

CHAPTER XII .-- Continued. tion of a letter to the London Times, when he was interrupted by a knock | bite. at his door.

A

"Come in, come in, Ned, my boy," he exclaimed as he threw open the door and recognized his visitor. "What's the news this mornin'?"

"News?" said Franklin gaily, holding his hands behind his back. "I've news that you can't guess-good DOWS.

He held up a small bag before Batterrleigh's face.

"it's not potatoes, Ned?" said Battersleigh in an awad tone of voice. Franklin laughed.

"No better than that," he said. Battersleigh approached his face to O' course you'll come." the bag and snuffed at it once, twice. thrice, as though his senses needed confirmation. He straightened up and looked Franklin in the face.

almost to a whisper, "it's-it's apples!"

"Right," said Franklin. "And isn't that news?"

"The best that could be, and the hardest to believe," said Battersleigh. "Where'd you get them, and how?"

'Never mind that," answered Franklin. "Tell me, do you know how to make a pie?"

"Ned," said Battersleigh, looking at him with an injured air, "do you suppose I've campaigned all my life and not learned the simplest form of cookin'? Pie, indeed, is it?"

"Well," said Franklin, "you take some risks, but we'll chance it. Go ahead."

Battersleigh busied himself about the little box which made his cupboard and soon had out what he called his "ingraydeyints."

"Of course, ye've to take a little

The others watched him eagerly as One morning Battersleigh was at he removed the hot tin from the oven work at his little table, engaged, as and set it upon the bare table. Curly bows, and he says, 'Ladies and ginhe later explained, upon the composi- drew his clasp knife from his pocket tlemen, Brttersleigh is here!' and cut into the portion assigned to descriptive of the agrarian situation him. Franklin was reserved, but Curin the United States of America. ly attained enthusiasm at the second

κ.

"Rile Irish," said he, "I'm not so sure you're such a h-1 of a military man, but as a cook you're a burnin' success. You kin sign with our outfit to-morrer if you want to."

The pie, startling as it was in some regards, did not long survive the determined assault made upon it. Curly wiped his knife on the leg of his "chaps," and his mouth on the back of his hands.

"But say, fellers," he said, "I plumb forgot what I come over here for. They'se goin' to be a dance over to town, an' I come to tell you about it.

"What sort of a dance can it be, man?" said Battersleigh.

"Why, a plumb dandy dance: reg'lar high steppin' outfit; mucha baille; "Ned," said he, his voice sinking best thing ever was in this settlement."

> "I'm curious to know where the ladies will come from," said Franklin:

"Don't you worry," rejoined Curly, 'They's plenty o' women-folks.' "And when does this all happen,

Curly, boy?" asked Battersleigh. "Why, night after to-morrer night,

to the big stone hotel. They're going to clean out the dinin' room for us. Three niggers, two fiddlers, an' a 'cordion-oh, we'll have music all right! You'll be over, of course?"

"That we will, me boy," responded Battersleigh. "Man, we'll be the first."

"Now, as to a ball, Battersleigh," "Well, then, so long, fellers," said Curly. "I got to be movin' along a little. See you at the dance, sure." said Franklin, argumentatively, when they were alone, "how can I go? I've



Belly-Buster. Did ye ever ride down hill. licity-whoppin' On a sled?

All stretched out upon the top, Aike a Bappin' Quadruped?



Sum kids has another name-Belly-bustin Right out plain?

Tain't no matter what the term-'S good fer rustin Of th' brain!

Say! us kids we slide down hill

Jest a-scoopin Up th' snow! Holler like Comarche bucks, Jest a-whoopin'

Had a race-horse pitcher on--Belly-whoppin' Is th' fun

When ye allus take th' lead, Never stoppin' 'THI ye've won!

Onet I ast my pa to no. Belly-packin On my sleigh

Pa be laffed an' said, "Th-uh!" Kind a backin' Like away.

"Take yer ma." my pa sez he, Belly-buster!

- An' he smilled! Ma she up and chased my pa With her duster,
- Half a mil'd:

I don't keer if pa er ma Don't like shidin'

Down the hill, They ain't nothin' suits me like This sled ridin'-

Be they, Bill?

666

Antony and Cleopatra. Having triumphed over Julius Caesar, Cleopatra was entertainingly engaged in making Antony's lawful wife play second fiddle in the orchestra of his love. The silken breeching was already in place, and the bridle ready for the great general, when Antony called one evening, by appointment, to enjoy a pink tea with her.

