A CANOE SONG

In the moonlight on the river, cool beneath the summer dew
We grasp our bird's-eye paddles and
swing out the old canoe;
Then down the trickling pathway in a
silver wake of light,
Are left our cares behind us as we pass
into the night.
Night of shadows, shimmering moon,
Lighting all as bright as noon;
Hear the murmur of the water,
And the wild cry of the loon.

Hear the shrill scream of the night-hawks as they sweep the fragrant with the scent of cedars, hem-

Heavy with the scent of cedars, hemlocks, maple, spruce and fir.
Oh! your heart is light within you as we
swiftly glide along.
And with her voice to thrill you we awake
the woods with song.
Night of shadows, shimmering moon,
Lighting all as bright as noon;
Hear the murmur of the water,
And the wild cry of the loon.
—Lloyd Roberts, in Canadian Magazine.



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CHAPTER VII.—CONTINUED.

There in a dozen places were sign old Indian trailers read as they would ished. Level as appeared the north-read an open book. Places where, ward prairie from the commanding pivoting on the heel, a heavy foot had crushed right and left into the yield-eager watchers, it was in reality ing soil of the roadway, making con-centric, circular grooves and ridges of sandy earth, where, earlier in he morning, Dan's and Harney's dainty dips or basins lay between broad, wide, far-extending, yet slight uppressions. For nearly 50 yards had this obliterating process been carried and twisted dozens of dry arroyos, all road dipped over the rounding edge, down to the flats. Here Webb, with Dade and Hay, returned, while Blake gradually, and with many an intermeandered on, musing over what he vening dip, rose to the watershed had been told. "It's a government between the Platte and the score of heel, not a cowboy's," had Hay said, hopefully, of the print of that pivotthe South Cheyenne. It was over ing lump of leather.

'That gives no clew to the wearer," answered Blake. "Our men often sell now abandoned stage road, Ray's their new boots, or give their old daring little command had disappost. So far as I'm concerned, the care with which the print has been erased is proof to me that the major saw just what he said. Somebody about Hay's place was mighty anxious to cover his tracks."

But a dozen "somebodies" besides he was heading for Frayne, the stablemen hung there at all hours still far east of the highroad. of the day, infesting the broad veranda, the barroom and stores, striving to barter the skin of coyote, skunk or beaver, or, when they had nothing to sell, pleading for an unearned drink. Half a dozen of these furtive, beetle-browed, swarthy sons of the prairie lounged there now, as the elder officers and the trader re- the ready binocular, she had turned turned, while Blake went on his way exploring. With downcast eyes he followed the road to and across a sandy watercourse in the low ground, and there, in two or three places found the fresh imprint of that bar shoe, just as described by Webb. Then with long, swift strides he came stalking up the hill again, passthe watchful eyes about the ral without a stop, and only check-ing speed as he neared the home-stead of the Hay's, where, once again, stretched southward from the foothe became engrossed in studying the road and the hard pathways at the side. Something that he saw, or fancied that he saw, perhaps a dozen yards from the trader's gate, induced him to stop, scrutinize, turn, and, with searching eyes, to cross diagonally the road in the direction of the stables, then again to retrace his steps and return to the eastward as he concluded search, and once more went briskly from an upper window, and the ra- now, and riding at the gallop, Blake Nanette Flower appeared between the opening blinds. One might have said he expected both the sight and question:

"Lost anything, Capt. Blake?" 'Nothing but-a little time. Miss Flower," was the prompt reply as, without a pause, the tall captain, raising his forage cap, pushed "But I've found something," muttered he to himself, between his set teeth, and within five minutes more was again closeted with the

'You saw it?" asked Webb.

"Yes. Three or four places-down in the arroyo. More than that—Where's Hay?" he broke off suddenfor voices were sounding in the adjoining room.

