

THE EAGLE'S FEATHER

By JEAN X. BONNEAU

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"Go rope your horse; he must be sold tomorrow," whispered the old man between groans, as he turned to his other side on the ragged blanket.

The boy to whom he spoke sat in the center of the teepee gazing out, with unseeing eyes, at the distant snow-crowned mountain peak. He held every muscle and nerve tense lest the tears should come; it would never do for an Indian to weep, an Indian whose grandfathers sang their death-songs without a quaver; but the horse was his only companion, his only friend.

The old man sighed and rubbed his hand across his inflamed lids.

"Look out, Pepe," he said. "Is there not even a coyote in sight? My old stomach is glued to my back, and every bone in my body cries out for food. The evil one, my enemy, presses his teeth into my heart, and it burns. Is there nothing, nothing to see?"

"Nothing," replied the boy. "Wait; I see a partridge."

Picking up his gun, Pepe leaped through the opening and sped through the soft wild clover.

"I must go far," he said to himself. "For although grandfather can no longer see, he hears doubly well."

He ran down to the little stream that came from somewhere in the mountains, and fired off his gun into the air. Then he crept slowly, as softly as a cat, to a tree a few yards from the teepee, where he scraped under the needles and conifers until he uncovered a barn-yard hen. Cautiously he retreated to the stream, where he gave a triumphant shout, then ran up the hill and into the teepee.

"See, a fine one," he cried. He picked and cleaned the fowl dexterously, and then cooked it over the fire.

The old man could scarcely breathe for excitement, and crooned like a child over his share; but Pepe did not eat, for his heart was heavy. He sat with his chin in his hands, watching the withered Indian, who was no longer able to tell the difference between wild and domesticated fowl.

As the soft evening came, and the sun gazed for the last time that day at his own reflection in the little pools of the valley, a sleek-coated black horse came loping toward the solitary teepee among the pine trees.

He shook his mane from his eyes, and his long tail swept the sage-brush behind him. Throwing back his head, he called with shrill cries that echoed against the foothills.

Pepe stood erect; a joyful light spread over his face.

"The horse has come," he said. "I need not rope him. Must he be sold tomorrow?" But the old man was asleep; the clean-picked bones of the chicken lay beside him.

A low, coaxing, whinny came from the entrance flaps. The boy rose and placed his hand across the quivering nostrils of the horse, for the grandfather had not slept in many hours. Then, together, boy and horse walked out under the murmuring pines.

Pepe was a Cree Indian, belonging to a Canadian tribe that had no right to expect aid from the United States government. He and his grandfather, with a small band of these aliens, had been following up the game, but the old man's feebleness and blindness so increased that he could not travel; and the others, compelled to follow the food, had left them. Nothing remained to the old warrior but the boy and the horse.

Pepe was courageous, strong and agile as an antelope. At first he managed to find scattered game, but it gradually became more difficult; the wolf of starvation approached very near the pointed doorway; then Pepe took to stealing.

He did not like to steal, for he belonged to a race of chiefs, and it was beneath his dignity; besides (but this was a secret he told only to the horse), the white boy that hunted and fished through the woods, with whom he often talked, would not think it right.

The white boy had given him shot for his gun, and had shown him his dog, but he had no horse like Pepe's, and had envied the Indian boy. This evening he sat on the bank of the stream gazing at the stars.

"The white-faced boy with the hair of sunshine can run faster than you can pace. His voice is like the coyote's, you can hear it many miles."

The white boy had spoken no louder than Pepe, when they had met, but the little Indian was trying to impress the horse. In his ears kept ringing the old man's words, "He must be sold tomorrow," and Pepe knew that, although it might not happen tomorrow, the parting could not be many days off.

If the white boy would only buy him. He would never be cruel to him; and maybe Pepe might sometimes see his old companion.

