

# WICKLY'S WOODS

By H. W. TAYLOR

## CHAPTER X.—(Continued.)

She could not believe it. This man who had stood Sunday after Sunday in the little white church, and had talked so earnestly of the after life in relation to the infinitely smaller questions of this life! This man who had first given her so lofty a perception of the character and person of his principal, by revealing a surprising breadth and depth in himself!

It could not be that he could sink away from all of them for the base purpose of perfecting a villainous scheme to rob the people among whom he had lived continuously for nearly half a year; and whose kindly acts of confidence, trustful hospitality had fallen about him like the dew of heaven, as he had said.

It had been said that she had become his only defender. But she could do no less than believe that the assistant and confidante of Prof. Huntley could be nothing less than a sincere and honorable man in all his dealings.

But why? why? could he not come to her and tell her all? He had shown, and had spoken in hundreds of ways an admiration and fondness for her that had given Sandtown the undoubted right to say that he was "head-over-heels in love with her."

She had been jestingly cruel to him in that respect, it is true! But he knew that because of her love for the man who was his master and employer. How could the slave and the hireling expect more of her?

But at last it was daylight, and Mrs. Redden was calling them to breakfast.

"Conrad let him a good spell ago," Mrs. Redden said in explanation of the absence of the head of the house from the head of the table. "H-yur, Miss Weekly! you set right down in this chair close to the stove. Hit's kin uh damp chilly this mornin'. Lissy, you set down there. Your's young un hearty, un kin stan' the damp better's your mammy. How did you sleep? I was certain at you wouldn't have enough kivers on your bed las' night. Hit's been so swelltry fur the last three-four weeks. You take cream un sugar both, don't yuh? I do! I don't want no coffee less hit's got good fresh cream un sugar, both. He put yurself to the fry, Lissy, un pass it to your mammy. That salt-risen bread haint as fresh us hit ort to be! When did you fust nodus anything onto the way with John Miss Weekly?"

"Never till yesterday morning, after we had heard the news of the bank breaking," said Mrs. Weekly, who was sitting at the right of her friend and neighbor, trying very hard to show her appreciation of the friendly offices of the kind-hearted old Hoosier woman, by nibbling a very little at almost every bit of delicacy that was heaped in almost unlimited variety and profusion upon her plate.

"Well, well, I do say! Why, I see to Conrad two weeks ago, Miss Weekly, 'They's some-h's the matter with Squar Weekly. He's a do-un work at he'd ortn't to do, 's'al. I nerver see a man a do-un ur weeman's work, but some-h's wrong.' Why, I'd git down un crawl on my han's un knees, Miss Weekly, 'fore I'd urver think a lettun Conrad go out un milk one uh ar cows. He haint nerver done no weeman's work sent him un me went together, so he haint. Why, when Lum that was a baby—"

"Now, mother," said Columbus Redden, warningly, "please don't say anything about that interesting period of my existence, on this occasion, will you? I don't care for those reminiscences myself, having heard them twice a week for, say fifteen years."

## CHAPTER XI.

Columbus glanced a little confusedly at Lissy Weekly. His mother paused in the very act of cutting her fried ham, and sat ominously stiff with both arms extended and the knife and fork held ready to resume operations so soon as she could get sufficient command of herself to turn her head away from the direction of Columbus Redden's chair toward her own plate.

"You don't k-yur! Huh! Well, I reckon you don't k-yur. Hit haint ben no trouble to you, ef hit has ben to me, uh! Hit's mighty fine to have somebody to work fur yuh! un sen' you to college, un pay fur your education so your kin set roun' un make fun uv the way your mother un your father talks. At's about whus education's good fur, Miss Weekly! Hit's a good thing you ain't got no boys to raise un educate! A g'yur! haint a go-un to set up un meck fun a thur mother's way a talkun right to thur faist."

"You don't happen to have any girls, mother," retorted Columbus Redden, smiling in a very self-possessed and exasperating way.

