

# TWO OF THEM



ARLY in the winter of 1913, I was ordered to report as lieutenant in the 1st. I was to assist in organizing a new regiment.

It looked like snow when I left Philadelphia, and it did snow, worse and worse as we sped further west. By the time we reached Terre Haute, Indiana, things looked very blue for getting on.

Anxious not to lose a chance to reach my station, I "held the fort" in the cars, the conductor assuring me that the engine and mail car would go ahead anyhow, and that I could be thus "put through."

I was awakened by the brakeman, who informed me that the conductor had gone to the hotel, leaving him to wake me and say there was no hope of anything on wheels going out that night. My disappointment rendered me angry and unreasonable. I rose up in my wrath, and anatomized the road and all connected with it, high and low. As he advised me to stay in the cars, I determined not to do so.

I had been for some eight months at my home, recovering from an ugly wound in the face, received in our first advance against Richmond; this was not entirely healed, and my head was "in a bag"—a large covering enclosing my face and head, leaving only the left eye and mouth visible; and this, while it appeared to the patients, made me a queer-looking figure.

In the baggage-car, chained to my trunk, was "Mac," my dog, a large English greyhound, a pet I had brought from home through a feeling of sentiment. Once determined to sail forth, I went to the baggage car, unlocked Mac, opened my trunk, exchanged my dress overcoat for one of rough blue, drew on long boots outside my trousers, and strapped on a belt with two six-shooters in holsters. Receiving information as to the direction of the hotel from the brakeman, and calling Mac, we plunged into the storm. On, and on, and on, we blundered and stumbled, the poor dog keeping close to me and whining piteously. Suddenly I heard a noise, and, forcing my way against the wind and snow toward it, came "bang up" against the side of a house, under this partial protection I looked along and was cheered by the sight of a gleam of light which came from an open window. I quickly found the door of the house, and with Mac entered the dingy barroom of a third-rate lager-beer saloon. It was about 11 o'clock at night, the proprietor was a rough, swarthy German. He stared with astonishment as we burst in upon him.



"I DID NOT LIKE HIS LOOKS."

"Can I stay here to-night?"

"Naw!"

"Why not? Look here, old man, I look pretty rough, but I've got money to pay for everything I want or order," and I showed him a large roll of greenbacks. "If you can't give me a bed, make up your fire here so I will keep all night, and I'll pay you well to let me sleep on chairs in this bar-room."

"Well," he replied, with hesitation, "I haf von room rot unt in't two bed in bud der is von man dare already."

"I don't care if there's an elephant in the one bed, so I get the other," said I. "Let's have it right off."

"Der dog, he will here shay, eh?"

"No sices, that dog goes where I do. I'll pay for him like any other Christian; put it in the bill."

With a grunt and a shrug the heavy-old fellow lighted about half an inch of tallow candle and telling me "Come on den!" led the way out of a side-door, and up dirty, rickety stairs to what might be called the "front attic." As we passed a door on the second floor, a woman's voice called to the man. I suppose she asked him what he was doing, as he answered that he was only going to show "dis feller to bet."

The room in which he placed me was mean in every way—one strip of rag carpet in the middle, a poor bed under each slope of the roof. He placed the candlestick on a rude shelf, and with a grunt took his departure. I looked around—and did not like the appearance of things. I saw a lot of rough clothing piled on a chair by one bedside. I took the candle and went quietly over to survey my room-mate. I was not prepossessed in his favor. He was a sallow-looking chap, with a big black beard, and tangled hair; the outlines of his figure, curled up under the blankets, seemed to in-

dicte that he was about seven feet high, and I could see that he was feigning sleep and watching me. I determined to "bluff it through," if possible. Placing the candle again on the shelf, I unbuttoned the overcoat and drew forth my big "navies," putting them on half-cock. I twisted the cylinder around and looked carefully into each chamber; then, with a sigh of relief, and as if to say, "That's good for six shots anyhow," I laid them on the bed I was to occupy. Then I pulled the old slouch hat as far over my ears as possible, turned down the blankets, and, with boots overcoat, and hat on, turned into the bed. The pistol I placed one on each side of me; the knife I laid under my back. I awakened Mac, who, totally exhausted, was asleep on the floor; made him jump in and lie down close to me, and then pulled the blankets over us both. I quickly dropped into a half-sleep. A movement from the other creaky bed awakened me. I opened my eyes, and by the dull snow light which straggled through the window could see the outlines of the man in the other bed, and he was sitting up.

