A TALE OF BLOOD.

A TRAGEDY OE THE PLAINS RELATED BY AN OLD RANCHER.

A Young Rancher Hanged to a Tree by a Gang of Cattle Rustlers Who Had It in for Him—Speedy Vengeance.

After the war closed I went back home ter Ohio, but I wuz no good ter myself ur anybody else," said "Buckeye." "Like thousands ov others ov the boys four years of soldierin' had knocked all the taste fer farmin' out ov me. I wuz sort broke down an' ev'rybody thought I hed c'nsumption, an I thought I hed, too, so I thought I'd try the southwest an' come out ter Arizony. After while I got so ez I couldn't keer fer my mules, so I tuk what money I'd saved, bought a couple ov burros an' a camp outfit an' started out prospectin'. I 'lowed mebbe I'd pick up enough ter keep me agoin' till I went into camp fer the last time. Well, I prospected aroun' fer a while an' kept a-growin' weaker 'n weaker. I never tied my burros at night fer fear I wouldn't be able ter git up in the mornin' an' they'd starve. Sure enough one mornin' I wuzn't able ter move. I'd made a dry camp the night before, not bein' able ter reach water, so 'long the next day the burros moseyed off down the kenyon. I felt awful lonely then, but I tried ter quiet myself an wait fer the end. God! How hot it wuz in that kenyon!

"The nex' thing I remember wuz somebody holdin' my head up an' tryin' ter git some whiskey an' water in my mouth. I opened my eyes an' a young feller wuz a bendin' ever me an' near by wuz a saddle hoss. He managed ter git me inter the saddle an' by holdin' me on got me down ter his cabin 'bout four mile down the kenyon.

"Well, he tuk me in an' nussed me fer a few days till I begin ter pick up an' wuz able ter wait on myself. I wuz jest run down, thet's all, needed a good long rest. quinine, fresh meat, an' good water. He hed these in plenty, an' 't'wuzn't long till I wuz right peart. He hed come out from Pensylvanny a year or so before an' hed located a stock ranch in the valley an' hed

'A SIGHT I NEVER WANT TER SEE AGIN."

filed on the springs thet made quite a stream from thar on. He hed fixed up a old doby somebody had deserted an' with pine an' cedar logs had built a purty respectable addition an' hed quite a bunch ov cattle, with prospects fer a purty c'nsiderable increase the nex' spring. He'd left a wife an' two babies, a boy an' girl, back in Pensylvanny, an' hed come out ter git a start, an' ez he wuz purty well fixed ez things went thar in them days he'd sent fer them ter come on.

A HAPPY HUSBAND.

"The day before his wife an' babies wuz ter git ter the stage station, twenty mile away, we cleaned up everything about the house, an' he slicked up his team, filled the wagon box with grass, throwed in blankets an' grub, an' started. They got back the nex' night an' a happier man I never seed. His wife wuz a cheery, black-eyed, brave little woman an' just fairly wushipped him. The girl baby wuz the youngest 'bout 3 years old, an' the boy mebbe 4. I wuz gittin' right smart then, so 'twuz decided I sh'd stay an' putter 'round the house, helpin' her put things ter rights an' fetchin' wood an' water an' sich. The next day he rode away off down the valley, where he had two vaqueros lookin' after his cattle, an' got back jest before night.

"Jest before day"—Buckeye paused, passed his hand over his face, cleared his throat of a suspicious lump and continued: "Jest before day the nex' mornin' I wuz waked up by a terrible row in their sleepin' room. 'The woman wuz a screamin' an' men were a yellin' an' a cussin.' I jumped out o' bed, grabbed my gun an' run inter their room. The moon wuz shinin' bright an' it bein' summer all the doors an' winders hed been left open. I could see the room wuz full of fightn' men. He wuz a standin' between the gang an' the bed whar his wife an' babies wuz,

A FIGHTIN' LIKE THE DEVIL.

