

A MEDIAEVAL STRUGGLE

That Took Place In The Twentieth Century.

By F. A. MITCHEL. Copyright, 1910, by American Press Association.

The Loutons of St. Louis during the winter of 19-- after a summer spent in Switzerland, took a palace in Florence. That took this suddenly pick up a palace, that they could afford to hire a palace, is not so startling as might at first appear. Time was when all fine houses in Europe were called palaces. Nevertheless the palace occupied by the Loutons had been during the middle ages the abode of one of those princes among whom Italy was then divided. It stands on one of the many vias, or streets, of Florence, not far from the cathedral called the Duomo. In Florence are various collections of mediaeval weapons, and on the ground floor of the Palazzo V. occupied by the Loutons is a room full of hunderbusses, swords, crossbows, pikes, shields, battleaxes and parts of armor.

The Loutons being wealthy and Jeannette Louton being but twenty years old and pretty, there sprang up at once among certain Italian gentlemen with a great deal of rank and a correspondingly small amount of money a spirited contest for her hand. Among these were Prince Visconti and Strozz, whose families had struggled with each other several centuries ago. Visconti was forty, tall, thin, bald and wore glasses, being very nearsighted. Strozz was thirty-two, short, fat, high shouldered and wore his hair pompadour and his mustaches turned up at their waxed points in a Mephistopheles.

The two princes vied with each other in recounting to her the glorious deeds of their respective ancestors. True, they made no mention of the various instances in which they had resorted to hired assassination. But what they failed to give Jeannette read in history and learned of the cowardly as well as brave deeds of those warlike people. Gradually she came under the influence of mediaeval

times. She wished she might hear the bell clang in the campanile, calling the citizens of Florence into the Piazza Senora for one of those free fights that in bygone days had strewn the pavement with corpses. If she saw a crowd gathered about a fallen horse her fancy pictured a Visconti and a Strozz had met and fought.

Months passed without either of the two suitors gaining any advantage over the other. Meanwhile each had made inquiries through his bankers of the financial standing in America of John Louton, and the report came back Al. When the meaning of this was explained to them their love waxed exceedingly strong. Consequently their rivalry grew hot and their hatred of each other even hotter.

There are people who do queer things, whose motive is unintelligible to any one else, and often they are ignorant of it themselves. On the one hand, Jeannette Louton had come under the influence of fourteenth century Florentine life; on the other, she was American through and through. There was a bit of spice in her make-up. Her Italian suitors were so wrapped up in the importance of that past from which they derived their own importance, that when some unknown thought concerning it came to them from Jeannette they did not dream that it could be interpreted save with profound respect for the Viscontis or the Strozzis of old.

In Jeannette there must have been a mingling of currents, on the one hand the mediaeval stream, on the other that up to date American stream so unintelligible to Europeans. At any rate, she went back into mediaevalism in a remarkable fashion and returned to the twentieth century very much alarmed. The fends of the Guelphs and the Ghibellines were renewed in the banks of the Arno or in the Boboli gardens they would glare at each other and give a hereditary twitch of the right arm that came from those who, thus meeting centuries before, seized the hilts of their swords.

One morning each received a note from Jeannette Louton inviting him to call at 3 o'clock in the afternoon of a certain day. At the appointed hour Visconti appeared, and Strozz was admitted a few minutes later. They were received in the cabinet of arms. Each started as he saw the other, glared and awaited developments.

propose for my hand. From both I have listened to accounts of the prowess of your ancestors. You have transported me to those romantic times and kept me there till I almost feel that I am a part of them. As I understand it, the families you represent took an equally important part in Italian history. You are both fine representatives of a splendid race. Few women have been honored by a choice between two such offers. Can you blame me for not being able to choose between the two? I must ask you to decide which shall defer to the other. I will leave you in this room and ask you, when you have decided, to let me know."

She went out of the cabinet and shut the door. For a few minutes there were low voices, gradually rising till they rang out in trumpet tones. Meanwhile Ned Sackett, a young St. Louisian, who had been courting Jeannette for several years, fearing that among the princes and dukes abroad she might slip away from him, had decided to follow her, arriving in Florence on the very day the young lady had suggested to the two princes to settle between themselves which should give way to the other.

The same afternoon he sauntered up to the Palazzo V. He was admitted to a surprise. The door to the cabinet of arms was open, and two men were fighting with swords as long as the antagonists themselves, while Jeannette was making frantic efforts to induce them to desist. The two princes had come from words to blows, and each had caught up a weapon. Prince Visconti, having been hurt in the head, seized a helmet and put it on. Prince Strozz, seeing a piece of armor of the thirteenth century, in order to get even with his enemy caught it up and got it partly on his thorax. Visconti picked up a shield used in the crusades, Strozz defending himself with an andiron 700 years old, but Sackett entered he dropped it and replaced it with an immense iron punch bowl that had belonged to a Visconti.

