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# When the Moon Went Down

### A Page From the Unwritten History of England's Fight for India Tells How the Valiant Spirit of "The Black Horse Troop" Flamed Highest When Perils Multiplied.

By HONER J. COUNCILO

PART III.

[illegible] fiendishly to the stable keeping well within cover. Here we worked rapidly but silently.

In keeping our plans fifteen horses had been retained in the stables. During the evening our own mounts had been saddled, while the others had been fastened by their picket lines in pairs. We now stood abreast in company formation just inside the open double doors. In the central horse in the front row was my own, that in the second row Saka's, and the back row Williams's. Before climbing into the saddle I whispered my last instructions:

"When I give the first note of this charge. Saka, you blow the first note of this, Williams, you light your torch and throw it into the powder train. When the last note is sounded dig your spurs in deep, hold the lead horses on either side well in and follow one about at the top of your great gates. Should I make the gates do not wait for you but ride on. When you reach the outside, if I am not with you, follow your own judgment."

[illegible] frozen images we sat on our horses; not a sound save for the [illegible] was to be heard occasional stamping of the impatient animals. A heavy, black mantle was silently falling about us. The moon was gone!

How we longed for a noise, a shout, a sound of any sort to break the oppressive tension. Seconds were hours; minutes were eons of eternity. A honored [illegible] Disjointed thoughts crowded each other through my brain. Why had I dived [illegible] the party—what if we should fail—two men and a boy—poor Saka—why had I chosen the youngest—how [illegible] his mother had been when she first saw him in his new—and now—Mrs. Reynolds—my promise to Reynolds [illegible] dying.

Other days, other places, people long since lost in the lightning review. Then—the vast silence, the impenetrable darkness of night and the suspense of all the waiting. At last the silence was broken. Faintly there came the muffled sound of drums, the weird rhythm which never seemed to be forgotten, the days at Cawnpore and Bithur, with all the suffering came rushing back to the pent-up secluded women, the suffering of dying men, the [illegible] of battle, the clash of steel. The same answer those days sought to destroy all western life and civilization crouched ready to spring upon us.

Emerging from the impenetrable darkness of the garden into the shadow glided the open-eared Sepoy to meet us. This was followed by another. The drums were coming closer. Their [illegible] louder and louder. The gates creaked [illegible] opening them. [illegible] moving across the palace. Suddenly the Sepoy loomed up [illegible] so close that I would have touched his nose. His naked [illegible] in that dim light, [illegible] like in the darkness with my sabre silently to the earth. [illegible] alive with moving [illegible] toward the palace [illegible] like ants up the first and second balconies. The upper balcony came [illegible] like the hooting of a [illegible] the sound for which [illegible] waiting. All restraint [illegible] With blood-curdling [illegible] madly forward. [illegible] their cries were echoed back by those [illegible] rounds. Full toned [illegible] beating at the gates. [illegible] the experiences of [illegible] my heart pounded [illegible] breast until I felt [illegible] it would soon disclose our hiding place.

The moment had come! [illegible] touched Saka upon [illegible] leg with my sabre. A second later the clarion notes of the charge cut the air. The Hindu rabble stopped in their tracks petrified. Their cries died out. There was a breathless pause. The flame of Williams's torch flared up. I saw it flying through the air; heard the sputter and hiss of the powder as the fuse ignited. The bugle ceased.

Digging our spurs savagely into our horses' sides we plunged into the open shouting like liberated demons. Straight into the mass of humanity we thundered. The horses, large in the daylight, loomed like gigantic monsters in the gloom.

Shrieking with terror, our adversaries ran in every direction, falling over each other in their frantic efforts to remove themselves from the path of the terrible destruction which was sweeping over them.

The cries of pain of those less fortunate mingled with the wails of fear. All that physical facts lacked, frenzied superstition and imagination supplied. The rout was complete. Dashing toward the open gates we had scarcely cleared the walls when a terrific explosion shook the ground.

The next few seconds can never be described. They have left only a muddled impression upon my mind. Emerging from the thoroughly terrified throng, through a rain of stone and mortar, we galloped into the market place. Circling the lower portion of the town we came out on the cross-country road. Reaching the stockade we halted briefly. A hurried survey satisfied us that the troop was gone.

Returning to the road we, too, headed southward and rode out into the jungle darkness.

(The End.)

Minard's Liniment used by Physicians.

