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HASTE NOT, REST NOT.

Without haste, without rest,
Bind the motto to thy breast;
Bear it with thee as a spell,
Storm or sunshine, guard it well;
Heed not flowers that round thee bloom—
Bear it onward to the tomb.

Haste not; let no reckless deed
Mar for aye the spirit's speed;
Ponder well, and know the right—
Forward, there with all their might;
Haste not; years can not atone
For one reckless action done.

Rest not; time is sweeping by—
Do and dare before you die;
Something mighty and sublime
Leave behind to conquer time.
Glorious 'tis to live for aye,
When these forms have passed away.

Haste not, rest not; calmly wait;
Meekly bear the storms of fate;
Duty be thy polar guide—
Lo the right, what'er betide!
Haste not, rest not; conflicts past,
Good shall crown thy work at last.
—Schiller.

Anita's Vow.

BY HARRY G. CONNOR.

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The old dance hall at Manila, which "Uncle Sam's" soldier boys had christened "Volunteers' Rest," was ablaze to-night with gaily colored lights and lanterns and profusely decorated with the "Stars and stripes."

The "boys" were giving a "blow-out"—a sort of farewell one to the officers and men of the Fifteenth Kansas, who were to sail for the States in a few days.

The Filipino maidens with their flashing eyes, swarthy skin and fantastic garments, as they were whirled to and fro in the mazes of the civilized dance by the "boys" made an attractive picture one would not soon forget.

While the revelry was at its height a stalwart officer, with a handsome native maiden clinging to his arm, made his way to one of the refreshment booths in the rear.

No one paid special attention to their movements, and if they were, indeed, noticed at all, it was with a shrug of the shoulders and a smile, as all the "boys" had long known of the attachment existing between Capt. Dick Johnston and pretty Anita Amarido, a daughter of one of Aguinaldo's ex-cabinet members.

"Nita"—"Dick" was bending low over her chair—"what you ask is impossible. I could not live the balance of my life in this place, besides my native land holds all that is dear to me."

"And I, my Dick, am I nothing to you? Have you not oft said to me, 'My Nita, you are the flower of this land and I love you so much that I shall never part from you?' Ah, my Dick, did you not teach me to love as the fair-skinned ladies of your land love?"

"Yes, yes, Nita, but"—a frown of annoyance flitted over his countenance—"things in the States are far different to what they are over here."

"My Dick, you are always right; you must not stay here; you must go home on the big ship when she comes



A stalwart officer with a handsome native maiden on his arm.

and"—a look of pleading love softening her flashing eyes—"you must take me with you to your beautiful land."
"No, no, Nita. I don't think that would do; you would soon tire of our mode of living in the stuffy cities, and long for this open country and grassy

hills. No, the States would not suit you—you had better remain here."

"You will leave me here, Dick—you will cast me off—what when my child comes—no father to see its dimpled cheeks—no, no; it must not be; rather death than that. You swore you loved your Nita—you promised you would wed me in the church as your people do," and her form was shaken by a passionate outbreak of grief.

"Come, come, Nita, don't take it so hard; you are something fierce. I will provide for you and see to it that when trouble comes you will not want for anything; but, of course, you can't go with me."

"Dick, you made me love you. I was a good girl till your lying tongue led me astray. God help me. I believed all you said—believed you loved me. Now you throw me aside; curse your white American skin, you have played with me, ruined me, and I swear by my mother, go and leave me in my disgrace, and my spirit shall follow you till my wrongs have been avenged," and with the air of an outraged princess, Nita left him to ponder over what she had said.

He never beheld her alive again. The day the transport Freedom left Manila for home Capt. Dick Johnston identified the remains of a female, which had been fished from the bay by a patrol boat, as all that was mortal of "Nita."

Six months had passed, and to-day old St. John's church of Topeka was thronged with a fashionable assemblage, it being close to the hour set for the marriage of Miss Nettie Colburn, daughter of the Hon. Francis Colburn, to Capt. Richard Johnston of the Kansas volunteers, who had lately returned from the Philippines.

Carriage upon carriage was depositing its brightly arrayed occupants at the door of the old edifice; the gray-haired priest was standing at the chancel rail; the appointed hour had arrived and passed; ten, twenty and now the half hour was here, and still no bridal couple.

The wedding guests sat in feverish expectancy; the reverend father, eyeing the entrance impatiently; when the doors were thrown open to admit an officer in full uniform, who hastened to the altar and spoke to the priest in a low tone.

There was a look of sorrow on his kindly old face as he dismissed the assemblage with the startling announcement that "there would be no wedding to-day."

The evening prior to his wedding day Capt. Dick Johnston was passing quietly at his bachelor apartments with his friend and comrade, Jack Dunn, captain in the Fifteenth U. S. Regulars.