I clubbed my gun, let out a yell an' waded in but hedn't made more'n two ur three swipes till suthin' struck me on the head an' I went down. When I come to, the room wuz quiet cept fer the cryin' uv the children. I staggered up on my feet, wiped the blood outen my eyes an' went to the door. She wuz a layin' outside on the groun' in a dead faint. I picked her up, carried her inter the bed an' lit a lamp. She came to in a minit, but lookin' awful wild. She tried ter git up, but I told her ter lay still an' tell me which way they went. She said 'Down the valley; they took him along.' She said she tried ter foller them, but fainted when she got outside. I took a glimpse aroun' the room an' blawed out the light quick, sayin' they might shoot through the winders, but they wuz suthin' in thar thet 'twouldn't do fer her to see. I hustled her an' the babies outen the house down ter a clump o' cotton-woods by the spring an' told 'em ter stay thar till I got back, ez I feared the gang might burn the house. Then I went back an' lit the lamp agin'. Thar wuz four dead greases in thar; three with ther heads busted opin an' one with a knife clean through him. Two uv 'em wuz by my door an' tothers wuz over nigh the bed.

"I TRIED TER FIN' A GUN,

but they had tuk ev'ry dern one uv 'em, so I went back ter the cottonwoods an' to d her I'd go fer help, that I thought they'd take him ter camp and hold him fer pay. The hosses wuz all gone, so I tuk afoot acrost the mount'ins three miles ter the nighest nabor's. When I'd got purty nigh thar' I thought I heerd suthin' like a lot uv shootin' way down the valley, but I wuzn't sure. Ez luck 'ud hev it, thar wuz some kind uv' doin's at the nex' ranch, an 'twuzn't more'n fifteen minits t'll I had a dozen ur fifteen men, all well armed, an' agoin' fer the house like hell a beatin' tan bark. They wanted ter leave me behin', seein' I wuz jest gettin' over a spell uv sickness, but I'd a gone if i'd aknowed I'd a died in the saddle. But many's the time since thet I've wished I'd a stayed.

"It wuz day when we galloped up ter the cottonwoods, but the woman an' babies wuz gone. We went ter the house an' they wuzn't thar. Then thar wuz some mighty tall swearin' done ez we tuk the trail. About a quarter down the valley we come outer a sight that I never want ter see the likes uv agin; a sight that burned itself inter my brain, an' I've seed it ev'ry day sence. Thar

A HANGIN' TER THE LIMB

uv a cottonwood wuz his body, riddled with bullets. Almost under him, an' a layin' in his blood thet hed run down, wuz his wife in a dead faint. The little girl wuz a layin' down by her side, a pattin' her on the cheek an' a cryin' 'mamma! mamma!' The little boy wuz a stan'in' up, a tuggin' at his father's feet, and sayin' in a coaxin' kind o' a way: 'Tum down, papa; tum down!' His face—well, I reckon we've all seed men hung. Agin the tree wuz a pole and nigh the woman wuz a knife. The poor thing had be'n a tryin' ter climb the tree ter cut him down.

"Some uv us carried the woman an babies' back ter the house, an' some uv the wimmin havin' come over from the nabors" we left 'em with 'em. Others uv the boys cut him down, carried him up ter my room, n' hurried up an' washed an' drest him an' laid him out. Then

WE TUK THE TRAIL,

an' follered it without eatin' ur sleepin. We ketched up with them in a narrer kenyon an'—well, the most uv 'em air thar yit. Them thet we got alive we tuk back ter the tree an' sarved 'em the same way they did him, an' on the same limb. Thar wuz quite a row of 'em an' it kinder offset the t'other sight. When his wife came to she wuz wild, outen her head fer two ur three days, an' some uv the wimmen hed ter watch her all the time. Then she got quieted down like an' wanted ter take his body back ter Pennsylvanny, but, Lord, it wuz twenty miles ter the stage station alone, to say nothin uv 100 ter the railroad, so we hewed a nice coffin fer him outen cedar an' buried him thar in the cottonwoods. The stockmen 'roun thar chipped in an' brought all the stock an' everything at a big price an' give her the money. Then she started back east, some uv us going ez fer ez the railroad with her. The gang thet hung him waz cattle rustlers who had it in fer him. They wuz three or four got away, an' if I ever meet up with 'em an' I know it thar'll be another killin'."

