

WON BY STRATEGY.

BY MADELYN ELLMS RAWLINGS.

The Craigln Mining Company own mines throughout the northwest, with headquarters at Butte, Montana. It is a prodigious concern, with millions of incorporated wealth. I represented one of the running gear in this gigantic mechanism; entering service as a messenger and working up to assistant bookkeeper.

A band of organized bandits had been terrorizing the northwest for years. They made their headquarters in a mountain retreat called Hole-in-the-Wall in the Big Horn mountains in Wyoming. It is a fertile valley or basin, formed by the main range of the Big Horn and huge cliffs. The valley is inaccessible except by a small pass made by the Powder river. A small company could hold the pass against an army, as it is so narrow in places one can reach the sides with outstretched arms. In the mountains are deep caves and canyons, making the place an ideal rendezvous for those under the ban of the law.

One of the band which infested this natural fortress was the "Curry Gang," as they were called. They defied all law and authority, and committed crimes almost weekly in the closing years of the nineteenth century.

All efforts at capture were futile. To enter the dread Hole-in-the-Wall meant never to return, and the only hope of the officers lay in capturing their prizes before they could reach their stronghold or confederates.

The Craigln Mining Company had felt the ruthless plundering of the outlaws, losing considerable in several holdups and post-office robberies. Their greatest loss had been incurred through the waylaying of one of the paymasters of the company. They first beat him into insensibility, then robbed him of all treasure, including his own belongings.

The company's mining interests were so divergent that it had been their habit to express large sums of money to distant points, where it was received and taken to the mines. But the outlaws had been so excessive during this year that it had become a perplexing question how best to transmit money.

When the officers were in session debating the question, the news of the Wilcox, Wyoming, holdup, in which \$30,000 was secured, was passed in to them. The work of paying off at the mines was suspended until a safe plan of delivery could be decided on. The miners became fractious, and demanded immediate payment. The policy of the company was most just and liberal, and considering that the men were demanding only their dues, they set forth formulating a plan proof against highwaymen.

By what process of reasoning they hit upon a plan involving me, is known to themselves alone. Howbeit, I was informed that the company, deeming me to be unknown to the bandits, desired that I should conceal the sum of the rebellious miners' pay roll about me and proceed to the scene of contention. Word had been sent in to the office that suspicious characters were in the vicinity. Owing to the intense excitement prevailing in all localities, the officers apprehended danger to their paymaster. No plan of procedure was marked out for me. I was simply asked if I would undertake the hazardous trip and urged to take every precaution for my personal safety.

Realizing the exceeding danger of the undertaking, sufficient allurements were held out to make me very desirous of its accomplishment. I saw before me gain, advancement, glory. The position of secretary to the president was vacant. This, together with a substantial remuneration, was to be mine if I proved myself diplomatic enough to circumvent the robbers. A good price was set upon each desperado, the Union Pacific offering \$1000 each, dead or alive. The express company offered a like reward, and the municipal authorities had posted rewards sufficient to send an army of men scouting in every direction. Aside from monetary considerations, one cannot attain greater glory in the West than by outwitting the lawless.

I asked for the night to consider the proposition, and fully realized the folly of it when the blood once more coursed through my veins at its normal temperature. Two to one—no show for me. One bandit would have it all his own way, for my only knowledge of firearms consisted in the experience gained in target practice and trap shooting. I was always too chicken-hearted to kill things, and never enjoyed tramping through the wilds of nature in pursuit of harmless life.

I told my home folk, consisting of mother and sister, of my offer and my intention to accept it. They spent the evening trying to dissuade me, dwelling at length upon the dangers to be encountered. I could withstand them upon these points, but when they struck the emotional and begged me to consider them, I was somewhat staggered. Sentiment will win a man over quicker than any amount of hard facts. But to fail to accept the commission would mark me for ridicule in this land where the blood is ever fiery and caution appeals to none. Surely my ever-ready brain would serve me now! Yes, I would go, must go. Failure meant loss, humiliation, success meant everything.

My mind made up, I retired to formulate my campaign against the possible foes.

I spent the night in wakeful con-

templation of highway tactics, and conceiving schemes which at first appeared extremely strategic, only to be cast away on second sober thought. Toward dawn I began to despair of hitting upon any means of baffling the hand should I chance to meet them.

