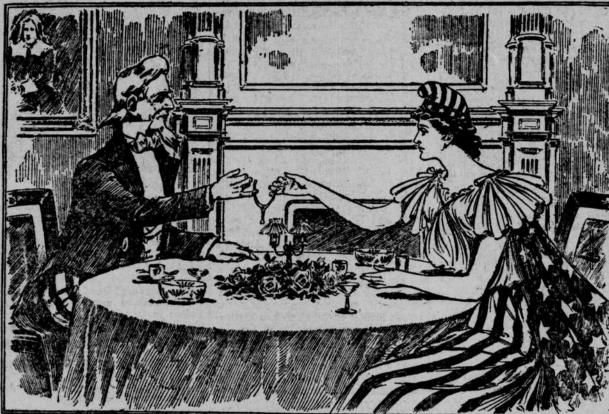
# BREAKING THE WISHBONE

"Another Year of Prosperity"







# FRONTIER THANKSGIVING

Only One Gobbler for Forty Hungry Troopers to Make a Feast Of

"Boots and saddles!"

What stirring strains were those bugle notes as they echoed and reechoed up the canons and through the tall tamaracks at Camp Watson, a typical frontier post whose barrack buildings were of solid logs, located in the part of the beautiful Blue mountains where the hostile Snake Indians ranged and disputed with gory hand the advances of the white man.

The little garrison at Camp Watson had had hard work all the fall hunting hostiles far and away even to the Owyhee, and now looked forward with keen appreciation to Thanksgiving day, which the next sun-up would

"It will be to all the boys at least taste of home and mother," said Major W. V. Rinehart, post commander, as he instructed Lieutenant Tom Hand to lighten labor and give his men all possible liberty.

So the company game hunters had been out on the near-by ridges and brought in dozens of big, fat grouse, three deer and an elk, and the company cooks had given it out that they would try their hands on mince pies provided some commissary fire-water were rustled up for flavoring.

Everything looked promising for a

But the two hunters who had brought in the elk also brought the news that half a mile away they had found the fresh tracks of an Indian pony, and the telltale sign showed that his rider had been spying about Camp Watson. The tracks, two miles away, joined the trail of a large party which had headed southwest. In the trail were the familiar footprints of many mules.

Then dashed into camp young Fred Wilmarth, whose tough cayuse had brought him from Fort Dalles, more than a hundred miles away, with the news that the hostile Snakes had raided down the John Day and captured horses at the Maupin and Clarno ranches, and burned Jim Clarke's

The rough-riding raid of the Snakes had been very successful, for at Muddy Creek they had captured Henry Heppner's entire train of pack mules. and that energetic pioneer had to fort up in the rocks, and after escaping with his scalp and reaching The Dalles, had to begin business all over

"Boots and saddles!" soon sounded at Camp Watson. Such news always brought that stirring call.

Thanksgiving thoughts were laid another year. Capt. Boutelle's troop-

trailer was Donald McKay, whose grandfather was John Jacob Astor's partner, and his grandmother a prin-

cess of Concomly's Chinook tribe. Away went the troopers just as the westering sun went behind a cloud which broadened and blackened and soon began to patter down in rapid raindrops.

It was to be a swift pursuit and a sudden striking of the enemy, and so every trooper traveled light, except as to ammunition, which was 150 rounds to the man. And big 50-caliber cartrides they were in those days

Not a superfluous ounce was carried on the horses; there was no pack bring, and the frontier feasting it train, no impediments; merely a few hardtacks stuck into saddle pocket comprised the commissary; the enemy had food-capture it.

A good trailer was Donald McKay. and the footfalls of his trained cayuse told him in the dark the kind of tracks he was stepping in. Where a small party of the hostiles had branched off to the northwest Donald knew their number and guessed their object.

Silently the pursuit continued. Daylight could not be much further away than over the next divide. Suddenly in the darkness just ahead, what was that? The yelp of a coyote? If so, it would soon be followed by a chorus. No. It was the bark of the coyote's close cousin, an Indian dog.

