

OH, PASSING YEARS!

Oh, passing years, how fast you speed! With what a precious freight. Dear friends of youth, glad childhood's home, We plead, you will not wait.

Bright hopes, grave fears and happy hours You carry in that train. We wait and gaze with out-stretched arms, They come not back again.

THE GUEST OF THE TRIBE.

He appeared to be tired and sleepy. His horse, gaunt and jaded, ambled in a fox-trot walk along the dusty road of the Indian reservation...

The man halted his horse and dismounted near a bridge that spanned a creek. The animal hungrily grabbed mouthfuls of the grass that was growing by the roadside. The rider inhaled a deep breath of air and exhaled it with a sudden puff.

He hurried through his meal, gulped down more water and picked up the flour sack. He took hold of the dragging bridle reins and jerked and pulled the horse away from the grass.

He mounted his horse and as it went forward to cross the bridge he let go the reins and started to tie the flour sack to the saddle horn.

From the edge of the bridge above the sufferer a pair of scintillating black eyes in a coppery brown face gazed downward. "Say feller! What they been doin' to you?"

"Horse jumped off the bridge with me. Rattlesnake scared him." "No! I've been knocked out."

"Knocked out? How long?" The stumped and disabled man slowly ran his fingers through his tousled hair. "Dunno," he finally replied.

"I want my sack," the stranger requested. "Where is it?" "Right around this bridge somewhere. Here's where I let it fall when my horse shied."

all of my clothes in it and— and some beef—and everything." The half-breed once more searched carefully about the vicinity of the bridge.

But Trope gathered up the reins of the bridle and started off. Mile after mile he tramped ahead of his charge, calmly ignoring the flood of oral abuse for his having refused to spend more time hunting for the lost flour sack.

"Here, do hide this gun away," he said to the physician at the infirmary. "He's a bad man, I'm thinkin'."

"Well feller," the half-breed explained apologetically, "I didn't go after—that is, I thought there wasn't any rush about it. I ain't got it yet."

"Has she still got it?" Smith stared wildly at the Indian cowboy. "I reckon she has. If she ain't, it'll be easy enough to—"

"Where does she live?" "She lives about a mile and a half up the valley road toward the bridge where you got hurt. I was just thinkin' I'd—"

"Well, it looks about like the rest of 'em. Hers is the second shack on the right-hand side of the road. But I'm goin' up that way this afternoon and—"

"Say, cowboy, git me a horse and let me go with you," Smith implored. "I want to be sure to git it. Them Indians'll steal everything. There's some pictures and—some letters—"

"Oh, that part of it'll be all right," Trope said comfortingly. "It won't cost you anything only maybe two bits for old Jennie as a present fer keepin' it fer you. I'll fix that part of it and then—"

"No, I can't go just now. I've got to go and see the agent first about some business," Trope walked toward the door.

"It all seems rather strange," observed the agent. "It sure does, Mr. Benson. And the way he got hauled up on what he was doin' here didn't sound right to me."

thinks an awful lot more of than he does of the beef."

"No, sir I hadn't thought of that." "Have you heard of any peyote-eating parties around Jennie's neighborhood or among any of the rest of them lately. Anybody been drugged?"

"No, nor I ain't seen any Indian that acted like they'd been eatin' peyote," Trope replied.

"Mr. Benson, I'd like to look into that sack myself, and I'm thinkin' this feller's a bad man and not entitled to much favorin', but I couldn't hardly git out of promisin' him I'd bring it to him. Maybe it'd be better if you sent one of the policemen to git it."

"No, I'd rather you'd go, Ben if you will. I'll assure you we won't harm anything that honestly belongs to him. But you understand how I have a right to know all about the business of any man that comes on this reservation, and you can—"

"Go after him, Ben," the agent shouted. "Take a policeman's horse from the hitch rack. I'll send some police to help you. Bring back the man first. Don't bother about the sack until you get the man."

"What do you want here, you dirty breed?" the white man thundered. "The agent wants to see you."

"Well, he don't need to see me now. I'm goin' away from here right quick."

"The crippled fugitive tied the sack firmly to the saddle horn, grasped the pommel and moved as if to clamber upon the horse. He paused when Trope laid a strong detaining hand upon his shoulder."

"No, we're goin' back to the agency together," Trope interrupted him as he took hold of the horse's bridle bit.

"Well, I'm pleased to learn that old Jennie was wealthy for a few days, even though she didn't seem to appreciate it," the doctor observed dryly.

