

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

I love to hear the wood-nymph's silvern song,
The leaves that rustle as she trips along,
The whisper coming with each dalliant
breath, breath,
And chirp and chatter where the squirrels throng.

I leve to breathe the first sweet life of The olive branch that March and April bring.

The promise of a season long delayed,
The whisper from each tender budding thing.

I love to see the tender buds unfold That heard the wood-nymphs calling through the mold And came up gayly from their winter

Each full of beauty as its cup could hold. I love to feel the dead leaves on the ground
That break and rustle with a pleasant

That rise and fall with every zephyr's For bud and blossom go their endless round.

I love the earth, the sky, the humble s the heart of Nature which is truly God The soul of things that ever beckons

me
Unto those heights where man hath rarely trod.
—Clarence Hawkes, in Springfield (Mass.)



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 morn-

'I will, sir," said the sergeant, and saluting, turned away white Webb went back to set a dismantled pantry in partial order, against the appearance of his long-suffering housekeep-er, whose comments he dreaded as he did those of no inspector genera! in the army.

Ten minutes more and the sergeant

was back again.

Sir, I have to report that Trooper Kennedy has not been seen about the quarters," said he.

'Then try the stables, sergeant.' answered the veteran campaigner, and thither would Schreiber next have gone, even had he not been sent. And, sure enough, there was Kennedy, with rueful face and a maudlin romaunt about a moonlit meeting with a swarm of painted Sioux, over which the stable guard were making merry and stirring the trooper's soul

to wrath ungovernable.
"I can prove ut," he howled, to the accompaniment of clinching fists and bellicose lunges at the laughing tormentor nearest him. "I can whip the hide off'n the scut that says I didn't. Ask Lootn't Field, beiabers! He saw it. Ask—Oh, Mother of God! what's this I'm sayin'?"—And there, with stern, rebuking gaze, stood the man they knew and feared, every soul soldier in the -th, Sergeant Schreiber, the redoubtable, and Schreiber had heard the insane and damaging

"Come with me, Kennedy," was all he said, and Kennedy snatched his battered felt headgear down over his eves and tacked woefully after his swift-striding master, without ever another word.

But it was to his own room Schreiber took the unhappy Irishman, not to the quarters of company "F." He had heard words that, coupled with others that fell through the darkness on his keenly listening ears some two hours earlier, had given him cause for painful thought. "Lie down here, Kennedy. Pull off your boots. and if you open your fool head to any living soul until I give you leave, py Gott—I'll gill you!" It was Schreiber's way, like Marryatt's famous boatswain, to begin his admo-nitions in exact English, and then, as wrath overcame him, to lapse into

It was but a few minutes after seven when Maj. Webb, having previously dispatched a messenger to the post trader's to say he had need to see Mr. Hay as soon as possible, mounted his horse and, followed by Sergeant Schreiber and an orderly rode quietly past the guard-house, touching his hat to the shouted "Turn out the guard—commanding officer" of the sentry on Number One. Hay was dressing hurriedly, the servant, so Webb bade

second story, even while feigning deep interest in the doings of a little quad of garrison prisoners—the invitable inmates of the guard-house in the days before we had our safe-guard in shape of the soldier's clubthe post exchange-and now again 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:

"All your horses in and all right, this morning, Hay?"

"None have been out," said Hay, stoutly, "unless they've gone within an hour. I never let them have the keys, you know, over night. Pete brought them to me at eight last evening and got 'em at six this morning, the usual time."

"Where does he get them—without waking you?" asked Webb.