Soon it was followed by another bark, and bang! A bullet zipped past the troopers.

Then came the defiant war whoop, telling that the Indians had put none but Americans on guard that night. and that the warriors were stirring and ready to meet the United States, the great nation with whom they were

Quickly the troopers accommodated them. There were volleys from both sides, a dashing cavalry charge through the camp, a reassembling by bugle call on the other side, and another rush through.

It was blind business in the dark. but the Indians gave shot for shot as they scattered around in the sage brush and posted themselves in ravines. As daylight came, the troopers

closed in on the camp, and what warriors remained in it died defiant. The camp was a medley of willowpole wickiups and tule-matting windbreaks shaped like the modern hats worn by women. When the soldiers got full possession they rather ignored the scattering shots that came from the ravines, for they would rather hive aside; they would have to keep for the bees that were left than kill them. And they knew that the bulk of the

THANKSGIVING

the ravines. The firing showed that the hostiles' strength had been reduced. So had the number of troopers, and the wounded horses, unable to respond to the bugle call, neighed pitifully from where they had gone down in the charge.

The wounded were being looked after and their misery eased where that seemed possible, when Donald McKay took the floor, and, in stentorian tones and Snake dialect, told the hostiles they had better cease firing and surrender; otherwise the soldiers would kill the last one of them.

A defiant answer came rolling back, and just then an Indian woman holding up a baby rushed toward the soldiers, saying she would surrender to save her child. A shot followed from the gulch she had left, and her own husband became her murderer. He was stalking out to secure the baby when a bullet from McKay's carbine ended his career. This baby boy was afterward raised by a pioneer cattlemost expert vaquero on the great Pine Creek Range.

After a twenty-minute parley the hostiles were given their choice of sucking neifer's nose an ordinary bull extermination or surrender, and finally chose the latter. Sulkily they came slip on it two common iron harness into camp, what was left of them, thirty warriors with guns, while as many more lay dead and dying around the camp. Dead soldiers were there. too, six of them, and ten wounded. Strapping fellows in the very flower of youth, laid low on that Thanksgiving morning, a sad sacrifice to the cruel war waged in the winning of the West.

A sorry-looking camp it was, but there was meat in it, for the Indians had killed and dried most of Henry Heppner's mules, and they had several sacks of dried crickets and cowse and camas, and a little flour stolen at Antelope. And this was all they had to offer the guests who had intruded on

But where Indians can live, soldiers can exist, and the late Thanksgiving breakfast was nearly over when-"Gobble! Gobble! Gobble!"

Those were the words which came from the adjoining sage brush, and quickly Capt. Waters had surrounded the sound and brought in a big gobbler that the Indians had staked out. One of his tail feathers, painted white. caused him to be recognized as a former resident of the Clarno ranch. which nestled under the shadows of the high Cold Camp country. The boy Frank Clarno had painted the feather, and soldiers passing there had noticed it.

That turkey furnished a feast for those forty troopers that Thanksgiving morning. There were no cranberries, but a sage hen was inserted into his interior for flavoring, and he was browned on the embers, and there was a taste for several and a whiff of the fragrance for all. There was one wishbone, which the mule meat had ers were quickly mounted. Their women and pappooses had escaped to not.-Los Angeles Times.

MEDLEY

Some farmers have conceived the dea that the silo is too expensive a

structure for them to have on the the United States. Toey are considfarm. The men that hold such an opinion have not investigated the matter. the goose breeds for farm use. The A well-built, permanent silo can be put | flesh of these geese is fine in texture up for about \$1.50 per ton of capacity. and has a rich flavor. This makes it That is a cost of \$300 for a silo that most acceptable for table purposes. will hold 200 tons of feed. This amount | The geese are good layers compared of feed will supply 20 cows with all with most other geese. One thing that the silage they should have, even if strongly favors this breed is that the they are big cows and are fed the year | birds are hardy. This is doubtless due around. If the farmer is to build a to the fact that they have not been barn that will hold hay for twenty under the conditions of domestication cows, even for a winter, can he build it for \$300? Not at all. He would sistent to disease. Their old wild have to invest very much more than habits enabled them to live under the that sum in a barn to hold the hay for that number of cows. So we see that silage is the cheapest thing possible to feed if we are to consider

