

### LEFT UNDONE.

It isn't the thing you do, dear,  
It's the thing you've left undone  
Which gives you a bit of a heartache  
At the setting of the sun.  
The tender word forgotten,  
The letter you did not write,  
The flower you might have sent, dear,  
Are your haunting ghosts tonight.  
The stone you might have lifted  
Out of a brother's way,  
The bit of heartsome counsel  
You were hurried too much to say,  
The loving touch of the hand, dear,  
The gentle and rasome tone  
That you had no time or thought for,  
With troubles enough of your own.  
For life is all too short, dear,  
And sorrow is all too great,  
To suffer our slow compassion  
That tarries until too late;  
And it's not the thing you do, dear,  
It's the thing you leave undone  
Which gives you a bit of a heartache  
At the setting of the sun.

### The Brakeman and the Squaw.

BY CY. WARDMAN.

Here's the story of the building of a branch line on a mountain railroad. Conductor McGuire, being a new man, was in charge of the construction train, with Engineer Westcott in charge of the engine.

N. C. Creede, afterwards famous as the founder of the camp, had located the Madonna mine at Monarch camp, and created a necessity for the branch road. They had rushed the work, but the first snow caught them still three miles from the booming silver camp. A wandering band of Indians, hearing of the excitement, and not understanding it, had strayed into the Monarch camp, and down the gulch as far as Maysville, then a wild and thriving village at the edge of the Arkansas valley. One day, when it was storming, an old squaw came to McGuire, and wanted a ride up the hill. It was a cruel day, and the kind-hearted conductor carried the Indian to the end of the track.

It was a month later when one of McGuire's brakemen, named Bowen, who had been hunting in the hills, rushed into the caboose with the startling announcement that his partner, the head brakeman, had been captured by the Indians.

"Look here, Jack," said McGuire, "are you lying?"

"Honest Injun," said Jack, "if there's one there's a million; and they've got Mickey tied to a stake. We had become separated. I was standing on a precipice, looking for Mickey, when I saw the Indians surround him."

Now, Jack Bowen had lied so frequently and luminously to the conductor that the latter was slow to believe this wild tale; but finally he was persuaded that it was true. Returning to Maysville with the engine, he gave the alarm, and the sheriff of Chaffee county made up a posse and set out in search of the brakeman.

The sun was going down behind the range when the engine and the caboose full of amateur Indian fighters returned to the end of the track. Taking Bowen as guide, the sheriff scoured the hills, but found no trace of the missing man. The storm increased with the darkness, and the sheriff's posse was forced to return to camp. It was useless to put out again in the face of such a storm, and the sheriff was about to return to Maysville, when the old squaw, whom McGuire had helped up the hill, put her head in at the door of the way car and signaled McGuire to come out. She could scarcely speak a word of English, but, pulling at the conductor's sleeve, she started as though she would lead him into the hills. As often as McGuire would stop the squaw would stop. He tried to persuade her into the car, but she would not. Now the sheriff came out, and when he saw the signals of the squaw he guessed that she would lead them to the captive, and when McGuire had told how he had helped this Indian on her way up the hill in a storm, he knew that the Indian was trying to repay the conductor for his kindness. The unfortunate brakeman, McGuire explained, had given the Indian tobacco and whiskey; therefore, she would not see him die without making an effort to save him.

The sheriff called his deputies, and taking a half-dozen volunteers from Garfield camp, made sign to the Indian and followed her away into the wilderness of snow-lung pine and cedar. Now and then the squaw would pause to get her bearings. The snow had ceased falling and the stars were out. After tramping for an hour or more, the Indian sign to the sheriff to stay, and then disappeared into a cedar grove. Presently she returned and led them to the edge of a precipice. Just below them, in a little basin, they could see a pine fire burning and Indians dancing in the light of it. Sitting upon the snow hard by, they saw the brakeman with his fettered hands over his knees and his head bent forward like a man nodding in a pew. The sheriff asked the Indian to lead them on and she made sign that they must go far around for the bluff was steep, and they followed her. They had been a half hour out of sight of the Indian camp, but always going down and down, so they knew now they must be near. When they had gone within 100 yards of the Indians, who had not heard them walking upon the muffled earth, they stopped to discuss the work that was before them. The Indian, putting her hand on the sheriff's rifle pushed it to the ground and shook her head, meaning that she would not have them kill the Indians, whom they outnumbered two to one. The sheriff was at a loss to understand how he was to capture this band without firing, for he had no doubt the Indians would fire upon him the moment they caught sight of him. But the squaw was equal to the emer-

