

# A Tenderfoot's Wooing

By CLIVE PHILLIPPS WOLLEY  
(Author of "Gold, Gold in Cariboo," Etc.)

CHAPTER XIII.—(Cont'd.)

"Heave him up on the pinto, Bill. He's dead to the world."

"How is he going to stick on?"

"You heave him up," insisted Combe from the other side of the stolen horse, "I'll fix that. He'll ride as well as the pinto's last passenger."

"The old man in there," replied Bill, looking over his shoulder nervously, and speaking in a hushed voice.

"Yes. Can you steady him like that whilst I throw a hitch around him. Don't let him roll."

"I'll try, Jim; but his legs are like water. You can't hold them. They slip all ways at once."

"They won't do that long. Now! How's that?"

Combe had taken the tie rope from the pinto's saddle, and with it had lashed the doctor's feet together under the belly of his horse, after which he had passed the bight of the rope around his victim's waist and secured him firmly by it to the horn of the saddle.

"I guess he'll ride like that for a bit," he said, looking critically at his work. "Seems pretty well packed, doesn't he?" and taking the doctor by the shoulder he swayed him tentatively in the saddle.

"Yes, he'll stay there till you untie him, but what are you going to tell the ferryman?"

"That's my trouble. I'm blanked if I know how I'm going to fix that, unless I gag him too. I wish the doctor was not too drunk to sit on by himself."

"If he wasn't he wouldn't go."

"Yes, he would, with this," and the light flickered on a barrel hardly harder than the speaker's face.

Bill looked at Combe, doubtfully. He had known Jim many years, but had never seen the man he saw now. The sight staggered him and made him doubtful of the share he had taken in the proceedings.

"You don't mean no foul play by him, do you?"

"No, of course not. A dead ass ain't no good. Hand me his bridle," and Combe reached for the saddle for it. But Bill held on to it.

"See here, Jim, this is a mighty ugly business. It is for a woman?"

"For a woman, sure. Hand over, or they'll be after us."

Still the man doubted, and Combe saw a bar of light in the front of the ideal. Some one had opened the door to look out. The crowd was growing impatient for its drinks.

"There was no time to be lost. It was cruel, but he had to do it."

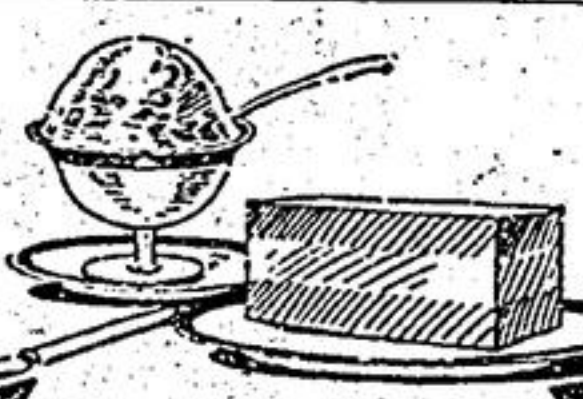
"Bill, he hissed, "when she died, wouldn't you have done this or any other blanked thing to save her?"

"My God, yes," was the startled answer. Without further demur Bill handed over the bridle and Jim turning the horses sharply down hill, disappeared into the night, whilst the widower slunk through the back premises into the ideal.

CHAPTER XIV.

It seemed to the doctor that his pace was suddenly accelerated. In his dream flight he began to move with quite phenomenal rapidity. In all previous expeditions of the kind the motion had been a steady sailing, so steady that if he had not seen the steeples and towers going by below him, he would have considered himself absolutely stationary in space. But now he was going at a great speed and jerkily. Yes, certainly jerkily, and the atmosphere was becoming distinctly colder. He had entered a stratum of cold air. Ah, yes, that must be it. He was getting higher; he was in fact rocketing. That was it, he was rocketing. Quite natural, he reflected. You hit a bird in the head, and it rockets. The whiskey had hit me in the head and it rockets. Certainly I am rocketing.

But as his thoughts grew less vague his body grew more and more cold.



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For the doctor and his abductor. It did not matter much. He could easily escape such a posse as they were likely to form, but he turned towards his captive. It was no use keeping him any longer.

"Hullo, you are awake, are you? Want them wraps off your mouth?" he asked, cynically. "They'll keep the cold off your chest, but he moved towards him and released the doctor from his gag."

"You might as well untie my hands whilst you are about it. They are nearly frozen already," said Protheroe in a matter-of-fact tone.

Jim looked at him in some surprise. The sobering effect of the ride had been even greater than he had anticipated.

