

# Converting a Backslider

## A FOURTH OF JULY STORY OF THE CANADIAN WOODS

By WRIGHT A. PATTERSON



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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Bang! Bang!! Bang!!!

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

"Bang!"

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

"Bang! Bang!!"

Two more explosions, this time al-



MOORE WENT THREE FEET OR MORE INTO THE AIR.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"Bang!"

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

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

After a little while he came out and took down his diminutive Union Jack.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

### POLLY'S FOURTH OF JULY.

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

AN OLD-FASHIONED FOURTH OF JULY.

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

Then we rose with the dawn and the cannon came first—

We packed it with powder till ready to burst—

And my: how the glass in the windows did fly—

When it started the echoes of Fourth of July.

We hitched up old Dobin, and all tumbled in the roomy old wagon—the fat and the thin—

Even grandma was there, and as chipper and spry

As any young maiden the Fourth of July.

We went to the barbecue—who cared for showers;

When the feast was a-futter with banners and flowers;

And if down came the rain in the midst of it, why,

It was part of an old-fashioned Fourth of July.

The rockets and pinwheels and firecrackers, too,

At evening all joined in the hullabaloo,

And Washington rode on his horse in the sky—

A figure in flame on the Fourth of July.

The band marching out in their uniforms gay

Struck up by the light of the bonfires to play

The Star-Spangled Banner and Sweet By and By,

And so ended a glorious Fourth of July.

—Minna Irving, in Woman's Home Companion.

A Difficulty.

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

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

In Season.

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

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

## ROAD AND FARM IMPROVEMENT

### DISTRUCTION OF INSECTS.

Texas Man Has Invented a Gas-Making Machine That Kills Parasites "on Sight."

When the plants in the little garden patch in the house garden begin to show the destroying effects of insects and worms, the gardener usually takes an old tomato can and a stick and gathers his first crop, which he proceeds to destroy forthwith. Only as he continues to harvest these preliminary pestiferous growths has he any assurance that he will be able to gather things good to eat later in the season. But the garden is comparatively small, and little time is required to keep the bugs and worms in check. It is only when the farmer begins his battle with the inhabitants of a potato patch covering acres of



NOXIOUS GAS KILLS PESTS.

ground that he comes to realize how powerful an enemy he is fighting. The army is so large that he has no choice but to fight it wholesale, instead of dealing with each one of the little pests individually, as in the garden. The common method of work is to apply paris green, hellebore or some other poison which can be mixed in liquid form and sprinkled on the plants. It is well known that many bugs escape this poison and continue to live and breed, even when the plants are dosed several times during the season. It is to be hoped that the new apparatus which we show in the illustration will prove more effective and subject the bugs to a treatment which it will be impossible for them to withstand. In this machine there is a gas-producing apparatus, designed to generate a large quantity of noxious fumes. This gas is stored in the reservoirs on the carriage, and the latter is then driven over the field lengthwise of the rows of plants. It will be seen that the semi-circular shape of the reservoirs enables them to nearly inclose the plant growths for a considerable space of time while the carriage is being drawn along. The gas in storage is poured from the front of the hooded portion, and surrounds the plant completely for a period long enough to kill all insects which are harbored therein.—Louisville Courier-Journal.

### REAL HOME OF BLUEGRASS.

It Was First Discovered in Indiana and Kentucky Got It from the Hoosier State.

"I notice by the papers that somebody in the southern part of the state wants to know where bluegrass first started," said Prof. John Collett, former state geologist. "A great many people contend that it was first found in Kentucky, but this is not so. Bluegrass is a native of the Wabash valley, in Indiana. It was found by William Henry Harrison's troops during that solemn march to Tippecanoe in 1811. Harrison gathered a small army at Ohio Falls and started north. At Vincennes the gallant heroes realized that they could not go 200 miles up the Wabash without feed for their horses. Gen. Harrison had two cribs of corn at Terre Haute, and persuaded the men to go on. As they came on with hungry horses and scant feed they found the ground covered with bluegrass.

"Six miles west of Newport, on the Collett farm, was found a bountiful supply of bluegrass. Some places in the bottom it was growing three feet high, and such feed had never been heard of by the Kentucky soldier. At State Line City more bluegrass was found, and from there to Tippecanoe the whole line of march was covered with bluegrass.

"The seed was carried back to Kentucky and sown there, but they could not make it thrive alone in the warm soil, and it had to be sown with oats and rye. Mr. Sandusky, the father of the present family of that name, told me in an early day that no bluegrass grew in Kentucky until after it was imported from Indiana. Tom Downing, of Terre Haute, was an ardent admirer of Henry Clay, and once went to visit him at his home near Ashland, Ky. After seeing the fine farm well set in bluegrass, Downing suggested that Mr. Clay let him have some of the seed to take back to Indiana.

"Tom, don't make a fool of yourself," said Clay, "the granddaddy of Kentucky bluegrass is growing around your house and in the fence corners of your fields. We got the seed from Terre Haute and the middle Wabash and after a hard struggle got it to grow here in its present luxuriousness."—Indianapolis Journal.

### THE LOCATION OF ROADS.

Something About the Advantages and Defects of the "Checker-Board" System.

In most parts of the west where the public lands were surveyed and laid off into sections, halves and quarters, the public roads have been established on the section lines. These roads consequently run either north and south or east and west, crossing at right angles. This method of locating roads is sometimes called "the checker board system," and the term is quite appropriate. In some states the road laws contemplate the establishing of a road on every section line, so they will be only one mile apart, but not nearly all these roads have been actually opened.