Suddenly I jumped from my bed electrified. Good! A brilliant thought! I would go and win out in the face of all odds! Ah, how thankful I was now for the school instruction I had pooled at and shirked! The despised chemistry had proven a friend, and with faith in the idea it had revealed to me I withstood all imploring and prepared for the journey—confident, jubilant.

I got out of town as soon as possible, for fear the company might change their mind. I rigged up as near like a miner as I could and took passage out of Butte on a local freight.

I soon saw that I could not play the part of a miner; everybody spotted me at once; so I abandoned the detective role, and upon arrival at the town, where a branch extends to the mines, procured a rig and boldly drove over. I was in hopes that if any attempt had been planned for the capture of the money the schemers would look to the usual route of the paymaster, the branch line. These hopes, however, did not sustain my courage, which began to ooze from me with every revolution of the wheels. Talk about a coward dying many deaths—the immortal poet speaks the truth. I saw more bandits in that ride than Hole-in-the-Wall produced. Every indistinct object represented a desperado; every crackling twig a pistol shot.

I scoured myself for my terrors, but to no avail. With knees shaking, teeth chattering, I proceeded on my way, devoutly hoping that my Heaven-sent inspiration wouldn't fall me. I laid my terror to reaction from a state of intense mental excitement to inactive solitude. However that is, no man is a hero until proven one, nor a coward, either, and with this comforting thought I turned my attention to making speed.

When within a few miles of the mine, I crossed over a hill, and saw before me a long decline with a narrow valley. The road curved around a few foot hills and then stretched boldly to the mine. Just as I turned the first hill and curved to the second I was completely hidden from the road in both directions. I heard a sharp cry "Halt!" and drew rein as if by magic in the face of three shining revolvers. No need for a second cry. The horse as well as myself was rigid as the everlasting hills that environed us. There stood three of the toughest, ugliest looking ruffians of their caste.

For a second my heart beat a tune in churn dasher time. The next, the blood trickled back in its natural channels and rushed madly on its course. To be waylaid like this! Trapped like a rat, at the mercy of these devils! Never had life seemed more precious. I'd sell it dearly, and clutching the revolver I carried in one hand, I made a move to aim it. Suddenly bethinking myself of the foolhardiness of this play, I said in as calm a voice as I could command,—"Well, what do you fellows want?"

"Want?" said the one with crooked eyes and a vicious leer, "we want the mine swag. Oh, you're up against the real thing, young tenderfoot! We know you've got it, so cough up and be in a hurry about it."

"My plans were instantly formed. 'I have got the money,' I said. 'No use to deny it. You have me foui. If you fellows will come on one side of the rig and let me out the other, I'll hand over my arms and the money and go to yonder boulder. You can drive on and be well out of the way by the time I get to the mine. I warn you to hurry, for I'll give the alarm as soon as I can.'"

"They were completely deceived. 'Wants to save his hide,' they said, and moved with alacrity to one side.

A knowing wink passed the knowledge to each that they would humor me until they had their booty, and then—well, thank Heaven, I never knew what was to follow that "then."

I gave one my hand revolver, the next, that from my boot, and to further infuse confidence gave the third one from my hip pocket. They laughed at each delivery, considering this hold-up the greatest picnic of their lives.

"Now for the spondulicks," said his of the evil eye. "Trot out the coin—quick! We ain't got time to visit with you."

I leaned over at this command as though reaching for the packet. Each of the desperadoes was placing the contraband revolver in his hip pocket as he grasped his own in a defensive manner.

I slipped my hand into my breast, and grasping a small bulb, poured a fiery stream from an attached siphon across the face of each leering devil. It struck them square in the eyes, and with screams of agony each bandit dropped his weapon, covered his face with his hands, and with curses and imprecations staggered blindly in their misery.

