

WICKLY'S WOODS

By H. W. TAYLOR

CHAPTER XIV.—(Continued)

Unfolding her enveloping shawl far enough to free her right arm, Lizzy slipped her right hand with a rapid movement and a certain sense of exhilaration that must have communicated itself to the arm which it gently clasped.

"How very agreeable to have your hand upon my arm," he said, turning his animated face toward her so that she had a last opportunity to see it clearly in the cone of light that had turned with them as far as it could; it turned and row vanished, leaving the darkness doubly intensified.

He had made a short pause, in which her answer ought to have been made; but in which she was looking at his face and studying it so intently as not to be able to withdraw her attention sufficiently from the man himself to catch at once the full import of the words.

If they were more than a mere empty compliment! That could have been determined by his manner, if she had studied the words and the manner together. But he seemed to feel that he had not begun this part of the colloquy auspiciously, and hurriedly said:

"What a black night! I ought to have brought a lantern. But I know this foot as well as if I had made it foot by foot. In fact, I can fairly claim to have done much more toward making it than has any one else—it is the road that I used to hurry back and forth upon from Sandtown to the geologist's camp, you remember."

He laughed in such a light, mocking, careless way, as it appeared to Lizzy, that all the exhilarating anticipation of this walk through the midnight woods went out, as the light of the dark lantern had gone out of the road behind them.

CHAPTER XV.

The rain had entirely ceased and the wind had blown itself away to a fitful and occasional rustle high up in the top of the trees. But Lizzy did not notice these signs of the fact that the night was not nearly so black as it had been at the beginning of the period of twenty minutes or ten, for half-hour—she had no notion which—in which they had stood and talked in the cone of the light from the dark lantern.

"You are a very successful dissembler, Mr. Mason," she said, unconsciously assuming his own light and frivolous manner. "You have succeeded admirably in imposing upon the simple, frank and unsuspecting villagers and country people in and about Sandtown. But I submit whether this were an object wholly commensurate with your distinguished ability. The feat of deceiving ignorant and uneducated people is one that is easily achieved every day, by very ordinary tricksters. A man of genius, I think, should have exerted his powers upon a community like that of a great city; wide awake and vigilant as to its interests."

He laughed so very heartily at this waspish attack that she felt very much like joining him in it, although the laugh would then bear the construction of being against herself.

"Take care of that brier, Miss Lizzy. I had almost forgotten the locality of that bunch. It dragged my hat off one dark night when I was returning from your house to my tent. And although I hunted and searched for it, full half hour that night, I had to abandon it at last and go home hatless. Next morning I saw it from quite a distance gracefully dangling from a branch of a little ash sapling where the brier had thrown it in the rebound. I thought I would cut them out of the way; but I didn't."

The total irrelevancy of this somewhat tiresome anecdote only confirmed Lizzy Wickly in her determination to make this man feel somewhat that the weight and the sharpness of the edge of the Sandtown aversion for him.

She could not see what he must have seen at once—that this acerbity, so foreign to her speech and manner, was the natural outcry of her wounded self-love and self-pride.

"But, after all, it is perhaps as a simulator, or a personator, that you have made your most brilliant record in Sandtown, Mr. Mason. The pious assistant to an eminent geologist who in answer to the hungry cry of a religion starved people, won his way straight to their simple hearts, Sunday after Sunday, by discourses such as they had never heard nor dreamt of! What possible ulterior design could such a course subserve, Mr. Mason? What possible design could justify that particular phase of imposture? Was it for the sole purpose of affording you some amusement, when all the few sources of amusement in our simple and serious community had been exhausted?"

Oh, Lizzy, how very ingenious! How very incautious in one who wanted to conceal a self-hurt! Anybody could have seen the real and only source and origin of such a phillipic!

