

USEFUL WAR RELIC

By SELINA ELIZABETH HIGGINS.

When Pietro Sanchez returned from putting down the insurrection in Modiva, he brought to his home town of Piasta but one trophy of the war—a large brass cannon.

Pietro was an honest, sturdy blacksmith. He had fought just as he set fires on the wagon wheels or shot a horse—his whole soul in the task. He had been the leader of the company which drove the marauding gang of Rivolla, the bandit, out of the district. Who had a better right to adopt the great field piece as a souvenir of those troublesome battle days?

The blacksmith shop was located on the topmost bluff overlooking the broad Rio Brazos, commanding the valley for miles. Just at its edge Pietro had set the cannon.

"It is a memento, a monument and a trade sign," said Pietro. "There it shall remain as a record, reminder and sign manual of the trade of the anvil."

"But, neighbor," spoke a fear-minded nervous old man, "these are days of peace. Why remind of war?"

"It shall not be moved," persisted Pietro stubbornly. "Who can say what may come?"

There came new disturbances as the year passed by, but these were centered in a distant province. Pietro looked grim and thoughtful as he heard of new depredations of the Rivolla banditti. Alry, fairly Nines, full of all the joyous hopefulness of youth, only smiled on. She was light-hearted and happy. Had she not



Each Night Some One Had Watched.

Luis Guarez, the handsomest gallant at Piasta? His stalwart arm, his loyal heart would spring to action in response to any patriotic call. As to Rivolla, some day the gibbet. Yet she recalled the dark, perfidious face of the cruel outlaw with a shudder.

For the family of Pietro had known Rivolla in the past. Two years before he had lived at Piasta for a time. He had appeared as a suitor for Nines. Sternly old Sanchez had ordered him away from the threshold, learning of his cruel and cowardly past. And Nines had felt relieved when the fierce visaged bandit had departed from the village.

Then there had come a misadventure for the little Mexican maid. It was from the renegade Rivolla, now devastating a peaceful district, driving off cattle, burning peaceful homes, blotting out the lives of worthy patriots in cold, murderous riot and hate.

"Have a care!" the words of the message ran. "I have sworn to make you mine, and Rivolla never fails in his purpose."

It was of this that Nines and Luis were speaking one moonlit night. They had strolled along the bluff, where the clear cool air was like balm. The river flowed by, a sparkling sheet of silvery sheen. The air was heavy with perfume of flowers. The pair had seated themselves on a bench that ran beside the old field piece.

"Another month, mio Nines," spoke the young man fervently, "and you will be mine. Then adios! to all your needless fears of this terrible Rivolla."

"You do not know his treacherous nature," fluttered Nines, shrinking closer to her manly escort as though from a sense of protection. "My father tells me he has broken loose again with his wicked horde. They have ravaged one province. They have sent a demand to the governor of Mitall demanding large bribe money, else they will visit his people next. He has refused. When they march thither, my father says a slight detour from the trail would bring them near to Piasta. It is like Rivolla's evil nature to make a raid upon this peaceful town out of sheer revenge."

"Rivolla is a braggart and a coward!" declared Luis. "It was in the last campaign that he threatened our little army so direfully, only to run and hide when we advanced upon his stronghold."

Nines smiled and forgot her fears as they strolled homewards. Luis was so brave, so proud of his clear

family name and of herself! He did not tell Nines as he bade her good-night, but he knew there was some foundation for her words.

Others as well were in the secret, but were not spreading it to alarm the quiet town.

Thus, it was known to many of the old guard that Rivolla was once again on a raid. If his band was of any numerical strength he might invade Modiva. Otherwise, he would scarcely venture. Each night for a week some one of the old war company had watched the river and its opposite shore. It was from that direction Rivolla would come, if at all.

After leaving Nines, her lover returned to the bluff. It was his night for patrol duty. For a long time he sat by the side of the cannon, his mind going over the blissful hour he had spent that evening with his fair innamorata.

His cloak wrapped about him to guard himself from the usual mid-night chill sweeping down the valleys, Luis suddenly aroused, as chancing to glance across the broad stream he saw a faint blue glimmer of blue light.