In an instant I was on the alert, but made no movement. He leaned forward and seemed to listen; then he dropped down again. In about five minutes he once more raised himself, and for a time was motionless; then the light was put outside the cover; then the other, and he stood erect. With the utmost caution he invested his long legs in the proper garments, and then, gathering up his other clothing and boots in his arms, he stole quietly as a robber out of the room.

I heard him descend the stairs and knock lightly on the door of the landlord's chamber; several times he knocked; then the door was opened, and I could hear the dull muttering of the big German, the shrill whispers of a woman, and earnest, though low tones which must be those of the stranger. Then the two men went down into the bar-room, and I decided that I was "in for it." I crept out of bed and went to the door,—no lock or catch was there. I looked for something to brace against it, nothing could be found. One of the two chairs had only three legs, and neither had any back. I was caught in a trap.

I had fought my way through every grade, from private to captain, in the field, and done every line of duty from picket to pitched battle, but I never had such trying hours as I passed in that bed. I could recognize the shuffling of stocking-shod feet on the first floor, and could hear a steady conversation for about fifteen minutes. Then all was quiet for a time. Next I heard a heavy but cautious tread ascending to the landlord's room, and the woman's whispers were renewed.

The garret-room door was open just a crack. There I fastened my gaze. To that point I directed the barrels of my pistols. I heard the stairs creak, and the wind howled.

I watched and waited and finally—I fell asleep. When I awoke, Mac was looking my face and broad daylight was streaming through the window; my pistols lay where they had fallen from my hands. I felt in my pockets; there was my money all right. Quickly I made my way downstairs. In the bar-room, which seemed rather cozy by morning view, was the host, who now looked an honest, sturdy fellow. "Can I have breakfast for myself and dog?"

"Well, I guess so, after a bit."

And all the time he was eyeing me most curiously. I took a seat by the hot stove; he came and rattled it a little with the poker, and at last said: "Say, vat mit dat other feller you do, last night, dot you so much him sleep?"

"Do?" said I. "I didn't do anything, and as to sleep, I'll bet a horse he wasn't half as much sleeped as I was; the thundering big border ruffian!"

"By Shimminy! dot a good one was. He come down all mit der drimbils, und vakes mine wife und she myself vakes, und he say to me, 'Wot fer you sent to my pet room op dot feller mit a vite mask his face on, unt ton pistols unt dot pig ploothoun' dog? I shay not der room in mit no such ploothoun' unt murtaria' endtrote.' I haf de shairs in de kitchen fer him fix unt he at de daylight leaf mitout his breakfast what he do last night paid."

In spite of its very tame, though decidedly satisfactory ending, that was as trying a night as ever I passed in my life.

### What is a Dew Pond?

In some of the English chalk hills where shepherds feed their flocks, wells are few and far between. Now, as water is so necessary for sheep as for human beings, how is it got? Hundreds of years ago a very simple plan was employed for the purpose of collecting water; and this plan is in use to-day in certain parts of England. A pond is formed and made water-tight by filling in its sides with clay. If proper care has been shown in choosing a situation for the pond, it will be found that enough water gathers in it from the rain, dew and evening mists that hang about the hill to satisfy the wants of the sheep. In fact so excellent do these ponds answer their purpose that many of them on the Hampshire hills are never dry.

### A Change for the Better.

Gray—Harris is said to have been a model prisoner while he was in jail. He never gave anybody any trouble.

Hogan—Well, then, it wasn't such a bad idea sending him to jail. He never made that kind of a citizen while he was outside.—Texas Siftings.

## THE FARM AND HOME.

### THE MAKING OF BUTTER FROM SWEET CREAM.

Advanced Dairying and Its Tendencies—Dehorning With Caustic Potash—Doubting the Honey Crop—Farm Notes and Home Hints.

#### Sweet Cream Butter.

Almost all the difficulties and risks in making butter occur during the interval between the milking and the churning. No doubt there are some that arise from improper feeding and uncleanness in the keeping of the cows, or in the process of milking, but all these together are not so injurious to the butter as errors in the management of the cream. A writer in Country Gentleman says: "The many internal changes that occur in cream by exposure to the atmosphere and to variations of temperature that we know are due to the action of numerous varieties of fungous germs which increase to an enormous extent in the cream in the short interval during which it is kept to ripen, or during which the milk is kept for the cream to rise, are a sufficient explanation of the common defects of the largest proportion of the butter that is made. The most careful butter-maker can hardly escape some of these difficulties without the use of such apparatus as reduces these risks to a minimum, or removes them altogether. And under the most favorable circumstances, a sudden change of the weather may render unavailing all the care of the most skillful dairymen."