"I beg to assure you, Miss Wickly, that there was no deception nor dissimulation in that portion of my relations with the Sandtown people. I beg that you will believe this upon my own statement made now; because the immediate future can do less to exonerate me from this charge than from any and all the others. Remember that I declare to you in all solemnity that I have not exceeded my powers and duties. I was once an ordained preacher of the gospel. Years ago I left the pulpit for the business world. But I have remained, I humbly believe, a consistent member of my church."

There was a noticeable quality of complaint and remonstrance in his latter sentences. It was to this that she addressed her answer—her inconsiderate and unguarded answer—as she afterward acknowledged to herself, with burning cheeks.

"Do you think you did me no harm in pretending to take such an absorbing interest in me, and in my plain and simple and uneventful life in Sandtown? Was it no harm to me to lead me to believe implicitly in the extraordinary attributes with which you invested me, in the many conversations you had with my friends and neighbors concerning me? Was it no harm to me, too, to have put before me, in the most fascinating light,

the personal and mental characteristics of an ideal man that I might learn to worship him? Was that no—"

"Miss Wickly, for heaven's sake don't tell me that even now, knowing what I perceive you to have divined, you are seriously affected toward—toward—"

"Toward your employer? Toward Mr. Huntley?" she said, with great bitterness, and emphasizing her manner with a convulsive clutch upon Mr. Mason's arm as she pronounced the relationship and the man. "It is, perhaps, the very poetic revenge of fate upon you and upon me that I do not know; that I cannot determine. When on yesterday a dim suspicion of the truth dawned upon me—"

She paused, and almost sprang forward in a sudden caprice of anger, impatience and distraction. He pressed her arm strongly and restrainingly against her side, until she could not fail to recognize the calming and reassuring influence that he had over her.

"Go on," he said in a tone that presupposed an accompanying smile of expectation. "Tell me fully and without reservation all that you thought when you began to see the dawn of the suspicion to which you allude and which I had imagined must have reached its zenith long ago."

There was something pervading all his words and actions, and his whole manner, so very, very different from what she had known of Mr. Mason! Must she begin by telling him this? Yes, plainly, if she entered into such a complete unburdening of her mind, she must tell him this, and tell it first.

But she must know to what it would lead! If he should ask her in which aspect she thought him best, she would be compelled to give the genuine and universal woman's answer.

Even to a woman of education and some degree of refinement, with superior talents and acquisitions, this half-military, bold, confident, smiling and jaunty cavalier was infinitely better, more attractive, than the plain, unassuming, philosophic assistant to the geologist, no matter how learned and thoughtful.

She had begun to tell him something of this—choosing her words as carefully as she could, so as to preserve for her own reflection and self-commendation that attitude of womanly dignity and self-poise which she actually imagined she had maintained throughout this short but momentous interview.

She had said perhaps enough to commit her to the whole opinion of him as it has here been outlined, from her last brief cogitation, differing as radically as it does from her more elaborately prepared and expressed opinion as shown in the beginning of the walk, only a few moments ago; and which opinion surely must have been the public opinion of all Sandtown, rather than her own.

The first opinion which she imagined was her true estimate of Mr. Mason was in fact but her version of the verdict of Sandtown upon him, given upon ex parte testimony, it is true.

The last estimate which she had formulated, and had even expressed to all intents and purposes, although she was preparing to formulate it in twenty different ways, perhaps, was in reality her own opinion, and one that she may have really entertained from the first.

