



JULY 4<sup>TH</sup> 1895

DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE

AT SLEEPY HOLLOW.

IT MAY BE ABRUPTLY but truthfully stated that there is little love lost between the negro and the Indian.

The negro looks upon the Indian as a savage incapable of civilization. The Indian regards the negro as a savage despising him for having allowed himself to be enslaved. Each may, more or less secretly, look up to the white man, but each openly looks down upon the other as something far beneath him.

Fortunately for the peace of races, our Indian and our negro have come into contact but little; and the Indian the negro has touched has been almost exclusively the more peaceably inclined Southern variety; and even this was chiefly, too, while the negro was in a state of bondage, unendowed with freedom and free-arms. The Indian has always had both. The fact that, for these physical reasons, there has never been any trouble between the two races is sufficient excuse for the general public ignorance of their very candid opinions of each other. Certainly the citizens of Harney's Territory of Dakota, being most of them new come from the Northern East, where there were neither Indians nor negroes, could not have been expected to know of the ingenious sentiments which each entertained toward the other.

It was as long ago as the summer of 1880, Harney's had been settled the fall before, on the completion of the railroad. It was settled in a manner similar to that adopted by a boy who goes out in the middle of the carpet and builds a card-board town, and peoples it with paper citizens. All of the wheat-growing parts of the territory were colonized in this way, artificially as it were. That is, instead of pioneers and frontiersmen penetrating slowly in wagons and with mule-trains and building their homes in the wilderness, making the division between established civilization and unalloyed barbarism a broad and undefined belt, the railroad



ALL RIGHT, WE SHAM FIGHT NIGGERS.

came first across the level plain (costing nothing to build), and then it brought the settlers and dumped them down here and there, occasionally a trainful at a place, which was a town, with other trainfuls peppered about on the prairie judiciously between the towns, which were the farmers. These settlers, received by the car-load, and warranted to be prime eastern lots, immediately established the same grade of civilization they had enjoyed in the East; and the result was that the line between civilization and barbarism was as sharply marked as the edge of one of the white June clouds against the deep blue of the sky. You attended your Browning Club, and helped to

throw light into the dark corners of this ignominious post as a matter of course; and then you rode out across the ridge a little way and admired a Sioux Ghost Dance.

The Fourth of July was approaching. It was decided by the patriotic citizens of Harney's that there must be a celebration. In casting about for attractions the chairman of the duly appointed committee hit upon the bright idea of a sham battle in the Sleepy Hills, just outside of town. This chairman was Mr. Walden Hutchens. Then another member asked why not have the Indians from the Rolling Fork Agency, which was near by, take one side and the citizens the other? Then another member had an inspiration. Why not, he said, get some of the troops from Fort De Smet, also near at hand,



"TAKE OFF THAT BOOT."

to take the other side. "Well do it!" exclaimed Chairman Hutchens, recognizing that the evolution of the idea could go no further. "It'll make Rome howl, and lay over any other celebration in the territory." Chairman Hutchens was an enterprising young man of the Harvard class of seventy-something, and knew a good idea when he saw it.

It happened that the 11th Cavalry, which was stationed at Fort De Smet, was a negro regiment. It seemed as if they were the darkest-colored Africans ever got together. They were big, strong, active fellows, and presumably good soldiers, but their complexions were unbecomingly dark.

Chairman Hutchens was extremely friendly with Colonel Poinsette, commandant at Fort De Smet, and no sooner had he recovered from the first flash of the brilliancy of the mock battle idea than he hurried away to consult this officer. Colonel Poinsette hesitated about allowing his men to take part, but when the fact that they would no doubt look upon it in the light of a lark of the first magnitude, and that they richly deserved a little play spell, he relented, and said that if the men desired to engage in it he would give his consent. So the chairman went in search of some of the soldiers to sound them on the subject. Fortunately one Yancy, a sort of a leader of the men when they were off on furlough—in civil life he would certainly have been a politician, and perhaps got into the legislature—was found in town, and the chairman was found in town, and the chairman was found in town, and the chairman was found in town.

