

## THE QUIET TOWN.

No dreams have they who take their slumber here,  
No restless starting at the night's mid hour;  
Peace falls on them as falls at break of year  
The early sweetness of an April shower.

The crocus stains the sod, they do not heed;  
The poppy flaunts, they make no faintest sign;  
Above their heads the aster drops its seed  
And unremembered passes to decline.

So still they sleep, from being so remote,  
They do not quicken even though to mark  
The lyric thrush that fleets his passion-note  
Of immemorial joy from dawn to dark.

And yet the little winds but show me wrong,  
These slumberers' silence long since broke to song,  
Their faces brightened up the heavenly way!

—Youth's Companion.

## Acy's Little 'Un.

BY ELLIS MEREDITH.

In 1872, when Wallace, Kansas, was the terminus of the Kansas Pacific Railway, it had about a hundred inhabitants, and the usual two-story frame hotel a few feet from the station. The Smoky Hill River was then, as now, about three miles from the town, and Fort Wallace was two miles distant.

At that time the fort was a two-company post, garrisoned by between one and two hundred soldiers, all told. The buildings were arranged compactly, the only foes to be feared being Indians, and there were water-tanks that were always kept filled, lest in time of trouble the Sioux might come and cut off the water-supply from the river.

The scenery in this portion of Kansas can be pictured pretty accurately by a straight line drawn across a sheet of blank paper, with the labels "sky" and "land" above and below it. There was a tree, appropriately named Lone Tree, four miles from Wallace, and visible for many miles in every direction. It was a beacon, a guide, a harbinger of hope to every citizen and to every traveler. It told the points of the compass by day as the North Star does at night. Lonely and desolate, it stood on the wide prairie, a friend to all and beloved by all, after a fashion, with never an answering rustle from any kindred cot-towwood.

In view of these natural advantages—or the lack of them—the social life of Wallace was limited. The ladies of the garrison exchanged patterns and recipes, and the officers amused themselves as best they could, and hoped and prayed for marching orders that did not come.

What was euphemistically called "The Skunkkill Club" included all the officers from the fort and all the leading citizens. While it does not sound promising, it was a real boon, for its meetings, which were held monthly, were the sole "function" of the town. On that occasion the man who could not show the pelt of at least one of these chicken-thieves paid for an oyster supper for the remainder. The oyster, the little canned oyster, was, in those dark and mythical ages, the greatest delicacy known to the Western palate.

Among the Nimrods of this club was a quiet, middle-aged man named Wheeler. Probably his first name had originally been Ass, but it had long since degenerated into "Acy." He had served as a government scout, and it was generally held that what he did not know about horses, "critters" and Indians was not worth knowing.

Acy seldom spoke of any of his experiences, and was altogether uncommunicative, except when he was with two or three of the garrison children, who seemed to have found their way to his heart through his pony's stomach. The pony was a very pretty bay mustang, with black points and an insatiable appetite for sugar. She had rejoiced in the name of Bet until the major's small daughter had re-christened her "Sweetheart," and prevailed on Acy to accept the change.

Sweetheart knew more than most men, so Acy said, and no one cared to contradict him. She could trail him like a dog, she could find her way in the darkest night, she never stumbled into prairie-dog holes, and she could scent an Indian five miles away. Acy had probably never read the Arab's address to "My beautiful! my beautiful!" but when an Easterner offered to buy the little mare, he said, curtly, "Stranger, a man don't sell his hulf family," and walked away, his arm over her neck.

Acy was foreman of the Allen Clark stock ranch, fifteen miles from Wallace on Rose Creek, and as foreman it was his business to conduct the sound-ups. The Ogalallas and Sioux

were threatening an outbreak, and it was important to get the cattle branded. Otherwise they might be stampeded, and many yearlings would go to swell the ranks of other herds. Together with eight cowboys and four wagons, covered and containing the supplies for several weeks, Acy set forth on the round-up. Nothing occurred for the first week. They were forty miles from the fort, and had heard no more about the alleged Indian troubles.

One afternoon, as Acy rode slowly along, one of the boys came in for instructions, and as he jogged beside the bay pony, he observed her quick, irritable motions.