"I'm pleased to learn that old Jennie was wealthy for a few days, even though she didn't seem to appreciate it," the doctor observed dryly.

"Now look here, Smith," persisted the agent, "you tell me the truth about this and help me locate this stuff among the Indians, and I'll make it a little easier for you."

"But, Mr. Benson," Ben Trope interrupted him, "this man didn't come from the Crow reservation."

"He picked up the shirt roll and was about to replace it in the receptacle. "Wouldn't it be all right, Mr. Benson," Trope intervened, "to look at his letters and pictures? I'd like to see 'em myself."

"No!" shouted the owner of the bundles. "Give 'em to me," he demanded. "They're mine, and I ain't no dope peddler."

"Just keep quiet, Smith," the agent said soothingly. "We won't harm anything that belongs to you, but we're going to find out—"

"Of course he is, Ben," the agent exclaimed, "and you deserve all the credit! The reward will probably buy you several horses as good as your fine pet you had to kill."

"Well, I'm pleased to learn that old Jennie was wealthy for a few days, even though she didn't seem to appreciate it," the doctor observed dryly.

"An elk herd now being loaded at Moiese Mont., on the Flathead Indian reservation, for shipment to Middleboro, Mass., is going to prove expensive for the National Elk Grazing and Breeding Association which contracted to take the animals from Montana to the New England hills."

"Work has been delayed by the almost impassable condition of the roads near Moiese and by the difficulties encountered in 'riding herd' on the band of elk, and in dehorning bulls before they are placed in stalls aboard the express cars.—Exchange.

"At the beginning of the autumn season 20,000,000 snails are usually reposing in cold storage in France ready to be taken out and served up to the epicures of the nation. The snails are eaten only in the colder months of the year. It goes into seclusion under the shelter of stones and wood piles and spreads a shield across the opening of its shell and spends the winter in comfortable seclusion and safety."

"There are two kinds of snails which are in demand for consumption, a form of the common garden snail and the Roman or Burgundy, which is far the favorite on account of its delicious flavor and its size.—Chicago Journal.

FOR AND ABOUT WOMEN.

DAILY THOUGHT.

Stronger by weakness wiser men become. As they draw near to their eternal home.—Edmund Waller.

Apparently everything is grist to our millinery! All sorts, shapes and conditions of hats have come out for the Southern season and never was it more true than today that the success of our costume is determined by the success of our individual chapeau.

Yet, in spite of the greater variety of millinery selection which we are offered, most of us seem none the less enslaved by the little felt model, and the usual swarm of these has migrated southward. Yes, the correct third table and the correct woman of fashion are alike covered with felt, and it is only when sports or street costume are exchanged for the more elaborate togs of the afternoon that other types of millinery succeed in displacing this familiar apparition.

We are so habituated to the theory that a felt hat should leave us unsheltered that it may be hard to reconcile ourselves to the advent of a new type—this one hat, not the stinky fashioned of the past, but a good old-fashioned shelter. It is the Chapelle model. As I believe I have already remarked, this hat was the smartest millinery mode of Biarritz, and now it's been taken up by the other Ritzes.

Remember, if you please, that the crease of a man's trousers is no more vital an affair than the crease of the gigolo. If you go into one of these stately shrines of millinery the saleswoman is awfully particular to get that crease adjusted in exactly the manner that will be most becoming to one's own particular face. Indeed, this same meticulous care applies to nearly all the small felts, whether gigolo or otherwise.

Of course, these millinery sculptors have been busy molding some brand-new forms. One of the outstanding examples of newer modes is the piquant shape created by Reboux and distinguished by a butterfly bow of self-fabric set in the front to accent the clef of the brim. This is really a charming change from the more orthodox small felts and will be found becoming to many a face which is more "interesting" than classical in its contours.

"Saw! Yes, of course these are always present to show which way the Florida wind blows. As I have already said, the crocheted straws are especially smart and are often substituted for the felt sports hats. For afternoon wear the straw is almost invariably large and its generous dimensions continue to follow the familiar prescription—short in the back and broad in front.

Said trimming consists of a wreath of stuffed flowers, each one covered in the gay material of the Breton peasant petticoat and each one set off with a touch of black patent leather. We have been raiding these poor Breton peasant women's wardrobes for some years now and many a resort wear coatee of the last seasons has owed its origin to this source. One assumes, in fact, that all Breton women must by this time be wearing breeches, for certainly they can't have any petticoats left for themselves.