To add to the terror of the scene, Visconti's face was bloody and Strozz limped from a wound in the leg. Visconti holding the longer sword, his enemy dropped his own and grabbed a pike. This gave him such an advantage that he enabled him to drive his enemy into a corner. But near Visconti in a rack was a gun with a barrel nearly as long as the pike. Seizing it and deriving an advantage owing to his own superior length, he began to poke his adversary with it on something like equal terms. In this way the cornered man gradually forced his adversary to the middle of the room.

These changes in the situation required but very little time. It required more time by far for Sackett to recover from his astonishment at this mediaeval struggle in the opening of the twentieth century. He didn't know whether to be the more amused or astonished. The scene may have been absurd, but there was no time for laughter. Jeannette gave Sackett an imploring look. Seizing a battleaxe, he ran up to the combatants and began to beat down their weapons. He was not so furious as they, and his absence of anger gave him a decided advantage. Finally he secured a position between the two.

"Gentlemen," he said, "what means this unseemly row in the home of a lady?" "They don't understand English," said Jeannette. In a word she explained the situation. Sackett understood no Italian, but he knew the pantomime. Putting his left arm about Jeannette, he waved his right in the air, while a sublime look rested on his face, as much as to say: "I am the victor in this case. The lady falls to me."

Jeannette, fearful that if she denied his right to her the two princes would renew the fray and kill each other, denied nothing. Indeed, she clung to the party of the third part as her only refuge. "Sonorina," said Visconti, "do we understand that this gentleman is your betrothed?" "This being in Italian, Sackett did not understand a word of it, and the lady was free to say what she liked. "I have loved him since I was a little girl," she declared.

"Then, sonorina," interposed Strozz, "new frisk what is the use of this combat?" "No use whatever, I assure you." Both men had words of reproach on their lips; but, to do them justice, they were too gallant to speak them. They threw down their weapons, threw off their accoutrements and making a bow to the lady, in which they nearly bumped their heads against the floor, turned and marched out with all the precision, stiffness and seriousness one sees in the portraits of their ancestors in the Petti gallery.

Ned Sackett asked Jeannette what had passed between her and her suitors after he had separated them. She said she had told them that Ned was her brother and would kill both of them unless they kept the peace. Sackett took her back with him as his wife all the same.

A Royal Exile's Reception. In the memoirs of Princess Murat there is an indignant description of the reception accorded Napoleon III. in England in 1871: "When the emperor went to Windsor by the queen's invitation, accompanied by the Duc de Bassano and the officers of his suite, he found that only a small pony carriage had been sent to meet him—all that was thought necessary for a fallen sovereign. The empress was loud in expressing her outraged feelings. Lord Granville and Mr. Gladstone were, I know, horrified when they heard of the blunder. I think that an apology was sent to his majesty, blaming some official of the court for the tactless incivility."

Feeding Bundle Corn an Economical Plan.

Utilizes Every Particle of Value in the Product.

The general scarcity of hay, and the high price of other feeds, combined with the fact that the backwardness of the corn crop indicates that much of it must in any event be stored at a stage somewhat short of full maturity, would seem to clothe the coming winter with conditions provocative of a general feeding of bundle corn in fattening beeves for the market. The practical experience of stockmen who have tried this method of feeding—notably that of Mr. W. F. Hubbard, of Warsaw, Minn., related in the Minnesota Farmer's Institute, Annual for 1908, and quoted by Professor A. D. Wilson, in an address before the Minnesota Conservation congress last March—would seem to point to bundle feeding as the plan best adapted to the utilization of every particle of value in the corn, as well as the plan most economical in the handling of the crop in feeding fattening cattle.

It does away with all expenditure for labor in husking, and in stacking the cornstalks in field or barn. The corn is fed in bundles direct from shock to feed-truck, thus requiring only a single handling after it has been placed in the shock. Mr. Hubbard cuts his corn as soon as most of the ears are denting, and sets it up in tightly-compressed shocks, thirty to thirty-five bundles in each. It is declared that where does corn keep so well as in such a shock.

By Mr. Hubbard's plan steers are bought, for fattening, a little more than a year before they are to go into the feed-lot. They are carried through the first winter by allowing them to clean up the stalks left by the feeding steers preceding them, with an additional ration of from three pints to three quarts of shelled corn per day, or its equivalent in bundle corn.

