

THIS PATTERN.
The "patter" or "patrin" is a branch of a spy along the road to indicate any of his tribe who may follow, the way that he has taken.
You set the patter for me
Along the world you wandered through,
Last morn'g and weary I might be
And miss the way that led to you.
How oft at open doors a glow
Have I delayed my roving feet
And wondered, "Shall I further go?"
For just a hungry heart's quick beat,
When on the threshold I have seen
Your woodland signal where it lay
With onward-pointing finger green
To warn me that I might not stay.
The spy knew the gyp's call;
It led my wayward feet aright.
Together as the shadows fall
We knelt our roadside fire to light.
The fire we kindle, hand to hand,
Shall cheer the way for weary men
Till our Great Chief's glad command
Break camp and take the road again.
Then, Love, whoever goes before,
If it be you, if it be I,
Shall set the patter on once more
Across the spaces of the sky.
—Annie Josephine Burr, in Putnam's.

TERRIBLE CHAUNCEY

"Now a Bad Man From Bitter Creek Escaped Being Lynched."
When the Methodist conference met Billy Wheeler to New Mexico to urge the bad man from his evil ways it must have been the result of inspiration. The little church at Los Cerrillos was Billy's first charge, and he was as proud of its adobe walls and goods box bell tower as a six-year-old boy with a new red wagon. Billy was a 200 pounder, a rosy cheeked lad with a blue eye that looked thoughtfully at the boys when they told him fairy tales of the miners and the cliff dwellers. He was slow of speech but earnest in action, and when the men of the sombrero learned he wasn't afraid of a gun they took to him as a brother and a gentleman. The first collection was taken up by Shorty Mac, the saloon keeper, and Stormy Jones, the slickest card sharp in camp, who volunteered as ushers and produced results by carrying the contribution hat in one hand and a cocked revolver in the other. That Sunday not a man passed up the chance to contribute. So as not to offend proprietors Billy took to wearing a revolver and in time became quite expert in hitting the ace called a tree.
Billy's wonderful popularity as shepherd of the camp arose from the fact that he was "one of the boys." He taught the men to whom he was sent to preach and respected the environments which caused them to be somewhat different from the safely bred flocks in the haunts of civilization. Mining and cattle raising became a part of his study and he was a good judge of horseflesh as the territory had. In consequence the little adobe church was filled every Sunday with a respectful congregation and there was some talk of having prayer meetings. To the boys Billy was affectionately dubbed "The Parson," and if he wasted anything he just had to raise his hand.
One morning a stranger blew in from up the valley somewhere and went over to Sandy McPherson's tavern, where he registered as "Chauncey de Argyle, Bitter Creek, Mozanique," in characters that looked like he had been emmeshed in a wireless current. Chauncey was six feet three, broad shouldered and wore a fierce black mustache that curled down to his collar. About his sash were four navy revolvers, all loaded and ready for use. A beautiful dagger handle stuck out the right boot top. Chauncey's head was covered with an unusually big sombrero, round which little bells jingled from a leather band. Physically he was as fierce a proposition as ever came to town and he gloried in the knowledge.
"I'm a bad man from Bitter Creek!" said the warlike guest, bounding on the counter with the butt of a revolver, "an' I want the best you got; no hand-me-downs for me."
"I see," said Sandy, who was a quiet, unemotional chap and who never carried his guns in sight. "How long you going to stop?"
"As long as I blame please," thundered the bad man, glaring down on Sandy.
At dinner the guest from Bitter Creek laid his revolver on the table beside his plate and looked around on the assembled miners, cowboys and gamblers.
"Come down from Bitter Creek to help run this beach town," he proclaimed. "I killed thirteen men up where I live an' if anybody's got anything to say 'bout it I'm waitin' to hear from him."
Some of the boys looked up curiously and then went on eating. The bad man used his dagger ostentatiously to cut up his vittles, now and then dropping it on the floor to make a noise. Falling in his effort to pick a fuss, the gentleman from Bitter Creek lit a cigar and strode about town. In the afternoon he went out in the hills, where Carl Ingeltritz, an inoffensive old German, had a little claim, and took possession by shooting at Karl's feet. Karl came running to town and told of the invasion. The bad man went to other places, issuing ultimatums and telling of his slaughter of the unfortunate thirteen.
If there was any spirit of retaliation among the denizens of the frontier camp an outsider could not have located it with a spyglass. On such occasions as the real hair trigger men of the mountains having serious work ahead they don't announce the program from the house-tops. When they've fixed a date for a funeral they tread as a cat until after the obsequies. The shank of that afternoon in Los Cerrillos was as quiet as in a well-ordered cemetery. Men lounged about in the shade of frames and adobe shacks, too lazy to talk. When the bad man stalked down the streets whistling in the way stood steady to let him pass. Without protest he