"As I was saying, Jack, to-morrow should see me the happiest of men; and yet the recollection of that affair with Nita I can't get off my mind—it almost drives me frantic at times."

"Jack"—"Dick's" voice was solemn and tremulous—"I swear to you I have seen her—Nita—three times this week, and right here in this room."
"Oh, the devil, Dick," laughed Jack, "you have been tipping too much; late hours and loss of sleep will make a healthy imagination, you know."

"Damn it, man, how could you have seen her when she has been dead six months or more? Did I not see her buried in the old Jesuits' ground at Manila? Cheer up, old man; I almost believe the nearness of your wedding day is making you nervous."

"Ugh, Jack, I will never forget her threat that night—I will never forgive you, and if you leave me, my spirit shall follow you and avenge my wrongs." See, I hear it now, Dick; it has been ringing in my ears all day.

"Poor little Nita," he continued, meditatively, "I did treat her shabby; but, Jack, I could never have married her, though I wish now I had not wronged her so."

"You will be on time in the morning, old fellow," as Jack arose to leave. "You have been my comrade through everything else, good and bad, so it is a fitting end that you see me safely through matrimony; good night," and with a cynical smile playing over his lips, he listened to the echoing of his friend's footsteps, as they died away through the hallway.

Consternation reigned supreme at the Colburn mansion on the wedding morn. The bride was becoming hysterical despite the comforting words of her attendants. Such was the state of affairs when Capt. Jack Dunn arrived. Upon learning Dick had not arrived he hastened to his apartments with feelings of anxiety in his heart he could not subdue.

Rushing into Dick's room he sung out, "Come, come, old man, you're late; the bride is shedding her first tears for you"—the sight that met his gaze froze the words on his lips.

Lying on the floor, dressed as he had been the night before, with a look of intense horror on his face was Dick—dead.

As Jack looked on that countenance he could not but remember the proverb,

"The wage of sin is death."
Bending over the prostrate form he took from the clenched, cold hand several long strands of jetty-black hair.

The daily papers dwelt on the affair as follows:

"Capt. Richard Johnston, U. S. Vols., was found dead at his apartments this morning. Heart failure was the cause of his sudden demise. His death is more than sad and pathetic, as he was to have been married this morning to Miss Nettie Colburn, who is prostrated with grief."

Among "Dick's" papers was a letter addressed to "Jack," written after Jack had left him the night before the day set for his wedding, which ran thus:

"My Dear Jack: Nita has troubled me again—ten minutes after you left; her oath rings still in my ears, and, old comrade, I have a presentiment that it will be fulfilled. If anything



The sight that met his gaze froze the words on his lips.

happens to me guard my past from the public and know that Nita's vow has been kept. Dick."

"Jack" reads the letter, and, as he looks at the strands of hair he had taken from "Dick's" hand that fateful morning, he knows the truth; whatever passed between Dick and Nita—spirit or what (?)—is locked into his loyal heart to remain.

His Sympathy.
A Chicago lady who had a birthday recently received as a present from one of her friends a \$10 bill. Accompanying the money was a note in which the writer, after explaining that she couldn't think of anything tasteful to buy and had therefore sent the cash, made some tender references to bygone days and dear old scenes. While the recipient was sitting with the bill in one hand and the letter in the other, and permitted tears to drip down upon both, her little son went up to her and, putting his arms around her neck, tenderly asked:

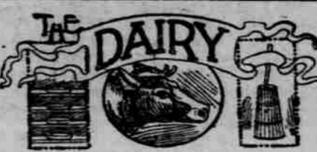
"What's the matter, mamma? Isn't the money good?"

Oriental Logic.
A man bought three pounds of meat and brought it home to his wife to cook for dinner, and then went his way to his place of business in the bazaars. The wife was hungry and ate the meat.

In the evening the man came home and asked for his dinner.
"There is no meat," said the wife, "for the cat ate it."
"Bring the cat," said the man, "and a pair of scales."

"Weigh the cat," said the man. The cat weighed three pounds.

"If this is the cat," said the man, "where is the meat? And if this is the meat, where is the cat?" —Harper's Magazine.



THE DAIRY

Minnesota Butter in Europe.

A press dispatch from St. Paul, Minnesota, says: Minnesota butter is good enough to compete with Danish butter in British markets even after the influence of a long sea voyage. It has done so in the past, and will probably do so again, according to State Creamery Inspector B. D. White of the state dairy and food department. Mr. White recently returned from attendance at the monthly tests at Chicago, held under the auspices of the department of agriculture, at which he assisted in the scoring of butter. Mr. White says that butter has been shipped from Minnesota at various times in the past and has competed successfully with the best Danish butter put upon the English markets. Four years ago firms at Albert Lea conducted a regular export trade and their entire supply found ready sale in English markets. The demand grew as the English consumers became acquainted with the Minnesota product, but the trade did not flourish long, as the prices at home rose to such an extent that it was more profitable to sell the product on the home market. Since then the prices have kept so high that the trade has not been resumed, although the Minnesota firms handling the product have had repeated requests from British dealers for a resumption of the trade. "While the present prices for butter hold out," said Mr. White, "there will be no resumption of the trade. If the market goes down to a point that admits of shipping at a profit Minnesota butter will find its way into a renewed popularity in English markets."

