

LITTLE THINGS.

He rang in a little sooner Than the fellows in his shop; And he staid a little longer When the whistle ordered "Stop."

THE PRINT OF A RIGHT HAND.

To the east and south, the bunch grass stretched in a flat expanse, pale green, scarcely dry from the melting snow.

Rob Farquhar climbed to the top of a boulder from which he could look into the defile. A sharp exclamation escaped him.

"They've been at it again, poisoning our flocks!" muttered Rob. His collie, which had followed at his heels, now ran before him to the carcasses.

"No, old man," his master replied, "we don't know who did it." Yet there was little doubt in Rob's mind that the poisoning of the sheep could be laid at the door of some fellow who had been employed by one of the cattlemen, ostensibly as a rider, or cowboy, really to go about the country doing this dirty work.

With some chemical he carried for that purpose, he tested the water in the trough. For the river was too deep and swift for sheep to go there to drink.

"Poisoned, without a doubt!" he concluded. And now, stooping to examine the soft mud beside the trough, he saw the print of a right hand.

It was a very curious hand that had left its mark; much smaller than that of a man, yet somehow not like a child's. "A dwarf?"

The collie continued to growl. Suddenly, starting Rob so that he leaped to a position of safety, two figures appeared over the lip of the canyon.

"Shut up, Scotch!" Rob recovered his spirit with a laugh. "That's the son of the boss and Tom Bateman."

Wallace Dill, the woodgrower's son, was beside the carcasses in three leaps, while his companion followed more slowly.

As Wallace turned and came toward the trough, Rob pointed out the evidence. Silently Wallace bent above it.

Rob could not but admire Wallace—a tall, fine looking fellow, quick in his decisions, a bit "cocky," perhaps, always sure of himself, yet always honest. Toward Wallace's cousin the Bateman boy, he felt a vague dislike.

In his quick way, Wallace stood upright. "Well, I'm glad we know, now, who poisoned the sheep. It's that new rider for the 'B and G' ranch. I was certain it was he all along."

He resumed, "Now if he doesn't catch on and skip the country—before you can notify the sheriff," finished Rob. He spoke with the purpose. He had been reared to respect the law—a thing they didn't always do in the sheep country.

"Sheriff your grandmother!" sneered Wallace. Rob recalled the stories he had heard of tarring and feathering men, branding them, driving them from the range. "I believe in respect for the law," he said.

"Trouble is, if the law handled this, the sneak would get away for want of evidence," declared Wallace. "It's certainly the print of that fellow's hand. It was hurt when he was a little kid and it never grew right. They say he can rope steers with anybody, though—and it seems he can poison sheep, too."

Rob recalled the boy. He had rather a pitiful looking face; seemed to be trying hard to do good work. It was a pity he had to do a thing like this. Knowing the rage that was smoldering in the sheep range, Rob trembled for anybody that was suspected. He stood scanning the canyon, a wild place where they had often seen grouse and fool hens, and where raccoons came down to wash their food in places where the cliff was not too smooth and steep.

Wallace spoke to him suddenly, "Rob, you're off duty; send Scotch home and come up on the mesa with us in the flivver. We want to put the best ranchers to watching for that rider. He hasn't get away."

The flivver soon covered the distance to a colony of ranches. On the mesa the country was wild and the trails were sandy or rough, bad for motors.

"The sheep king's son halted before a cabin where herder's dogs lay about in the sun. Two men came from the corral.

While one of these answered Wallace's questions as to the mesa ranch people, the other remained at the rear of the flivver. Rob watched him. Rob was quick to comprehend. Almost at once he said to himself, and his heart

beat uneasily, "That young fellow suspects us."

The stranger was a boy, big-boned, with a thick neck and a large nose. Rob saw he was looking at something that interested him, in the parcelholder at the back of the car.

Four more men came quietly into the group—two from a passing wagon, two from inside the house. Their faces were all alike ugly with the anger they felt against the one who had killed their sheep.

Still Wallace talked on—and did not guess. But Rob started at every movement of a hand in their direction. Suddenly the boy with the big nose addressed Wallace: "What's your business here? Anything to do with these sheep poisonings?"

