

# Out on the Pampas

By G. A. MENTY

## CHAPTER XV.

Ethel, when carried into captivity, had cried at first until she could cry no more, and had now nerved herself for the worst. She had heard that the Indians have neither mercy nor pity for anyone who may exhibit fear of death; she knew that no entreaties or tears would move them in the slightest, but that courage and firmness would at any rate command their respect and admiration. She had therefore schooled herself to show no emotion.

Nevertheless, as, after four days, the troop drew up in front of the council hut and alighted, the women pressed round to heap abuse upon the prisoner; but one of the Indians stepped up to her and chided them back, and, saying "She is the wife of one of the principal chiefs," took her by the arm and handed her over to the care of the wife of one of the principal chiefs. The selection was a good one, for the woman, who was young, was known in the tribe as the Pawn, for her gentle disposition. She at once led the captive away to her lodge, where she bade her sit down, offered her food and spoke kindly to her in her low, soft, Indian tongue. Ethel could not understand her, but the kindly tones moved her more than the threats of the crowd outside had done, and she broke down in a torrent of tears.

The next morning an incident occurred which, although she knew it not at the time, entirely altered her destination and prospects. She was sitting upon the ground, when a man, who by his bearing appeared to be the principal chief present, passed in earnest talk with another chief. In the latter she recognized at once one of the wounded Indian prisoners who had remained at her father's home for a full week.

"Tawaina," she said, leaping to her feet.

He paid no attention to her call, and she repeated it in a louder tone.

The principal chief stopped; Tawaina did the same. Then he walked slowly toward the captive.

"Save me, Tawaina," she said, "and send me back again home."

Tawaina shook his head.

"Not can," he said. "Tawaina friend. Help some time—not now." And he turned away again.

"Does Tawaina know the White Bird?" the chief asked him, "that she sings his name?"

Tawaina paused and said:

"Tawaina knows her. Her father is the great white brave."

The Indian chief gave a bound of astonishment and pleasure.

"The white brave with the shooting flames?"

Tawaina nodded. His meeting with Ethel had been apparently accidental, but was in reality intentional. Her actual captor was one of the chiefs, although not the principal one, of the Pampas Indians; and in the division of the spoil, preparations for which were going on, there was no doubt that she would be assigned to that tribe. He therefore went direct to the chief of the Pampas Indians and asked that the white girl might fall to his tribe. The chief hesitated.

"She is our captive," he said. "The people will like to see her."

The delight of the Indians, when they found that they had the daughter of their twice victorious enemy in their hands, was unbounded. Envyance is to the Indians even more precious than plunder. The news flew from mouth to mouth, and triumphant whoops resounded throughout the camp; and Ethel inside her tent felt her blood run cold at the savage exultation which they conveyed.

She was greatly troubled by the fire, for she saw that it must effect all signs of the trail, and render the task of her friends long and difficult, and she felt greatly depressed at what she looked upon as a certain postponement of her rescue. She lay thinking over all this for a long time, until the camp had subsided into perfect quiet. Then the skins were slightly lifted near her head, and she heard a voice whisper:

"Me, Tawaina—friend. Great chief come to look for girl. Two trails—eyes blinded. Tawaina make sign—point way. Give piece dress, that great chief may believe."

Ethel at once understood. She cautiously tore off a narrow strip from the bottom of her dress, and put it under the skin to the speaker.

"Good," he said. "Tawaina friend. Ethel hope."

Greatly relieved by knowing that a clew would be now given to her friends, and overpowered by fatigue, Ethel was very shortly fast asleep.

The next morning she was awake early, and had it not been for the terrible situation in which she was placed she would have been amused by the busy stir in the village, and by the little copper-colored urchins at play, or going out with the women to collect wood or fetch water. There was nothing to prevent Ethel from going out among them, but the looks of acowling hatred which they cast at her made her draw back again into the hut, after a long, anxious look around.

It was relief at least to have halted, great as her danger undoubtedly was. She felt certain now that hour by hour her father must be approaching. He might even now be within a few miles. Had it not been for the fire, she was certain that he would already have been up, but she could not tell how long he might have been before he recovered the trail.