The boudoir was resplendent for the occasion. Beautiful flowers breathed their amorous odors, while redolent perfumes, heavy with brain hashish, hovered over the scene of Cleopatra's prospective conquest.



Why Some Chicks Die. During November, 1900, a lot of fifty-eight chicks was hatched for other experimental work, and, this having been concluded, the chicks were placed in an out-door brooder. Within three weeks all but five had died. The cause, as determined from the post-mortem evidence, was found to be diseases due to the inclement weather which prevailed at that time. The severity of the change between the brooder and that prevailing outside gave to the larger number of the young chicks lung diseases from which they never recovered. Among these may be mentioned one of the first steps in pneumonia, which gave an appearance of the tubercles, which possibly have been heretofore called tuberculosis, implying that the bacillus tuberculosis was their cause. These tubercles within a few days passed through their various stages into cheesy degeneration, and in the more chronic cases seemed to be in process of repair when the animal died. Other chicks died of congestion of the lungs; others seemed to die of intestinal troubles, probably brought about by the same causes. I noted also that the chicks did not seem to exercise proper judgment in their selection of the food presented to them. Some ate it too coarse; others devoured coarse, fibrous roots; others seemed to have no grit in their gizzards with which to grind the grain .--- Rhode Island Experiment Station Report.

The hen house should be located on dry ground, and the soil, if clayey, should be well underdrained.

### Wheat as Poultry Food.

Wheat is a good tood for chicks and for full grown fowls. Wheat screenings are not always as cheap as their price would seem to indicate. We have known screenings to sell at a cent a pound, which would equal 60 cents per bushel. At the same time clean, plump wheat could be bought for seventy cents. The screenings contained a very large proportion of ced seeds, some of them, like the seeds of corn cockle, poisonous to animal life when taken in considerable quantities. The screenings consist largely of shriveled wheat kernels and have not in them the same amount of food value as is to be found in the plump wheat, just as the material to be found in a shriveled up appleshriveled before it was mature-is in no way to be compared to that in an apple that has matured. The farmer it was on the morning of the battle that has screenings of his own-from his own wheat-will find it alvisable of the Thermopylaen Pass, and the to feed them to his powfery, but the out a leader. Leonidas, the intrepid | man that has to buy feed for the poulgeneral, the stalwart "he-row" of try had far better buy whole wheat, many a blood strewn field, had over. paying for it the marget price, than eaten of grapes the night before and to buy wheat screenings at a little



the head of the hall, far off, sat three musicians, negroes alleged to play violins and an accordion, and by that

merit raised to a bad eminence. After a vast hiatus the door at the main entrance was pulled cautiously open, a little at a time. Evidently some one was looking in. At length the door opened and two figures entered affrightedly, those of Hank Pe-

terson, a neighboring rancher, and his wife. Hank, having forthwith decoved to the row of men sitting silent against the wall, he duly reached that harbor and sank down, wiping his face and passing his hand across his

CHAPTER XIII.

The First Ball at Ellisville.

The wife of the section boss sat in

conscious dignity, as became a leader

of society. Below her in order of

station came Nora, the head waiter,

and the red-headed waiter girl, and

the littlest waiter girl, and the wife of

the new grocery man. These sat

illent and unhappy at one part of the

long row of chairs that lined the side

of the hall. Opposite to them, equally

sflent and equally unhappy, sat a lit-

It was the beginning of the ball,

These were the first arrivals. At

tie row of men.

mouth uncertainly. The door opened again and yet again. Two or three engineers, a rodman, a leveler and an axeman came in, near behind them more cattlemen. From among the guests of the hotel several came, and presently the clerk of the hotel himself. The line of men grew steadily, but the body upon the opposite side of the room remained

constant, immobile, and unchanged. "Say, Curly," whispered Del Hickman hoarsely to his neighbor, "ef somethin' don't turn loose right soon I'm due to die right here. I'm thirstier'n if this here floor was the Staked Plains."

"Same here," said Curly in a muttered undertone. "But I reckon we're here till the round-up's made. When she do set loose, you watch me rope that littlest waiter girl. She taken my eye, fer shore."

Sam, the driver, was sitting rapt, staring mutely across the great gulf fixed between him and Nora, the head waiter. As she sat, the light glinting upon her glasses, her chin well upheld, her whole attitude austere and commanding. Sam felt his courage sink lower and lower, until he became abject and abased. Fascinated whone the less, he gazed, until Curly poked him sharply and remarked:

As we go! Had a coaster thet could fly, Belly-buster Down th' track! Past th' fastest sleds in town They could muster In a Duck.



