

# The Honor of the Station

By Will H. Ogilvie.

Five of us stood with bridles on our arms in the store veranda at Mulga Plains, and peered into the gathering darkness. A rush of hoofs came down the paddock, and the clang of a slip rail dropped in place told us that the black boy had yarded the horses.

"Is it worth it?" asked Hammond, the bookkeeper, jingling his snaffle against the veranda post, "the wind's rising—it's going to rain—it'll be a rotten show any way—is it worth riding ten miles in the dark for?"

"Oh, come on, Hammond; no slacking, you promised to come!" So we rallied him through the dark.

In the end we all went to catch our horses, David Wilson, the overseer; Hammond, myself and Hughie and Albert—two of the boundary riders.

So dark it was that the piebald mare struck the gate with her shoulder before Hughie realized that he was near it; we rode through and followed David in single file as he picked up the tract on old Mosquito. The clouds parted a little, and a thin wisp of moon showed above the river timber. David shook Mosquito into a canter.

We could hear Hammond grumbling behind us as his old mare stumbled in the wheel tracks, but our leader cantered on, humming a bush song; he had an eye like a hawk, and the perfect confidence in his horse that exists only between the superb horseman and his mount; behind him we struggled along, trusting to luck. At last far ahead a light twinkled, another and another, and the township loomed before us. The lighted verandas of the hotels were black with people.

"Quite a crowd," said Dave, cheerily, tapping his pipe bowl on the pommel of his saddle.

We drew rein in front of Donaldson's, and some one shouted from the veranda, "Here come the Mulga boys!"

We stabled our horses under a brush shed behind the hotel, and cantered along the boards in our trailing spurs to mingle in the crowd and drink success to Grimthorpe's Buck-jump Show.

The walls of Donaldson's bar were plastered with posters of a magnificent black horse, bucking furiously beneath a wiry horseman, who smiled down upon the barroom loafers, hat in hand. Under this picture was written:

**STEAM ENGINE.**  
\$10 to the Man Who Can Sit Him  
For Two Minutes in a  
Naked Saddle.

In little knots of two and three the bushmen stood and drained their glasses, and everywhere the talk was of Grimthorpe and his horses.

"I saw the show up in Rockhampton last year," said Dally Stevens, the drover, "and, take it from me, the black horse can buck; he threw four of our best men one after the other; there isn't a chap in this Lachlan Country that could follow him for two bucks, and my money's ready to back what I say!"

"Now then, you Mulga boys," said some one, "take him up; he's only talking; those show horses are only frisky; a man who can ride can do what he likes with 'em."

"Some of 'em can buck, some of 'em can't," said Hughie, with a wise shake of his head. "I want to see this horse first."

"Well, let's get down to the show," said Dave, flanking his arm in mine; "come along, Billy."

In the township a steady stream of people was pouring into the large tent erected on a vacant piece of land below Loughran's Hotel. As we paid our money at the door a gust of wind shook the canvas, and a few heavy drops began to fall.

Our party took seats together, and presently the show began. The first part of the program consisted of some clever high jumping by two gray horses, and some trick riding by Grimthorpe's men; one of these dressed as a clown did some clever tumbling off a bucking pony, falling off in every conceivable attitude, and always in perfect safety, at once gaining the good opinion of the crowd. This was followed by a clever exhibition of stock whip cracking and jasso throwing; then there was an interval of ten minutes before the important work of the evening began—the challenge riding of Grimthorpe's buckjumpers.

A sturdy little roan horse was led into the ring, and Grimthorpe came forward and announced that one of his men would ride the horse, a notorious buckjumper from the Flanders River, and that afterward \$5 would be given to any man in the audience who would remain on his back for two minutes. A murmur of approval greeted this sporting offer, and the crowd settled down to watch while the half-caste rider saddled the roan.

There was a dead silence as the man crept slowly into the saddle, then a shout of applause as the roan sprang into the air and went bucking round the inclosure in a cloud of dust. In a very few moments the horse had stopped, and his rider vaulted down and waved his hat to the occupants of the two-shilling seats.

