

### Christianity in Japan.

Many of the prominent men of Japan are Christians. To this creed belong one member of the imperial cabinet, two judges of the supreme court, two presidents of the lower house of parliament, three vice ministers of state—not to mention a host of officials in the lower ranks. In the present parliament the president and thirteen members in a total membership of 300 are Christians. In the army there are 155 Christian officers, or 3 per cent of all, and the two largest battalions are commanded by Christians. In Tokio three of the great daily papers have Christian editors.

### Growth of City Clubs.

The growth of city clubs of high class has given cause to open eyed amazement in this generation. In this metropolis there are two such organizations, each of which has more than three thousand members and each of which owns real estate valued at many hundreds of thousands of dollars. Most of the well known clubs in this capital are flourishing, and show in every way that they are managed with striking ability. Club life in the principal communities of this country has made giant strides in a third of a century.

### Latest Society Craze.

According to the English papers, the latest society craze seems to be the game of magic crosses. Three crosses, of small size, and in a number of various colors, are laid on a table in a straight line, and the person holds a magnet, which he moves slowly down the line of crosses. One by one, but not in rotation, the crosses are attached to the magnet, and when they are at last all arranged in order the expert can gain an insight into the character and fate of the experimenter. Even cabinet ministers have consulted the magic crosses.

### A Hurry-Up Call.

Cyrus Townsend Brady, the author, had occasion to consult his physician for a slight ailment on an extremely cold day. He was busily engaged in his literary work on the doctor's arrival. Hurrying into the reception hall from his library, he said: "Doctor, I wish you to get through with me as speedily as possible. I left the hero and heroine by the side of a little babbling brook, and I'm afraid they will freeze to death if I don't get back soon."

So sacred is the person of the Emperor of Korea that to touch his body with a weapon of iron constitutes high treason. Rather than violate this tradition, Tieng-song-tai-ong allowed an abscess to put an end to his life in 1800, believing it would be wrong for him to submit to the surgeon's lancet.

### Do Your Clothes Look Yellow?

Then use Defiance Starch. It will keep them white—15 oz. for 10 cents.

A man is worth what he takes out of the world, not what he leaves in it.

# THE GIRL AT THE HALFWAY HOUSE

A STORY OF THE PLAINS  
BY E. HOUGH, AUTHOR OF THE STORY OF THE COWBOY  
Copyrighted, 1908, by D. Appleton & Company, New York

## CHAPTER XXVII.

### The Hill of Dreams.

Franklin found himself swept along with a tide of affairs other than his own choosing. His grasp on the possibilities of the earliest days of this new civilization had been so full and shrewd that he needed now but to let others build the house whose foundation he had laid.

Yet ever a chill struck his soul as he thought of the lost battle at the Halfway House. There was now grass grown upon the dusty trail that once led up to the low-eaved house. The green and gray of Nature were shrouding busily the two lonely graves of those who had fought the frontier and been vanquished in that night of terror, when the old West claimed its own. The Halfway House of old was but a memory. And Mary Ellen, the stately visitor of his sleeping or his waking dreams, no longer might be seen in person at the Halfway House. Recreant, defeated, but still refusing aid, she had gone back to her land of flowers. It was Franklin's one comfort that she had never known into whose hands had passed—at a price far beyond their actual worth—the lands of the Halfway House, which had so rapidly built up for her a competency, which had cleared her of poverty, only to re-entrench her in her pride.

Under all the fantastic grimness, all the mysticism, all the discredited and riotous vagaries of his insubordinate soul, Franklin possessed a saving common sense; yet it was mere freakishness which led him to accept a vagrant impulse as the controlling motive at the crucial moment of his life.

To a very few men Edward Franklin has admitted that he once dreamed of a hill topped by a little fire,

foot of the hill. There were no longer banners of dust where the wild game swept by, nor did the eye catch any line of distant horsemen. It was another day. Yet, as did the candidate of old, he left his horse at the foot of the hill and went up quite alone.

It was afternoon as he sat down. The silence and solitude folded him about, and the sun sank so fitly slow that he hardly knew, and the solemn night swept softly on. Then he built a little fire. \* \* \* In the night, after many hours, he arose and lifted up his hands. \* \* \* At the foot of the hill the pony stopped cropping grass, tossed his head, and looked up intently at the summit.

It was morning. The sun rose calm and strong. The solitary figure upon the hill sat motionless, looking out. There might have passed before him a perspective of the past, the Plains peopled with their former life; the oncoming of the white men from below; the remnant of the passing Latin race, typified in the unguided giant who, savage with savage, fought near by, one brutal force meeting another and both passing before one higher and yet more strong. To this watcher it seemed that he looked out from the halfway point of the nation, from the halfway house of a nation's irresistible development.