"They hang behind the door in my he takes my boots to black at six o'clock." sleeping room. Pete gets them when

"Come over to the stables," said the commanding officer, and, won-

dering, Hay followed. They found the two hostlers busily at work grooming. In his box stall, bright as a button, was "Harney," Hay's famous runner, his coat smooth as satin. Hay went rapidly from stall to stall. Of the six saddlers owned by him not one gave the faint est sign of having been used over night, but Webb, riding through the gangway, noted that "Crapaud," the French halfbreed grooming in the third stall, never lifted his head. Whatever evidence of night riding that might earlier have existed had been deftly groomed away. The tra-der had seen suspicion in the soldier's eye, and so stood forth, triumphant: "No, Maj. Webb," said he, in loud,

confident, oracular tone, "no horse of mine ever gets out without my knowing it, and never at night unless you or I so order it." " queried the major, placidly,

"Then how do you account for-

Among the fresh hoofprints in the yielding sand, with which the police party had been filling the ruts of the outer roadway, was one never made by government horse or mule. In half a dozen places within a dozen rods, plain as a pikestaff, was the print of a bar shoe, worn in the off foot of just one quadruped at the post—Hay's swift running "General Harney."

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 "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, out 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 bunchgrass of the bench, and found 'em off to Rawlins or up the Sweet-Schreiber's estimate substantially correct. Then, stopping at the lodge derstand that! but to borrow them "Snotted Horse," where that superannuated but still sagacious chief was squatted on his blanket and ostentatiously puffing a long Indian pipe, Webb de manded to know what young men remained in the vilage. Over a hundred strong, old men, squaws and children, they thronged about him, silent, bigeved and attentive. Schreiber interthe well-known sign language when of the meaning of his words:-

"No young men. All gone," was the positive declaration of the venerable head of the bailiwick, when compelled at last to answer. But Schreiber had studied the pony herd and knew bettheir ponies had been led along with early hours of the moonlit morning. Others, both men and mounts, unavoidably left behind, would surely be sent forward at the first possible opportunity, and, much as Webb might wish to turn back to capture the party, well as he might know other bands were in revolt and Stabber gone to help them, he was pow s under his orders to interfere until by some openly hostile act these laggards of the little band invited his reprisal. The rule of the road, as prescribed by the civil authorities, to which the soldier had sworn obedi-ence, being practically, "Don't defend until you are hit. Don' shoot until

you are shot." Webb came cantering back assured said the servant, so Webb bade that these frowsy, malodorous lodges between the fighting men who were a menace to at the forks of the road. It was but five minutes before Hay appeared, counted on to make it more than increase in the servant of the fighting men who were a menace to the neighborhood, and who could be five minutes before Hay appeared, counted on to make it more than increase in the servant weighted that these frowsy, malodorous lodges between the fighting men who were a menace to surgeon, stood faithfully by her side, listening to her lively chatter, with five minutes before Hay appeared, counted on to make it more than increase in the first of my gratitude; so Capt. Tracy, a bachelor assistant below the better of my gratitude; so Capt. Tracy, a bachelor assistant below the better of my gratitude; so Capt. Tracy, a bachelor assistant below the chink of the gold was five minutes before Hay appeared, counted on to make it more than in-

easy stride their trained mounts went to try to get your cash to bank?"
loping swiftly homeward, he gave in- And Webb keenly eyed his man as structions 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.

It was the hour when all the girls were out, looking fair and fresh as daisies, and while the mothers sedately gossiped along the row of broad verandas, their daughters blithely chatted in little groups, or, as might often be, paced slowly with downcast eyes and mantling cheeks at the side of some young gallant who had no thought for other duty than that of the thrilling moment. And here they were, well-nigh a dozen of them, of all ages from 12 to 20, as the major sent his mount to the stables and made quick survey of the scene, and a moment's glanee was sufficient to show that among them all there as stir and excitement beyond that which would be caused by so common an incident as the sending forth of a troop on scout. It was the fact that Field had gone and that young Ross



THERE SHE STOOD, GAZING UP THE PLATTE, TOWARD THE INDIAN VILLAGE THROUGH A PAIR OF SIGNAL GLASSES.

was acting in his place that set them all to speculating on the cause. One of their number, promenading with Lieut. Hartley, glanced up at Maj. Webb as they passed him by, with uch a word of mingled question and reproach in her soft blue eyes that is heart for the moment smote him. He had never seen Esther Dade looking so languid or wan, yet more of her and for her he had been thinking during the week gone by than of any other girl in or out of the army. day, however, there was another he eagerly sought to see, and, with something akin to keen disappointment, noted that she was not among the strollers along the board walk the chatting groups about the steps and gateways. Nor once during her brief visit had she as yet missed guard mounting. Now her absence was significant. In the very eyes of the little party hastening toward him three young girls and a brace of subalterns—he read question and eross-question, and was thankful to see Hay, the trader, trudging up the walk to join him. So seldom did the old frontiersman enter the quadrangle that people remarked upon his coming—remarked still more when Webb hurried down to meet him.

