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THE LARAMIE TRAIL.

BY JOSEPH MILLS HANSON.

Across the crests of the naked hills,
Smooth-swept by the winds of God,
It cleaves its way like a shaft of gray,
Close bound by the prairie sod.
It stretches flat from the sluggish Platte
To the lands of forest shade;
The clean trail, the lean trail,
The trail the troopers made.

It draws aside with a wavy curve
From the lurking, dark ravine,
It launches fair as a lance in air
O'er the raw-ribbed ridge between;
With never a wait till it plunges straight
Through river or reed-grown brook;
The deep trail, the steep trail,
The trail the squadrons took.

They carved it well, those men of old,
Stern lords of border war,
They wrought it out with their sabers stout
And marked it with their gore.
They made it stand as an iron band
Along the wild frontier;
The strong trail, the long trail,
The trail of force and fear.

For the stirring note of the bugle's throat
Ye may hark to-day in vain,
For the track is scarred by the gang-plow's shard
And gulfed in the growing grain.
But wait to-night for the moonrise white;
Perchance ye may see them tread
The lost trail, the ghost trail,
The trail of the gallant dead.

'Twixt cloud and cloud o'er the pallid moon
From the nether dark they glide,
And the grasses sigh as they rustle by,
Their phantom steeds astride,
By four and four as they rode of yore,
And well they know the way;
The dim trail, the grim trail,
The trail of toil and fray.

With tattered guidons spectral thin
Above their swaying ranks,
With carbines slung and sabers swung
And the gray dust on their flanks,
They march again as they marched it then
When the red men dogged their track,
The gloom trail, the doom trail,
The trail they came not back.

They pass, like a flutter of drifting fog,
As the hostile tribes have passed,
And the wild-wing'd birds and the bison herds
And the unfenced prairies vast,
And those who gain by their strife and pain
Forget, in the land they won,
The red trail, the dead trail,
The trail of duty done.

But to him who loves heroic deeds
The far-flung path still bides,
The bullet sings and the war-whoop rings
And the stalwart trooper rides.
For they were the sort from Snelling fort
Who traveled fearlessly
The bold trail, the old trail,
The trail to Laramie.

—Youth's Companion.

THE TODD BOY'S NAME

By E. F. C. ROBBINS.

NOW the next boy may give me his name," said the new teacher, who was enrolling his pupils on the first day of school.

There was an expectant hush over the room, followed by a general titter as the boy thus called upon answered:

"Ebenezer Pettingill Todd."

Even the teacher smiled, as he said, "That is certainly a good, substantial name. I suppose I may call you Eben for short?"

"I guess you had better call me Ebenezer," was the reply. Then everybody laughed again except the Todd boy himself. It was no laughing matter to him.

"Your name rather staggered the teacher at first, didn't it?" one of his mates said to him at noon. "I don't wonder at it. Gracious! I wouldn't be caught with such a name as that on me for five thousand dollars."

To these thoughtless words the Todd boy made no reply. Nevertheless, he kept turning them over in his mind until he reached the modest home where, since the death of his father and mother in his early childhood, he had lived with his maiden aunt.

"Aunt Lucy," he asked suddenly, as the two sat at dinner, "how did I ever come to be named Ebenezer Pettingill?"

"Mercy on me, child!" said his aunt, in great surprise. "You know about as well as I do. You've heard it times enough."

"Why, it was this way," she went on, nothing loath to repeat the story. "At one time it began to look as if your poor father and mother would never succeed in getting you named for good. First and last I believe they named and unnamed you four different times, and then they were just as much at sea as ever. But one day your father came home, and says he, 'I've got a name for the boy at last. It isn't fancy,' he said, 'but it's substantial, and it will be worth money to the little chap some day.'