The drainage, it has been conclusively shown by engineers and by the experience of farmers, makes the wet soil several degrees warmer in spring. Such is the experience at the Minnesota Experiment Station. R. M. Doherty, of the North Dakota Experiment Station, says that it effectively lengthens the growing season and assures a crop of corn, and similar crops, in Northern latitudes.

MORE BUSHELS; LESS ACRE-AGE.

Better Tillage and Rotation of Crops Will Increase Yield.

England's average of over thirty-two bushels of wheat per acre, and Germany's average of 21.1 bushels per acre, compared with America's average of fourteen bushels per acre, should suggest to Northwestern farmers something of the possible achievements within their reach by the use of better and carefully bred and selected seed, and by attention to proper cultivation, fertilization of the soil and rotation of crops. It is a "condition," not a "theory," that confronts farmers. More bushels from less acres than at present must be the aim, and the Minnesota Agricultural Extension Division is endeavoring to awaken them to the importance of attempting to farm no more land than they can handle well.

The division believes that with better tillage and a judicious rotation of crops, together with an equipment of live stock to supply fertilizer, the output of Northwestern farmers can be increased, and the fertility of the soil is the aim to keep on the safe side, and never over-ferd.

Concerning the value of bundle corn, Mr. Hubbard expresses himself as follows: "I consider it by far the best and cheapest feed known, possibly excepting ensilage, with which I have had no experience. I know nothing about chemical analysis, but I do know that bundle corn seems to furnish a complete and perfect ration from start to finish. Steers never tire of it, nor seem to prefer a single bite of any other feed. With it, my cattle always put on a finish that lands them near the top of the market. Grain, cob, husk, fodder and all are eaten together. The grain is all bolted and chewed over in the cud, which makes digestion so complete that there is no danger that a hog will get over-fat following a steer. I never had a case of scours, nor a steer seriously over-fat."

Thirty-eight acres of corn, ordinary in quantity and quality, in 1907, did this for Mr. Hubbard: It full-fed, until May 12, twenty-three steers, for the feed and labor expended on which he received \$1,150. It full-fed for the same period, three cows, at a profit of \$55, and their milk up to the day they were shipped. It furnished all the rough feed, except five loads of barley straw, for twenty-seven head of two-year-old steers. It furnished most of the feed for twenty-four good sized sows, which followed the steers and came out in the pink of condition. It furnished all the feed for 100 hens, which stole their living and kept as fat as cubs. The steers sold straight, in South St. Paul, within 10 cents per hundred weight of the top of the market for the season, having been fed nothing but bundle corn. From Oct. 1 to May 1 Mr. Hubbard did all his work alone, except hauling manure and straw, for which he paid \$13.50.

Best Substitute for Hay. Cornstalks are the best substitute for hay, and the Minnesota Experiment Station urges farmers to take extraordinary pains to preserve their cornstalks, this fall, for winter rough-ages.

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ANALYSIS OF SOILS.

Method of Making Selections for a Proper Test.

The Minnesota Experiment Station will analyze soils for the farmers when it is selected as follows: If the soil to be analyzed is sod, remove a sod about a foot square, shake the dirt back into the hole, and take out all the surface soil to the depth of nine inches, but if the surface soil is not nine inches deep take it out to the bottom of the plow line, or to where such soil begins. Thoroughly mix the soil, and put about two pounds in a tight bag. Label it "surface soil."

Then, after removing all the surface soil from the hole, take a sample of the subsoil to a depth of nine inches. If the surface soil is several feet deep, the subsoil may be taken at the depth of from nine to eighteen inches. Thoroughly mix the subsoil, and place in a tight bag, labelled "subsoil."

Take three soils from three places at least one hundred feet apart. If the land is hilly and broken, select five places a similar distance from each other and place in bags as above directed. Take samples in the same manner from other parts of the field.

Place all surface soil samples in one larger bag, labelled "surface soil," and all subsoil bags in a larger bag, labelled "subsoil." The total weight of each bag should be about ten pounds.

Put the two large bags in a box, or strong bag, and ship, freight prepaid, to Division of Soils, Experiment Station, Minnesota Transfer, St. Anthony Park, Minnesota.

Further directions, for record purposes, will be furnished free on application to the Division, and they should be in the hands of the farmer before he takes his samples from the ground.

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HOW IT WAS DONE

A Story of the Safe Removal of Gold Dust.

By WINFIELD R. GARRISON. Copyright, 1910, by American Press Association.

Having been sent out to examine and report on some new gold mines that had been discovered in the west, I went as far as I could by rail, then took a stage to Pankerville, a little town from which I must proceed on horse or mule back. I reached Pankerville in the evening and the next morning, hiring a horse, started to follow a stony road up to the mines.

