

A Hunter's Bluff

By M. QUAD

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In the spring of the year 1868 a party of sporting hunters numbering thirty entered the elbow of Texas between New Mexico and the Indian territory.

While the Comanche Indians were bitterly hostile at that time they had been sadly reduced by smallpox and driven to the north, and old frontiersmen stated their belief that the party would not even see one.

I had been invited to make one of the party, but was detained for a couple of days. I then mounted my horse and picked up the trail and followed after, having no fear that I should run any danger in thus riding.

It had come noon of the second day, and I had met with no adventure. I had baited and watered my horse and was ready to move on, when I heard a "Yi, yi, yi!" on my right, and I turned around to see five Comanches coming out of the timber on their ponies. They were just half a mile away and had evidently discovered me.

When a man rides for his life the greatest fear is in overdoing the matter. I had been five years on the plains and had a pretty fair stock of nerve, and I rode to favor my horse.

As the sun began to sink in the west they sought to shorten the distance between us and bring me into rifle shot, but a word to the mustang checked them.

Had I been able to keep the trail after 3 o'clock I should have counted on finding the party by sundown, as we were getting over the ground at a rapid pace, but at about that hour I came to a rough, stony district, where the passage of the horses had left no trail, and I went ahead at random, planning to keep my distance from the river. It was to be a starlight night, and as soon as dusk came I urged my beast to a faster pace and bore more to the left. When I believed I had gained a quarter of a mile I swerved sharply to the right, rode for forty rods and then dismounted and gave Custer the word to lie down. We were both flat on the earth when the party of pursuers swept by, and the thud, thud, thud of their ponies' feet came very plainly to my ears.

I had a cold bite in my haversack, and after disposing of it stretched out and went to sleep, hoping I had given the red men the slip. I opened my eyes the next morning in astonishment. Seated in a circle about me were the five Comanches, while their ponies were feeding with my horse. I lay on my back with my hands clasped under my head, and such was my astonishment that I could not move. Fortunately for me they took this for nerve. I looked from man to man, and finally said in Comanche:

"Had I known you were Comanches I should not have run away. I thought you were Chickasaws on stolen horses. I shall be ready to go as soon as I have eaten. I want to see the Comanche country—the vast plains—the Canadian river—the mountains full of caves and waterfalls—your chief, Thunder Cloud."

One of them asked me if I belonged to the party ahead, and I told him no. He asked me how I dared start out alone for the Comanche country, and I told him that I had trapped the mountain lion and cut out and eaten his liver while still alive, and therefore feared nothing living. I could see that they were badly puzzled, and I increased their wonder by saying, as I finished my breakfast:

"Come. It is time to go. We have a long ride, and I am anxious to see your country."

When we set out, two in front and three behind, and no Indians were ever more puzzled. In later years I met one of them and he told me that their plan was to torture me as soon as I awoke. They were beat out of this by my queer remarks, intended just for that purpose. Several times during the day I expressed my impatience at our slow pace and asked them to get on faster, and when we went into camp I saw that I had them off their guard. After eating I sat apart from them to smoke and meditate and to give them an opportunity to compare notes. Just when the five got their heads together to discuss something they did not wish me to hear I arose and stepped backward out of the light of the fire, and I believe I was a hundred feet away when they missed me.

I heard them scatter and beat about, and while they were hunting for me I crawled along and got my gun. I crept away from the circle of the fire and then got the shelter of a tree. The Indians beat about for a good half hour, and then all came in, chagrined and disgraced. I lifted my gun and took fair aim at the leader. He went down as my rifle cracked and was followed by a second and a third before the surviving two could comprehend what was going on. Neither stopped for his gun.

I stood guard all night, and when morning came was satisfied that the two who had escaped had no idea of returning. After a scanty breakfast I caught up the six animals, packed up everything of value, and then I headed to the southeast for the river, and at 3 o'clock rode right into the camp of the party, which had settled down for sport and had given me no thought.