Franklin had taken with him a small canteen of water, but he thought himself that as of old the young man beseeching his dream neither ate nor drank until he had his desire, he poured out the water at his side as he sat in the dark. The place was covered with small objects, bits of strewn shells and beads and torn "medicine bundles"—pieces of things once held dear in earlier minds. He felt his hand fall by accident upon some small object which had been



On the Hill of Dreams.

whose smoke dipped and waved and caught him in its fold. In brief, he got into saddle and journeyed to the Hill of Dreams.

The Hill of Dreams dominated the wide and level landscape over which it had looked out through hundreds of slow, unnoted years. From it once rose the signal smokes of the red men, and here it was that many a sentinel had stood in times long before a white face was ever seen upon the Plains.

Here on the Hill of Dreams, whence the eye might sweep to the fringed sand hills on the south, east to the river many miles away, and north and west almost to the swell of the cold steppes that lead up to the Rocky Range, the red men had sometimes come to lay their leaders when their day of hunting and of war was over. Thus the place came to have extraordinary and mysterious qualities ascribed to it, on which account, in times gone by, men who were restless, troubled, disturbed, dissatisfied, came thither to fast and pray.

Hither they bore the great dead. It was upon the Hill of Dreams that his people buried White Wolf, the last great leader of the Plains tribes, who fell in the combat with the not less savage giant who came with the white men to hunt in the country near the Hill of Dreams. Since that time the power of the Plains tribes had waned, and they had scattered and passed away. The swarming white men—Visigoths, Vandals—had found out this spot for centuries held mysteriously dear to the first peoples of that country. They tore open the graves, scattered the childlike emblems, picked to pieces the little packages of furs and claws, jibing at the "medicine" which in its time had meant so much to the man who had left it there.

Toward the Hill of Dreams Franklin journeyed, because it had been written. As he traveled over the long miles he scarcely noted the fields, the fences, the flocks and herds now clinging along the path of the iron rails. He crossed the trails of the departed buffalo and of the vanishing cattle, but his mind looked only forward, and he saw these records of the past but dimly. There, on the Hill of Dreams, he knew, there was answer for him, if he sufficiently besought; that answer not yet learned in all the vying days. It seemed sure to him that he should have a sign.

Franklin looked out over a deserted and solitary land as he rode up to the

wetted by the wasted water. Later, in the crude light of the tiny flame which he had kindled, this lump of earth assumed, to his exalted fancy, the grim features of an Indian chieftain, wide-jawed, be-tufted, with low brow, great mouth, and lock of life's price hanging down the neck. All the fearlessness, the mournfulness, the mysticism of the Indian face was there. Franklin always said that he had worked at this unconsciously, kneading the lump between his fingers, and giving it no thought other than that it felt cooling to his hand and restful to his mind. Yet here, born ultimately of the travail of a higher mind, was a man from another time, in whose gaze sat the prescience of a coming day. The past and the future thus were bridged, as may be done only by Art, the enduring, the uncalendared, the imperishable.

Edward Franklin, a light-hearted man, rode homeward happily. The past lay correlated, and for the future there were no longer any wonderings. His dream, devoutly sought, had given peace.

## CHAPTER XXVIII.

### At the Gateway.

In a certain old Southern city there stands, as there has stood for many generations, and will no doubt endure for many more, a lofty mansion whose architecture dates back to a distant day. Wide and spacious, with lofty stories, with deep wings and many narrow windows, it rests far back among the ancient oaks, a stately memorial of a day when gentlemen demanded privacy and could afford it. From the iron pillars of the great gateway the white front of the house may barely be seen through avenues made by the trunks of the primeval grove. The tall white columns, reaching from gallery floor to roof without pause for the second lofty floor, give dignity to this old-time abode, which comforts well with the untrimmed patriarchal oaks. Under these trees there lies, even to-day, a deep bluegrass turf which never, from the time of Boone till now, has known the touch of ploughshare or the tool of any cultivation.

It was the boast of this old family that it could afford to own a portion of the earth and own it as it came from the hand of Nature. Uncaught by the whirl of things, undisturbed essentially even by the tide of the civil war, this branch of an old Southern family had lived on in station un-

affected, though with fortune perhaps impaired as had been those of many Southern families, including all the Beauchamp line.

