespoonsful of lead-water, half as much glycerine and a teaspoonful of laudanum) are beneficial. Afterward bathing the feet night and morning in tepid oak-bark tea or alum water (strength of alum water not important.) and following the bathing with a simple cerate or vaseline is often most effective.

FARM NOTES.

The point of keeping the cows clean has been proven to be a saving in feed as well as an increase in milk.

Boards that are stained are apt to become lighter after a little wear; but if become darker, they may then be rubbed with beeswax and turpentine, when they will look as well as ever.

If one of the working horses loses its appetite, it must not be assumed that it has acquired some serious malady. It has probably been kept on a too monotonous ration. The diet must be changed, and if an improvement is not noted quickly, the animal needs both a purgative and a tonic. A tablespoonful of aniseed in the feed is an excellent tonic, as it sweetens the stomach and stimulates the appetite.

The Delaware Station records that a fall growth of crimson clover may furnish 50 to 100 pounds of nitrogen per acre and be profitable, even though the crop is winter-killed, and that the first month's growth in the spring usually produced about one-third of the total yield of nitrogen. It was determined that when the crop was removed, 35 to 40 per cent. of the nitrogen was left in stubble and roots.

LIME ON THE FARM.—Lime is cheap and no farmer should fail to use it on his farm. Hydrated (H. O.) lime put on plowed ground and harrowed will give a good result. Lime on sour land makes it mellow and productive for clover, alfalfa, corn, wheat and general crops. Lime is to the soil what feed is to the horse. It gives life and strength and therefore gives power to produce what the farmer works for, a harvest, and a profitable harvest too.

The Montana Station experts observed that, where moisture content of the soil was good, the nitrogen formation was relatively high. In connection with these studies it was shown that the great benefit from summer fallow was due to nitrates accumulated in the moist soil during the fallow season, which gives a rapid growth the following year, so that the crop usually has advanced beyond the stage of liability to serious injury before the dry period of the year arrives.

IT PAYS TO USE LIME.—Mr. H. E. Waite, Painted Post, N. Y., used twenty tons of lime on eighteen acres. Sowed oats and sowed with clover. Lime was spread in plowed land and well harrowed. One quarter acre left for check. This quarter acre had no clover and scarcely anything but sorrel and daisies, there was no grain to cut. On the balance of eighteen acres the clover was extremely large, and Mr. Waite's experience led him to believe that only half the usual amount of clover seed is necessary when there is plenty of lime used.—Farm Economics.

It is a mistake to try to heat cream for churning by adding hot water to it. The cream should be warmed by pouring the cream into a right vessel and setting that in a pan of hot water, then stirring the cream and testing it with the thermometer until the high temperature is reached. Churning at a very low temperature gives the best grain and flavor. In cold weather the cream should be brought up to the right temperature and held for two hours before churning. No attempt should be made to churn as soon as the cream reaches 58 or 60 degrees.

Lime for Heavy Clay Soil.—F. W. Allen, in the Rural New Yorker, says, lime added to a heavy clay has the effect of loosening it, and rendering it more friable. A simple experiment will illustrate this effect. If from a pan of plastic clay a mud ball is made and allowed to dry, it will become almost as hard as stone. If to another similar ball a small quantity (one per cent.) of caustic lime be added, it will be observed at once that the dried ball will readily crumble. Of course one per cent. is an excessive application for field practice but a beneficial effect is distinctly noticeable after an application of one ton per acre. Some go so far as to assert that the entire benefit derived from liming is due to its physical effect upon the soil.

When a man wishes to buy a good horse he must pay a good price for it. Buying a horse at auction is not always a safe plan, as an auctioneer is very apt to laud up an animal regardless of the facts—he has no reputation to lose. Animals at these sales are often prepared for the occasion with great care, and the beast appears before the people at its best. Extra grooming and extra food and rest have worked wonders on many a jaded creature, and one is apt to be deceived in the end, through no fault of the auctioneer. The best thing for the buyer to do is to consult a reliable dealer. Go to such a man who is known to have given a life-long study to the subject, and has possessed animals which have known every ailment, every fault, so that he can readily detect any symptom of disorder common to animals and peculiar to horses. What may escape the eye of the amateur is not likely to escape his. He can tell at a glance if the horse is sound or defective in wind or limb, and can value accordingly. The price of such a man in the selection of an animal will be of double value.

On all farms wood ashes are considered valuable on grass crops. In fact, wood ashes have always held a high place in the preference of farmers for fertilizing purposes, and as long as ashes can be had of standard quality they will continue to be used. Hard wood ashes are regarded as far superior to the ashes of soft woods, yet the variation in the amounts of potash derived from the ashes of hard woods is so great as to render it difficult to draw the line of value between hard and soft woods. It may not be known to some that lime can be applied to soils in the form of ashes, for much of the value of ashes is due to the lime contained, but farmers are not willing to purchase lime in such expensive manner as long as lime can be procured cheaper from vegetable substances entirely, thus differing from stone lime. As ashes contain all the mineral elements of the woods from which they are derived, they contain certain other substances, such as magnesia, soda, etc., and, with nitrogen as an aid, wood ashes should form a complete fertilizer for some crops.

"What're ye comin' home with your milk pail empty for?" demanded the farmer. "Didn't the old cow give any thing?" "Yes," replied the boy, "nine quarts and one kick."