"Then he went straight to the family Bible and wrote the name down in good big letters—Ebenezer Pettingill Todd. You have seen it there, you know, many a time. 'There,' he said, 'that is going to stick!' It was the name of a kind of half-uncle of his, you know, that lived over in Belham, and does now, for that matter. He has property, and no near relatives, but plenty of distant ones. Your father had fallen in with him that day, and I suppose they got to talking about you. I never knew the particulars, but at any rate, they came to an understanding that you were to be named for Mr. Pettingill, and he was to remember you in his will.

"Your mother didn't take to the name at all, but your father said, 'It means five thousand dollars to the boy when Uncle Ebenezer goes.'

"Dear, dear! Your father little thought then that Mr. Pettingill would outlive him; but he died within a year, and the old gentleman is alive yet. I've heard that he is likely to disappoint some of his relatives by leaving most of his money to charity. But I guess there will be no doubt about your five thousand dollars."

"I would swap the five thousand dollars any time for a different name," said the boy, gloomily.

"Why, child, you ought not to speak in that way. Your Uncle Pettingill is a good man, and Ebenezer is a very respectable name."

"I suppose the name was all right in old times," said the boy, "but it isn't a good one for me. It's all out of fashion now. People always laugh the first time they hear it. The new teacher did to-day. The boys at school won't even give me a nickname. They always call me Ebenezer Pettingill—that is nickname enough for them. And grown-up people don't call me by any first name very often—They just call me the Todd boy."

"Oh, well," said his aunt, soothingly, "you can afford a little trouble for all that money. You know you want to go to college—"

"I don't know that I do with such a name as mine," interrupted the boy. "I should almost hate to see it on a diploma. They write your name in Latin, you know. Charles is Carolus, and James is Jacobus, and so on. How do you suppose Ebenezer would look turned into Latin?

"And it is just as bad whatever I want to do. I'd like to be a political man when I grow up, and perhaps run for office. But you couldn't get up any enthusiasm for Ebenezer P. Todd.

"I tell you, Aunt Lucy, it is a bad bargain for me, and for Uncle Pettingill, too, for that matter."

"Why so?" asked his aunt, in surprise.

The boy did not explain his last remark, but when he left the table he had in his mind the germ of a purpose, which soon developed into a full-grown plan.

On his return from school at night he found that his aunt was out making calls, and he decided that the time was ripe for action.

He went at once into the infrequently used best room, opened the large Bible that lay conspicuously on the centre-table, and turned to the family record. There stood his name in bold black letters.

He next took from his pocket a certain package which he had bought at a drug store on his way from school.

In this were two small bottles, each containing a colorless liquid. By means of a little glass tube, dipped first into one bottle, then into the other, he carefully traced twice over the words Ebenezer Pettingill.

He was not disappointed at the result. The letters gradually faded from his sight, and he felt that he was at last rid forever of the burden of that name.

But as he sat there, half-frightened at what he had done, yet wholly triumphant, he was suddenly confronted by a problem new to him, although quite old in human experience—that of naming a boy.

Unfortunately, concerning this matter his mind was as much a blank as the space in the family record on which he had just been operating.

To be sure, he could think of names, but none to suit. He wished that he knew some of the names that his parents had given him and then taken away. One of those might do. The paper was all dry where Ebenezer Pettingill had been, and something ought to be written in.

But at the end of a half-hour's thought he had come to no decision. He heard his aunt's step on the walk, and hastily shutting the book, he slipped out of the room, very ill at ease. It felt queer to be a boy without a name.

All his leisure moments for the next twenty-four hours he spent in wrestling with his problem. Once, while in school, he named himself Harold, out of his English history book; and for an hour or so his mind was relieved. Then he thought of the letters E. P. T. that he had spent so much time in cutting on trees and desks and other things. No, he must stand by those initials, anyway, so the name Harold was given up.

Finally, when almost in despair, he decided that Edward Percy would have to do; and at the first opportunity he opened the family record again and wrote in the name. After that there could be no backing out.