To this strong haven of refuge had come Mary Ellen Beauchamp from the far-off Western plains, after the death of her other relatives in that venture so ill-starred. The white-haired old widow who now represented the head of the Clayton family—her kin somewhat removed, but none the less her "cousins," after the comprehensive Southern fashion—had taken Mary Ellen to her bosom, upbraiding her for ever dreaming of going into the barbarian West, and listening but little to the plea of the girl that poverty had driven her to the company of those who, like herself, were poor. Now, such had been the turn of the wheel, the girl was nearly as rich in money as her older relative, and able to assume what little of social position there remained in her ambition.

Mary Ellen was now well past twenty-seven, a tall, matured, and somewhat sad-faced woman, upon her brow written something of the sorrows and uncertainties of the homeless woman, as well as the record of a growing self-reliance. If Mary Ellen were happy or not none might say, yet surely she was dutiful and kind; and gradually, with something of the leadership she had learned in her recent life, she slipped into practical domestic command of this quiet but punctilious menage. By reason of an equal executive fitness Aunt Lucy rose in the kitchen also to full command. The Widow Clayton found her cousin Mary Ellen a stay and comfort, useful and practical to a degree unknown in the education of the Southern young lady of the time.

Of her life in the West Mary Ellen spoke but little, though never with harshness, and at times almost with wistfulness. Her history had seemed too full of change to be reality. For the future she made no plans. It seemed to her to be her fate ever to be an alien, a looker-on. The roses drooped across her lattice, and the blue grass stood cool and soft and deep beyond her window, and the kind air carried the croon of the wooling mocking bird; yet there persisted in her brain the picture of a wide, gray land, with the sound of an urgent wind singing in the short, tufted grasses, and the breath of a summons ever on the air. Out there upon the Plains it had been ever morning. Here life seemed ever sinking toward its eventide.

This old family and the family house were accepted unquestioningly by the quiet Southern community now, as they had ever been, as a part of the aristocracy of the land, and as appurtenances thereto. The way of life had little change. The same grooms led out the horses from the stables, the same slow figures cut the grass upon the lawn. Yet no longer were the doors thrown open upon a sea of light and color. The horses were groomed and broken, but they brought no great carriage of state sweeping up the drive between the lion-headed pillars of the gateway. When Mrs. Clayton feebly sought to propose brighter ways of life for the young woman, the latter told her gently that for her, too, life was planned and done, the struggle over, and that she only asked that she might rest, and not take up again any questions for readjustment.

"You will change after a while, honey," said her protectress; but Mary Ellen only smiled. It was enough to rest here in this haven, safe from the surging seas of doubt and hope and fear, of love and self-distrust. Let it be settled. Let it be ended. For her no cavalier should ever come riding up the gravelled way, nor should lights ever set dancing again the shadows in the great dining hall over the heads of guests assembled in her honor. It was done—finished. And Mary Ellen was not yet twenty-eight.

(To be continued.)

## JAPS GIVEN TO ATHLETICS.

From Early Infancy They are Trained to Develop Their Muscles.

Considering their size the Japanese are undoubtedly the strongest people in the world. Time and again these little brown men have demonstrated their ability to endure fatigues that would break down the most sinewy Europeans. In any Japanese town, one cannot walk far without being confronted by athletics in one form or another. In the streets you can rarely escape the painted and gaudily dressed tots who turn baby hand-springs, execute somersaults and do other infantile stunts in a wheedling effort to secure the "hairy foreigner's" wealth. A Japanese matsuri were not the fair it purports without the be-spangled tight-rope performance, the bamboo ladder climbing youngsters, the wrestlers, tumblers, spearsmen or fencers.

So deeply rooted is the native love for the strenuous life that the national sports of other lands have been tried in Japan. The mikado, with many of the imperial family, attends the annual spring races in Yokohama, not nothing in the line of imported sports so appeals to the Japanese as cycling and baseball. Cycling clubs are scattered all over the empire, thousands of American bicycles spin across the island and the foreigners experience difficulty in keeping even a few of the records and trophies out of native hands.

The Tokio baseball team is an efficient organization and it frequently drubs the teams from other ports and cities. At the Yokohama cricket grounds excellent and sharply contested games may be witnessed occasionally between the Tokio native team and the Yokohama foreign organization.