This being true, it is only a reasonable thing that the tendency of advanced dairying should be toward the making of sweet cream butter. And this change of the program of the fine butter maker is not so much the result of any special demand for this name of butter by consumers, as to the fact that the butter so made reaches them in the very best condition and it is the advanced dairymen themselves who made the discovery. To reach this end has been the study of fine butter makers for years, and hence so much has been heard of methods of ripening cream in such a manner as to avoid as much as possible the contact of the cream with the air, and to keep it at as low a temperature as possible until the time comes for the churning.

It is not that the insipid flavor of the fresh butter made of sweet cream has become the fashion, for this kind of butter can hardly ever reach the consumer because of the rapid change of the butter after churning, but rather that the butter so made reaches the table just at the time when it has attained the same degree of ripeness, and consequently has the same delicate flavor and aroma as when it formerly came from the churn. Sour-cream butter has its best flavor at this time, and every hour after that it will deteriorate unless it is perfectly sealed from the air. Then, after a time, it has gradually ripened from internal slow changes, and acquired its best flavor. But the demand now is for butter in the form of pressed cakes, all ready for the table, and this form necessarily exposes the butter to the air more than if it were packed in pails or tubs.

The experiments that have been made recently in churning the sweet cream have all been satisfactory. There has been no loss of butter, and the churning has not occupied more time than usual. The butter has come from the churn in the right condition, so that it ripens in the interval that necessarily elapses between the making of it and the use of it. The butter is ripened instead of the cream. This should be clearly understood, so that those intelligent butter-makers who have all along well known the peculiar quality of sweet-cream butter, should realize this fact, and thus reconcile it with their knowledge. It is a question of terms more than anything else, and nothing to alarm any one.

#### The Fallacy of Large Pastures.

It is not uncommon for inexperienced stockmen to think they have secured excellent pasture because they can turn into a field where grass is a foot or more high. Except with clover, and not always with that, a large growth is not the sweetest and most nutritious. Very often, indeed, the untouched grass in the pasture field is left uneaten because it lacks the sweetness which cattle find in shorter and more nutritious. We have often seen the grass eaten down almost to the soil over an underdrain, while the grass grew green and apparently just as good, but uneaten a few feet away. Then, too, a dressing of mineral fertilizer, either potash or phosphate, will do much to sweeten this too large growth. Probably on most soils the potash adds phosphate also by making what the soil contains more soluble.—American Cultivator.

#### Doubting the White Honey Crop.

Mr. B. Taylor, in Farm, Stock and Home, says that at the end of the white honey season he removes all

surplus honey from the hives, crates the finished sections, and extracts the partly-filled and uncapped combs. The extracted honey thus obtained is, if cured properly, of the highest grade for table use, and sells for nearly the price of the comb honey if customers are made acquainted with its high excellence.

The sections containing the empty combs he returns to the supers, and some pleasant afternoon sets them all out without covers, so the bees can get at them without hindrance, and clean the combs of every drop of adhering honey. In the evening, after the bees have ceased to fly, the cases are carried and stored into the bee-proof honey-house. A "handy comb-laveller" is then brought into use, and the combs leveled to even thickness, and set carefully away for next year. By the use of prepared combs he is quite sure he can double the white honey crop.

The hives, after the honey is removed, will have an extra hive containing either frames or drawn combs, or full sheets of brood foundation, placed on top of each colony to be filled with dark fall honey. There should be a queen-excluding honey-board placed between the brood-chamber and these hives, so no brood can be started in them. He keeps the honey thus obtained for feeding and rearing an army of bees in time for next year's clover and basswood season.

#### Dehorning With Caustic Potash.

Professor Roberts is an advocate of dehorning, but prefers to prevent the horns from growing. He has made some experiments in this matter at the experiment station, which he says warrant the following recommendations:

1. That for efficiency, cheapness and ease of application, stick caustic potash can be safely recommended for preventing the growth of horns.
2. The earlier the application is made in the life of the calf, the better.

The following are the directions for applying the caustic:

The hair should be closely clipped from the skin and the little horn moistened with water to which soap or a few drops of ammonia have been added to dissolve the oily secretion of the skin so that the potash will more readily adhere to the surface of the horn. Care must be taken not to moisten the skin except on the horn where the potash is to be applied. One end of a stick of caustic potash is dipped in water until it is slightly softened. It is then rubbed on the moistened surface of the little horn. This operation is repeated from five to eight times, until the surface of the horn is slightly sensitive. The whole operation need take only a few minutes and the calf is apparently insensible to it. A slight scab forms over the surface of the budding horn and drops off in the course of a month or six weeks, leaving a perfectly smooth poll.—Journal of Agriculture.