The boy now felt it to be his duty to apprise his great-uncle of the change. This he did by letter, as follows:

Mr. Ebenezer Pettingill:

Dear Sir—I write to tell you that you will not have to leave me that five thousand dollars, for I have gone and changed my name. I hope this will not hurt your feelings. Ebenezer Pettingill is all right in its proper place. It looks good on the monument that you have had put up in the cemetery at Belham. I was out there one day and saw it. But I don't think it is quite suitable for me. It doesn't join on well with Todd, and it causes remarks. Some have said to me, "Why don't you shorten it to Eben?" That would not be so bad, but I don't think it would be a square thing to do. If I am to earn five thousand dollars by having your name, I must be willing to take it just as it is, and I ought not to be ashamed of it, either. But I have been ashamed, and I couldn't help it.

You must think considerable of the name, and I don't believe you want it made fun of, or carried round by a boy that doesn't like it. So I thought it was best for us both to change. I have washed out Ebenezer Pettingill where it was in our big Bible and have written Edward Percy in its place. So it is all settled. I have written this so that you can fix over your will.

Your affectionate nephew,
EDWARD PERCY TODD,
formerly
EBENEZER PETTINGILL TODD.

On the whole, it was easier to write this letter to his uncle than to announce the change to his aunt, and to other people who might be interested. He waited a little for a favorable opportunity, still answering to his old name, but always saying—although not aloud—"Edward, if you please." But in a day or two he received this note from Mr. Pettingill:

Master Edward Percy Todd:

Dear Nephew—I do not blame you for changing your name, if you do not like it. I think that you have been frank and honest with me. I only wish I could say as much for some others who are looking to me for a legacy. But I must set you right on one point. I never agreed to leave you five thousand dollars for your name. I believe I did promise to remember you in my will, and I find that I have done so to the extent of fifty dollars. I will change that, and in place of the legacy I enclose a check for twenty dollars, to show my regard. Truly yours,
EBENEZER PETTINGILL.

This letter gave the boy his opportunity, and he at once showed it to his aunt, at the same time, of course, explaining what he had done.

The good lady, although considerably shocked at first, soon became reconciled to the change, the more easily, no doubt, because it seemed to involve no great financial loss. She admitted that she liked the new name better than the old, and she quickly became quite fluent in its use.

But there was still one trouble left for the boy. "I wish I knew the best way to break the news to the boys and girls at school," he said, anxiously. Presently another inspiration came to him. "What kind of a party was it that Aunt Helen gave Cousin Laura last year?" he asked his aunt, after some reflection.

"They called it a coming-out party," was the reply.

"Well, why can't I have one?"

"You!" exclaimed his aunt. "Why, they don't give coming-out parties for boys; they are only for young ladies."

But the boy was not convinced, and eventually he carried his point. Soon after, all his schoolmates and friends received a neatly written note of invitation:

Miss Lucy Emmons
requests the pleasure of your company at a
party in honor of her nephew,
Edward Percy Todd,
September the nineteenth, 8 to 10 p. m.

The party was a complete success, and although it cost nearly the whole of his twenty dollars, Edward thought that the end justified the means. As he had anticipated, his friends, after having partaken of his ice cream, felt in honor bound to recognize his new name, and few of them called him Ebenezer Pettingill, except perhaps now and then for nickname purposes.

But the most surprising result of the whole transaction was the increased interest shown by Mr. Pettingill toward his nephew. He frequently invited the boy to visit him at Belham, and occasionally manifested his goodwill in more substantial ways.

And when, some years later, his will was finally probated, one clause read as follows:

"To Edward Percy Todd, son of my late nephew, Joseph Todd, I give and bequeath the sum of five thousand dollars.—Youth's Companion.

No Hope For Him There.

The "old man" addressed the following letter to his son, who was about to stand a civil-service examination for a Government position:

"Dear Bill: It ain't a bit o' use o' you goin' up agin that civil-service business, it's a onesided affair altogether. Why, they'll turn you down if you don't know 'rithmetic, an' they'll even rule you out if you're a leetle short on g'ography an' spellin'! Take my advice an' stick to yer trade of lawyer before a jury of yer peers, an' when that fails, you kin go to teachin' school."—Atlanta Constitution.

