

# A SOLDIER'S ATONEMENT

By Edward B. Clark

**Copyright Western Newspaper Union.**  
 At the time when the United States and Mexican governments made that temporary treaty which allowed the troops of either to invade the territory of the other when in the pursuit of hostile Indians fleeing across the border, James Tracy was a second lieutenant in the 19th cavalry. It was during the height of the Geronimo trouble, and Tracy, with his troop, dismounted, and after a soul and body wearying march on the trail of the wily Apache, found himself in the heart of one of the dreariest, most God-forsaken mountain countries in the whole range of the southern country.

The troop was exhausted and practically without water, the men having not a drop to drink save what was in their canteens. They had cut loose from a river in the early morning, expecting to find another when the day was done, but not as much as a rivulet had they found. There was no coffee that night and there wasn't a light heart in the whole outfit.

Tracy was unhappy. It wasn't wholly his suffering condition and that of his men which weighed upon him. Just before leaving the Arizona post he had received news that his younger brother, John, had been committed to state's prison in a far northeastern state. The officer had seen his home only once since his graduation. He had stayed away purposely. His brother had been a trusted bank employe. Then came suspicion, then conviction and a sentence. John Tracy protested his innocence of the crime charged against him, and his family, knowing the lad, believed in him, but the circumstantial evidence was overwhelming, and in spite of the efforts of the aged father, who spent his time and his money in the boy's defense, he went to prison.

Before the troop had left Fort Banks with its nose to the red-hot trail of Geronimo there had joined an enlisted man a strapping young officer who said that he came from St. Louis. His name was Barlow, and he was assigned to the troop of which Tracy was the junior officer, and he went with it on its chase across the border after the Apache chieftain.

Barlow on every occasion possible attached himself to Tracy's person. Whenever there was a scouting party detached from the main body and put under the second lieutenant's command Barlow asked that he might be assigned to it to share in the scouting duty. He was a reserved fellow and apparently of superior education. There were no camp jokes for him. He was grave and taciturn. Tracy had noticed the evident attachment of the man to him, and as he was a capable soldier and willing to dare and to do anything he was glad to have him a part of his outfit when on detached and dangerous service.

On the morning following the night that the troop was practically without water and in a country devoid of all green things save the forbidding cactus, the troop commander told Tracy that he had better make a short reconnaissance, feel out the country for the enemy and, above all, try to locate water. To attempt a march under that hot Mexican sun with the men, and with any idea of effective service, was foolhardy.

Tracy told his captain that he would take but one man with him; that they would strike southwest, where it was thought a better prospect of water lay, and that they would return as soon as a find was made. He selected Barlow for his companion, and the two struck out through the black, sun-scared country.

They went on for three hours. Not a drop of the element of which they were in search. Their tongues were blistered. They drank sparingly of the water in their canteens, pressed on for another hour and then knew that they must return.

Back they started. They followed their onward trail as well as they could, but at times it was lost, and then circling was necessary to take it up again. At noon they lost it and could not find it again. There was a great jagged rock rising to the westward which neither recognized.

"Lieutenant," said Barlow, "we're going wrong. We never came this way. The sun doesn't bear right. It should be more to our right. I believe that we are going almost directly at right angles to the camp."

They circled again and again, but no trace of the trail. Then the conclusion forced itself on Tracy that they were lost. They wandered on until the sun went down beyond the black rocks. Then they each drank sparingly of the precious contents of the canteens, and lay down on the gray desert to sleep.

The sun came up like a red-hot round shot. Tracy and Barlow ate the last of their single ration, and took one swallow of water apiece. Then on they went again. Twenty-four hours passed. The sun came up once more, and with its coming they staggered forward. The canteens were empty. They looked for the cactus whose leaf yields a juice that helps fight off the demon of thirst. They could not find it. The only vegetation were occasional clumps of stunted prickly pear cactus, the juice of whose leaves accentuates thirst.