"I wish to thur lan' I had g-yuris. Instad a the kine uv a boy I've got. So I do! Whur did you stay so late las' night, my larkey? I want un know some-h's 'bout whur you put in so much time. So I do!" broke in Mrs. Redden, in a fury.

Mr. Columbus Redden smiled, and winked deliberately at Miss Lissy Weekly before proceeding in a calm and pleasantly mischievous manner.

"Oh, these secrets of ours are not at all to be intrusted to the keeping of women, mother. There never was a woman who could keep a secret, you know. And, of course, I couldn't for a moment entertain the idea. Indeed, I couldn't. I'd do anything to oblige you. But really—"

And Mr. Columbus Redden smiled again and winked at Lissy Weekly, with quiet, enjoyable humor.

"Yes, you'd do lots to oblige me," retorted his mother with great scorn, and going on to cut and eat her fried ham with great vigor.

In spite of a downpour of rain, cool and even chilling in the mere suddenness of its fall of temperature from ninety degrees to sixty-eight degrees, there was almost a continuous procession of two-horse farm wagons along the Overcoat road in the direction of Sandtown.

Little troops of horsemen went scurrying round these wagons at every point, going this way and that, and looking not

unpicturesque, and even cavalierly, draped as they were, in variously colored horse blankets and linsey counterpanes, whose variegated colors and cunningly woven ornaments are marvels of the ancient housewifely skill in many Indiana homes. And very efficient "water-proofs" they were, too: the fine long wool of which they were closely woven "shedding" the water of an ordinary rain and the coldest wind of any winter day in a manner that secured the wearer from those inclemencies of the weather to a very satisfactory degree indeed—considering all things.

Directly after breakfast Columbus Redden donned his own long-caped overcoat, and with an umbrella in his hand and his pantaloons turned up at the bottoms until his neat fitting calfskin boots showed to advantage, had gone cautiously out of the front yard into the side lane, and stepping on bunches of grass and chunks of firewood and large chips as a sort of disconnected pontoon, he passed scatheless over the waters that had spread about the level of the fields of corn and the narrow lane—and so joined the procession of wayfarers going to Sandtown.

Conrad Redden did not come home to dinner, and supper was upon the table and waiting at that, when he finally made his appearance.

"What in the war's kep' yuh this way, Conrad? Why, I 'lowed, some-h's must a happened to yuh, else you'd ben home to dinner, shorely." Mrs. Redden said as Conrad hurriedly jerked his chair up, and nodded to his two guests, who were already seated in obedience to the urgent request of their kind-hearted hostess.

"I spose you give Lum a purty good rake-un, did yuh?" he said, winking slyly at his two guests and beginning to pile catfish upon his plate, and to hurry the dishes around in a way that indicated the extreme pang of hunger. "Hit don't do no good, ole woman. Jis' swell let the boy 'lone. I'll git him a plaist on the bank when hit's fixed so hit kin open agin, ur when a new un starts. He don't want to farm ut. Un I don't blame him. He's got a age-cation soec he kin meck a livun without work. Un ur course no feller's a go-un to work ef he kin hep ut. But I've got to eat, un hurry back to town to-night. I'm needud upon there."

"Whut fur, Conrad?" said his wife, pausing again with her arms extended, the points of knife and fork resting ominously upon her plate, while her face was turned with fixed scrutiny toward that of the head of the house. "Whut you needud up thur fur? You haint a go-un a step to town, ef they's go-un to be a rukus up thur now."

"They haint a go-un to be no rukus up town if I kin hep ut. I don't know whur'er I ken or nut. But I've kine a kept ut down all day. But they's a lot a the Dikeses un the Sparkses un the Ellets un the Shipleys, un I don't know who offun Big Rattlesnake Crik, jist come un, this evenun. Un they're fur hossun that feller Mason up. Un he'll be hoest up, too, ef I caint keep ut down."