"Here, with Dade and the doctor." "Then—" But Blake got no fur-ther. Breathless and eager, little Ray came bounding through the hallway into the presence of the officers. He could hardly gasp his

"Major, you told me to keep watch and let you know. There's a courier coming—hard! Mother saw him too, through the—spyglass. She says they—see him, too at Stabber's—and she's afraid——"

"Right!" cried Webb. "Quick, Blake; rush out half a dozen men to meet him. Those devils may indeed Thank you, my little cut him off. he added, bending down patting the dark curly head, as Blake went bounding away. "Thank you, Sandy. I'll come at once to the bluff. We'll save him. Never you fear."

say, all Fort Frayne seemed hurrying of north. Now, riding like mad, they to the northward bluff. The sight of tall Capt. Blake bounding like a greyhound toward his troop barracks, and shouting for his first sergeant—of ing for the low-rolling prairie where und toward his troop barracks, and Maj. Webb almost running across the the lone courier might next be ex-

parade toward the flagstaff-of Sandy rushing back to his post at the telescope—of the adjutant and officer of the day tearing away toward the stables, where many of the men were now at work, were signs that told unerringly of something stir-ring, probably across the Platte. As luck would have it, in anticipation of orders to move, the troop horses had not been set out to graze, and were still in the sunshiny corrals, and long before the news was fully voiced through officers' row, Blake and six of his men were in saddle and darting away for the ford, carbines advanced the instant they struck the opposite

From the bluff Webb had shouted his instructions. "We could see him a moment ago," for half a dozen field glasses were already brought to bear, "six miles out—far east of the road. Feel well out to your left to head off any of Stabber's people. Three of them have been seen galloping out already."

"Aye, aye, sir," came the answering shout, as Blake whirled and tore away after his men. There had been a time in his distant past when the navy, not the army, was his ambition, and he still retained some of the ways of the sea. Just as Webb feared, some few of Stabber's young war-riors had been left behind, and their agle-eyed lookout had sighted the far distant courier almost as soon as Now they Sandy's famous telescope. Now twere hastening to head him off.

But he seemed to have totally vaneager watchers, it was in reality a low, wiling surface like some lazily heaving sea that had become sudden ly solidified. Long, broad, shallow and in a dozen spots, until the gradually trending toward the Platte the drainage system of the fronand, hard and firm now, went winding tier. Five miles out began the ascent to the taller divides and ridges that Moceasin, or Ten Mile, Ridge, as it was often called, and close to the ones, to these hangers-on about the post. So far as I'm concerned, the o'clock. It was at least two, possiseen by the major and certain others of the swift gathering spectators, he was heading for Frayne, though

And now Mrs. Ray, on the north piazza, with Webb by her side and Nannie Blake, Mrs. Dade and Esther in close attendance, was briefly telling the major what she had seen up stream. One glance through Sandy' glass had told her the little fellow had not watched in vain. Then with the Indian encampment Platte, and almost instantly saw commotion-squaws and children running about, ponies running away and Indian boys pursuing. Then, one after another, three Indians—warriors, presumably—had lashed away northward and she had sent Sandy on the run to tell the major, even while keeping watch on hills. Beyond doubt they were off in hopes of bagging that solitary horseman, speeding with warning of some kind for the shelter of Fort

By this time there must have been nearly two hundred men, women and children lining the crest of the bluff, and speaking in low, tense when they spoke at all, and straining his their eyes for the next sight of the search, and once more went briskly coming courier or the swift dash of on his way, a blithe voice hailed him the intercepting Sioux. Well out and gleaming white teeth and his half dozen, widely separating over much of the ground were still in view, and Dade and his officers breathed more freely. "See beggars what a distance those Stabber's will have to ride," said the veteran captain to the little group about him. "They dare not cross the ridge short of three miles out. It's my belief they'll see Blake and never

cross at all." Then up rose a sudden shout. "There he is!" "There he comes!" "See!" and 50 hands pointed eagerly northeastward where a little black dot had suddenly popped into view out of some friendly, winding watercourse, four miles still away, at least count, and far to the right and front of Blake's easternmost trooper. Every glass was instantly brought to bear upon the swiftly coming ri-der, Sandy's shrill young voice ringing out from the upper window. "It isn't one of papa's men. His horse is a gray!" Who then could it be? and what could it mean, this coming of a strange courier from a direction so far to the east of the traveled road? Another moment and up rose another shout. "Look!"—"There they are!" Sioux for certain!" And from behind a little knob or knoll on the neridian ridge three other black dots had swept into view and were shoot ing eastward down the gradual slope Another moment and they were swallowed up behind still another low divide, but in that moment they had seen and been seen by the westernmost of Blake's men, and now, one after another, as the signals swept Ve'll save him. Never you fear."