was permitted to empty his revolver into the belly of the town hall and to jump up and crack his heels together whenever he felt a mind.
It was nearly midnight when Sandy McPherson, the tavern keeper, hammered on the door of Parson Wheeler's two-room cabin down the gulch. Billy got up to see what the matter was.
"They got that man from Bitter Creek down in Shorty Mac's place, parson," said Sandy, "and they'll sure hang him if you don't go over and talk to 'em. Stormy Jones is out now hunting a rope."
The fellow had the look of a lion, but his head had got turned on train robber talk.
Billy hastened down to Shorty Mac's place, which was the principal saloon and card room of the town. The boys were sitting around on kegs and boxes, smoking quietly, while the committee searched for a rope. The bad man, white and in a state of utter collapse, was under guard on a bench in the rear.
"Boys," said Billy, "what are you going to do?"
"Just hang that coyote over there," replied Big Enough Jim Hines, the stage driver.
"Hang him? What's he done?"
"Killed thirteen men up at Bitter Creek; he said so himself."
"But that was only in fun," replied Billy. "That fellow never killed a man in his life."
"Then we'll hang him for lyin' 'bout it," said Hines decidedly. "This man's rode twenty miles, parson, to come down here and show us how to run this town. He 'lowed he'd killed thirteen men up at his diggin' and was comin' down here with loads in his gun for thirteen more. We've give him a fair, square trial and every man has found him guilty. Now we're just waitin' on the rope. If that ain't the law I don't know what law is."
There was an approving chorus from all the assembled humanity save the condemned. Billy realized that he was up against the proposition of his frontier career. These wild, untamable spirits, yet endowed with a high sense of justice, were on the borders of civilization and chaos. A failure here would set his work back for many years. The task to save this errand brigard would be a tremendous one, because his executioners were actuated, as they looked at it, by motives as fair as the laws of Solomon.
As the committee appeared with the rope Billy desperately determined to save the man if he could, invented a wife and children for the condemned and talked pathetically of their lonely condition with the father and bread winner taken from them. Guided by the idea that the end justified the means, he went ahead and described the little cabin home in the mountains, the mother at her work making and mending the clothes, the little ones running about barefooted and tattered, crying for the father who would never come, and then drew a final picture, the tragedy of starvation and death amid the mountains solitude and the wolves feasting upon the forms of mother and children.
Stormy Jones threw the rope under the bar. Big Enough Jim uneasily shifted his position once or twice and held a whispered consultation with the others. It was clear that Billy's speech had made an impression; he was the one man in the camp who could make a talk and the boys would have shot any one who doubted the accuracy of any statement their "parson" made.
At last Big Enough Jim, leader of the occasion, spoke up huskily.
"Parson, we're mighty glad you come," he said. "You told us some things we didn't know, an' if we hadn't knowed 'em we might 'a' been sorry for a long time. The court hereby reverses itself an' lets this man go free. We're much obliged to you."
Billy, tremendously elated, shook hands all round and then went back home. In the morning while the "parson" was waiting for his mail at the post office Shorty Mac and Stormy Jones, their eyes glowing with enthusiasm, came in and led him outside the office, where Stormy related the sequel:
"We did the thing up right last night, parson, after you left. All the boys thought just like you did about it, and so when I made a motion to pass the hat they voted unanimous. It footed up \$225 in coin and we give the whole cargo to the Bitter Creek man to take home to his wife and kids."—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

