

THE STORY TELLER

WESTWARD.

Beyond the misty rim of hills
Where fading sunsets glow,
To-night a robin swings and trills
In one tall cottonwood I know:
The shadow flung from branch and stem
Along a yellow sand-bar rest—
I shut my eyes to dream of them,
Here in my window, looking west.

The shadows lengthen on the sand;
The log-burnt barn across the way
Throws wide its doors on either hand
Beneath the rafters piled with hay:
The pallings of the gray corral
Glimmer and wave in that light
Above the sleepy brown canal,
Out yonder on the ranch to-night.

Far off that sunset glory sleeps
On level bench-lands golden brown,
Where browsing slow along the steeps
One after one the cows come down;
And on their homeward pilgrimage
Each trampling hoof and horny crest
Shakes perfume from the tufted ears—
Oh, far faint incense of the west!

To-night, I know, beyond the rim
Where all my prairie sunsets fade,
God's far white mountain look to Him
Clad in His glory, unafraid;
The solemn light on peak and scarp,
The clear, still depths of cloudless air,
The trembling silver of a star—
What would I give to see them there?

The mountains call me back to lay
My weakness on their boundless might;
The canyons call me home to pray
In silent stables shrines to-night;
Yet there in dusty mart and street
I shut mine ears against their call—
Content to find my exile sweet
With love that recompenses all.

—Mabel Earle, in Youth's Companion.

The Professor's Gun

By Franklin Welles Calkins.

It is something over 20 years since I accompanied a small military expedition, under Lieut. Isaac Murphy, which went from the Rio Grande westward to establish a new post in Arizona. Several "tenderfoots," sent up on prospect and discovery, were allowed to travel with the command over a route beset with danger from attack by hostile Comanches and Apaches, and, although the lieutenant did not admit it, I think he was not altogether displeased by the addition to his fighting power of the half-dozen well-armed, well-mounted and well-provisioned civilians.

But at Socorro we were joined by an individual, a fresh arrival from the north, who attached himself to the expedition without so much as "By your leave, gentlemen." A tall, ungainly, cadaverous and solemn person he was, his age guessable at anywhere between 30 and 50. He was crossed-eyed and so near-sighted that he wore cumbersome, large-bowed spectacles to correct his vision. He had the thin cheeks and hacking cough of a consumptive. Moreover, he had no riding animal, and the two burros he had been able to buy in Socorro, to which point his goods had been sent, were so heavily laden with his trappings that they looked dejected.

"See here, Mr. Man," said Lieut. Murphy, as we broke camp, "you can't travel with this outfit. You're physically unfit for the trip, and my two wagons are loaded to the limit."

"No trouble to you, I trust, sir—h-m-m," said the stranger, who had already been dubbed "the Professor."

"No real disability, sir—h-m-m—just a touch of bronchitis—h-m-m—just this dry, atmosphere a great help, sir," he spoke in a calm, decisive tone, but coughed at every other sentence. "I'll come on in your rear, sir; can't ride in saddle on account of gastritis—h-m-m—just a touch, sir!"

"Good gracious!" muttered Murphy. "Bronchitis, gastritis, cross-eyes, false teeth, and afoot! Well, sir," he added, in a louder tone, for the man was apparently somewhat deaf, "I suppose we must leave a trail behind us."

The tall stranger bowed gravely and went on with packing his burros, a task which he accomplished with surprising neatness and speed. When we moved away from Socorro he fell in respectfully behind our six-mule freight-wagons, came on at an unwieldy swing for the 24-mile stretch which brought us to our first water-hole and coolly camped within our picket lines.

"We'll lose him to-morrow," said Murphy to his mess. "Cacti!" and he chuckled contentedly.

Our trail the next day led over a high mesa carpeted with prickly-pear, a matting of thorns so dense that the passing of a half-dozen "freighters" could have offered no protection to feet less well-shod than those of a mule. Yet the professor plodded undauntedly across this stretch, and, much to our astonishment, came into camp at night without limping.

Our surprise gave place to a degree of respect when we noted that the professor wore wooden shoes lined with chamois-skin. He certainly had proved himself an experienced traveler—and now his cheeks were showing sunburn and his cough seemed less incessant.