# Woman's Sphere

### Health-Giving Rhubarb.

Nature knew just what our jaded spring appetites needed when she started the first rhubarb plant, and every home garden should have a few of the roots. The leaves are ornamental enough for a place among the flowers and shrubbery.

Besides the usual pie and sauce there are other delicious ways of serving rhubarb. At canning time we pot it, half-and-half, with raspberries, thus spreading the raspberry flavor and making the more expensive fruit go twice as far. We cook the rhubarb with a little water until the little half-inch slices break down into a mushy sauce, and use it instead of water for canning the berries. The following recipes are favorites in our family:

Rhubarb and Ginger.—Wash and cut the stalks into inch pieces. To each cup of fruit add one-half cup of sugar. Boil five minutes and add one tablespoonful of candied ginger. Boil three minutes longer. Use as pudding sauce or filling for cake.

Baked Rhubarb—Peel the stalks unless the skin is very tender and easily cut. Cut them into inch lengths. Put into a deep crock or pudding dish with one part of sugar, two parts of fruit, or a little more sugar if the sauce is liked quite sweet. Do not add water. Stand the crock or dish in a pan of boiling water to keep the rhubarb from burning, and set it in the oven. Bake until the stalks are clear, but whole. This makes a pretty pink sauce and takes less sugar than when it is stewed. A little lemon juice, or the yellow peel of a lemon may be added as a flavor.

Rhubarb Meringue—Stew one pint of rhubarb stalks or bake it as above. While very hot remove it from the fire and add one tablespoonful of butter and a few drops of vanilla, or lemon juice. Beat the yolks of three eggs very light and whip them into the rhubarb. Whip the whites of the eggs to a stiff froth and fold them into the mixture. Turn the whole into a pudding dish, set the dish in a pan of hot water and bake in a slow oven for fifteen minutes. Serve with cream.

Rhubarb Brown Betty — Wash enough rhubarb to make three cups when cut into small pieces. Stir into the stalks one and one-third cupfuls of sugar. Melt two tablespoonfuls of butter and stir it into one and one-half cupfuls of bread crumbs. Put a layer of buttered crumbs on the bottom of a shallow pudding dish, cover with a layer of rhubarb, then more crumbs, and alternate the rhubarb and crumbs till all is used. Have the top layer of crumbs. Cover and bake in a slow oven for half an hour. Serve warm with sugar and cream.

One-Crust Pieplant Pie—Stew the pieplant until soft. To two cups of the sauce beat in one tablespoonful of flour, yolks of two eggs, and sugar to taste. Line a pie pan with crust, pour in the mixture, dot the top with bits of butter, and bake until firm like custard. Beat whites of the eggs to a stiff froth, with two tablespoonfuls of sugar. Spread over the pie, return to the oven, and allow it to remain until it is a delicate brown. Serve cold.

### Fighting the Fly.

The following resolves, if rigidly carried out this summer, will help to eradicate man's most deadly enemy, the house fly: To kill all early flies; to spread manure weekly; to be sure that no food scraps are thrown out and allowed to decompose; to empty waste water some distance from the house; to have fly-proof toilets. The killing of early flies is fairly simple, especially if there are children in the family. The frequent spreading of manure is being done more and more by progressive farmers, because it is of greater value as fertilizer when it is spread fresh. If this can be done weekly, the larvae are exposed to the air and sunlight and die before reaching the fly stage. The chief trouble here is that during the busy season the men find this one of the easiest things to neglect. Still, if they realize that a greatly increased number of flies is the penalty for their neglect, they may be able to find the time. As for the garbage, anything which will not be eaten at once by hogs or chickens should be either buried or burned. Dishwater and wash water thrown repeatedly from the back door has enough organic matter in it to attract flies. Where it is impossible to provide any other means of caring for it, the following makeshift drain has proved very satisfactory. An ordinary board is cut as long as the kitchen window is wide, so that the window can be closed on it for the purpose of holding it in place. A pipe, bent up on the kitchen side with a large funnel at the top, and bent down on the outside so that it will enter a hole in the top of a covered barrel, runs through the board that is set in the window. The dishwater can be poured into the funnel with fewer steps and less opening of the screen door, and in the evening one of the men can empty the barrel, far enough away so that the ground can dry out. An arrangement of this sort is a great help in fighting flies during the warm months.

