

# THE TROLLEY RABBIT

**AN EPISODE  
IN WOODS  
AND WATER  
EXPLOITS**

By  
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Gun and Rod, Etc.*

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There's more than a dozen ways of shooting rabbits, but the boys generally wait until there's snow on the ground. Of course a man runs across rabbits when he's quail shooting, hunting for ruffed grouse and prairie chickens, but the real time to shoot them is along about from November until the middle of December. Then they are foraging around among the corn shocks and fattening up on different stuff, and the fat just lays in wads all up and down their backs, and their kidneys are simply smothered in tallow. Fact! You take a corn-fed rabbit in the middle of November, and he's as fat as a seal, and tender as chicken.

But that isn't what I started to tell about. The Nimrod Gun and Rod club was composed of about as crafty

the rabbit on a steady swing around this track, up and down, in and out, by sitting under the kitchen and working the dingus from down there.

Well, say, now! Didn't that tame some of the real "wise" boys? I guess yes! Every Saturday night when we'd go out to the lake we'd take some hunter along, and after the boys would get to playing "cinch" in the sitting-room, some fellow would come in sort of excited and say: "Where's my gun?" and commence to fumble around the gun rack. The fellows who were in the deal would say: "What do you want with your gun?"

Then the Nimrod would say: "There's a rabbit out in the orchard."

By a little smooth work we could generally get the new arrival to dig out into the night with the fell intent of destroying the rabbit; and if he was a real hunter, even he would usually take a couple of shots at the trolley rabbit before he would "catch on" to the joke. But if he was a green hand he would stand there and bang away for a dozen shots. The boys always went along and fed shells to him and encouraged him to shoot, and after he had finally "tumbled" to the hoax, it was worth a supper next week in town.

"Big Jack" always disappeared at the psychological moment, and manipulated the pulleys, and when he came back the boys would kindly tell him all about it and imitate the actions of the shooter, and "Big Jack" would nearly perish with laughter.

One time we got word from "Jack" that he had a fresh victim in tow who would be on hand the next Saturday night at the depot, and for us all to be sure to come down and meet Wilbur. This Wilbur was simply sagging in his side-pockets with money,

stick in a couple of shells in case we saw any rabbits on the way over. But Old Man Carmody put a stopper on that by declaring that the team wouldn't stand for shooting from the wagon, and so we coaxed Wilbur to keep his artillery under cover until later.

We arrived at the house and Wilbur was introduced all around and we had an elegant supper waiting for us. We showed our prospective member the gun-racks, the mounted ducks, jack-snipe, woodcock, ruffed grouse, prairie chickens and other specimens in the front room, which was our "show room," and then we got together in the sitting-room for another session of "cinch." Well, sir, this here Wilbur was a lucky devil at "cinch." Seems as if he got the cards, and he knew how to play 'em. He kept winning steady, and by and by after he was about three dollars ahead "Buck" Swearingen went out doors and after padding around in the light snow that lay on the ground, he comes in kind of sly and says: "Where'd I put my gun?"

This Wilbur fellow he'd just won a game, and "Big Jack" was shuffling the cards, and "Jack" speaks up and says: "What's up; is that old owl out there, 'Buck'?"

"No," says "Buck," "but I saw a rabbit running around in the orchard, and I thought I'd run in and nail him. I win the five if I get him, don't I?"

"Oh, no!" says "Big Jack;" "that's for a fair start in the morning, every fellow in the timber and the dogs loose. Go ahead and get him, though. Hold on, though," says "Jack," as a thought seemed to strike him, "what's the matter with our new member taking first crack at him?"

"All right," says "Buck," "we'll both go." So "Buck" and this Wilbur boy they snakes their breech-loaders out of the cases and out they put for the rabbit. "Big Jack" ducks out of the side door and in under the kitchen and away goes the rabbit.

"There he goes," whispers "Buck," as the rabbit sails away as slick as a cash basket, and goes down the hill. "Give it to him, soak him."

So this Wilbur fellow ups with his gun and aims for the rabbit, and then he drops his gun and takes a peek, and then he raises his gun, and still he don't shoot.

"Shoot, shoot," says "Buck;" "he'll get clear away if you don't hurry. What ye waitin' for?" says "Buck."

"I'm waitin' for some one to turn the power off," says this here Wilbur fellow. "I ain't shootin' any mechanical rabbits unless I get a crack at 'em settin'."

And "Big Jack" paid for that supper.

#### What He Wanted.

Congressman J. Hampton Moore's book, entitled, "With Speaker Cannon Through the Tropics," tells that the vessel on which the voyage was made was prevented from landing its distinguished passengers at Colon on the day of arrival because of a technical violation of the quarantine law of the isthmus of Panama. Finally the order was issued permitting the vessel to come up to the dock.

A pilot on shore was wigwagging signals to the pilot on the "congressional junketeer" when Speaker Cannon caught sight of the strange performance. He was standing on the deck with Representative Moore at the time, and this question was addressed to the author-congressman: "What in — does that — fool want?"

