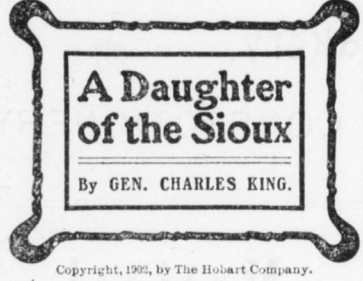




FOREST MEDITATIONS.

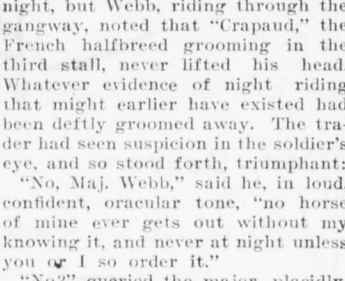
I love to wander in the woodland ways Where thrush and linnet sing their hymn of praise. Where ferns and mosses fringe the woodland path. And drowsy droning fills the summer days.



CHAPTER IV.—CONTINUED.

"Well done, sergeant! I knew I could count on you," answered Webb, in hearty commendation. "Now, one thing more. Go to 'F' troop's quarters and see how Kennedy is faring. He came in with dispatches from Fort Beecher, and later drank more, I fancy, than was good for him, for which I assume all responsibility. Keep him out of mischief this morning."

second story, even while feigning deep interest in the doings of a little squad of garrison prisoners—the inevitable inmates of the guard-house in the days before we had our safeguard in shape of the soldier's club—the post exchange—and now again in the days that follow its ill-judged extinction. The paymaster had been at Frayne but five days earlier. The prison room was full of aching heads, and Hay's coffers of hard-earned, ill-spent dollars. Webb sighed at sight of the crowded ranks of this whimsically named "company Q," but in no wise relaxed his vigilance, for the slats of the blind of the corner window had partially opened. He had had a glimpse of feminine fingers, and purposely he called Hay well out into the road, then bent down over him:



CHAPTER V.

Only an hour was the major away from his post. He came back in time for guard mounting and the reports of the officers-of-the-day. He had reason to be on the parade at the "assembly of details," not so much to watch the work of the post adjutant pro tempore, as the effect of the sudden and unlooked-for change on certain of the customary spectators. He had swiftly ridden to the camp of the recreant Stabber and purposely demanded speech with that influential chieftain. There had been the usual attempt on part of the old men left in charge to hoodwink and to temporize, but when sharply told that Stabber, with his warriors, had been seen riding away toward Eagle Butte at three in the morning, the sages calmly confessed judgment, but declared that they had no other purpose than a hunt for a drove of elk reported seen about the famous Indian race course in the lower hills of the Big Horn. Circling the camp, however, Webb had quickly counted the pony tracks across the still dewy bunchgrass of the bench, and found Schreiber's estimate substantially correct. Then, stopping at the lodge of Stabber's uncle, old "Spotted Horse," where that supernaturated but still sagacious chief was snuggled on his blanket and ostentatiously puffing a long Indian pipe, Webb demanded to know what young men remained in the village. Over a hundred strong, old men, squaws and children, they thronged about him, silent, big-eyed and attentive, Schreiber interpreting as best he could, resorting to the well-known sign language when the crafty Sioux professed ignorance of the meaning of his words:

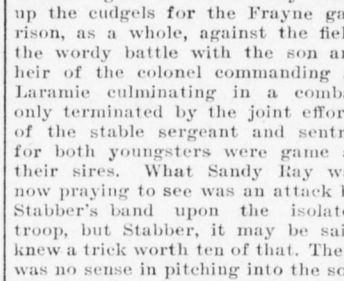
easy stride their trained mounts went loping swiftly homeward, he gave instructions the veteran heard with kindling eyes. Then, parting from him at the corrals, the commander rode on and dismounted at his quarters just as the trumpeters were forming on the broad, grassy level of the parade.



JOURNEY OF LAFAYETTE.

There she stood, gazing up the PLATTE, TOWARD THE INDIAN VILLAGE THROUGH A PAIR OF SIGNAL GLASSES.

to try to get your cash to bank?" And Webb keenly eyed his man as he asked the question. "To-morrow, or next day sure—even if I have to go part way with the stage myself. When do you want this money?" said Hay, tapping the envelope Webb had given him.