"You're right about the horses, major," said Hay, mopping a moist and troubled face with a big bandana. "My racer and my best single-footer, Dan, were out last night. Dan's sad dle cloth was wet and so was Harnev's. Someone outside has got false eys—I'll put new padlocks on at once
but for the life of me I can't think who would play me such a trick. To steal the horses—run hollow!" And Hay in deep perplexity leaned against the low fence and almost imploringly gazed into the ma-They all leaned on Webb. 'Any idea who they were?" asked the commander.

"Not the skin of a shadow, 'cept that one man rode shorter stirrups'n They forgot to set 'em back. They had my California saddle on Dan and that light Whitman of mine on Harney."

"Sure it was two men?" queried Webb, looking straight into the tra-

"What else could it be?" demanded Hay, in no little excitement.

"Well, I thought possibly Miss Flower might have been moved to take a moonlight ride. No reason why she shouldn't, you know, and

not wishing to disturb you-"Then she would have used her own sidesaddle. What's she doing with a man's? Besides, she'd have told me!

"Oh! You've seen her then this

at daybreak—up hours ago, my wife says. Haven't you seen her? She's

over here somewhere? No. Webb had not seen her, and together the two started in search, first to the flagstaff, and there at the beyond the there she stood, gazing up the Platte toward the Indian village through a pair of signal glasses that weighed

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.
"Well, now, if agreeable to you, I

prefer to keep such funds at the quartermaster's. Oh—Good morning. Mrs. Ray!" he cheerily called, lifting his cap, at sight of a young matron at an upper window. "Can you see them still?" he added, for the elder of the two boys was peering through a long telescope, perched on its bras tripod upon a little shelf projecting from the sill. Many a time had the "Ray's spyglass" been the last to discern some departing troop as it crossed the low divide ten miles away to the north. Many a time had the first announcement of "courier coming" reached headquarters through Master Sandy, the first born of their olive branches. There were unshed tears in the gentle voice that an swered. There was wordless anxiety in the sweet, pallid face that smiled so bravely through its sorrow. "The troop passed out of sight quarter of an hour ago, major," said Mrs. Ray. "But Sandy could see the flankers n their left until within the last five minutes."

"Way out on their left, major!" interposed that young gentleman, big with importance. "If old Stabber tries any of his tricks with that troop he'll—he'll get his belly full!" and Master Sandy plainly intimated both in tone and manner, not to mention of the vernacular of the soldier, that Stabber might take libdier, that Stabber might take liberties with any other troop or company at the post, but would best be-ware of daddy's. And yet, not three months agone he had stoutly taken up the cudgels for the Frayne rison, as a whole, against the field, the wordy battle with the son and heir of the colonel commanding at Laramie culminating in a combat only terminated by the joint efforts of the stable sergeant and sentry, for both youngsters were game as their sires. What Sandy Ray was now praying to see was an attack by Stabber's band upon the isolated troop, but Stabber, it may be said, knew a trick worth ten of that. There vas no sense in pitching into the sor rel troop on even terms when by wait ing another day, perhaps, and the answer of Lame Wolf to the appeal of his speedy messenger, he might outnumber and overwhelm them with

five to one.
"We should be hearing from Omaha and Laramie by ten o'clock, Mrs. Ray," said the major, reassuringly, "and I will send you word at once. And, of course, Corporal Ray," he continued, and now with martial formality addressing the lad at the telescope, "I can rely upon you to report at once in case you see anything uspicious toward the Big Horn." [To Be Continued.]