To the ruder jokers of the command the professor afforded unlimited amusement. His ungainly figure and lantern jaws, his "butter-milk eye" and "double-back-action eye-gear," his air of intent gravity when packing, unpacking, or when cooking his meals, his big gun case, which measured the length of a burro and whacked its patient bearer, now and then, upon the jaw, his carefully dried and never-opened packs, his alonishness—all furnished no fun to the cavalrymen.

It was inevitable that the man should furnish some of the amusing side-gleams of his uncommonness; but he continued to mind his own business with gravity and gave no sign.

When we had fairly entered the Tarascan range the professor was ordered to march with the command. He followed at his own distance as before. As a walker, he might have been forever celebrated among us, had he not been destined to attain celebrity of another sort when we stepped into a Jicarilla trap-upon the Mesa de los Lobos.

After ten days of marching we filed out of a tortuous canon, one hot morning, upon the high plain, and having by some chance taken the lesser of the two trails, where canon and road forked, we found that we had escaped annihilation in a huge ditch only to meet a fierce Apache rush upon the mesa. Wild riders seemed to emerge—100, 200—out of nowhere, suddenly "materializing" out of a shimmering mist of heat radiation, and they were upon us before we could form for defense. No ear in that tremendous din could hear Murphy's words of command.

It was "save himself who can," except that no man thought of flight. Each trooper and civilian got behind horse, mule or wagon, drew his Colt and fired into the screeching, clattering mob, which charged home upon us in the characteristic Apache rush.

It was a thrilling, savage moment. Clouds of horsemen hurled themselves at us with deafening yells, discharging a rain of feathered shafts and lunging fiercely at horse and man with their long lances. They rode down and over and through our thin line, a veritable besom of destruction.

When this whirlwind of savagery had howled over us and the dust of it had lifted somewhat, we took account of our casualties. Of 28 fighting men we had 18 left uninjured. Three were killed outright and three disabled. Nine horses and mules had been killed or crippled.

The faces of the living were grave enough, and filled with graver foreboding when it became apparent that the Apaches had not met with severe repulse. They had carried off their dead and were drawn up on a ridge marked by clumps of greasewood a mile or so in our advance. In five minutes three thin columns of smoke arose among them, and we knew that they were signaling for the approach of another band.

To go back into the canons meant certain destruction; to go forward seemed equally perilous. But Murphy was a fighter; he feared the moral effect of entrenchment and so began to put things in fighting order for advance.

Four men were lowering the dead into a shallow pit when the professor came up out of the canon in our rear. He had reckoned him with the lost, but somehow the Apaches had missed him. He came among us with looks of concern.

"Why, why, men, this is—h-m-m—most unfortunate!" he said. His face betrayed sorrowful emotion as the dead were covered with a salute fired. Then he donned his hat and inquired after the enemy, of whose din his deaf ears had heard nothing. The Indians upon the ridge were pointed out to him.

The professor straightened his lank figure, adjusted his spectacles, and gazed intently toward the mirage-distorted figures and the thin wreaths of smoke which curled over them. Presently he spoke:

"Lieutenant, do you think—h-m-m—they'll come on again?"

"Sure!" said Murphy.

"Then," said the professor, calmly, "then, Lieutenant, we must—h-m-m—must drive 'em off!"

Immediately he began to unpack his big gun case. He worked deftly, taking from its long cover and unwinding a swaddled Creedmoor rifle of great power and range. This ponderous weapon, the barrel of which had been specially made to the professor's order, as I learned later, must have weighed 15 or 16 pounds. To it had been fitted a beautiful full-length telescope sight, with set-screws for regulating the elevation and windage.

A laugh broke out among the troopers, who were unable to resist the humor of the situation. Murphy grinned, but looked at the polished and costly target-gun with a degree of respect.

"So you'd like to try a shot," said the lieutenant. "Well, I guess it won't do any harm."

"It must rest upon a wagon, lieutenant—h-m-m. You'll have the mules removed, to give steadiness."