In less than no time, one might
Their line of direction had been west race was on between the hidden three

pected to come into view-friends an foes alike, unconscious of the fact that, following one of those crooked arroyos with its stiff and precipitous banks, he had been turned from his true course full three-quarters of a mile, and now, with a longer run, but a clear field ahead, was steering straight for Frayne.

CHAPTER VIII. But Frayne was far from done with excitement for the day. For a while all eyes seemed centered on the chase now scattered miles toward the east and, save for two of the number left behind, blown, spent and hopelessly out of the race, soon lost to view among the distant swales and ravines Then everyone turned to welcome the coming harbinger, to congratulate him on his escape, to demand the reason for his daring essay. Grege and his men were first to reach him, and while one of them was seen through the leveled glass to dismount and give the courier his fresh horse, thereby showing that the gray was well-nigh exhausted, the whole par'y turned slowly toward the post. Then one of their number suddenly darted forth from the group and came spurring at top speed straight for

"That means news of importance," said Webb, at the instant. "And Gregg and all of his squad are coming in-not following Blake. That means he and they are more needed elsewhere. Come on, Mr. Ross. We'll down and meet that fellow. derly, have my horse sent to the ford." So, followed the three or four younger officers—the married men being restrained, as a rule, by pro-testing voices, close at hand—the commanding officer went slipping and sliding down a narrow, winding pathway, a mere goat track, many of the soldiers following at a respectful distance, while all the rest of the gathered throng remained at crest, eagerly, almost breathlessly, awaiting the result. They saw the trooper come speeding in across the flats from the northeast; saw as he reached the "bench" that he was spurring hard; heard, even at the listance, the batter of hoofs upon the resounding sod; could almost hear the fierce panting of the racing steed; saw horse and rider come plunging down the bank and into the stream and shoving breast-deep through the foaming waters; then issue dripping on the hither shore, where, turning loose his horse, the soldier leaped from saddle and saluted his commander.

"Captain Gregg's compliments, sir. It's Rudge from the Dry Fork. Sergeant Kelly feared that Kennedy hadn't got through, for most of Lame Wolf's people pulled away from the Fork yesterday morning, coming this way, and the sergeant thought it was to unite with Stabber to surround any small command that might be sent ahead from here. Rudge was or dered to make a wide sweep to the east, so as to get around them, and that's what took him so long. left not two-hours after Kennedy. He

In spite of his years of frontier ervice and training in self-control Webb felt, and others saw, that his face was paling. Ray, with only men at his back, was now out of sigh -out of reach-of the post and prob ably face to face with, if not alr surrounded by, the combined forces of the Sioux. Not a second did he hesitate. Among the swarm that had followed him was a young trumpeter of "K" troop, reckless of the fact that he should be at barracks, packing his kit. As luck would have it, there at back hung the brazen clarion. held by its yellow braid and cord. "Boots and saddles, Kerry, quick!" ordered the major, and as the ringing notes re-echoed from bluff and building wall and came laughing back from distant crags at the south, the little throng at the bank and the crowd at the point of the bluff, had scattered like startled coveys—the men full run for the barracks and stables, never stopping to "reason why.'

Nearly half an hour later, grayof bluff near the flagstaff, Esther. pale and tearful, by his side, waving adieu and Godspeed to Webb, who had halted in saddle on reaching the opposite bank and was watching ittle column through the ford-three stanch troops, each about 60 strong, reinforced by about half, a dozen of Ray's men left behind in the forward ish at dawn, but scorning disqualification of any kind, now that danger menaced their beloved captain and comrades of the sorrel troop. In all the regiment no man was loved the rank and file as was Billy Ray.