The general opinion of the crowd was that the horse "couldn't" buck for sour apples, and had re-pluck, and no one was surprised when the butch-

er's son stepped forward and offered to "have a cut at that there liver," only stipulating that he should use his own saddle. But the little roan seemed to know what was expected of him, and with a flying forward buck and a quick side lurch, he had the boy in difficulties at once, and following up his advantage he flung his rider heavily against the canvas at the end of the tent, which fortunately broke his fall.

Grimthorpe dusted the boy's coat with his riding whip and turned with a smile to the crowd. "My \$5 is still waitin', gentlemen!" he said. Hughie stirred in his seat. "Shall I have a cut at him, Dave?" he asked, but even as he spoke a little wiry horsebreaker from Merrigal Springs stepped into the arena with his huge saddle on his arm.

He rode prettily; beneath his iron thighs the little roan was powerless, and though he bucked his hardest he was conquered from first to last, and a great ovation greeted the breaker as he received Grimthorpe's \$5 and returned modestly to his place.

"Gentlemen," said Grimthorpe, "I have often heard of the Lachlan River riders, and there's not the least doubt that you've got some good men in the district, but I have a horse in my show that has tested the best, and to show my confidence in him I will double my usual wager and give \$20 to the man who can sit him for two minutes in a hunting saddle, but any man who tries and fails to ride him must pay me a forfeit of \$5 and take all risk of accident. Bring in Steam Engine!"

A murmur of applause rippled round the ring as the beautiful black horse was led in; he stood fully sixteen and a half hands, of immense bone and muscle, and carried a proud head so high that he seemed even taller than he really was. His eyes flashed fire upon the tiers of rapt brown faces, and as the groom faced him in the centre of the tent he squealed and lashed out in very wantonness.

Then the crowd began to talk, calling on the noted horsemen present to take up the challenge.

"Now, then, Hughie! Now, then, Dally! Come on Dave Wilson! Where's Jack Grieve?" and so on.

Hughie shuffled his feet impatiently, and I noticed the hand that rested on his knee shook as though with some nervous resolve.

Dally Stevens, the drover, shook his head good naturedly. "I've seen him buck," he said, and there was a wealth of meaning in his words.

"Have another try, Jack Grieve, he's no worse than the roan!" called somebody; but Jack sat still, looking thoughtfully at his saddle.

"Dave, Dave Wilson! Come on, Dave!" yelled the crowd. "What's become of the Mulga boys?" But Dave's handsome brown face betrayed no interest in the proceedings; he stooped to strike a match, and held it to his pipe.

A gust of wind shook the great canvas into billowing waves, and a clatter of rain swept down upon the roof. The black horse started and pawed the ground impatiently.

"Will I have a cut?" Hughie's face was a little white. I thought, as he bent across to ask Dave the question.

"Please yourself, Hughie!" said the overseer, "but mind you, he's a bad one. Dally Stevens wouldn't be off him unless he was something out of the common."

But Hughie had already made up his mind. "Let me use my own saddle, and I'll ride him," he called out. Grimthorpe demurred, but finally gave way on the point, and Hughie, with the honor of our station in his hands, stepped out into the arena.

The black horse was blindfolded and saddled, and Hughie made a little speech to the crowd.

"I don't want you fellows to think," he said, addressing the crowd generally, "that I'm riding this horse to try and make a big man of myself before you; and I know there's two or three fellows in this tent that can ride both sides of me; but I don't believe in these Queensland fellows coming down here and poking fun at us Lachlan men because we happen to work among sheep and not cattle; more than that, I'm a Mulga Plains man, and I'm going to have a try at this black horse for the honor of the old station."

Great applause followed this impromptu oration, for Hughie was a sterling fellow and a favorite with all, and a first rate horseman into the bargain. Then he waved his hand to us and took hold of the reins, and quick as a cat was down in the saddle. The bandage was snatched from his black eyes, and he reared straight on end, gave a sudden twist and nearly fell; then, coming down, he dropped his head, and squealing viciously, bucked hard and high across the ring. At the second buck Hughie slipped forward, at the third he left the saddle as though slung

by a catapult, and fell a dozen feet away with a crash that resounded through the tent. For a moment we thought he was seriously injured, but he rose and staggered unsteadily across the ring.

Grimthorpe stood tapping his riding boot with his whip. "I have twenty notes here," he said, "for the man who can ride him."