Toward the middle of the day two or three Indians might have been seen going through the village, summoning those whose position and rank entitled them to a place at the council.

Soon they were seen approaching and taking their seats gravely on the ground in front of the hut of the principal chief. The women, the youths and such men as had not as yet by their feats in battle distinguished themselves sufficiently to be summoned to the council, assembled at a short distance off. The council sat in the form of a circle, the inner ring being formed of the elder and leading men of the tribe, while the warriors sat round them.

Struck by the hush which had suddenly

succeeded to the noise of the village, Ethel again went to the door. She was greatly struck by the scene, and was looking wonderingly at it, when she felt a touch on her shoulder, and on looking round saw the Pawn gazing pityingly at her, and at the same time signing to her to come in.

The truth at once flashed across Ethel's mind. The council had met to decide her fate, and she did not doubt for a moment what that decision would be. She felt that all hope was over, and retiring into the hut passed the time in prayer and in preparation for the fearful ordeal which was at hand.

After the council had met there was a pause of expectation, and the Stag then rose.

"My brothers, my heart is very glad. The Great Spirit has ceased to frown upon his children. Twice we went out, and twice returned empty handed, while many of our lodges were empty. The guns which shoot without loading were too strong for us, and we returned sorrowful. Last year we did not go out; the hearts of our braves were heavy. This year we said perhaps the Great Spirit will no longer be angry with his children, and we went out. This time we have not returned empty handed. The lowering of cattle is in my ear, and I see many sheep. The white men have felt the strength of our arms; and of the young men who went out with me there is not one missing. Best of all, we have brought back a captive, the daughter of the white chief of the flying guns which load themselves. Let me hand her over to our women; they will know how to make her cry; and we will send her back to the white chief, to show that his guns cannot reach to the Indian country. Have I spoken well?"

A murmur of assent followed the chief's speech; and supposing that no more would be said upon the matter, the Stag was about to declare the council closed, when an Indian sitting in the inner circle rose.

"My brothers, I will tell you a story. The birds once went out to attack the nest of an eagle, but the eagle was too strong for them, and when all had gone he went out from his nest with his children, the young eagle, and he found the raven and two other birds hurt and unable to fly, and instead of killing them, as they might have done, the eagles took them up to their nest and nursed them and tended them until they were able to fly, and then sent them home to their other birds. So was it with Tawaina and his two friends. And the speaker indicated with his arm two Indians sitting at the outer edge of the circle. "Tawaina fell at the fence where so many of us fell, and in the morning the white men took him and gave him water and placed him in shelter and bandaged his wound; and the little White Bird and her sister brought him food and cool drinks every day and looked pitifully at him. But Tawaina said to himself: The white men are only curing Tawaina; that when the time comes they may see how an Indian can die. But when he was well they brought horses and put a bow and arrows into our hands and bade us go free. It is only in the battle that the great white chief is terrible. He has a great heart. The enemies he killed he did not triumph over. He laid them in a great grave. He honored them, and planted trees with drooping leaves at their head and at their feet, and put a fence round that the foxes might not touch their bones. Shall the Indian be less generous than the white man? Even those taken in battle they spared and sent home. Shall we kill the White Bird captured in her nest? My brothers will not do so. They will send back the White Bird to the great white chief. Have I spoken well?"

This time a confused murmur ran round the circle. Some of the younger men were struck with this appeal to their generosity, and were in favor of Tawaina's proposition; the elder and more ferocious Indians were altogether opposed to it.

Speaker succeeded speaker, some urging one side of the question, some the other.

At last the Stag again rose. "My brothers," he said, "my ears have heard strange words, and my spirit is troubled. Tawaina has told us of the ways of the whites after a battle; but the Indians' ways are not as the whites' ways, and the Stag is too old to learn new fashions. He looks round, he sees many lodges empty, he sees many women who have no husbands to hunt game, he hears the voices of children who cry for meat. He remembers his brothers who fell before the flying fire and the guns which loaded themselves, and his eyes are full of blood. The great white chief has made many wigwags desolate; let there be mourning in the house of the white chief. Have I spoken well?"

The acclamations which followed this speech were so loud and general that the party of Tawaina was alienated and the council at once broke up. A cry of exultation broke from the women when they heard the decision. An hour later Ethel knew that she was condemned to die.