"No, sah, I reckon us soldiers wouldn't keer about having no sham battle with them things." The private put a marked emphasis on the word sham, and by things he of course meant the proud-spirited red man. "But," went on the chairman, in an insinuating tone, "it will be a regular picnic for you fellows. The Colonel, I think, will leave the command in the hands of the non-commissioned officers, and you can have more fun than a babe of monkeys. We'll furnish each one of you with one hundred blank cartridges and you can bang away all the afternoon."

The private again gazed away at the Sleepy Hills. "I dun'no, sah," he said. "Us soldiers don't keer much 'bout sociating with Injuns in sham battles." There was still a considerable empha-

sis on the sham. Then, as he still looked off at the blue hills, a thoughtful expression came into his conspicuous white eyes, and he added: "But I s'pose, sah, that a sham battle might be better'n no battle at all. I will talk with the men about it, sah."

The upshot of the matter was that the private soon came to the chairman and said:

"I reckon, sah, that we would like the sham battle, sah, if the Kunnel don't object, and the folks here wants us to." The chairman caught the reflection of a mysterious light in the other's expansive eyes as he rolled it away along the low tops of the Sleepy Hills. But he thought nothing of it, and hurried off to consult old Mad Wolf, chief of the Indians. Mad Wolf had a leading part in the Minnesota massacre in 1862, and was reputed still to have the scalp he took then hidden away, some of them covered with long fine hair—women's hair—or shorter, but still soft and silky—children's hair—babies' hair. But he had long since laid by the scalping knife, and drew without complaint the neat but not gaudy rations dealt out by a paternal government. He was sitting on the ground, smoking a pale-face cigarette, when approached by the chairman, who duly set forth the sham-battle idea. He was careful to elucidate the sham point of the proposed affair, so as not to raise any hopes not justified by the facts in the bosom of the ancient warrior. But the Indian seemed to understand only too clearly. He snorted a cloud of cigarette smoke from his nostrils, grunted in a strong negative tone, and said:

"No want to play with Niggers." Then the chairman launched forth his most persuasive eloquence, using all the arguments which had availed with Private Yancy, and such others as he conceived would appeal to a more savage breast. He had at first proposed that the Indians fight with bows and arrows, to give the affair an early day tone, but thinking that the idea of guns might move the chief more easily, now told him that they might use their repeating rifles, the citizens to furnish them the same number of blank cartridges that they did the negroes. The chairman paused. The chief grunted negatively, and looked at the horizon. The chairman clutched at his apparent advantage.

"Big time!" he exclaimed, throwing his arms about as if attempting to picture writing on the air. "One hundred blank cartridges! Heap noise! Shoot all day! Make believe you kill soldiers! Make soldiers heap run! Whoop!" The Indian remained unmoved, but he gazed off at the haze, far-away horizon, and seemed lost in thought. The blue smoke of his cigarette curled away and it went out between his fingers. Then he grunted—affirmatively—and rose to his feet gracefully, and as if it cost not the slightest exertion. He drew himself up to his full height, and said, scarcely parting his lips:



"STOP THOSE INDIANS!"

The elated chairman rushed back to Harney's and reported his success. At a public meeting that evening to consider further the celebration project a special vote of thanks was given him for his good work.

Long before the sun peeped over the Sleepy Hills on the morning of the

Fourth, Harney's was astir: It was to be the greatest day of the young town's existence. Crowds of people were expected from the surrounding country and the neighboring towns. It had been decided to hold the races and other minor amusements for the populace in the forenoon, with the great sham battle at 2 p. m. The morning program passed off acceptably. The most important "event" was the three-minute trotting race, free for all, best three in five, which was won by the county treasurer's bay mare, Mrs. Langtry, in 3.07, although the judges pronounced the track fully two seconds low. But the people merely endured these things, and held back their enthusiasm for the mock fight.

It had been arranged that the troops should mass themselves in the square in front of the Massachusetts hotel, there to await the attack of the Indians. They were to dash up from across the prairie, and shout madly and fire their guns as they circled around the town. At the second turn the soldiers were to dash out, and in a quick, sharp engagement put the Indians to flight, who would retreat to the near-by Sleepy Hills, followed by the others, where all would dismount, and a general ambuscade and bushwhacking fight would follow as long as the blank cartridges lasted, the citizens in the meantime to have gathered in the grand stand of the race track to witness the mimic slaughter.