# POULTRY



## Guard Against Gapes.

Gapes are frequently present in a flock without the owner of the chicks suspecting it. The trouble may be a cause of loss year after year and the poultry raiser imagine bad food to be to blame, or that the chicks have some bronchial disease. Gapes come to the chicks by way of the angle worms that are fed them, or that they pick up themselves. We have known children to take such an interest in the little chicks shut up in their coops that they would dig angle worms for them, not knowing that they were at the same time supplying them with the deadly gape worm. Feeding angle worms to chicks is a good practice if it be known that gapes do not exist in the neighborhood; but if there have been gapes on the farm at all, feeding the worms to the chicks is a dangerous practice. Angle worms may be fed to mature fowls without fear of inducing gapes, as the gape worms are able to attach themselves only to the very tender membranes of growing chickens. We see the statement made that "on some farms during certain seasons it seems almost impossible to rear broods of young chicks that are entirely free from it, particularly if the chickens are kept under the ordinary conditions." This is true, but the trouble can be easily obviated by keeping the chicks on board floors. On most farms the chicks can be kept on grass plots; but where gapes are bad the board floor will have to be resorted to as a protection against the gapes. Some quite complete experiments to demonstrate this have been made by the experiment stations. Two lots of chickens were kept side by side, one on a board floor and one on the bare earth. In several repetitions of the experiment the chicks on the bare ground got the gapes, while those on the board floor did not. In another experiment two broods were kept on board floors. One brood was fed angle worms and the other was not. The brood receiving the angle worms were soon sick with the gapes, while the other brood was unaffected.

Formerly the processes of life of the gape worm were unknown, but in recent years they have been discovered, and the gape worm is seen to be a parasite of the angle worm. The worm now carries the name of *Syngamus trachealis*. It is reddish in color and from three-eighths to three-fourths of an inch long. What appears like one worm is really two, the male and the female being permanently attached. This led to the common name of the "branched worm" prevailing in some localities. The male is the smaller of the two worms.

These worms attach themselves to the air-passages of young chicks. They nourish themselves by sucking the blood of the fowl, and when a large number of them collect in the windpipe of a chick the loss of blood is great. As many as forty of these worms have been found in the windpipe of a single chick. The weaker ones among the chicks are killed off by the gapes, but the stronger ones generally survive the attack. The affected chickens cough up these worms and other chicks eat them and become affected. It is therefore best to take away from among the others the chicks affected with gapes.

It is easier to prevent gapes than to cure them, but there are remedial measures that may be taken. One is to put the chick in a barrel and dust in some air-slaked lime. This will cause the coughing up of the worms. A double horse-hair twisted in the windpipe frequently dislodges many. A feather dipped in turpentine and turned in the trachea will cause many to be dislodged, and they will be coughed up.

## About Pheasants.

In the care of pheasants there are no hard rules beyond those common sense dictates. Circumstances vary so greatly as to climate and locality that what might be true of one locality would not be true of another. One thing is certain and that is this, the English or Mongolian pheasants have come to stay. Their introduction and propagation have long since passed the experimental stage. Both the above named birds are strictly a woodland bird and will fly to a wood or coppice as soon as scared, but their feeding grounds are usually the open arid fields where grain and bugs can be found. Don't think for a moment that pheasants will stay where they are reared; they may do it sometimes, but at other times will go miles away, much depends on the location, if feed and water is to be found in abundance, and the birds have a thicket or hiding place to go to when scared they will most likely stay where they were liberated or raised. One of the best things to keep your pheasants at home is to plant a mixed patch of broom corn and sorghum; this will make a good hiding place and at the same time an abundance of the most excellent food during the winter months. F. J. Wilson.

The stockman whose training has been solely in the school of experience often holds in light regard that which is written concerning his vocation. Let him remember that facts and truths are the same, whether their repository is the human mind or a book. Held by the former all perish with the possessor; in the keeping of the latter, the whole world may be benefited.—Prof. W. A. Henry.



## Breeding of Geese.

As I have been a breeder of fancy poultry for a number of years, especially the Embden geese, I think I know something about the breeding of the same. Geese are a profitable fowl on the farm. They require less grain than any other kind of poultry, except in laying season, when they should have plenty of grass and water and also a liberal supply of different kinds of grain. I set my goose eggs under chickens and when they begin to hatch they should be watched and taken out of the nest as fast as they are dry and kept in a warm place until all are out and dry, as they are very helpless little mushy things the first day or two. Put the hen and goslings in a grassy spot with a coop to shut them up in nights. They are very easily raised and are not subject to disease. I feed the goslings corn bread until they are large enough to eat corn. They can be fed meal after they are two or three weeks old. Keep them where they can get plenty of grass and water and you will be surprised to see how they will grow. Early goslings can be picked several times in the fall, but it is wicker to rob them of their clothing in cold weather. The laying geese should not be picked in laying season, if you want eggs. One gander with two hen geese is all that is required, but if you have as many ganders as laying geese it will be all right. They mate off some time in February. Some ganders will take one goose and some will take two if there are more geese than ganders. About the first of March I make nests for them in straw laying it in bunches near some fence or building. They will make their own nests and begin to lay about the 10th of March, that is, the Embden does, and I raise no other kind and have no desire to for they get so large and have so many snow white feathers.—Mrs. John W. Dunn, Wells County, Indiana, in Farmers' Review.