## CHAPTER XVI.

In spite of their utmost efforts Mr. Hardy's party had made slower progress than they had anticipated. Many of the horses had broken down under fatigue; and as they had no spare horses to replace them as the Indians had in like case done from those they had driven off from Mr. Mercer, they were forced to travel far more slowly than at first. They gained upon the Indians, however, as they could tell by the position of the camping ground for the night.

At 8 o'clock on the afternoon of the last day they passed the place their enemy had left that morning; but although they kept on until long after sunset, many of them having led their horses all day, they were still more than thirty miles away from the mountains among which they knew that the Indian village was situated.

None of the gauchos had either been there, but they knew its situation and general features by report. They had no difficulty in following the trail since they had struck it. That was a night of

terrible anxiety to all. Many of the party were already exhausted by their long day under a burning sun. It was altogether impossible to reach the village that night.

Before daybreak they were on again on the march all on foot and leading their horses, in order to spare them as much as possible should they be required at night. Speed was now no object. It was, they knew, hopeless to attack in broad daylight, as the Indians would be more than a match for them, and Ethel's life would be inevitably sacrificed. They walked, therefore, the until within six or seven miles of the gorge, nearer than which they dared not go, lest they might be seen by any straggling Indian.

As evening fell they were all in the saddle, and were pleased to find that the horses were decidedly fresher for their rest. They did not draw rein until the ground became stony, and they knew that they must be at the mouth of the gorge. Then they dismounted and picketed the horses. Two of the gauchos were stationed with them as guards, and the rest went stealthily forward—the rockets being entrusted to the care of Terence.

It was still only 8 o'clock—dangerously early for a surprise; but the whole party were quite agreed to risk everything, as no one could say in what position Ethel might be placed, and what difference an hour might make. Their plan was to steal quietly up to the first hut they found, to gag its inmates and compel one of them, under threat of instant death, to guide them to the hut in which Ethel was placed.

Suddenly Mr. Hardy was startled by a dark figure rising from a rock against which he had almost stumbled, with the words: "White man good. Tawaina friend. Come to take him to child."

Then followed a few hurried questions, and no words can express the delight and gratitude of Mr. Hardy and his sons, and the intense satisfaction of the others on finding that Ethel was alive and for the present free from danger.

Her kindness to Tawaina while he lay wounded at her home had brought to her aid a friend among enemies.

It was agreed now to wait for two hours to give time for the Indians to retire to rest; and while they waited Tawaina told them all that had happened up to the arrival at the village, passing over the last day's proceedings by saying briefly that Ethel had run a great risk of being put to death, but that a delay had been obtained by her friends. Having told his story, he said: "Tawaina friend to great white chief. Give signal with arrow; saved little White Bird today. But Tawaina Indian—not like see Indian killed. White chief promise not kill Indian women and children?"

Mr. Hardy assured the Indian that they had no thought of killing women and children.

"If can take little White Bird without waking village, not kill men?" Tawaina asked again.

"We do not want to wake the village if we can help it, Tawaina; but I do see any chance of escaping without a fight. Our horses are all dead beat, and the Indians will easily overtake us even if we get a night's start."

"Mustn't go out on plain," Tawaina said, earnestly. "If go out on plain, all killed. Indian two hundred and fifty braves—eat up white men on plain."

"I am afraid that is true enough, Tawaina, though we shall prove very tough morsels. Still we should fight at a fearful disadvantage in the open. But what are we to do?"

"Come back to mouth of canyon—hold that; can keep Indians off as long as like. Indians have to make peace."

"Capital!" Mr. Hardy said, delightedly; for he had reviewed the position with great apprehension, as he had not seen how it would be possible to make good their retreat on their tired horses in the teeth of the Indians. "The very thing! As you say, we can hold the gorge for a while, if we are lucky, and sooner or later they will be sick of it and agree to let us retreat in quiet. Besides, a week's rest would set our horses up again, and then we could make our retreat in spite of them."

"One more thing," Tawaina said. "When great chief go, little White Bird safe. Tawaina go away—not fight one way, not fight other way. When meet again, white chief not talk about to-night. Not great Indian know Tawaina white chief's friend."

