

Converting a Backslider

A FOURTH OF JULY STORY OF THE CANADIAN WOODS

By WRIGHT A. PATTERSON



IT WAS a mysterious looking box that Yorker carried on that trip to Canada. That is it was mysterious to me, for I usually knew everything that went to make up our camping and fishing equipment. When I asked about it he gave me to understand in a vague way that it contained sketching materials—Yorker was the artist of the party—and I let it go at that, and thought nothing more of it until we reached Port Huron, and the Canadian customs official visited us.

"What's in that box?" he asked, after he had examined our suit cases and fishing tackle in a perfunctory way.

"Nothing that is dutiable in Canada," said Yorker, but the answer simply aroused the official's suspicions, and, even though he was from Canada, he had to be shown.

It was just then that a fellow passenger on the train called me to ask for information regarding the fishing in one of the Muskoka lakes, and I left for a moment. As I returned I heard the customs officer say, as he walked away:

"Don't think you could sell those things in Canada, so I guess it's all right."

That was the last said about that box other than to condemn it as needless baggage at times when it had to be portaged from one lake to another

pole from which Old Glory was flying. It was a goodly sight, and our applause brought Moore to the cabin door. When he saw the flag he announced that it should not fly without a Union Jack beside it "to keep it company and take the curse off," and got no breakfast until he had fished out a diminutive bit of canvas and hoisted it onto a flag pole.

After breakfast, in accordance with established custom, we congregated about the front of the cabin to discuss plans for the day. It was then that we discovered what the contents of Yorker's box were.

Moore was sitting on an empty cracker box that was turned sideways, leaving the open side back of him. He was elaborating with all the ardor of a born fisherman the gamey qualities of the bass to be caught in the lake just south of us, and advising an expedition in that direction, when—

Bang! Bang!! Bang!!!

The explosion was terrific. The great forest stretching out for miles behind and on either side of the cabin and the granite bluffs along the shores of the lake in front recoiled the report. Moore went three feet or more straight up into the air. He always insists that he was blown up, but it is my private opinion that he jumped.

"Bang!"

It was another from the back of the cabin, and Moore jumped again.

"Bang! Bang!!"

Two more explosions, this time al-



MOORE WENT THREE FEET OR MORE INTO THE AIR.

in getting into our fishing grounds that lay a few miles west of the Muskoka chain of lakes. Once the box was stowed away in the cabin neither myself or any of the others of the party who had joined us at Toronto, coming from the east and south, thought more about it.

We had left Chicago that year the last of June for our annual pilgrimage to the fishing waters of Canada, and had planted our feet on the shores of Kahpeekog on the evening of July 1. Personally I had been rather pleased at the idea of escaping to the king's dominions for the Fourth of July, so that I might escape the noise of the city usual on that day, and I think the others of the party were somewhat of the same mind. But by the evening of the third we were all ready to admit that we might have missed something by not having taken our vacation a few days later and remaining in the States to hear the eagle scream.

"This," said Charley, as we were sitting in front of the cabin after a day of unusual good luck with the rod, "is as near heaven as a man can expect to get in this world—but—"

"I can finish that for you," said Smith. "But I would like to be in Buffalo to-morrow to hear the eagle scream, and shoot off a few cannon crackers in the front yard. I am just beginning to appreciate the Fourth of July, now that I am away from it."

"That is one of the luxuries of the States that I can get along very well without," said Moore, the guide.

"Shouldn't wonder a bit at that," returned Smith. "The screaming of the eagle isn't conducive to pleasant memories over here, is it?"

"Oh, you can't hurt me that way," returned Moore. "I ain't all Canuck, even though I do take off my hat to the Union Jack. I was born down in Vermont, but I am going to tell you fellows that this land is good enough for me any day, and I'm not sighing any to hear the eagle screech."

Smith, who is the most aggressively patriotic of the crowd, started in to read Moore a lecture for having deserted his country, and things might have gotten warm enough to explode had the others not have made an effort to put a stop to it, and hustle everybody off to bed.

Yorker was the only one up early the next morning, which was unusual for Yorker, and when the rest of us got out we found he had erected a flag

most under the guide's feet, and he unceremoniously took to the cabin. From that safe retreat he poked his head out of the door to curse Yorker, and condemn in unequivocal terms such "unholy carrying on."

"Hurrah for the Fourth!" shouted Smith, who had been too much astonished to give vent to his feelings earlier. "Where did you get the crackers, anyway?"

"Out of the box you were swearing about at the portage the other day," replied Yorker.

"Bang!"