SIZE OF A THUNDERBOLT.

Geologists Have a System by Which Such Measures Are Taken.

"Did you ever see the diameter of a lightning flash measured?" asked a geologist. "Well, here is the case which once inclosed a flash of lightning, fitted it exactly, so that you can see how big it was. This is called a 'fulgarite,' or 'lightning hole,' and the material it is made of is glass.

"When a bolt of lightning strikes a bed of sand it plunges downward into the sand for a distance less or greater, transforming simultaneously into glass the silica in the material through which it passes. Thus by its great heat, it forms a glass tube of percisely its own size.

"Now and then such a tube, known as a 'fulgarite,' is found and dug up. Fulgarites have been followed into the sand by excavations for nearly thirty feet. They vary in interior diameter from the size of a quill to three inches or more, according to the 'bore' of the flash. But fulgarites are not produced alone in sand. They are found also in solid rock, though very naturally of slight depth, and frequently existing as a thin, glassy covering on the surface.

"Such fulgarites occur in astonishing abundance on the summit of Little Ararat, in Armenia. The rock is so soft and porous, that blocks a foot long can be obtained, perforated in all directions by little tubes filled with bottle-green glass formed from the fused rock.

"Some wonderful fulgarites were found by Humboldt on the high Nevada de Toluca in Mexico. Masses of the rock were covered with a thin layer of green glass. Its peculiar shimmer in the sun led Humboldt to ascend the precipitous peak at the risk of his life."

Expensive Ignorance.

Chappy—"Do you think your tailor would trust me for a suit of clothes?"

Cholly—"Does he know you?"

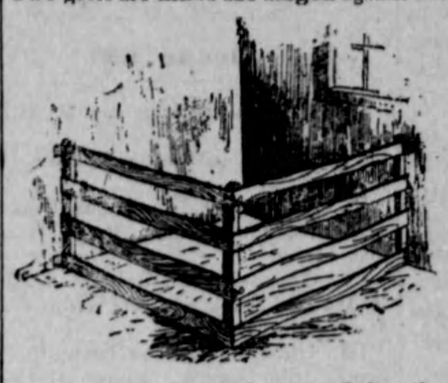
Chappy—"No."

Cholly—"Oh, then he'd trust you all right."

AGRICULTURAL.

A Quickly Made Stable Pen.

It frequently happens that one desires to make use, for an emergency, of a stall or pen in the stable which is not at hand, and for which there may not be convenient room as a permanent structure. Our illustration shows how such a pen may be made in a moment's time, in a corner that ordinarily may be used for other purposes. Two gates are made and hinged against the



walls in the manner shown. Ordinarily they are folded back snugly against either wall, but when a pen or "box stall" is suddenly needed the two ends are swung together and locked with hooks, and the needed accommodation is secured. Such gates should have slats quite near together, and should be of good height to accommodate both large and small animals.

Method of Feeding Wheat.

Feeding wheat is all right if the feeder understands it and has the means to do it, but a great many are not fixed for it. Wheat should never be fed alone, nor ground too fine when fed to cattle. It should be fed mixed with cornmeal, cut fodder, hay or straw. To those who have not got the corn-meal, fodder or hay cutter, an excellent substitute would be to take a stack of alfalfa, thresh it with a threshing machine as fine as possible, run it into a building where it can be kept dry and convenient, mix a reasonable share with the wheat meal and feed dry. But the best feed I have ever used was two-thirds cornmeal and one-third wheat meal.

For feeding hogs the wheat meal may be ground finer, soaked fifteen or twenty hours, fed in a thick slop in flat troughs. Mix well before being poured into the trough. Feed a small feed, and often hogs fed in this way will do real well and make very sweet meat, and the owner will feel satisfied that he has got all the profit that is in feeding out of it by being careful and feeding in this way. No certain rule can be laid down for any two bunches of cattle or hogs. The feeder has to learn for himself by observation, and never put either cattle or hogs on the market before they are fully finished.—Wm. Shirley in L. S. Bulletin.