Several days after this, Pepe, on his horse, rode down the canon. The meadow lark flew above them singing his beautiful springtime song, and Pepe thought he said, "Klahoylum, tihleum" (Good-by, friend). But the boy's eyes were dry and his face wore the calmness of his people.

In the roadway lay an eagle's feather. Pepe curved over, and deftly seized it with his little red hand; then he wound it tightly in the strong black mane of the horse.

"This is so you will not forget me," he said.

The horse paced down into the valley, and Pepe rode straight to the home of the white-faced boy.

"Want sell horse, You buy him?" was the Indian's greeting.

"What! You want to sell your horse! That horse? What is your reason?" was the reply.

"Must have money," said Pepe. "Heap hungry."

"Wait, let me think," said the white boy. "I have a plan. Do not sell him; rent him for the summer. I will give you four dollars a month, and whenever you wish him come and get him."

Pepe slipped to the ground and whispered in the horse's ear:

"Remember the eagle's feather. By it I promise to come for you when the roseberries are ripe."

For many weeks the horse called after his master, running back and forth in his corral all night. He grew thin, and would have refused food altogether if it had not been for a small white hand that fed him, and a sweet voice that comforted him. They belonged to the white boy's little sister, who came each day to feed him oats and smooth his neck.

Sometimes she would tie red ribbons in the horse's mane and tail, and ride him over the foothills.

The days went by, and the horse ceased to call; but every night he would stand by the fence and gaze up toward the canon. The great yellow lilies were blooming on the mountainsides, white the red berries hung in clusters on the kinikinnie. The huckleberries ripened and still Pepe did not come.

"What do you think is the reason, Jack?" said the little sister. "You don't suppose he has starved to death, or has been killed, do you?"

"Maybe the officers have him," Jack replied. "You know he is a Cree, and they are being rounded up and sent back to Canada. They are killing all the game."

The roseberries ripened and the boy did not come.

As the weeks passed on, all the Crees to be found on the western side of the Rocky mountains were gradually gathered at a nearby military post, a poor, huddled mass of sick and starving humanity, with dull, despairing eyes, who preferred starvation to the possible punishment awaiting them for past misdeeds across the border.

The band was guarded by colored soldiers stationed there, under a white commander. Stretched on his face, near one of the soldiers, lay an emaciated Indian boy.

"He been that way ever since he come, sah. Think he crazy, sah." As the officer turned away, he saw, riding across the sage-brush flat, that stretches between the town and fort, a party of gay young people on horseback. In a race, one coal-black horse outdistanced all the rest, and the girl on his back proudly tossed her head.

Suddenly the horse stopped, trembling in every limb. His shining, black eyes were fixed on the camp outside the fort. Then he gave a call, high, shrill and piercing; back through the clear air came as shrill an answer. The horse bounded forward. Over the sage-brush he flew like a bird, and bore his rider into the midst of the camp, past guard, past commander; what cared he for the cry of "Halt!" He did not stop until he reached the boys.

Then his rider understood, and slipped from her saddle to the ground.

"He has been expecting you ever since the roseberries ripened," she said. "Why did you not come for your money?"

"The soldiers hunt, and I hide in the mountains," he replied.

That night he told the horse all about it; how the old man had died suddenly, and gone to the happy hunting grounds.

Several days after this, escorted by the troop, the Crees were marched away.

Behind the train came a band of horses, the ponies belonging to the Indians. The dust flew into the eyes of the driver, but he did not care. His face, beamed with happiness, and he shouted with joy as the wind blew back his straight black hair, while he cracked his whip at the drove in front.

The horse he rode tossed his head; his tail swept the sage-brush, and beside red ribbons he had an eagle's feather twisted in his mane.

First Silk Hose in Ireland.
Women who have done so much knitting within the last few years will no doubt be interested to know that Scotland is the home of the knitters, and by the Scotch it was introduced into Ireland, where, in the 18th century, the gallants of Galway sported "fine knit silken stockings and foreign pantouffles." In those days Galway was the center of a thriving trade with Spain and it was through this port that Henry VIII got his silk stockings, worn on special occasions, that no doubt were of Spanish manufacture. About that time, possibly, knitting became a popular work and pastime for the ladies of Ireland and it is well known that its hosiery trade is carried on most extensively, the balbriggan stockings being known the world over.