Jack Grieve got up from his place in the front row and walked forward, carrying his heavy saddle, with the stirrup leavers jingling in his stride.

They took off Hughie's saddle and put Jack's in its place. The big horse, now thoroughly roused, struck and plunged, and it took twelve minutes to saddle him, while the crowd hummed with excitement: "By heaven, that horse can buck!" "Jack can never ride one side of him!" "Nor any other man on the Lachlan River!"

In a dead silence the famous horse breaker stole into the saddle, the cloth was pulled from the horse's eyes, and up he went in a savage buck. Jack Grieve loosened his reins and drove home the spurs; with a roar of pain the great horse gave one bound into the air, and surely never before or since did a horse buck so big and high; like an arrow from a bow the trim little figure of the breaker shot through the air, and he landed twenty feet away at Grimthorpe's feet, while a shout of wonder and dismay rose from the benches.

The horse was caught and unsaddled and Jack Grieve went back to his place, and under the tan his face was very white.

Grimthorpe smiled at the audience. "It takes the cattlemen to ride a horse like that," he said, with quiet scorn. "I should have brought something easier down here."

There was some hissing and booing from the back of the tent at this speech, and somebody called out, "Let's see you ride him yourself!"

But Grimthorpe only tapped his boot with his riding whip and smiled. I looked across at David Wilson. Dave had a reputation second to no man as a buckjump rider, and if any man in that tent could ride the horse I knew it was the tall, lithe overseer of Mulga Plains. A far finer rider than Hughie Warren, but less addicted to displaying his prowess, we knew at once that if Dave consented to try we should see such a battle between man and beast as had seldom been seen before.

"Try him, Dave," I said. But he shook his head. Somebody heard me and caught at the name. "Dave Wilson, Dave Wilson! Now then, Dave!"

In a moment the cry was taken up by a hundred throats.

"Dave," I said, "remember the honor of the station."

A sudden gleam awoke in his keen, honest blue eyes. If there was one thing above all others that was a cherished fetish with David Wilson, it was the honor of Mulga Plains. His ambition was that our station should be first in stock, first in honorable dealing, and before everything, first in sport, and that it should be beaten in horsemanship was a thought intolerable to him. He turned to me quickly:

"Run and fetch your little hunting saddle, Billy!"

I hesitated. "But Dave," I said, "the little saddle—he'll let you—"

"Hurry up," he broke in authoritatively, "your hunting saddle!"

I was out of the tent in a flash. When I returned with the dainty English saddle on my arm the bushmen stood up all around the ring and cheered lustily. Dave was talking to Grimthorpe. He turned to me, took the saddle and unstrapped its silk web girths and surcingles, and attached the leather gear from Hughie's.

In a few minutes the big black horse was ready for the fray, and Dave stepped forward, cool, watchful and determined. Before we had realized that he had gathered the reins he was safe in the saddle, and up went the black with a snort of anger. Coming down with a nasty turn in the air he lost his footing and fell, but Wilson sprang clear, and, still holding the bridle, gave the black a kick in the ribs.

The horse rose, and as he did so Dave threw his leg over him, and as man and beast leaped six feet in the air a great cheer burst from the crowd.

Then began a royal battle for supremacy; the outlaw bucked straight forward big and high, side-lurched, bucked backward, reared and turned in the air, or spun like a top in one place; but through it all the tall, lithe figure of the rider swayed easily to every motion, and seemed to be a part of the whirling catherine wheel below.

Suddenly there burst from the audience a wild yell of triumph. "Time's up! Time's up! Good old Dave!" The bushmen, mad with delight, stood up on the benches and waved hats and handkerchiefs and whips. The black horse made one more terrific attempt to unseat his rider, and then, bolting for the opening in the tent that led to his rough bush stable, he suddenly disappeared from view. We leapt from our seats and rushed to the doorway in an excited stream. Outside a crash of thunder met us, and a great flash of

lightning showed for a moment the big black horse and his gallant rider forging through the night.

There came a sudden jingle of wire and then silence. Some one called, "Into the fence, by Jove!" and we ran over to the spot.

As we reached it another flash revealed the black horse lying on his side and Dave standing over him unhurt. Then his cheery voice rang out, "Sit on his head, somebody; I don't want to get that saddle smashed!"

