DOING THINGS TOO WELL

Advice of Sitting Bull to Young Braves With Too Much Enthusiasm.

TRAP WAS SET FOR CROOK.

Indians Gave the General Such a Battle That He Was Forced to Stop His Advance.

"When you start in on anything, go through with it. Don't stop in the middle and get cold feet, and don't make a slip-shod finish. Make a thorough job of anything you undertake. Isn't that right, Charging Bear?"

Mr. Hapstock paused in his lecture to a minor employe and glanced at the eminently respectable old Indian, the chief red man of the prairie show, the New York Telegraph says. The minor employe, who had been intrusted with some small mission in the city and had fallen down most woefully, grinned, fidgeted uneasily and waited for Charging Bear to speak. But the old Cheyenne fount of wisdom and uncle to half the people of the show, only flicked the ashes off a huge cigar. Mr. Hapstock resumed the attack.

"I send you uptown with an important message, and because you don't find him first crack you fall down. You don't even hunt for him. I ought to can you right here. Still, I'll let it go this time, but you try to let that lesson soak into your system. If you start to do a thing, do it up to the handle. Am I right, Charging Bear?"

Charging Bear straightened a bent plume in his shadowing war bonnet and then smiled a smile of width and wiseness.

"As a rule," said he, in perfect English, "you are right. There are times, though, when things can be too well done."

"Way back in 1876, I was with Sitting Bull, Rain in the Face, Crazy Horse and a lot of other good fellows. We were strolling through the Yellowstone country, dodging the troops or fighting them. One afternoon we spotted General Crook's command advancing upon us. A quick council was held. Crazy Horse proposed to bury the main body of our warriors among the bluffs and hills, forming a sort of horseshoe around a little valley, and to send about 500 young warriors against Crook's cavalry. The scheme was for these youngsters to make a nice, warm fight for an hour or so, and then break back into confusion. Crook's men would follow into the trap, and there would be some fine scalp collecting.

"The history books tell of the fight we made. After the fight had been on perhaps half an hour, we found that we were ahead of the game. Crook's men were giving way, his whole force was coming up to aid the advance guard, and we were whipping them as fast as they came.

"'Say!' I yelled to Crazy Horse, who was leading the charge. 'This is the best ever. Let's go ahead and make a good job of it.'

"'Too good to be true,' Crazy Horse howled back through the smoke and dust. 'You do what you were told to do.'

"But all of us young warriors figuring that we were only doing what was asked of us—putting up a fine little fight—kept on charging. The histories say that 'Crook was so hard pressed by the Indian attack that he ceased his advance and camped upon the field.' Quite correct. It was late in the afternoon before a cross or flanking charge of cavalry finally beat us off, and if the charge had been ten minutes late we would have had six companies of troopers under foot.

"After that last mix-up, which was hand to hand, lance against saber, we drew off to the ambush and waited for the troops to advance. Nothing doing. They were so badly cut up that they wanted no more fighting and politely refused to associate with us any longer. In short, we had made too good a fight, spoiled our elders' plans, and ruined our whole scheme of battle by doing things too well."

ISLAND COMES AND GOES.

Rises in August and Disappears Regularly in February.

One of Michigan's unsolved mysteries is the island that every summer comes to the surface of Lake Orion and every winter goes back again to the depths from whence it arose.

Its periods of appearance and disappearance are nearly regular. It comes to the surface about the middle of August and goes down again about Feb. 15. What causes it to act thus strangely is a conundrum that none has been able to solve, but to keep it above water or compel it to remain in the depths have been alike without results.

On one occasion a number of farmers and teamsters resolved to put the island out of moving business. In their efforts to do so they hauled many loads of stone and deposited them on it during the early part of winter, believing that when it went down in February it would go down for good, weighted as it was with the stones. But the following August saw it bob up serenely from below—minus its load of stones.

At another time an effort was made to keep it on the surface, and it was chained to the surrounding country with heavy log chains. When its time for departure came it departed, and the log chains departed with it. The log chains were never recovered.

The island is composed of soft mud and rushes, and there are some skeptical souls who attribute its formation and appearance and disappearance to the gathering of vegetation in one spot by the currents of the lake and its subsequent decay.—Boston Herald.

