

### EBB-TIDE.

A sudden reach of wide and wind-swept sea,  
A sky of shattered steel that falls the night,  
And one long shaft of sun that seems to write  
Vast letters slowly on a slate of sea;  
The dreary wall of gulls that skim the crest  
Of sultry breakers sifting in to land,  
A world grown empty, full of vague unrest,  
And shadow-shapes that stride across the sand.

The gray beach widens. Foot by foot appear  
Strange forms of wreckage creeping from the waves.  
Like ghosts that steal in silence from their graves  
To watch beside the death-bed of the year;  
Poor shattered shapes of ships that once stood out  
Full-freighted to the far horizon's sweep  
To music of the cheery sailor-shout  
Of men who sought the wonders of the deep!

Poor shattered ships! Their gallant crews o'er,  
Their cargoes coral-crusted leagues below,  
They rise, unnamed, unnumbered, from the slow  
Recession of the ebb along the shore.  
The broke tide that bore them bravely then  
Betrays their shame and nakedness to be  
Made witness to the littleness of men  
Who battle with the sovereignty of sea.

For me, as well, alone upon the dune,  
There sinks a tide that strips the beaches bare,  
And leaves but grim unsightly wreckage where  
The brooding sides make mockery of noon.  
Ah, dear, that hope, like tides, should ebb away,  
Unmasking on the naked shore of love  
Flotsam and jetsam of a happier day,  
Dreams wrecked, and all the emptiness thereof!

—Guy Wetmore Carryl, in Harper's Magazine.

## WALTER'S FIGHT WITH INDIANS.

By SIDFORD F. HAMP.



The doctor's orders, to live in the open for a couple of years.

At the time I was foreman for Mason & Jevons, wool-growers—so said the old managing director of a famous ranch company—Young Walter Mason came West for his first visit. He was a pale boy of fifteen, nephew to the senior partner, and sent from his home in the East, under the doctor's orders, to live in the open for a couple of years.

There were no comforts or conveniences about sheep-camps in those days. A bunk-house and kitchen, with all the furniture home-made except the cooking apparatus; some rough shelter for the sheep and a stable for the horses were generally the only buildings, and these were not to be set down in some hollow of the bare, brown plain, to bask like ovens under the summer sun and to shake in the cold blasts of January.

Mason & Jevons had a lot of such camps, but the home ranch, on the Deep Arroyo, was a more pretentious place. There my men and I had a five-roomed house, about pasture enough for two cows, and a small garden, "under ditch," for the growing of potatoes and such luxuries.

We thought the place a wonder of comfort, but the sudden change from a good city home to a sheep camp, with its extremely early hours, its very plain fare and still plainer cooking, was rather trying to Walter, but he never made the least bit of complaint, not he. He fell into the ranks at once, and although he was not required to work, he set about learning the details of sheep-raising by doing everything with his own hands.

Before a year was over the outdoor life had turned his muscles into steel and burned his face to a brick red; still, he was only a boy, and could not be expected to compete with the seasoned men in an ordinary day's work. And yet, for all that, he would come in brisk and smiling at the end of a long day's lamb-herding, when some of the older hands were used up.

This puzzled the men, for they had been generally inclined to laugh at the boy as a "tenderfoot." The explanation really was that Walter never lost his temper in dealing with the prodding, scamping, silly lambs. Now few things are more exhausting than a total loss of temper—especially when it is lost for fifteen hours a day—and that is the usual misfortune of lamb-herders.

Walter spent most of his leisure time upon a superannated cow-pony, shooting at coyotes with a rifle, but it was months before he hit one. The coyote, although he always turns "head-on" and gives the marksman the best chance he can, is a bad target; his thick fur makes him look much larger than he really is. Walter fired away cartridges by the box in vain.

But his failures only inspired him to try again, until at length he became so unconqueredly good shot.

The men, to whom coyotes were familiar, uninteresting things, used to break Walter's persistent hunting. They dubbed him "Woody Walter, the Broad-Death-Dealer of the Deep Arroyo," and were always anxious to know when he intended to go off and kill a few Indians.