"I suppose," was Mr. Moore's answer, "he is a member of the Panama congress and he is trying to catch your eye. He probably wants recognition."

#### Force of Habit.

"Close shave, sir?"  
No response.

"Would you prefer the window closed?"  
No response.

"Getting rather cold, eh?"  
No response.

"Trim your mustache, sir?"  
No response.

"Think Roosevelt will accept a third term?"  
No response.

"Bay-ram?"  
No response.

"Any news about the murder trial?"  
No response.

Whereupon the country barber, who was alone in his shop, took a seat greatly refreshed.

He had been shaving himself!—  
Judge.

#### Slow.

"Jones is terribly slow pay, isn't he?"

"Well I wouldn't like to say that exactly. But I will say that when it comes to paying what he owes, he appears to be a victim of stuporous melancholia."—Detroit Free Press.

#### The New Way.

Lives of great men all remind us  
If we go in for big crime,  
We'll win out, and leave behind us  
Smaller rascals doing time.  
—Baltimore American.

#### Evolution.

Little drops of water,  
Little grains of sand,  
Make the mighty milkman  
And the grocer grand. —Judge.



WHY DON'T YOU FIRE?

a bunch of jokers as ever sat up nights trying to "put it over" some unsuspecting devotee of the rod and gun. It was about an even bet that they would rather fool some fellow into doing something ridiculous than to make the record "bag" for ducks along the lakes. "Big Jack" Mullany was willing at any time to spend \$50 for something that could take in a veteran "sport." And every winter, after the shooting had closed and the boys had lots of idle time on their hands, "Big Jack" always was working on some racket that was calculated to cover some hunter with confusion and cause him to set up quantities of cigars, or buy a supper for the members of the club.

And so this particular winter "Jack" had fixed up the slickest scheme you ever heard of. The club's headquarters were at a farmhouse about a quarter of a mile from the lake, and we used to go out there as soon as there was a good snow on the ground and take some beagles along and shake the country up for rabbits. Back of the sitting-room of the farmhouse was the kitchen, and it was built high up from the ground and boarded underneath. Back of the kitchen was the orchard, and it was on a side hill, with the trees pretty low to the ground; an old orchard pretty well gone to seed.

"Big Jack," who was a clever mechanic, and an electrician besides, went out there and built a little trolley track in the orchard that ran up and down hill and around among the trees, and that worked as slick as one of these little tracks that they use to send cash back and forth on in the big stores. Well, sir, he next shot a rabbit and got it mounted all stretched out, and then he fixes the rabbit on the track and gets the wires and pulleys arranged so that he could keep

and it was figured that he would do the handsome thing by the boys when we gave him an interview with our rabbit. So a full attendance was there at the depot, and we had our four beagles along to give the meet the appearance of the genuine thing. Wilbur was there all right, and he seemed to be the most promising thing in the way of a "tenderfoot" that had been sprung in a long time.

He was just breaking into the shooting game, and "Big Jack" was helping him out and lending him books and going out shooting clay pigeons with him, and had put up his name for membership, and we all gave him the "glad hand" and prepared to hand it to him plenty when we got out to the lake.

All the way out we sat in the "smoker," and this Wilbur won about a dollar and 80 cents playing "cinch" with three of us. He was green enough hunting, but he seemed to know how to play "cinch" all right. We talked a lot about the rabbit shooting around the lake, but we didn't tip off our game by any remarks about rabbits in the orchard. Then "Big Jack" says: "We'll make up a purse of five dollars for the fellow that gets the first rabbit," and everyone agreed to it and chipped in 50 cents apiece.

When we got to the station Old Man Carmody met us, and when we asked him about rabbits the old man says: "Slathers of 'em. I see 'em playin' round the yard on moonlight nights, and they're gnawin' at the old cabbages left in the garden an' chasin' each other in the orchard. You'll have fine sport to-morrow; there hasn't been a gun fired at 'em yet."

Well, of course this was a grand "steer" for Wilbur, and gave him an idea that there were rabbits by the million in the country, and he wanted to get his gun out of the case and

# NOTES FROM MEADOWBROOK FARM

By *William Pitt*



Exposed fowls are apt to be poor layers.

The farmer may not know himself, but he ought to know his soil.

Whole oats and wheat and cracked corn make a first-class hen feed.

Three requisites to early potatoes—Early soil, early planting, early variety.

It is the early hatched chick which, if properly reared, becomes the profit earner in the fall.

Not only the right amount, but the right kind of food counts in encouraging the hen to lay.

Cross-breeding of sheep requires both judgment and skill. Don't attempt it if you are a novice.

Remember at this season of the year that it is important to keep the hogs out of the wet and to keep pens and beds dry.

A cow turned out to pasture in good vigorous condition will respond to the fresh feed 50 per cent, better than the animal which is run down.

With so many men out of work throughout the country, it seems a shame that farmers are so hard put to it to get the help they need.