A PIN CUSHION HINT.

If you were to take apart an old pincushion you would find an astonishing number of needles in it. To prevent this, when you stick a needle into the cushion, stick it in slantwise, not straight down, for if put in pin fashion it is sure to work its way into the cushion and get lost.

CARE OF THE BROOM.

Keep a pailful of suds in the sink every sweeping day, and as often as the broom becomes dusty take it to the sink, dip it up and down in the pail, shake well and continue sweeping. Then, when all is swept, wash it once more before putting it away. Not only will the broom wear longer, the suds toughening the splinters, but the carpet will look brighter.

THE GREASY SINK.

A greasy sink is not to be tolerated, and the cleansing of it, if it be of glazed ware, may be easily accomplished with the aid of paraffin. Dip a piece of flannel in a little of the oil and then rub it over the sink. All the grease and dirt will quickly come off, and the smell of the paraffin can easily be removed by washing with soap and hot water. This treatment will have a cleansing effect on the sink pipes.

TO REPAIR A MIRROR.

To repair a damaged mirror pour upon a sheet of tinfoil about three drams of quicksilver to the square foot of foil. Rub smartly with a piece of buckskin until the foil becomes brilliant. Lay the glass upon a flat table face downward. Place the foil upon the damaged portion of the glass, lay a sheet of paper over the foil and place upon it a block of wood or a piece of marble with a perfectly flat surface; put upon it sufficient weight to press it down tightly; let it remain in this position a few hours. The foil will adhere to the glass.

Foie de Veau a l'Anglaise—Take slices of calves' liver. Put these in a pan with a large piece of butter, pepper and salt. Mince fine a bunch of parsley and a small piece of onion together. Add these to the liver. Cook about twenty minutes. Serve immediately.

Date Jelly—Rinse a pint mould in boiling water and then in cold; put a little lemon jelly at the bottom and then arrange some halved and stoned dates in a pattern after dipping them in a jelly; pour over sufficient jelly to set the dates and then fill up the mould in layers of jelly and dates; put in a cold place until set, and, when ready, turn out into a glass dish.

Potato Flour Sponge Cake—Beat the yolks of eight eggs with one-half pound of powdered sugar for thirty minutes; add the juice and zest of one lemon; beat the whites to a stiff froth, add them to the yolks, then fold in, without sifting, one-quarter pound potato flour; bake on a rack placed about two inches from the bottom of the oven in a very light heat for forty-five to sixty minutes, depending upon the thickness of the cake.

Date or Fig Gems—Beat the yolks of two eggs and mix with one cupful of milk; sift a teaspoonful and a half of baking powder with half a cupful of white flour and mix with half a cupful of finely chopped figs or dates; add flour and fruit to the milk and eggs; stir in one cupful of whole wheat flour; beat the two whites of eggs stiff and fold into the mixture; bake in well-greased gem pans in a moderate oven on a rack midway of the oven.

Pepper Mangoes—Select firm, bull-nosed peppers, as the milder Spanish ones do not make good pickles. They must, however, be perfectly green. Cut a slice from the stem and remove all the seeds, taking care not to bruise the peppers. Put the pepper cups and covers into a stone jar and cover with a strong brine. Let them stand three days, then drain and cover with clear, cold water twenty-four hours. Put into each pepper some shredded cabbage, a tiny white onion, a small string-bean, a gherken and three or four nasturtium seeds. Make a paste of half a cup mustard seed, a tablespoonful of grated horseradish, a tablespoonful ground mustard, two tablespoonfuls sugar, two tablespoonfuls of olive oil and a teaspoonful each celery seed, mace and allspice. Fill the peppers with this paste, packing in firmly, then replace the caps and tie or sew in place. Pack the peppers in a stone jar and cover with scalding hot water. Let them remain in this two days, then pour off the vinegar, reheat and again turn over the peppers. Cover close and keep in a cool, dry place.