gency. She began to form the men in two lines. Taking hold of their coats she would place a man on the right flank and another on the left, until she had divided the sheriff's posse. She then placed the sheriff at the head of one column and the conductor, whom she regarded as a sort of captain, at the other, and then made sign to them to go forward, one half to the right and the other to the left. Then she made it plain to them that she would have them surround the Indians. She brought her two bony hands together slowly, with the fingers spread out, and when they were quite together she closed her fists. So the sheriff made out she would have them steal upon the Indians and disarm them or awe them into surrendering at the muzzles of their guns, and he gave instructions to the men accordingly. Of course each individual must now use his judgment, and so the little band surrounded the Indians.

In the meantime the squaw stole into the camp and squatted near the fire. As the sheriff's men closed in upon the Indians the squaw leaped to her feet and put out a hand as a signal for the band to be still. The Indians listened, but the sheriffs men seeing it all, stood still in the snow. Now the squaw spoke to the Indians, saying that she had seen a great many soldiers coming down the hill that evening and giving it as her opinion that the camp would be surrounded and that if the Indians resisted they would all be killed. When she had succeeded in persuading them that it would be best to surrender in case the soldiers should come, she sat down again. This, the sheriff concluded, was a signal for the men to advance, and the posse moved forward. When they were quite near, the Indians were made aware of their presence by the snapping of a dry cedar bough, and the sheriff, knowing that delay would be dangerous, shouted to his posse to advance. At the sound of his voice the Indians sprang for their rifles, but when they had got them and got to their feet again, the sheriff's posse, coming out of the woods from every direction, held the glittering steel barrels of their rifles in the glare of the campfire and the Indians laid down their arms.

The brakeman, who had concluded that he was to be butchered or roasted, was almost wild with joy. When asked by the sheriff why they held the brakeman, the leader said the white man was lost, they found him and were only waiting for daylight, when they would take him back to his people and get "heap rum." The sheriff pointed to the white man's fettered hands and asked the Indian to explain. The Indian said that the man was "heap mad," and they were afraid that if they left his hands loose he would take their guns and kill them while they slept, and if they left his feet unfettered he would wander away in the storm and be lost.

After consulting the conductor and the more important members of the posse, the sheriff concluded, as it was manifest that the Indians were only holding the brakeman for ransom, that he would allow them to go their way, after exacting a promise that they would return at once to their reservation on the other side of the range.

### WHAT RUBIES ARE WORTH.

Interesting Facts About the Value of These Gems.

"To the question, 'Which is the most valuable precious stone?' nine people out of ten, at least, will, without the slightest hesitation, reply, 'The diamond,'" said a dealer, in gems. "But the value of a good-sized diamond cannot approach that of a ruby of the correct color and similar dimensions.

"The worth of small rubies—stones that are of less than a carat—is, if anything, rather less than that of diamonds of a like description; but the rare occurrence of large specimens of that dark carmine tint, which is looked upon as the sine qua non of a perfect ruby, causes these gems to increase in far greater proportion than in the case of diamonds. Rubies weighing more than four carats are so exceptional that when a perfect one of five carats is brought to the market, it will command ten times as high a sum as a diamond of the same weight, while rubies of six carats, without crack or flaw and of the proper color, would, in all probability, bring as high a price as \$5000 per carat, or fifteen times as much as a diamond of like size and faultlessness.

"All over the East rubies are regarded with the greatest possible favor, and so it has been from the earliest times of which we have any record. The finest specimens are found in Burmah, and from time immemorial it has been a law of that country that all rubies above a certain size are the property of the king, whoever may have been fortunate enough to find them. It is thought to this day there are concealed in Burmah, among the treasures which the British invasion caused to be hidden away, rubies of far greater value and size than any in Europe or this country."—Philadelphia Press.