He spoke authoritatively and Murphy hesitated for an instant; then, with a quizzical look, he gave the requisite order. Soon the cover of the unhitched wagon had been lifted and the professor stood upon a feed-box with his big gun resting well across some piled-up sacks of corn. He busied himself at once in making a careful estimate of the distance, in adjusting the pet-screws of the telescope, and in taking the gauge of a slightly adverse breeze.

Never shall I forget the derisive faces of Murphy's men, or the half-excited, half-deprecatory flush upon the lieutenant's face, as he stood with leveled field-glass, to note where the first shot would strike. In the heat mirage the figures of the Apache horsemen were so distorted and magnified that, although nearly half a mile distant, they were fair marks to the naked eye. Grouped, however, they made a great blurred patch upon the horizon.

Two minutes passed, and still the professor was busy with delicate adjustments; but then he got to work, and presently the roar of the Creedmoor burst forth. Some seconds of silence followed; then Murphy slipped his thigh with a whoop of triumph.

"You got him! By George, you got him!" he cried.

There were exclamations of interest from the troopers.

"No," said the professor, "only the boy—h-m-m—the man that drives." Murphy sprang upon a "freighter" and again leveled his glass. His comments betrayed unwonted excitement.

"Right you are!" he declared. "The beggar's up and shifting. Say, they think it was an accident! They're spreading—think we can't do it again. Now, then, professor, see that fellow at the right of the big greasewoods? Big chief, big medicine, togged and painted to kill. Now, then, if you—"

The crack of the target-gun interrupted, and four seconds later Murphy threw up his hat and fell off the freighter, yelling and whooping like any crazy trooper of the line. He did not cheer alone. Almost every man of us had seen an Indian bowled out of his saddle at nearly 2,000 yards.

Bang! Bang! Bang! went the professor's gun as rapidly now as he could bring the cross-hairs of his telescope to bear, and the cloud of Apaches fled as if a thousand troopers were upon their heels. They were out of sight in no time, and the professor slid off his perch, coolly wiping his rifle, while an excited crowd cheered him to the echo.

That was the last of the Jicarillas. We had unlimbered two much "big gun" for them. Of course, the command and its officers warmed to the professor; yet when he parted company from us, in the friendly land of the Zunis, we neither knew his name nor had we learned anything of his antecedents.—The Captain.

HOW THE ENGLISH LOVE US.

Specimen of Courtesy Americans Sometimes Meet with in the "Tight Little Isle."

"Whenever reference is made to the liking entertained for Americans by our English cousins and of the courtesies shown us by them," says Bliss Carman, the poet, according to the Boston Globe, "I recall with amusement the experience of certain ladies of my acquaintance who on arriving at Southampton were embarrassed by the fact that a friend whom they were expecting to meet them there had failed to put in an appearance. While they were casting about in their minds what course to pursue a nice-looking Britisher of advanced age, observing that the party were in some doubt as to their movements, approached and politely inquired whether he might be of service to them.

"Thank you so much!" exclaimed one of the ladies, explaining the situation and adding:

"You see, we are quite ignorant of the best way to get to our destination, having just arrived from America."

"Indeed!" replied the elderly Britisher. "Just from America? We have quite a number of our countrymen in jail here, madam."

The late ex-Senator Ransom, of North Carolina, was in early life a famous planter. His plantation was a model one, and from all over the state visitors came to inspect it. After the war he reduced his planting operations considerably, but he still kept up a handsome estate. He would often talk of the dissatisfaction of the reconstruction period and of the naive views about slavery that the freedmen of the time held.

"In my stable, for instance," he once said, "I employed a skilled coachman and an unskilled groom. To the coachman, of course, I paid the larger wages. The groom, as soon as he found this out, complained to me about it."

"What for," he said, "do you pay Henry more than me, sir?"

"Because," I answered, "Henry is a skilled, experienced hand."

"But then the work," said the groom, "should come to him a good deal easier than it does to me."—Kansas City Journal.

The Cat's Escape.

"The widow," says an observant bachelor, "furnishes the most delightful occupation to the student of human nature.