## And there yo are, done.

structure, so to speak. Ye've to add such a place."

a little grease of some sort, lard or butter, an' we've nayther; the bacon fat'll do, methinks. Of course there's the bakin' powder. And, lastly, makin', as I may say, the roundin' out of the muscular and adlpose tissue of the crayture, as the sowl of the ple we must have the apples. Now, thin, over the top of the whole I sprid this thin blanket of dough, thus. And now I dint in the shircumference with me thumb, the same as July Trelawney did in the Ould Tinth. And there ye are, done, me pie, an' may God have mercy on your sowl!-Ned, build up the fire."

They sat at the side of the little stove somewhat anxiously waiting for the result of Battersleigh's labors. Every once in a while Batterslefgh opened the oven door and peered in.

As they sat for a moment silent there came the sound of approaching hoof-beats, and presently the cracking and popping of the feet of a galloping horse fell into a duller crunch on the hard ground before the door, and a loud voice called out, "Whoa-hope, Bronch! Hello, in the house!"

"Come in, Curly," cried Battersleigh. "Come in. We've business of importhance this mornin'.

Curly sat down on the edge of the bed, under whose blanket the newspapers rattled to the touch. "Seems like you all mighty busy this mornin ," said he.

"Yes," said Franklin. "You can't guess what we're cooking."

"No: what?"

"Pie."

"Go 'long!"

"Yes, sir, ple," said Franklin firmly. Curly leaned back on the bed upon his elbow, respectful but very incredulous. "Was you sayin' I'm in on this here pie?"

be done now pretty soon," said Frank-Hu.

"If ye can poke a straw into thim, they're done," said Battersleigh oracularly. "Curly, hand me the broom." the two, with anxiety not unmixed with cynicism, watched Battersligh in the sun and wind. as he made several ineffectual attempts to penetrate the armor of the pie.

"Stop lookin' at me like a brace of evil-minded hyenies." protested Battersleigh. "Ye'd make the devil himself nervous, a-regardin' one so like | sack? a object o' suspicion. Mind ye, I'm goin' to take it out."

flour," he said, "that's for the osseous | not the first decent thing to wear to

"Tut, tut!" said Battersleigh. There speaks the cozcombry of youth. You're able to pull out your blue uniform, I know, an' b'gad! the uniform of an officer is full dress the world over!"

Franklin grinned amiably. "Thank you for the suggestion about the uniform, at least," he said. "Now, if we can fix you up as well."

Battersleigh came and stood before him, waving a long forefinger.

"Listen to me, Ned," he began, "an" I'll lay down to ye a few of the fundamental rules of conduct and appar'i.

"A gintleman never lies; a gintleman never uses unseemly haste; a gintleman is always ready for love and ready for war-for, Ned. my boy. without love and war we'd miss the only two joys of life. Thereto, a gintleman must shoot, fence, ride, dance, and do anny of 'em like a gintleman. But if ye found yeself a bit low in kit, as Batty is this day, what would ye say, Ned, me boy, was the first salient -what is the first essential in the dress of a gintleman, me boy?"

"Linen." said Franklin, "or is it gloves?"

"Ned." said Enttersleigh, solemnly, laying a hand upon his shoulder. white, white, me boy, is the first color of a gintleman! White, to show the integrity of his honor and the claneness of his merit roll. A touch of white at neck and wrist anny ginileman must show who presints himself at a ball." "But, now, how?"

Grasping his companion by the arm, Battersleigh stepped outside the house, and strode off with long steps across the prairie. "Come." he said. Franklin followed for a quarter of a mile. Theo, bending his gaze in the "Certainly you are. You wait. It'll direction of the march, he saw afar, fluttering like a signal of distress in the engulfing sea about, a little whipping flag of white, which was upheld by the gaunt hand of a ragged sage bush. This, as he drew near, he dis-Curly passed over the broom, and covered to be a portion of an old for sack, washed clean and left bleaching

Battersleigh made dramatic anproach. "There!" said he, pointing with triumphant dignity to the fit tering rag.

"Yes, I see," said Franklin, "but what do you want of this piece of

ed.

Which 'un you goin' to make a break fer, Sam?" "I-1 d-d-don't know," said Sam,

tartled and disturbed.

"Reckon you'd like to mingle some with Nory, hey?"

"W-w-w-well----" began Sam, defensively.