"Your beast is powerful fractious, Acy," he said, as she stopped and snorted uneasily, her soft, velvet muzzle twitching as if she scented danger.

Acy nodded, and turning in his saddle, looked searchingly over the bare, brown plain. There was absolutely nothing in sight except a few cattle, his own men, and miles of sage-brush, buffalo grass and sand.

"I reckon she's got nerves," continued the cowboy. "All women has 'em. Nothing the matter with her—just plain nerves."

Acy got down and unsaddled. There wasn't the smallest crease in the blanket. Not a strand in the double rope cinches had been twisted.

"I don't know," he said, "but if there ain't Indians within ten miles, it's the first time she ever fooled me." The pony muzzled up, shivering a little, and he combed out her forelock with his brown hand. "Sho, now, little 'un," he said, kindly, "can't ye tell me about it?"

"It's nothing but nerves," repeated the cowboy, harshly. "All female critters are alike."

"You may know a heap about women-folks," answered Acy, dryly, "but that's no sign you know horses; and even if you did, it's no sign you'd know the little 'un. She ain't a common plug; she's folks, and when she acts that-a-way, it means Indians. Tell the boys to come in and look sharp about 'em."

When Acy used that tone there was no more to be said. The puncher rode away.

The sun was sinking slowly in the west when the men came in and unsaddled. They arranged the four wagons in a hollow square, and put the saddle horses in the corral thus formed. As they did so, Sweetheart, who was standing a few feet from the camp-fire where the cook had supper almost ready, lifted her head and gave a neigh, so strange and prolonged that they all started and looked at her. She was trembling and staring out into the dusk with terrified eyes.

"Nerves!" said the puncher who had already delivered his opinion. "Had 'em all day."

"Dry up!" said another of the men, politely. "That's not the kind of nerves you can buy at Madigan's saloon. Hi! Look at that, will you?"

He pointed toward an arroyo that lay between them and the hills. They could see but indistinctly, but even in that uncertain light, men used to the warfare of the West, where any stranger might be a foe, and the red man was always an object of suspicion, could make no mistake. White horse-thieves did not wear feathers.

"I knew it," said Acy, stroking the mare's neck. "She never gives me a false alarm. Now there's no telling what they will do first, but it's easy guessing what they allow to do last."

He made a quick circular motion about his head. "Drive all the horses you can in between the wagons; there's eight of you, two to a side, to keep watch. Take turns till you get your supper. They won't do anything till after dark, likely, and there's no telling when we'll eat again."

The men followed instructions, making as complete a barricade as possible. They worked silently, remembering that two weeks before a party like their own had been left on the plains, stark and cold, not fifty miles from the fort.

As the stars came out and the new moon lent her feeble light, they saw they were completely surrounded. The circle closed, the Indians began slowly riding round and round their prisoners, their purpose being, with the smallest peril to themselves, to prevent escape. As they drew closer, chanting their weird and hideous war-song, a volley from the little fortress sent them again out of rifle-shot, and Acy called a council of war.

"No use, boys," he said. "There's a hundred of them if there's one, and there may be more coming up. The fort has got to be reached!"

The men assented silently. Any of them would have been willing to go, although the chance of getting through the line of Sioux was small; and once past it, without a horse, flight would be so slow as to be almost useless.

"I reckon time's the essence of this contract," said a puncher. "But you can't make time without a horse, and you can't get a horse past them Indians. Unless that mare of yours can fly."

Acy rubbed her forehead gently. "She's no flyer," he said, "but she can trail, which is more like it. This is my plan. I'm going to strike out for the fort. I'll have to crawl past the line of Indians. I reckon it will take all of two hours, and that will make it close to one o'clock. By half past twelve you set the mare loose on my trail. Don't tie her to a saddle or harness, but just tie a rope round her

neck and let her go. If she gets come up with, they'll think she's broke loose. If she gets past safe, she'll find me, and I'll get help to you by noon tomorrow. You must try and hold out till then."

"The little 'un's all right," said the puncher who had doubted her nerves. "I'll see that her halter's broke artistic, and I reckon the Lprd that taught her to smell Indians will get her by 'em."