"Last summer I was spending some time at a well-known seaside resort, and one afternoon a handsome young woman and her little six-year-old son sat near me on the hotel terrace.

"The little fellow trotted up to me, and I patted him on the head.

"What's your name?" he asked.

"I told him.

"Is your married?" he lisped.

"No, I'm not," I replied.

"Then the child passed for a moment, and, turning to his mother, said: 'Mother, what else did you tell me to ask him?'—Cassell's Journal.

What He Couldn't Do.

Two candidates, one of whom was entirely bald, while the other had a luxuriant head of hair, were seeking the favor of the electors in a densely-crowded Lancashire mining district. The gentleman whose head was innocent of hair had been cross-questioned and heckled at a meeting almost beyond human endurance, and at last, goaded practically to madness, he declared that he could do all that his opponent could do. A collar broke in, in broad Lancashire dialect:

"Na, that canna!"

"And what can I not do?" the candidate demanded, excitedly.

"Part these hair 'f the middle," was the reply, amid roars of laughter.—London Tit-Bits.

The Girl and the Secret.

Clara—We girls are getting up a secret society.

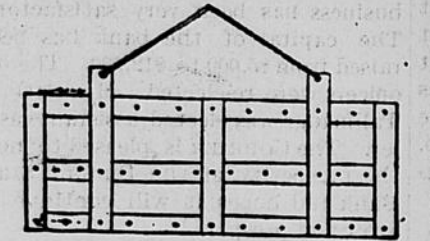
George—What's the object?

"I don't know yet, but I'll tell you after I am initiated."—Jester.



FARM-GARDEN GOOD DRAG AND HARROW.

Every farmer knows a harrow and drag are two useful farm implements. Here you will find a harrow and drag combined, which has proven very useful in both sod and loose ground, and which pulverizes and levels at the same time, says Epitomist. The one I made is to be used with three horses. It consists



of three pieces four inches by four inches by ten feet, three pieces one and one-half inch by six inches by three feet, two pieces one and one-half inches by six inches by three and one-half feet, and 31 harrow teeth. In spacing, put the teeth one foot apart. In the second beam, begin four inches farther in than on the first, and in the third, eight inches farther in than the first. The harrow teeth should be placed a little backward, so that if anything catches fast, it will pull off. Give this a trial and see what it will do.

INTERESTING TEST.

Experiments to Prove Relative Value of Deep and Shallow Cultivation for Grains.

Experiments in deep and shallow cultivation have been conducted by a number of experiment stations of the country. The Ohio station has completed a nine-year series of such experiments and reports as follows:

"For deep cultivation the double shov-el has been used, working the ground to a depth of four inches or a little more. For shallow working a swing-tooth cultivator has been used and the ground is stirred to a depth of an inch and a half.

"Taking each year's test by itself with a single exception, shallow cultivation has given a larger yield of grain, regardless of weather conditions. One season, it is true, the increase is of little moment. With the exception of one season the yield of stover is larger from the shallow cultivation.

"Taking the average for the nine seasons' work, shallow cultivation leads in grain by exactly four bushels per acre, and in stover by over 200 pounds per acre. This matter of deep and shallow cultivation would seem to be pretty well settled."

The work at the other stations has quite generally produced similar results.

ABOUT THE FARM.

Sheep raising, it is said, is fast becoming the greatest live stock industry in the world.

The strawberry plant is something of an evergreen, its leaves remaining green throughout the winter.

Every farmer, no matter what crop he is raising, should find out for himself the particular kind of fertilizer his land needs.

The potato has been forced from its natural functions since the beginning of its cultivation, until it expends all of its energy in the production of tubers.

An apple curiosity comes from New York. It has a light yellow skin and flesh which runs from bright red to a salmon color. It is not large, but is very good eating.

The finer the soil, the more likely is the seed sown to be covered from the sunshine, and the quicker will capillary action be established. Capillary action is necessary to give the seed water for the development of the shoot.

Kansas has a tame goose 52 years old, which is still hale and hearty. Its gender brother died 13 years ago and its sister goose five years ago. Though her "lovely companions" are gone this last goose is as nimble and sprightly as those of her kind generations younger.