So strange are the apparently contradictory and wholly irreconcilable workings of the human mind, and especially that particular quality of the human mind evolved from the Ozark Mountains, says W. C. Carter, who recently returned from a visit to what may be called the wilderness of the Southwest, where one gets fifty miles from a railroad. While there he witnessed a weird scene that has been going on annually, it is said, ever since Columbus discovered America and no one knows how long before. There is a peak down there called Bald Dave, which is the scene every year of the remarkable occurrence referred to. The annual visit of the Indians this year took place not long since and the first intimation of it was given by a fisherman and hunter. A party was made up to visit the peak and observe the peculiar scene. The peak is 1,800 feet above sea level and the only vegetation upon it, except some wiregrass, is a lone peach tree. The party reached the foot of the peak about dusk and peeping from their place of vantage they saw an Indian band of fifteen or twenty sitting around a camp fire. Presently one of them arose and threw a pile of pine knots upon the fire, which made a bright light. The others of the band came up and they all walked toward the peach tree in single file. They were all dressed in war paint and feathers and when a circle was formed around the peach tree the whole band began a doleful chant. At short intervals an Indian would take one of the ripe peaches from the tree and eat it and the dance was kept up with its incantations until the Indians fell exhausted. The watching party was awestricken and departed as silently as they had come to the place. A large party was gathered together next day, all heavily armed, and returned to the place, but when they reached the mountain there was a smoldering camp fire and many other signs of the great powwow, but the Indians were gone. This scene, according to local tradition, has been going on every year in the autumn time for hundreds of years. Among the party were many old-timers who were familiar with the story, but had never observed the occurrence as the party above referred to did. This is but natural, for the place is much isolated and the Indians go there, it is supposed, at different dates to avoid having their secret discovered. No one knows what the significance of the weird gathering is and tradition does not enlighten any one upon the subject.—Springfield (Mo.) Leader.

Not by any possibility was any one of the hundreds of carousing and drinking colts ever able to recognize the mother, past whom it dashed in mad pursuit of some unsympathetic and petulant horse having not the slightest resemblance to the abandoned and ignored dam.

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Then, with some inaudible murmur of apology and entreaty, he turned once more, and was gone.

CHAPTER XVI.

Never in the known history of Sandtown had there been a time of excitement equal to this that now emptied all the cabins and "double-logs" along the Wabash, from Reelfoot Pond to Big Rattlesnake Creek and from the Wabash to the uttermost part of the Overcoat road.

Everybody who told the story in after-times, and all those who took part in the stirring events as they occurred, were fond of making this commentary upon them. Of course, there were the Dikeses, the Sparkses, the Ellets, the Oakes and the Shipleys, that knew better. They had seen excitement in their times—the old people. They could tell you of times that were times! But for the time being, and for the purpose of the argument, this was conceded by everybody to be the most exciting of all times. Just as last winter's coldest ten days are universally conceded to have been without a parallel in the history of meteorological observations.

And what would you have? If there are to be held in remembrance maximum phenomena of every variety of incident—epochal, meteorological and seismic—what is to become of posterity in the way of story telling? Are we to be forever silenced simply because our ancestors lived and died before us?

For the purposes of this period, then, there was never an approach to the excitement of the day that followed the night of which we have just spoken. Men seized the just and lawful excuse of the

late heavy rain to keep out of their wheat fields, and away from their waiting meadows. Plow horses were saddled, where saddles were; and where they were not, a padded sheepskin or a folded horse blanket, gripped on old Jim or old Nance, or some 2-year-old colt, served the present purpose, and every male inhabitant over twelve and under a hundred was out and mounted, "single," generally, but not infrequently "double," and in each and every instance armed in some sort of fashion—armed to the teeth.

Men frequently, but by far the most generally, boys, galloped across strips of green prairie, loaded with a long hammer-lock squirrel rifle, carried upon the right shoulder or across the lap, upon the pommel of the saddle. Here they dashed through a thicket of yellow blossomed wild artichokes, and Indian cups, and wild hemp, and purple-bellied jimson. They are expecting to come upon the enemy at any moment—all those who come from Reelfoot Pond. For they have heard that the enemy—the railroaders—had armed and hostile possession of the Farmers' Bank, and, in fact all Sandtown, including the captivity of their leading citizen, Conrad Redden, together with the sheriff and all his posse.

A smoke has been seen in some unaccountable quarter, for a smoke, and from a suspicion unaccountably propagated there arises the authenticated report that little Jim Dikeses' house is being burned, along with others, up on Big Rattlesnake Creek.