Quick as a flash I cleared the rig and seized some irons I had concealed. Hastily clasping them upon each wretched sufferer I twisted around them a rope I snatched from my pocket. Their pain was gradually subsiding, and while in no fear of bodily harm, I thought they might escape by running, or might hem me in and attack

even though manacled, so I tied the rope to a tree and gave another gentle squeeze to the bulb. A tiny spray—just a mere mist—sent the bandits into renewed contortions and freshened their powers of vituperation. I had carefully planned this hour. I now drew forth some stout straps with halter fixtures, and clamping one end to a ring I attached to the rig, I made their capture complete by fastening the other end to the irons. When each robber was assigned to his allotted place I had quite a body guard, and as I now carried the whip end of the expedition, I sprang to my seat and drove to the village.

"Poor devils," I thought, as we trudged up the hill, "a man's a sorry looking animal when cowed and driven."

But I soon suppressed my sympathy when I thought of the fate of their many hapless victims. Men stricken down with the flush of ambition on their faces and the hope of success still in their eyes—children rendered homeless or forlornly desolate—women—ah, when I thought of the women I could lay the whip to their backs and scourge them with each onward step.

When we were near the mines, the men catching sight of us, streamed down the hillside, chattering like magpies. When the situation was explained they went mad.

"A rope! A rope! Lynch them! We'll string them to a tree!"

In vain I shrieked commands. The crowd swelled and the mob excitement increased. Finally, during a skirmish over the delegate to be sent for ropes, I gained attention.

"Men," I shouted, rising on the seat and drawing my revolver, "I'll fire on the first one that takes a step! Listen to what I have to say. These men are my prisoners. I alone captured them. I am going to take them to justice and secure the rewards. Don't hinder me, boys—I will not be fooled with. Help me, I continued, 'and I'll do right by you. What say you—will you do it?' With the mention of the reward the situation was changed. I knew it would. The miners had a rugged sense of justice and honor on money lines, and would be the last to cheat me out of my deserts.

"Indeed we will! Three cheers for the lad! All together! Hurray! hurray! hurray!" Thus we swept on, the miners growing more calm as we neared the village.

I picked out a few of the most trustworthy men, and we debated the best way of landing the bandits at Butte, for I was determined to have all the glory due, and carry my prizes home. We feared that the rest of the gang might be lurking among the hills, and would succor their comrades in spite of our numbers. It was finally decided that we should take them to the nearest station on the main line, so after rest and refreshment we detailed a large guard and set out.

We boarded the train safely and secretly, every precaution being taken to avoid publicity. The officials were communicated with, and gave orders that no stops should be made until Butte was reached.

Arriving at Butte, where the news had preceded us, the town turned out en masse in my honor. No dignity of state was ever tendered so much homage. Had I not conferred a lasting benefit upon the West? Such an example as these wretches would make a salutary warning to all of their ilk!

There was no stopping that crowd. The mob spirit was at fever heat when we arrived, and no appeal to reason, or show of force, could mitigate the sentence the self-appointed justices had meted out for the fiends. The cries grew hoarser, the clamoring louder.

"Up with them! String them up!" Amid the maddening cries, the groans, I forced my way through the crowd and made off for home and happiness.—Waverly Magazine.

Wouldn't Be Nursed by Them.

Sometimes the hospital nurses in small towns are embarrassed in a way their sisters in the big cities never experience. Not far from New York there is a hospital with a staff of nurses made up almost entirely of the young girls who have lived in the town all their lives. Most of them belong to well-known families there, and when they selected the profession of nursing remained in their own homes rather than undertake the work among strangers. This scheme had some advantages, but serious drawbacks as well, and several nurses from other places and without social connections in the town are to be engaged for the good of the institution. It was found that all of the young men in the town who were taken ill would under no conditions consent to be taken to this hospital. Very few of the older ones would go for that matter, and the number of private patients had diminished unprofitably before it was understood what could be the cause of this aversion to the hospital. Most of the nurses knew perfectly well why the men had ceased to come, but they so well satisfied themselves with this situation that they made no complaint. They were all acquainted with the young men in the town and had known some of them from childhood. They understood thoroughly why the young men objected to be nursed by persons with whom they had played golf or danced cotillions. This fact gradually made itself plain to the authorities of the hospital and they took care to see that some nurses from other cities were added to the hospital force.—New York Sun.

The deaf mute should never be lonely. When there's no one around he can talk with his fingers.



Killing Bean and Pea Pests.