It changed to red, to amber, back to blue, and then three miles nearer to the point, directly opposite the town, there were responding signals. Familiar with the tactics of the outlaws Luis in an instant understood that peril hovered.

Without disturbing or alarming any other member of the family, he aroused Sanchez. A grim smile crossed the face of the smith as he listened. His clear eye glowed with the coherent resolve of a resolute and intelligent man as he gave his directions. Luis was to carry these out.

"Mount your swift horse," directed Pietro, "arouse the gunsmith and send him to me at once. Then make for the ford and reach Modiva. Tell the mayor there to rouse up the old guard and hurry to surround Rivolla and his crew."

"But if they cross the river before then?" submitted Luis quite anxiously. "They will not cross the river," declared Pietro with a grim, determined flash of his lion eyes.

At daylight over one hundred grim-visaged, determined men were gathered on the bluff where the historic field piece stood. The mists slowly lifting showed the camp of the outlaws on the opposite bank of the river. They had employed the night in scouring the shore up and down stream for every stray raft, yawl and rowboat they could find. A formidable flotilla, all centered in a group in a little cove, shivered.

Beside the cannon stood old Sanchez, in his hand an unlighted fusee. His old companion gunner was sighting the field piece.

"Aim low," directed Pietro, and the fusee was lighted.

"Grand old thunderer!" commented the patriarch of the village, as boom and flash and destruction haunted the face of the waters.

There was confusion on the opposite shore, as almost to the last vestige the flotilla was destroyed. And then new excitement as Luis, with the Modiva contingent cut off the inland retreat of the baffled banditti.

Routed, prisoners or destroyed, their evil career was summarily and permanently checked and the power of Rivolla broken forever.

And in the white moonlight, hovering near the brave old field piece that had saved Piasta, Luis and Nines renewed their plighted troth.

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Day of the Gentleman Farmer.

As a result partly of the widening influence of our agricultural colleges and partly of numerous co-operating agencies, a new set of ideals is being created with regard to country life. The nation as a whole, in fact, is making a re-estimation of rural life. With the coming of dear lands, city people have awakened to a new interest in country affairs and a new respect for country inhabitants. There is before us in the United States the opportunity to develop perhaps the finest type of rural civilization that the world has ever known. The ownership of land in past ages has always been most honorable, but the working of it has been regarded generally as degrading. The actual farmers, equipped with their poor, pitiable instruments, and condemned to unceasing and disheartening toil, have been slaves, serfs, heathen, pagans, bores, peasants. But today the use of machinery and new facilities for communication make it possible for the same individual to be a tiller of the soil and a gentleman.—William J. Trimble, in June Atlantic.

Too Much for Him.

Paul Ker, one of the principals in "The Midnight Girl," was invited by an acquaintance who has the reputation of being a "tightwad" to a cafe in Longacre Square after the matinee, relates the New York Telegraph. It was not long before a party of congenial spirits were gathered about the festive board, and things went merrily until the hour drew near for Ker's return to the theater for the evening performance.

Thus far the aforementioned acquaintance had managed to escape paying any of the checks and Ker determined that before the party broke up Mr. Tightwad should be forced to pay for at least on round. Accordingly the waiter was instructed to hand him the next check. This was done and, finding no evasion, he reluctantly paid and immediately left the cafe. As the door was opened a motor car tire blew out with a loud explosion.

"Good Lord!" exclaimed Ker, "he's shot himself!"

SILAGE IS ROUGHAGE OF GREAT VALUE



Prize Cattle on a Southern Farm.

(Prepared by the United States Department of Agriculture.)

There is no roughage which is of more importance to the producer of beef cattle than silage. The value of silage to the beef producer varies considerably and is dependent upon a large number of other factors. If rough fodders are scarce or are high priced, if the grain is high priced, or if the grain is not near a good market when much of it can be readily sold, silage will have a greater value than if the opposite conditions exist.