JOURNEY OF LAFAYETTE.

Letters of His Son Describe His Famous Trip Through the United States.

In Lippincott's there are some en ertaining letters written by a son or Gen. Lafayette while traveling in United States with his father. These letters have never before been

"We have already spent 20 days in the United States," says the son, "and this is the first leisure I have had for writing you a line; even as it is, I am not sure of being able to dispatch my letter. The Stephanie, whose captain is one of our friends, is to sail from New York for Havre to-day, and will take our letters, if

only we can arrive in time.
"Ever since we have been here my father has been the hero, and we the spectators, of the most imposing, beautiful and affecting sights, the most majestic population world welcoming a man with common conducting him triumph throughout a journey of leagues. Women wept with joy on seeing him and children risked being crushed to get near to the man whom their fathers kept pointing out to them as one of those who had con-tributed the most to procuring them their happiness and independence This is what it has been reserved for us to see. I am knocked off my feet excuse the expression—by the tions of all kinds I experience. won't enter into details; you know me, and I do not suppose that, amidst the excitement of a happy people's rejoicings and sharing in the extraordinary gratitude with which my father is overwhelmed, I shall forget at any time those who have a claim on all the sentiments heart is capable of feeling. God grant that I may always enjoy the necessary strength to discharge the whole of my duties. But since being here I have not slept more than four or five hours each night!"

Persuasiveness of the Unexpected There is a great deal of humor los: to the world in the interviews between doctors and their clients, if one may judge from the specimens that are occasionally allowed to come to light.

For a whole year the tamous Dr Radeliffe 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 the patient said: purse in which I have put every day's You must not let your kindnes at the forks of the road. It was but the neighborhood, and who could be five minutes before Hay appeared, pulling on his coat as he shot from the door, but even before he came the major had been carefully, cautiously scanning the blinds of the solution, and who could be listening to her lively charter, with cars that absorbed and eyes that the resting for any couriers that might have to be sent between the fort and the forces at the front. Calling an order on you for Field's currency Schreiber to his side, as, with long, in your safe. When are you going afraid they are irresistible."



RHODE ISLAND REDS.

As Layers of Dark Brown Eggs, Winter and Summer, This Breed Has No Superior.

The Rnode 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.

As layers of dark brown eggs, win-



KING CARDINAL, JR.,

ter and summer, the Reds are peerless. This has been proved by the testimony of every one who has ever bred them. bred them. Whether or not the change to a heavier standard of weight, which now reads $8\frac{1}{2}$ pounds for cock and $6\frac{1}{2}$ pounds for hens, will affect the laying qualities remains to be seen. The testimony of my custotomers 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.

For dressed fowls I want to say that the local butcher has no eye for beauty of plumage, but actually pays me two cents per pound more for the culls I kill than he pays for common kinds. I asked him why he did so. The answer was: "Plumper, more meat, less bone, nice yellow legs and medium size (three to five pounds). There is the argument in dollars and cents.—Ohio Farmer.

FEEDING FOR COLOR.

It Can Be Done at Small Expense and Without Injuring the Health of the Chickens.

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. birds be accustomed to it from hatching time upwards, and then when passing through their first or chicken moult they be given a rather eral 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 luring 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.

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? If pastures are seared and dry, and

if movings are a failure, plant some peas and oats, Hungarian, fodder corn or other quick growing green crops to fill the barns for winter feed. Remember these heavy green crops require plenty of plant food.

Sow some catch crop among the corn to keep the ground covered during winter. Crimson clover, mustard and other crops will do. If after the harvest of any crop it was intended to leave the ground bare, don't do it. Sow something; keep the land covered throughout the year .- Farm and

Her View of It.

Seedsman—You know, ma'am, you don't have to plant your potatoes whole; you can cut them up in small pieces.

Mrs. Newmarket—Yes, I know; that might do very well if we always wanted to raise potatoes for Lyonnaise or for mashing; but we should probably desire to have potatoes served whole, now and then.—Boston Transcript.



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.

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