When Victoria Became Queen.

In "The People's Life of Their Queen," by Rev. E. J. Hardy, an interesting account is given of Queen Victoria's accession to the throne. At the age of eighteen, an age at which, as her biographer says, a girl would hardly be trusted to choose a bonnet for herself, she was called to undertake responsibilities from which an archangel might have shrunk.

William IV. died at two o'clock on the morning of June 20, 1837. The event was expected, and a carriage had been kept ready. Into this entered the Archbishop of Canterbury and the Lord Chamberlain, and drove rapidly to Kensington Palace.

There they had no little difficulty in rousing the porter. They were first kept waiting in the courtyard. Then they were admitted to one of the lower rooms, and there they remained till they seemed to have been forgotten by everybody. They rang the bell and expressed their desire that the attendant of the Princess Victoria might be sent to inform her royal highness that they requested an audience on business of importance.

The messenger disappeared, and another long delay ensued. Then they rang again, and at last some one came to announce that the princess was in such a sweet sleep that her attendant could not venture to disturb her.

"We are come on business of state to the queen, and even her sleep must give way to that," answered the archbishop.

This message brought the queen herself, "and to prove that she had not kept them waiting, she came into the room in a loose white nightgown and shawl, her nightcap thrown off and her hair falling upon her shoulders, her feet in slippers, and with tears in her eyes, but perfectly collected and dignified."

Her first words are said to have been, "I beg your grace to pray for me."

The next thing was to write a letter to the widowed Queen Adelaide. It was addressed to "Her Majesty the Queen." Some one remarked that it should be directed to the queen dowager.

"I am aware of that," said the young queen, "but I will not be the first to remind her of her altered position."

In the same forenoon the queen held her first privy council, and was greatly admired for her manner and behavior. Once a personal trait peeped out. In taking the oath about the Church of Scotland, she came to the old word intituled, which she pronounced as it was spelled.

Viscount Melbourne, who stood beside her, whispered:

"Entitled, please Your Majesty."

The little lady drew herself up, looked at the First Lord of the Treasury, and then, with another look at the paper before her, and with a raised voice and a perceptible emphasis, she repeated the words, "An act intituled."

Teaching the Boy Business.

A truck gardener in the vicinity of Pittsburg decided early last spring that he would give his 9-year-old son a few practical lessons in how to conduct business. At any rate, he would encourage him by leting him earn some money for himself. It was decided finally to start the boy in the tomato industry. His father rented him "box space" in the greenhouse, and the lad soon had about 1,000 tiny tomato plants started, intending, of course, to sell them when neighboring gardeners would want them to set out in the fields. The father charged him 15 cents for the box-space and a quarter for the seeds—just enough to let the boy know that he was not getting them for nothing.

When the warm weather came the father set out thousands of tomato plants one day and that night a frost came and killed the most of them. It was up to him to go out and buy more plants wherever he could, and among the first "dealers" he approached was his son.

"What do you want for your plants, Gilbert?" he asked.

"The market price, father," was the prompt reply.

The market price turned out to be six dollars a thousand, and papa had to pay it, too.

Oddest Parasite in Creation.

The Royal Bengal tiger is infested with one of the strangest creatures that ever lived. It is said to be a fact easily demonstrated or proved by one who has access to a zoological collection that the web of the foot of tigers of the above named species is inhabited by a blood-sucking insect about the size of a common flea which is a perfect counterpart of a tiger in every particular, shape, claws, tail and stripes included.

Numismatics.

Nephew (just returned from abroad)—This franc piece, aunt, I got in Paris. Aunt Hepsy—I wish, nephew, you'd fetched home one of them Latin quarters they talk so much about.—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Many a man's morality doesn't begin to work until he discovers that he is being shadowed by a detective

The observations of H. N. Thompson, conservator of forests for southern Nigeria, indicate that the mahogany tree grows much more rapidly than the number of so-called annual rings suggests. Mr. Thompson thinks that they show three or four well-marked zones of growth each year, corresponding to the four seasons. Both forest trees and those grown in the botanical garden exhibit the same phenomenon. On the site of the town of Ijaye, destroyed sixty years ago, a forest has grown up containing mahogany trees with trunks exceeding ten feet in girth.