The farmer that intends to largely increase the number of his cows will have to put thousands of dollars into a barn structure if he intends to confine himself to the feeding of hay for roughage. It will be far easier for him to extend his stables and build a silo than to construct a stable sufficiently high to hold the hay. When a man is freed from the necessity of providing for bulky feed he can then construct his dairy stable with the one object of getting cleanliness and light. He can build his stable long and low and secure a flood of light from three sides. His structure does not have to be heavy, as it must be if it is to sustain a heavy superstructure.

A silo is thus not expensive, and moreover it is a great encourager of the development of dairying. It solves the problem of how a dairyman can make a living off from 50 to 100 acres of land. That is going to be the great question in the not-distant future, for the farms are already being cut up into smaller ones.

If any man doubts whether or not it will pay him to build a silo let him look into the cost and benefits, by actually getting estimates on the cost of construction.

To Cure a Sucking Cow.

A writer in an unidentified exchange says: "As all dairymen know, there is probably no greater nuisance on a dairy farm than a cow or a heifer addicted to the habit of sucking herself and other animals in the herd. It is not only the loss of the milk that is sustained, but it would seem that one such animal would induce others to contract the habit. We have had our share of trouble with heifers sucking themselves and others of the dairy herd. The fact of our having trouble in this respect has perhaps been 'for the best,' since in endeavoring to cope with it we have finally been enabled to hit upon a very practical means of breaking the habit in every instance. The method is so simple and easy of application as to put in the shade a that no one knows about—so far as what is better, it is entirely satisfac tory. Proceed this way, and you will have fixed for good the most persistent sucker on the farm. Insert in the ring. Just before inserting the ring. rings-of course, the harness rings are to suspend loosely after the bull ring has been inserted. This is the trick of it. By adding more than one loose ring, the animal can in no way prevent them from dropping in the mouth when it attempts to suck. Brass bull rings can be purchased in almost any hardware store for twenty-five cents each, and the common iron harness rings cost but a few cents per dozen."

Building a Milk House.

The milk house is the product of the modern farm and especially of the modern dairy farm. Fifty years ago the man who built a milk house was looked upon as an aristocrat. It was thought that he wished to imitate the princes of Europe who have their own dairies and their own milk houses. In later years it has become recognized that the milk house is a very great help and that it costs little. We have some milk houses which could not have cost more than \$50 and yet are neat, serviceable and even ornamental in appearance. The location of the milk house should be away from the barn and away from the house, that the air may be pure around it. If there is a living spring on the farm through which cool water flows all the summer, it should be located near the spring or should have the water piped to it. The building of such a house is the equivalent of adding a room to the cellar of the house, for it takes out of the cellar all the milk and leaves that place for other uses. There is no reason why the milk house cannot be kept perfectly clean all the time. This does away with the great objection to farm butter, which objec tion is that it has the flavors of all the vegetables which have been stored in the cellar.-John Stinson, Bureau Co., Ill.

Making Butter on the Farm. We hear a great deal about creamery butter making. Nearly all the articles that appear in the agricultural papers have to do with creamery butter making. At nearly all of the great dairy conventions where butter making is discussed it is the butter making of the creamery. This is because the butter-makers in the creameries are students of their business and are always eager to discuss it. It is exceedingly rare that we hear a discussion of farm butter-making. We would like to take up the matter in these columns and have our readers who are making butter on the farm give us their experience. We know that to-day more butter is being made on the farm than in the creamery and that there is more need of in-struction in farm butter making than in creamery butter making.

In Colorado the laying down of peach trees in winter has been prac-ticed for some years with complete



Gray wild geese are now quite extensively raised in about all parts of ered among the most practical of all long enough to have become non-re severest of conditions. Those that have them say they are very easy to rear.

The gray wild goose has a small the cost of the structure that contains | head and small bill, sharp at the point.