Boys are careering about with wild delight, looking eagerly for the enemy in every thicket, at every crossing. Other squads of boys, far off, up or down the wide river bottom, are at times taken for the enemy, and there is danger of collisions among the different squads of the Wabash people themselves.

However, old Captain Joe Ellet, who was in the Revolutionary War, and who has mounted his antique cocked hat, his blue brass-buttoned coat, his one huge leathern epaulette on his right shoulder, and is seated in a two-horse wagon, playing on a very shrill fife an absurd travesty on "The Girl I Left Behind Me," pauses to suggest that all Sandtowners the pick of red fanned upon their right arms for a sign by day, and a strip of white tow-line upon the same arm for a sign by night. This suggestion is at once bruited about as a very remarkable evidence of the practical knowledge of an old soldier, and is acted upon at once—even very many women investing themselves with this war badge.

Great numbers of people from all parts of the country have made the wild excitement of this bright, cool, sunny July day a pretext for concentrating at the large house and gathering at the ample board of Conrad Redden. They all wanted to hear, direct from headquarters the story of the noted old Hoosier farmer's capture. And then they were sure that his house would be a sort of central station for the reception of dispatches from the seat of war. The large stables were full of the visiting "buds" of the immediate Redden family, and their wives' nearest relations; and the hitching racks and the lane fences were thronged with squealing, kicking and biting old mares whose manical young colts were careering up and down lanes and roads, neighing shrilly and in chaotic chords as they dashed at every old mother mare save the dam that belonged to the particular dasher.

Not by any possibility was any one of the hundreds of carousing and drinking colts ever able to recognize the mother, past whom it dashed in mad pursuit of some unsympathetic and petulant horse having not the slightest resemblance to the abandoned and ignored dam.

(To be continued.)

AN OZARK POWWOW.

The Indians Eat Peaches Between the Dances of Ceremony.

No region in the United States is more noted for its prehistoric lore and romantic history than the Ozark Mountains, says W. C. Carter, who recently returned from a visit to what may be called the wilderness of the Southwest, where one gets fifty miles from a railroad. While there he witnessed a weird scene that has been going on annually, it is said, ever since Columbus discovered America and no one knows how long before. There is a peak down there called Bald Dave, which is the scene every year of the remarkable occurrence referred to. The annual visit of the Indians this year took place not long since and the first intimation of it was given by a fisherman and hunter. A party was made up to visit the peak and observe the peculiar scene. The peak is 1,800 feet above sea level and the only vegetation upon it, except some wiregrass, is a lone peach tree. The party reached the foot of the peak about dusk and peeping from their place of vantage they saw an Indian band of fifteen or twenty sitting around a camp fire. Presently one of them arose and threw a pile of pine knots upon the fire, which made a bright light. The others of the band came up and they all walked toward the peach tree in single file. They were all dressed in war paint and feathers and when a circle was formed around the peach tree the whole band began a doleful chant. At short intervals an Indian would take one of the ripe peaches from the tree and eat it and the dance was kept up with its incantations until the Indians fell exhausted. The watching party was awestricken and departed as silently as they had come to the place. A large party was gathered together next day, all heavily armed, and returned to the place, but when they reached the mountain there was a smoldering camp fire and many other signs of the great powwow, but the Indians were gone. This scene, according to local tradition, has been going on every year in the autumn time for hundreds of years. Among the party were many old-timers who were familiar with the story, but had never observed the occurrence as the party above referred to did. This is but natural, for the place is much isolated and the Indians go there, it is supposed, at different dates to avoid having their secret discovered. No one knows what the significance of the weird gathering is and tradition does not enlighten any one upon the subject.—Springfield (Mo.) Leader.



Doors for a Hay Barn.

