

## THE PATTERAN.

The "patteran" or "patrin" is a branch of a gypsy along the road to indicate any of his tribe who may follow, the way that he has taken.

You set the patteran for me  
Along the world you wandered through,  
Lest mazed and weary I might be,  
And miss the way that led to you.

How oft at open doors aglow  
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 gypsy knew the gypsy's call;  
It led my wayward feet aright,  
Together as the shadows fall  
We kneel our roadside fire to light.

The fire we kindle, hand to hand,  
Shall cheer the way for weary men  
Till our Great Chieftain give command  
"Break camp and take the road again."

Then, Love, whoever goes before,  
If it be you, if it be I,  
Shall set the patteran once more  
Across the spaces of the sky.  
—Amelia Josephine Burr, in Putnam's.

## TERRIBLE CHAUNCEY

### How a Bad Man From Bitter Creek Escaped Being Lynched.

When the Methodist conference sent Billy Wheeler to New Mexico to turn 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 checked 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 to 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 saved flocks in the haunts of civilization. Mining and cattle raising became a part of his study and he was as good a 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 meeting. 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 Argyte, Bitter Creek, Mozambique," in characters that looked like they had been enmeshed 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 glared in the knowledge.

"I'm a bad man from Bitter Creek!" said the warlike guest, pounding on the counter with the butt of a revolver, "an' I want the best you got; no handmedowns 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.

"I come down from Bitter Creek to help run this heah 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 victuals, now and then dropping it on the floor to make a noise. Failing 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 Ingelbritz, 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 housetops. 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 frame and adobe shacks, too lazy to talk. When the bad man stalked down the streets whoever was in the way stood aside to let him pass. Without protest he was permitted to empty his revolver into the belfry 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 hisself."

"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's and was comin' down here with loads in his guns 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 cringing braggart 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 his 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.

Rose leaves are imported free of duty when brought in in a crude state, the value of the imports of 1908 being only \$105, in 1907 \$2137, and in 1906 \$5879. The value of rose leaves imported in the decade ending with 1908 amounted to over \$20,000.

Even if you stand on your dignity, it will not enable you to see over the heads of the crowd.

# 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 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 29.6 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.

## 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 fed 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 in clover. Our average yield of wheat has increased from twelve to fifteen bushels per acre, giving the figures 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.

## Feeding and Training Colts.

Feed is high, but so are horses, and even the chronic grumblers have stopped saying that it does not pay to raise colts. There is no denying that it pays better to raise the heavy breeds than the trotting-bred colt. Nine out of ten of the former are prizes, where only now and then a trotter is developed. The trotter requires special training; the drafter needs only use to make him saleable at a good price. Somebody asks if it is true that at present prices for feed a colt will "eat his head off" in a few months? It all depends upon how he is fed.

A yearling may be kept well, which means kept growing, at not to exceed from \$2 to \$2.50 per month while in stable, and for much less when at pasture. A favorite ration is a pint of ground oats, the same of bran and half a gill of oil meal, twice a day, made into a thin gruel with water and spread on the hay feed. If hay is high, feed oat straw in its place if bright and clean. Do not give the colts any dusty food, and see to it that they do not become constipated. Linseed meal, roots, corn-stalks and apples are useful to prevent this danger.

The main thing is to keep the youngster growing, and to see that he has no backset. Stunted colts, like stunted children, will carry the ill effects of early malnutrition as a handicap all through life.

Next to sensible feeding is intelligent handling of the colts. This should begin early and be carried on with patience and good sense. Kindness allied to firmness is the great essential in the training of a colt in the way you want him to go. A bawling, impatient, headstrong man can very soon turn a likely colt into a vicious and worthless imitation of himself.—Weekly Witness.

## Determine Vitality of Seed Corn.

There is serious danger that this year's corn crop will be limited by a poor stand of plants.

Many growers will be compelled to buy seed. In such case do not risk purchases from a different latitude. If good seed of a productive variety cannot be bought near home, then make sure that the seed has been grown in a section having a similar growing season, advises a writer in National Stockman and Farmer. Even if the corn is sold as tested seed buy early enough to enable you to make a test for yourself before planting.

The first thing to do is to test the corn that one is planning to use. It will pay to do this right. Make some boxes three inches deep and, say, eighteen inches square. Partly fill with sawdust or any other material that will hold moisture. Place on this a square of muslin that is marked in one inch squares and numbered. On each square place four kernels of corn taken from different parts of the ear, one square for each ear that is to be tested. Give the ear the same number as the square by writing the number on a slip of paper and tying it around the ear. Cover the corn in a box with a pad that will hold the moisture, and keep the box in a warm room. Select for planting only the ears whose kernels have shown strong germinating power. If one kernel in four fails to germinate, or if the germination is slow and weak, reject the ear. The task of testing is not nearly so great as these directions may indicate, and in this way one may know that all the seed is capable of making a strong growth of plants.