Another twenty-four hours. The men cheered each other on like the soldiers they were. Tracy began to feel the coming of delirium. Oh, for a draught of water! He looked at Barlow. The man's eyes were burning, but they had a courage in them, and something else in their depths which Tracy never before had seen there. On and on and on. They could go no further. Suddenly Barlow turned to Tracy and, said in a voice that was choked from the clutching of thirst's hand at his throat: "Lieutenant, I was afraid that we might be tempted to drink this long ago, so I saved it for the last extremity. Lieutenant, I have one good drink of water apiece left in my canteen."

Barlow shook the canteen, and Tracy heard the splash of the water within.

"Drink, Barlow," said Tracy. "Drink; you saved it and it should be yours. Drink, drink it, I say. It may give you strength to go on. If you get back, boy, and the men strike water, ask them to come after my body."

Tracy was reeling. His brain was awlwhirl and his whole system on fire.

"Lieutenant," said Barlow, "I had more in my canteen than you had in yours when we started. Men in an extremity like this should share and share alike. I'll take my cup and we'll divide the water."

"Is there enough for the two and to do any good?" asked Tracy.

"Yes," said Barlow, "one good drink for each."

"Drink first," said Tracy. "I'll not touch a drop until my command is served."

"All right, sir," said Barlow.

Tracy turned away for a moment. He heard the gurgle of water. Would it never come his turn to drink? Barlow spoke: "Lieutenant, I'm afraid I took more than half. Here is what's left."

He poured the water gurgling from the canteen into the cup. There was a good round drink.

"Take it, lieutenant," said Barlow. "I had more than that."

Tracy seized the cup and drained it. Oh, the joy of it! New life went surging through him. His eyes cleared. He looked at Barlow. There was no new life in the man's eyes. His lip was drooping.

"Barlow," said Tracy fiercely, "you deceived me. You never drank a drop."

## BEEF TEA AS AN INTOXICANT

We find it difficult to believe the cable report that Liverpool physicians are very much exercised over the case of the traveling salesman with delirium tremens induced by too much beef tea, says a writer in the New York Times. Food analysts and nutrition experts have long been aware of the high stimulating power of meat proteins, which, Dr. Chittenden says, are approximated by one sort of protein from the vegetable kingdom, that of oatmeal. The vegetarians, in fact, base their most effective arguments in the fact that the stimulation from meat is in a way like that from alcohol, effecting tissue change or metabolism rather than affording nutriment. Beef tea is the highest stimulant among the meat juices. Physicians have long since abandoned the notion that it is a food capable of repairing tissue, for laboratory tests have proved that it causes more rapid wasting of the body than no food at all.

Something like a smile came into Barlow's face.

"Forgive me, lieutenant," he said, "but there was only enough for one." And then he staggered and fell forward. Tracy caught him in his arms, and, weak though he was, managed to support his burden.

"Lieutenant," whispered Barlow, "go on. You are strong enough and may reach camp. If you do, just come back and bury me here."