All Right, So Far.
Father was hanging pictures and little Tommy was watching him. Presently the small boy sought his mother in the kitchen.

"Oh, mother," he asked, after the cat had stopped playing with him, "did you hear the step ladder when it tumbled over in the parlor just now?"

"No, dear," replied the mother. "I hope father didn't fall, too?"

"Not yet," was the youngster's answer. "He's still clinging on to the gas bracket."—London Answers.

PREPARE SEED BED FOR OATS

Disking and Harrowing in Spring Is Better for Good Yields Than Plowing.

EARLY SEEDING DESIRABLE

Care Should Be Taken to Secure New Stock of Seed for Sowing Where Local Supply Is of Poor Quality—Use Clean Seed.

(Prepared by the United States Department of Agriculture.)

When oats follow a cultivated crop, which is usually the case, it is not generally necessary to plow the land before sowing. Oats do well on fall-plowed land, but if the land has not been plowed in the fall, better yields are usually produced from sowing in a seed bed made by disking and harrowing than in one made by spring plowing. Early seeding for oats is very desirable. As a good seed bed can be made much more quickly with the disk harrow than with the plow, on land that was in a cultivated crop last year, the saving in time is an advantage. Two diskings and one harrowing with the spike-toothed harrow will put clean land in good shape for sowing with the drill.

Buying Seed.

If local supply of seed oats is of poor quality, care should be taken in getting a new stock for sowing. It is better to get this supply from points to the east and west than from points north or south, as the varieties are more likely to be those which will do well locally. Varieties which may be best two or three hundred miles to the north or south may not be at all suitable. If new seed is wanted, ask the county agent or the state experiment station where to get it and what varieties to buy.

If you have been growing a variety which does well in your locality it is better to sow well-cleaned seed of that variety grown on your own farm or in your county than to get seed from a distance. It takes oats a year or two to get used to the soil and climate in any locality, and they will not do their best until they become adapted to local conditions. If the oats grown locally were injured more or less last summer by rains after harvest, make a germination test and prove that they will not grow before you decide to send away for seed. If your oats are light and chaffy take out about two-thirds of the lightest of them with the fanning mill and use the other third for seed.

The idea that oats run out and that it is necessary to get new seed every few years is quite common, but it is

not justified by the facts. There is no reason why a good variety of oats should not be just as good twenty years from now as it is now, if care is taken to keep it pure.

Clean and Grade Seed.

The seed should be cleaned and graded each year, taking out the weed seeds and the small kernels. It should also be treated for smut at least once in two or three years. If the seed is of good quality it will not pay to run it through the fanning mill more than once, to take out the small kernels and weed seeds. If the seed is poor or very weedy, running it through a second time and taking out two-thirds or more of the grain is well worth while.

The reason it is best to take out the small kernels is that they do not make as strong plants as the large ones. The weak plants from these small kernels usually produce little grain. If the kernels that are sown are all about the same size the plants will be uniform, the crop will all ripen at the same time, and the yield will be better.

Sowing with Drill Is Best.

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 outyielded oats sown broadcast by several bushels to the acre. Better stands of grass and clover can also be obtained in drilled than in broadcast oats.

Cutting a Crop of Oats and Vetch.

Little chicks cannot eat too much, and it pays to supply them with cut clover.

Young chicks cannot eat too much bran or green food. It pays to give them as much cut clover as they can eat while they are in the brooder house and allow them plenty of green food on the range as soon as they are able to forage for themselves.

RIGHT PLACE FOR BROODERS

Arrangements should be made to admit plenty of light—warmth of Spring Needed.