It pays every year, but this year it will be unusually profitable. Much corn will not grow at all, and very much will germinate only under most favorable conditions, and some cold, wet weather after planting will rot it. Make sure of the rejection of all seed that is not full of vitality, and this method of testing will enable anyone to do so.

## Mixed on His Ologicals.

A small boy in Yonkers recently became the proud possessor of a donkey—not so handsome or so young as it might have been. However, it answered the purpose of its acquisition, which was to afford back rides, says Lippincott's.

One day the urchin was enjoying a ride when the minister of the parish met him.

"Hullo, sonny," greeted the minister. "Quite a rare beast you have there."

"Yes," replied the boy, "but I suppose there are a great many of 'em in the theological gardens."

## Soft Answers.

Nothing provokes bitter enmity so much as an angry retort, which often does irreparable harm, and silence, akin to contempt, is equally irritating. Soft answers are like oil on troubled waters, and often transform a seeming enemy into a lifelong friend.—Home Notes.

## Weight, or Wings?

By GEORGE C. ALBORN.

Here is a man who wants to fly. He goes to some of the noted aviators and makes known his desire. They begin to show him the latest models of aeroplanes. But the lightest of them weighs twice as much as the man himself. He tries to lift it, but fails.

"What!" he exclaims. "Must I add all that weight? I am too heavy already. I cannot lift one of these contrivances; to push one on its wheels for a mile would all but exhaust me. It is preposterous to tell me that such a machine will enable me to fly."

"But my dear sir," expostulates an aviator, "you are not expected to carry or push this aeroplane. It is to carry you."

"But how can it? It is not like a balloon that must be held down, that tugs and frets to soar into the air. Here lies your aeroplane, helpless, inert; it must be lifted, pushed, or dragged about by a horse."

"Ah, you do not comprehend. Let me show you. Come, sit by me here. See, I start the motor. The propeller revolves. The whole fabric quivers with power. Now, behold, we are off, without the slightest jar. We skim the air like birds. We possess wings."

And it is even so. To fly, man must triple his weight by adding machinery. Yet this added mass is not really weight. It is wings.

I want to rise in realms spiritual. My soul would fly. I seek help from the Word of God. It says, "Take up the cross," "Take my yoke upon you." It speaks of "my burden." And, failing to comprehend the inner workings of the Maker's plan, I cry out:

"Alas, my Master, I cannot raise my own weight, and shall I add a yoke, a burden? Woe is me; I cannot carry such a religion."

Are there not many fearful and doubting souls who hesitate to take up the religion of Christ because they thus doubt and fear? Are there not those that call themselves Christians who are trying to carry or push their religion, and are making of life a desperate and exhausting struggle?

Let us listen to the exultant words of one skilled in long practice of soul-flying. "I can do all things through Christ which strengthened me." "It is no longer I, but Christ." How Paul did skim through the spiritual sky!

"My friend, is your religion weight or wings?"

## STEEL TOYS.

### Made Now in Large Variety in Place of Cast Iron or Tin.

Steel is used nowadays not only in the frames of tall buildings, in railroad tracks, in bridges and such large ways, but also in the manufacture of toys. Many toys that once were made of wood, of cast iron, or of tin are now made of steel.

Steel toys include, for example, toy carts and wagons stamped out of thin sheet steel. A toy steel dump cart, painted in bright colors and provided with a twisted wire handle, is made to retail for five cents. There are other toy dump carts and four-wheeled toy wagons of various sizes and sorts, including ice wagons, mail wagons, express wagons, milk wagons, all decorated in colors, and some without and some with horses and wagons and horses all of steel, these larger toys ranging up to a retail price of twenty-five cents.

Among the steel toys are toy safes in various styles and sizes and made in very safe-like appearance, and there are steel toy money banks of various designs and toy steel furniture and horns and flutes. In fact steel toys are now made in large variety, not the least interesting thing among them being the steel toy drum, which is made not only with its shell and hoops of steel, but with heads also of steel, painted to imitate sheepskin. There is an all steel toy drum that is retailed for as little as ten cents.

## Why She Couldn't.

An asylum for the deaf and dumb being sadly in need of funds gave a dance. Among the many outsiders present were two good looking men. As they were talking together, one of them exclaimed: "By Jove! there is a pretty girl; I would like to dance with her."