### Longest Fence in the World.

The longest fence in the world is probably that which has just been finished by the Erie Cattle company along the Mexican border. It is 75 miles in length and separates exactly, for its entire distance, the two republics of North America. The fence was built to keep the cattle from running across the border and falling easy prey to the Mexican cow punchers. Although it cost a great deal of money, it is estimated that cattle enough will be saved in one year to pay for it. It is a barbed wire fence, with mesquite and cottonwood poles, and for the entire length of it runs as straight as a crow flies.

### OLDEST AMERICAN CITY.

REMARKABLE DISCOVERIES RECENTLY MADE AT COPAN.

The Mysterious City of Honduras, the Cradle of Maya Civilization—Remains of Great Temples and Palaces—A Huge Structure 800 Feet High.

The Central American explorer, George Byron Gordon, contributes an article entitled "The Mysterious City of Honduras," to the Century. This gives an account of the recent remarkable discoveries made at Copan. Mr. Gordon says:

Hidden away among the mountains of Honduras, in a beautiful valley which, even in that little-traveled country, where remoteness is a characteristic attribute of places, is unusually secluded, Copan is one of the greatest mysteries of the ages. After the publication, in 1840, of Stephens' account of his visit to the ruins, which made them known for the first time to the world, the interest awakened by his graphic description, and the drawings that accompanied it from the skillful pencil of Catherwood, relapsed, and until within the last decade written on the subject of American archeology were dependent entirely for information concerning Copan upon the writings of Stephens, which were regarded by many with skepticism and mistrust. Not only do the recent explorations confirm the account given by Stephens as regards the magnitude and importance of the ruins, but the collection of relics now in the Peabody museum is sufficient to convince the most skeptical that here are the remains of a city, unknown to history, as remarkable and as worthy of our careful consideration as any of the ancient centres of civilization in the Old World. Whatever the origin of its people, this old city is distinctly American—the growth of American soil and environment. The gloomy forest, the abode of monkeys and jaguars, which clothed the valley at the time of Stephens' visit, was in great part destroyed about thirty years ago by a colony from Guatemala, who came to plant in the fertile soil of the valley the tobacco for which, much more than for the ruins, that valley is famous throughout Central America today. They left the trees that grew upon the higher structures, forming a picturesque grove, a remnant of which still remains—a few cedars and cedars of gigantic proportions, clustered about the ruins of the temples shrouding them in a sombre shade, and sending their huge roots into the crevices and unexplored chambers and vaults and galleries of the vast edifices.

The area comprised within the limits of the old city consists of a level plain seven or eight miles long and two miles wide at the greatest. This plain is covered with the remains of stone houses, doubtless the habitations of the wealthy. The streets, squares and courtyards were paved with stone or with white cement made from lime and powdered rock, and the drainage was accomplished by means of covered canals and underground sewers built of stone and cement. On the slopes of the mountains, too, are found numerous ruins, and even on the highest peaks fallen columns and ruined structures may be seen.

On the right bank of the Copan river, in the midst of the city, stands the principal group of structures—the temples, palaces and buildings of a public character. These form part of what has been called, for want of a better name, the Main Structure—a vast, irregular pile, rising from the plain in steps and terraces of masonry and terminating in several great pyramidal elevations, each topped by the remains of a temple which, before our excavations begun, looked like a huge pile of fragments bound together by the roots of trees, while the slopes of the pyramids and the terraces and pavements below are strewn with the ruins of these superb edifices. This huge structure, unlike the great pyramids of Egypt and other works of a similar character, is not the embodiment of a definite idea, built in accordance with a preconceived plan and for a specific purpose, but is rather the complex result of a long process of development, corresponding to the growth of culture and keeping pace with the expanding desires of the people or the demands of their cardinal life. Its sides face the four cardinal points; its greatest length from north to south is about eight hundred feet, and from east to west it measured originally nearly as much, but a part of the eastern side has been carried away by the swift current of the river which flows directly against it. The interior of the structure is thus exposed in the form of a cliff one hundred and twenty feet high, presenting a complicated system of buried walls and floors down to the water's edge—doubtless the remains of older buildings, occupied for a time, and abandoned to serve as foundations for more elaborate structures, but sculptured monuments as well. The theory of development, though it cannot be set aside, seems inadequate to explain this curious circumstance; and yet there is just enough difference between these art relics and those of later date to indicate a change in style and treatment. Whether or not this change continues in regular sequence lower down has not yet been determined. If, as I am inclined to believe, we shall find, away down in the lower levels, the rude beginnings from which the culture of the later period developed, we shall have pretty conclusive evidence not only that Copan is the oldest of the Maya cities, but that the Copan valley itself, with the immediate vicinity, was the cradle of the Maya civilization.