Electric baking ovens have long been available, but their use has not spread very rapidly, probably because of the cost, or the difficulty of procuring the requisite current. In the little Swiss town of Kerns, where electric power is cheap, the electric baking oven has just been established in a satisfactory manner. In a furnace less than eight feet long 100 pounds of bread, in loaves of one and three pounds each, can be baked at one time, and eight bakings can be made in twelve hours. The cost of the heating is a little more than one cent and three-quarters per pound of bread.

The brain of the celebrated chemist, Mendeleef, has been dissected and studied by Professors W. von Bechterew and R. Weinberg. It was above the average size, but not remarkably so, the weight being 1,571 grams—about 50 2-3 ounces. The convolutions were found to be simple in arrangement, and from mere examination, it is said, no one could have formed any opinion of the very special qualities manifested by its living possessor. Only two features were in any degree peculiar—a highly convoluted part of the left parietal lobe and a comparatively small and simple temporal lobe. For comparison it may be recalled that Cuvier's brain is said to have weighed 64½ ounces and Gambetta's only 39 ounces.

In a recent lecture before the International Congress of Applied Chemistry Sir Boverton Redwood enumerated the principal advantages of petroleum as fuel. Its thermal efficiency as compared with coal is reckoned by the British Admiralty as 18 to 10; it does not, like coal, demand that a thick bed of incandescent fuel be ready before active combustion is produced; it is relatively clean, and requires little labor; it is admirably suited to fueling a vessel at sea by a simple flexible pipe; the combustion can be controlled with precision, and quickly brought to the highest efficiency or cut off entirely. Still, the lecturer thought that liquid fuel will never entirely displace coal, because the supply is not likely to be sufficient.

An interesting example of the way in which modern seismographs detect at a distance of many thousand miles the location of earthquakes occurring is afforded by what happened on October 22. Prof. Milne at the Isle of Wight noticed shocks whose point of origin was about 80 degrees distant, corresponding to the distance of Japan, San Francisco, and Mexico. He thought it possible that the true point was in the east. At the same time Prof. Belar at Laibach, Austria, noticed the shocks, and declared that the center of disturbance must be about 3,750 miles to the east. The next day the telegraph brought the news of a great earthquake, which had occurred at the time of the observations in Baluchistan, the town of Belput having suffered severely.

THE EDUCATION OF ARABELLA.

Father and Mother Nearly Came to a Real Disagreement.

Mrs. Lyon lifted the embroidery from the work table at her side and began stitching at a long, fine strip of linen with dainty fingers.

"Do you know," she said, holding it up for closer inspection, "do you know, Edwin, that Arabella looks simply lovely in white?"

Mr. Lyon was so deeply absorbed in his editorial that he merely uttered a casual, disinterested "Indeed!"

"Yes," went on Arabella's mother, her enthusiasm quite unquenched by lack of sympathy. "She looks like an angel in white, really; I can't help thinking how lovely she will be when she graduates. I'm planning her a gown that will be a dream; frills and insertion, and all done by hand. Of course it will be a pity to hide it when she wears her cap and gown, but it must show underneath a little, and—"

Mr. Lyon, now thoroughly aroused, laid aside his newspaper. "If you're talking about Arabella going to college," he said, grimly, "you might as well give it up at once. I shall never give my consent, never! I have always said that no daughter of mine should go to college, and I see no reason now why I should change my mind."

"But, Edwin," pleaded his wife, "you know how disappointed I was when I couldn't go——"

"It was your greatest charm for me," gallantly interrupted Mr. Lyon.

"And I have always tried so hard to catch up with the other girls," went on Mrs. Lyon, unheedingly. "The literary clubs I've belonged to and the lectures I've attended——"

"The one blot on your otherwise perfection," interrupted Mr. Lyon again, not so wisely this time, but his wife kept steadily to her theme.

"And I'm forever driven with the fear that I won't know things, and—and I'm not going to have Arabella like that, and she's going to college!"