"You can rely upon all, Tawaina. They shall never learn from us of your share in this affair. And now I think it is time for us to be moving forward. It will be past 10 o'clock before we are there."

(To be continued.)

## A Useful Start.

William M. Everts seldom met his match, but Harper's Weekly tells how he once found it in Senator David Davis. Mr. Everts was a mere skeleton of a man, while Mr. Davis, who weighed upward of three hundred pounds, was blessed with a circumference quite as great as his length.

The two Senators were perpetually twitting each other in fun, and one night at dinner Mr. Davis said:

"If you will let me choose the course, I will guarantee that with three yards' start I can beat you in a race of one hundred feet."

Every one at the table laughed and said, "Take him up, Mr. Everts."

The challenge was accepted, and Mr. Davis was asked when he would race, to which he replied that he was ready at once. The whole party then adjourned to the course chosen by Senator Davis.

This proved to be an alley between two houses just three feet in width and one hundred feet deep. He stepped into the mouth three yards, said "Go!" and walked through quite leisurely.

Mr. Everts could get neither past him nor under him, and he called Mr. Davis back to the street and acknowledged that the joke was on him.

## Old Enemy.

John McCurdy recently completed his fiftieth year as engineer on the Michigan Central Railroad, and, although 70 years of age, makes daily trips between Michigan City and Jackson, 153 miles.

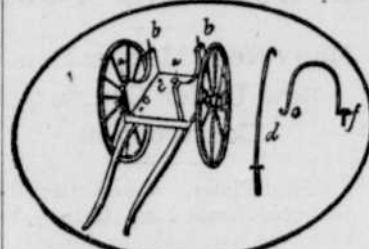
Have you so much leisure from your own business that you can take care of that of other people that does not belong to you.—Terence.



## Handy Spraying Rig.

One of the greatest difficulties the farmer or horticulturist meets in spraying is in carrying about the pump and barrel. The stoneboat often must be used where the rows are narrow, but the draft is much easier if pump is mounted on wheels. I have arranged a which is a simple, handy rig. The axle is shortened to about 4 feet, making a very compact arrangement that will turn in a very small space. For spraying potatoes when the rows are 3 to 3½ feet apart, the axle should be 6 feet long, so that the horse may go between two rows, while the wheels go over the bars on either side.

The barrel, when the pump is mounted on the side, is held in place by two bands of iron 1 inch wide and about 3-16 inches thick, fastened by the



HANDY RUNABOUT SPRAY CARRIAGE.

books e, into the eyes a, a, and drawn firmly into place by a nut on the bolts b, b. If the pump is mounted on the end of the barrel, as with the kerowater, etc., it is held in place on the platform by four rods d, that hook over the chine of the cask and are bolted through the platform at c c.

This rig is light and strong and can be driven in among trees and vines much better than a cart or wagon. The driver walks behind and drives and pumps while either one or two lines are used. With a good standard pump more work can be done in a day with this outfit than with any I am acquainted with.—Prof. S. T. Maynard in Farm and Home.

## The Hartshorn Pear.

The illustration of the Hartshorn pear is about one-half size. The variety has been tested for a number of years in different parts of the country and pronounced promising. It is claimed to be a cross between the Bartlett and Winter Nellis, and with such parentage should be first-class. The fruit is of large size, skin thin, greenish yellow in color, with small



THE HARTSHORN PEAR.

russet dots. The flesh is white, fine-grained, juicy and of delicate flavor. It ripens late in the season and is a wonderfully good keeper. At present nurserymen have but a small stock of the variety, and consequently trees are high in price. However, the variety is so promising that one would be safe in setting a few trees, at least.—Indianapolis News.

## Methods of Fertilizing Meadows.

There has been much controversy over the method to be employed in fertilizing meadows to obtain the best results, but experience has shown that most meadows must be treated as individual plots of land; that is, fertilized according to its special needs. A meadow that has been cropped for a long time naturally will require some reseeded and that the fertilizer be supplied at different times and be composed of different ingredients. On the other hand, a meadow in good condition and not too old will require only top dressing with stable manure and even this must be done in accordance with the needs of the particular meadow to which it is applied. As a rule, ten two-horse loads of manure to the acre put on with a manure spreader so as to properly and evenly cover the ground, is the quantity that will give good results at the minimum of expense. The use of the spreader is urged in applying for the coat is not only even but is fine and in the best condition for good results and quick action.