The neck is long, slender and snaky in appearance. The back is narrow but long, and is arched upward from neck to tail. The breast is full and deep and the body long and slender. The wings are long, large and powerful. The head of the goose is black and a white stripe nearly covers the side of the face. The breast is gray, and the under part of the body is white. The wings are dark gray. The tail feathers are glossy black and the thighs are gray. The shanks, toes and webs are black. The eyes are black.

The standard weight of the fullgrown gander is 16 pounds; that of the adult goose 14 pounds; young gander,

12 pounds; young goose, 10 pounds. New breeds of turkeys are not as frequent as new breeds of common fowls, yet there is more need of new breeds of turkeys than of any other kind of farm fowl.

Unknown Poultry Diseases.

I used to think that all poultry diseases were known to our scientists and Jaluit, where most of the Euroand that all one had to do was to go to a center of information, as to a medical college, a veterinary college, a doctor or a veterinarian, to be instantly told what a certain disease might be. But after having tried a few times to find out things I did not know, I am convinced that there are among our poultry at least numerous diseases able to name and accurately d scribe is concerned. I recently saw a paragraph in a paper to the effect that the poultry of England is so badly affected with tuberculosis that a commission has been appointed to investigate. Now, it may be that tuberculosis does exist largely in the fowls of England, but it is more likely that it exists to a limited degree and that many of the unknown diseases are counted tuberculosis, just as is the case with hog cholera.

I frequently hear of mysterious diseases existing in the flocks of my neighbors. A few years ago they used to say that cholera had broken out in their flock. That was the easiest way to explain something that was not easily accounted for. Generally the causes lying at the foundation of the trouble were bad feeding and exposure. In the future we shall know more about poultry diseases, but it will be after the men with the microscopes have made a study of all poultry diseases and have located and named the germs that cause the contagious

and infectious ones. Some of the unknown diseases are simply troubles arising from the interference with the respiration of the fowls or with the perspiration. The latter is certainly the cause of many evils. If we will build our poultry houses on dry situations and keep them dry and clean, with no drafts permitted in the sleeping places of the fowls, we will have less trouble with unknown diseases .- Sylvanus Banks. Champaign Co., Ill., in Farmers' Re-

Eggs Good or Bad. Mrs. J. S. Martin, a South Carolina

reader of the Farmers' Review, writes to ask how to tell good from bad eggs. There is but one method that need be used and that is candling. This is practiced in all the great egg-buying establishments of the country. The candling is done by placing the egg between the eye and a bright light. Candles were first used to give the light for this work, hence the name. Now electric lights are used and the work is done with great rapidity. Light must be allowed to reach the eye only through the egg. This leaves the whole inside of the egg clear to the vision. If the egg is transparent it is good. If a cloud has begun to appear in one part of it, it is not bad but stale. The larger and thicker the cloud the farther is the egg from being fresh. A common lamp can be used for candling. It can be placed in a box from which a stream of light is permitted to emerge just the size of an egg or a little smaller. The eggs can be placed over this hole one at a time and inspected. Of course, the rest of the room should be dark at the time, or the eyes of the one looking at the egg should be protected from all light on the sides. The better the eye is protected from such light the better able will it he to tell what is the condition of the inside of the egg. A little practice in this me give a good deal of skill

Strawberry plants should not be covered till the ground is frozen.

### EXPERIENCES OF A NATURALIST

Richard Beli in his new book, "My of his favorite specimens: to the lowlands of Scotland and were used as an appetizer. A small portion, when eaten before meals, was this connection I have heard a good borhood gave a dinner party and when the dinner was in progress he asked one of his guests if he would have 'another portion,' upon which the guest remarked, 'I think I will, as I et a bit o' solan goose afore I left hame and it has made me very hungry,' upon which his neighbor said: 'I dinna believe in these solan geese. for I et a haill yin afore I cam' awa' and I dinna feel a bit the hungrier."

A correspondent of Mr. Bell's gives the following information about one been taken out in barrow loads.'