"Is Mr. Mason in town?" Lissy asked. She did not know what it was to be "hoest up," but she knew enough about the impetuous people upon the Big Rattlesnake Creek to know that he was menaced with a real danger. And the very uncertainty of its nature made it perhaps more threatening—more to be dreaded.

"I don't know jist whur he is at. He's some's up un your lan' I think. Camped up thur, so I k-yur. They's two companies ur railroad fellers up thur watchun one another, I low. You see they both want your lan', Lissy! Un this feller Mason's got some-h's to do with ut some-way uruther. Un one company's tryun to sk-year the other's off, un hit's a tryun to sk-year them. Un so they have ut."

## CHAPTER XII.

There was perhaps as much of ill omen in "Conrad" Redden's information as to make Mrs. Redden visibly uneasy, and so, by natural and obvious processes, to communicate her uneasiness to one of her two guests, at least.

Mrs. Weekly, perhaps, having no other sorrow pressing upon her save the one involved in her husband's enforced absence on account of his dreadful malady, had, even in that, some return of satisfaction.

"Your father would never have dreamt of such a thing as mortgaging your land without your permission, Lissy, if he had not been actually insane then," she said, as the two undressed for bed, leaving Mrs. Redden trying the front door to see if it had unlocked itself within the last few minutes. "Whut a great pity such a dreadful disease cannot be known in time to prevent it, like other diseases."

"Yes, but we thought he was only studying about the fortune that we have been making fun of him about. Poor man! I wonder how he is faring? I wonder if they are kind to him? Mr. Redden assured me that they would treat him very kindly. But I'm afraid they won't understand him."

Simple and unemotional as were her mother's words and gestures, Lissy knew that they indicated a depth of feeling that no one else would suspect. So she set about the task of reassuring her mother, with all that Mr. Redden had said to her on the subject.

They talked together in low tones for a long time while the wind and rain beat upon the resounding weatherboards and shook the window shades in the windows, and pattered drops of rain against the panes, with a sound that might have been made if the Overcoat road had thrown its coarsest sands in showers against the farm house, in a burst of anger at the innovation that put a new and painted building in the place of the old log cabin that now leaned lonely and dejected against a bunch of dreary, sobbing, sighing pines a quarter of a mile away.

Finally Mrs. Weekly sank into a deep and restful sleep; and Lissy, feeling that

her only hope of sleep lay in tiring herself thoroughly by walking, arose, dressed herself, and slipped noiselessly down stairs, intending to go through a side hall and let herself out on the long sheltered south porch where she might walk and walk until she was tired enough, without disturbing any one.

In fact, there was very little danger of being heard, once she succeeded in reaching the long, wide-roofed and latticed porch, out off as it was from all the sleeping apartments, so far as she knew. But scarcely had she reached the foot of the stairway, when the "front door" opened, disclosing Mrs. Redden also dressed and holding a candle in her hand.

"Is that you, Lissy? Ef I'd a ben shore you was awake, I'd a ben upstairs after you to go with me. I caint stanun any longer. Some-h's must a happened, ur Conrad wouldn't a staid out this way. I wish you'd put awn this big shawl over yur head, and come along. Is yur shoes all right? I've got a pair a good uns h-yur of yourn went keep the wurter out."

"Mine are proof against any moderate amount of water, Mrs. Redden. And besides, it doesn't hurt me in the least to get my feet wet."

"Oh, dear! I dahn't to get mine the least bit wet. Las' fall I got one foot wet un a puddle, out on the cow yard, un hit thud me onto a chill un I had the fevers fur three-four weeks. Retreer slip this linsy sk-yurt over your white dress. White shows too much after night. There, lemmy pin ut good un tight, soce you kin climb roun un ut ef you want to, thout ut drappun offun yuh."

Lissy had not had time to offer any objection, if she had really thought of objecting to this short and usually safe walk to town. For in those days the women of Indiana were safe anywhere, for many and cogent reasons. There were no tramps. And besides, women were strong and courageous by reason of the hard work they did with their hands; and so were able to make a good defense of themselves if needs be.