"Not if I have any influence with her!" said Arabella's father, and he clutched his paper so firmly that it absolutely rattled. "Give her all the pretty, frilly frocks you want to, but don't, don't put her in competition with men. Let her have the feminine, domestic virtues——"

"Now, Edwin, that's nonsense, and you know it is!" answered Mrs. Lyon, with just as much emphasis. "Susy Lee went to college, and she married a poor man, and her housekeeping's faultless; and as for Lena Melleny, who didn't go, well, she never knew anything and she never will. Why, she doesn't even keep Arnold's socks darned! It's all the woman herself; college doesn't make a bit of difference."

"Well, all I've got to say," began Mr. Lyon, half rising in his excitement, is——" But his words of eloquent wisdom will never be known, for a sleepy "yi-yi-yiing" cry came from farther down the passage.

"There's Arabella now!" said Mrs. Lyon, getting up to leave the room. "I knew you'd wake her! You always do when you get so excited." Her voice trailed reproachfully down to the nursery, and in a moment more she came back with a blinking, rosy baby cuddled tight in her arms, for Arabella was just eight months old, and the united ages of her parents amounted, possibly, to fifty years.

Then something of the absurdity of their argument flashed across Mrs. Lyon's whimsical mind.

"And Arabella not a year old! Aren't we sillies?" she demanded. Arabella crowed loudly in answer as her mother pulled out the frills of her white little "nighty." "Never mind, that was a real college yell, wasn't it, daughter?"

Mr. Lyon laughed and returned to his paper. "Well, I'll have to agree with you in one thing, Bess," he said, as he gazed proudly at the fat bone of contention, "Arabella certainly does look corking in white!"—Youth's Companion.

STONE AGE CUSTOMS.

Ancient Habits Still Endure Among Natives of Rural Roumania.

Customs and habits directly traceable back to the end of the stone age are still observed by the inhabitants of the remoter parts of rural Roumania, says Dr. Emil Fischer of Bucharest in the Umschau. The latest statistics show that there are still in Roumania over 54,000 cave dwellings in existence, in which a quarter of a million peasant folk live. These caves are almost as primitive in their arrangements as the original cave dwellings of the stone age.

As recently as in the eighties millet, the oldest Indo-Germanic grain, was still crushed in Roumania by means of hand mills and stored in peculiarly shaped granaries similar to those used by the natives of central Africa. Today the Roumanian peasants still use ancient plows. At funerals a repast named coliba is partaken of consisting of soaked and boiled corn the exact way corn was first prepared and eaten by the tribes of Europe.

Even to-day crabapples and wild pears are the only fruit known to the Roumanian peasant, and his vegetables are wild herbs boiled with oil pressed from sunflower, hemp and gourd seeds. Medical men in rural Roumania are still known among the peasantry as wizards.

Peculiar New Guinea Feast.

Quaint and curious customs still prevail amongst the natives of Papua, New Guinea. One day recently various tribes held a feast day at Port Moresby in honor of the governor. A wonderful array of food was piled up—roast pigs, bananas, yams and other native luxuries, until they made a barricade of it. The ceremony was a civilized version of what used long ago to be a sanguinary affair. Then the tribes used to fight, the victors piling the flesh of the vanquished up in barricades along with the food. On this occasion there was a sham attack and defence of the barricade. The aggressors charged, shouting war cries and brandishing their spears. The defenders pelted them with bananas, and turned the spears aside with reeds. War dances and other things followed, and then the feast. The day did not pass without excitement. The Orokolos offended the Orikivas, who are very warlike. The former took something from the pile that did not belong to them and refused to give it back. They were immediately attacked with anything handy and put to flight.

Rough Passage.

"I hope and pray," remarked a gentleman as he left the steamer, "that I shall never have occasion to cross the Atlantic again.

"Rough passage, eh?" queried a friend.

"Rough is no name for it. I had four kings beat three times."—New York Sun.

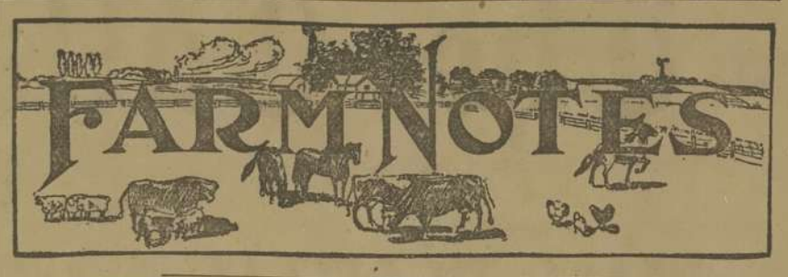
Mistaken Identity.