THE FINISHING TOUCH.
No Chinese lady goes anywhere without her powder box, or fails to touch her face with powder whenever she catches sight of herself in the bit of mirror in the lid of her box. When she is going out for a formal call or a wedding party or a dinner she is apt to paint her face with a paste made of wet rice flour.—Home Notes.

STATUS OF WOMEN.
Mrs. Harriet Johnston Wood recently delivered an address on "The Legal Status of Women in New Jersey" before the Essex County Suffrage Society, in which she held that the early right of suffrage possessed by women of New Jersey still existed. Mrs. Wood advised the women of New Jersey to go to the polls to register, and if prevented to take the case to court. They must be prepared to fight the case to the Supreme Court of the United States, where she did not believe they would fail. Mrs. Wood is a lawyer practicing in New York City.—New York Press.

WOMEN WHO LISTEN CAREFULLY.
The person who can talk entertainingly and listen attentively is the best type of guest at social gatherings, for she who chatters incessantly is almost more undesirable than one who is too quiet—for the latter gives opportunity for other persons to express themselves, while the former to say even one word is often a struggle.
The balance between these extremes is the art of stimulating a temporary companion to conversation, and at no place is it more important to adopt the correct attitude than at a dinner. More than one man has been obliged to talk so much when sitting beside a quiet woman that he has not eaten enough. Such conduct on the part of a woman is decidedly inconsiderate, for if she is not willing to add her quota to the evening's entertainment she should stay at home.

TO TRUSS A CHICKEN.—If a bird is properly trussed it looks much more attractive when ready for serving. I have seen a roast turkey brought to a table with both the legs and wings in awkward positions and the long neck lying over the end of the platter. This is the correct way to truss a bird: Draw thighs close to the body, and hold by inserting a steel skewer under the middle joint, running it through the body. It should come out under the middle joint on the other side. Cross drumsticks, tie securely with a long string, leaving two ends of equal length, and fasten to the tail. Place wings close to the body (having the tip ends removed, remember), and hold them by inserting a skewer through the wing, body and the wing on the other side. Draw the neck skin under the back, and fasten with a small skewer. Turn the bird on its breast. Cross string attached to the tail piece, and draw around each end of lower skewer, again cross string and draw around each end of upper skewer; fasten string in a knot, and cut off ends. This may seem like a long story, but it is not so difficult after all.

Woman's Realm

OUR CUT-OUT RECIPE.
Paste in Your Scrap-Book.

NOT TRUST HIM. Loss of trust means all sorts of trouble, and is often the precursor of the ominous "rift within the lute."—Home Notes.

SUFFRAGETTES FAVOR FLIRTATION.
The question whether married couples should flirt is now agitating suffragettes in England. Lady McLaren, author; Lady Troubridge and Mrs. Elizabeth York Miller, author, all agree that flirtation is an excellent thing, provided it is confined to the family. They do not think that a man should flirt with another woman's husband. They believe only in flirtation between husband and wife. Concerning this kind of flirtation Mrs. Miller pungently says: "Flirting ought to be spontaneous; nothing could be more ridiculous than married people flirting determinedly. Husbands should flirt with their wives, as women miss flirtation more than men after matrimony. Flirtation consists in an occasional kiss, a frequent holding of hands, a spirit of tenderness and chivalry, and a study of the other's interests and feelings. Flirtation is the panacea of all married people's troubles. All husbands and wives should cultivate it."