"Don't be afraid of Indians," the boys would say, bantering the men in the time. "If any of them ever come prowling round while I'm here, I'll send them off." The promise was made in fun, but he kept it in earnest.

During the boy's second summer, when shooting time, my daughter, who had come out from Iowa, where she had attended school, to try and make a home for herself, came to her father's sheep-camp. When the day came for her return, nobody could be spared to drive

her to the railroad but Walter. I had intended to go, but John Hansford, a wool-dealer, had sent word that he was coming that day.

Walter was much pleased to take my place, for he and Sally were great friends, and with only one road to follow, there was no fear of missing the way. So, very soon after sunrise, the girl and boy set out on their forty-mile drive to catch a train which was to leave Plattville at five that evening.

About two hours after they had left, and a good deal earlier than I expected him, John Hansford rode up, and without waiting to shake hands or to get off his horse, said:

"Martin, you had better call your herders into camp mighty quick. They say, down at Truberry's, that a small band of bad Indians is knocking about the country somewhere north of here. They've killed a Mexican herder and burnt his cabin, and now they've crossed the railroad coming this way."

I lost no time. "Dick Taylor!" I shouted, and out ran the cook, the only other man on the place at that time of day.

"Saddle up—hurry," I said, "there are Indians betwixt here and the railroad. We must gallop to overtake Sally and Walter."

With his paper cap on his head and his hands covered with dough, Dick rushed with me to the stable; out came the horses; on went the saddles, and in less than five minutes we three, all well armed, were galloping northward.

Meanwhile Walter and Sally had traveled some fifteen miles. They were jogging along, laughing and chattering and watching the shifting mirages which are always to be seen at that time of year, when my girl cried out:

"Oh, look! There's a funny one! Then Walter saw what appeared to be the legs of five horses trotting along a foot from the ground.

Presently the scene changed, the horses' legs vanished, and the youngsters saw the heads and shoulders of five men, large and undefined, sailing through the air. Sally told me afterward that this frightened her.

Suddenly the mirage cleared, and the girl and boy saw, about two miles to the northwest, five horsemen, one behind the other. They were riding as if to intercept the wagon, and there was something very unusual in their appearance. Walter pulled up and took out his field-glass.

"I don't like the looks of them," said he. "They aren't cowboys; they've no hats, and I think no saddles. I'm afraid they're Indians."

"Turn back," said Sally, "and then we shall know if they're trying to cut us off."

"That's sensible," said Walter, and turned at once.

The riders immediately broke into a hard gallop, and headed straight for the wagon. Walter urged his horse to a trot, and then the desperate race began.

Fifteen miles of level plain lay between the team and the home ranch. Could the horses hold out? At first Walter tried trotting, but the galloping Indians gained so much in the first mile that he lashed his team into a run.

But what chance, in that race for life, had two steady old ranch-horses hitched to a heavy road wagon? Though they began with two miles' start, the light-footed Indian ponies came up so fast that my girl, as she turned her head to watch them, could soon distinguish the forms. They grew from dark patches to definite figures of men on running beasts. Sally could make out the heads, arms, and flying hair of the Indians, the heads of the ponies and their moving legs.

"How are you getting on, Walter?" she cried.

Walter didn't look at her then. Her voice had been jolted out of her by the lurching wagon, and he thought it was

all of a tremble. He just stood up in the bouncing, rattling wagon and stared round the sky-line.

He had some hope that he might see other riders, and if he did he would head for them; though that wasn't the principal thing in his mind. But there was not a living figure clear against the blue or dim against the plain—nothing but the bare, burnt prairie and the gray streak of road.

"It's all right, Sally," cried the boy, not looking down at her, for he feared she would go into hysterics, as he had once seen an Eastern girl do. "It's all right, Sally; we'll beat them yet."

At that my girl laughed.

"I guess," she said, "you're not such a tender foot as they call you."