The Farmers' Review has repeatedly pointed out this condition, under which it is impossible to build up and hold a butter market in Europe.

Dairying Improves Farms.

It is an undeniable fact that dairying improves the farms on which it is carried on correctly. The best way to increase the value of a farm is to put live stock on it. This the dairyman does. If he sells butter and feeds the milk on the farm the conditions must improve from year to year. There is, however, a way to run down a farm ever when dairying is carried on on it. That way is to grow timothy for the cows and sell the milk to the city milk peddlers. There will be a constant removal of the elements needed in the soil, and the farm, instead of being improved, will become impoverished. There are many farms now in the vicinity of Chicago that are now undergoing this experience. There are on the other hand, farms on which are kept more cows than can be fed from the crops grown on the area. To increase the feed, concentrated foods are purchased and the droppings from the cattle are constantly put upon the land. Even if no foods are purchased there should be a betterment of the land from year to year if the manures are returned to the soil and incorporated with it before they have lost anything from evaporation or leaching. The process of food elaboration is going on in the soil from year to year, and if the annual draft on the soil is not large the land will not retrograde. Nature's plan, however, is for all fertility to go back to the land, and she has not planned to have the fertility in any one field taken away year after year and nothing returned in its place. The man that attempts that is in a manner bankrupting himself, as he is constantly using up the capital stored in his fields.

Value of Silage.

The great value of silage is its succulence. Foods lose in value as they lose succulence. This quality once lost is lost forever. The corn that dries in the field has the same chemical constituents in its dry form that it had in its green form, but it has lost some succulence and is not therefore so valuable as it was in its original state. The fermenting of the stover renders it more digestible. This is illustrated by the experience of the dairymen that feed silage the year around. They find that when the silage gives out in the summer and they have to turn to feeding corn stalks green there is a decided falling off in the quantity of milk made. To remedy this some of our Arymen are building enough silos to hold a large enough quantity of silage so that they can have well fermented silage to feed the year around and not have to feed silage newly put into the silos.

Russian Dairy Schools.

The dairy schools of Russia have brought that country to the front as one of the foremost producers of butter, cheese and milk in the world.

Fortunate is the actress who does not depend on her wardrobe for success.

Onions are a preventive and often-times a cure for malarial fever.



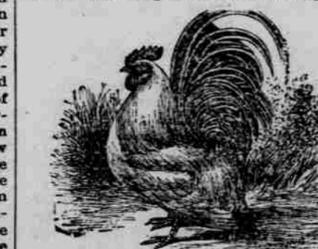
POULTRY

The Kasaska Duck.

This very handsome bird is a native of Asia and is one of the few large ducks, being as large as some of the smaller breeds of geese, and considerably larger than the Labrador duck, writes Ira W. Shaw in American Poultry Advocate. The female is a trifle smaller than the drake, but not nearly so great as in the Muscovies. They always go in pairs and during the laying and hatching season the drake watches over the duck with much solicitude, following her constantly wherever she may go. When domesticated they feed much the same as other ducks, but in addition require some grass. In their native haunts they make their nests on the ground under some small bush or in the tall wild grass and rushes. The eggs, never more than six in number, are pure white and round with very thin shells. The period of incubation is the same as in our common domestic breeds of ducks. While they have very handsome plumage, this is secondary to their general carriage and bearing, which is elegance itself, and whether swimming or posing on a nice lawn they are objects of admiration to all observers. As in the case with all our wild and parti-colored domestic ducks, the drake is more brilliantly attired than the female. The colors running through shades of grey, green, red and black; bill black and legs and feet grey. During the breeding season they have the quarrelsome traits of the Muscovies, but this slight fault does not in any way bar out commendation of the Kasaska as worthy a place among the many handsome and valued aquatic fowls.

Japanese Bantams.

The striking beauty and peculiar shaped tails of the Black-tailed Japanese Bantams make them great favorites and place them in the front ranks of the bantam class. They are white, excepting the tail and wings. The tail is black, the sickles black, edged with white. The wings are large and long, with drooping points; the color of the primaries and secondaries is dark slate, edged with white. When the wing is folded it appears



Black-tailed Japanese Bantam cock.

entirely white. The tail is expanded and carried in an upright position, almost touching the back of the head; sickles, long and gracefully curved. The shanks are free from feathers and bright golden in color.

Do Not Market Bad Eggs.