## How Many Varieties of Corn.

Recently a man that had attended a good many farmers' institutes expressed it as his belief that we have many breeds of corn. He thought it would be a good idea to hold a congress of corn growers and decide on two varieties, one yellow and the other white, and then to advise the farmers to discard all other varieties and stick to the growing of those two varieties or to one of the varieties. We doubt if the situation would be improved by such a move. The development of corn varieties is bound to go on under the same stimulus that has given us more than 2,000 varieties of apples, a few of which are really good. The fact is that at present we know very little about the corn plant as to adaptability of different varieties to different situations. Doubtless we will find that there are great differences in this regard. We have yet to fit our varieties to our localities. We will suppose that the congress named was held and that Boone County White and Leaming were selected as the varieties to be grown. Then what about the very large stretch of country in the North that is growing only flint corn and can grow only flint corn, as it is too cold for the development of the dent varieties? It is evident that the season differs greatly in length in various places and that the corn variety that will do best in a certain locality must be regulated to some extent by the time it takes to reach maturity after the ground gets warm enough to sprout the seed. There is also a great difference in moisture requirements of different varieties, and this must also count for much in the developing of new varieties.

## No Hurry to Pasture.

At this time of year the dairyman is looking at his pastures expectantly for the first appearance of green grass in enough quantity to allow him to turn out his cows with some chance of their getting a fair part of their living. The temptation to turn out the cows early should be resisted. The old way was to turn them out on the first of May, no matter what the condition of the pasture or the earliness or lateness of the season. Sometimes the grass in some localities is well advanced on the first of May, but in others not. Why should there be a uniform date, even in custom, for such a matter, it pays to save the pastures for a week or two when they are just beginning to get a start. One or two weeks rest at that time will give more satisfactory returns in the way of pasturage later on.

## American Hereford Breeders.

At the meeting of the board of directors of the American Hereford Breeders' Association, recently held in Kansas City, the following were endorsed as persons from whom the managers of the World's Fair could select a judge for Hereford cattle at that exposition: Thomas Clark, C. N. Cosgrove, C. A. Stannard, George Leigh and E. J. Taylor. An appropriation of \$4,000 was made for the International and also for the World's Fair and \$200 was appropriated for the Illinois State Fair. As judges at the Kansas City show, Thomas Clark, I. M. Forbes and Dr. Jessym were named. An executive committee was appointed as follows: C. A. Stannard, C. G. Comstock and B. C. Hornard.

He is a constant drill for soldiers and bank burglars.

**The Shortest Way**  
out of an attack of  
**Rheumatism**  
or **Neuralgia**

It is to use  
**St. Jacobs Oil**

Which affords not only sure relief, but a prompt cure. It soothes, subdues, and ends the suffering.  
Price, 25c. and 50c.

**WELL DRILLING MACHINERY.**  
PORTABLE and drill any depth, by steam or horse power.  
42 DIFFERENT STYLES.  
We challenge competition.  
Send for Free Illustrated Catalogue No. 6  
**KELLY & TANEHILL CO.**  
Chestnut St., Waterloo, Iowa.

**Lawn Fence**  
Iron or wire, many styles, for residence, church, school, cemetery, poultry and large money.  
Send for catalogue.  
Chicago Iron and Wire Works  
OMAHA, NEB.

**SMOKERS FIND LEWIS' SINGLE BINDER**  
5¢ Cigar Better Quality than most 10¢ Cigars.  
Your jobber or direct from Factory, Peoria, Ill.

**PORTRAIT AGENTS** Deal Direct with Manufacturer and Save Money.  
Our goods the best. Prices the lowest. Prompt shipments. Delivery of all portraits guaranteed. Send for catalogue and agents' price list. Address: **ADAM J. KRULL & CO., 209 New Era Bldg., Chicago.**

**W. N. U., Omaha. No. 18-1904.**

**WISCONSIN'S CURE FOR**  
CURES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS.  
Best Cough Syrup. Tastes Good. Use in time. Sold by druggists.  
**CONSUMPTION**