Brooders should always be so placed that they have plenty of light and, if possible, so that they will be reached by the sun. Outdoor brooders are not satisfactory until the warmth of spring takes the snow away and dries the ground.

DOULTRY NOTES

Feed grain once a day.
Build a cheap house or shelter.
Grow some green crop in the yard.
Don't keep a male bird. Hens lay just as well without a male.
Purchase well-matured pullets rather than hens.
Do not try to feed the young turkeys until they are 48 hours old.
Incubator chicks are just as strong as hen hatched, all else being equal.
Sunshine in the home is needful among hens as well as human beings.
The incubator has superseded the hen in the business of hatching early chicks.
Be sure to have the incubator running perfectly before any eggs are put into it.
A cheap but necessary part of the poultry ration all the year round—pure water.
Don't expect great success in hatching and raising chicks unless you have had some experience.

INCREASE ACREAGE OF CORN

One of Our Most Valuable Crops and Hard to Beat for Feed—Give Good Cultivation.
Corn is one of our most valuable crops. It is hoped that liberal acreage will be planted in 1920. As a feed crop it is hard to beat. It yields well on good land when the season is fair and when cultivation is ample.

IMPROVE FERTILITY OF SOIL

Farm Can Be Made to Yield More and Products Will Be of Better Marketing Quality.
Ways and means should be devised to improve the fertility of the soil so the farm will yield more and products of better marketing quality. It can be done and it will pay in the long run.

POULTRY FACTS

PUREBREDS PAY IN POULTRY

Experiment Conducted by North Carolina Station With Flocks of Leghorns.

That the value of purebred males counts as much in poultry raising as in stock raising is shown by the records of three flocks of Leghorns, the data for which have been supplied the United States department of agriculture by the North Carolina experiment station. Flock 1, the egg production of which is included in these records, consisted of common hens; flock 2 was produced by breeding these hens to common males; flock 3 was produced by breeding flock 1 to a rooster from a high-producing hen. The following year the original flock laid 89 eggs a hen; flock 2 laid an average of 88 eggs a hen; and flock 3 laid an average of 136 eggs a hen. This increase of 54 per cent in one year tells very specif-



Standard Bred Rose-Comb White Leghorn.

ically the benefits of using a purebred male. But the percentages alone do not tell the whole story, for a big proportion of the increase came at a season—May and June—when the production of flocks 1 and 2 was relatively low and the prices were good.

HENS BECOME FOND OF EGGS

Habit Usually Formed Through Accidental Breakage—See That Nests Are Darkened.

Fowls become very fond of eggs, once they begin to eat them. This eggeating usually begins through accident, by eggs being broken. Be careful to see that this does not happen. See that the nests are properly supplied with straw, and have them darkened, so that if an egg is broken the fowls will not be likely to discover it. When eggeating is discovered among the flock, the best plan is to kill the offending hen.

GREEN FEEDS ARE ESSENTIAL

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INFORMATION SOUGHT ON PECAN VARIETIES

Planters Becoming Interested in Possibilities of Crop.

Department of Agriculture Investigating Adaptability of Varieties to Different Regions and Management of Trees.

(Prepared by the United States Department of Agriculture.)

A study of pecan varieties is being made by the United States department of agriculture in the states bordering the area recognized as definitely within the pecan-growing territory. Planters in Oklahoma, Tennessee, Kentucky, Indiana, Ohio, Illinois, Missouri and Kansas are becoming interested in the possibility of growing pecans, and are seeking information with regard to varieties possessing the necessary qualities when grown under their conditions. The work of the department during the past year has included an



Pecan Trees at Clarksville, Mo.

Investigation of the range of the species, the adaptability of varieties to different regions, methods of propagation, soil improvement, orchard management, and methods of harvesting, curing, packing and handling the product. It appears that a considerable proportion of the varieties now being planted are so far below the general average of the best sorts in production and other important characteristics as to justify their elimination. It is becoming more and more evident, say the specialists of the department, that greater attention should be given to the matter of stocks for use in propagating pecans in the nursery.