"Oh, doctor, he growled so savagely I was sure he was mad even before he went on in such a biting way."

"I beg your pardon, madam, but is it your large dog or your small pet one you are speaking of?"

"Law, doctor, it isn't my dog I am talking about. It's my husband."—Baltimore American.

If you appreciate modesty, talk with an old doctor. He'll never air his medical opinions, or be very sure of them.



Profit in Crop Rotation.

Farmers in lower Delaware are greatly interested in an experiment just concluded by Capt. William E. Lank, who has thoroughly proven the advantage of the rotation of crops on a four-acre field. Last spring he manured the four acres, which had been in corn the previous year. The manure was plowed under, the ground well harrowed and peas drilled in. The crop grew well, and in June the peas were sold at a net profit of $92.

As soon as the peas were removed, plows again turned the soil over and it was planted with corn. From this a fine crop of fodder was saved, yielding a net profit of $65. The ground now has a fine set of scarlet clover on it, the seed having been sown at the last harrowing of the corn, with every indication of $40 worth of clover hay in the spring and a constant improvement to the land.

Construction of Colony House.

During the dull season our local lumber dealer and his assistant built some portable colony poultry-houses as follows, writes an Indiana correspondent of Orange Judd Farmer: The frame is securely bolted to the sills, which are made sled-runner style. The walls are made from closely-fitted tongue and groove drop-siding. The floors are tight, and the ventilators covered with screen wire to keep out rats, weasels, etc.; the cover is roofing felt. Each house is painted. The size is 6 by 8 feet; 6 feet high in front and 4 at the back. They cost me $15 each for all material and work. Very likely they could be built for less in places where lumber is cheaper.

First Imported Horses.

It is said that the first horses imported into New England were brought over in 1629, or nine years after the landing of the Pilgrim Fathers. One stallion and seven mares survived the voyage. From this it will be seen that the first nine years of our history was a horseless "age" in New England. The colonists in Virginia differed from the sober-minded Puritans of New England in being fond of sport, loving fast horses and trying their speed on the race track. The horses imported were English hunters and racers. Fearnaught, brought over in 1764, left his mark on a numerous progeny of uncommon beauty, size and speed.

Keeping Up Spraying Fight.

The fight against insect, scale and fungus diseases in our orchards must not be dropped with the harvesting of the fruit crops. It cannot be hoped that you have, by your spraying operations during the summer season, killed all the scale insects and fungi, and doubtless during the press of work on the farm during the midsummer season the matter will have been neglected, or very little done, since the fruit was formed, and it can be depended upon that there will now be on your orchard trees a fine collection of all sorts ready to hibernate and come forth in the spring stronger than ever.

How West Has Developed.

Five years ago it was freely predicted that land values in the West had reached their height, but they are 20 to 40 per cent higher now than then. The families of the first comers are grown. The second generation has come to the fore and is taking part in the business of the communities. They have grown up with the country and know what it can produce and just how valuable it is for the purpose of production and for a home.—C. M. Harger in the Atlantic Magazine.

Good Roads of Sawdust.

Making good roads with sawdust is being practiced in a number of localities in the South. Two ridges of earth are thrown up (a road machine being required to do the work) at a certain width from each other, the space between being filled with a six-inch bed of sawdust. Dirt is then mixed with the sawdust, and it is claimed that heavily loaded vehicles in passing over this kind of a road make no impression upon it. It is estimated that the cost of building is about $250 per mile.

Feeding Calves by Hand.

It is always best to feed the calves by hand, because one knows just what they are getting and how much. It is really not such a terrible task to feed a dozen calves, but is quite a nuisance to go through the motion just for one or two. Perhaps a great many dairymen who object to raising calves or their own herds would change their minds if they should practice it in a wholesale way.

Light in Cow Stables.