Strange Pets," tells of the solan South American boas are most easily geese, which in Great Britain in by- tamed. My present boa, which I have gone days, used to be salted and dried had about two years, invariably sleeps for human food: "Many years ago in my bed, round my feet. He is perthese dried geese found their way disturbs me; occasionally he crawls to my face to lick it. I frequently take the python to bed, but at present she is timid and if she cannot find my supposed to tickle the appetite. In feet in the night becomes scared and walks out of bed, curling herself on story. A worthy farmer in the neight the floor. The evil result is that she becomes cold."

Of the plague of caterpillars that overran the Scottish lowlands in 1985: "The caterpillars marched in armies straight ahead and the consequence was that when they encountered 'sheep drains'-which are open drains about eighteen inches deep and eighteen inches wide at the pthey tumbled into them in such numbers that their dead bodies dammed up the water and they might have

#### NEWSBOY HAD HIS REVENGE

comes to waiting for revenge a news- dime. But it availed him nothing. boy, the same apparently impatient | Through the influence exerted by his little street gamin, is the most patient | accuser the boy was sent to the house heing on earth?" remarked the one of correction for two months. He who was pulling at the cheroot. "Well, swore vengeance on the old man and I'm here to tell you that it is so, and about eighteen months later his opyou'll believe it when you hear this portunity came. story," he continued. "In my town there used to be one of the crustiest | The streets were veritable rivers and old bachelors that ever lived. Some at one corner barefooted newsboys people said he was a miser, but had constructed a walk over boxes.

"One morning he bought a paper from a newsboy and handed him a coin. It was a ten-cent piece, and the boy didn't look at it, but pocketed it and turned away. The old fellow waited for his nine cents and suddenly saw the boy darting across the street to dispose of another paper. He called splendid ducking. 'I'm even wid dat a policeman and had the little fellow guy, grinned the boy. 'Now I'm layin' arrested for the theft of the nine cents. for de judge dat sent me up."-New The boy explained that he hadn't no- Orleans Times-Democrat.

"Did it ever strike you that when it ticed that the old fellow gave him a

"It was during a heavy rainstorm. whether that was so I don't know. Among the boys was our little friend At any rate, he was the stinglest ever and among the crowd at the corner waiting to pass was the crusty old bachelor. The old fellow started to cross, the boy saw him and immediately recognized him. Stooping for a second he moved one of the planks. When the old man stepped on this plank it slipped from him and he was given a

#### MOLTEN LAVA AND FLOOD

"Strange things have been happen- cept for balls of fire which occasioning in the South Sea islands," writes | ally lit up the scene. Breadfruit and cago Daily News. "In Samoa a volcano has broken out, which belched forth a torrent of molten lava three miles wide clear to the sea. Fortunvery-little harm was done. From the different tale. There was a terrific killed by falling trees or were drownhurricane swept over the atolls and ed and, with the exception of the Gerislets of which the group is composed. pean settlers reside, was washed by an enormous wave at least six feet high, which suddenly transformed that islet into a lake in which the floated about.

at Jaluit the sky was pitch dark, ex- time at the Marshall group."

a Sydney correspondent of the Chi- cocoanut trees were knocked down and piled up as high as houses. The mission building, by far the finest in the Marshall group, was reduced to ruins. Large masses of rock and coral washed up from the lagoon ately, the land over which the tor- were strewn about here and there. rent flowed was a desert and, though | Of the magnificent wharf which the the sight was singularly impressive, Germans had erected at a cost of much labor and money, not a trace Marshall islands, however, comes a remains. Over seventy natives were

was almost entirely destroyed. "European residents took shelter successively in a bowling alley, an oven, a bathhouse, a bar, and eventually in a store and managed to surnatives with their families swam for vive. The new steamer, Germania, their lives and the native houses with the utmost difficulty succeeded in riding out the storm. Altogether "At noon the day of the hurricane they seem to have had a pretty rough

man company's large store, Jaluit

# FASCINATION OF THE DESERT

The Sahara is not at all as popular | phere does at a temperature 40 debelief pictures it, a vast plain of moving sand, dotted here and there with fertile oases, somewhat like a leopard's skin, says Scribner's. From Tunis westward it is a vast depression of sand and clay not much above sea level, in some parts perfectly level, in others hilly, with low depressions containing water saltier than the sea, which generally evaporates, leaving a coating of brilliant crystals, which appear like snow in the distance.