Silage is a great saver of grain regardless of whether it is to be fed to stock cattle or fattening cattle. It will lessen the grain feeding by practically the same amount as is contained in the silage. The value will also depend somewhat upon the kind of cattle to which it is to be fed. If there is an abundance of rough fodders which can not be marketed, silage will not be so valuable. But in a case of this kind the silage would prove more valuable if used for the calves and pregnant cows and the coarse fodders used for the other stock.

For wintering the entire breeding herd there is no roughage better than silage. All of the animals will relish a ration containing it and it will create a good appetite for all other feeds. Cows that are fed all of the silage they will consume along with clover hay will go through the winter in fine shape and make small gains. If the amount of silage is limited, a more economical method of wintering them will be to reduce the silage to a half ration, letting them have the run of a straw stack and feeding about two pounds of cottonseed meal or oil meal per day.

Some dry coarse fodder or straw should always be kept before animals getting silage, as it reduces the amount of silage consumed and prevents the bowels from becoming too



Silage on a Mississippi Farm.

loose. The succulent feed will cause the breeding cows to give a good flow of milk even though the calf be born in midwinter, and a thrifty calf will result. If the silage is free from mold or rotten spots there will be no danger in feeding it to breeding cows.

Silage is especially beneficial for calves which have just been weaned. They take to this ration quicker than to dry feed and there is usually little loss in weight from the weaning. The silage should be supplemented with some good leguminous hay, as alfalfa, cowpeas, or clover, and the calves should be given a small amount of grain. A mixture of one-half corn chop and one-half cottonseed meal is excellent.

Each farmer will have to plan the rations for his cattle according to the amount of the various feeds he has on hand. Stockers can be wintered on silage and some good hay, fodder, or straw, but this may not always be the most profitable. When hay is high priced and grain is reasonably cheap or plenty of silage is available, it may be more economical to omit the hay altogether. A ration of corn silage alone has often been profitable for this cattle.

Stockers which have been fed liberally all winter and made to put on good gains usually do not make as large daily gains when put on grass as do steers which have not been quite so well fed. The time the cattle are to be finished for market and the degree of fatness to be attained should

govern to a large extent the method to be followed during the winter. When heaves are expected to sell high in the early summer and the steers are to be finished for market at that time, a heavy roughage ration with a small amount of grain should be fed during the winter months.

Silage stands first in rank of all the roughages for finishing cattle. Formerly, during the era of cheap corn and other concentrates little attention was given to the roughage, as it was usually considered merely a "filler" and of very little economic value in feeding. No especial care was taken in selecting any particular kind, nor was the quality of it seriously considered. As the prices of the concentrated feed-stuffs advanced, the feeder looked about for methods of cheapening the cost of producing beef, and soon found this could be accomplished by using judgment in selecting his roughage with respect to the grain fed.

By combining it with other feeds the efficiency of the ration is increased to such an extent that the amount of the daily gains is invariably greater and the cost of producing a pound of gain is lessened. The heaviest daily gains are usually made during the first stage of the feeding period, and silage can then be used to advantage in large quantities with a small amount of grain, but as the feeding progresses the amount of silage should be lessened and the grain increased. In some places the price of hay and stover is so high that the greater the proportion of silage used in the ration the more profitable is the feeding.

SUPPLY OF TOBACCO PLANTS

Open-Air Beds Are Cheapest and Give Quicker Start—Seed Should Be Sown Evenly.