This endowed them with a courage that women lack in later days. For, after all, what we call courage is simply confidence in one's own powers, physical or mental.

The man who knows or deems himself deficient in such physical or mental powers as are to be called into action in any emergency, is necessarily a coward. The man who is confident is also brave.

"Whut if mother should wake while we are away, Mrs. Redden? Oughtn't I to wake her and tell her?" Lissy said as the two stood at the front door.

"Oh, we won't be gone no time at all. But mebbe you better write a little note un leave ut by the candle h-yur awn the stan'. She'll be shore to see ut ef she gets up. I'd hate to wake 'er outen sich a good sleep as she's a haven jist now. Got a pencil? H-yur's some paper."

The ever ready and capable old Hoosier woman had found a scrap of foolscap paper where she had put it among the leaves of a large history of the world, that, along with some almanacs and a book on "The Horse," constituted the whole library of the Redden family, save the big, brown-backed leather Bible out of which Conrad Redden "loved to read out loud" on a Sunday afternoon when he had trowd himself with a walk around the farm to see if the "army worm" and the "fy" were making their annual incursions in their usual force.

Lissy rapidly wrote a few lines, explaining their temporary absence by saying that she had gone with Mrs. Redden at 11 o'clock, to ascertain what had detained Mr. Conrad Redden so long, and that she would be back very soon.

(To be continued.)

## A LIBRARY 8,904 YEARS OLD.

Tablets Taken from One at Nippur Date Back 7,000 B. C.

The oldest city public library in the United States is that of Boston, which was founded in 1851, says the New York Mail. That makes it very old, according to our standards. But Prof. Angelo Hilprecht of the University of Pennsylvania has been examining a library, and a public library of some sort, which is a little older than that. It consists of a mass of documents, inscribed in cuneiform letters on tiles, in a wing of the temple of Baal at Nippur, the ancient Babylonian city which lies between the Tigris and the Euphrates.

Prof. Hilprecht had already dug out of the ruins of this temple about 30,000 commercial, legal and literary tablets, and this last summer he has found 4,000 more. The tablets which he has discovered this year are the oldest ever, so to speak, for he declares that they date back as far as 7,000 years before Christ.

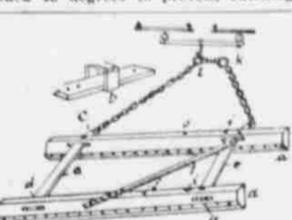
This discovery is startling in more senses than one. If the familiar and so-called biblical chronology is right the Nippur people had a library of documents and stories, probably free to those who could read them, some 1,336 years before Adam was created—according to Archbishop Usher's chronology, 1,192 years before it; for this learned man supposed that exactly 4,004 years had elapsed from the creation of Adam to the birth of Christ, and 1004 years are supposed to have elapsed since that date.

This chronology has been somewhat discredited since Archbishop Usher made his computations, and discredited largely as the result of such discoveries as those made by Prof. Hilprecht in Babylonia. It is to be said, however, that the more the old Assyrian or Babylonian records are looked into the more they increase the respect of students for the Hebrew scriptures. Reverence and authority must always go with the record which survives in men's lives and thoughts. Ages after the temple of Baal and its great library had been "a possession for the bitter, and pools of water," and after the very dust of the last survivor of the old librarians had vanished from the interior of its tomb, the stories of Genesis were still told by the living successors of the priests who compiled them.