Wallace answered glibly: "Sure. I was just telling the men who killed your sheep." He proceeded with his story; and Rob saw one man look at another, with an ugly expression that showed his teeth. Wallace was starting his car. "I'll drive on—" he began.

His shoulder was seized by a huge hand. "Wh—what do you mean?" Wallace gasped. He looked from hard face to hard face. "I'm a son of Wallace Dill, the—"

"Always knew the big sheep men wanted the range to themselves. So your dad sent you to poison sheep, eh?"

As Wallace denied and defended, they laughed. All the boys now stood on the ground.

"Look here, I want the protection of the law," resumed Wallace. "You can't keep me here."

A guffaw answered him. "You didn't think so highly of the law when you was after that cowboy."

Wallace was silent, helpless in the grasp of his enemies, waiting whatever injustice they saw fit to inflict.

Did he realize? Did he see, now, what is the inescapable punishment of wrong we do? Destroy your country's law will you? When you need it there may be none to protect you. Bad as his plight was, these thoughts went through Rob's mind.

At least Wallace never whined. He just folded his arms and grinned, but watched his captors with bright, un-easy eyes.

No more was said to the boys. The youth with the large nose kept his eyes on them, ready if they made a movement toward flight, to raise the alarm and lay hold of them. The men were talking together, grouped about the wagon.

An eagle from the canyon flew directly above the trail. Chickens scurried to cover. There was a terrified bleat from some ewe with a lamb. And then—

Rob did not observe that their guard had started on a run for the corral. He did not notice, even, that the attention of the men in the road was diverted. He saw, only, that Wallace had leaped for the car. Instantly he flung himself across the running board, falling over Tom Bateman.

Already Wallace was starting. Already there were shouts from the enemy, and three men rushed toward the car. Sometimes that self-starter balked!

But today it worked! "Slick as grease!" muttered Wallace. A blue smudge of gasoline, a gray-white puff of dust, and they were off. Triumphantly Tom Bateman waved his hand toward the baffled enemy.

"We'll strike a cross trail two miles up," said Wallace. "Then we'll make a streak for home and safety. If we ever had a close call—"

"Wallace," exclaimed Bob, "there's another flivver taking the chase."

"Didn't know there was a car on the mesa," shouted Wallace above the noise of the car. "But I'll say I've got the fastest little wagon." He increased the speed.

"Look out, you'll break something or hurt turtie," warned Bob. "And then—"

Wallace sped down the crossroad, making for the home trail. The pursuing car had almost as much speed; but with his start Wallace kept well ahead.

A sandy stretch was reached. The flivver took a toboggan slide that made Rob set his teeth. But the place was passed safely.

"See if that car is gaining," commanded Wallace. Rob had no chance to reply before the flivver slowed—halted—stopped. Wallace threw up his hands. "I know what it is—the timer. And I couldn't fix it if I were going to be hanged—" He stopped; his sentence unfinished.

Rob had already left his place. "They're not in sight, yet, around the curve," he said. "I saw some metal splints in the parcel box for mending sheep gates." With this, he dived into the hold of the car and produced from among its packages, a strip of metal which he proceeded to bend into a spring.

A cowboy halted on horseback to watch. Rob glanced up. It was the cowboy of the "B and G." His right hand controlled his heady pony, but the other was helpless—as Wallace had described it—withered and small. No one spoke to him.

Tom kept whispering: "They're not in sight!" The cowboy, wondering, rode on his way.

Was it hours or days since he began to work on the timer? Rob was sure, at least, that the pursuing car had been halted by the sand. It might, by good fortune, have skidded off the trail.

Wallace exclaimed, "She's in sight now." The pursuing flivver rounded the curve. The men aboard her were plainly visible; the boys could hear her engine. "It's all up!" muttered Wallace.

"I don't think so." Completing his task, Rob leaped from the running board. "Now who's her up?"

A shudder passed through the flivver. She staggered like a horse with the heaves. Then she moved. Rob released his breath. She flew along the trail toward home.