"Why don't you ask her?" responded his companion, according to the Cosmopolitan Magazine.

"How?"

"Why, by signs, of course."

So he crossed the hall and placing himself in front of the girl pointed with his index finger to her, then to himself and then whirled his finger round and round to indicate dancing. The girl smilingly nodded an assent.

Finding that her dancing was as perfect as her figure he went through the same operation a little later in the evening. Again she nodded assent. As they were waiting for the music to start another gentleman approached the girl and asked for the next dance.

"I am sorry," she replied in the sweetest of tones, nodding toward her silent partner, "but I have this dance with the dummy."

The crude rate of mortality last year in the seventy-six largest English towns, having an estimated population of 16,500,000, did not exceed 14.7 a thousand.

The London police in 1908 arrested 3492 children under sixteen.

## A GRATEFUL WOMAN.

Has Only One Kidney, But is Sound and Well.

Mrs. L. Wick, 287 Dewey Ave., Pittsfield, Mass., says: "I ran down in health until I only weighed 95 pounds. Finally a consultation of doctors was held. They decided I had a fibroid kidney and said it must be removed. I had the operation and came out of the hospital as sick as ever. At last it was my good fortune to begin using Doan's Kidney Pills. They strengthened the remaining kidney and increased my weight to 121 pounds. I have no more trouble."



Remember the name—Doan's. For sale by all dealers. 50 cents a box. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y.

## Toilet of Early Belle.

No less extravagant in the matter of toilet requisites than the beauty of today was the Egyptian belle of 500 B. C. She required, among other things, a long stone palette, with a hollow in the center, in which to mix her green eye paint. This palette also held a small, delicate sea shell, where-in she mixed the paint with the necessary grease for stiffening her eyelashes; ivory hairpins, which rivaled in length the hatpin of the present day, and quaint ivory combs.—Chicago Journal.

## Unightly Complexions.

The constant use of Cuticura Soap, assisted by Cuticura Ointment, for toilet, bath and nursery purposes not only preserves, purifies and beautifies the skin, scalp, hair and hands, but prevents inflammation, irritation and clogging of the pores, the common cause of pimples, blackheads, redness and roughness, yellow, oily, mothy and other unwholesome conditions of the complexion and skin. All who delight in a clean skin, soft, white hands, a clear, wholesome scalp and live, glossy hair, will find Cuticura Soap most successful in realizing every expectation.

Cuticura Soap and Ointment are admirably adapted to preserve the health of the skin and scalp of infants and children, and to prevent minor blemishes or inherited skin humors becoming chronic, and may be used from the hour of birth. Cuticura Remedies are sold throughout the civilized world. Send to Potter Drug & Chem. Corp., sole proprietors, Boston, Mass., for their free Cuticura Book, 32 pages of invaluable advice on care and treatment of the skin, scalp and hair.

## More Big Guns.

The new principle which has been adopted in the latest English and American battleships is that with the elimination of the secondary armament the increased number of big guns shall be so disposed as to enable all of them to be fired on either broadside. The result is that at a given moment of battle British and American ships will be able to concentrate on either broadside the whole of their main armament, and at the supreme moment there will be no weight carried or guns' crews of the main guns unemployed in the main business of war. In the German navy the designers have still clung to the old principle of multiplicity of guns, and consequently a proportion of the weight allotted to the main armament of the ships is ineffective at every moment during the period of action. For instance, whereas the British and American ships which are now being completed for sea can bring 10 12-inch guns to bear on either broadside, the German vessels, although they carry two more guns, can only bring the same number to bear on either broadside, and they suffer from the disadvantage that, owing to the introduction of the extra two guns, the weights assigned to armament are not only greatly increased, but, owing to the closer disposition of guns, there is liability to greater interference, and the strain upon the structure of the ships at firing is also probably increased.—Cassier's Magazine.

## Finance.

All successful financial operations begin with the issuance of as large an amount of stock as possible. Then prices must be raised as high as possible, in order to pay as much dividends as possible. Then as much more stock as possible should be issued in order as well as possible to conceal the dividends and warrant an additional increase in prices in order to pay the dividends on the additional stock so that it will be necessary to issue more stock in order to conceal the excessive dividends, and so on. No man is entitled to be called a philanthropist until he has repeated this process at least a score of times.—Life.

## There is a reason.

Why Grape-Nuts does correct A weak, physical, or a Sluggish mental condition.

The food is highly nutritious And is partially pre-digested, So that it helps the organs of the stomach

To digest other food. It is also rich in the Vital phosphates that go Directly to make up

The delicate gray matter Of brain and nerve centres.

Read "The Road to Wellville" In piggs. "There's a Reason."

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