"I guess you can sit on then by yourself," he remarked, unfastening the rope which bound his captive's legs, before freeing his hands.

"Steady! Don't fall off as you ride back, and don't try any monkey tricks with me. It ain't worth it," and then, reassured by the doctor's appearance, he let his hands go.

"Now you might as well ride back and finish the night with your pals. Sorry I troubled you."

But the doctor remained sitting where he was.

"You ain't afraid about finding your way, are you?" asked Combe. "They'll be here pretty soon now, if they don't fall in and get drowned. I'm not coming along. Soda Creek might not be healthy for me just now."

Still the doctor sat where he was, stretching his cramped legs, feeling the stiffened muscles of his arms, swaying a little in his saddle, and looking at Combe.

"You must have wanted me pretty badly," he said at length, and there was no trace of anger in his voice, no protest against his attempted abduction.

"Guess I did, or I shouldn't have took you."

"What is it? A woman? You aren't married?"

Jim laughed a hard laugh.

"What is it then? You aren't drunk or a fool?"

"Ain't I? That new tenderfoot, Anstruther, has broke himself up pretty badly. Miss Clifford is nursing him and wants a doctor."

"Ah!" grunted the doctor, and whistled a strange hollow whistle like that of a fog horn. It was a curious trick he had on occasions of insight. He knew the Risky Ranch pretty well, though he was no favorite there, and he knew its internal history, and could have made shrewd guesses about Miss Clifford and Jim Combe and even about Mr. Anstruther. The ways of the world are very much alike everywhere, and doctors know them better than most men.

"What is the matter with Anstruther?"

"Ribs broke, two or three, and may be something worse inside."

"Well he will get over that without my assistance or die. Does it matter?"

Jim looked at him stupidly.

"To you," the doctor added. (To be Continued.)

## LONGEST SIEGE OF WAR.

Mora, in the Cameroons, Defended For Eighteen Months.

What has been the longest siege of the war?

It is doubtful whether 1,000 Britons, outside of official life, could answer the question. This is not strange, because the story is told here for the first time. It comes from a young British officer who had the sanction of the War Office to tell the story of the most stubborn scrap of the war.

When the history of the war is written it may be known as the Siege of Mora—a siege which lasted for eighteen months. With Mora in the hands of the British and French, the allies came into possession of a country of 29,950 square miles in area, which is as large as the German Empire and Belgium and the part of France under German occupation at the present time. This is the Cameroons, or, as the Germans spell it, Kamerun.

A Cruel Comeback.

"Sweets to the sweet," said Mr. Sloppy gallantly, as he handed a plate of cakes to the landlady's daughter.

"Pass Mr. Sloppy, the betts," said the landlady significantly.

# The Farm

## A Stable Wall Decoration.

The dairy department of the Wisconsin College of Agriculture is urging that the following be pasted up in every dairy barn in the state:

"Practice the following advice and you will make more dollars in dairying. Others have done it. Why can't you?"

"Use pure-bred dairy sires from cows having large and profitable productions of milk and butter-fat."

"Do not turn cows out to remain and suffer in cold, stormy weather."

"Raise well the heifer calves from cows which for one or more generations have made large and profitable productions of milk and butter-fat."

"Breed heifers at the age of sixteen to twenty months."

"Feed heifers liberally and milk regularly."

In Summer Time.

"Do not try to save feed by turning to pasture too early."

"Provide plenty of pure, fresh water, shade, and protection against flies during hot weather."

"Supplement poor pastures with corn silage or green soiling crops like rye, peas, oats, green corn fodder, cabbage and other available feed."

In Winter Time.

"Feed cows daily one pound of grain for every three pounds of milk produced, twenty-five to forty pounds of corn silage, and what clover or alfalfa they will eat."

"Allow them to have water which is not colder than that from a deep well twice or three times daily."

"Brush cows daily if you can possibly find the time, for it pays better than does grooming of horses, which as a rule is not neglected."

"Keep cows in clean, well-lighted, properly-ventilated stables."

At All Times.

"Treat cows gently and avoid excitement."

"Weigh the milk of each cow at milking time."

"Get your neighbors to share with you in owning a Babcock milk tester and test the milk of each cow."

"Discard the cow which has failed at the end of the year to pay market price for all the feed she has consumed."

"Give cows six to eight weeks' rest between lactation periods."

"Belong to a dairy cattle breeders' association, a cow-testing association and every organization that will help to keep you posted and in touch with the best up-to-date methods of managing your dairy herd."