The rivers from the Aures mountains on the north serve to irrigate the oases of the Ziban; sometimes they flow above the surface, but often below it. There is a fascination about the desert that is indescribable and which none can understand unless not enervate as our humid atmos- the top.

rees lower. Near midday the desert oppears to be a molten sea of dazzling, vibrating light. Now and then the mirage appears and the tired eyes of the stranger are refreshed with vis ons of beautiful lakes near the horizon, even sometimes of trees and moving caravans. Alas! this is a case where seeing is not believing. After many disappointments of this kind. the camels suddenly raise their heads and snuff the air through their curiously formed nostrils and move at a quicker pace, instinct telling them that water is near. In the far distance a low black line indicated palm trees, and in a few hours the oasis of Sidi Okba appeared, distinctly relieving the doubts of those who feared it was only a mirage. Our dragoman they have spent several weeks with kicked off his slippers and climbed a caravan. At times the heat is very very nimbly up a fine palm to get great, but being perfectly dry, it does some of the luscious fruit growing at

## LEARNED IN COUNTRY SCHOOL

In sweet October's short'ning days.
When comes the purple, smoky haze
Of many an Indian summer morn,
When through the rustling blades of corn
The winsome winds of autumn play—
No trace of winter, cold and gray—
Then fancy takes a backward flight,
Forgotten pleasures come to light,
The fun and frolic, rigid rule.
Of childhood's joy—the Country School!

The course of study was not high. But small boys oft were made to sigh, With eyes upon the dog-eared book. Not daring otherwheres to look: "The rule of three" they pondered o'er. And sadly mused on Webster's lore; McGuffey's Readers were the joy Of every story-loving boy—The teacher at his desk and stool Was tsar and sultan in the school.

with laughing eye and rosy check
The girls would play at "hide-and-seek."
When "books" were called with tinkling
bell

A thirsty crowd stood round the well, Walting their parched lips to cool Before the grind of Country School.

Where are the boys who played with me where are the boys who played with m In long, gone days of "used-to-be"? Ah, some are sleeping, calm and still, By Salem Church—on Goshen hill! And some are living, brave and strong, To lift their voice against all wrong. And in the pulpit or the pew Uphold the good, stand by the true—Thank God for all—the kindly rule. And lessons learned in Country School!

student enters a school to overcome

will gradually broaden his confidence

The whole training in a school for

to individual conditions.

## FOR THE STAMMERING CHILD

What shall we do with the stam- | nates in the mind and by overcoming mering child? has been the lament of this nervous mental condition perboth parent and teacher. In the sons are said to cure themselves. Norschool room he requires double the mal thinking, then, is taken as a vital amount of time for recitation, he is point. Confidence is gained and exhampered and embarrassed by his tended by control. The fact that a abnormal utterance, and through sympathetic relations this hesitancy of and the ideal or model condition that speech becomes contagious-other he with others is striving for when children are more or less affected by truly comprehended in a clear sense it owing, of course, to their nervous temperaments. A few schools have in his ability for normal speech. been established throughout the country with good results and various stammering is based on the mechanimethods have been adopted, some of cal, physiological and psychological which have ben very successful. One laws which govern the art of speech. of the most successful methods adopt- The instruction is varied according ed consists of building up a new state of speech upon a scientific basis. The training embodies the use of three factions of speech, respiration, vocalization and articulation, associated with strong will and determination to speak correctly. The pupil is taught to comply with the rules of normal speech. The power of imitation is depended upon as a potent feature and a valuable aid to fluency of speech.

Referring to the fact that an American in England had said that for less than a penny a mile one may travel on an English railway in a compartment nearly equal to the American Pullman or parlor car, the London Globe says that a large force of private detectives has been set to work to try to discover which railroad the Stammering in most cases crigi- American was speaking of.