Next day a party of us rode over to give the bodies a more careful inspection, and we found on each one a silver government medal, given them during Lincoln's first term, as "good Indians."

Farm and Garden

PINE MICE, ORCHARD PESTS.

They Are True Rodents and Live Upon Seeds, Roots and Leaves.
[Prepared by the United States department of agriculture.]

Pine mice occur over the greater part of eastern United States from the Hudson river valley to eastern Kansas and Nebraska and from the great lakes to the gulf of Mexico. Inhabitants chiefly of forest regions, they are unknown on the open plains. Ordinarily they live in the woods, but are partial also to old pastures or lands not frequently cultivated. From woods, hedges and fence rows they spread into gardens, lawns and cultivated fields through their own underground tunnels or those of the garden mole. The tunnels made by pine mice can be distinguished from those made by moles only by their smaller diameter and the frequent holes that open to the surface.

While the mole feeds almost wholly upon insects and earthworms and seldom eats vegetable substances, pine



SMALL PINE TREE DESTROYED BY MICE.

mice are true rodents and live upon seeds, roots and leaves. Their harmful activities include the destruction of potatoes, sweet potatoes, ginseng roots, bulbs in lawns, shrubbery and trees. They destroy many fruit trees in upland orchards and nurseries. The mischief they do is not usually discovered until later, when harvest reveals the rifled potato hills or when leaves of plants or trees suddenly wither. In many instances the injury is wrongly attributed to moles, whose tunnels invade the place or extend from hill to hill of potatoes. The mole is seeking earthworms or white grubs that feed upon the tubers, but mice that follow in the runs eat the potatoes themselves.

Depredations by pine mice can be found only after digging about the tree and exposing the trunk below the surface. The roots of small trees are often entirely eaten off by pine mice, and pine trees as well as deciduous forest trees, when young, are frequently killed by these animals.

For destroying pine mice sweet potatoes as a bait have been found effective. They keep well in contact with soil except when there is danger of freezing, and are readily eaten by the mice. The baits should be prepared as follows:

Cut sweet potatoes into pieces about as large as good sized grapes. Place them in a metal pan or tub and wet them with water. Drain off the water and with a tin pepper box slowly sift over them powdered strychnine (alkaloid preferred), stirring constantly so that the poison is evenly distributed. An ounce of strychnine should poison a bushel of the cut bait.

The bait, whether of grain or pieces of potato, may be dropped into the pine mouse tunnels through the natural openings or through holes made with a piece of broom handle or other stick. Bird life will not be endangered by these baits.

POULTRY NOTES.

Better keep one good hen than three that you have your doubts about.

If meat scraps are fed to the poultry better see that they are not too old.

Ten drops of carbolic acid to a gallon of drink water makes a good disease preventive when cholera threatens.

Excited men and women make excited birds, and that has a bad effect on the egg producing mechanism of the birds.

Charcoal and grit should be kept where the fowls can have access to them at all times. They are a preventive as well as a cure for indigestion.

Dampness and contaminated ground are fruitful causes of poultry diseases. The quarters should be as dry as a chip and the ground in the runs perfectly pure.

A Philanthropist Spoiled

By SADIE OLCOTT

Miss Margaret Lawrence was an elderly maiden lady who, having plied for a mission, finally decided to take one upon herself. She selected the amelioration of the criminal classes. She visited them in prison, and many of them talked with her so persuasively about the unfortunate circumstances that had led them to become criminals that she came to believe they were all victims of their surroundings. This led her to advocate mercy toward them.

Miss Lawrence, who was wealthy, founded a society for helping criminals to lead a better life. Her society was really a corps of young women who were proud to be her assistants. They worked with her in the cause and though during a term of years they succeeded in lifting only a very few criminals up into a better sphere permanently, they persevered.

One of Miss Lawrence's objects was to induce persons against whom crimes had been committed to refrain from prosecution and to take the offender under their protection with a view to accomplishing his reformation. She found this a difficult matter. When one had been victimized by a confidence man he was usually bent rather on punishment than sympathy. When a woman lost her jewelry at the hands of a dishonest servant she considered it her duty to the state to prosecute the thief. Miss Lawrence spent much of her time in endeavoring to induce such persons to forego revenge and help bring about a new birth in those who had injured them.