The light in a cow stable should come from the rear of the cows, so the milkers can see to clean the cows properly for milking. This arrangement is accomplished in modern stables by building them thirty-four to thirty-six feet wide and having two rows of cows facing toward a feeding alley in the center.

Public Troughs Dangerous.

Be careful about letting your horses drink from public watering troughs when there are any contagious diseases in the country. The trough is a fine distributing center for infection.

World's Wheat Crop, 1909.

Broomhall's final estimate of the 1909 wheat crop of the world places the total wheat production of the wheat acreage of the world at 3,347,000,000 bushels, an increase of 285,000,000 bushels over the production in 1908, a 427,000,000 bushel increase over the crop of 1907. The production in Europe aggregated 1,872,000,000 bushels, being 160,000,000 bushels over the 1908 crop. The crops of North and South America reaches 1,040,000,000 bushels, or 80,000,000 bushels over last year. It is likely that this great production will not be more than enough to supply the demands of the world's population.

Conservative Corn Policy.

It is, after all, but evidence of a desire to speculate when the corn belt farmer, particularly the one located in the northern part, plants a type of corn which is too big to mature in the season lying between the limits of killing frosts in spring and fall.

Where an exceptionally favorable season makes possible the proper maturity of such corn one year, there will be a half dozen seasons when it will get hit with the frost before it is ripe and sour and mold in the crib. It is better to play safe and grow a smaller and earlier maturing type.

Feeding Substitute for Corn.

In these days of high priced corn there is a lesson in the experience of Boyden Pearce of Hancock County, Me., who says: "I have been forced to depend upon my farm for my pork and have learned that plenty of rutabaga turnips, clover and one bag of corn will put a hog through the winter; then to pasture till fall. It makes good pork and at a low price. There is money in it and no need to depend upon the West for pork."

Salt for Milking Cows.

Your cows will get enough salt by simply putting a lump of rock salt in the manger. A cow giving a good flow of milk, well fed, ought to have two ounces of salt a day, an ounce in the morning and an ounce at night. Some advise giving this to them on their ensilage, when you feed ensilage and grain. You can take a small piece of salt in your fingers and weigh it, and will soon be able to judge the amount in an ounce.

Cleanliness in Dairy Counts.

Cleanliness in all lines of dairying counts for quality of products. After milk vessels have been washed with soap and hot water they must be finally rinsed with scalding water. When scalding water is used no drying with rags will be necessary, as the heat from the water will dry the vessels without aid. Sunning after cleaning is to be commended.

Animal and Bird Farm Aids.

According to the Department of Agriculture of France a toad is worth $9; a lizard, $9; a swallow, $20; a titmouse, $8; the robin, $4; a mat, $30; an owl, $12; a screech owl, $16; a fern owl, $30. That looks bad when some of us come to think it over and call to mind how many of our friends we have killed.

Providing Salt for Pigeons.

On one of the largest squab plants in this country salt is furnished the breeders by dipping the small sacks in water and then allowed to dry until they become hard and firm. These are then placed in the lofts and the pigeons pick out the salt through the sacks. Never give common granulated salt loose.

Whitewashing the Houses.

Nothing is better for poultry buildings from a sanitary point of view than a good coat of whitewash. Especially is this true when getting the poultry houses ready for the winter. All may not be aware there is quite a science in whitewashing. There are different kinds, and each is adapted for a different use.

Working for Top of Ladder.

Do not hesitate to work on the top rounds of a ladder in the poultry business. The higher you get the less crowded it is, and therefore the better the business pays, says a writer in an exchange. You may feel a little lonesome at times, but it is the kind of loneliness that is right easy to bear.

The Power in Gasoline.

The power of gasoline is really marvelous. The man who has used gasoline power for years does not marvel at it as does the recent purchaser. A gallon of this liquid will easily carry five passengers ten or fifteen miles, or it will grind feed cheaper than the man with horses that need the exercise can do it. Great is gasoline.

Innoculation of Afalfa.

The results from more than 100 cooperative experiments in growing alfalfa, located in over one-half of the counties of New York State, indicate that where neither the lime nor inoculation is applied the chance of a successful crop is not more than 20 per cent, or one chance in five.