SOUTHERN ∵ FARM ∵ NOTES.

TOPICS OF INTEREST TO THE PLANTER, STOCKMAN AND TRUCK GROWER.

How to Destroy Wild Onions.

The wild onion (or more properly garlic) is now the worst weed known to farmers along the Middle Atlantic Coast—from Pennsylvania to South Carolina. It is especially bad in moist, thin pasture land. When this weed is eaten by milch cows the milk acquires a most offensive odor, which odor is in turn communicated to the cream and butter. The weed, when it occurs in wheat fields, ruins the wheat for flour.

The wild garlic is a fall and winter growing plant. It usually occurs in bunches or patches in grass lands; but in badly cultivated lands, and in grain fields, the plants are more commonly scattered.

The plant is perennial. It propagates by means of underground off-sets or "cloves," and also by small bulblets borne in a bunch at top of stem. In this country the garlic does not bear true seeds.

The weed is usually introduced into new localities with wheat seed in which it is a rather common adulterant. The underground bulbs are also often distributed along with strawberry and other fruit plants.

The garlic is a very hardy and aggressive weed, and can thrive upon any soil not too dry. It, however, is more commonly found upon thin soils which lack potash and lime.

When a pasture is badly infected with garlic, it should be plowed up in the fall and harrowed with a spring tooth harrow to bring as many of the roots bulbs to the surface as possible. Re-harrow the land twice a month until late spring. Then fertilize the land heavily with kainit and lime, and sow thickly with one of the trailing varieties of cowpeas. The Conch pea is best for this purpose. The "Unknown" pea is also good. In September plow under the growth of pea vines and apply 600 to 1000 pounds of fresh water-slaked lime. Sow the limed land in crimson clover, using twenty pounds of cleaned seed, or forty-five pounds of seed in hull. Cut the clover for hay the following spring, as soon as the first flowers appear. Immediately plow the land and keep it clean by means of the spring-tooth harrow until it is planted in some hoed crop, of which cotton is the best. Corn or drilled sorghum may be used. Watch the field carefully, and if any scattering garlic plants come up in the rows pull them out by hand. If this system is faithfully carried out the worst infested fields can be cleaned of garlic in two years.

When the weed appears in a lawn which cannot be treated at above mentioned, the best plan is to buy one or more gallons of commercial sulphuric acid or crude carbolic acid and apply a half-teaspoonful of either of these to the roots of each garlic plant. A tablespoonful applied near the centre of a patch or tuft will kill the whole. These chemicals are dangerous, and must not be handled by children or irresponsible persons.—Gerald McCarthy, Biologist, North Carolina Department of Agriculture.

Peace and Plenty.

Let well-filled corn cribs and smoke-houses be the great bulwarks of safety between the farmers and the world of trade with whom they have to deal. Rotate your crops, intensify your acreage, fertilize liberally, cultivate well, produce plentifully on the acreage planted and enjoy those rewards which should be the fulsome portion of those who till our Southern soils. Study the possibilities of our soils and climate, and learn to appreciate and develop the wonderful resources at our command in the field, garden and orchard of Southern agriculture. Become depositors in your banks rather than borrowers. Get on a cash basis as rapidly as possible and break up the ruinous credit system, which in the past has been so fatal to cotton growers. As Southern farms become each year more self-sustaining under the adoption of a diversified and intensive system of culture and proper rotation of crops, the growers of the South's great staple can quickly regulate its marketing to meet the legitimate demands of consumption and maintain its prices at such figures as will always give to the producer a profit on its production. Build warehouses with your surplus money, and secure adequate storage facilities for the proper handling of your cotton in the markets of the country. Let us reach out and broaden the markets and uses for American cotton. Let us bring about direct trade between the producers and the spinners of the world and in safeguarding our magnificent and valuable staple from the greed of speculative interests, enjoy the blessings of its monopoly and through co-operation rapidly develop our beloved Southland into the richest and most prosperous section of the entire Union. Pause, reflect and make no fatal mistake in entering upon the new crop year for 1906. The sun of peace and plenty is shining on the loyal and patriotic heads of Southern planters to-day. Providence has blessed our country. The clouds may thicken and darken our horizon in the spring if we grow heedless of our duty.—Harvie Jordan, President Southern Cotton Association, Atlanta, Ga.