MARRIAGE SUPERSTITIONS.
"Blessed is the bride that the sun shines on."
A bride should use no pins in her wedding clothes, and she should avoid looking in the glass when she is completely dressed for church.
The wedding ring should not be taken off before the service, and to take it off afterward is unlucky.
"If you marry in Lent you will live to repent." May is an unlucky month for weddings, and June and October are especially lucky.
It is an old Yorkshire custom to pour hot water over the doorstep after the happy couple have departed, in order to keep the threshold warm for another bride.
When the bridesmaids dress the bride they must be careful if she have any pins about her to throw them away. A single pin left might cause her ill-luck. And if a bridesmaid keep one of those pins she need not expect to be married before the next Whitsuntide, or Easter at the very earliest.—Home Notes.

LATEST DECEIT.
"You must not imagine," said the woman of the world, "that just because the camera is of necessity truthful one can depend upon the veracity of a photograph. One can't. The very latest conceit, I may say deceit, of the fashionable photographer seems to be worth telling about.
"Now, just about once in her life a woman gets a picture that satisfies her, and I don't mind confessing that when it is my picture I want to be a fulsome flatterer. I know one woman who had her one faultless picture taken ten years ago. She has now reached that painful period when birthdays are no longer hilarious occasions, and the picture is out of date in the matter of sleeves and hair. So when she felt recently that it was time to pay another visit to the photographer, she sought out the one who had treated her so well a decade ago. She took with her a print of the old negative, and she had herself posed in precisely the same attitude. This was for the hair and dress of the new picture. As to the face, I don't know by what mysterious means the photographer accomplished it, but the face was lifted from the old picture and put into the new one—a picture that is entirely satisfactory. The hair and sleeves of the new picture are of 1910 model, and the face doesn't look a bit younger than when the subject is in her own room with sidelights and rose colored shades. Furthermore, the woman is so proud of it that she makes no bones of telling how the thing was done. She says it's every woman's privilege to be the age she chose for insertion in her marriage license and for her best photograph, even if she can't blot out the record in the family Bible."—New York Press.

The Farm

Cows Spread Consumption.
To show that there is danger of contracting tuberculosis from using milk from tubercular cows, we cite the statement of Health Officer Woodward, of Washington, who says that about fifteen per cent. of the people who die in the District of Columbia from tuberculosis contract the disease as a result of drinking milk from dairies in and around Washington. It has been found that an unusually large number of cows around Washington have the disease. This is a serious situation, and if this is true around Washington it is true in other large cities. The only safe way is to give the cows the tuberculin test.—Farmers' Guide.

CHEAP HORSE FEEDS.
The Michigan Agricultural Experiment Station has published a bulletin on comparative horse feeding. It states that six horses at work received a regular ration of timothy hay and oats at an average expense of 23.6 cents per day, estimating the feed at current prices. The horses lost an average of eleven pounds each. Six horses were fed a cheaper ration consisting of shredded corn-stalks, oat straw, hay, ear corn, oats, beet pulp, bran, oilcake and a few carrots, the average cost of which was 17.7 cents per day, and the horses gained on an average fourteen pounds each. Four horses were also fed the cheaper ration, but as they were at rest part of the time they were not fed as heavily as the other lots. The average cost of maintenance in this trial was 12.9 cents, and the average loss in live weight for each horse four pounds.

HORSE HOLIDAYS.
The Federal Government is acting on the old saw that "all work and no play makes Jack a dull boy," and has adopted a rule for a holiday for horses employed in the public service. The first example of the new law was tested in the case of all horses used in the service at Washington. The horses employed in the Postal Department are to have a thirty days' vacation every year, the same as Government employes. The chief of the department believes holidays will add to the efficiency and durability of the horses in the Government service. Every summer all the horses employed in the Postal Department at the capital will be sent to the Government pastures of Maryland. A change to the rich, tonic grasses of the country and the opportunity to repose in the shade of the stately trees will not only be appreciated by the horses, but will greatly add to their efficiency.