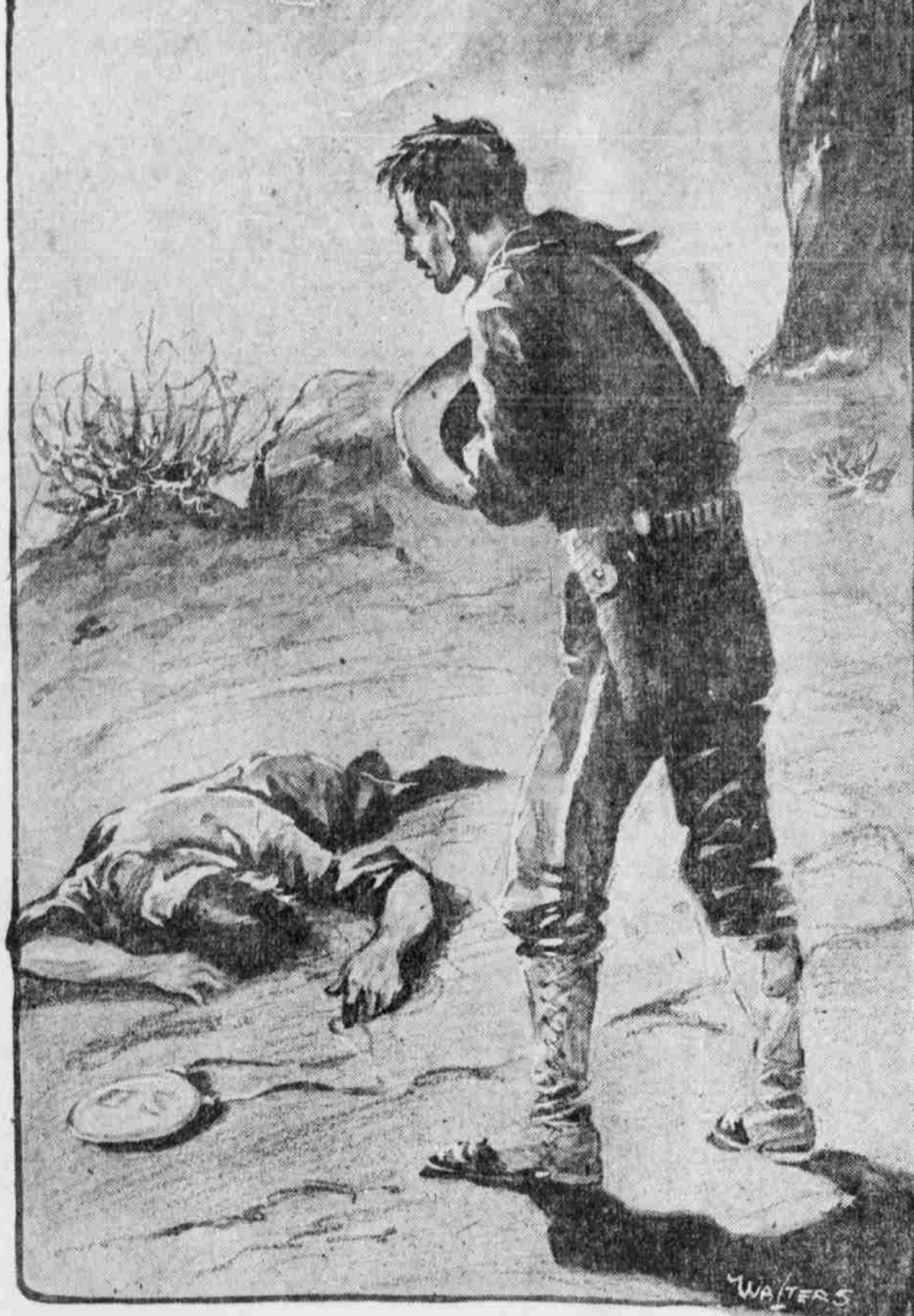
Then the man drew his officer's head close to him and whispered something. Barlow almost fell all his burden. "Yes, it's true. I was the guilty one and your brother was innocent and a sacrifice. Take this," and he drew a paper from his blouse and put it in Tracy's hand. "Forgive me, lieutenant," he said, and as he spoke his empty canteen swung from his side and struck against Tracy's knee.

"Forgive you? Yes, Barlow," he said.

The enlisted man looked up, smiled and died.

Tracy let his burden gently to the earth, and then he pressed on, for now there was an added life in his veins and an added interest in living. He reached the top of the ridge and looked down. The camp was below him. Not the old camp, but the old troop and a new camp and by the bank of a stream.

Refreshed with food, sleep and the yet more precious water, Tracy recovered. The paper which Barlow had given him contained proof of his brother's innocence. Tracy led a squad back to the point where he had left Barlow. They found his body. There was peace in the man's face. He was given a soldier's burial, and on the little wilderness grave Lieutenant Tracy planted a cross and a little, fluttering flag.