At 2 o'clock everything was ready. The troops, three hundred strong, were in the square, looking firm (and dark) and determined. The non-commissioned officers were bursting with martial pride. Each man carried his carbine, and the belts stuffed with blank cartridges looked formidable enough. Suddenly the first far-off whoop of the coming savages smote the ear of the spectator and soldier. At this precise second Colonel Poinsette, who had been observing his men from the balcony, was seen striding across the square as nearly on a run as was consistent with commanding officer dignity.

"Dismount!" he thundered, pointing a rattan cane at the first man in the line.

It happened to be Private Yancy. With a movement like some sort of an ingenious factory machine the private obeyed, and stood gazing into space with a rigidity which gave the sympathetic beholder a crick in his back.

"Take off that boot!" and the rattan cane, after a vicious swing, pointed at the private's left leg. Yancy gave a sudden start, drew a quick breath, but obeyed, balancing himself on his other foot and drawing the boot off slowly and with much care, keeping his leg upright.

"Turn it over!" roared the colonel. The poor private did so. Out on the dusty ground, with a dull rattle, rolled fifty regulation ball cartridges, long, heavy, villainous cylinders, with seventy grains of deadly powder packed back of nobody knows how much murderous lead. A glance showed the startled spectator that the leg of every cavalry boot in the line was of abnormal bigness.

"Stop those Indians!" shouted Colonel Poinsette, turning to Chairman Hutchens. The chairman rushed away, followed by half the crowd.

He reached the edge of the town just as the Indians were beginning to circle about it, whooping and shooting profusely into the air. "Halt!" he



"GET OFF," SAID HUTCHENS.

yelled to Chief Mad Wolf, in a tone which made even that hardened savage think that it was best to obey. Around a loose blouse he wore the belt of blank cartridges, with the wooden scalping knife stuck in it.

"Get off!" said Hutchens. The chief slid to the ground, too astonished to remonstrate. The chairman strode forward and pulled open the blouse. Under it was another belt, bursting with ball cartridges, big, thick, bottle-necked Winchester's, and at the side was an old Hudson Bay company scalping knife, with deer horn handle, the long blade newly ground and polished. Every Indian was similarly provided. The great sham battle of the Sleepy Hills was declared off.

The most that either the Indians or the negroes would ever admit was that they took along the ball cartridges so as to have them "in case anything should happen." But nobody doubted that if they had got out in the hills something would have happened.—Hayden Carruthers in Harper's Weekly.

A Hint to Small Boys.

It would be a great gain to the rising and the unrisen generations if we could lead the small boy to believe that there are better ways than day-long detonations in which to celebrate the Fourth of July, and that beautiful and attractive things are as eligible for purposes of celebration as things that annoy and disgust the neighbors and that frighten adults to flight. It is true that the refinement of the American small boy is the same as that of the blank cartridge; but at the same time it would be good for him, and an inestimable blessing to his seniors, if it were gently but firmly explained to him that his methods of celebration are obsolete and barbarous.

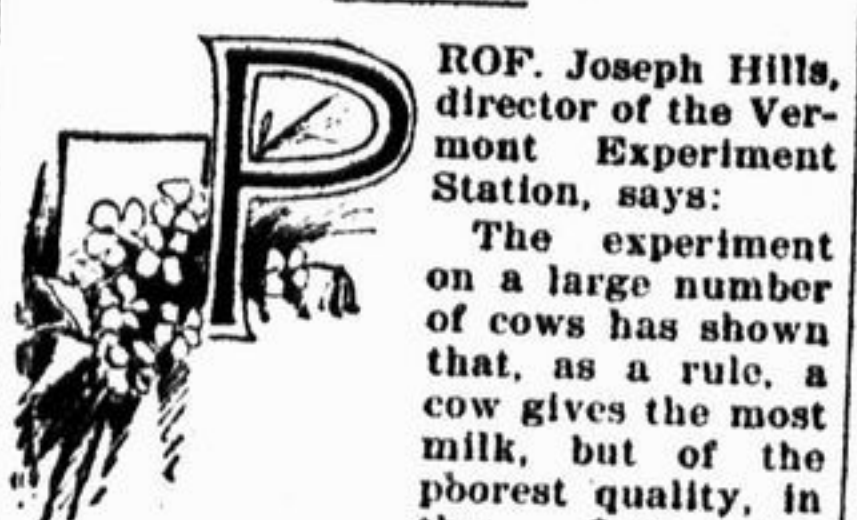
Firecrackers.