COWPEAS FOR WORN LAND.
I am and have been a reader of your paper for several years, and desire a little information through its columns. I have a field of twelve acres which is what we call cold, flat land, which has been farmed for about thirty years, and has not been brought up any during that time, but everything taken off. Last fall I sowed it to rye, which I intend to turn under when full grown, probably in June. Now I want to sow another crop of something that will mature in time to turn under in time to sow the land to wheat in the fall. Have been thinking of some sorghum to make a quick, heavy growth to turn under when full grown. Some advise cowpeas, others buckwheat and some millet. My object is to get the most vegetable matter in the ground by some crop after the rye has been turned under. Would like to hear from some who have had experience with sorghum in that way and how much seed should I sow to the acre? If any farmer knows of a better plan to revive this kind of ground would be glad to hear from him.—E. A. E.
Answer.—We recommend you to sow cowpeas, and to cut the rye before seed matures. If you use sorghum, sow six or eight quarts of seed per acre.—Indiana Farmer.

KEEPING UP SOIL FERTILITY.
With reference to keeping the land up with clover alone, I formerly believed the fertility of the soil could be maintained indefinitely by crop rotation and the proper use of clover, but in recent years I have changed my mind. Certain elements, as nitrogen, phosphoric acid and potash, inherent in the soil and necessary to the growth and thrift of all plants, are removed from the land by continuous cropping, two of which cannot be replaced by clover alone.
As all know, clover if properly used, will renew the diminishing supply of nitrogen, but will not develop the available phosphoric acid and potash in sufficient quantities to grow profitable crops. There comes a time in the history of all old land, when the exhausted elements which cannot be restored by clover must be supplied from some other source. Stable manure, which is complete within itself, or some form of phosphate or commercial fertilizer, must be used. If you have enough stable manure you will never need any commercial fertilizer. But who has enough?
We probably have more stable manure than any one else in this vicinity, as we feed and fatten, each year, for the market, a great deal of live stock, consisting of some 1500 head of sheep and lambs, in a barn built expressly for that purpose, and in which they are well bedded, thereby conserving, in the best possible manner, all liquid as well as all solid manure. In addition to this we feed last summer more than 500 head of hogs. The manure from all these animals goes through the spreader, and back on the land, yet we have not enough. Hence, we supply the deficiency by using commercial fertilizers, and in addition to this, we sow clover in all small grain, having now more than 100 acres of clover. Our average yield of wheat has increased from twelve to fifteen bushels per acre, giving the farmer for each year and field. One year we sowed wheat in two twenty-five acre fields;

one of these, comparatively new land, and the other, very old, upon which we used 125 pounds per acre of a fertilizer carrying, probably, one to two per cent. nitrogen, seven to eleven per cent. available phosphoric acid and two to four per cent. potash, no fertilizer being used on the newer field. From the old land we harvested twelve bushels more per acre than from the new, and of better weight and quality.
The old field had been in cultivation, probably, more than fifty years. The old field was much nearer the barns, and had had more manure hauled on it than on the other one.
At the Rothamstead experiment station, England, three plots of ground were used in growing wheat for more than fifty years. On one of these plots wheat was grown for the entire period without fertilizer of any kind, producing 13.1 bushels per acre, average. On one of the other plots fourteen tons of farm manure were applied each year and produced 35.7 bushels per acre. And upon the other one commercial fertilizer was applied, and the yield was 37.1 bushels per acre.—J. W. F. Thomas, in the Indiana Farmer.

Good Things to Eat

Fried Okra With Ham.
Mince half a pound of boiled ham fine. Mince two onions. Fry these in a tablespoonful of butter. When they have been fried brown add to them two dozen sliced spears of okra. Stir constantly with a long-handled wooden spoon until the okra browns. Then pour over the contents of the saucepan a teacupful of tomato sauce. Let it simmer until the juice is absorbed and the vegetables begin once more to brown. Then remove and serve in a vegetable dish.—New York Times.