This cut shows a simple manner of constructing doors when it is desired to have the track extend out close to the peak of the roof. The large doors should be about 7 feet square, and swing inside; above these a small door 2 feet square hinged at the top to swing outside. This opening will be sufficient for the track and head of fork, leaving the full space of the large door for the loading of hay. When the lower doors are opened, raising the tracking will open the upper door, allowing it to lie upon the trust rod of track, out of the way of the carrier; when the track is lowered it will shut, closing tight against the top of the lower doors. Both positions of the track, extending out ready for use and lowered within the building, are also shown.

To secure the track in working position.



DOORS FOR A HAY BARN.

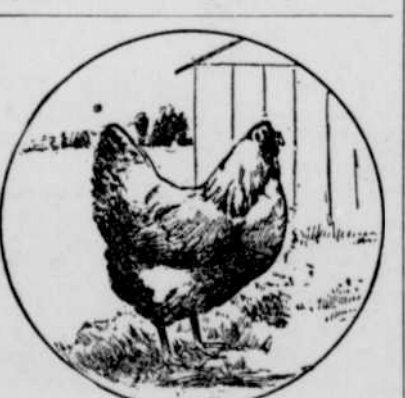
tion you have only to pull down upon the hoisting rope until the supporting loop of the track is above the hook; then a little side movement will move it upon the hook. In lowering the track, elevate to clear the point of hook, when pulling in a little upon the rope will draw the loop clear of the hook.

Raising and lowering the track is but a moment's time, and can be done after each load if you desire to close the doors. When using track the rope can be thrown over the door or a nail in door jamb out of the way. Next we will illustrate a single and double rail hinged extension track adapted to all the various hay carriers in use.—Michigan Farmer.

Good Poultry Breed.

We believe that some of the troubles of raisers of the White Wyandotte come from improper feeding. While the breed is supposed to be tough and hardy there is a weakness in some somewhere which demands careful feeding. In an experience of ten years with the breed, we have found they must be uniformly fed at the same hours daily, and that their food must be of the best quality and in considerable variety.

Handled in this manner they will give satisfactory results and produce eggs in about the same numbers during the year as the Plymouth Rocks, but, with us at least, they do not equal the Leghorns in this respect. On the other hand there is considerable to the carcass and they are readily fattened for market when desired. In the hand of some poultry men they are very satisfactory and will probably become



THE POPULAR WYANDOTTE.

more so in the years to come, for they are noticeably better and stronger now than they were ten years ago.—Indianapolis News.

Getting a Potato Crop.

In response to the query how to get a good crop of potatoes an expert replies: "Use plenty of good commercial fertilizer and you will have no trouble." Very definite, is it not? The writer thought it a good plan to put this same question to an expert potato grower, and the following is the substance of his reply:

"In a general way, one can get a good crop of potatoes in a normal season if the soil used is well filled with humus and is mellow and friable. The seed must be first-class and be properly and thoroughly treated with formalin for scab before being planted. Of course, the soil must be well fertilized, but more than all, the cultivation and care of the plants is essential. The soil must be cultivated and the sprayer kept busy. Then, if nothing happens, you'll have a good crop." While perhaps this reply is not wholly satisfactory, it at least gives one some idea of what is necessary in the way of material and labor.

The Seedless Apple.

A Utah nurseryman reports in the Country Gentleman that he has finally gotten hold of specimens of the much-talked-about seedless apple, and he says that the fruit is very inferior, and "certainly not such as would have a ghost of a chance of a showing in the

market with any of the standard varieties." It is evident that it is the same old seedless apple that was known in Virginia a generation ago. Those who want a poor apple merely because it may be seedless are welcome to pay \$3 each for the trees.

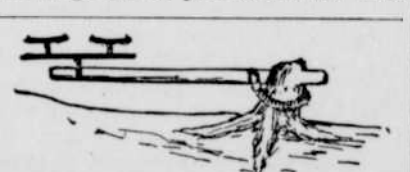
At Seed-Buying Time.