The enemy soon abandoned the

chase. Presently, a familiar canyon appeared, and then the prairie about the great Dill sheep ranch, with many Dill herders near the trail.

Wallace let his engine cool. "I want to ask you something," resumed Rob. "Wallace, did you notice that 'B and G' rider? Which hand is shrunk?"

Wallace narrowed his eyes, reflected a moment and replied: "Wh—why, the left."

"Exactly. It was a print of a right hand we saw by the poisoned trough—wasn't it?"

Wallace was thinking. "Let's walk over," resumed Rob, "and have another look at the print." The print proved to be, not merely a right, but much too small to have been left by the withered hand.

"And they might have killed him," reminded Rob, solemnly.

As he inspected the print, a new theory occurred to him. He looked carefully about among the rocks near by and behind one of these he found a blackish heap of fur. It proved to be the body of an immense raccoon.

"Somebody put poison under a rock, to get wolves for their pelts," proceeded Rob. "And the coons got the meat and came down here as they do to wash it. The river's hard to get into now. These coons must have had no experience with poison, or they'd have been too clever to eat it."

"The mystery of the other sheep dying on the range isn't solved yet; maybe we'll find it's some contagious disease. But the coon's poisoned these."

As Rob talked he looked hard at Tom Bateman. "You put out the wolf poison?" he hazarded.

Tom began to deny this for the sheep king had forbidden the poisoning of wolves on the sheep range.

I happened to see some poison from a Cheyenne drug store in the car, when I was looking for that metal spring," exclaimed Rob. "No wonder we were held up on the mesa for killing sheep."

"I put the stuff away under the rocks," Tom defended.

Wallace had stood silent, staring at the print of the raccoon's foot, so like a little hand. At last he spoke: "So long as I live, no matter what anybody does, I'll never again help to set aside the law of my country."—The Boys' World.

YOUR FRIEND, THE TOAD.

The toad, in his homely, mud-brown coat, has always been an object of aversion, yet he is one of the most useful and the less servants of man.

There is no truth whatever in the belief that handling the toad causes warts. There is no magic in his cold little body to produce such an effect. He has but one means of defense, a milky, acid fluid that he ejects through his smooth skin when frightened or disturbed. This fluid irritates the mucous membrane and for that reason a dog that attempts to bite a toad will often show distress. But his worst enemies, owls and hawks, animals that habitually eat the toad, are not annoyed by the secretion.

The toad is a great eater. He consumes in twenty-four hours an amount of food equal to four times the capacity of his stomach. Of this at least three-fifths consists of insects that are harmful to vegetation. These include cut-worms, army-worms, house flies and rose-bugs.

Gardeners are gradually learning that it is worth while to keep colonies of toads in their gardens. English gardeners buy them by the hundred.

The toad, however, has so strong a homing instinct that unless he is brought from a great distance, he will promptly hop back home when released. The carrier pigeon or fiesid cat are not more wedded to their home than he. By raising toads, this difficulty is overcome, for the place where they leave the water as toads is always home to them. There are records of toads having lived in one garden for twenty or thirty years, and in one English garden the same toad resided for fifty-six years.

So, if you find a toad in your garden, do not destroy or molest him. He is not only harmless but helpful, and if your plants could speak they might tell you of his service to them. Look into his jewel-like eyes, at his wide, almost smiling mouth, and you will forget the rest of the ugly dirt-colored body, whose color is the toad's best protection.

When Tommy Came.

Mrs. Simpson came to call yesterday afternoon; likewise came Tommy. Tommy is "going on four" and chock full of energy and spirit.

His mother discussed her new dress and Lina Hunt's baby buggy and the price of potatoes and poultry raising and rag rugs and the way to make good icing before she reached he subject of Tommy. Said subject didn't care. He was busy uprooting my best begonia and clawing out the contents of the library table drawer and dis-jointing the cat's tail, and he didn't mind a little neglect.