The saddle was none the worse except for a scar on the flap, where a ragged edge of wire had touched it; but I'm proud of that mark, for it calls to mind the night when Dave Wilson saved the honor of the station.—Illustrated Sporting and Dramatic News.

## SCIENCE & MECHANICS

The eight-track swing bridges across the main channel of the Chicago drainage canal near Thirty-first street will be operated by electricity.

An interesting article in the Fine Arts Journal describes the artistic possibilities of electricity both for decorative lighting and more utilitarian purposes of facile hospitality, from electric toast racks to chafing dishes.

The electric railway up Mont Blanc is now open to the public as far as the Col de Voz, 5495 feet high. The first train took nearly an hour to accomplish the journey of four and a half miles. There are no tunnels, and the steepest grade is twenty per cent., some magnificent views of Alpine scenery being obtainable from the cars.

The making of tin-plate originated in Bohemia, according to a recent paper by William E. Gray, hammered iron plates having been coated with tin in that country some time before the year 1600. Tin-plate making was introduced in England in 1665, the art being brought there from Saxony. In France the first tin-plate factory was established in 1714. The first commercial manufacture of tin-plate in the United States was at Pittsburg, in 1872.

French discoveries of asbestos have been made under the property of the South Urals Asbestos Company in the Orsk district. The average content in asbestos of one deposit is fifteen per cent. At times it reaches as high as eighty per cent., in point of quality resembling chrysotile, and being very soft and woolly. The fibre is strong, while the color in lumps is olive green, but the single staple appears to be pure white. A second deposit presents similar conditions and wealth of content.

An ingenious scheme of burglar protection, embodying specially designed curtains and portieres, has been invented by a Dresden engineer. The curtains and portieres are made of any of the materials used for such purposes, and wired with fine conductors. At certain places on the curtains are affixed small metal knobs, connected with the wire conductors. When drawn across a window or door, or around a safe or vault, the slightest disturbance of their position immediately breaks the circuit, as the metal knobs are thus thrown out of contact with each other. Should the intruder notice the wires and cut one or more of them, his action would break the circuit and start the alarm.

**A Catechism.**

"Why do we send missionaries to the savages?"

"To civilize them."

"What good does that do them?"

"It educates them out of habits of idleness."

"And what then?"

"They go to work."

"What do they work for?"

"To become prosperous and rich."

"What good does prosperity do them?"

"It procures them leisure and comfort."

"Which was what they had before you started stirring them up. What's the use?"—Cleveland Leader.

**The Top Bureau Drawer.**

The fly has been swatted, the refrigerator cleaned, the drainage pipes disinfected and the mosquito killed, but nothing has been done to Daugherty's top bureau drawer. She puts everything in it from face powder to slippers, and when she wants anything she stirs the mess with a stick till what she seeks comes to the top. Germs find in her top bureau drawer a secure and delightful home, and as she keeps her chewing gum and fudge there, the only reason she isn't dead is that the Lord isn't ready for her.—Atholton Globe.

**Density of the Atmosphere.**

Meteors prove that the air is still dense enough to make those little bodies incandescent through friction at a height of 100 miles, but up to the present man has succeeded in exploring the atmosphere to a height of only sixteen miles.

**Tact and Talent.**

Talent feels its weight, tact finds its way; talent commands, tact is obeyed; talent is honored with approbation and tact is blessed by preference.—London Atlas.

The king of Italy is the only vegetarian monarch.

## Farm Topics

**CLEAN POULTRY HOUSE.**

Clean the poultry house and brooders at least twice a week, hoeing all droppings into the cabbage, cucumber, tomato or melon patch. Renew bedding in the brooder with fresh sand, bran, sawdust, and dust liberally with insect powder strong enough to induce a sneeze.—Farmers' Home Journal.

**BUMBLE FOOT.**

Bumble foot is nothing more than a bruise caused by jumping off the roost, and is usually found in the ball of the foot, which becomes extremely sensitive, and quite often an abscess forms. Occasionally the injury will be found in the knee instead of the foot, but the symptoms are the same. The treatment should be to reduce the inflammation, and should this fail and an abscess form a poultice of flaxseed meal should be applied, and after it is ripe the abscess should be opened and drained.—Farmers' Home Journal.