It is estimated that if the corn crop of the country could be increased 1 per cent it would add to the production of wealth in the United States over seventy millions of dollars. That the corn crop can be increased this small per cent is well known, for it requires only the selection of the best seed and the best methods of cultivation to do it. The trouble is, corn is too easily grown and the crop is usually larger enough so that there are enough kernels left in the crib for seed. So the average farmer argues, "why should I pay out good money for seed corn when there is more than I need in my own crib?" He forgets that the seed corn in his cribs may be the kernels dropped from nubbins and if so they will produce nubbins.

The tendency to pay out as little as possible for seeds is wrong. It is safe to say that in a normal season one would make more clean cash from crops grown from the best seed sold regardless of price than from double the quantity of what may be called cheap seeds. If you don't believe in the value of the best seeds, test them in a small way. Take, for example, a few seed tubers from the potato pile in the cellar, then buy from some reputable seedsmen the same quantity of the same variety, cut the seed in the same way, plant at the same time and give the same care and cultivation. At harvest time compare results and if you do not find the argument in favor of high-class seed a solid one I will take it all back.

Homemade Stump Puller.

In many places in New Jersey there are Italians who clean scrub oak land on contract for about \$30 per acre. That is the best and cheapest plan, but you must watch and see that no stumps are buried in the deeper holes. I have tried the stump-puller, but it did not work well; it was too heavy to move, and it took four men to work it. I want to tell this paper's readers about one of the best and most labor-saving contrivances for working out stumps. I call it a "stump-twister," see diagram. First make a strong hook as for a log-hook, only three times as heavy. Get a good stout pole 20 to 25 feet long. About 2 feet from the large end of pole fasten the hook



A STUMP "TWISTER."

in the manner of a cant hook, and hitch a team to the end of lever. The stump is easily twisted out. If there is any trouble at the start, cut one or two of the larger roots. Always try to twist stumps soon after a rain; it is then so much easier work. In using this twister there are no tools to carry; team pulls pole to next stump. Two men pull thirty stumps a day easily.—Correspondence Rural New-Yorker.

Crops for Orchards.

There are those who do well with some small crop in the orchard. In last season's experiments no difference could be seen between the summer cultivation plan and the plan of growing a crop; that is, no difference in the tree growth. The best results for both trees and crops between came from growing two rows of potatoes set far enough apart so that they could be cultivated on both sides. This brought the light cultivator close to the trees on the outside rows and enabled us to set the teeth deeper for the inside rows when it was necessary for the benefit of the potato crop. The soil was fertilized for the potatoes and quite heavily, so that a portion, at least, was left in the soil for the benefit of the trees. By planting early sorts we were able still to get in our cover crop for the benefit of the orchard this cover crop being plowed under the spring to add humus to the soil. By following this process the best results may be obtained, and the orchard will reap the benefits.

Poultry Yard Pickings.

Our fowls would suffer were they presented with the same unvarying mess day after day.

In feeding fowls the best rule to go by is a balanced ration. This means that the hen should be fed just what is needed.

A variety in food must be given our feathered friends if we would have them fill our expectations. Variety is one great charm of life.

Get a table of foods and study the proportions and then balance them up a little. Clover, bran, green bone and meat are good to balance against corn.

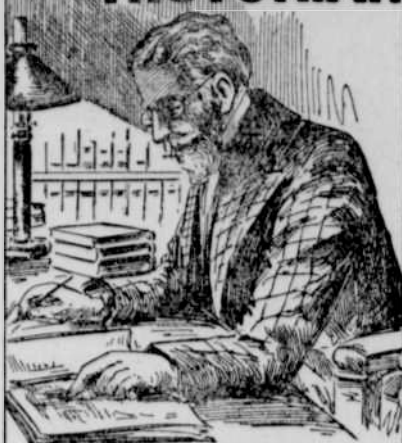
If the chickens must be penned up, see that they have an opportunity to get a good dust bath occasionally. Put a half-pail of dust where they may reach it.