She told me that he stared down at her in surprise for a moment, and then changed his tune and took her right into his confidence.

"I'm looking for a good place to fight," he said. "We can't get away from them by running. But we must keep on until we see some cover within reach."

"Cover!" said Sally. "We'll be better off in the open if it comes to shooting. They'll crawl up to you through the cover—that is, if it's more than just a bush or two," for you see, Sally hadn't been born on the plains without learning a good deal about Indian-fighting.

"Well, that's a fact," Walter cried out. "But—Hello! what's that?" and Sally stood up and clutched hold of him, and they both stared while the old horses raced onward.

"It's water—it's no mirage," said Walter.

"Yes, it's real water," said Sally. "There's a hollow there and the thunder-storm's filled it."

"Must be pretty shallow," said Walter, an idea jumping into his head.

He didn't ask Sally's opinion this time, but, man fashion, he took his chances.

"Sit down and hold on tight, Sally," was all he said.

With that he turned out of the road, whipped the horses into their best gallop and drove straight for the water, which was a shallow pond about three hundred yards wide and four or five times as long.

Maybe it was the sight of the water that encouraged the ranch-horses; anyway, they kept the pace so well that the Indians were still more than half a mile behind when the horses splashed into the pond and were brought to a walk. Walter's men came straight forward until Walter's gun coming into the wagon-box. Then he turned the wagon broadside to the Indians.

Sally and the boy were now about a third of the way across the pond, and they had entered it about midway between its ends. This suited Walter's plan exactly; he set the brake hard so that his horses couldn't move the wagon against his will, hung his cartridge-belt about his neck, jumped into the water, helped Sally down beside him, pulled her little trunk over so that it concealed and protected her, and then took his rifle and stood ready.

If you will think, you will see that he had a pretty good fortification. The wagon-box was between him and the Indians; the enemy could neither ride fast nor run on foot fast out to where the boy and girl stood more than waist-deep; they were half under water, and their heads and chests were well defended by the wagon-box and the trunk; there were only five Indians and these could not get near enough to shoot without offering a far better mark themselves.

The plain afforded no cover for the redskins—nothing but some scattered bunches of grass and a soapweed here and there. Sally understood the situation at a glance.

"Well, you've got an Indian-fighter's head on you, Walter," she said, approvingly.

"I guess we've got them where we want them," said Walter, for a boy that could knock over a coyote five times in seven couldn't expect to miss Indians.

"I think so," says Sally. "They can't get within shooting distance at either end of this pond; they can't come in where we sit without your hitting them, and if they wade across out of range and try to take us at the back, all we've got to do is to cross to the other side of the wagon, and then they're in more danger than they were before."

"I think it's all right," said Walter. On came the Indians, almost up to the edge of the pond. Walter was intending to disable the foremost one the moment his pony's hoofs splashed, when the whole file suddenly swerved to the right. Then, as if with one motion, every Indian vanished behind the body of his pony, apparently leaving nothing for Walter to shoot at except the soles of five left feet. But the boy was not unprepared by this manœuvre. He fired, and down went the foremost pony.

The instant the rider was on his feet Walter covered him with his Winchester, but Walter was not anxious to shoot any Indians, for he knew that he could depend Sally without doing so, as he now saw something moving on the plain—something of which the Indians were not one bit aware.

"Look toward the west," said Walter to Sally.

"I see," said Sally, and her eyes brightened. "Guess what I was afraid of, Walter. I was afraid the Indians would just wait and watch us till we would have to leave this cold water. Now they'll have no time to wait until we're frozen out."

Meantime the second Indian had come up, taken the unhorsed man behind him, and galloped out of range with the others. Walter let them go unharmed. For the aspect of affairs had changed—a good deal more, too, than the Indians knew.

The redskins held a brief consultation at a safe distance; then one rode off toward one end of the pond, and another toward the other end, while the remaining three began crawling from bunch to bunch of grass toward the wagon. This did not look so dangerous to the besieged as the Indians probably supposed.