Feeding Through the Winter.

The question of economical stock feeding will be brought to the front this winter. Stockmen who have hitherto been accustomed to haphazard methods in feeding will figure more closely. Cornstalks can be relied upon when properly ground with a minimum of soft grain mixed with them, and the nutritive value will be equal to a great deal of the poor grain that some farmers give to their stock regularly. While the stalks may not have a great amount of nutriment in them, they do, when fed with grain in a ground state, furnish flesh-forming material that can not be equaled by any other food of the same cost. In parts of the corn belt, where feed will be high, stalks may be purchased at a mere song, often for the labor of carting them off the field, and with good economy animals could be wintered on them without much other expenditure for food. With animals purchased at a sacrifice sale an enterprising farmer may see his way to make money next spring. There will undoubtedly be a great reduction in stock by spring, and if business revives this winter, as one may reasonably expect, a corresponding increase in the demand for good meat will follow.

With depleted stock-yards the farmers who sold most of their animals this fall will not be able to take advantage of the high prices, but will find themselves placed in the condition of purchasers rather than sellers of stock. There was never a depressed condition of the farming industry without its corresponding lesson to be learned.

The whole hay crop will be needed to take the place of grain that is generally given to stock. Good hay is almost a complete food of itself for animals that are not being worked much, and it should be made a point to secure only the finest quality. There is such a difference in the quality of hay that one may be starving his cattle off liberal supplies while another may be making them strong and healthy off a smaller bulk. Ground hay likewise mixed with some fine grain or meal gives all the feeding value that animals require, especially if this can be supplemented by a few roots occasionally.

When to Apply Manure.

There is much difference of opinion between farmers as to the best time and best methods of applying manures. No given rule will apply to all farms or all localities. Much depends upon the lay of the land and how much time one has for hauling. Highly as manure is valued, its cost in hauling is sometimes greater than the value of its plant food, and the hauling and spreading is therefore the most costly and important item connected with it, the distance, kind of manure, actual value of the manure and facilities for handling it having their effect on the value of the whole, and affecting the results to be derived from it. It has been demonstrated however, that the majority of farmers can handle manure and spread it on their fields in the fall at less cost than any other season of the year.

Manure can deteriorate in quality while in a heap as well as when washed by rains or dried by the sun. Some farmers prefer to plough their land and harrow the manure in, but this necessitates the hauling over plowed land. Others spread the manure and then plow with a one-horse plow, while many simply spread the manure on the surface and allow it to remain. If there is no danger of rains carrying away the soluble material the spreading on the surface will be satisfactory, but it is a risk. Manure can be used on wheat land in the fall, for next year's crop, to the best advantage, but if it is to be applied elsewhere it will pay to work it into the top soil in some manner, even if with only a cultivator, as there is sure to be a loss of soluble and volatile matter if exposed on the surface throughout the winter, and until the land is plowed in the spring.

The practice that many Western farmers follow, of throwing out the barnyard manure in a heap, and leaving it exposed for a greater part of the year, should be severely condemned. It was shown by experiments conducted at the Cornell Station, that horse manure thrown in a loose pile, and subjected to the action of the elements, will lose nearly one-half of its fertilizing value in six months. It was also shown that mixed horse and cow manure, placed in a compact mass so that water falling upon it will run off quickly, suffer considerable loss. Prof. Shelton says that farmyard manure should be hauled to the field in the spring.

ITEMS OF INTEREST.

In New York city the annual average of homicides is 90; of suicides, 250; and of accidental deaths, 1,200.

A charitable institution, in Philadelphia, supplies to the poor, at cost, ice, sterilized milk, and prepared food for infants.

On Christmas every policeman in the city of London receives from Lord Rothschild a brierwood pipe and an ounce of tobacco.