Whenever Miss Lawrence saw an account in a newspaper of a theft or a robbery she would go or send one of her assistants to the injured person to induce him or her to be merciful. One day, hearing that an elderly butler had been caught purloining his employer's valuables she went to the jail, saw the thief, who had been arrested, and found him to be a man of fifty, of good appearance and, according to his account, the victim of unfortunate circumstances. His name was Homer Hawkins. When asked how he came by the name of Homer he said that his father had been a pedagogue and an admirer of the great poet. Homer Hawkins wept bitter tears over the condition in which he found himself and so worked on Miss Lawrence's feelings that she went to his late master, secured a promise that he would not prosecute the case and took Mr. Hawkins under her own especial care for the purpose of giving him an opportunity to show how cruel fate had been to him.

Hawkins was made major domo of Miss Lawrence's household. He seemed too respectable to be called butler or to perform the menial services of a butler. The truth is he did very little of anything, because Miss Lawrence had nothing for so respectable a person to do. He attended to the purchase of household supplies, and since his mistress paid cash for everything she bought her major domo was intrusted with the funds used for the purpose.

Never was a man more particular in rendering his accounts. If from the multitude of payments at any one time he was at a loss to account for a dime or a nickel he was so much troubled that his mistress sometimes expected that he would burst into tears. On such occasions she assured him that so trifling an amount was of no consequence, but in vain. He would mourn over the fact that after the unfortunate condition in which she had found him she would surely think him dishonest. He refused to be comforted.

One day Hawkins went out to do the morning's marketing. He did not return at the usual time and in the meanwhile a lady called on Miss Lawrence and she sought her kind offices in the matter of a criminal who had robbed her. The lady was willing to forgive the culprit, but asked Miss Lawrence to undertake his reform. The ladies' car was at the door, and she begged Miss Lawrence to go with her to a police station to see the prisoner. Miss Lawrence consented and on the way the lady told her that the criminal had called on one of her maids the evening before and had gone away with some valuable silver. He had been arrested in the morning.

When Miss Lawrence reached the jail, and the culprit was marched out of his cell the good lady was astonished. He was Homer Hawkins. His benefactress was at a loss what to do in the matter, but, turning to the lady who had suffered, was about to plead for the prisoner, when an inspector showed her a number of articles belonging to her that had been found in Hawkins' possession.

There was a difference in Miss Lawrence's neighbors losing valuables and losing them herself. She turned upon Hawkins, called him an ungrateful man, and then, after promising the inspector that she would appear against the prisoner, walked out of the office the picture of indignation.

This ended Miss Lawrence's individual work in the reformation of criminals. She disbanded her society, but in time joined one in which the work carried on was rather general than particular. Even this organized effort met with a very limited success.

Nevertheless Miss Lawrence found that while particular reformations were not achieved, the condition of the criminal classes was bettered by the efforts of the society.

FARM CO-OPERATION.

In Ohio in some of the wide awake counties farmers have united to retain, by law, officers whose business it is to spray all orchards every spring. This is wholly preventive. They spray when the trees are driest, and they never spray on a sunny, hot day with a liquid spray since it burns the plant to do so. This officer knows how and when to spray and which sprays are effective for each kind of insect. For instance, poisons which are effective for one sort of pest do not hurt stinging or boring or sucking insects. In this way a competent or expert man earns his salary and the farmer need not trouble his head with these details.

THE HESSIAN FLY.

Do Not Burn Wheat Stubble or Straw to Destroy It.

[Prepared by Kansas State Agricultural college.]

Don't burn your wheat stubble or straw stacks this summer for the purpose of destroying the Hessian fly. The burning of the stubble or wheat straw in the stacks not only fails to destroy the fly, but will lead to the destruction of organic matter and plant food.