"But she don't see it that way. Not in a hundred. Why, she'll be dancin' with Cap Franklin, or Batty, er some folks that's more in her line, you see. Why in h-l don't you pick out somebody more in yer own bunch. like?" Curly was meaning to be only judicial, but he was cruel. Sam collapsed and sat speechless. He had long felt that his ambition was prosumption.

(To be continued.)

WAIL OF THE PESSIMIST.

## Change of Belief Result of Visit to the Dentist.

"Bah!" enorted my friend the Optimist, 'what's love but the imbecile desire of some lunatic to spend \$2 on a girl for every dollar he spends on himself? Don't talk to me of such cfocy1

"And, friendship, too," he growled. What's it but a man scheming to have some place where he can borrow money without paying interest on the lean? This talk about friendship gives me a severe shock.

"And truth and itegrity," he went on, growing more excited. "There's loads and loads of truth and integrity scattered around, ain't there? Read the papers, look at our courts, observe the legislatures, glance at congress, do business with any man, and figure up how much truth and integrity you've bunted into.

"And honor," continued the Optimist, sneering until his nose looked like a section of copper sheathing, "Honor? What is it? Where'll you find it? Have you ever seen a specimea of it in man, woman or child? Go talk metaphysics to an ass, but don't talk about honor to me."

I had always found the Optimist's cheerful outlook upon things in general so hopeful and rosy that I was achast at these morbid sentiments. so I looked imploringly at his wife for seme explanation.

"Oh. you mustn't mind John toalght," she responded. "The dentistput a wodge between two of his teelb to day "- Philadelphia Ledger.

## Commerce of United Kingdom. The United Kingdom has increased

its export trade about 7% per cent since 1872. Its population has inerensed 30 per cent in the same time. It exported to the United States and "Sack!" cried Battersleigh, offend Germany \$580,000,000 worth of goods ""Suckly say you, but I say in 1872, and only \$365,000,000 in 1902.

Antony was a matrimonial shipwreck when he arrived and took in the voluptuous settings of this fascinating feminine gem:

..., "To his eye There was but one beloved face on earth, And that was shining on him?"

In his heart there burned, oblivious to honor, allegiance and sacred vows, only the mad passion to possess her. And Cleo, the cut-up, did her best! The pink tea was but half over when Antony, bewildered and ill at ease. because of lacking self-control, dropped his napkin. It took a header and rolled half way under the table.

Running about the room was a white rat, a prized pet of the famous man-killer. As Antony stooped for his napkin, the rat chanced to slip quietly underneath the iuxurious lingerie of Cleopatra's dainty skirts, nipping her gently on the ankle.

As Antony's head emerged from under the table, his face florid with



THE LATEST AUTHORIZED POR-TRAIT OF GENERAL ANTONY. exertion, Cleopatra arose majestically

and gasped: "Sir!" Antony, much chagrined, and woa-

dering, could merely stammer his apology.

When the scandal got into the newspapers, he decided the best way out of 'it was to marry the girl. Owing to having a wife of his own, this could not be, and he did the next worst thing.

But, anyhow, this is a true and heretofore unprinted story of how Cleopatra coerced Antony. One carnot always rely on history keeping the record straight.

# 666

Infatuation is liking her with her store clothes and blush roses on; love is liking her with her hair in curl papers. No trouble to diagnose the two affections after having said "I will" and the has wilted.

was undergoing an operation for appendicitis. The Maid of Athens, who sometimes acted as substitute, was also hors du combat, having inadvert. is somewhat more valuable than corn, ently dropped a curling iron down her though we would not recommend any back that very morning. Alexander had gone fishing a week before and was now three days overdue, while Na-

Copyright, 1963, by Western Newspaper Union.

The Choice.

The evening news I've just gone through.

Quite spont with wrath, the grate fire.

An easy chair, a ruddy glow: Outside the wind and drifting snow:

A magazine, a book or two.

Burns low to coals in ashy bed;

Yet, fitful with effulgent flame.

That shed their glow upon my

It flares and sleeps within its frame

Ah! dreams that come in fancy there of FAME and LOVE, curoras fair

In letters hold-see now! 'tis "FAME!'

"AH! DREAMS THAT COME!"

Then shifts the blaze; transformed is all.

Though still without the snowflakes fall-

See! Through the ash that films above,

There shines this word-the word of "LOVE!"

Yes, PAME and LOVE, the purest gems

seldom in the selfsame crown -

Again for FAME!

Do LOVE and FAME unite renown. Twixt this and that, here in my dea,

In years to come the scroll may scan!