"That's all very fine," said Walter, when he noted this manœuvre, "but they haven't got half enough time to get us surrounded. However, I'll have to attend to the crawling ones. Sally, will you just keep your eye on the two on horseback, and tell me to look when they stop."

So Sally walked out a few yards, stooping as she waded, so that the water was over her shoulders, until the wagon and horses no longer intercepted her view. There she crouched, with just her head out, and watched the proceedings, and grew exultant and confident as she saw what the Indians didn't even suspect.

While she was keeping her lookout, Walter was making the crawling Indians very uncomfortable by dropping bullets close to them. He wasn't trying to hit them; his hope was to keep them crawling or lying, so that they would not rise and see what was coming. There they lay very flat, and moving with extreme caution until Sally cried out: "Walter, they're turned back! No, they're galloping away! They know, now!"

"Oh, see them run!" cried Walter, as at that moment the three crawling Indians sprang to their feet, made a dash for their ponies, and rode off helter-skelter.

They had reason. Three angry, well-armed white men were within half a mile of them, and riding on like mad. We had arrived in time.

"Oh, father," said Sally to me, as I lifted her up out of the water and kissed her, "Oh, father, I'm so glad you came in time! Walter would have had to shoot those Indians, and I don't believe I should have felt any better if he had."

### HARDWOOD SAWDUSTS.

The Fine Dusts Used For Various Special Purposes—Fine Sawdusts Exported.

The fine sawdust of hard woods, that which is produced in sawing veneers, is used for a variety of special purposes; fine mahogany sawdust, for instance, being extensively used in cleaning furs. There are sold fifteen or twenty different varieties of fine sawdust from as many different kinds of hard woods, these being gathered from the various mills.

While fine mahogany is the sawdust most largely used in cleaning furs, various other kinds are also employed for that purpose. The use of boxwood sawdust for cleaning jewelry is traditional. Boxwood sawdust is also used in polishing silver. Some sawdusts are used in marquetry work. Some are used in making pressed mouldings and ornaments. Sandalwood sawdust is used in scent bags.

The production of coarse sawdust of various hard woods, such as oak and maple, is greater than the demand for them; such sawdusts may be burned in the mills where they are produced. Coarse mahogany sawdust may be sold for commonplace uses, or employed as fuel where it is made; but for the fine sawdusts of all the hard woods there is more or less demand; for many of them there is a ready market. The most costly of fine hardwood sawdust is boxwood, of which the supply is less than the demand.

Fine hardwood sawdusts are shipped from this city to various parts of the United States; they are exported in considerable quantities to Canada and some are sent to England.—Sun.

### Guest Room Toothpowder.

Passenger Traffic Manager McCormick, of the Big Four, tells of a friend of his who was visiting some relatives. He was given the spare room and slept well. In the morning, desiring to clean his teeth, he looked through his valise for his tooth brush and box of tooth powder. He found the brush, but had come away from home without the powder. Looking about he discovered a small jar on the mantel. He opened it and saw it contained a grayish powder. "Here is some tooth powder," said he, and wetting his tooth brush he dipped it into the powder and gave his teeth a good scrubbing. When he went down stairs to breakfast he said to his hostess:

"You must excuse me for taking the liberty, but as I came away from home without my tooth powder, I used some of that you have in the little jar on the mantel in my room."

"Why, Charley," said the hostess, "that isn't tooth powder in that jar; it's Aunt Ann's ashes."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

### FARM TOPICS

**The Bite of a Hog.**

There is great danger of blood poisoning if a hog bites the flesh. There is no poison in the hog's teeth as there is in the fangs of a poisonous snake. It is rather the poison which comes from the saliva, as the hog is a very indiscriminate feeder and not at all cleanly. When a hog is made angry the amount of this saliva is greatly increased, and the danger is greater. Even a slight contusion from a hog's tooth should be promptly washed out with some antiseptic. Dilute carbolic acid, one part of the acid to 2000 of water, is good and always a reliable antiseptic. Some should always be kept where it can be readily procured, to put on cuts or outside injuries received on any part of the body. It will greatly hasten their healing.