The Hessian fly would not be eradicated by burning because the fly passes its resting stage in the summer not only in the straw and stubble above ground, but also in the crown of the plant, so low that it could not be destroyed by burning. The parasite which preys upon the Hessian fly passes the summer in the fly located in the straw and the stubble above the ground. If the wheatfields are burned the parasite preying on the fly will be killed.

There is no danger of increasing the injury from the Hessian fly by spreading straw as a top dressing upon the field. The top dressing of straw upon the field does not furnish winter protection to the fly. Wheat which has been infested with the jointworm and the greater wheat strawworm in large numbers should not be spread on the field. These insects make their presence known by the large number of white heads in the field. If there was a large number of white heads of wheat in your field do not spread straw on the field. This infested straw, however, may be used as a top dressing on corn ground if the straw be worked into the ground early in the spring.

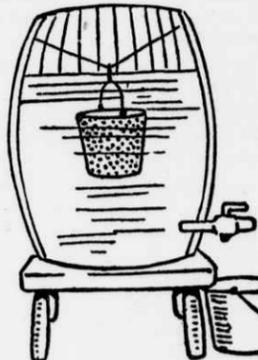
The best method of controlling the Hessian fly is to prevent the growth of volunteer wheat in summer and fall and to delay the seeding of the wheat until most of the flies have deposited their eggs. The best method of handling wheat ground is to disk the stubble as quickly as possible after harvest and to plow the ground deep after the volunteer wheat starts.

Liquid Manure.

Liquid manure is a stimulant and not a substitute for manure of a more solid character. It is taken up by straw or other bedding material.

Solid manure on heavy soils should be applied liberally in the autumn and turned under. Liquid manure is beneficial when applied while the plants are making growth or in early stages of flowering or fruiting. Flowering plants receive the greatest benefit from liquid manure before the buds show color, vegetables when about half grown, foliage plants when new growth has become well advanced and fruit trees when the fruit is half developed. Plants that are to receive treatment with liquid manure should first receive an application of pure water.

Liquid manure is prepared from the excrement of horses, cows, sheep, pigeons or chickens or from commercial fertilizers. The first two are generally used. For use in the garden a supply



of this useful liquid can be had by arranging a barrel as shown in the illustration.

The barrel is placed on a platform or table high enough to permit a pail or watering can to be set under the spigot. A metal pail is pierced on the side and bottom, and the fertilizer placed in the pail, which is suspended in the barrel with rope or wire, and the barrel is then filled with water. A bag can be used in place of the pail and will permit of stirring somewhat by turning the bag and raising and lowering it until the water has extracted the fertilizer material, when it will be ready for use, first diluting the liquid with water until it is of the color of weak tea. Chicken and pigeon manure is very strong, and only a peck should be used to thirty-two gallons of water.

Always apply liquid manure directly to the roots of the plants, being careful not to wet the foliage or flowers. Pot plants should not be treated often than once a week.

An Incident of the Boxer Movement In China

By JOHN Y. LARNED

Some years ago Hugh Worthington, a young man of fortune, desiring to enter the field of diplomacy, secured an appointment in the service of the United States government at Peking. Worthington was more interested in seeing the country than in his official duties, which were nominal, and he traveled over such parts of China as were open to foreigners. One day he fell in with a mandarin who had been a good deal in England and spoke the language. The mandarin traveled in style, being carried in a chair, common in Europe until near the beginning of the nineteenth century, by two men and attended by several other servants.

Worthington, who traveled on horseback, on joining the mandarin rode beside the chair, chatting with him. The American knew enough of China to understand that it was infested with robbers and was armed to the teeth. The mandarin was an elderly person, unused to arms, but his servants were prepared to defend him. They were armed with pikes, short swords and other weapons, which Worthington considered next to useless in a fight with an enemy properly accoutered.

Suddenly while passing through a narrow cut in the road the party was attacked by a dozen men bent on robbery. They were not much better armed than the mandarin's servants, but they outnumbered the latter, who immediately took to flight, leaving their master in the hands of the enemy.