The veterans trusted and swore by younger troopers looked up to well-nigh worshipped him and and now, as the story that the Sioux had probably surrounded the sorrel troop went like wildfire through the garrison, even the sick in the hospital begged to be allowed to go, and one poor lad, frantic through fever and enforced confinement, broke from the hold of the half-hearted attendant; tore over to "K" troop barracks, demanding his "kit" of Sergeant Schreiber, and, finding the quarters deserted, the men all gone to stables, dared to burst into that magnate's own room in search of his arms and clothing, and thereby roused a heavily sleeping soldier, who damned him savagely, until, through wild raving, he gathered that some grave dange enaced Capt. Ray. Even his befud dled senses could fathom that! And while the guards and nurses bore the patient, shricking and struggling, ack to the hospital, Kennedy soused s hot head in the cooling waters of their frontier lavatory and was of

ike'a shot to the stable It was long before he found his horse, for the guard had taken Kil-maine to "F" troop's stables, and maine to "F" troop's stables, and Keny 'y had been housed by "K."



GET BACK; GET BACK!" HE BEGAN TO SHOUT—"THERE'S A MILLION INDIANS JUST OVER THE RIDGE."

It was longer still before he could persuade the guard that he "had a right," as he put it, to ride after the major. Not until Capt. Dade had been consulted would they let him go. Not, indeed, until in person Kennedy had pleaded his cause with that cool-head-ed commander. Dade noted the flushed and swollen face, but rea-soned that nothing would more speedilv shake the whisky from his system than a long gallop in that glorious air and sunshine. "Maj. Webb is folair and sunshine. "Maj. Webb is following the trail of Capt. Ray," said he. "You follow the major's. You can't miss him, and there are no In-dians now to interpose. You should eatch him by noon-then give him

"This" was a copy of a late dispatch just in from Laramie, saying that the revolt had reached the Sioux at the agencies and reservations on the White Earth, and would demand the attention of every man at the post. No reinforcement, therefore, could be looked for from that quarter until the general came. It was no surprise to Dade. It could be none to Webb, for old Red Cloud had ever been an enemy, even when bribed and petted and fed and coddled in his village on the Wakpa Schicha, His nephew led the bolt afield. No won der the old war chief backed him with abundant food, ammunition and eager warriors sent "from home."

But it was still after 11 when Kennedy drove his still wearied horse through the Platte and, far to the north, saw the dun dust cloud that told where Webb's little column was trotting hard to the support of the correls. His head was aching and he missed the morning draught of soldier coffee. He had eaten nothing since his cold lunch at the major's, and would have been wise had he gone to Mistress McGann and begged a cup of the fragrant Java with which she had stimulated her docile master ere he rode forth, but the one idea uppermost in Kennedy's muddled brain was that the sorrels were trapped by the Sioux and every trooper was needed to save At three in the morning he felt equal to fighting the whole Sioux nation, with all its dozen tribes and dialects. At 3:30 he had been whipped to a stand by just one of their number, and, "Mother av Moses," spoke English as well, or as ill as any an in the -th

Sore in soul and body was Kennedy, and sore and stiff was his gallant bay, Kilmaine, when these comrades of over three years' service shook the spray of the Platte from their legs and started doggedly northward on the trail. Northward they went for full three miles, Kilmaine sulky and protesting. The dust cloud was only partially visible now, hidden by the ridge a few miles ahead, when, over that ridge, probably four miles away to the right front, Kennedy saw coming at speed a single rider, and movement from end to end. reined to the northeast to meet him. Blake and his men had gone far in that direction. Two of their num ber, with horses too slow for a chase after nimble ponies, had, as we have seen, drifted back, and joined, unpre pared though they were for the field, the rear of Webb's column. But now came another, not aiming for Webb, but heading for Frayne. It meant news from the chase that might be important. It would take him but little from the direct line to north, why not meet him and hear? Kennedy reined to the right, riding slowly now and seeking the higher level from which he could command

the better view. At last they neared each other, the little Irish veteran, sore-headed and in evil mood, and a big, wildeyed, scare-faced trooper new to the frontier, spurring homeward with panic in every feature, but rejoicing

at sight of a comrade soldier.
"Git back; git back!" he began to shout, as soon as he got within hailing distance. "There's a million Indians just over the ridge. They've got the captain-

[To Be Continued.]