It is impossible to make a social error by matching your bag with your hat, or at least your hat trimming. Here is one of the little sartorial tricks which we won't overcome and in this case the smart little bag which the wearer of this hat swings over the arm shows the Breton peasant material on a frame of tortoise shell.

Now a few words concerning other accessories. When it comes to stockings, the silk worm has finally turned. Once more we are wearing lisle. No, this doesn't mean we have discarded our silk hose. We retain them usually for afternoon and evening wear. But in the realm of sports, street, and travel there is overwhelming evidence that the lisle stocking of exquisite workmanship has come back. Of course, the French woman has forecast this change of sentiment for some months, and a few American leaders of style were prompt to follow her example.

Florida would undoubtedly look just as old without white coats as it would without palms. You may have all sorts of wraps to supplement this one, but you are now almost obliged to get the sports affair of tweed, homespun, or some other fashionable fabric. Quite a few of these white sports coats are developed with the shoulder flare which Lanvin inaugurated months ago. How ever, the young and slim can't go wrong by selecting a perfectly orthodox straight-line affair, which betrays its up-to-date spirit only in the minor touches.

FARM NOTES.

—Regularity in feeding and milking is essential to profitable dairying.

—The hog will open its mouth and breathe through that channel, and also through the nostrils, when very warm.

—An acre of corn fodder making 20 bushels of grain will put on twice as much grain in the form of silage as it will feed from the shock.

—The curl in a pig's tail is an indication of good health. When the curl begins to straighten out, look for disease and give a change of feed.

—Adequate ventilation removes foul air, removes excessive moisture and furnishes a supply of pure, fresh air. All three are vital to the welfare of the herd.

—Chicks are like little boys. If not kept busy they get into mischief. Lack of work often means a boy's bloody nose, while to a chick it means bloody toes. Toe-picking and cannibalism result from close confinement and idleness. "Keep the Chicks Busy" should be the creed of all poultrymen.

—All hens used for egg hatching purposes should be dusted with a good louse powder when they are placed on the eggs. The only preparation known to kill lice with one application is sodium fluoride. Put a piece of sod in the bottom of the nest to prevent excessive evaporation. Set two hens at a time so that the chicks may be given to one hen later. Feed cracked or whole grains to the birds, being careful to avoid feeds that stimulate egg production or cause digestive disorders, say poultry extension specialists of the Pennsylvania State College.

PERENNIAL SOW THISTLE. This is a very noxious weed that has been introduced from Europe. It has not been reported from many places in Pennsylvania. It seems, however, to be spreading rather rapidly.

The plant is very common in parts of Canada, where they have the following to say about it: "Perennial Sow Thistle, from its exceptionally vigorous running rootstocks and the large amount of seed it matures, is one of the most aggressive weed enemies. It causes enormous loss, both on account of the difficulty of eradicating it and by reducing crop yields. Wherever established, it chokes out the crops almost completely. It is much worse in this respect than any of the other thistles. In Manitoba Perennial Sow Thistle is considered the worst of all weed pests; in some cases it has rendered whole fields unfit for grain production."

Should we allow a foreigner with such a reputation to become a naturalized citizen of our great agricultural state? Our worst weed such as Garlic, Canada Thistle, Quack Grass, Dodder and Horse Nettle are foreigners that have gained entrance to the State of Pennsylvania in the same insidious manner. They are now very undesirable and expensive to Pennsylvanians. Let us see to it that Perennial Sow Thistle shall not overrun our State as these other pests have done.

Perennial Sow Thistle is distinguished by its large yellow flowers which resemble in size, color and appearance those of the common dandelion. The flower stalk and the scaly bracts (small leaf-like structures) surrounding the flower heads are covered with glandular hairs with a yellowish knob on the end. The stem of the plant is hollow and grows from 1 to 5 feet tall. The leaves resemble in shape those of the dandelion or some of our wild lettuce plants. The teeth of the edge terminate in a rather soft yellow spine. The whole plant, if not too old and dry, is filled with a bitter, milky juice.

The seeds are brown and about 1/8 inch long and contain a tuft of fine white hairs called pappus. Fortunately for us most of the seeds examined from plants grown in Pennsylvania are not fertile and will not grow. Some, however, are fertile and since they are so easily blown about by the wind are the means by which the plant may rapidly spread from the vacant lots and waste places in towns and cities to the surrounding farms.

For methods of control and eradication write the Bureau of Plant Industry, Harrisburg, Pa.