#### Farm Notes.

- Fruit trees do better on well drained land.
- Many horses are ruined by carelessness in handling.
- Nothing adds more to the value of the farm than a good orchard.
- Growing sheep instead of taking fertility from the soil improves it.
- The apple borer borins his work the first year after planting the trees.
- Trim all the wood from the current bushes as soon as the leaves are off.
- It rarely if ever pays to whip a horse. They yield much quicker to kind treatment.
- It is expensive to keep the brood sow on corn all winter. Give milk, bran, roots, etc.
- If you haven't the cash to pay with, better do without something than to buy "on time."

#### Home Hints.

- Leather which is dull and stained can often be restored by a mixture of oil and vinegar, well mixed.
- The covers of lard pails may be utilized for placing under pots and saucepans when the stove is hot.
- The most flesh forming food is sugar. Thin people can't use too much of it; fat people can't use too little of it.
- A thin piece of salt pork bound to a wound caused by stepping on a nail or carpet tack will remove the inflammation almost immediately and prevent serious consequences.
- In cases of illness where the burning thirst of the patient cannot be assuaged by water or cracked ice, it is said that a teaspoonful of glycerine will afford prompt and comparatively long relief.
- Perspiration stains may be removed from the arms of white woolen or silk dresses by sponging with warm water into which ammonia has been poured, and then with clear water. Press the place before it becomes quite dry.
- Embroidery should always be ironed on the wrong side, on a soft surface, such as heavy flannel or felting, with a clean white cloth over it and should be ironed until thoroughly dry. In this way the design will be beautifully brought out.

#### A Tender Lover.

At Egg Harbor, N. J., recently Miss Adelle Seaman and August Klein were to have been married. The guests had assembled at the Seaman home-stead and everything was in readiness for the ceremony except the groom. That individual failed to make his appearance, but sent a note stating that he had been called to Philadelphia to the bedside of a sick aunt, from whom he expected to get money at her death. The note informed the bride that he would reach the place in time for the ceremony, but as it afterward turned Klein missed his train. When Miss Seaman was informed that Klein had not made his appearance and it was suggested to her that he might have missed the train if he was unavoidably detained, she became angry and asked to see the best man, a former lover named Harry Shaefer. As a result of the conference Mr. Shaefer led Miss Seaman to where the guests were assembled, greatly to the amusement of the friends of both, and they were married. Klein arrived later in the day and was greatly agitated over the turn affairs had taken.

#### The Fish and the Boy.

The Neshaminy creek, in Pennsylvania, in rainy seasons fills the ditches of adjacent farms with water from eighteen inches to two feet deep. After a recent downpour three boys went fishing by the creek and in a ditch the boys caught three huge carp flopping about. One of the boys jumped into the ditch and seized the largest fish. The carp, nearly as big as the boy, had the advantage of being in his native element, and plunged through the water and mud until the boys on shore thought that their companion would surely be drowned. But at last the fish grew so weak from its great efforts that the boys dragged it out upon the bank and there held it until it ceased to struggle. Then they logged their trophy home, put it on the scales and found that it weighed thirty-two pounds.

#### An Exploding Meteor.

A remarkable meteor exploded near Pompton, N. J., one day recently. In describing the phenomenon, a witness said that "the whole sky began to glow before the meteor came in sight. There was no wavering in its course, and as it came more nearly overhead, it seemed to go faster. Suddenly it burst, and a thousand pieces of many colors went flying in every direction. The glow, which mingled with the dawn, lasted for a moment longer. But it was not until the light faded away that the report came. The light lasted about thirty seconds."

#### Costly Railway.

A new mountain railway has been constructed on the Schalberg, in the Salzkammergut, often called the Rigi of Austria. The mountain rises from Wolfgangsee, a beautiful lake situated an hour from Ischl. The summit is 3900 feet above the level of the lake, and the length of the line is about three and a half miles. There are several tunnels, one of which is 900 feet long.

#### Congo Free State.

King Leopold of Belgium is sovereign of the Congo Free State; at his death Belgium will succeed to his rights in the state, and will have the right to annex it. In the state at present there is a population of about 14,000,000, of whom 774 are Europeans, of those 338 are Belgians. The state is governed by a central government at Brussels, with a local government at Boma, the capital of the state.

## Millions of House-keepers

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