I had been climbing—or rather my horse had—for a couple of hours when I met a young man descending with a load of wood, drawn by a pair of oxen. He was cracking a large whip about the steers' heads, shouting gee and haw, with sufficient persistency to drive a human animal crazy. But the brutes either had no nerves or, if they had, kept them under control, wending their way downward without the slightest change of gait.

"Mornin', stranger," said the man, looking up at me through a pair of handsome brown eyes that were hard.

"The road agents now all being disposed of, I descended. The woman had found in her husband's arms. The wood was scattered on the road beside the cart. The dumb brutes were standing patiently waiting for the crack of the whip to move on. Hearing steps above him, the woodman looked up and saw me descending. At that moment his wife regained consciousness, and by the time I joined them both had recovered something of their equanimity.

Talk of gratitude! There was gratitude enough in that young woman's eyes to thank an army for the relief of a beleaguered city.

"I thought you had deserted us," she said.

"If I had come on you would both have been dead by this time and I as well probably."

"That's true," said the man. "We're only here by a miracle."

As soon as the man had recovered from the shock the man began to replace the wood on his cart. I turned in and helped him. As soon as we had finished the job and the couple were ready to proceed on their journey he said to me:

"I don't think we'll have any more trouble, but I don't know."

"If you're not certain I shall go back with you. I don't like leaving a man and I won't leave a woman in danger."

The wife gave me a look that settled me. I turned back with them, intending to take a fresh start the next day.

"Now, if you don't mind," I said, "I would like an explanation as to why the robbers suspected you of carrying gold or of knowing who was carrying it."

"It is better," said the man, "that you shouldn't know till we're out of danger. Not knowing, no one can force you to tell. What till we get to Pankerville, then I'll tell you all about it."

To this I assented, and we continued our journey to within a few miles of the town, when, unable to keep the slow pace of the oxen, I showed signs of impatience.

"If you don't mind," said the woodman, who since the fracas had dropped his lingo, "you might ride ahead and send out a wagon."

I did so after having accepted an invitation from the man to call that evening at his house.

When I stood before the door of his dwelling I looked upon the best house in the town. I found the woodman dressed like a gentleman and his wife dressed like a lady.

"Permit me to introduce myself," he said, "as the owner of a newly discovered mine up in the canyon. Last night I got wind of a proposed attack by road agents to carry off our stock of accumulated ore. We are defenseless up there, and I determined to bring it down here, my wife, who was with me, agreeing to act as velleite. Had we not met you?"

"Fardon me. I think I have curbed my curiosity sufficiently as to where this gold dust was. Will you kindly tell me in what shape you have brought it?"

"I will show you."

Going out of the room, he returned with a log of wood and with his knife prised up a small part of the bark. Having exposed the wood under it, he loosened a round wooden plug that stopped a hole and removed it. Then from the hole he poured into his hand a small quantity of gold dust.

"That will do," I said. "I understand perfectly."

The next day I renewed my journey to the mines, made my examination and returned.

Curious Bibles. Among the curious Bibles is the "Persecuting Printer's Bible, containing the phrase, 'Printers have persecuted me without cause' (Psalm cxix. 161). The substitution of the word 'printers' for 'princes' is responsible for the giving of this name to this Bible. All we know of this edition is stated by Stevens in his catalogue of the Caxton exhibition of Bibles. This authority tells us that these words were put into a Bible printed before 1702.

enter. Taking a position above him, he called on the woodman to stop. The latter halted his oxen and sat down on a bowlder beside the road. His wife walked nervously about. Within ten minutes the other two men came down, and all three moved on the woodcutter.

I had a short rifle slung to my saddle and a revolver at each hip. I resolved to keep the men covered and if I saw any attempt to kill would be in a position to render assistance. The woman kept looking up my way, as if she wished I would join them. I feared she would call their attention to me, but fortunately she failed to do so.

The men made a search of the load on the cart, throwing off every stick of wood and ripping up the floor. But not a sack of dust was to be found. They withdrew for consultation, then returned, and one of the men put a revolver to the head of the woodman, and I could hear him threaten to shoot him if he didn't tell where the dust was. Suddenly the woman drew a revolver and shot the robber dead. Each of the other two men drew their weapons to finish the woodman and his wife.

I now thought it high time to interfere. I fired at one of the men and dropped him. This startled his companion, who looked about wildly for the unseen enemy. While he was doing so the woodcutter, whom the robbers had not disarmed, put a bullet in his brain.

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In which occurs the expression "Whoso hath ears to ear, let him hear" (Matthew xli. 43). This adaptation to cockney usage is found in an octavo Bible published by the Oxford Press in 1810.