Worthington drew a revolver from under his coat at each hip and began a fusillade that put the robbers to flight. Upon this the servants returned and humbly begged the master's forgiveness for having deserted him. He was profuse in his thanks to the American, who had not only saved a considerable amount of money for the Chinaman, but his life as well. He begged Worthington to name some favor that he could do him, but the latter said that he wanted for nothing in the world. Then the mandarin took up a bamboo umbrella and opened it. Calling for a writing stick, he wrote on it something as unintelligible to his preserver as the receipt of a Chinese laundryman in America. Handing it to Worthington, he said in a voice so low as not to be heard by his servants:

"A time is coming when there will be a movement on the part of our ignorant and superstitious people to rid China of all foreigners. Keep this umbrella and if attacked open it in the face of your would be murderer."

Worthington paid no attention to the man's warning. Every one knew that foreigners were hated by the Chinese, and there had always been talk about the latter being massacred. The American was young, and the young take little thought of danger. But he was too polite not to assure the mandarin that he would keep his gift as a remembrance of him and the episode.

An American named Preston lived in Peking, who operated a banking house which was a branch of one in New York. Worthington spent a good deal of time at his house, attracted by the banker's daughter, Emma Preston. When the Boxer trouble broke out a month after the foregoing episode Worthington was at Preston's house. It was without the regions of the embassies and entirely unprotected. Worthington on the first sign of danger returned to the embassy for leave to absent himself for the protection of the family in which he was interested. Having attained it, he was about to start back when he noticed the umbrella given him by the mandarin. The day was very hot and it occurred to him to take it for protection against the sun's rays. As to the words spoken concerning it if attacked by an enemy, he had forgotten them, but he did not forget to take with him a couple of revolvers and a supply of cartridges.

As Worthington approached the Preston home he noticed knots of Chinamen talking together excitedly. Some of them scowled at him, but since they had as much dread as hatred of a "foreign devil," they did not attack him. He reached the Preston home safely, but found the family in great trepidation, expecting that at any time a mob would attack and murder them.

The anticipated trouble occurred the next day. The banker's residence was well known, and a crowd of Chinamen armed with all sorts of implements from a scythe to a razor came down for murder. Worthington knew that, though armed, he could not withstand so large a force; nevertheless he stationed himself at a window over the front door, ready to use up his cartridges.

The bowling mass came, stopped before the house and were about to make an onslaught upon it when suddenly all their eyes were cast to a window directly beneath the one Worthington occupied. Then every weapon was lowered, every knife was sheathed and the Chinamen moved on.

Worthington was at a loss to account for this sudden change, but it was soon explained to him. One of the family had caught up his umbrella, as a drowning person will catch at a straw, opened it and held it at a window on the ground floor as a protection against stones that were being thrown in. On it was a message signed by a man to whom the Boxers looked as a commander:

Respect this man and his family and his property.

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Lloyd Turner and Herman Funke were among the Cottonwood citizens who attended the Winchester celebration Monday.

M. T. Farris was in town yesterday from Winona and took out a load of binder twine for use in harvesting his crop.

John Meyer and family autoed to Winchester and return Monday and incidentally took in part of the celebration in that city.

Please return empty beer kegs at your earliest convenience and get in return a full one. Patronize home industry. The Idaho Brewery.

Mrs. Shinnick was a Grangeville visitor Tuesday.

Bill Schober and Ira Robertson went to Kamiah Saturday where the former played on the Nez-perce ball team.

Joe Coyne, the Grangeville cigar maker, is in town today looking up business among our smoke merchants.

Another nice rain fell yesterday which was welcomed by the fields of spring grain and the gardens but was not entirely appreciated by the farmers who have hay lying in the fields.

C. B. Fetters returned recently from his trip to south Idaho and states that Amos Fogerson secured a nice claim in Squaw Valley, beyond Council, and will move down there later to reside. Carl also has his eye on a nice deeded tract there which he may later secure.

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