That one had been set ingeniously in the crack of the cabin door, and the explosion burst it open.

"Crack-crack-crackety-crack-crack!" Smith had gotten hold of a bunch of small ones, and the continuous rattle brought Moore to the door to see what was happening. He stood watching the proceedings for a little while, and I could see that he was not so averse to it all as he would have us believe. After a little while he came out and took down his diminutive Union Jack.

"It don't belong in any such a din as this," he explained.

The box was not very large, and a portion of it was filled with fireworks for a night display, so that the supply of explosives was soon exhausted, and the crowd sat around the front of the cabin wishing for more. Then it was that Moore's turn came. He had found an old coffee can with a screw top, and putting in a goodly supply of powder had packed it tight with paper and applied a fuse. Lighting it he slipped up close behind Yorker and, before that individual had discovered the presence of the infernal machine, it exploded with a terrific bang that sent Yorker into the air with a bound.

In his pleasure at the success of his retaliation Moore forgot all about his early anger, and entered into the spirit of the celebration with an enthusiasm worthy of a son of the revolution. He donated his supply of loose powder, kept carefully against the day when his rifle ammunition should run short, and when that was exhausted, thanks to his assistance, he got out his rifle and amused himself by firing into the air until, tiring of that, he set to work to unload shells enough to secure sufficient powder to fix up another coffee can.

Before noon came Moore was the most hilarious one of the crowd, and the loudest in his lamentations at the

exhaustion of the noise producing material, though he insisted that it was "just the sport of the thing" that appealed to him, and that there was no sentiment connected with it. He devoted the afternoon to fixing up the fishing punt for the evening fireworks, proposing that they be exploded from on the water, and what is more, he asked that he might be allowed to shoot them off while the rest of us sat on the shore and watched the display.

It was after ten o'clock that evening when the last colored ball from the last Roman candle had burst in the clear northern air, and Moore rowed the punt back to shore. For some little time afterwards he sat on a stump smoking. Finally he said:

"Gentlemen, I'm an American. I was born back there in the States, and the blood's still in my veins. This land of lakes and forests, this land with its wild red deer and its moose and its black bear and its game fish, is a paradise the majority of the year. But, gentlemen, while I should like to be with you next year I will not be here on the Fourth of July. That one day of each year hereafter while I live will be spent in my native land. It will be spent in old Vermont, where the supply of firecrackers, and torpedoes, and sky rockets, and Roman candles, and pin wheels, and nigger chasers are inexhaustible. I am going to put a new kink in the lion's tail that he will never get untangled. At any other time of the year I am at your service at Foot's Bay, Ontario. And now, thanking you for the most enjoyable day of my life, I bid you good-night."

POLLY'S FOURTH OF JULY.

Even a Fatcat Can Cry, "Hurrah for George Washington" at the Proper Time.

Polly was a middle-aged parrot, whose early days had been spent in the green forests of Yucatan in Central America. I had long tried to teach Polly to speak, and had taught her to say a few short sentences.

About eight weeks before the Fourth of July I tried to teach Polly to say "Hurrah for George Washington." But she would not repeat it after me. Then I thought it might be too long to say it all at once—that she probably could not remember it all, so I tried to teach her to say it word for word. But no; she wouldn't say a word of it.

Yet she listened attentively when I repeated it. Then I got disgusted and gave it up till a week or so before the Fourth; then I tried to make her say it, but she would not listen to me now. So when the morning of the Fourth came I went out to Polly. She said: "Hello." I answered: "Hello, Polly. Can't you say 'Hurrah for George Washington' for me?" Then she became furious and flew to the other side of her cage and would not look at me, so I finished feeding her. I went into my room and got my firecrackers, went outside, and was shooting my fireworks away when mother called to come in for luncheon. After luncheon I had to stay in the yard, so I went and got Polly and hung her up on the veranda, put up the hammock and was reading St. Nicholas, when along the street comes the street band playing "Star-Spangled Banner."

Then all of a sudden Polly became restless and cries as loud as she can: "Hurrah for George Washington!" This is the story of Polly's Fourth.—St. Nicholas.

AN OLD-FASHIONED FOURTH OF JULY.

These new-fangled notions are giving the boys a queer kind of Fourth—one without any noise; with speeches and picnics no patience have I. And I pine for the old-fashioned Fourth of July.

Then we rose with the dawn and the cannon came first. We packed it with powder till ready to burst—And my! how the glass in the windows did fly. When it started the echoes of Fourth of July.

We hitched up old Dobbin, and all tumbled in The roomy old wagon—the fat and the thin. Even grandma was there, and as chipper and spry As any young maiden the Fourth of July.