Winning Bath Ways. The Zulu young lady, when suitors are not forthcoming, takes the matter in hand herself. She leaves home, takes a discreet friend of her own sex and presents herself at the home of her favored swain. If he regards her with satisfaction his parents receive her as his future bride. Should he, however, be unwilling to accept her, he makes her a handsome present instead.

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If you intend building bring your lumber bill to our WILLMAR office and get our prices for lumber from our PRIAM lumber yard. We will save you money on a small bill as well as on a larger bill.

NEW LONDON MILLING CO.

A Bold Suitor

By KATE ELDRIDGE. Copyright, 1910, by American Press Association.

In Switzerland there is a little body of water called Thunder lake, and in a little town at one end, called Thunder, there is a Thunder hotel. There is also in this modest city with so terrible a name a kursal (casino), where an orchestra discourses in the afternoon, to which people listen and drink beer.

One afternoon Herr Streitz, his wife and daughter Lena, the last named aged twenty, were seated at a table in the kursal. Papa Streitz smacking his pipe, Mamma Streitz munching crackers and Swiss cheese, while Lena Streitz was sipping an apple with a spoon.

At another table sat a young gentleman tapping his boot with a cane, while on the table beside him was a half emptied glass of Munich beer. He was looking at Frau Lena very hard, and Lena was conscious that she had excited the young man's attention. Presently he arose, went to the table where the Streitzes sat, made a profound bow with his hat under his arm and addressed Herr Streitz:

"Herr, I dare say that I shall surprise you. I have a confession to make. I have several times seen you here with your family. I have conceived a passion for the young lady and beg your permission to pay my addresses to her. I am aware that such a request may seem remarkable, but I am ready to convince you that I bear a good reputation, that I am of an excellent family and abundantly able to support a wife. Here is my card."

He produced a pasteboard on which was engraved the name, "Alphonse de la Tour, Dijon, France."

Herr Streitz puffed, fumed and scowled. Frau Streitz looked non-committal, while Frau Lena looked very much pleased. The father was about to make an angry reply when the mother forestalled him by saying:

"Believe me, sir, we are not at all offended that you should have given way to a natural impulse. We shall at least accord what is due you by permitting you to produce your credentials."

"That is all I ask, madame. I may have to put you to some trouble, for a De la Tour could not ask any one to vouch for him. Besides it would be easy for an imposter to furnish fraudulent credentials. Nothing will satisfy me but your going to my home in Dijon, visiting my ancestral estate, making the acquaintance of my parents, by brothers and sisters, and thus satisfying yourselves that I am what I pretend to be."

"That would be incontestable proof," said the lady. "Will you join our party, M. de la Tour?"

The young man sat down. Papa Streitz maintained a stubborn silence. Lena, of course, could say not a word, while Frau Streitz took the burden of entertaining the stranger upon her own shoulders. The four sat together for an hour, at the end of which time M. de la Tour received an invitation to call.

A few days later Frau and Frau Lena Streitz took the train for Dijon. At the railway station M. de la Tour came up to them, bearing a bouquet of flowers, which, with a look of intense devotion, he handed to Lena.

"It is for you," he said, "to satisfy yourselves. Here are your tickets—first class, including a return."

Frau Streitz accepted the tickets without a qualm, while Lena blushed and exclaimed:

"Oh, mamma!"

M. de la Tour gave the young lady

a glance of mingled reproof and tenderness. His last words were to her: "I beg you to give the flowers to my dear mother, who, with others of our family, will meet you at the station."

The journey was not interrupted except for half an hour on the border between Switzerland and France, where the train stopped for the custom examinations. The fraulein opened to them her belongings and permitted an inspector to get a whiff of the perfume of her flowers. When the ordeal was over the train went on.

At Dijon a young man on the watch for them announced himself as Gaston de la Tour and introduced a white haired lady as his mother. Lena at once handed her the bouquet.

"This way to the carriage," said M. Gaston, and the frau and the fraulein were hurried out of the station, put in a cab and driven away.

"That was the last they ever saw of any of the De la Tours. They returned the next day to the unsympathetic husband and father.

"Well," said Papa Streitz, "what did you discover?"

Lena put her handkerchief to her eyes, and her mother made no reply. Her brow was very dark. After a while she gave her experience to her husband, ending as follows:

"The driver drove us some distance and stopped before a large dwelling house. Wondering why these people had left us, we went to the front door and knocked. A maid came to the door, and when we asked if the De la Tours lived there she said 'No' and shut the door in our faces."

What was the object of this misleading these good people was not for a