## Shipping Eggs for Hatching.

In discussing the packing of eggs for shipping—that is, in small quantities for hatching—a Michigan Farmer correspondent writes that he prefers a good strong basket to any other kind of package. He puts a layer of excelsior in the bottom of the basket, wraps each egg in paper, then in excelsior, and places in the basket small end down. When the layer is full it should be so firm that there is no moving about of the eggs with the motion of the basket. If more than one layer of eggs is used he puts a good thick layer of excelsior on top of the first layer and proceeds as before, finishing with a layer of excelsior. When the

basket is full he stretches stout unbleached muslin across the top and sews it tight. Then he plainly labels the basket so that it will be carefully handled. He says a half bushel basket will hold fifty eggs packed in this way.

## Freak Farming.

There are radically different ideas as to what the better agriculture should consist in. The real farmer is said to adhere too closely to the ways of his fathers. He plods. The city man who goes to the country would correct all this by overturning it. He sees revolution in everything with which he has to do. Much of doing business are not so much improved as revolutionized. The new things are of different kind from the old. The automobile is not an improvement of the horse and carriage; it is a new creation. The new telegraph uses no wires to carry its messages. The X-rays allow us to see through a board. The man who is familiar with all this wants to introduce some wholly new and startling thing when he goes into farming. He would reform it and revolutionize it. The upshot of it is likely to be a kind of freak farming. He will grow some specialty, perhaps popcorn, pigeons, quail, glaucous, wormwood, madder, basket willow, Angora goats, skunks.

The point is that these small crops and factitious enterprises are mere side issues and really have no great effect on agricultural prosperity as a whole. They may be very profitable here and there, but they are for the few and special conditions. Mere specialties cannot revolutionize a great series of businesses like the agricultural businesses, that engage four times more fixed capital than manufactures. We have probably not reached the limit of "fancy farming," except as it may be practiced as a mere diversion. In the upheaval of old ideals, we have made many impractical experiments, but the farmer stands by the old things, improving them slowly and surely year by year. We must be near the point of collapse of all kinds of freak farming.—Country Life in America.

## From Grass to Grain.

Every owner of a cow welcomes the time when the animal can be turned out to pasture. In changing from dry feed to grass it is well to go somewhat slowly, especially if the flow of milk is large, says Dairy and Creamery. The young, immature grass, especially in early spring, as is well known, contains a large amount of water, a condition commonly called "washy." Wheat and rye pastures are of the same nature. The dry feed ration should therefore be continued and be gradually reduced for two weeks or more after the grass is large enough for feeding.

## Farm Notes.

An ounce of pluck is worth a ton of luck.

Don't crop the farm to death. Raise some stock.

The busiest farmer is not always the one who does the most work.

Clean milk never came from a can that was not clean when the milk went into it.

Attend to the feed of the work horses just as carefully as to the meals of their drivers.

There is nothing that will turn the wastes of the farm into money faster than growing pigs.

Some one has asked if alfalfa will not become a pest. Yes, when money becomes a pest alfalfa will be in the same boat.

Corn will bring twice as much in a hog as in a sack. So will hay in a cow bring twice as much as in a bale.

Does it pay to save a cent's worth of food in the dishwater containing washing powders and kill \$20 worth of pigs by feeding such slops?

The way to keep the pig in hand is to keep it in mind. Great assistance can come by the use of a small memorandum book in which can be written the things that are most essential.

One-half of the clover hay in the country is not saved so as to secure the best results. If not cut too late or too early it is improperly cured. It is a difficult matter to get it just right.

An imposition that is often practiced on the woman—the farmer's wife especially—is if there is an old, ringboned, spavined, crippled horse that is stove up generally and good for no earthly use it is kept for the women to drive.

The solution of the boy leaving the farm depends on the conditions. Some of the inducements are not alluring for boys to stay on the farm. Again there will be great inducements for them to do so. There are boys who left the farm who bettered themselves and again there are scores of them who have done none as well as they could have done had they remained on the farm. It is not encouraging to rent land of some rich farmer and give him about all that can be raised and be his serf at the apple trees.