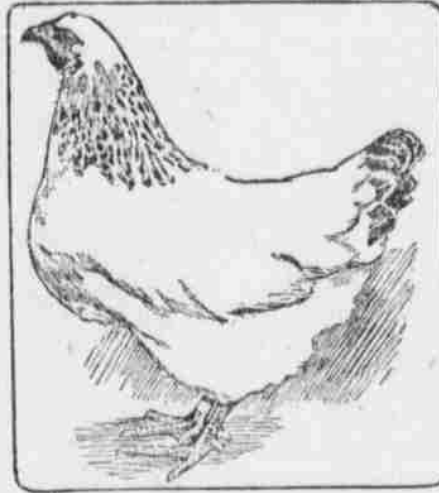
## POULTRY

FOWLS SUITABLE FOR FARM

Old Farmer Says He Has Never Seen Anything Better Than Plymouth Rocks and Wyandottes.

Many farmers have hobbies and pet theories which sometimes bring them plenty of "experience," but as a rule they look at everything along utility lines, says Farm News. Some farmers have been looking for the best farmer's fowl, have bred almost all breeds in existence, and yet have to confess to failure along these lines. At times he thinks that he has the best bird cornered only to find that it is still at large. A buzz-saw is all right for the purpose for which it was intended, but it can't be used for shaving a man's beard. All these things are very practical in their way, but making them answer for all purposes is very much like corraling a cyclone, something no man has succeeded in doing.

One person wants fowls for the production of eggs, and, therefore, will want the breed whose hens prove to be the best layers. Another wants the best table fowl, and an entirely different breed will be selected. The third man wants a fowl with a certain fancy feather and pays a fancy price for it. A farmer living several miles from town cares very little for fowls of any particular kind, yet he



Columbian Wyandotte Pullet.

will admit that they are an unfailing source of supply in case of emergency in supplying the table, buying the groceries and keeping him out of debt for long intervals.

The farmer's flock should be prolific without sacrificing other qualities. They should be good table fowls. To satisfy this requirement they must be of good size, plump and of good appearance when dressed. They must be hardy and good foragers, as there is much waste food on the farm that can be converted into cash returns by the fowls. The hens must be good sitters and mothers, as many farmers are not ready to buy incubators—although they should do so at once. These are questions that are being studied by the careful, and each individual will have to determine the matter for himself. An old farmer who is now off the active list, but still lives on the farm and raises poultry as a diversion says he visited many poultry shows just to inspect some of the best birds of the new varieties, and he says that he has never seen anything better than the Plymouth Rock and Wyandotte varieties for real business stock. He said: "You can tell inquirers that these two breeds are still at the top, and there are enough varieties of them to please any sensible person. As to individual taste, the old Indian said if men were all alike they would all want his squaw."

So many varieties of chickens have been evolved that it seems as if there should be nothing left to be sought or desired in the way of beauty or utility.

## POULTRY NOTES

Sell all the roosters not needed for breeding.

Don't buy breeding stock that lacks in strength and vigor.

Keep everlastingly and eternally after the lice and mites.

A box of crushed oyster shells should always be kept in reach.

Keep the coops for the small chicks at a distance from the hen house.

Low perches will induce young stock to roost in the poultry house early in life.

The color of the egg shells has nothing to do with the food value of the eggs.

A combination of the heat with lice pests is enough to cause fowls not to do well.

The flavor of eggs and their color depends very much upon the kind of food given.

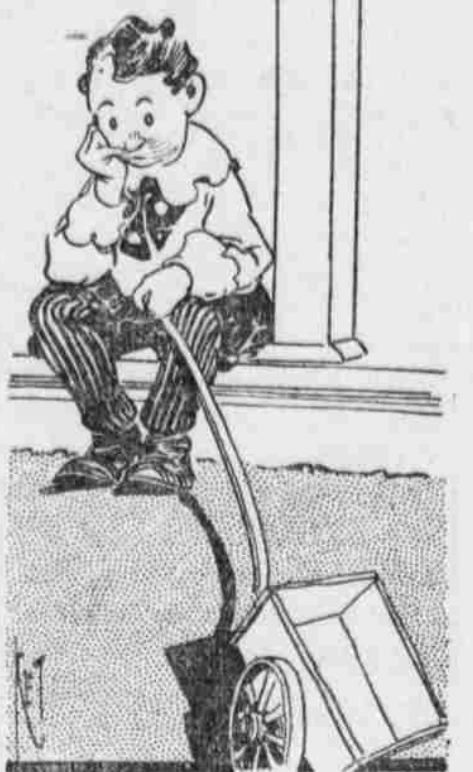
After the moult a little linseed meal is a fine thing to round out the poultry ration with.