Reckon Up Your Accounts.

The farmer, to be successful, must, first of all, understand that business principles have as definite a relation to financial success on the farm as in any other vocation. He should, therefore, study over his farm accounts carefully during the year and see which crops were the most profitable. It is not a very difficult matter to keep an account with each field, and it is safe to say that if we realized more frequently the cost of making a pound of cotton or tobacco, that different methods of culture would be pursued and an entirely different system of crop rotation and fertilization practiced. There are some crops on the farm that pay a larger profit than others, and the farmer must keep books in order to eliminate those which are unprofitable and change his practice so as to increase his profits from the desirable ones. A study of profit and loss is considered essential in every business except that of farming. The great business houses strike a trial balance every once in a while to see how they stand; yet farming is admitted by all to be at best a complex problem, and how can the farmer hope to succeed who keeps no record of his various transactions? The fact that he does not accounts for the large number of men who barely make a living from the soil. In the long winter months there is ample opportunity for those who are so minded to study to financial problems involved in their operations carefully and learn wisdom from the failures and successes of the year. —Progressive Farmer.

Outdoor Work For Winter.

In the winter time, especially in the South, where snow rarely falls, the fences should be repaired and any necessary ditching and draining can be done to advantage and the farm roads improved. The gullies in the old fields can be stopped up with trash and waste material gathered from one source or another. The woodlot should be cleaned up and fenced to exclude cattle therefrom so the young trees may have a chance to grow. The woodlot is an important feature of every farm, owing to the high price of lumber, and the time is rapidly approaching when the farmer must grow enough wood, not only for home consumption, but for the repair of his fences and buildings. There are comparatively few woodlots which receive any attention on our farms at the present time, yet it seldom happens that there is not some waste land on every homestead better adapted for the growth of trees than for any other purpose. Reserve this section, plant suitable varieties of trees therein, give it a resonable amount of care and attention, and it will prove a profitable investment for all future time.—Progressive Farmer.

Don't Forget the Silo.

The silo deserves a place on every stock farm and it should be situated convenient to the feed mangers, as silage is heavy stuff to handle. An overhead track hung above the mangers on which ensilage can be run is very convenient, and saves much labor in handling this feed. The silage should, of course, be forked direct from the silo into the car. We want no stanchions in a stable where beef cattle are fed. Let those animals of a size run together in paddocks. These paddocks may be divided by gates that can be swung back out of the way when it becomes necessary to drive in for the purpose of getting out the manure. Of course, cattle handled in this manner must be without horns; and so the horned ones must be dehorned, or what is far better a polled bull should be used and this troublesome and—for the animal—painful operation dispensed with. We can see no more need for a horn on a cow than on a horse or a hog; can you?—A. L. French, Byrdville, Va.

To Drive Away the Hawks.

In the corn fields of the South I first saw used a novel "scare crow" which is even more effective for hawks than crows. It is made by setting a tall slender pole in the earth slanted at about a forty-five degree angle; a bit of stout waxed twine is fastened to the top of the pole and attached to the string hangs a triangular or diamond-shaped bit of bright tin. As the pole is slanted, this bit of tin hangs freely in the air and on even breezeless days is constantly in motion, sending flashes of light here and there about the field that hawks and crows never seem to become accustomed to.—D. W. Ingersoll, in the Successful Poultry Journal.