When to spray apple trees depends upon the purpose desired. Use Bordeaux mixture when the buds are swelling, and if canker worms are abundant spray also when the blossoms are about to open. After the blossoms fall spray again with Bordeaux mixture also Paris green, repeating both applications a week or ten days later. In about ten days or two weeks another application may be made of Bordeaux mixture. These remedies or preventives are for scab, bud moth, codling moth, tent caterpillar, curculionids and canker worm.



A conviction of a battery is held in People vs. McDaniels (Cal.), 50 L. R. A. 578, to bar a subsequent prosecution for the same acts as an assault with a deadly weapon, with intent to murder.

The unauthorized publication of one's likeness by another person for advertising purposes is held, in Robinson vs. Rochester Folding Box Co. (N. Y.), 50 L. R. A. 478, not to give a right to an injunction or damages on the theory that it is an invasion of "right of privacy."

A provision of an insurance policy rendering it void if, without consent of the insurer, mechanics are employed in building, altering or repairing premises for more than fifteen days at any one time, is held, in German Ins. Co. vs. Hearne (C. C. App. 50 L. R. A. 492), to be operative regardless of the reasonableness of the repairs.

A suit for partnership accounts which results in a judgment in plaintiff's favor for a small balance is held in Sverporen vs. Davis (Tenn.), 50 L. R. A. 501, not to sustain a simple action for malicious prosecution, although complainant alleged mismanagement of the business and appropriation of funds, which allegations were sustained.

Evidence that a father refused to permit medicine to be administered to one of his minor children while held in Justice vs. State (Ga.), 50 L. R. A. 601, not to support a conviction of the father for depriving his child necessary sustenance within the meaning of a statute which declares deprivation to be an offense against the laws of the State.

Under a constitutional provision that private property shall not be taken damaged for public use without compensation having first been made, is held, in Steinhart vs. Superior Co. of Mendocino County (Cal.), 50 L. R. A. 404, that possession of land sought to be condemned pending the proceedings cannot be given by the legislature to the applicant, upon payment into court of sufficient money to compensate the landowner in case the land is finally taken.

## IMPORTANT ADJUNCT TO DRESS.

Buttons and Buttonholes Invaluable During Elizabeth's Time.

The Elizabethan era gave to the button and the buttonhole, two inventions which may fairly be regarded as important, since they did much to revolutionize dress. The original button was wholly a product of nature, which was soon improved by the use of a wooden mold. The button is said to have been introduced by a Birmingham merchant in 1669. It took two hundred years to improve on the method of sewing the button upon the covered button. Then an ingenious Dane hit upon the idea of making the button in two parts, clamping them together with the thread.

Buttons are now made of almost everything, from seaweed and other hoofs to mother-of-pearl and vegetable ivory. Excellent buttons, says Boston Transcript, are made from potatoes, which, treated chemically, come as hard as ivory. The Patent Office has issued thirteen hundred and fifty-five patents for making buttons. The most important branch of the button industry in the United States is the making of pearl buttons, the material for which is obtained from shells gathered along the Mississippi River. The industry has been growing up within the last ten years. Its introduction is due entirely to the trade of Germany, who had learned to make shells known as "niggerheads," which tons were piled up on the banks of the river.

Thousands of people are now employed in turning these shells into buttons, the small manufacturers being found all the way from Mississippi to Missouri. Muscatine is still a great headquarters of the industry. It has forty factories. The value of the shells has risen from fifty cents to thirty dollars a hundredweight, yet it is said that American button making is in its infancy.

Elevator Not Running. The elevator boy of a large building in Baltimore felt weary one afternoon. When the janitor went out with the prospect of being absent an hour or so, the boy promptly turned out a sign, "Elevator not running," and seated himself cozily on the steps.

For fully thirty minutes the janitor went to and from the building, those having business with them waiting laboriously up the stairs, and the boy would have been the wiser had not the janitor returned unexpectedly by the rear basement door, and explained that he were suddenly and sharply demanded.

Some women always put it there for everything and put it there to proceed to forget the location of the place.