FEEDING FOR COLOR.

Assuming that the chickens which it is intended to feed for color are the product of well-colored stock birds, there is no reason why their color should not be intensified by direct feeding as canaries are fed; but this must be done more with a view to supplementing the tendency to sound color, than to altering it materially. It is not much use attempting to color feed an adult bird—the experiment must be tried upon chickens, and they must be color fed from the shell. The proper principle to follow is to supply a little color food regularly—a small quantity given in a systematic way, but not spasmodic dosing on a large scale. If the birds be accustomed to it from hatching time upwards, and then when passing through their first or chicken moult they be given a rather more liberal supply, that is all that can be done. After the moult the color, of course, will be determined, and one cannot alter the color of feathers which have already developed—one can only do that during the process of development. When the moult is finished, therefore, and the color is fixed for the time being, the color food may be almost entirely discontinued; but it should not be altogether given up, because fowls are constantly losing feathers, and if the effect of this feather food upon the system be not maintained, by constantly giving small doses of it, there is a possibility that any feathers which may be lost will be replaced by those of a different color. The effect of the color food, therefore, must not be allowed to entirely lapse from the blood. The expense of keeping up color feeding on a limited scale like this is not great, and so it is within reason to do so.

AGRICULTURAL HINTS

RHODE ISLAND REDS.

The Rhode Island Red is a rich, brilliant red, as deep in shade as may be gotten by keeping out the smut in undercolor, and specimen feathers on my desk from birds that have won prizes at our largest shows indicate that a very rich red may be attained with clear red under-color. Of course, such birds are rare and extremely high-priced and are no more useful than the common ones on the farm, where the rich, red surface color is about all that is ever considered.

KING CARDINAL, JR., (Typical Ideal Form of Rhode Island Red.)

ter and summer, the Reds are peerless. This has been proved by the testimony of every one who has ever bred them. Whether or not the change to a heavier standard of weight, which now reads 8½ pounds for cock and 6½ pounds for hens, will affect the laying qualities remains to be seen. The testimony of my customers from east to west favors the small, active type as the best layers, but my own experience does not coincide with theirs, as I find the large hens on the nest fully as often as the smaller ones.

THE FARM IN SUMMER.

Salt the weeds in the sheep pasture; the sheep will then finish them. Are the drains so made and opened as to save the washings from the highways?

For a whole year the famous Dr. Radcliffe attended a friend without a single fee passing between them. As he was leaving after his last visit the patient said: "Here, doctor, is a purse in which I have put every day's fee. You must not let your kindness get the better of my gratitude; so please take it." The generous physician put out his hand to reject the purse, but the chink of the gold was too much for his amiable resolution. "Singly, sir, I could have refused them forever, but all together I am afraid they are irresistible."

Her View of It. Seedman—You know, ma'am, you don't have to plant your potatoes whole, you can cut them up in small pieces.



Mrs. Anderson, a prominent society woman of Jacksonville, Fla., daughter of Recorder of Deeds, West, says: "There are but few wives and mothers who have not at times endured agonies and such pain as only women know of. I wish such women knew the value of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. It is a remarkable medicine, different in action from any other I ever knew and thoroughly reliable."

THE EXPERIENCE AND TESTIMONY OF SOME OF THE MOST NOTED WOMEN OF AMERICA GO TO PROVE, BEYOND A QUESTION, THAT LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S VEGETABLE COMPOUND WILL CORRECT ALL SUCH TROUBLE AT ONCE BY REMOVING THE CAUSE, AND RESTORING THE ORGANS TO A HEALTHY AND NORMAL CONDITION.

AT BED TIME I TAKE A PLEASANT HERB DRINK

THE NEXT MORNING I FEEL BRIGHT AND NEW AND MY COMPLEXION IS BETTER.

LANE'S FAMILY MEDICINE

WESTERN CANADA

Is attracting more attention than any other district in the world. "The Granary of the World." "The Land of Sunshine." The Natural Feeding Grounds for Stock.

FLITS

FREE TO WOMEN

Hiess Rootbeer