Asphalt pavement is slippery only when it is not kept clean.

## THE FARM GARDEN



Secret of Good Butter.

To have good butter the maker must be given good milk, must keep it clean, then use common sense. The buttermaker should have authority to choose his own assistant, as a cheap thick-headed man at the weigh can is not the one to judge of the fitness of milk.—H. N. Miller in New England Homestead.

### Cream Temperature.

Strange as it may seem, some housewives have not yet learned the use of the thermometer in butter-making, but still rely upon the old "finger test," which, in reality, is no test at all. Meanwhile, the hot days approach wherein the "butter spoon" will be in demand on some farmers' tables. Get a thermometer and know "where you are at." If you have no ice use plenty of cold water around (not in) the milk and cream. Churn in early morn at as near 58 degrees as you can get it.

### About Farming Machinery.

This is the season for storing farm machinery, and why do not manufacturers make them so they can be stored more easily? If horse rake thills could be unfastened or a mowing machine pole be removed without taking the machine all to pieces, it would be much better. The old-fashioned mowing machines were made with a wooden platform for the feet so the driver could shift his position and balance himself better on changes of surface, but now improvement has made two little foot rests or stirrups, with a seat that keeps the driver's body at an angle of 45 degrees and every motion of the spring tends to throw him further out of balance. This is all wrong. The machine should be so made that the feet can be moved to support the body and the spring of the seat fixed so that instead of throwing the driver's body backward and downward, it will give it a vertical motion, which is more natural and less injurious.—American Agriculturist.

### Russet Apples.

The russet or rusty coat apple, as it is used to be called, is an old standard variety, but so far as the English russet is concerned, is valuable chiefly for its late-keeping qualities. It is tough, and deficient in flavor. But what is known as the golden russet of western New York is a larger apple, much better flavor, and having a lighter-colored but still russet coat. It is very nearly as good a keeper as the English russet, and as good a bearer. It should always be preferred when setting out orchards where late-keeping apples are desired. One of the peculiarities of the russet is that if its skin is bruised it will dry up without rotting. All kinds of russets have this peculiarity. It is due to the tannin in their skins, which prevents fermentation and decay. There is one variety of russet which is sweet. It grows much larger than other russets, probably because the sweet russet is a shy bearer. It has no commercial value because the yield is not so great as that of better-known sweet apples.

### Thawing Frozen Soil.

It is very difficult to make an excavation in frozen soil as is often needed when the building of a house or basement barn is begun in winter. The work may be greatly helped by covering the surface it is desired to thaw with unslaked lime, applying just enough water to start it to slaking, and then covering the lime so that as much as possible of the heat shall be kept in. Heat does not readily pass downward, and it will take from five to ten hours to thaw down, depending for time on the depth to which the soil is frozen. Where very deeply frozen, as it is apt to be in dry, sandy soil, it may be necessary to dig out after the first freezing what soil has been thawed, and then make a second trial of lime. When once the lime is below the surface it is much easier to confine the heat it gives off than it is in the first application. Work on city streets is often done in winter by first thawing the frozen surface with coal fires made in coal furnaces that reach very close to the ground and give out very powerful heat. But the lime method is cheaper, and with the further advantage that the lime after slaking may be used in making mortar. It is also valuable for applying to all soil that has much vegetable matter, as the lime hastens fermentation, which is necessary to make vegetable matter into food for crops.—Boston Cultivator.