But do you know, his mother sat there before that alert, bright-eyed chap and told without any apparent regret that he was the worst child she ever saw, that he wouldn't mind a word, that the only way she could control him was by whipping him. "I'm going to give him to the rag man," she concluded, and young Thomas looked up and remarked mildly, "At's a lie," and went on with his job of removing my books from the bookshelf to the floor.

Now what else could you expect? What sort of a citizen will Tommy make? I don't like to think.—Mary Barnett in Farm Life.

Little Maggie, who is staying in the country, always goes out to the chicken-house in the morning to see if there are any eggs. The other day she found none, except the china nest egg. "No eggs this morning," she announced when she came back to the house, "only the one the chickies measure by."

All the news, while it is new, in the "Watchman."

FOR AND ABOUT WOMEN.

DAILY THOUGHT.

He that wrestles with us strengthens our nerves and sharpens our skill. Our antagonist is our helper.—Burke.

Just when it seems that the craze for sweaters was beginning to wane, it broke out all over again, and every one is again knitting vigorously at home and abroad. Fancy stitches are favored and some of the newer models have the appearance of being extremely difficult to accomplish.

The very smartest wool of the moment is silk ice and iceland. These are both of the softest, finest texture, the silk ice having a delightful sheen. Very brief, slip-over models in white and a pale gray, developed in shell stitches and elaborately purled, are the choice of the younger set, the dazzling Navejo sweaters being forced into second place.

Matrons have returned to their first love, the tuxedo; and this is shown in any number of white models, to carry out the season's mandate for all white in sports attire. White silk sweaters in an inch block design are things of shimmering beauty. White iceland is well liked and white angora makes up charmingly if one prefers the thicker variety. One delightful white sweater worn over a pleated white skirt of crepe de chine was crocheted entirely of ribbozene.

This theme of using fancy ribbons and braids has infinite possibilities, as will see at once. The finest, slenderest sort must be chosen, however, or bulkiness will result. A charmingly unusual model uses orchid ribbon-zene for its pretty shell stitches, and develops its sleeves in a most interesting manner. These are of the kimono family and where they join the sweater proper a great deal of fullness is added, so that they hang nearly to the waistline, with a very pouch-like effect. The side seams, below the pearl buttons, making certain a trim appearance.

An exquisite model which uses the silk ice is done in rows of lighter and darker green, apricot and white. The effect of the two shades of green, side by side, in inch stripes, followed by the apricot, which tones off into white, is adorable. A sweater using this soft yarn is of mottled blue with a braided belt, and two fluffy balls at the neck.

These little out of the ordinary touches are a thing to be thought of when you are planning your sweater. To achieve the unusual is to acquire distinction. A model done in length-wise stripes of two shades of blue, with a thread of yellow at the joining, is sleeveless except for the slender band of perhaps three inches, which comes over the shoulder and forms an apology for a sleeve, as many evening gowns do. Sleeveless sweaters are well thought of, by the way, and there is no denying their freedom and comfort.

These are usually in high colors, tangerine being popular. Black and white in combination do not occupy the high place which they did last season, but they are still seen among the smart sweaters. A hand-knitted one of white in slip-over style has black stripes around the bottom and cuffs. These are in alternate lengths of 6 and 8 inches, and run lengthwise. A black silk tie finishes the neck.

A dainty sweater recently seen was of blue silk in a tone of delft. Scattered over the surface at regular intervals were black coin dots and a black braided cord completely the high place which they did last season, but they are still seen among the smart sweaters. A hand-knitted one of white in slip-over style has black stripes around the bottom and cuffs. These are in alternate lengths of 6 and 8 inches, and run lengthwise. A black silk tie finishes the neck.

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FARM NOTES.

It is estimated that Pennsylvania will have a crop of 917,760 bushels of peaches this year, as compared with the short crop of 265,000 bushels last year.

Thirty-eight per cent. of the farmers in Pennsylvania were operating cream separators on June 1, 1922. This is a decrease of 2 per cent. during the past year.

There were 427,200 fleeces of wool clipped in Pennsylvania this spring. They averaged 6.8 pounds each, the total weight of the clip being 2,895,900 pounds, as compared with 3,003,000 pounds last year.