## Improving Sandy Soils.

The addition of vegetable matter to sandy soils is very important. It is needed to increase their water-holding capacity, as well as to add to their fertility. Due to their coarse texture and lack of vegetable matter, water is often the limiting crop-producing factor of sandy soils.

To prevent winds from "blowing" sand the land may be laid out in long narrow fields with alternate grass and cultivated crops. For short distances protection wind-breaks of pines or other trees are effective.

Deep planting of seed, rolling and harrowing of soil are necessary to bring the moisture to the seed and yet prevent its loss by evaporation.

The fertility needs of sandy soils are nitrogen, phosphorus and potash. Phosphorus and potassium must be supplied either directly in commercial fertilizer or indirectly, through the buying of feed to be fed to animals and the manure returned to the land. The average sandy soil contains but from one-third to one-half as much fertility as clay loams.

Legumes are beneficial to sandy soils because they supply the much-needed nitrogen, as well as humus. Where a supply of peat is readily available it can be used to advantage as a nitrogen fertilizer.

The use of lime on sandy soils, which are very commonly acid, will aid in securing stands of alfalfa, any of the clovers and soy beans. Cow peas, lupines and serradella usually do well on acid soil. To grow good crops of legumes it is also necessary to inoculate the soils.

Rotations for sandy soils should be so chosen as to increase the amount of vegetable matter and provide a legume crop to cover the soil at least once every three years.—Canadian Farm.

## Sowing Oats.

The best way to sow oats is with the grain drill. Drilling gives a more even stand than broadcast seeding, for all the seed is covered to about the same depth. In sowing broadcast, some of the seed may not be covered at all and some may be covered too deeply. Germination is better from drilled seed and the growth is more uniform throughout the season. In numerous tests at the experiment stations drilled oats have out-yielded oats sown broadcast by several bushels to the acre. Better stands of grass and clover can also be obtained in drilled than in broadcast sowing.

The best depth to sow oats varies with the soil and the season. In any case they should be covered, with half an inch to an inch of moist soil. They should be sown deeper in sandy soils than in loams or clays. Deeper seed-

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ing is also necessary when the ground is dry than when it is moist. On the average the best depth is from 1 to 1½ inches.

Oats should be sown as early in the spring as it is possible to make a good seed bed. The exact date, of course, varies, with the season and with the locality. This does not mean that the preparation of the land should be neglected in order to sow early. Better yields will be produced from seed sown in a good seed bed than from that sown a few days earlier in ground too cold and wet for the seed to germinate.

In a good seed bed the best rate of seeding is about 2½ bushels to the acre. If the seed is sown broadcast, more is necessary. More seed is required in a poor seed bed than in a good one, as fewer seeds are likely to grow. A lower rate of seeding may be used for small-kerneled varieties than for large-kerneled ones for there are many more of the former in a bushel.—U. S. Department of Agriculture.

## GERMANS FEAR RUSSIA.

"The Russian is Terrible," Say Teuton Army Officers.

As to the qualities and characteristics of the various non-Teutonic soldiers of Europe, German army officers speak interestingly and not without generosity, says the New York Times. The French soldier is gallant, nervous and very brave, only it is difficult to make him return a second or third time into the same fire. The English fighter is dogged and individually resourceful. The Italian, though ferocious in assault, is discouraged by failure. He goes on one impulse and hates to repress his own dead for a second charge. That is how a German sees three of his adversaries. As to a fourth, he volunteers nothing, but if he is pressed, he will add: "The Russian is terrible."

The meaning of that assertion develops slowly, with many hesitations. It is not that the individual Russian soldier is particularly terrible. No, that is not what he means to say. The Russians cannot be singularized. You have to think of Russians, infinite in plurality, a slow moving, ominous, imposing mass. They come in lines ten and twelve deep, headless, and heavy, so controlled by their own momentum that they cannot stop. They will go anywhere, into anything, again and again, as if they did not know how to be afraid. "The only thing you can do," says the German officer, "is to slaughter them and pray that you will have ammunition enough to keep it up."

## HUNGARIANS WANT PEACE.

Afraid That Germany Will Swallow Them Up Some Day.

The London Telegraph's Milan correspondent says that a significant symptom regarding the Hapsburg monarchy is shown by an outburst of the Hungarian newspapers in favor of peace. Premier Asquith's recent speech regarding peace conditions, the despatch says, has been commended by Hungarians, who are anxious on account of German aggressiveness respecting small nationalities at the end of the war.