### Milk From Thin Cows.

It is a great mistake to allow a milk cow to become very thin while she is giving milk. If she be a deep milker, she will never become very fat, however highly fed. All that the cow receives in feed in such case, above what is needed to keep her in thrifty condition, goes into milk and butter, and is worth more in that form far more than what it costs to feed. It will be time enough to re-

strict feed when the cow begins to fatten and the milk to dry off. Probably, even then, some succulent feed, in place of part of the grain the cow receives, will check the tendency to fatten and hold the cow to her milk longer than she otherwise would. The trouble with cows thin in flesh is that their milk will have always less of butter fats than that from cows which are in good condition, but not fat at farrowing time. An old farmer once said that a year when hay was plenty and cheap, and corn or other grains were scarce, was always followed by high prices for butter the next season. Too many farmers rely wholly on coarse feed for their cows during the winter months. Some grain in addition would be much better. So that the cow is not made too fat to have her calf come safely and without caked udder, for herself the more fat is put into her, the more she will put into the milk pail next summer.—American Cultivator.

### Clover Hay for Horses.

There seems to be a great prejudice in the minds of the public against clover hay for road or driving horses. That this is common, especially so in cities, is fully proven by the greater demand for timothy hay, and its very much higher price over clover.

Chemical analysis shows, writes J. S. Woodward, in the Prairie Farmer, that clover has by far the greater feeding value, especially in those elements necessary for the fast-driving road horse, and the experience of every one who has sensibly experimented in the matter fully substantiates the claims of chemistry. The facts are that clover hay is much better for all hay-eating animals, and that they can do more work and drive farther on the same weight. The trouble is it is too good; it is so much more palatable to the horse that if his rack be stuffed, so he can eat his fill, he will gorge himself so as to be rendered unfit for fast driving. It is like filling a boy with some dainty of which he is very fond and then putting him to hard work or close thinking, or like turning a lot of hungry cows into a fresh clover pasture, from which they are sure to be troubled with hoven, not because the food is unwholesome, but so good that they eat so rapidly as to retard digestion.

With mangers filled ever so full of timothy, especially as usually cut, much over-ripe, the horse will not eat too much. There is nothing to tempt his appetite.

To feed clover hay to a road or driving horse the feeder should use his judgment and give just what the horse needs and no more. Let it be eaten ever so quickly, the horse should have no more until the next feeding time.

The feeder's brains and not the horse's belly, should be the judge as to what he should receive.

There is as much digestible, muscle-supporting food in one pound of clover hay as in two and one-half times as much timothy, and as much carbohydrates, weight for weight, and fifty per cent. more fat or food of energy.

Early cut, bright, well-cured clover hay and oats make an ideal food for a driving horse, fed a proper quantity. Then, if the owner wants to amuse his horse between meals, fill his manger with any kind of straw; but if the straw is bright and has been well housed he will eat too much for his own good in fast driving.

For a growing colt there is no food so good as clover hay and wheat bran.

### Poultry Notes.

Vermin may be expected in filthy henhouses.

It is folly to expect eggs from poorly fed hens.

Nicely fattened poultry sells readily and brings good prices.

As a means of recreation for over-worked business men the poultry yard offers many attractions.

Have a lot of dry leaves or chopped straw ready for the winter scratching pen, as it is a thing almost indispensable for fowls; and then in this year of cabbage there should be no lack of green stuff to throw to them now and then.

Fifty or more turkeys can be raised on most farms every year without ever missing what it takes to keep them. They will bring enough ready cash to buy the winter clothing for an ordinary family, or pay a year's taxes on the farm.

There is no better floor than one of cement in the poultry house. Keep it covered with fine sand or loam, which will become mixed with the droppings as they are made, and so increase the amount of fertilizer and make it easy to handle.

If you do not want the chickens in the garden, take some of the garden to them. Refuse cabbages are a delight to them, and so are other vegetables, since green stuff is becoming scarce. For the little trouble you take you will be well repaid.

To fifty pounds of wheat bran mix five pounds cotton seed meal, five pounds corn meal and eight ounces of salt and you have a most excellent feed for laying hens, or any other fowls. This should be wet to a crumbly mass before feeding. In winter wet with hot water and feed quite warm for breakfast.

### Didn't Know the Empress.

A sentinel having addressed the Empress as fraulein, the German Emperor has ordered a portrait of Her Majesty to be hung in all the barracks of Germany.

### The Ameer Hedging.

One of the Ameer's latest acts was to order that funeral expenses be cut down, because of a verse of the Koran which condemns prodigals to the lower world.