Stingy feeding is followed by scant giving. What have you gained if you have saved a pound of one-and-a-half cent feed and lost a pint of five-cent milk?

Don't let the first few warm, bright days of spring make you forget that there will be cold, raw, wet days aplenty. Look out for the stock in such weather.

Take a hint from the politicians and begin to repair your fences, if you have not already done so. Look carefully. The stock will find the weak places if you do not.

The farmer who has raised sheep and finds them profitable says that the right kind of a flock in the hands of the right kind of a farmer is one of the best kind of investments.

The boy who is brought up to feel a personal responsibility in the farm or some feature of the farm and who reaps the direct reward of such devotion, is seldom anxious to pull away from the farm to the city.

Keep records and accounts both of the livestock and the crops of the farm. The value of knowing what it costs to produce the products on your farm lies wholly in the possibility afforded by its use in comparing your system of farm management with that of others.

With body rested by the winter let up and the mind stimulated by the lectures of the farmers' institutes and the studies of the short course at the agricultural school, and the reading of the good farm journal, which of course you take, you are ready for the work of the coming season.

Give the boy a chance for a little independent management on the farm. Give him a ram lamb and two young ewes. He can handle them easily, feed them on a small lot and train himself to be a fine shepherd in doing it.

You will find the following to be a good ration for young pigs: Three ounces of cornmeal to one quart skim milk. For pigs over 60 pounds give six ounces cornmeal to one quart milk. When they reach 100 pounds weight add eight ounces cornmeal.

Good dairying includes good cows, good pasture in summer and good feed in winter, good shade in summer and good shelter in winter, good water and good care all the year round, and good machinery to run the separator, the churn, etc. If the farmer has good eyesight, he can easily see the good points of the above declaration.

Cut out the suckers. The tree is weakened by them.

Try a song or a whistle with the chores. Makes them go easier.

Arrange the stock buildings so as to minimize the work of caring for the animals.

It will pay you to have a feed mill if you are feeding from 20 to 25 bushels of grain a week.

Be on the lookout for new ideas. Little danger that you will ever know too much about farming.

As the American farmer is known abroad—"American butter" is the name given in Syria to oleomargarine.

Overfed or underfed, irregular feeding or improper feed are mistakes to be avoided if stock raising is to prove profitable.

Be careful and do not let the young horses strain themselves under the heavy spring work. An injury done will be hard to overcome.

Use a spring wagon when hauling fruit or vegetables. If you haven't one get the springs for your farm wagon to be used when needed.

Make up your mind now that next winter you will take that short course at the agricultural college which you had half a mind to try this year, but just didn't.

Fodder which is scattered on the ground and run over by the sheep is practically waste, for they will not touch it, although perhaps suffering from hunger.

Not a had idea as the horses come into the hard work of the spring to clip them. A heavy coat of wet hair is not very comfortable in a cold spring breeze.

Never think of marketing a thin horse. The food it will take to put him in good flesh will more than come back to you in the better price you will get for the animal.

Take a day off sometime and work out a scheme whereby you can sell some of your produce direct to the consumer rather than paying most of the profit to the commission man.

In pan-raised cream you have the pans to wash and where separator is used you have the separator to wash. Where is the difference? This for those to answer who object to the separator because of the work of washing it.

A good carriage horse will bring from \$200 to \$300 in almost any horse market, while scrubs that cost almost as much to raise will bring only half that sum. While you are in the horse-raising business breed to a good sire and get an animal that is worth while.

Put in the raw material and bring forth the finished product is what the farmer does when he fertilizes his soil and cultivates it and grows his crop. Such a farmer is in profitable manufacturing business. But he who takes from the soil and puts nothing in the place of the crop removed is like the miner taking riches from the ground and making no return.

Asparagus and rhubarb need lots of manure, and scarcely too much can be applied to the soil. Whatever may be said concerning the typhoid bacillus in horse manure and its dangers to strawberries, certain it is that it does not apply to rhubarb and asparagus, for the latter plants are cooked before eating so that any germs which might be present would be destroyed.

Millet seed is recommended by a poultry raiser, who says that he has found it to be one of the best feeds for baby chicks, given just before they are put to bed for the night. A very good bacon pig can be obtained by mating the ordinary sow of the country with a male of the bacon breeds. Two litters are usually obtained from the sows, they having the spring litters sufficiently early to allow the second litter to be weaned before cold weather sets in.

Prof. E. T. Hart of the University of Wisconsin has devised a new milk test for the discovery of the casein content of the milk, and which is of special interest to the cheese maker. His test consists of placing a quantity of milk into a tube with chloroform and acetic acid thoroughly mixed. The tube is then revolved, as in the Babcock, test 2,000 revolutions a minute for eight minutes. This distributes the ingredients so that the chloroform and the fat in solution are at one end and clear water and the milk solids on the top. The casein is found in a white mass between these two and may be measured by the scale marked on the tube.