It did not sound irreverent as he said it, and it was his nearest approach to a prayer in many years. The muttered "You bet!" of the other cowboys stood for a fervent amen.

"Hold the fort, boys!" Acy said, as he wriggled out of sight in the sage-brush. "Hold the fort!"

The little bay pony whinnied softly. At half past twelve o'clock she started after Acy. With her soft black muzzle close to the ground, she cautiously picked her way down the slight decline. The Indians were perceptibly closer, and the eight men who watched her from the camp felt a sickening fear at their hearts when two or three braves gave chase. But a mustang with only a broken rope about her neck was hardly worth while. The Sioux expected to have saddles and bridles and ponies to spare when they should have disposed of the men who were waiting for them in the shadow of the covered wagons.

Acy was past the line of Indians, and the night was growing darker. Sweetheart followed his trail uncertainly; he could barely see quarter of a mile away. The wind blew fitfully. Now he could hear the wild cries of the Indians, now they were swept the other way. The mare paused, and Acy, watching her breathlessly, made up his mind quickly. As a gust of wind blew toward her he called her name in a high, clear note. She jumped; then, with her nose close to the ground, started toward him. In a few moments she broke into a run, and was upon him almost before he could get out of her way and cry, "Whoa!" In an instant he was on her back, and they were flying away over the plain toward the fort.

At 3 o'clock it was so dark they had to stop and pick their way carefully, for prairie-dog towns were numerous. Acy walked beside her, saving her strength for the final run. At four o'clock the blackness was changing to gray, and finding himself close to the river, Acy slaked his own thirst and let the pony drink also. It seemed as if she realized the run before her, and only washed down the dust in her throat; then gathering up her sturdy, black legs, she swung into the tireless pace of the born single-footer.

The sun was rising when Acy saw the tree, the Lone Tree that told him that, never swerving in the darkness of the night, she had gone toward the fort, straight as an arrow flew.

It was barely nine o'clock when she stopped before the house occupied by the officer in command of the post, and Acy almost fell off and up the steps. Forty miles without bridle or saddle is tiresome riding.

There was a drill going on in a rather desultory fashion on the parade-ground, but this was a real case of carry arms, and in less than a quarter of an hour the soldiers were hurrying away down the river to the relief of the beleaguered cowboys.

"Don't thank me," said the major, curtly, when most of the Indians were dispersed and a few brought back as hostages to insure good behavior. "Don't thank me. Thank Acy's mare. If you care to sell her, I'll give you a hundred and fifty, Acy," which was an enormous sum for a pony; but Acy only shook his head. Just then Sweetheart "nickered" gently, as she took another lump of sugar from the major's daughter.

"Why, see, papa," said the little girl, "she's laughing at you!"—Youth's Companion.

## Smile Taken While You Wait.

Composite portraits were a source of much amusement some years ago, when Mr. Francis Galton introduced them. His latest experiment in analytical portraiture has received the approval of Photography, whose editor says that, from his own experience, it gives results of a promising character. It is said to give a significance to the attractive nonsense of Lewis Carroll in "Alice in Wonderland." The Cheshire Cat, which gradually disappeared, leaving nothing but its grin, is no longer purely whimsical, for by analytical portraiture Mr. Galton can subtract your smile from your general expression, or leave the smile while he subtracts the seriousness or glumness. The negatives are superposed, one upon the other, with the result that what is common to both is neutralized, and the rest remains smiling or serious, as it may be. Mr. Galton calls the compound of negative and positive a transformer. As long as the transformer subtracts glumness, all hall to the transformer, and let photography perpetuate our smiles!—London News.

## China's Long Bridge.

The longest bridge in the world is, it is recorded, the Lion bridge, near Sangang, in China. It extends 5 1-4 miles over an area of the Yellow Sea, and is supported by 300 huge stone arches. The roadway is 70 feet above the water and is inclosed in an iron network. A marble lion, 21 feet long, rests on the crown of each pillar. The bridge was built at the command of the Emperor Keing Long.—Exchange.