In connection with the visit to Berlin made by Baron Burian, Austro-Hungarian Foreign Minister, it is suggested that Germany proposed that the Hapsburg monarchy should be divided into small autonomous States, presumably in order that they may be more easily swallowed up by Germany. The Slav nationalities, it is hinted, are to be given the minimum of liberty, Galicia also receiving autonomy. The Hungarians have taken umbrage, feeling that their turn would come next, and that the Magyars would thus succumb to German predominance.

It might doesn't always make right, it seldom gets left.

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## MULES DESERVE MANY WAR MEDALS

BEAT CAMELS IN TRANSPORTATION PROBLEM.

Great Credit is Due to the Drivers in Mesopotamia as Elsewhere.

Edmund Candler, an English correspondent in Mesopotamia, writes as follows regarding the servants of the British army on the Tigris—the camel, the mule, and the "drabi":

The first and second line transport is served by pack mules, Indian army transport carts drawn by mules and ponies, camels and a bullock train for the heavy guns. It is doubtful if any other army can count on being so efficiently served in the country. The Indian S. and T. man with his wide experience of campaigns in diverse climates, hot and cold, moist and dry, from Somaliland and the Sudan to Tibet and the Abor country, has come near to perfecting his art—thanks to the inestimable virtues of the mule and the drabi (camp follower, or driver).

In the old days before the war the drabi was a worthy drudge, and as such respected. He got home kicks and less halfpence than anybody else in the army. Perhaps it is adversity that has moulded him. Now, like so many of the obscure, he has achieved distinction. No one any longer thinks of the drabi as a non-combatant. At Sahil and Shaiba alone six members of the corps were awarded the Indian Order of Merit. And in France the drabi's reputation was high. It was a drabi who pursued his "escaping mule" almost into the German lines at Loos, crying out that the beast had broken his head rope, and that his sahib would be angry. It was a drabi who sat through the whole of the bombardment at Neuve Chapelle when all the rest of his column had taken cover. He wandered about all night unable to find his destination. His cart was written off for the bombardier in charge, who had obeyed the order "all into your dug-outs," said that nothing could live through that fire. In the morning Muhammad Aïm turned up at brigade headquarters with his ammunition, explaining that he had lost the way. "When asked what the fire was like," he said that the wind from the shells was like the monsoon in the hills at Dharrasaki. And only the other day Ali Hussein, drabi, must need report himself sick on January 23. The doctor found a bullet in his shoulder. "When were you wounded?" he asked. "In the battle, Sahib."

"But that was on the 21st. Why did you not report yourself before?"

"Sahib," he said, frowning reproach, "I had no time. The wounded were too many."

He had made the journey to the trenches in his cart ten or a dozen times through the darkness and cold and mud and rain.

## Mules Earn Ribbons.

If beasts were decorated, the mule would be covered with ribbons. He also knows not defeat. His hardness is proverbial; none of the plagues of Mesopotamia have affected his sangfroid. The pack-mule as a rule serves the first line; in the second line the brunt of the work has fallen on the ponies and mules of the Jalpur and Bharatpur Imperial Service Transport Corps. The ponies are country bred, ungilded and stand about 13.2. One seldom sees a stranded Indian Army Transport cart among the wreckage of a battle.

The A. T. carts were at Shaiba in January last year, plying daily between the camp and Basra through five miles of flood, in two or three feet of water with frequent bogholes, in which the animals and carts were submerged. The ponies had to be unhooked, the carts unloaded, manhandled with drag-ropes, and loaded again. From Shaiba they went to Ahwaz, and thence on that historic desert march in June through sand and swamp by Ilah and Bisatun to Amaza. Thence to Ali Gherbi, Kut-el-Amara and Ctesiphon, back to Ali Gherbi, and on again in the new advance. Thirteen months with little halt in their daily convoy work, with constant covering of their tracks. The same carts, same animals, same men. And they look as if they could do it again.

The camel so far has been but an auxiliary in the second line of transport, but much is expected of him, though he is woefully misunderstood. Like the yak, he is a proverbially ascetic beast, and has the supreme virtue of living on the soil. The riverain breed, or Judi, as he is locally called, is not, like his Bedawi brother, trained to go without water, but he is proof against camel fly, and has certain virtues of his own.

He is brittle, and will break his leg kicking against a stone, and he will spit up and die if his legs slip apart in the mud. In this country snow kills him. He is sensitive to damp, and will catch a fatal cold if asked to doss in a swamp. But well cared for, sufficiently equipped, and tactfully treated, he is second only as a beast of burden to the mule.

If a man has money his funny stories will always get a laugh. Our idea of an innocent woman is one who imagines man chews cloves because he really likes them.