Customer (at dairy lunch counter)-What is this? Girl-It's what you ordered, sir; a cup

of half and half-half milk and half water.—Chicago Tribune.

"I know," said Uncle Allen Sparks, wincing as he felt another twinge, "they say 'better late than never,' but in the of rheumatism, by George, that doesn't apply!"

A Wide Difference. Kate-Is there much difference in

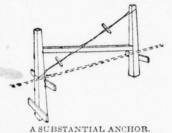
their social position? Nell-Oh, yes. Her father gets a salary and his father gets wages .- Somer- | you know how.

ville Journal,

WIRE FENCE BUILDING.

Durability Depends Altogether Upon the Way in Which the Anchor Posts Are Set.

The amount of time annually con sumed in the repair of wire fences combined with the loss in crops and in injured animals due to their being out of repair we are confident would foot up a pretty big total. A little more time expended, however, in the first construction of the fence, so that it may be constructed substantially man, kinder of heart and more sympaand according to correct principles will very materially reduce these losses One of the first and most important requisites of a good fence is to have ments of his horses and other form anithe anchor posts so set that they will mals, are all well calculated to awaken stay right where they are placed. The in him a kindly feeling which will lead him to do all in his power to alleviate the most prolific source of poor fences and the consequent losses therefrom There is much less strain on a fence that is kept tight and in proper shape than on one that is not, because there is less effort on the part of the ani-mals to get through than where they can see a more encouraging prospect



of success in that direction. Such condition of fence can be maintained only when the anchor posts are so se as to resist any reasonable amount of strain that may be placed upon them The accompanying cut represents a very substantial anchor. The anchor post should be large, and the heavier the better, although actual weight is of minor importance. It should be of sufficient length to extend 41/2 feet into the ground, where a long stretch of a four or a 41/2-foot fence is to be attached thereto, and have a two-inch block, the larger the better, spiked or rear side at its foot and one or the front side just below the surface of the ground, as shown in cut. is a corner post with two stretches of wire attached at right angles to each other there should be two sets of blocks spiked to the post to correspond. The brace post should also have a two-inch piece spiked to its front side just below the surface the ground. A good heavy brace, that will not spring, should be placed against the brace post and supported by a stone or block to keep it out of the ground and prevent decay. The other end of the brace should be placed against the anchor post about midway between the ground and top of fence. It is quite common to see the brace placed against the top of the anchor post, but placed in this manner it acts as a lever to lift the anchor post out of the ground. A wire is next passed round the brace pannel from foot of anchor to top of brace post and twisted as shown in cut. Twelve feet is a very good length for the brace pannel; a longer one requires a heavier brace to secure a given strength and too short a pannel makes the brace too steep. The wires should be drawn up well, but not too tight, as this will injure the texture of the wire. This is especially true in the case of single strand wire. In cable wire the twist will yield to any overstrain. Staples should not be driven tight, as is often done, but left so the wire can have free wire gets a little slack at any time it can then be tightened by hitching on to either end. If an animal runs into such a fence with great force the wires will yield throughout length like a spring, and as the body ing and digesting their feed there is no necessity for chaffing or cutting hay and former position, and may show but straw. little change from their former condition, while the same impact against a fence with staples driven tightly would be sustained by that immediate section of the fence. The wires, if not broken, would be stretched and inthat immediate repairs would be nec-essary. Even with a mild impact that apparently few experiments on the too tight to allow it to return and it hangs there loose and out of condition until repaired .- Prairie Farmer.

Best Time for Caponizing.
The best time to caponize is when the

cockerels are about three months old. It is not feasible to do it after a cockerel comes mature, as the proportion of deaths, culls and slips is much greater than with the younger birds. Capons grow rapidly and mature early, as they are quiet and peaceable. Their flesh remains soft and juicy like that of a young chicken, and as a rule, they bring considerably more per pound than natural birds. They are most in demand from February to June and are not commonly marketed until from ten to fourteen months of age. Capons make more weight for the feed they eat than any other fowls, as their only ambition is to eat and rest, two things which are favorable to the production of fat and growth.-Orange Judd Farmer.