## FARM AND GARDEN NOTES.

### ITEMS OF INTEREST ON AGRICULTURAL TOPICS.

**Relief From Poison Ivy—Improving Common Hogs—The Horse Fly Pest—Experience With Clover—When to Cut Corn for Silage—Etc., Etc.**

**Relief From Poison Ivy.**  
Wash exposed portions of the body immediately after handling or going near poison ivy. This simple precaution will often prevent much discomfort. There are many remedies for ivy poison. One of the best is strong tea made by boiling or steeping sassafras root. Make the solution strong and bathe affected parts freely. It will speedily dry the poison blisters. Hot water, as hot as it can be borne, affords relief. Salt and water is very effective. Make the solution strong. Lime water is also good.

**Improving Common Hogs.**  
A herd of common hogs may be quickly and cheaply improved by introducing a boar of any good breed, but of pure blood. Select a new one of the same breed each year, but not a near relative. Such a course will give a herd all the characteristics of that breed in a few years. But if each year a new breed is selected, the attempted improvement will prove a failure. In-and-in breeding is another and fatal error in perpetuating our best breeds and families, as no animal shows deterioration from that cause as soon as the hog.

**The Horse Fly Pest.**  
The ordinary flies are troublesome enough to the dairyman, causing the calves to lose flesh and the cows to shrink in their milk, and the ox or gaddy is worse, but when it comes to what are called the horse fly, we suppose them to be a worse pest than all the others, states the American Cultivator. We here republish the formula given by the Kansas Experiment Station, which they say keeps off all flies at a cost of one-fourth to one-half cent a day for each animal.

It is as follows: Pulverized resin, two parts; measure; soap shavings, one part; water, one-half part; fish-oil, one part; water, three parts. Place the resin, soap shavings, one-half part of water and fish-oil together in a receptacle and boil till the resin is dissolved; then add the three parts of water, following with the oil of tar mixed with the kerosene. Stir the mixture well and allow it to boil for fifteen minutes. When cool, the mixture is ready for use, and should be stirred frequently while being applied. From one-eighth to one-half pint is sufficient for one application. To apply the mixture, a brush is used. We find nothing more satisfactory than a large painter's brush. At first it is well to make an application for two or three days in succession. Afterwards an application every other day will suffice. It is often more economical not to attempt to protect the entire animal, but only those parts not reached by the head or tail. It is perfectly safe, and in no case has it appeared detrimental to the health of the calf.

### An Experience With Clover.

Having purchased a run-down farm of 175 acres for \$300, I wanted to make it self-sustaining as quickly as possible, therefore turned to my friend clover. I plowed the ground early for wheat, procured a fine seed bed and got a fine stand of wheat. The middle of February there came a warm spell and I sowed clover seed, sowing one bushel broadcast to ten acres. The wheat had 200 pounds per acre of bone meal, phosphate and complete fertilizers, each fertilizer by itself to see which was the best for this land. The clover came up well and got a good hold before the March freeze came, consequently was not killed, while my neighbors, who waited until April to sow, had their seed washed away by the heavy rains.

By the middle of June the clover had a few headsturning brown, and it was cut for hay. It was cut in the morning and raked up next day and put in the barn as soon as possible. It grew quite hot, but cured all bright and nice. Part of the second crop was cut for hay and a part left for seed. This, after being cut, was pastured until early winter, and the following summer cut one crop again when it was plowed under, after making a little growth for wheat and oats. This second crop of wheat showed a big improvement over the first one. The clover was the common red variety and yielded well. The first crop cut in the season makes fine hay, if well cured, but for horses I don't think much of the second cutting. It will do well for hogs and cattle, as they are very fond of it, and even the chickens relish it very much, but it causes the horses to slobber.—Mrs. A. N. Knoer, in American Agriculturist.

### When to Cut Corn for Silage.

I have had seven years' experience in putting up and feeding silage and my conclusion is that most of the ensilage is cut too soon to get the best results. The time to cut corn for the shock is when the grains are dented and glazed and before the blades become brown. When corn is cut and put into the shock at this stage it has plenty of moisture for the silo. Most of the sugar in the stalks has turned to

starch and there is not so much acid formed.