A type-writer for making entries in books of record, has been invented. It is chiefly designed for the use of book-keepers.

The French system of anthropometric measurements of criminals, to insure their identification, has been adopted in England.

A carriage propelled by a treadmill has been invented in France. A horse works the treadmill, and of course rides while he is at work.

In the Belgium Parliament, when a member is making a long speech, brandy and water is supplied him, at the expense of the government.

All the railway stations in Sweden at which meals are served are known by a sign bearing the suggestive emblem of a crossed knife and fork.

The farmers of Gloucester, N. J., kill crows by stringing corn on horse-hairs. The crows swallow the corn, and the hair, and soon fall into a fatal fit.

An emetic given to a Scotch terrier belonging to Col. T. C. Wildman, of Arlington, N. J., caused the dog to throw up a live frog, which at once hopped away.

A snail ranch has been started by a farmer of Anet, France. He has already 180,000 of the interesting creatures, and they eat as much green fodder as two cows.

A portrait of Charles I., in an art gallery at Oxford, is composed entirely of small letters. The head and ruff contain the Lord's Prayer, the Apostle's Creed, and the book of Psalms.

In the forty years between 1792 and 1832 there were outstanding, supposed to have been lost or destroyed, Bank of England notes to the value of £1,?20,000. This sum was clear profit to the bank.

John and Alexander Tyler, of Northport, Ala., had a dispute about some real estate, and fought a duel. John received three bullets, and died instantly, and the other was also thought to be fatally wounded. John's two little sons witnessed the duel from a buggy.

A quick and novel method of engraving on steel has been discovered. Place freshly plucked leaves between two plates of panel steel, and then explode a dynamite cartridge on the upper plate. An exact impression of the leaves will be found on the upper plate.

A Red Sea Phenomenon.

A singular phenomenon occurs on the borders of the Red Sea at a place called Nakous, where the intermittent under ground sounds have been heard for an unknown number of centuries. It is situated at about half a mile's distance from the shore, whence a long reach of sand ascends rapidly to a height of almost 300 feet. This reach is eighty feet wide and resembles an amphitheater, being railed in by low rocks. The sounds coming up from the ground at this place recur at intervals of about an hour. They at first resemble a low murmur, but before long there is heard a loud knocking, somewhat like the strokes of a bell, and which, at the end of five minutes, becomes so strong as to agitate the sand. The explanation of this curious phenomenon given by the Arabs is that there is a convent under the ground, and these are sounds of the bell which the monks ring for prayers. So they call it Nakous, which means a bell. The Arabs affirm that the noise so frightens their camels when they hear it as to render them furious. Scientists attribute the sounds to suppressed volcanic action—probably to the bubbling of gas or vapors underground.

A Stevedore Becomes a Millionaire.

A despatch from Victoria, B.C., says:—James M. Morrison, stevedore, of this city, with three brothers, have recently fallen heirs to an estate worth fifteen millions. Two brothers are in California, and one in St. John, N. B. The estate was left by a bachelor uncle, Mr. William McKay, recently deceased at Kimberley. Mr. McKay drifted to South Africa many years ago, where he amassed his fortune. The information came through a despatch from South Africa published in the Eastern papers. Mr. McKay left about a million and a half to defray any possible legal expenses for those connected with the search for the heirs. Mr. Morrison expects to go to St. John, N.B., shortly.

HEALTH.

Pain and Rest.

We are told that pain is nothing more than a nerve-irritation. It is experienced when any destructive process goes on in any part of the body, and may be felt in one part of the body while the source of it is in another. Thus headache may have its source in the muscles of the eye.

Pain, strange as it may seem, is really a protective and beneficial sensation.

In the case of a broken limb, extreme pain is caused by motion in that limb. Therefore, the sufferer, whether man or animal, tries to keep the limb at rest, which is the very condition requisite for its healing. Surgeons, indeed, have taken hints from nature in this regard, and in cases of tuberculosis affecting joints find that the best results are obtained by rendering the joint motionless by mean of splints, though the affection itself is often not very painful.