### \$1.00 for 14 Cents!

Salzer's seeds never fail. They sprout, grow and produce every time. We wish to get 200,000 new customers this year, hence this trial offer of:  
1 pk. Earliest Red Beet.....10c  
1 pk. Early Spring Turnip.....10c  
1 pk. 13-Day Radish.....10c  
1 pk. Bismarck Cucumber.....15c  
1 pk. Queen Victoria Lettuce.....15c  
1 pk. Klondyke Melon.....15c  
1 pk. Jumbo Onion.....10c  
3 pkgs. brilliant flower seeds.....15c  
Now, JOHN A. SALZER SEED CO., LA CROSSE, Wis., will mail you free all of above 10 splendid novelties and their great plant and seed catalogue, upon receipt of this notice and 14 cents postage. A. C. 1

The famous composer, Mascagni, enjoys the rare honor of having monuments erected to him before his death.

### Florida.

Florida literature secured free upon application to J. J. Farnsworth, East'n Pass. Ag't, Plant System, 301 Broadway, N. Y.

It is said that the amount expended on New Year's Day in Paris for sweetsmeats alone exceeds 500,000 francs, or \$100,000.

Chew Star Tobacco—The Best. Smoke Sledge Cigarettes.

The growth of girls is greatest in their fifteenth year, of boys in their seventeenth.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic, 25c a bottle. Dyeing was originally carried on by the Oriental nations.

### Hood's Sarsaparilla

Absolutely cures scrofula, Salt rheum, Dyspepsia, rheumatism, Catarrh and all diseases Originating in or promoted By impure blood. It is The great nerve tonic, Stomach regulator and Strength builder.

### Has a Perfect Ear of Corn.

An ear of corn which Patrick Cullen believes to be worth a small fortune is being carefully preserved by that individual, who recently found his prize on Farmer Upright's place at Merion Square, Montgomery County. To the ordinary city man there is really nothing remarkable about the ear of corn. Its kernels are not solid gold, nor are there any diamonds concealed about the cob. Its value lies in the fact that somewhere at some time or other some agricultural society offered a reward of \$1000 to any one who could find a perfect ear of corn with the kernels growing in an uneven number of rows.

It has always been found that the rows are even, say ten, twelve, or fourteen to a cob. This ear which Patrick Cullen found, however, shows thirteen rows around the butt and eleven around the middle of the cob. Many farmers to whom Cullen showed his prize assured him that the ear was as perfect as it could be, and that it was really a curiosity. Cullen is now looking for the agricultural society which offered the \$1000 reward.—Philadelphia Record.

### An Adams Postal.

On the new postal cards there will appear, for the first time in any postal issue, the head of John Adams, the second President of the United States.

Go to your grocer to-day and get a 15c. package of **Grain-O** It takes the place of coffee at 1/4 the cost. Made from pure grains it is nourishing and healthful. Insist that your grocer gives you GRAIN-O. Accept no imitation.

**ALASKA OUTFITS** Don't make the fatal error of buying a lot of worthless stuff and paying heavy freight charges across the continent and find when you arrive in Alaska that your supplies are of no value. Your life depends upon having a proper Alaska outfit. We are the Pioneers of the Alaska outfitting business in Seattle and have sold thousands of outfits. We know EXACTLY what is required and how to pack it. We mail free of charge to any part of the world a good map showing the best route and a supply list showing the cost and weight of articles required for "one man for one year." Address **COOPER & LEVY, 104 & 106 First Avenue, South, SEATTLE, WASHINGTON.** Ref: DEXTER, HORTON & Co., Bankers, Seattle.

**BIBLE PICTURE OF CONSUMPTIVES** Read Ezekiel 37:1-14 cured by breath. No drugs. Send 50 cents for NASAL INSEMINATOR, or stamp for pamphlet to G. B. FARMER, Perth, Ont., Canada for "one man for one year."

**MOLER'S BARBER SCHOOL, 331 Bowers, N. Y. City.** Barber trade taught in eight weeks. New system. Positions guaranteed when through. Tool-donated. ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE MAILED FREE.

**PISO'S CURE FOR CONSUMPTION** CURES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS. Best Cough Syrup. Tastes Good. Use in time. Sold by Druggists.