The successful tobacco planter must raise his own plants; open-air beds are the cheapest for the main supply. As a rule, plants raised in open air stand transplanting better, and usually get a quicker and better start than those raised in a hotbed or cold frame, covered with cheese cloth or canvas. Choose for the plant bed a sheltered spot, protected on the north and west sides by a belt of trees, close board fence or building. Have the ground plowed and well harrowed. If not too near any of the buildings, dry brush should be spread over the bed and burnt; after the soil has cooled harrow once or twice to mix the ashes with the earth, then sow the seed and rake it in. A bed ten feet square will furnish enough plants for one acre. The amount of seed required to sow this space is one teaspoonful. The seed should be sown evenly. Sow one-half the seed lengthwise of the bed and the other half across the bed. Cover the seed with fine rake—or brush. Some planters tread the seed in. This quantity of seed, properly sown, is sufficient to produce stout, stocky, short-stemmed plants, with an abundance of fibrous roots for one acre. If ground is rather poor, sow one gill of fine animal bone meal to every 326 space. No animal manure should be used, as it will bring in weeds and grass. Expert growers use the same ground each season for growing their plants. This same method is followed by market gardeners in growing cabbage, cauliflower and tomato plants for the main crop. Better plants can be grown and at the least cost. If the season should be bad and the soil dry, the beds must be watered late in the evening and the plants dusted every morning with sifted wood ashes and soot to keep off the fly.

Cheapening the Rations.

The Iowa station has found that a small amount of oil meal or cottonseed meal added to corn and oats improves and cheapens the ration for work horses. A mixture of 77 pounds of shelled corn, 15 pounds of oats and 8 pounds of oil meal gave somewhat better results than oil meal, and the ration was a little cheaper in the proportion of 79 pounds of corn, 15 pounds of oats and 6 pounds of oil meal.

Dynamite for Soil.

Dynamite is said to work best in wet soil when the earth is thoroughly tamped over, if care is taken not to tamp directly on the dynamite, according to investigations by the Minnesota experiment station.

VARIOUS FISH RECIPES

DIFFERENT FROM THE ORDINARY METHODS OF SERVING.

Boiled and Served Cold, With a Dressing, Makes Ideal Summer Dish—Dutch Method of Cooking Salmon Is Said to Be Good.

A mayonnaise dressing seasoned with chopped gherkins, capers and parsley and served ice cold, with an equally cold boiled fish, is an ideal viand for a summer luncheon or dinner.

When fish is to be baked, wipe it with a damp cloth and trim the fins and the tail. Lay it in the pan and pour about it a quart of sliced tomatoes, mixed with a small onion and a tiny piece of garlic, chopped very fine. Season with salt and pepper and over the top sift fine breadcrumbs, dotted with bits of butter. Bake a five-pound fish half an hour.

A dressing for a baked fish of medium size is made by browning slightly a cupful of dry crumbs with a tablespoonful of butter. Moisten them slightly with a little water—a dressing for fish or poultry should not suggest a poultice—and season with salt, pepper and onion juice or sweet herbs. Fill the inside of the fish and lay a few slices of salt pork under it. Season with salt and pepper and sprinkle with flour.

The Dutch method of cooking salmon is much liked by many American tourists in Holland.

Select a middle cut that weighs five or six pounds and put it in a stew pan with white vinegar, a dozen pepper corns, two sliced onions, a bunch of parsley and enough cold water to cover the whole. Cover with a sheet of buttered paper and simmer one hour. Drain, garnish with fresh parsley and serve with a white sauce.

Black bass stewed in American fashion is a most delicious dish. Put three fish of good size in a buttered sauce pan, with a teaspoonful of salt, one tablespoonful of black pepper, a dash of cayenne, two small onions chopped fine, half a pint of catfish wine, half a pint of tomatoes, a pint of white sauce and a bunch of parsley. Let it cook slowly half an hour, closely covered; then remove the fish, skim out the parsley, lift out the fish and add to the sauce a tablespoonful of butter and the juice of one lemon. If the sauce is too thick, thin down a little with boiling water.

A fine flavor is given to broiled fish by laying it, an hour before cooking, in a glass of olive oil, seasoned with lemon juice, salt and pepper. If oil is disliked use melted butter. Smelts, mackerel, fresh herring, brook trout and shad are especially good when cooked in this way. Salmon steaks laid in this preparation half an hour, and then dipped in beaten egg and rolled in bread crumbs before frying, are very good. Small potato balls with a tartar sauce or green peppers, stuffed and chopped cucumbers or tomatoes are appetizing with any kind of fish.

Emergency Pudding Sauce.