We went to the barbecue—who cared for show-bows; When the feast was a-flutter with banner and flowers; And if down came the rain in the midst of it why, It was part of an old-fashioned Fourth of July.

The rockets and pinwheels and firecrackers, too, At evening all joined in the hullabaloo, And Washington rode on his horse in the sky—A figure in flame on the Fourth of July.

The band marching out in their uniforms gay. Struck up by the light of the bonfires to play The Star-Spangled Banner and Sweet By and By, And so ended a glorious Fourth of July.—Minna Irving, in Woman's Home Companion.

A Difficulty.

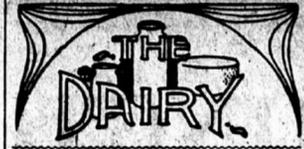
"What we want," said the thoughtful citizen, "is an old-fashioned Fourth of July."

"Of course we do," answered the flippanent person. "But you will encounter the same old difficulty. It's ten times as easy to set off a pack of firecrackers as it is to recite the Declaration of Independence. And you'll get 20 times as many people to stop and pay attention to it."

In Season.

Stubb—Hello, old man buying your skyrockets and Roman candles already?

Penn—Yes, you know they are bound to go up about the Fourth of July.—Chicago Daily News.



WHAT MAKES GOOD BUTTER

An Ideal Canadian Scale of Points to Be Used in Determining Quality of the Product.

Miss Bella Miller, in an address before the Women's Institute, of Ontario, Can., gave the following as the scale of points to be used in judging butter:

Flavor 45 points
Grain 25 points
Color 15 points
Salt 15 points
Package 5 points

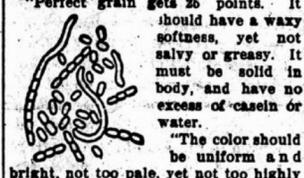
In explaining the scale she said:

"You will notice that flavor gets 45 points, being nearly half the 100 points. We want our butter to have a sweet flavor; that makes us want to eat butter and bread instead of bread and butter."

"Perfect grain gets 25 points. It should have a waxy softness, yet not salty or greasy. It must be solid in body, and have no excess of casein or water."

"The color should be uniform and bright, not too pale, yet not too highly colored, while the salt should be evenly distributed and thoroughly dissolved. The package should be neat and clean, using a good grade of paper for wrapping. As I said before, we should cater to the trade. If we are making for a certain market, make what that market demands. If making for special customers, endeavor to suit their tastes in every particular. This is important, for while one customer likes a full-flavored butter, another likes a mild one. One likes the butter pale; another highly colored; one likes very little salt; another quite a quantity. It is by catering to these likes and dislikes that our butter will be in demand, and we shall receive a good price for it."

The little cut shows the appearance of the bacteria—immensely magnified—which produce good flavor in high grade butter.



MILKING WITH WET HANDS.

It is a Practice Sanctioned by Long Usage, But It Should Be Discontinued.

In milking the hands do not need to be wet. The habit of wetting them should be abandoned, as it is practically impossible to keep the hands moist without using the foam on the milk as a source of moisture. The milk may imagine that by merely touching his fingers to the top of the foam no injury comes to the milk, but the habit had better be abandoned in the interest of cleanliness. We think however that some of our writers overdraw the matter when they talk of milkers dipping their fingers into the milk. The inference is that the fingers of the milkers reach the solid milk. The writer has never seen a case of this kind. According to the writers referred to, the milkers dip their fingers into the milk and convey to the teats of the cow so much of the milk that the latter drips from the teats into the pail and oozes out from between the fingers in milking. Who ever saw a case of this kind? But even at its best, the habit of moistening the teats with milk is not one that should be perpetuated. If the hands were to be moistened at all, pure water would have to be kept near for that purpose. This is impracticable. Therefore let us put aside the practice of moistening the teats at all and milk with dry hands.—Farmers' Review.

Prof. Trigg on Silo.

A progressive dairyman in Minnesota built a silo five years ago and was rated as half-draft by his old-fashioned neighbors. He filled his silo and fed his cows, and was thus able to so far distance these scoffing neighbors of his in the returns he received from the creamery, which they all patronized, that he can now count ten silos on the ten farms adjoining his. It has come to this that where land is worth \$80 to \$100 per acre, where corn is grown and stock is kept, the silo is just as absolutely indispensable in the economical administration of the farm as the malthspring is to a watch.

This Farmer Was Forgetful.