An egg is composed of a certain per cent of albumen, of mineral matter, water and other materials. In order that an egg be formed these necessary constituents must be supplied.

The hen that steals away and secretes her eggs should be penned up. Thus confined, and with a suitable nesting place at hand, she will stop this practice when again released.

An egg-eating hen might as well be disposed of by amputation of the head. It is a habit that is so hard to break that the trouble is hardly worth the value of the offending fowl.

THE WEEKLY HISTORIAN



One Hundred Years Ago.

Fifty-four thousand troops stationed along the coast of France were ordered to the borders of Italy.

Beethoven's "Fidelio," with the Le-nore overture, was produced in Vienna.

The Bay of Algiers declared war against Spain.

Lord Nelson's squadron arrived at Palermo in pursuit of the French.

Lieut. Z. M. Pike was ordered by the governor of Louisiana to proceed to Minnesota and expel all British traders from that territory.

Russia joined the coalition against France.

Russia established an embassy at Peking, China.

Aaron Burr arrived at Blennerhassett's Island, in the Ohio.

Seventy-five Years Ago.

Oxen were used for the first time on the Santa Fe trail.

The King of Spain issued a decree abolishing the operation of the Sallé law in the succession to the Spanish monarchy.

President Bustamante, of Mexico, forbade further immigration from the United States.

Ohio was the fourth State in population in the United States.

Seven persons were burned to death in a lodging house fire in London.

The first omnibus used as a public conveyance in New York began its trip through the city.

The Bank of England lost £360,000 by Fauntleroy's forgeries.

President Jackson at a public dinner in Washington gave the following toast: "Our federal union; it must be preserved." Vice President Calhoun responded: "Liberty dearer than union."

Fifty Years Ago.

The first dental clinic in Germany was established.

The ship canal at St. Mary's Mich., was opened.

Broussa, in Asia Minor, was visited by earthquake, and all wooden buildings destroyed by fire.

The system of registered letters was introduced in the United States postal service.

The prohibitory bill of Pennsylvania was signed by the Governor and became a law.

The United States gave twelve months' notice to Denmark of its intention to terminate the treaty of 1828, by which the payment of sound dues was recognized.

The depot of the New York and Erie Railroad at Jersey City, with several passenger and freight cars, was destroyed by fire.

The church tenure bill, putting the property of all religious denominations in the hands of trustees, was signed by the Governor of New York.

Forty Years Ago.

Mobile was evacuated by the Confederates.

The testimony in the so-called Chicago conspiracy trial before a military court at Cincinnati closed.

Henry S. Foote, Confederate Senator, arrived in New York from Europe, traveling steerage to avoid detection, but was arrested.

Lynchburg surrendered to Union scouting party; Selma, Ala., and Montgomery were reported in Union hands.

Gen. Robert E. Lee, at Appomattox, surrendered the Confederate army of North Virginia to Gen. Grant on the terms proposed by the latter.

A jubilee celebration was being held in every city of the North because of the surrender of Lee and the apparent end of the war.

Thirty Years Ago.

A battle occurred between miners and soldiers near Hazleton, Pa.

Martial law was declared in the mining region of Pennsylvania because of riots by striking workmen.

Moody and Sankey, the revivalists, opened a new hall in Bow street, London, constructed for them and capable of seating 10,000.

Paul Boyton, in a bathing suit, made an unsuccessful attempt to swim across the English channel from Dover to Boulogne.

The steamer believed to be so constructed as to do away with sea-sickness crossed the English channel—successfully, it was announced.

Contractor J. J. Hines and Clerks Channel and Van Vleck, of the Post Office Department at Washington, were arrested in connection with contract frauds.

With a solemn and emphatic denial of the charges against him, Henry Ward Beecher concluded his direct testimony in defense in the Brooklyn trial.