**Cost of High Bred Poultry.**

Convinced that he should follow the advice of those who knew how to improve the flock of fowls, the farmer is naturally anxious to know what the cost of new blood will be. If the flock is the ordinary farm stock, mainly mongrels, and the grade is to be raised chiefly from egg production, new blood of a dollar a head will be good enough. If the stock already on hand is of one breed and of fairly good quality, and the new blood is desired to add to the size of eggs or to increase egg production or size of coming chicks, then stock at four or even five dollars a head is none too good. If fancy fowls are wanted, bred to the standard, then he must expect to pay anywhere from ten dollars up per bird. But where you can get stock which will add to the value of that you already have. If increased egg production is wanted, buy from breeders who are willing to guarantee that their stock is all they claim for it in the matter of egg production. If weight and markings are desired, buy from those making a specialty of these points. Last, but by no means least, do not be fooled by the claim that northern bred stock is necessary to add value to southern flocks, or vice versa. It is agreed that certain seeds northern grown are best for southern planting, but the claim will not hold good water with poultry. Buy where you can get the best value for your money and the nearer home the better, other things being equal.—Atlanta Journal.

**Lime as a Fertilizer.**

Those who believe that lime is necessary as a fertilizer, and their opinions are not based upon actual tests of the soil, they would do well to test it. Stir up four or five teaspoonfuls of the soil with enough water to make a thick paste. Allow it to stand fifteen minutes. Then part the soil with a knife blade and insert one end of a strip of distinctly blue litmus paper (to be had at any apothecary store), pressing the soil about the paper. After five minutes remove the paper carefully in order not to tear it and rinse quickly with water. If the blue color has disappeared and a red one taken its place, the need of lime is irrefragable. The fingers should never be touched to the end of the paper to be inserted in the soil, for they alone will redden it intensely.

It would also be well to test as follows: Take two glasses, place three teaspoonfuls of soil in each and add water till half full; to one glass add two teaspoonfuls of ammonia water, to be obtained of any druggist, stir both thoroughly and again five minutes later. Allow them to settle and if the one to which ammonia was added gives a black inky looking liquid, and the other settles out nearly clear, further evidence of the need of lime is given.

The first test should be relied upon if but one is used, but if the second agrees with the first, the case is so much the more certain. Where lime is lacking, beet leaves often turn red and many of the young plants die.

On light, sandy soil from 1000 to 2000 pounds of air-slaked lime may be applied on the furrows and harrowed in, preferably in the autumn. On heavier soil from one to two tons per acre may be used in this manner. On heavy and moist soils, there is less danger from spring applications than on light ones. If air-slaked lime is not to be had, ordinary builders' lime will answer, only the quantity may be reduced in that case to about two-thirds the amount. Place the lumps in piles of forty to fifty pounds each and cover with moist soil. In a few days it will be sufficiently slaked so that it can be spread with a shovel. Harrow or cultivate in the lime at once. If there are any lumps, repeat the harrowing or cultivating after two or three days, when they will have slaked so that the lime can be mixed with the soil. If the land is very dry, sprinkle each pile with about half a pail of water before covering it with soil. Twice as much of wood ashes as of air-slaked lime, will also answer.

Potatoes planted on limed land should be treated with corrosive sublimate solution or formalin to prevent "scab." Watermelons should, if possible, be planted on unlimed land, or where the lime has been applied two or three years previously.—American Agriculturist.