Every farmer that sends or takes eggs to market should test or candle his eggs before disposing of them. This will prevent putting on the market bad eggs. There are many ways of candling them. One of these ways is to roll up a piece of heavy paper into the form of a tube. Place an egg in one end and permit the light of the sun or of a lamp to shine through the egg. The eye at one end of the tube will be able to see through the egg and determine the condition of its contents. If the contents of the egg appear cloudy or blurred the egg is not fit to go to market. Good eggs present to the eye contents that are clear and translucent. Bad eggs depress the market. After people have gotten hold of one or two bad eggs they turn to other kinds of food and cease to buy eggs. If only good eggs were sold at all seasons the consumption of eggs would be enormously increased. Especially if the farmer have private customers is it foolish to market eggs that have not been candled. There is nothing that will build up private custom like always giving absolutely perfect eggs and there is nothing that will so quickly destroy a private trade as a few bad eggs scattered through the lots sold. Guess work need not enter into this matter, as candling is entirely feasible and can be rapidly performed.

After handling a subject without gloves the wise orator proceeds to wash his hands of the whole affair.—Chicago Daily News.

If a man's wishes be few his health will be flourishing; if he has many anxious thoughts his constitution will decay.

Even the woman of few words is continually warming them over.



LIVE STOCK

Range Notes.

Mohave County, Ariz.: Our ranges in this vicinity are at this time very dry and poor. They are now stocked with cattle and horses that are doing fairly well, but that are not fat. There is one band of goats sixteen miles from here numbering something like 5,000 head. They are a good breed of Angoras and the owner wants to sell them. They can be bought for \$3.50 per head.—O. L. M. Gaddis.

Cocoonino County, Ariz.: Ranges in this vicinity are just fair. A continuous stretch of dry weather has reduced the moisture to such an extent that the outlook is anything but encouraging. Ranges, considering the water supply at present, are fully stocked with sheep, horses and cattle sheep being in the majority. All stock look well at present, but unless rains comes soon the outlook is bad.—C. W. Davis.

Carbon County, Wyo.: We have a very dry season. The grass on the ranges started nicely and has held out remarkably well, but the continued drouth has been very detrimental to it. I have been surprised to see the grass hold out so well without moisture, but it is now practically gone—still a few good rains would save it yet. We have cattle, sheep and horse on these ranges. All are doing fairly well up to this time. Sheepmen say that there will be no winter feed and that even now on the prairies the feed is all gone. Once grazing over ground with sheep now cleans up every spear of grass. Animals of all kinds are in good condition up to this time, though the condition of the range is such that horses are reluctant to leave hay corals and when they do go out they go far, wander a long distance to find feed. The outlook for winter feed on the range is very poor unless we get abundant rains. We depend entirely on irrigation for crops here and the summer being warm crops of every kind are in fine condition. The hay crop will be above the average and all kinds of grains and vegetables are coming on finely.—J. F. Crawford.

Pima County, Ariz.: The ranges in this locality are at present in a bad condition on account of the long continued drouth. Cattle are dying, especially cows and calves. Only those which have been kept up and fed could be moved at present. Only 1.72 inches of rain has fallen at Tucson since November 1st, 1901, which is an unprecedented drouth. July usually brings our summer rains.—E. L. Whitmore.

Saguache County, Colo.: Four successive years of deficient rainfall with overstocking, finds the range in very poor condition this year—the very worst for many years. Stock consists largely of grade cattle (mostly Herefords), broncho ponies and large numbers of scrub sheep and goats. The losses have not been large even this year, but the outlook is not bright.—J. T. Melvin.

Cochise County, Ariz.: Prospects for cattle on the range are of a most discouraging nature. Stockmen are shipping them out by the thousands as there is no grass. The animals that are left have to live entirely on the foliage of the mesquit bush. About forty per cent of the cattle are Herefords and they are very thin. Range horses are still in fair condition. There has been no rainfall to amount to anything in this county for five months and there is no prospect of any in the near future. Springs in the mountains which have afforded water for stock have dried up so that animals have to travel fourteen or fifteen miles to the creek for water.—Elias Summers.

Increase of Silos.

Reports from New York say that a good many new silos are being erected in that state. The farmers are coming to appreciate the advantages of having on hand a good supply of nutritious feed at all times of the year. The drouth of last year that so seriously cut short the summer pastures was a lesson to those that are willing to trust to luck whether they have anything for their cows to eat or not. The silo is an insurance against short supplies of feed. One of the great advantages of it is that a good crop one year may be stored and held over for years without detriment to its feeding quality. As the use of silos becomes more general we will have more and more the practice of storing for years in advance of need. In this way the feeder may render himself independent of the accidents of weather, and the supply of dairy products will become uniform. As it is at the present time only the best managed dairies have abundant feed the year round.

But few girls would refuse to share a young man's lot if it happened to be worth \$1,000 a front foot.

A fool may start a strike, but it takes a wise man to stop it.