House Your Machines.

Care should be taken of the farm machinery. Have sheds for all of it. Many farmers in Lewis county, Mo., keep their machinery out year in year out. The cold, snowy weather of winter and the hot, wet weather of summer are equally bad. You will find, after having tried it, says the Farm and Home, that the implements last better when kept under cover and well painted. Bolts should all be tightened on a machine when put into use, well oiled and taken out in ship shape. The same applies to putting it away when it should be cleaned as far as practicable and put in the shed. Each year wagon wheels should be packed in boiled linseed oil, applied when hot. This keeps the tires tight and acts as a preservative.

Soy Beans.

Soy beans, used about 525 pounds of water per pound of dry matter produced in some Wisconsin tests. The enormous quantity of water required for a crop of this kind is shown when it is stated that the crop of soy beans referred to yielded 7,980 pounds dry matter to the acre, equal to 9,177 pounds of hay, containing 15 per cent moisture.—Orange Judd Farmer.

SUFFERED FROM CATARRH OF LUNGS CURED BY PE-RU-NA.



A COLD ON THE LUNGS THREATENS TO BECOME SERIOUS.

Pe-ru-na Brings Speedy Relief.

Mrs. H. R. Adams, Ex-President Palmetto Club, of New Orleans, La., writes from 110 Garfield Court, South Bend, Ind., as follows:

"I am pleased to endorse Peruna, as I took it about a year ago and it soon brought me relief from a cold on my lungs which threatened to be serious.

"The lungs were sore and inflamed, I coughed a couple of hours every night, and I felt that something must be done before my lungs became affected.

"Peruna was suggested by some of my friends who had used it, and acting upon their advice I tried it and found that it was able to bring about a speedy cure. You have my highest endorsement and thanks for the good it did me."

On a Plain Subject in Plain Language.

The coming winter will cause at least one-half of the women to have catarrh, colds, coughs, pneumonia or consumption. Thousands of women will lose their lives and tens of thousands will acquire some chronic ailment from which they will never recover.

Unless you take the necessary precautions, the chances are that you (who read this) will be one of the unfortunate ones. Little or no risk need be run if Peruna is kept in the house and at the first appearance of any symptom of catarrh taken as directed on the bottle.

Peruna is a safeguard, a preventative, a specific, a cure for all cases of catarrh, acute and chronic, coughs, colds, consumption, etc.

For free medical advice, address Dr. S. B. Hartman, President of The Hartman Sanitarium, Columbus, Ohio.

Made Him Look So.

"Are you a married man?"

"No, I'm just recovering from appendicitis.—Cleveland Leader.

The Baltimore clergyman who inquires: "What shall we do with our old men, laborers under a misapprehension. The longevity and the precocity enjoyed by the present generation leave us neither old men nor children.—Washington Star.

FIFTEEN YEARS OF TORTURE.

Itching and Painful Sores Covered Head and Body—Cured in a Week by Cuticura.

"For fifteen years my scalp and forehead was one mass of scabs, and my body was covered with sores. Words cannot express how I suffered from the itching and pain. I tried many doctors and treatments, but could get no help, and had given up hope when a friend told me to get Cuticura. After bathing with Cuticura Soap and applying Cuticura Ointment for three days, my head was as clear as ever, and to my surprise and joy, one more of soap and one box of ointment made a complete cure in one week. (Signed) H. B. Franklin, 717 Washington St., Allegheny, Pa.)"

The whipping post has lately been suggested as a cure for about everything except freckled skin. Why not try it on that?—N. Y. Mail.

LASTING RELIEF.

J. W. Walls, Superintendent of Streets of Lebanon, Ky., says:

"My nightly rest was broken, owing to irregular action of the kidneys. I was suffering intensely from severe pains in the small and large bowels and through the kidneys and annoyed by painful passages of abnormal secretions. No amount of doctoring relieved this condition. I began taking Doan's Kidney Pills and I experienced quick and lasting relief. Doan's Kidney Pills will prove a blessing to all sufferers from kidney disorders who will give them a fair trial."

Poster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y., proprietors. For sale by all druggists, price 50 cents per box.

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