If beans or peas in storage are attacked by weevils or any other pest, place the stock in a tight bin or barrel. Set an open dish filled with carbon bisulphide on top and close up the bin or barrel. This fluid evaporates readily, and being heavier than air sinks to the bottom. As it passes through the mass of beans, all the insect pests will be smothered. It is a very effective remedy and easily applied. It is very inflammable and when the beans are being treated all fire must be kept away. Do not go about the beans with a lighted lantern.

Persuasion with Bees.

We cannot force the bees to make honey but by proper care they are easily persuaded to do so. This care includes spring feeding to stimulate brood raising, and the providing of plenty of room for the honey when the season opens. The use of empty comb or full sheets of foundation in frames and sections, and a little care to see that too many drones are not reared, which will seldom be the case unless they have to build comb without foundation. Then they need watching to see that they do not lose their queen. Under these conditions the Italian bees may be depended upon to defend themselves against robbing bees, and against the bee moth, and if there are any honey plants within three or four miles they will find them.

How to Fatten Chickens.

Young chickens, say from two to three months' old, will not take on fat when running at large, and are therefore not in prime condition for the table. They will, of course be thrifty and grow fast, but their flesh does not have that tender and juicy flavor that a week's special care in confinement will give.

A great many people do incalculable injury to the fowls by shooting among them or often letting a dog chase the one they want to kill.

This is all wrong and may be avoided by having a slat coop large enough to comfortably hold half a dozen chickens. Catch them, at night after they have gone to roost, and quietly put them in the coop. Feed them all they will eat of table scraps, cooked potatoes, rice, milk, etc. Vegetable scraps and grass should also be given. In a week or ten days' time they will be fat, and so far superior to one taken from the flock at large that you could tell the difference even when blindfolded.

Skill More Essential Than Soil.

In an extensive study of the matter of forcing house soils, Prof. G. H. Powell of Delaware experiment station has found that skill has more to do with the success of growing winter vegetables than has the soil. A number of experienced gardeners gave him their opinion in regard to it. One said: "We don't consider the soil much of a factor in vegetable growing. All one wants to know is just what his plants need, and then enter to their wants. We have used a soil and grown a crop of cucumbers in it, renewed the same, added some manure, put the same in a tomato house, grew a crop, then mixed the soil with more manure and grew a crop of mushrooms." Another one said that heating, watering and ventilating are of much more importance than soil.

Each vegetable needs a definite soil, but a skillful gardener can grow various crops on any good soil with plenty of sunshine which is the most important element. Still there is a choice in soils, and in general a rather sandy loam is preferred to a stiff or clayey soil, for the reason that it quickly drains off excessive moisture when careless watering occurs, and it is difficult to avoid this. A Washington grower considered the skilled gardener more important than the soil, and used practically the same soil for all crops. He says: "While other growers using the same soil as myself, but having had only small experience, have lost their lettuce crop by rot, in our case, with nearly 60,000 plants, we have not lost any, have no rotten leaves and receive from ten to 20 cents per dozen more than they did. We grow lettuce, cucumbers, radishes, egg plant and cauliflower."

By proper pruning is meant cutting down the healthy shoots of the previous year to five or six eyes, and cutting all the weak and dead and very old right out. Some people object to cutting their plants low, on the ground that it diminishes the foliage, or is contrary to nature, or for some other reason equally trivial. If we left nature to do its work in precisely its own way, our gardens would soon become hopeless tangles; while, as for the foliage, you would get abundance if you cut to the crown.

Disbudding, in the limited sense in which I have used the term, means merely removing the numerous small buds which usually surround the central calyx as soon as they appear. Nothing is lost by doing so. If the large flowers are eventually cut, the small buds are necessarily taken with it; and if it is allowed to remain upon the

Rose Culture.

In cultivating roses you must prune properly and you must disbud. So important are these two points that it is almost possible to draw a rigid line dividing the roses of amateurs into two classes—those which are properly pruned and disbudded, and those which are not pruned, or absurdly pruned, and not disbudded.