In the fall of 1897 we made a new silo on our farm. It was calculated to hold 200 tons. We had planted eighteen acres for ensilage to fill the pit. That is eighteen acres was planted later than the other corn on the place and was not nearly so ripe. When it came time to cut the silage corn the other corn was much riper and should have been cut and put in the shocks. We were busy with the ensilage and did not get it cut. When we got our eighteen acres all cut out pit was not full. The other field was very ripe by this time, but we cut enough from it to fill the pit. To our surprise it was as good and was eaten by the animals as readily as any in the pit.

Last fall we did not have quite enough ensilage to fill our pits. A few acres of corn, planted late in July for silage, was utilized for this purpose, although it was just in the milk. When we fed it to the cows it was so sour the animals did not do well while it lasted, and the foreman told me that he did not want any more of that kind of slop for his cows, and I did not blame him.

Experiments have all proven that ripe corn is the best for the silo. If good ensilage is the best form of corn to make good milk, I cannot see why it is not the best for making beef. I do not believe, however, that mature corn is the feed for producing an abundance of beef. I think most farmers will agree with me that nothing will make cattle grow and fatten better than good fresh pasture. If fresh pasture is the best for both milk and beef and ensilage is the best form of corn for milk, why is it not equally good for beef production?

I have fattened a few animals on ensilage and the results were most satisfactory. Cows fed on ensilage are usually in good flesh, which, I think, speaks well for the fat-producing power of silage. Some sheep feeders are using silage for both ewes and feeding sheep and have pronounced it a success. If silage is profitable for sheep, it ought to be for cattle. I expect to build a silo this fall, the contents to be used for my beef cattle. I will feed the silage to the mother and grow the calf on it. I will also feed silage to my flock of Shropshire sheep. I do not feed silage alone, any more than I feed corn alone, but clover hay or some leguminous forage is always used with it.—Frank Rablen, in New England Homestead.

### Can Egg Production be Increased?

How is it that so many farmers do not find poultry keeping profitable? It is probably because the busy farmer does not give attention to small matters of detail. An interesting article on the subject of egg production by Percival V. Cooper has appeared in Country Gentleman. He says an old hen should lay 100 eggs in a year and recommends the use of the ax if she does not come up to that figure. It is possible now to know how many eggs a hen lays. On these points we quote: "Any one having an intimate knowledge of chemistry, combined with practical poultry keeping experience, knows that an egg is composed mostly of water, and also that for six months of the year a hen secures about one-half the food she consumes from grass bugs, weed seeds and other materials. One hundred pounds of grain fed from the bin combined with such other food is ample for the production of two hundred eggs by actual count. Trap nests are fast making it possible for poultrymen to keep accurate account of individual egg production; and while a few lightheads may be tempted to exaggerate, still there are fanciers and writers whose reputation cannot be assailed."

It is nothing unusual for an extra good cow to produce twice the quantity of milk that an ordinary cow does for a year; then why cannot an extra good hen double the product of an ordinary one? Any old hen will lay one hundred eggs. If she does not, then you should know it and use the ax. Egg production is not governed by the amount of food eaten so much as by the digestibility, seasonableness, and last, but not least, the proper proportion and mixture of foods, so as to contain the exact elements needed to support life and supply egg producing nourishment.

No poultry keeper should ever forget exercise, for it is the secret of egg production, of physical perfection, and the best safeguard against disease. Under no circumstances should one attempt the management of an egg farm without supplying scratching quarters (preferably the shed plan); then keep the flocks busy, and he will be richly rewarded with great quantities of "hen fruit."

### Stock Notes.

Whitewash the stables once or twice each year.

A daily brushing makes a cow look and feel better.

In marking sheep, avoid coarse, heavy paint marks.

Second cut clover is the best hay for young calves and lambs.

Never feed calves from dirty pails or vessels. Scald them out once each day.

Brush the Udder and surrounding parts before milking and wipe them with a damp sponge or cloth.

Keep the colts in good flesh. It is cheaper to keep them growing than to let them get stunted for want of feed.