If farming isn't paying you-there is screw loose somewhere. Find out where and tighten it.

Whatever you do-do it as well as

THE ROAD TO SUCCESS

The Farmer Who Is in Love with His Work Rarely Falls in Anything He Undertakes.

A man passed through my stable the ther day, and looking at the cattle feeding there, he said, "I like to see a row of nice cattle. They look good to me.'

That is the true farmer spirit. You may put in your whole life farming and in the end have lost all, or nearly all, the happiness simply because you do not love your calling. To succeed one must have more than a pecuniary motive in view. He should be able to enter into sympathy with his cows, sheep and horses. He must see in them something more than dumb beasts, to be treated as shabbily as possible and finally turned away for a song.

The man who can go through a series of years on a farm and not be a better thetic to all the helpless creatures about him is a hard-hearted man. The sick nesses of his cows and sheep, the ai!mals, are all well calculated to awaken their sufferings. Some men are so bru-tal with their stock that they fail to derive the profit they should from them They are themselves made harsh and cruel by their treatment of their cattle.

It is the same way with other farm-

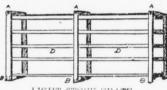
work. To get the most out of it, one ought to love the every-day things which come in the line of his duty. I know men who do not even cut down a tree, especially a live one, without a sense of personal loss. These are the true farmers. Farming is more than plowing, sowing and gathering into barns. It is living. The more we realize this, the better work we will do and the more successful we will be.—E. L. Vincent, in Farm and Fireside.

VERY EASY TO HANDLE.

When a Single Hog, Sheep or Calf Has to Be Hauled, This Crate Is Very Useful.

It is often convenient to have a crate in which to haul a single hog, sheep or calf. It is not necessary to have it so large or so heavy but that it can be easily lifted into the wagon, or even taken in the light wagon where the animal to be hauled is not too large and heavy. The frame should be made of two by four, strengthened with rods and bolts. Four-inch slats are nailed horizontally on the inside of the sides and perpendicular on the end. Three slats dropped from above and retained in position by the mortised end will retain the animal when inside.

The crate is about three feet wide,



LIGHT STOCK CRATE four and one-half feet high, and five The three frames are morfeet long. tised at top and bottom and have a rod (A) at top, and at the bottom two two by fours are bolted at B. The floor is spiked down to these. The slats are nailed on from the inside to prevent crowding off. To give strength substitute a two by four in place of slat (D), which should be bolted to the frames. The slats for retaining the animal are made of two by fours. They are made to slip down between the rod and outside two by four brace across the top of the rear frame, the bottom of the slat (C) mortised to fit a square hole cut in the floor and the top held in position by a pin fitting into holes bored through the top of slat and braces of frame. The figure shows the crate complete.-Cin-

cinnati Commercial Tribune. RATIONS FOR HORSES.

Digest of Experiment Station Reports on the Advisability of Chairing or Cutting Fodder.

It is perhaps the general opinion that when horses have ample time for chewnecessity for chaffing or cutting hay and When the time for feeding is limited chaffing and cutting coarse fodder is regarded as advantageous. This is an item of special importance with hard-worked horses kept in the stable only at night. Furthermore, chaffed feed occupies less space for storage than comparative merits of shredded and whole corn fodder for horses have yet been reported. No marked variation was observed in the weights of two lots of horses fed whole and cut timothy or whole and cut alfalfa and clover mixed, in a test carried on at the Utah station

At the Maryland station, in studies of the digestibility of a number of whole and ground feeds, it was found that grinding corn shives-that is. cornstalks from which the husks and pith are removed-until the material resembled coarse bran, did not destroy its value as a coarse fodder. and that the finely-ground material supplied the necessary bulk to the ration as well as the same material unground. It was further claimed that the finely-ground coarse fodder posmaterial in that it could be mixed with grain to form a well-belanced ration and fed to horses on shapboard, or under similar conditions, more readily than unground fodder and grain.—Government Bulletin

A good ration for farm horses is ten pounds of hay, eight pounds of corn, and seven pounds of bran per day.