**LONG-LIVED ALFALFA.**

Alfalfa is very long-lived; fields in Mexico, it is claimed, have been continuously productive without replanting for over two hundred years, and others in France are known to have flourished for more than a century. Its usual life in the United States is probably from ten to twenty-five years, although there is a field in New York that has been mown successively for over sixty years. It is not unlikely that under its normal conditions and with normal care it would well-nigh be, as it is called, everlasting.—From Coburn's Book of Alfalfa.

**DIPPING STOCK FOR LICE.**

There are various kinds of stock dips, and most of them are good. Their use is becoming more common because their value is better known than formerly. Almost every stockman has animals that are not thrifty, and he often knows the reason why. It very often happens that such animals are troubled with parasites of some kind, perhaps several kinds. They are too small to be seen with the naked eye and the farmer tries different kinds of medicines, when an outside application of some disinfectant is the only remedy needed. When stockmen once learn the value of dipping they need no further encouragement. They keep on dipping twice a year, because they know it pays both in dollars and in satisfaction.—Epitomist.

**DRINKING VESSELS.**

Scummy drinking vessels cause sickness. They should be scalded out every now and then. Filthy water drunk daily is very irritating to the bowels. Water is the principal constituent of the flesh, bones, feathers, and eggs of fowls, and necessarily large quantities of it are consumed daily. Therefore it should be seen that the water supply is not only pure but fresh.

There is a poisonous fungus growth in the blood in nearly all the fatal diseases. Fowls never perspire so that many of these evils may be thrown off. On the contrary, they must resort to respiration. The result is that the great majority of poultry diseases are found in the head, throat and lungs, and, therefore, it is in these parts that we must look for the symptoms of disease.—American Cultivator.

**TROUBLES OF A HAY MAKER.**

I heard a pretty good story a few days since about a good old deacon somewhere out in York State, which was somewhat after this wise: He was one of those upright, dignified sort of men who make it a rule to perform their duty, and then make the best of the matter, however the event may turn out; but everything on his farm was kept in the neatest order.

It had got to be quite late in the season for mowing, and still the deacon had a fine piece of grass which he had been unable to cut, on account of a press of other matters. So one day he put on a large force, and by noon he had it all down and spread about in nice order, when there came up a shower and wet it. After the shower the old gentleman came out and walked about "perfectly cool," and the next day he had it spread again to dry; about noon there came up another shower. Well, out came the deacon again, with the long face and dignified air becoming one in his station, looked at the hay and walked into the house.

The next day being pleasant, he had the hay dried, loaded, and driven to the barn, into which they had got just as another shower began to fall.

The deacon was congratulating himself that he had finally succeeded in securing the hay, when a gust of wind struck the barn, rushing through and completely sweeping the hay, scattering it to the four quarters, and tearing the barn doors from their hinges, one of which hitting the old gentleman, prostrated him in the mud and fell on top of him. After the door had been removed and his breath partially recovered he surveyed the ruins for a few moments, and then very solemnly exclaimed: "Well, I think it is now time for me to express my sentiments!"—G. E. G., in the American Cultivator.

Smoking was a penal offense at one time in Turkey.

## BUSINESS CARDS.

**E. NEFF**  
JUSTICE OF THE PEACE,  
Patron Attorney and Real Estate Agent.

**RAYMOND E. BROWN,**  
ATTORNEY AT LAW,  
BROOKVILLE, PA.

**G. M. McDONALD,**  
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,

Real estate agent, patents secured, collections made promptly. Office in Syndicate building, Reynoldsville, Pa.

**SMITH M. MCGREIGHT,**  
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,

Notary public and real estate agent. Collections will receive prompt attention. Office in the Reynoldsville Hardware Co. building, Main street, Reynoldsville, Pa.

**DR. B. E. HOOVER,**  
DENTIST,

Resident dentist. In the Hoover building Main street. Gentleness in operating.

**DR. L. L. MEANS,**  
DENTIST.

Office on second floor of the First National bank building, Main street.

**DR. R. DEVERE KING,**  
DENTIST,

Office on second floor of the Syndicate building, Main street, Reynoldsville, Pa.