In feeding steers it seems to be economical to give but little grain during the first portion of the feeding period. The horse's eye is frequently injured from vapors arising from a hot, foul stable. Give the stable ventilation and this will quickly disappear.

The main point in managing a pigpen is to keep it absolutely clean. Furnish plenty of dry earth as an absorbent and clean out every day.

Clover cured on racks has a higher feeding value than clover from the same field cured in the swath. Where practicable the use of racks is recommended during wet weather.

A good dairyman must like cows and have a keen, observing eye to see to it that everything is done for the cow's comfort, for it is the comfortable, contented, well-fed cow that fills the pail and yields the profit.

Wean the colts when about five months old. Feed some clover hay, ground oats, bran, pulped carrots or turnips and cut straw. Give water regularly and make it possible for the colt to have plenty of exercise. Salt should never be forgotten.

Forty-seven two-year-olds in a single flock of Kansas sheep averaged a little over twenty-seven pounds of wool and twenty-seven yearlings made an average of eighteen pounds per fleece, while the entire flock of 247 head averaged eighteen pounds and twelve ounces.

### MONEY IN AN OLD CLOCK.

Several Thousand Dollars Found Stored Away in Secret Drawers.

In an old eight-day clock in the house of Mrs. Nancy Bebout, who died this week, there has been discovered several thousand dollars. The Bebout home is situated in Amwell Township, Mrs. Nancy Bebout died last Tuesday, and for a few hours before her death she gave to her niece some keys which were for several small drawers which had been constructed inside the old clock on the stairs. After Mrs. Bebout's death the girl turned the keys over to the executor of the estate, Mr. W. M. Lee, of Holliday's Cove, West Virginia.

He opened the clock in the front and discovered the small drawers. The upper one was opened, but nothing was found. The others in the front could be opened and he began to search those in the rear. Upon opening the first drawer he discovered four sacks, which weighed in aggregate thirty-four pounds. They were filled with gold and silver coin. These sacks of coin are estimated to be worth many thousands of dollars, though the executor did not count the contents, taking them to a bank in Steubenville, Ohio, where they were deposited.

Mr. Lee was in Washington yesterday and filed the will of Mrs. Bebout for probate. She bequeathed \$100 to the Board of Foreign Missions of the Presbyterian Church and distributed her property, real and personal, among her nieces and nephews. To one she bequeathed the eight-day clock, but no mention was made of the contents. Jeremiah Bebout was a cabinet maker by trade, and over three score years ago made this old clock. In the interior he placed a variety of little drawers, which were ornamented and so constructed as not to be noticeable. Mr. Bebout was a man of industry and frugality, and during his life accumulated much money. He would never invest any of his earnings and had no faith in banks. Within this old clock, which stood at the head of the stairs, he, year after year, placed the money which he had saved and accumulated.

He died several years ago, and it was not until the time of his death that he told his wife of the secret, and she has since then carefully guarded it, as she did not need any of the money, having plenty to live on.—Pittsburg Dispatch.

### Moving Pictures of Yourself.

The old-fashioned "still life" photography is to give way to the photographic living picture.

Hitherto only the brave and fair have been "biographed" and "autoscoped." Tramping soldiers and dancing actresses have held full sway. That is to be altered. The biograph and microscope syndicate is about to open a studio of biography on Regent street, London. There any one will be biographed who so desires, just as one is photographed at present at the photographer's.

The biograph studio will be fitted up in the most fashionable style. The operating room will be spacious and elegant, lighted by arc lamps equal to 100,000 candle power. The great difficulty in "biography" is the elimination of shadows—that has been perfectly arranged. The quick-firing camera will work at the rate of more than forty pictures a second, and will go on just as long as may be desired.

The studio will also provide a ready-made supply of magic lantern slides. By an ingenious device, which simply requires the addition of a lens and an electric lamp to the ordinary microscope machine, the living pictures taken at the studio may be thrown on a screen for the delectation of family parties.—Boston Transcript.

### Requirement of Health.

The requirements of health can be counted on the fingers of one hand. They are: Good air, good food, suitable clothing, cleanliness and exercise and rest.