It is rather odd that the Fourth of July should have become such a day of terror, as it undoubtedly is, to the adult inhabitants of American cities. Indeed, the medieval description of the "day of wrath" is very fairly applicable. It is the day when the world seems to be dissolved in pitchy smoke. The coming of the national holiday is the signal for those that are upon the housetops for protection or refuge from the early heat, to flee into the mountains.—Harper's Weekly.

DAIRY AND POULTRY.

INTERESTING CHAPTERS FOR OUR RURAL READERS.

How Successful Farmers Operate This Department of the Farm—A Few Hints as to the Care of Live Stock and Poultry.



PROF. Joseph Hills, director of the Vermont Experiment Station, says: The experiment on a large number of cows has shown that, as a rule, a cow gives the most milk, but of the poorest quality, in the months of her lactation; during the first six months of her lactation the quality does not materially change, but in the last half of the year (if she calves every year) the milk flow shrinks and its quality increases, the latter being on the average an increase of about one-quarter of the total fat. It has been found that the cows calving in the spring change the quality of their milk more decidedly than those that calve in the fall, while farrow cows calving either in spring or fall, hold to the even quality of their milk more than those that calve each year.

The variations from day to day of the milk from the same cow or herd are frequently extreme, and are often due to causes which are not understood. If, however, by means of the composite sample the quality of the yield

of an expert. No better winter or summer layer exists—large white eggs that command the highest market price; they stand confinement well, and if allowed liberty are the best of foragers. What can be more beautiful than a proud fowl of graceful figure, with glossy metallic black plumage, vermilion comb, face and wattles, pure white earlobes and yellowish legs. They are certainly one of the handsomest breeds in existence. Regarding their history, it commences with Reed Watson's importation in 1871, though as the Poultry World of December, 1875, states there were accounts of black fowls being brought over before. It has been said that a flock of Black Leghorns were kept on a farm near Newark, N. J., between 1845 and 1850. They were imported to this country from Italy, the home of the Leghorns. In the show room they are very attractive, the fact, which was clearly demonstrated at the last Nashville show, held last December, and were admired by both visitors and breeders.

Early Feed of Hogs.

The low price of hogs has been a bitter disappointment to many farmers. Owing to the high price of corn and the strong probability of loss in fattening they will decide to stock them through to grass. This point once reached, clover will carry them through in good shape until the last of June, and later if desirable. It will be very important by that time to have a grain crop that will put them in a good condition for early market. The grain of last year's crop will by that time be exhausted and the new crop will not be fit to use till September. What can be done to furnish hog feed from the new crop in July and August? Much can be done if the farmer will. We do not see any way of getting grain from next year's crop before July 4, or

A CHEAP POULTRY HOUSE.



We give herewith an illustration of a cheap and convenient poultry house. It is used for both hens and ducks. A board fence extends along the north side, and this tends to break the force of the cold wind in early spring and late fall. The house itself is very simply built, by the arrangement shown requiring as few joints as possible. The glass windows on the south side occupy the entire center of the front of the house, and part of the roof. This arrangement gives an abundance of warmth and light in winter. Shingles

are largely used and prove far cheaper than matched lumber. The pond in front need not of necessity be a pool of stagnant water. It should have a gravelly bottom or be constructed with cement like a cistern. Then arrangements should be made to renew the water supply as often as there is danger of its becoming stagnant. Where there is a windmill on the place this will not be a difficult matter, or where the connection is with a running brook the change of water may be made continuous.

of several days or a week be estimated it is usually found that there are less wide variations than are found from day to day.

For the past three years we have analyzed the milk of each individual cow of the Vermont Experiment Station herd twice a month, each sample being made up from eight consecutive milkings. It has been found that the milk given when the cow is four months along in lactation is very nearly the average quality of the milk given by the cow in the course of the year; that if two analyses are made at this time, fifteen days apart, upon composite samples, the result will probably be within a tenth of one per cent of the actual average.