If you should discover five minutes before dinner time that you had made no sauce for plum pudding, or similar puddings, try this: Put one tablespoonful of good brandy and half a teaspoonful of granulated or pulverized sugar into five cents' worth of cream. Stir well together. Turn the lid of the saucepan in which the pudding is boiling upside down and set the pitcher or little saucepan containing the sauce on it. By the time the first course of the dinner is finished the sauce will be heated through. It will be found excellent and enough for four persons.

Onions With Cheese.

This is a dish especially good for a cold night supper. Cook sufficient onions for the number to partake; drain them and place a layer of the cooked onion in a buttered baking dish, pour over a half cupful of rich white sauce, sprinkle generously with cheese, and repeat with another layer of the onions, white sauce and cheese. Put into the oven and serve when well heated through.—Christian Science Monitor.

To Sweeten Butter.

To sweeten butter that has turned a little, place the butter in a porcelain dish with a little salt and a tiny pinch of baking soda. Place over the fire and let it boil. Then turn it into a stone jar and put in a cold place. When treated in this manner the butter will be found perfectly sweet when cold and not too salty for cooking purposes. The impurities will settle at the bottom of the jar.

Strainer for Sink Pail.

A sink pail has a strainer lid into which slop and refuse can be poured to drain and then dumped into the pail by simply closing the lid down over it. It is of galvanized metal and of convenient size.

To Clean Iron Sink.

To clean an iron sink and keep from rusting rub with a cloth (coarse preferred) and kerosene until clean and wipe dry with a soft cloth. Ten or three times a week ought to be enough.

To Keep Fish From "Sticking."

No matter how much dripping is used, fish, when being fried, is apt to stick to the pan's bottom. A tablespoonful of dry salt rubbed over the pan will prevent this.

A REAL DUTY

of every person to try and maintain the highest possible standard of health. This plan can be helped along wonderfully by the use of

HOSTETTER'S STOMACH BITTERS

It tones, strengthens, invigorates the digestive organs, the liver and bowels and thus promotes good health.

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Foiled Once.

Little Francis was not to be fooled twice.

The heavy black clouds had massed in the east and west, the lightning was flashing fiercely between the heavy, incessant rolling of the thunder.

Francis was terribly frightened, and his fond mother had gathered her young hopeful into her arms and tried logically to calm his fears.

"Don't be afraid, darling. There's nothing to fear. God sends the thunderstorm to clear the air, water the flowers, and make it cooler for us. Now, don't cry, dear; it won't harm you, and everything will be better when it's over."

The little fellow listened intently, and as his mother finished he looked up at her gravely, and said: "No, no, mother, you talk exactly the way you did last week when you took me to the dentist, to have my tooth pulled."—Chicago Sunday Examiner.

Limitation of Art.

The head of a certain Washington family was recently approached by his son, just nearing his majority. "Father," said he, "I want to talk with you concerning my future. I have decided to become an artist. Have you any objections?"

The old man scratched his head reflectively and replied: "Well, no, son—provided of course, that you don't draw on me."

Can't Tell These Days.

The two men had been observing the antics of a strange man in silence and finally broke into speech.

Crawford—What's the matter with that fellow who is holding on to the lamp post and shuffling his feet?

Crabshaw—There was a time when I'd have said he was drunk, but now perhaps he's practicing a new dance.—Judge.

The Actor of Today.

"Pardon me, but how could you become an actor with such an impediment of speech?"

"Oh, no one notices it. The film also trembles constantly."

Mental Arithmetic.

Teacher—Tommy, if I spent one-third of a certain sum of money, and \$3 represented five-sixths of the remainder, what did I have?

Tommy—The Jimjams.

Grandmother Didn't Know

A good cook? Certainly, but she couldn't have cooked the Indian Corn, rolled and toasted it to a crisp brown, wafer thin flakes, as we do in preparing

Post Toasties

They are delicious with cream or milk, or sprinkled over fresh fruit or berries.

From the first cooking of the corn until the sealed, airtight packages of delicately toasted flakes are delivered to you, Post Toasties are never touched by human hand.

Grandmother would have liked

Post Toasties

—sold by Grocers.