So many letters about ants have been received that the Bureau of Plant Industry, Pennsylvania Department of Agriculture at Harrisburg has been compelled to issue two circulars. One is for ants in houses, the other for ants in lawns and putting greens.

The corn-root web worm has made its presence known in the corn fields. Samples have been submitted to the Bureau of Plant Industry. No trouble from the insect need be experienced, if land in which corn is to be grown is plowed during late summer and allowed to lay fallow. The females will not lay eggs on bare ground, they will go to some grass covered field.

The number of vacant farms in Pennsylvania has shown a decided decrease during the past several years. Two years ago the vacant farm constituted a real menace in Pennsylvania, but with the slowing down of industry, hundreds of men who have sought employment in the cities and suddenly found themselves without work, returned to the farm.

On June 1 of the present year there were approximately 3,820 vacant farms in the State, as compared with 6,500 vacant farms in 1920 and 4,100 in 1921.

The big or mis-shapen growth on cabbage, cauliflower and related plants is due to club root, a slime mold disease. The best way to avoid trouble from this disease is to rotate crops. Do not plant cabbage family plants on the same ground two years in succession. When, however, this cannot be avoided as in the case of small gardens, lime such land as is to be planted in cabbage using about 150 bushels to the acre. Resistance varieties are Hollander, Stone Mason, Large Late Flat Dutch, Henderson's Early Summer.

Each year there are many inquiries regarding the apparent, sudden death of hickory trees. In nearly every case these deaths are due to the hickory bark beetle, which has caused heavy losses during the last twenty years.

A close examination of the dead or dying trees will show many small holes like shot holes. These are where the adults emerged. If the bark is removed there will be found many markings like engraving. These were made by the feeding larvae.

There is no method of controlling this other than cutting down all dead or dying hickories before May first. The timber can be saved but the balance of the tree, the brush, branches and bark must be burned. This is a community proposition. Everybody must clean up for one infested hickory tree will reinfest the whole territory.

Wherever sugar maples are grown one is almost sure to find some trees marked by heavy ridges going obliquely part way around the trunk or partially encircling a large limb. The foliage on the tree above the affected portion dies. If this ridge is dug into there will be found to be a groove or burrow as large as one's little finger. This is made by the larva or grub of beetle known as the sugar maple borer. This grub requires about eighteen months to become full grown when it is about two inches long.

One Pennsylvania borough having sugar maples as street trees asked a representative of the Bureau of Plant Industry to inspect them. He found the trees all infested with this borer. The only suggestion for control is to put some carbon bisulphide on each burrow and plug the entrance with mud.

Reports from the more than 800 crop reports of the Bureau of Statistics of the Pennsylvania Department of Agriculture, indicate that the crops in this State in 1922 will far surpass the crops of 1921. The weather of the past two months has been entirely favorable and unless something unfavorable occurs, Pennsylvania farmers will reap a bounteous harvest, both in field and orchard.

The condition of the wheat on June 1 indicated an average yield of 19.8 bushels per acre as compared with 17.5 bushels last year. While the frosts of early spring injured the fruit to some extent, yet on June 1 indications pointed to a crop of more than ten million bushels of apples in the State.

The indications are that practically all the farm crops this year will run above the average for the past ten years.

The carelessness of a number of manufacturers in branding fertilizers offered for sale in Pennsylvania has caused considerable work for the Bureau of Chemistry of the Pennsylvania Department of Agriculture. At least forty brands have been found on the market that have not been registered as provided by law.

Investigation disclosed that the fertilizers sold under unregistered brands were up to the standards of the brands that had been registered by the manufacturer. Further investigation showed that in practically every instance, the manufacturer, through carelessness shipped the fertilizers under Pennsylvania under trade names that had not been registered. The condition has been corrected.

Approximately 1,600 samples of fertilizer secured in the spring inspection, have already been analyzed. The analysis shows that the fertilizers are of a higher grade than has been found during the past several years. Many of the fertilizers contain pronounced amounts of muriate of potash, which is exported from Germany, this product having been absent from most fertilizers for more than six years.

RICHEST AREA IN THE WORLD.