STUFFED PEPPERS.
Remove from a half dozen good-sized peppers the seeds and inner pith. Place in boiling water and cook for fifteen minutes. Pour over a cupful of fine bread crumbs two tablespoonfuls of melted butter. Beat an egg and mix it thoroughly in the crumbs. Stir in a half teaspoonful of salt. Pour over a cupful of chopped cold meat some stock, enough to moisten it well. If the stock be lacking, use water. Thoroughly mix all. Fill the peppers with the mixture. Arrange them in a pan half filled with hot water. Bake in a moderate oven until the peppers are thoroughly done. Usually it requires an hour in a moderate oven.—New York Times.

HAMBURG STEAK WITH TOMATO SAUCE.
Never buy your Hamburg steak already chopped, no matter how fresh and enticing it may look. Too often the most inferior grades of meat are used, and then sprinkled with a preservative to give them a fresh appearance. Get a piece of lean meat from the round, not necessarily the tenderest portion, and have the butcher put it through the grinder while you are there. If you like onions with the steak chop one fine and add. Season with salt and pepper, shape into small, round, flat cakes and having your frying pan hissing hot and just lightly greased, with a bit of suet, lay in the cakes. In ten seconds turn and in ten seconds more repeat. This gives a nice brown crust on each side of the cakes and it will not be necessary to turn so often. Cook five minutes if desired rare; a little longer for well done.
Serve with tomato sauce. Melt a tablespoonful of butter in a saucepan, add a tablespoonful flour, a half-teaspoonful salt and a dash of pepper. As soon as blended, pour in little by little one cupful strained tomato with a few drops onion juice, and cook three or four minutes and pour round the meat.—New York Telegram.

MUSHROOMS AND CHICKEN.
Cut the stems from ten medium-sized fresh mushrooms. Remove the gills and peel neatly. As soon as peeled drop them into a bowl of cold water. The flavor will be much improved if to the water has been added the juice of one lemon. Chop the mushroom stems very fine. Mix with them one small white onion well chopped. Place them in a saucepan in which has been melted a heaping teaspoonful of butter. Cook for two or three minutes and then add the mushroom stems. Cook slowly for five minutes. Season with pepper and salt to taste. Take off the stove and mix with the mushrooms.
Mince tender parts of chicken, preferably the white meat. A cupful will be required. Push through a sieve. Mix with it two tablespoonfuls of butter cut into fine pieces. Mix thoroughly. Beat the whites of two eggs and moisten the meat with this, stirring well. Season strongly with salt and pepper. Keep on ice until chilled. Mix with it a teacupful of whipped cream. Fill the mushrooms with this mixture. Place them in a buttered pan. Place them in an oven and cover with buttered paper. Bake until firm. Serve with either tomato or cream sauce. The latter is more delicate and is usually preferred for this dish in the South.—New York Times.

HOUSEHOLD HINTS

Dryness of skin and general eruptions call for more fruit to be eaten.
Almond meal may be used instead of soap if the latter is irritating to the skin.
To remove match marks from a polished or varnished surface, rub with a rag dipped in water, and the stains will disappear.
In the summer the fruit phosphates are not only grateful fluids for the palate, but they have a tonic, diuretic and other medicinal virtues as well.
If scars remaining from pimples be bathed in a saturated solution of boric acid and then anointed with zinc ointment they will readily disappear.
Whenever bread crumbs are to be used they are much better if seasoned first with pepper and salt. This does not refer to their use on sweetened puddings.
A wrinkled, dry skin has been deprived of its natural oil. Almond soap should be used instead of soap, and the face should never be washed in hot water.
To make the eyebrows grow: Four ounces of alcohol, two ounces of castor oil, fifteen drops of the oil of bergamot. Apply with a tiny brush night and morning.
Even though currants can now be bought "cleaned," the careful cook washes them through several waters, dries them on a soft cloth and puts them in a slow oven for a time.
You cannot be too careful of what you put on your complexion. Many of the cheap face creams are made with a basis of white vaseline, or lard, both of which are extremely harmful to the skin.