Commence to gather dry road dust and put away in barrels in a dry place for next winter's use.

## The ONLOOKER

BY HENRY HOWLAND

### Georgie on Dieting



At breakfast ma she says to me  
 That bread's the staff of life and when I take a lump of sugar she  
 Just makes me put it back again;  
 I can't have doughnuts neither 'cause  
 Pa says I musn't eat such truck—  
 I wish boys didn't have no pas  
 Or mas to watch them, blame the luck!

Pa takes molasses on his cakes  
 And sugar in his coffee, too—  
 You ought to hear the row he makes  
 When I want sweets!—I never knew  
 The time when he let doughnuts go  
 Because they might be rich, you bet!  
 I wish the doctor'd fix it so  
 He'd only eat the things I eat.

At dinner when it comes to pie  
 Pa says I musn't have a bite  
 Because I might get sick and die,  
 Or have the nightmare in the night,  
 And then he takes two pieces, 'cause  
 He gets the one I ought of had—  
 If boys would never have no pas  
 I guess they'd all be pretty glad.

When I grow up to be a man  
 I'm goin' to be a doctor then,  
 Because I've thought about a plan  
 For boys to even up with ma—  
 I'll fix it so their pas can't eat  
 A thing unless the boys can, too—  
 I guess that them the things that's sweet  
 Won't be so bad to take, don't you?

It makes my pa and ma feel bad  
 To have me ast for sweets or pie;  
 You'd think one little doughnut had  
 Enough bad stuff to make me die—  
 But if they couldn't eat them till  
 They'd not get heavy on my chest  
 I guess they'd let me have my fill  
 And just keep hopin' for the best.

### MERE OPINION.

The things that come to the men who wait are generally done up in cans.

Truth is stranger than fiction. This is proved by the fact that in truth the villain generally gets both the girl and the money.

The black sheep of the family always gets four times as much credit for doing well as he would have received if he had been decent from the start.

The winnings of the bank at Monte Carlo are said to average \$25 a minute. This may account for the fact that there are so many poor fools in the world.

### RATHER VEALY.

"What I would like," said the very young author, whose first story had just been accepted, "is that the binding of the book should be in keeping with the story. Do you grasp my meaning?"



"Oh, yes," replied the intelligent and accommodating publisher. "I'll have it done in half call."

### The Rose That Was.

He used to call her his June Rose,  
 'Twas June when they were wed;  
 How soon the lovely glamour goes,  
 How soon the joy is dead.

They skip and save in many ways  
 To make an outward show;  
 Beneath the pride that each displays  
 There oft is hidden woe.

He used to bring her gifts galore,  
 As if he'd been a prince;  
 But that, remember, was before,  
 And she has faded since.

He scolds because the money goes  
 When she gets hat or gown;  
 He used to call her his June Rose,  
 But now he calls her down.

### Not in His Line.

"Down in Kentucky, not long ago," said a traveling man, "I saw in front of a store in one of the small towns a sign which read: 'Paints, Oils, Hardware, Books and Stationary.' I had a rather long and tedious trip before me and, desiring something to read on the way, I went in.

"Do you happen to have any of the vest-pocket classics in stock?" I asked the proprietor.

"No, I ain't got any of them just now," he replied, "but I can show you a fine hippocket Colts, if that'll do, and if you'll take my advice you won't waste any money on a vest-pocket classic for use in these parts."