## A Homemade Road Scraper.

A homemade road scraper, bottom edge beveled with its hoe of steel 1x4 in., bolted on cutting edge as shown at g. The crosspieces, e, e, are bolted with inch bolts in mortises 1x8, 2 inches from the top of a, and are made out of 1x4x30-inch iron, which has holes in front ends to fasten draft chain to, also a hole in e at the right-hand end to bolt brace, f, on, which is also bolted to the rear a at b. The guide, f, is 1x2 inches and 6 feet long, with holes in back end so the rear a can be changed at any time so it will properly follow front a. A seat board, h, is bolted to a at i when team is hitched at b for ditching, and at j when smoothing up the roadbed. The right-hand ends of a are sloped back 45 degrees to prevent catching



HOMEMADE ROAD SCRAPER.

in the bank of side ditch. If properly made of good material, this is very durable, and does almost as good work as a costly grader.—W. A. Sharp in Farm and Home.

## Cost of Making Beef.

That the cattle feeder has not been getting the cost of the beef he has marketed lately is an assertion not opened to dispute. It was the theme of L. H. Kerrick of Bloomington, Ill., one of the most extensive and successful feeders in the country, at the dinner given by General Manager Leonard of the Chicago Stock Yards, to Illinois editors. Mr. Kerrick, who never speaks without preliminary thinking, gave as his unqualified opinion that the beef supply of the United States during the next twenty-five years would not be made as cheaply or marketed at such low prices as have prevailed during the last quarter of a century. Among the reasons assigned for reaching this conclusion were: Appreciations in land values; increase in acreage devoted to dairying and other lines of extensive agriculture. A growing commercial demand for corn has furnished the beef makers with inexpensive raw material in the past.—Live Stock World.

## Practical Hog-Hanger.

The Ohio Farmer gave this plan twenty years ago for a hog hanger: The post (A) should set 4 feet in the ground, and the height above ground about 5 feet, 6 inches to the cross arms (B). Arms are of 2x4 stuff, 48 to 56 inches long. Top post is 18 inches above upper arms. The hole for rod B is drilled 18 inches deep from top of post. The lever C is of any desirable length, but the short end, G, must extend out beyond the end of the arms. D is the stay chain of a wagon, fastened by a clevis to the lever, and slips back and forth in the cut-out at H. The end of the lever (G) is lowered, the lower hook of D is hooked onto a gambrel stick, the carcass raised

up until gambrel is a little higher than the arm, when it is easy to slide it over onto the arm.

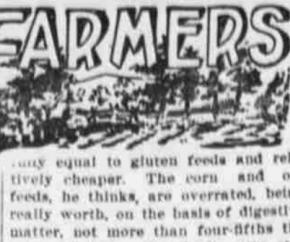
## Pasture.

We see farm after farm without a good pasture. The pasture is one fundamental feature of the farm. It does not pay to use grain and hay when grass is better and cheaper. For the necessary food supply of the farm stock twenty acres of good pasture is worth more than twenty acres in rice, allowing for the difference in labor.

I am not much of a believer in specific rules, except one rule, and that is for every farmer to study his farm and see if he cannot make more out of it than he has been doing; keep a better book account of each crop and determine where the gain or loss comes in, investigate the value of grasses, forage crops and legumes.—Dr. S. A. Knapp, in Gulf Coast Farmer.

## Buying Cattle Feed.

In comparing the prices of feeds, Professor Taylor of the New Hampshire station finds that with cottonseed and linseed at \$30 per ton and gluten at \$20 per ton, cottonseed was cheapest to buy for winter feed with hay and silage. The distillers' dried grains, he states, have a feeding value



NEAT CORN CRIB.

equal to gluten feeds and relatively cheaper. The corn and oat feeds, he thinks, are overrated, being really worth, on the basis of digestive matter, not more than four-fifths the value of bran. Oat feeds were practically as valuable as corn meal.