The Rice Rustler has the following: "A story is going the rounds regarding a farmer who is greatly troubled with absent-mindedness. On the way home from town, so the story goes the thought came to him that he had forgotten something. He took out his notebook, went over every item and checked it off. He saw that he had made all the purchases he had intended. But as he drove on he could not put the feeling aside. When he arrived home and drove up to the house his daughter came to meet him, and, with a look of surprise, asked: "Why, where is ma?"

Neat Packing Helps Sales.

Appearances count for much in marketing produce. Neatness plays no little part in selling the small things off of the farm. We have seen good butter, fruit and poultry go begging for customers, when placed on sale in a slipshod fashion alongside of an attractive package of the above-named produce. A little time spent in getting things in shape is time saved—not lost. The grocery man and merchant, in displaying goods for sale, recognize this principle in exhibiting their wares. Why should not the farmer profit by their experience?—Midland Farmer.

BUTTER THAT SELLS CHEAP

In Nine Cases Out of Ten It Is Made from Cream That Has Stood Too Long.

Men that use hand separators should see to it that the cream is taken to the creameries before it gets too old to be made into good butter. If they are in the habit of taking it to the creameries at all. Some that have been negligent in this matter have been in the habit of waiting two or three days over time and then hauling or sending their cream to the place where it is to be made up into butter. The creamery manager should never take this old cream, but many do it because they say they can sell all their butter at a top price anyway. The result is that this butter goes onto the general market and large quantities of such product are bought up by the cold storage men and put away to be used months after the time when it came into their hands. During this time the bad qualities of the old cream come to the surface, and when the butter is taken out of cold storage, it grades far below what it graded when it went in. Then the commission handlers of this product say that the deterioration is due to the fact that the butter was made from cream skimmed by a hand separator. A great and useful invention is thus blamed for something that would have happened just the same if the farmer had raised his cream by the gravity process. Only in that case the cream would have been made up into butter at home rather than been sent to the creamery and got into the hands of the wholesale handlers of butter. This matter of old cream is one of the chief causes of the farmer's wife getting only a two-thirds price for the butter she makes.—Farmers' Review.

FOOD AND SIZE OF COWS.

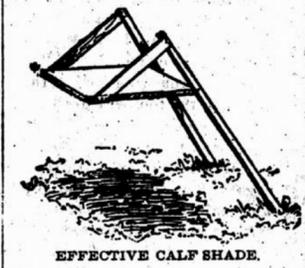
Some Valuable Thoughts on an Important Subject Furnished by a British Dairyman.

Good and persistent milking produces milkers and the development of milking qualities, whereas on the contrary if irregularity and neglect is practiced the talents which would develop with use will naturally disappear, even what there is. It is a great mistake to suppose that dairy cows all belong to one breed, says Robert Pettridge. They vary from the Small Kerry of Ireland, the Jersey and Guernsey of the Channel Islands, the hardy Ayrshire of Scotland, the dual-purpose Shorthorn and Devon of the west of England, to the Red Polled Norfolk of the east of England and others, all of which with selection and development produce magnificent dairy cows. It is the character of the food more than anything else that determines the size. As we know, in those districts which do not produce rich and abundant grasses you will not find large cows, and in those districts which do produce the necessary constituents for growth and milk producing, in a few years a small bred animal will become the parent of a large type, and with continuous milking will furnish many good milkers. Select and test your cows and use a bull from a family which has a milk record, and remember that your bull is half your herd.

CALVES MUST HAVE SHADE.

Where Trees Are Not Accessible a Shelter Like the One Here Described Should Be Erected.

It is all very well to tie a calf out of doors where he can have a bite of green grass, but a shady spot to lie down in is imperative. The sun beating down upon an unprotected calf greatly retards



EFFECTIVE CALF SHADE.

growth. If there is no natural shade at hand, use the device shown in the cut. Two stakes, driven on a slant, support a square frame of wood that is covered with burlap, or any cheap cloth. Tie the calf so he can just reach the shade, but cannot touch the rope about the stakes. The stakes can be shifted to new ground in a moment when it is necessary to move the calf.—Orange Judd Farmer.

The Scientific Milk Seller.

"That milk looks as if it were half water," protested the woman at the kitchen door. "It is much more than that, ma'am," replied the milkman, a college graduate in reduced circumstances. "I guarantee it to be 36 per cent. water, four per cent. butter-fat, three and one-half per cent. casein, and six and one-half per cent. sugar and various salts, the combination resulting in the liquid commonly known as milk. Chemical analysis of the same cheerfully furnished whenever desired. Good morning, ma'am."—Chicago Tribune.

Oleo Law Is Constitutional.