The extremes of fluctuations in the quality of the milk of a cow are frequently noted in the records of tests, public and private. Some of these are almost beyond belief, yet many are apparently authentic.

The greatest change in quality of milk from day to day that has come under my personal observation, was that made by a registered Ayrshire owned by L. S. Drew, of Burlington, being 2.68 per cent fat change in two days. This is probably the most violent change on record where the test was controlled by chemical analysis.

Has the cow a fixed quality of milk which she gives throughout life? Does a heifer in her first lactation, indicate truly her milking qualities, or may we expect gain or loss in years to come? Our records indicate in eight comparisons of heifers of our own raising, less than 20 per cent gain in per cent of fat, during the second milking period. Apparently the same general character of the milk is maintained throughout life, although the quantity may be increased or diminished. Minor variations in quality may be expected, but large ones seldom occur.

Black Leghorns.

It is strange to me why the above named variety is not bred more extensively in our section of the country; it certainly cannot be on account of its not being a profitable fowl, writes Fred Klooz in Farm Fancier. All who have bred the Black Leghorns in conjunction with the other varieties of Leghorns will, I think, agree with me in the statement that experience proves that they are the best of the Leghorn family. They are more hardy and lay more and larger eggs than any of the other varieties, and if a breeder keeps them once, he will always breed them. It is true a great many object to this breed on account of their color, claiming when dressed for market they are not so salable as those that have skin of a more yellow color. This is not the case, however; the yellow that is now demanded in the legs is accompanied by a tinge of the same color in the skin, thus removing any objection on that point. Solid colored birds are preferable on account of the large per cent of chicks produced with correct plumage, and such birds that score high in the show room can be mated with a greater expectation for improvement than the parti-colored ones, and by the beginner without the assistance

June 25 at the nearest. We believe a good grain feed can be secured at this time by sowing a bushel of peas per acre and ploughing them in about three inches deep, then sowing from a bushel to a bushel and a half of oats on the surface and harrowing them in, and then, to make the job complete, rolling the ground or going over it with a plunker. The oats will hold the peas up, and when the peas are in the dough stage feeding may commence. The hogs may be turned in or the crop can be cut and fed to them in the yard. When this is exhausted oats or winter wheat can be fed until early corn is fit to use.—Farm and Dairy.

A Summer Henhouse.

For a summer house for hens, build portable buildings 4x8, corner posts 3 feet high, narrow board at top and base, and double roof, with light frame. Then clapboard the back side, roof and one end, silt the front with laths and partially clapboard the other end, leaving space for small door. Inside place the broad, flat roosts about ten inches from the ground, and the nests upon a dozen hens or thirty to fifty chickens. Two men can easily move these buildings once a week, and thus not only will a large area be well fertilized during the season, but the stock be colonized away from winter quarters, where a larger measure of the food supply will be obtained. Place the flock in one of these coops after dark, and keep shut up for twenty-four hours, and there will be no trouble afterwards about their finding their own home. The material for these buildings will cost not far from 75 cents to \$1 each, and will last several years. Having used them for years, we can testify to their value.—Ex.

Feed and Milk Flavors.

It seems to me injudicious to cast even seeming doubt on the fact that the food does not affect the flavor of the milk, and especially of the butter, and this all the more so because these ill flavors mostly consist of oils that (it is my firm belief, as well as the belief of many others) are intimately connected with the product of the cow's butter. Forty years' experience and careful study of this matter convince me that the selection of the food is the most important element both of quantity and quality—including the odor and the flavor—of the butter, and those who stand in the position of instructors of farmers and dairymen should be careful not to mislead, even by implication, in respect to questions of this kind, and if any leaning any way is to be permitted, it should be on the side of safety. I am as certain that musty food will affect the flavor of butter as that onions or turnips will. And the mixture of the two, while it might dilute the effect, cannot neutralize it.—H. Stewart, in Country Gentleman.

Jinks—I despise a man who is mean with his wife. Do you give yours an allowance, or what she can wheedle out of you?  
Flicks—Both—Tiddits