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tree, they come at best to a crumpled maturity beneath its fading petals. The very general neglect of an operation so trifling and so important as this is difficult to understand. No chrysanthemum grower, however small his stock and lukewarm his interest, would think of failing to disbud. The habit once acquired, it becomes a mechanical process almost unconsciously performed, and must not be confused with the far more drastic measures of the exhibitor, who removes not only his buds, but all his more weakly shoots, in order to throw adventitious strength into a few especially vigorous ones—a practice which is quite unnecessary for the purpose of the ordinary grower.—English Magazine.

Cultivation of Orchards.

It is strange that people who would not think of growing a crop of corn or potatoes without cultivation, will let the orchard go without cultivation for years. The soil will be as hard as a rock, and the orchardist knows that he cannot grow other crops in such soil. He can give no excuse for the neglect, for he has the tools, and certainly a portion of his time belongs to the orchard. The plow, disc and smoothing harrow are the implements for the orchard, and the cultivation should be as near the trees as we can get without barking them. There is no objection to growing any of the legumes in the orchard, and beans are always a profitable crop. Cow peas may be profitably grown, the vines removed, and the roots left in the ground, will serve as well for increasing the nitrogen as if the entire plant had been turned under, or at least nearly so.

The surface of an uncultivated orchard in summer is as dry as a covered floor and so is the soil beneath. The roots of the trees can not penetrate deeply, and their inclination is toward the surface where the moisture from the rains is found on such compact soils. It is almost useless to apply fertilizers to such soils for they can not get into them, and besides, the soil probably contains sufficient plant food, if it were only rendered available. When the soil is pulverized the fertilizing elements are released, the air can get in and the soil will hold moisture. A fruit tree can not thrive unless it is furnished with nourishment and moisture. If the orchard is simply intended as a side issue, and the land is needed for grass for a herd of cows, for instance, neglect of it is excusable. But in case, we would have no orchard for the grass would be better without the trees. We are supposing that the orchard is regarded as a crop producer and that it is desired to have it do its best. No orchard can do its best unless it is cultivated, sprayed and judiciously pruned.

In all cultivation the ground should finally be left level, and with that in view the smoothing harrow becomes a very important implement. First the plow, then the disc and lastly the smoothing harrow. Some do not use the plow at all but use the disc, and the disc will do efficient work even in sod. In selecting a fertilizer for the orchard ashes are excellent, and if they can be purchased in some town, it will pay to buy them. We do not think commercial ashes are worth buying.—The Agricultural Epitomist.

Sheep Scab Can Be Eradicated.

It is difficult for one man with a flock of sheep to fight against a disease of this kind. It requires co-operation. Many have advocated some action by boards of agriculture. Great success was reached in counteracting and eradicating this evil in Australia only when the authorities took up the matter.

It seems that some boards of agriculture have been ready to take up the matter but for the objections of some of the sheepmen who are jealous of their liberty. They want the privilege, it would seem, of scattering contagious diseases if they so please, or at least the liberty of having them in their own flocks.

Scrab is not diminishing. In some states it is rapidly on the increase, the year '09 showing double the number of outbreaks of '08. Professor Wallace is quoted as making ten distinct recommendations as follows: First that there should be a fixed dipping season between June and the middle of November; that there should be systematic dipping within a period of 15 days in every county; that when scab exists there should be a second compulsory dipping from the fifth to the fourteenth day after the first; that inspectors from the board of agriculture should control the compulsory dippings; that no sheep be moved from one area to another from June to November without being dipped; flocks which have traveled or been to market to be dipped, on being imported into an area before being intermixed with other sheep; all railway trucks and pens in public markets to be thoroughly disinfected; in the case of infested farms due notice to be given to the inspector when dipping is intended to be resorted to, that he may supervise if deemed necessary; that effective dip material be used and when close inspection and control are necessary the first dip to be colored with Venetian red or Spanish brown, and the second with ochre, the county council to provide dipping tanks when necessary, the cost to be met by those who use them.

Professor Wallace stated at the conclusion of his paper that it embodied four leading objects, which were to compel those who at present do not dip their sheep to do so; to provide dipping apparatus for those who have none in their possession; to secure the general employment of effective dips, and to organize under central authority the work to be done.—Farm, Field and Fireside.

HOUSEHOLD HINTS



When Decorating a Room.