I see a sweet, appealing face With flush of love, with eyes of blue, With lips of ripe and ruddy hue.

For LOVE is true, content with love,

That changes in Life's sun and shade! "True love is fame enough for thee!" 's what the firelight says to me.

6 6 6

History to Date.

politicians of Greece were still with-

And then-within the dull fireplace

One ling'ring gaze into the grate-Goodby to FAME-I read my Fate!

And constant as the stars above; While FAME is false, a tickle jade

In puzzled dream I doze-and then Declare for LOVE! Again for Fa

Tis sweet-an everlasting name

To be renowned whenever man

The coals reflect a wealth of hue, A rosy red! Dear heart, 'tis you'

That sparkle in men's diadems!

Yet.

Trol.

poleon, alone in his cigar store, could not leave the business. Things looked dark for the Greeks

when, at sun-up, they assembled at the Pass of Thermopylae to stop the oncoming hosts from Thessaly! "My country for a leader!" cried a

civilian who didu't own even a dog the litter, and a broom will complete. house.

### "My coun-"

in the oracular orifice and cut short his sensational harangue.

At this juncture, a courier, mounted on a snorting, foaming steed, dashed into the village courtyard, his riding habit fleeked with dust.

"She has came!" he shouted hoarsely. "She has came!"

There was a mighty rush, a separa tion of the ways and Joan of Are mounted on a blonde-colored horse with a watch eye, rode into view. Even as she rode, the drum beats of the charging enemy could be heard in the mountainous distance.

"Forward, the light brigade!" she chouted, pointing with sword erect toward the Thermopylaen gateway. 'Forward! On to victory or death!' (Cheers.)

"We will fight it out on this line if it takes all summer!" she cried. springing from her blonde horse and drawing a piece of chalk across the threshold of the Pass.

With ominous growl, the ward-heelers from the Fourth ward of Thessaly charged straight at the line, their spears raised for the onslaught. Now you can see the whites of their

eyes: Now feel their bated breath.

Now-

With one mighty sweep of her arms, oan of Arc. standing with toes to the line, gathered the spears to her own breast.

'S blood!

But even as the cruel points struck the martyr's body, the Greeks rallied. and crying, "Charge, Chester, charge! On, Stanley, on!" rushed at the foe with common impulse, crowding them into the sea forthwith.

To the music of "Hall to the chief!" the conquering bosts returned to the village to meet Alexander who had just arrived from fishing with three crappies and a stone roller on his tringer.

Amid the plaudits of his followers, e telegraphed to Tammany: 'We have met the enemy and they

"ALEX." are ourn. And thus history is brought down

to date.

less price. As food they are worth not only less, but a good deal less. As a single grain food for poultry, wheat one grain as a complete ration,

The Supply of Litter.

Litter is a good thing in the poultry house, summer or winter, and if a large quantity of it is at hand and it can be renewed every week or so it will prove of great advantage in keeping the poultry house clean. The manure can be easily falked out with the work in a few minutes. We have seen many a poultry house without a But a flying piece of liver hit him | particle of litter, when the barn near by had more chaff lying around than the farmer knew how to dispose of. The best kind of litter is chopped straw. It acts as an absorbent under the roosts and as a receptacle in the other part of the pen for the grains that may be thrown in for the fowls. This gives them a chance to scratch, Buckwheat hulls are good, and they can be obtained at mills that make buckwheat flour. The man that uses a shredder will find shredded corn fodder very useful in the poultry house. One of the great advantages of litter is that in winter the feet of the fowls are kept off the cold floor, and if there are any cracks in the floor they become stopped up with the chaff. The litter should be changed often and never be allowed to become damp. The compost it forms will be found very serviceable in the spring.

## Langshans.

Langshans are the smallest and most active of the Asiatic class. They are a practical fowl in more senses than one, and their prolific laying and excellent qualities make them a profitable fowl for the farmer and market poultryman. They are one of the oldest varieties of poultry and have always been held in popular esteem. The quality of the flesh of the Langshan is excellent, being fine grained, tender, and nicely flavored. As layers they rank among the best, averaging from twelve to thirteen dozen a year. and as winter layers they are to be recommended. The chicks are hardy and mature early. Langshans are good sitters and mothers, being of gentle disposition; they are easily kept in confinement or on free range. Being excellent foragers, they are ideal fowls for the farm, and will gather during the year a considerable proportion of their food.

It is reported that the world's supply of pears has been cornered by a Chicago firm and that prices will be sharply advanced.

When a man calls a girl his "dove" she is naturally all in a flutter.