The United States supreme court has confirmed the decision of the lower courts declaring constitutional the national oleo law which taxes oleo colored like butter. The vote was decisive, being six to three. This puts an end to the long-drawn-out fight, and dairymen are to be congratulated. Oleo manufacturers have made every possible attempt to evade the law, carrying it from court to court, hoping to find some flaw. Farmers can now turn their attention to other needed national legislation.—Orange Judd Farmer.

A REASON FOR SICKNESS.

Healthy kidneys take from the blood every 24 hours 500 grains of impure, poisonous matter—more than enough to cause death. Weakened kidneys leave this waste in the blood, and you are doomed. To get well, cure the kidneys with Doan's Kidney Pills, the great kidney specific.

Mrs. J. H. Bowles of 118 Core Street, Durham, N. C., says: "I was sick and bedfast for over nine months, and the doctor who attended me said unless I submitted to an operation for gravel I would never be well. I would not consent to that and so continued to suffer. My back was so weak I could not stand or walk, and it ached constantly. The first day after I began using Doan's Kidney Pills I felt relief, and in a short time I was up and around the same as ever, free from backache."

A FREE TRIAL of this great kidney medicine which cured Mrs. Bowles will be mailed to any part of the United States. Address Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y. Sold by all dealers; price 50 cents per box.

PERSONAL ODDITIES.

Geronimo, the old Apache chief, stoutly insists that he never was captured by Gen. Miles.

Thomas F. McGarry, former mayor of Ionia, Mich., is now doing duty as a waiter in the penitentiary at Ionia.

Dr. J. J. Eisenhut, of Denver, aged 104, has about begun to live, being convinced that he will reach the age of 1,000.

W. J. H. Murat, a machinist, of Los Angeles, Cal., claims the throne of Naples as a direct descendant of Joachim Murat.

Chilkoot Jack, a stanch friend of the whites, has been elected chief of the Chilkat tribe of Indians in Alaska, to succeed Donowoka, the aged warrior, who died last March.

In the little village of Newbern, Va., lives Mrs. Rebecca Mayo, the last surviving widow of a soldier of the revolution. She married Stephen Mayo at the age of 77 when she was less than 20 years of age.

Martin T. Burke, of La Crosse, Wis., for many years a well-known business man of that city, and by marriage a cousin of Gen. Grant, is the only survivor of the few men who were associated with the great soldier-statesman in the famous old leather store in Galena.

In the class of 1878 at Yale were two bosom friends who have done more than any other persons to shape the political development and to advance the general welfare of Porto Rico and the Philippines. They are Gov. William H. Hunt, who is still in office, and Gov. William H. Taft, now secretary of war.

Judge C. W. Raymond, recently appointed chief justice of the United States court of appeals in Indian territory, was a factory hand in an interior town of Illinois 35 years ago. Joseph G. Cannon, now speaker of the house of representatives, became interested in the young man, induced him to study law, and has remained a helpful friend. Judge Raymond was appointed to the federal court at Muskogee by President McKinley in 1901.

Senator Stewart, of Nevada, enjoys the distinction of being the only man in the senate who has never been shaved. His beard began to grow when he was 15, and has been growing for sixty years.

TWO STEPS.

The Last One Helps the First.

A sick coffee drinker must take two steps to be rid of his troubles and get strong and well again.

The first is to cut off coffee absolutely.

That removes the destroying element. The next step is to take liquid food (and that is Postum Food Coffee) that has in it the elements nature requires to change the blood corpuscles from pale pink or white to rich red, and good red blood builds good strong and healthy cells in place of the broken down cells destroyed by coffee. With well-bolled Postum Food Coffee to shift to, both these steps are easy and pleasant. The experience of a Georgian proves how important both are.

"From 1873 to the year 1900 my wife and I had both been afflicted with sick or nervous headache and at times we suffered untold agony. We were coffee drinkers and did not know how to get away from it for the habit is hard to quit.

"But in 1900 I read of a case similar to ours where Postum Coffee was used in place of the old coffee and a complete cure resulted, so I concluded to get some and try it.

"The result was, after three days' use of Postum in place of the coffee I never had a symptom of the old trouble and in five months I had gained from 145 pounds to 163 pounds.

"My friends asked me almost daily what wrought the change. My answer always is, leaving off coffee and drinking Postum in its place.

"We have many friends who have been benefited by Postum.

"As to whether or not I have stated the facts truthfully I refer you to the Bank of Carrollton or any business firm in that city where I have lived for many years and am well known." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

"There's a reason."

Look in each pkg. for the famous little book, "The Road to Wellville."