### HOUSEHOLD AFFAIRS.

**Monograms on Sofa Pillows.**

The fancy for embroidering college seals and other insignia on sofa pillows has led to putting personal monograms or crests on cushions for bousoir use. A lovely pillow received by a bride recently was of white satin, with her maiden monogram embroidered in silver. A spray of orange blossoms at one corner completed the bridal effect. A heavy white silk cord finished the pillow, and tassels of white silk and silver were fastened one at each of the corners. Many pillows equally delicate and elaborate are shown in the shops, their beauty being somewhat detracted from by the realization of the difficulty with which they can be kept unsoiled. Occasionally one enters a parlor where the pillows are so extremely costly and dainty that a sort of slip of sheer bolting-cloth is made to put over them. The artistic effect is at once lost. A sofa-cushion should not be above its use. When a pillow reaches the veiled stage, it might better be of denim.—New York Post.

**To Clean Glassware.**

Glassware will last longer and look better if the following hints as to its care and preservation are regarded:

Tepid water, the best castile or other pure soap and a stiff brush are the first essentials.

After washing and rinsing place the cut glass in a boxwood sawdust.

This will absorb the moisture in the cuttings.

Next remove the sawdust from the plain surfaces with a soft cloth. By following these directions the original clearness and sparkle of the glass will be maintained.

Shot should not be used in carafes, cruet, toilet articles and similar vessels. It is very apt to scratch the glass and thus mar its beauty.

Prosaic potato peelings are the best aids. Let them remain in the glassware over night, and then rinse out with a little tepid water.

A very important point is to avoid sudden changes from extreme heat to extreme cold and vice versa.

A pitcher or tumbler which has been filled with ice water, a tray that has been used for ice cream, if plunged at once into hot water will be apt to crack.

Use tepid water, and the risk of breakage is avoided.

The sudden change from heat to cold is just as dangerous. Glassware should never be removed from a stove heated and plunged into contact with a cold substance. Cool the glass for a time in water before subjecting it to the extreme temperature.

**Recipes.**

**Hot Cheese Sandwiches**—Made of Graham bread, sliced very thin, and spread with a paste made by rubbing six tablespoonfuls of freshly grated cheese with two tablespoonfuls of butter. Sprinkle with salt, a dash of paprika; press the two sides firmly together and serve in hot butter. Cut the sandwich into any shape you choose.

**Suet Pudding**—A cup of suet, chopped fine; one of sugar, half a cupful of molasses, three of flour, four eggs well beaten. When these ingredients are stirred together, add a cupful each of raisins and currants, floured, and such seasoning as you prefer. We take ours plain. Serve with a soft dressing of butter and sugar, or butter, sugar, flour and vinegar.

**One-Egg Lunch Cake**—One teaspoonful of butter, one scant cup of sugar, one egg, one and a half cups of flour, scant three-fourths cup of milk, three-fourths cup of currants, one teaspoon of baking powder. Rub the butter to a cream, add sugar gradually, then a well-beaten egg. Sift the flour and baking powder together, add the flour and milk to the mixture, beat well; then add the currants. Beat up thoroughly and put in a loaf pan lined with greased paper. Enough for several meals. Can be baked in small patty pans.

**Delicious Cabbage**—Take a medium-sized head of cabbage and cut it the same as for cold slaw, and place it in a stewpan with boiling water enough to cover it; add a teaspoonful of salt and boil half an hour; then drain off the water and add one-half cupful of good vinegar and a tablespoonful of sugar; then set it on the back part of the range, to keep hot until the dinner is served. Just before sending it to the table, add half a cupful of rich cream. Cabbage cooked this way is excellent when cold. The only trouble is, there is seldom any left to get cold, and all say it is delicious.

**Savory Pyramids**—Three-quarters of a pound of cold meat finely chopped (any sort of fat pork), three eggs, six heaping tablespoonfuls of fine bread crumbs, three ounces of butter, melted, one tablespoonful finely minced parsley, a pinch of cayenne, a teaspoonful of salt (scant), a teaspoonful of grated lemon peel, fresh or dried. Mix these ingredients, moisten the whole with gravy, milk or cream; form into pyramids by rolling between the palms; dip in beaten egg, roll in cracker crumbs and bake upon a greased tin in a hot oven for about thirty minutes. Impossible to state exact liquid required to moisten, conditions vary with meat and bread used.