**HENRY PRIESTER**  
UNDERTAKER.

Black and white funeral cars. Main street, Reynoldsville, Pa.

**MOOSE HUNTING SEASON OPENS IN NEW BRUNSWICK.**

The St. John Globe of September 27, in an article on the opening of the moose hunting season in New Brunswick, appears to think this year will be a record-breaker. The excellent game laws and care taken in their enforcement for years have now borne fruit, and there is no doubt of the fact that there are more moose, caribou and deer to the square mile of forest lands in New Brunswick than in any other part of the Dominion. The season opened on the 15th, and previous to that date for some weeks a day seldom passed that travelers on the section of the Intercolonial Railway between Moncton and Campbellton did not have a sight from the trains of one or more of these animals.

To see the array of guns and other hunting paraphernalia arriving a day or so previous to the 15th in the custody of sturdy and determined looking gentlemen, who represented nearly every state in the Union, and many also from abroad, one would imagine all the wild animals in the country would be killed, but the guides inform us that there are plenty for all. It is said several hundred licenses to non-resident sportsmen were sold the first day to the many waiting for the privilege, and one vendor in the town of Newcastle is known to have issued more than a hundred. Many of the strangers are going long distances into the woods, yet it appears moose can be shot close to the settlements, for two young men, not at all experienced hunters at that, went out on the morning of the 15th, not far from Moncton, and returned the same night with a fine moose, a deer and a number of partridges. Still, as the season advances, the animals become more wary, naturally, and the guides probably know their business when they advise sportsmen to go further afield. Again, half the charm of a hunting trip is in building a camp fire far from civilization, and besides the actual hunting, the inducements of the northern woods attract hundreds, and have for them a fascination all its own. To lovers of beautiful scenery also the New Brunswick woods are well worth a visit, particularly at this time of year, when the varied colors of the coverings of the maples and other hardwood trees are like nothing ever seen elsewhere. Men who understand the captivating mystery of the woods, the physical enjoyment and exhilaration of a hunting trip, and are lovers of nature, can find no better or surer way to lose the tired and enervated feeling which is the lot of the ordinary business man after a summer spent in the busy city.

Many of the sportsmen who come to the Miramichi and Nepisiguit country have snug camps prepared by the guides, to which they go for their hunting, and others, just as well able to surround themselves with luxuries under any circumstances, prefer the open tent under the big pines and the healthy "roughing it."

There are many ways of getting into the heart of the New Brunswick woods. A glance at the map shows that nearly all the streams and larger rivers in the hunting territory head up to the slopes of the Bald Mountains, in the northwestern part of the province, and the lakes which are at the heads of these streams are the resort of the very large animals. The best places from which to reach the head waters and the lakes are Bathurst, Campbellton and Newcastle. Fairly good roads, made years ago by the lumbermen, reach far up the Miramichi, Nepisiguit and Restigouche, and the tedious journey up stream against the current, so tiresome that one who has ever made it will do almost anything rather than repeat the experience, is thus avoided to a great extent.

As we write it is learned that several parties of sportsmen who went into the woods at the first of the season have already returned and carry some fair-sized trophies home with them, but so far the record for an antlered head, 63½ inches, made on the Nepisiguit in 1907, has not been broken. Of course we have yet to hear from parties further afield, and possibly when they come out another story will be told.

If any sportsman requires information about hunting in the territory mentioned above, the booklet, "Fishing and Hunting," will be mailed to him on receipt of a two-cent stamp for postage by R. W. Chipman, New England Agent of the L. C. Ry., 306 Washington street, Boston, Mass.

Moonlight most intense sometimes causes sore eyes in Cuba, and the natives navigate and perambulate with umbrellas and parolana.

**W**HEN one hog gets an ear of corn every other hog will trot along behind and squeal and beg and is ready for a bite, but just let the hog get his head fast in the crack of a fence and every spot of a sow will jump on and help tear him to pieces. Just so it is with men. As long as a man is prosperous and has money he can't keep his friends off with a baseball bat. The moment he is unfortunate and his wealth is gone he is not only snubbed by his former friends, but they begin to do all harm possible. When a man starts down grade the world steps to one side and greases the track.—Leland (Ill.) Times.