In decorating a room, if the furniture that goes in it is already in possession, that should be carefully considered before the tones of color are decided upon. A room filled with fine old mahogany furniture was spoiled because of a sage-green coloring in walls and draperies. Yellow and white, the walls yellow and woodwork white, would have made the apartment beautiful.

To Can Vegetables.

A housekeeper who is famous for her canned vegetables, which she puts up herself and which far excel in flavor those sold in the grocery stores, gives the following directions: For corn, cut the kernels from the cobs and pack them in a glass jar that has been thoroughly cleansed and scalded. Put on the rubber, lay the cover of the jar on loosely, without screwing it, and stand it in a kettle of cold water that comes two-thirds of the way to the top. Cover the kettle and boil steadily for four hours. Remove from the boiling water and screw the cover on at once without removing it. Peas cannot be packed tightly without breaking them, and consequently, after all the peas possible, without breaking them, have been put into a jar, cold water should be added until it bubbles at the top. String beans can be packed in whole or they can be cut in thin strips the length of the pods, or in short sections. They need only two hours of cooking. In other respects the rule for corn applies to all. The vegetables will shrink, but as the hot air which is confined in the jars is sterilized that will make no difference.

To Know Good Meat.

Let us imagine ourselves before a butcher's block having on it four pieces of beef presenting faces from the round or sirloin. One is dull red, the lean being close-grained and the fat very white; the next is dark red, the lean loose-grained and sinewy and the fat white and shining; the third is dull red, the lean loose-grained and sinewy and the fat yellow; the fourth is bright cherry-red, the lean smooth and medium grained, with flecks of white through it, and the fat creamy—neither white nor yellow. The first of these is cow-beef; the second, bull-beef; the third, beef from an old or ill-conditioned animal, and the last is ox-beef. Ox-beef—that from a steer—is the juiciest, finest flavored, sweetest and most economical to buy of all beef. It is called "prime" when the lean is very much mottled with the white fat-flecks, and when it is from a heavy, young animal (about four years old) stalled on corn. Beef from a young cow that has been well fed and fattened is next in merit to ox-beef. Beef from an unmatured animal is never satisfactory, being tough and juiceless. It may be easily recognized, as its color is pale and its bones small.—Ella Morris Kretschmar in the Woman's Home Companion.



HOUSEHOLD RECIPES

Gooseberry Catsup—Five pounds of fruit, three pounds of sugar, one and one-half quarts of vinegar, one tablespoonful of cloves, three tablespoonfuls of cinnamon, two tablespoonfuls of allspice. Wash the gooseberries, put them into a porcelain steppan, mash them well, add the other ingredients and boil until thick.

Pumpkin Pies—Four cups pumpkin, four cups milk, two cups sugar, one tablespoonful melted butter, a pinch of salt, four eggs, tablespoonful of ginger, one teaspoonful cinnamon. Beat eggs thoroughly, add the pumpkin, beat again, add the rest and mix well and do not have oven too hot. Pumpkin and custard pies are better baked in a slow oven, and, if possible, should be baked in earthenware pie pans. This will make four pies.

Corn Starch Cake—Beat one cupful of powdered sugar and one-half cupful of butter to a cream; add two-thirds of a cupful of cornstarch mixed with one-half cupful of sweet milk; next add the whites of four eggs beaten until stiff; beat well, then add one cupful of sifted flour mixed with two teaspoonfuls of baking powder; flavor with lemon or rose water. This cake is best when eaten the same day it is made.

Cream of Spinach—Pick over two quarts of spinach and wash thoroughly, soak until tender in one quart of stock, then rub through a puree sieve. Scald one quart of milk, pour it over one-half cupful of dry breadcrumbs, rub through a sieve when soft, and add a pinch of soda; mix with the spinach and stock, bring to a boil, thicken with flour rubbed to a paste with butter, cook five minutes, season to taste with pepper and salt, and serve.

Pineapple in the Shell—Wash a ripe, sound pineapple and with a sharp knife, cut off a slice about half an inch below the leaves, and shave a thin slice from the stem end, so the fruit will stand upright. Take out the pulp and shred it fine with a silver fork, discarding the core; add the pulp of two large oranges, one tablespoonful of lemon juice, sugar to taste and chill on ice. When ready to serve, put the pineapple back into the shell, replace the crown and serve.