In comparison with the system, or lack of system, which prevails in the older settled states of the east and south, this checker board system has some advantages. The roads are not left to be located at haphazard, or on crooked farm boundaries, or according to the whims or selfish interests of the locators. The order and mathematical regularity of the system naturally appeals to the minds of those who read about these roads or study them on maps, but to those who actually travel them their location appears to be very far short of ideal perfection. In fact the system involves two very grave defects. If a man wishes to travel directly north, south, east or west these roads take him by the shortest possible route. But a large majority of the people wish to travel in other directions. Let us suppose a man lives exactly ten miles north-west from his county seat. In order to reach it he must travel seven miles east and seven miles south, or 14 miles in all. Thus a large majority of travelers suffer a hardship in the matter of distance.

But the second defect in the system is far greater. The mathematical precision with which these roads are located carries them across hills and hollows without any regard to economy in the matter of grades. Where the country is perfectly level there is no difficulty; where it is rolling the roads can only be improved at a heavy cost in making cuts and fills; where there are steep hills and deep ravines to cross the system is wholly impracticable.

Doubtless one of the first benefits that will follow the adoption of the national aid plan will be the modification of this system so as to remedy these defects in a large measure. Naturally the first roads to be improved in a county will be those leading directly north, south, east and west from the county seat. Then main roads or avenues leading northeast, northwest, southeast and southwest from the county seat should be opened and improved. Thus the first defect will be largely eliminated.

The second defect pointed out can only be cured by departing from the section lines where the lay of the road makes it economical to do so. Under national and state aid competent engineers will be employed to correct errors of location so as to increase the usefulness of the roads and at the same time reduce their cost.

The sentiment for national aid is making great headway in this part of the country. In Nebraska the legislature has declared in favor of it. Several members of congress from Missouri are outspoken advocates of the plan. In Illinois a state commission has been appointed to investigate and report on national aid. In a number of other states definite action will probably be taken in the near future.

### SERVICEABLE WAGON RACK.

Easily Put Together by Any Farmer Who Knows How to Handle Simple Tools.

Two bed pieces 14 feet long of 2 by 8 inches, eight cross arms 7 feet long of 2 by 4 inches, bolted to the bed pieces. Bevel lower outer corners of



A FLAT WAGON RACK.

cross arms and bed pieces to lock well. Floor with 6-inch flooring. Across each end fit a piece of 2 by 4-inch 7 feet long halved out at the corners to fit the side rails, which are of 2 by 4 and 14 feet long. Bolt these at the corners where halved together, and through cross arms. Better use planed lumber. Added stiffness and strength is secured by spiking four pieces of 2 by 4-inch 4 feet long to the under side of bed pieces over the bolsters. Two pieces of inch lumber 8 inches wide fitted back of bolsters between bed pieces prevent sagging inward. This is for trucks. To raise above hind wheels, false bolsters may be used. Paint the rack.—E. Hollenbeck, in Farm and Home.

How to Eradicate Dandelions.

Never permit them to go to seed, and cut the crowns out of the grass with a stiff knife. This sounds very tedious, but there is really nothing else to be done. Even if all the top root is not removed, the plant is much weakened by its decapitation, and if the grass is kept short the dandelion is much encouraged. Of course the lawn will be constantly reseeded from adjoining places, so eternal vigilance is required. A taste for dandelion greens is a valuable aid in subduing this pest.—Rural New Yorker.

### A REASON FOR SICKNESS.

Healthy kidneys take from the blood every 24 hours 600 grains of impure, poisonous matter—more than enough to cause death. Weakened kidneys leave this waste in the blood, and you are soon sick. To get well, cure the kidneys with Doan's Kidney Pills, the great kidney specific.



Mrs. J. H. Bowles of 118 Core Street, Durham, N. C., says: "I was sick and bedfast for over nine months, and the doctor who attended me said unless I submitted to an operation for gravel I would never be well. I would not consent to that and so continued to suffer. My back was so weak I could not stand or walk, and it ached constantly. The first day after I began using Doan's Kidney Pills I felt relief, and in a short time I was up and around the same as ever, free from backache." A FREE TRIAL of this great kidney medicine which cured Mrs. Bowles will be mailed to any part of the United States. Address Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y. Sold by all dealers; price 50 cents per box.

### PERSONAL ODDITIES.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Judge C. W. Raymond, recently appointed chief justice of the United States court of appeals in Indian territory, was a factory hand in an interior town of Illinois 25 years ago. Joseph G. Cannon, now speaker of the house of representatives, became interested in the young man, induced him to study law, and has remained a helpful friend. Judge Raymond was appointed to the federal court at Muskogee by President McKinley in 1901.

Senator Stewart, of Nevada, enjoys the distinction of being the only man in the senate who has never been shaved. His beard began to grow when he was 16, and has been growing for sixty years.

### TWO STEPS.

The Last One Helps the First.

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

The first is to cut off coffee absolutely.

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

"From 1872 to the year 1900 my wife and I had both been afflicted with sick or nervous headache and at times we suffered untold agony. We were coffee drinkers and did not know how to get away from it for the habit is hard to quit.

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

"The result was, after three days' use of Postum in place of the coffee I never had a symptom of the old trouble and in five months I had gained from 145 pounds to 163 pounds. "My friends asked me almost daily what wrought the change. My answer always is, leaving off coffee and drinking Postum in its place.

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

"There's a reason." Look in each pkg. for the famous little book, "The Road to Wellville."