PLACE FOR HENS IN WINTER

Fowls Must Not Be Allowed Outside Range if Maximum Egg Production is Expected.

For maximum egg production during the winter months the hens must not be allowed outside range but must be confined to quarters, says T. S. Townsley, of the University of Missouri college of agriculture. The poultry keepers who get the best egg production during the winter months shut their hens in their houses as soon as the weather gets bad in the fall and keep them in until spring comes. If the birds are allowed to run at large during the winter months they will spend most of the time standing around behind buildings and other windbreaks trying to keep warm when they had much better be in the poultry house scratching for feed. Turning the birds out even on pleasant days during the winter months will cause slumps in the egg production. This is probably due to the fact that when the birds get outside the ground is cold and wet and this produces enough shock to affect the production of the birds. If the hens are to be kept inside for several months the poultry house must not be overcrowded. Each hen should have at least two and a half or three square feet of floor space. Some attention is necessary with birds that are confined, to insure plenty of exercise. One method of providing exercise is by feeding all grain in a straw litter covering the entire floor to a depth of not less than twelve inches. Another good means of keeping the birds busy is to hang cabbage, turnips, beets or other green stuff just above the birds' heads in the house so that they are kept busy jumping to get this material.

PREVENT CROWDING OF PIGS

Properly Constructed Feed Trough Assures Each Individual Porker of His Share.

Young pigs should be given their feed in such a manner that each individual pig gets its share. The simplest way to accomplish this is to allow the pigs to eat from a properly constructed feed trough, one that will keep the pigs out of the feed and will lessen the possibilities of crowding.

LIVE STOCK NOTES

Every colt raised will be one more work animal to help till farms.
Better a nose ring for the young bull than an accident after it is too late.
Pasture is by no means a luxury for live stock. It is now recognized as a necessity.
Silage is a good feed for most all classes of stock, but is more popular as a feed for cattle and sheep.
No other farm animals put on flesh as economically as pigs with a given amount of feed. Every farmer should have a few pigs.
Teach the calf to eat grain early. Calves are imitators. If an older calf, knowing how to eat grain, is in the pen with the smaller ones these will soon learn to eat grain.

FARM STOCK

BASIS FOR PORK PRODUCTION

One Source of Failure is That Many Follow It as Speculation Rather Than Business.

(Prepared by the United States Department of Agriculture.)

Recent heavy slumps in the hog market, as well as the high prices of corn, have caused hog raisers in various parts of the country to reduce the number of sows in their herds, according to reports received. But hog raising on the farm should be made a stable, regular business, department specialists believe. The man beginning to raise hogs should resolve to follow it year in and year out, regardless of the price he may obtain for his hogs or the cost of the feed which he converts into pork. Like every other farming activity, pork production has its ups and downs, but, according to long-time averages, the farmer who sticks realizes a fair and dependable profit, the specialists declare.

One source of failure is that too many follow it as a speculation rather than as a business. They plunge on grain futures or on the stock market. Operations of this character are never beneficial for any business. Because of the recent decline in the hog market it does not necessarily follow that the selling price of the pigs that will be raised from the sows bred this fall will not be satisfactory. The pigs of this fall will not be ready for a year and untold changes may come about.

Every farmer who is conservative, careful, and painstaking in his hog-raising operations is able after a few years of experimentation to determine approximately the maximum and minimum number of sows that he can maintain on his farm at the greatest net profit. When he has accurately ascertained this number he should breed that many sows every year, other conditions being equal. In adhering to this plan the farmer is, in no sense, a speculator, but is in reality a business man practicing common-sense business management. Hog raising throughout the localities where pork is made as a regular and depend-

able cash crop has proved one of the most reliable farm activities in which the farmer engages, and despite market fluctuations and the spasmodic irregularities in prices the prospects are that pork production will be as profitable in the future as it has been in the past.



A Part of Uncle Sam's Big Herd of Hogs.

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