Pain from indigestion is relieved by temporarily lightening the diet, and giving the digestive organs less work to do. Even headache usually indicates a call for rest.

Pain due to an overtaxing of the nerve centre, that is, the brain, is usually the most difficult to combat, since here the cause is often obscure. In this state neuralgia—nerve pain—affects first one part of the body, then another. Nature's restorer, sleep, is courted with difficulty, and life's ordinary duties become burdens almost too heavy to be borne.

In this condition, nature's call for rest is best heeded by a complete change of surroundings. If the call is disregarded, serious consequences are likely to ensue. A vacation offers one of the best chances of recuperation. In fact, a regular indulgence in such forms of recreation is the best means of preventing this very condition, and should be looked upon not as the indulgence of a weakness but as the performance of a duty.

In the natural course of events one adds to, rather than detracts from, the years which may be given to active labors by devoting regular periods to rest.

Treat the body not as a mere machine, which wears out in any case after a certain number of years or months of work, but as a vital organism having the power of revivifying itself—capable of being hard worked, but demanding, too, times of recuperation.

Excessive Smoking.

Discussing smoking from a medical standpoint, Dr. Andrew Wilson says:—Tobacco is a sedative or soother. It acts on the heart and depresses and slows its action. This is why excessive tobacco-smoking will produce "smokers' heart," and cause pain and irregularity of the heart's action, which are cured by giving up or moderating the habit. So, also, excessive smoking will produce a temporary blindness, which disappears when the tobacco is limited and consumed within proper limits. Doubtless, also, excessive smoking is a frequent cause of heartburn, indigestion and other stomach ailments—note, I say "excessive" use of the weed—and if anybody asks me, "What is excess?" I have my answer ready:—Excess is that which makes the individual in any way unhealthy or indisposed. I say "individual," because what may be a fair quantity for A may be an excess for his neighbor B, or not enough for neighbor C; you cannot lay down any one law here for everybody. What I always contend about tobacco (and other things) is that it is the wise, educated intelligence of the individual which alone can and ought to guide him in all his habits. If he does not know when excess is reached (and he must be very stupid if he remains ignorant of this), or if he is unable to keep his tastes and desires within reasonable bounds in the matter of tobacco (or anything else), his only wise course is to abstain altogether. I cannot see that reason and common sense require us to go beyond this plain rule of life. As regards the young, I say tobacco-smoking is injurious. It is the same with alcohol. Both things are injurious to the young and growing body. They interfere with the body's nutrition and stunt growth. Therefore, I say to parents, don't allow your boys to smoke; and to boys themselves I say, don't smoke at all, because it can only lead to ill health. If you are to smoke at all, exercise your discretion when you attain to manhood.

Dark Houses.

People who keep their houses dark for fear of the sunlight spoiling their carpets and furniture have no idea of the disease destroying influence of sunlight and air. Recent experiments made in the Pasteur Institute have shown that bacilli exposed to the sun and air were destroyed in two hours, while those exposed to the sun, the air being excluded, were alive after fifty hours of exposure. Dr. Palermo, of Naples, made an interesting experiment with cholera bacilli. While he found those protected from the sun killed guinea pigs in eighteen hours, as usual, those exposed to the sun, though not killed, were rendered entirely harmless. As to the influence of sun and air on bacilli, it was ascertained that the oxygen of the air had a marked effect in assisting the sun's rays, and that the bacteria suffered more from the sun's rays if the supply of oxygen was increased than if it was diminished. Certain liquids, too, which will undergo putrefaction in the dark will remain sweet and free from bacteria when exposed to the sun's rays. Air and sun are Nature's great purifiers.

A Reasonable Find.

"I always enjoy the fall of the year," said Mrs. Uptodate, "for there is always a pleasant surprise in store for me then."

"In what way?" asked her friend.

"Oh, when I unpack my winter cloak I am sure to find a handkerchief that I thought I had lost, tucked away in the inside pocket, and I am just that much ahead you know."