The most disgusting and dangerous breeding place is the out-door toilet. There especially are found the disease germs, which flies carry, such as typhoid, diarrhoea, dysentery and so forth. If some sort of sewer system can be installed in the house, that is, of course, the best remedy, and surely anything so essential to the health and comfort of the family is of as much importance as improved farm machinery. Where an indoor toilet is impossible, the outhouse should be built so that it is fly proof and can be frequently cleaned. A chemical toilet, which is comparatively inexpensive and thoroughly satisfactory, can be installed in the house. In the summer, it can be moved out of doors if desirable.

### Do You Know

That water in which a bit of cream of tartar has been dissolved makes a good bleach for handkerchiefs? Wash them first, then try this.

That the best way to sew buttons on very sheer fabrics is to baste lawn or a bit of tape to the under side? In sewing the button, take the stitches through both the material and the lawn, cutting the lawn away close to the button after it has been sewed in place.

That a red rubber sponge that you can buy at any five-and-ten-cent store is a wonderful wall paper cleaner? It also does fine work in cleaning picture frames, painted walls, and woodwork.

That if you sew much, two thimbles are better than one? You know how the index finger of the left hand soon becomes rough by the needle pricking through. Well, you can prevent this by using one thimble on this finger, and the other, in the usual way, on the second finger of the right hand.

Keep Minard's Liniment in the House.

### Sunset.

The little, yellow, fluttering rays of light
Are running home to their
mother bird,
Where the sun broods like a great
Red in the low, red West.

Broad bands of rose and gold flare up
and out
Across a cloud-filled sky.
And stretch with feathery edge against
the grey,
Like great wings lifted high

And then are folded close the little
lights,
Then fall the wide, bright wings
On a grey nest of clouds, where shadows hide
Their mystic flutterings.

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### Guarding Orchards From Frost.

One of the oddest methods adopted for the protection of fruit trees against frost is to distribute through the orchard paper bags filled with shavings that have been soaked in fuel oil. This can be done in a hurry in case of emergency, the stuff being ready in advance.

The bags are set on fire—just touched off with a match—and clouds of smoke spread through the orchard, serving as a blanket.

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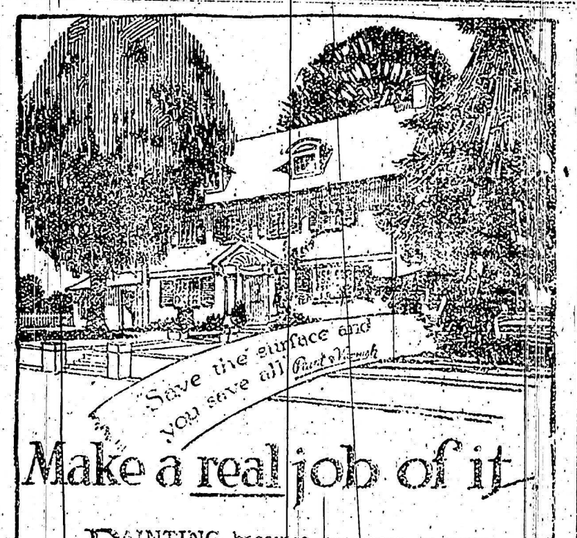


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### A PARTY DRESS IN FRANCE

[illegible] returned from evening mess at [illegible] chateau, writes a woman war worker, was with the "Y" in France. The captain paused at the door of my dressing room for the inspect my quarters. He to know whether I was comfortably housed.

"[illegible] I have a good fireplace, [illegible] a dressing case, I said proudly.

"The captain sniffed. 'You had better look out this equine odor [illegible] Miss C——?'

[illegible] him into the hall and [illegible] door to mine.

"[illegible] swine, horses and sheep!" [illegible] exclaimed. "By Jove, Miss [illegible] 't stand this!"

"[illegible] don't mind them! They [illegible] good sleepers except the [illegible] this frightful smell!" he said [illegible] stepped back [illegible] n't stand it!"

Capt. H[illegible] really [illegible] nearly so [illegible] I took care of my own [illegible] was a little girl.

"[illegible] you don't have to [illegible] domestic [illegible]

[illegible]

Jean's Ailment.

[illegible] playing in a room [illegible] was busy and grew [illegible] So troublesome did [illegible] become that finally [illegible] mother said:

"[illegible] and play, Jean. I'm busy [illegible] and sick in the barracks [illegible] away for a few minutes."

Then she entered the room again looking very woebegone and holding her head in both hands.

"What is the matter, [illegible] mother,

"[illegible] replied the [illegible] you feel sick [illegible] in alarm.

"[illegible] I'm sick [illegible] Jean.

[illegible]

Buy Thrift Stamps.