## Back to the Farm.

Things on the farm are changing, and we already observe, if we watch the barometer of social life, that there is a tendency to get back to the country. Fifteen years ago, for instance, less than 50 per cent of the population were moving countryward; in 1900 the statistics show that 70 per cent were seeking homes in rural districts, and it is likely that the proportion now going away from the city reaches 75 per cent, says Opportunity. At last, with Solomon, they are discovering that "all is vanity" in the cities; that friendships are difficult, that neighbors don't know the names one of the other, that noise, dirt, confusion are there, and the struggle to live is at the desperate stage all the time. The telephone, the trolley line, free rural mail delivery—these are mitigating the unsocial side of rural life, and the beauty of nature is doing the rest. Intelligent men and women, seeking the health of their families, physical, moral and spiritual, are taking up homes where acres abound, and are giving to rural life something it has lacked before. The practical farmer finds in these additions to his neighborhood circle stimulus and cheer, and the children of the farm and of the families from the city find mutual pleasure in association. The movement is an all-around good one. It marks a new era in rural life and a change of inestimable value to those with courage enough to pull up stakes and leave the town. It is one of the most encouraging signs of the times.—Exchange.

## A Good Corn Crib.

The accompanying illustration shows a neat crib for corn, one that can be constructed cheaply and any size to meet the needs of the farmer. A good size or one that is commonly built is 30 feet long by 7 feet high. The timber should be well seasoned, and dressed and planed both in and outside. The roof is first boarded, then shingled. A cheaper covering would



NEAT CORN CRIB.

be roofing felt paper, tarred; but a shingle roof looks better, and in the long run is as cheap as the paper. The illustration gives a correct idea of the building, so that a detailed description is unnecessary. Obtain your lumber and tools, and if you possess ordinary ability at carpenter work, you will find no trouble in erecting the crib. The expense will be moderate, the size, of course, regulating the same.

## Pear Orchards Destroyed.

California pear growers are greatly alarmed over the ravages of the pear blight, which has already destroyed many trees and caused some growers to cut down their orchards. It seems that the rotting pear crop will be a short one, probably not more than one-half to two-thirds a normal yield. The subject is of interest to Eastern pear-growers, as the competition of California Bartlett has been a very marked feature of the pear market the past ten years.—American Cultivator.

## Cover Crops.

Some recent experiments with orchard cover crops indicated that the time of maturity of tree growth is affected by the kind of crop grown. In the case of peaches it is found that clover plowed under is likely to encourage growth too late in the season, causing tenderness of the wood. The difference in this particular, however, is not serious in regard to such fruit as apples and pears.

## Value of Inferior Wheat.

Damaged wheat, shrunken, shiveled wheat and screenings are all good for feeding purposes. Probably lambs utilize them to a little better advantage than other animals, although when ground they make good feed for pigs and cattle.

## America's Dairy Industry.

The development of the dairy industry in the United States is scarcely realized by business men. In 1898 the butter hauler over the Minneapolis & St. Louis railroad was 400,000 pounds. Last year it was nearly 14,000,000.

## Notes From the Orchard.

Pruning may be done on mild days. Study spray pump catalogues. Order the necessary outfit quickly. Bind cloth around young trees to a safe distance above the snow line and save them from the rabbits.

Does the orchard need fertilizing? Querer if it doesn't. Something cannot continually come from nothing. Look to the drainage of the orchard. See that all the drain outlets are open and in working order.

Now is a good time to scrape the loose bark from fruit trees and whitewash the trunks. A little sulphur added to the wash is an improvement.

# THE WEEKLY HISTORIAN



## One Hundred Years Ago.

Napoleon declared the marriage of his brother, Jerome, to Elizabeth Patterson of Baltimore annulled.

An epidemic of typhoid fever caused hundreds of deaths among French prisoners in England.

Napoleon assumed the title of king of Italy.

The sudden rising of the waters of the River Elbe inundated ninety villages.

Tecumseh, the great Indian chief of the Northwest, had begun to show his jealousy of the white man's progress.

Admiral Nelson began his pursuit of the French and Spanish fleets.

The Cisalpine republic was merged into the kingdom of Italy.

## Seventy-five Years Ago.

The Russian ship St. Nicholas was blown up at Ismail.

The population of the United States was 11,000,000.

General Orville was elected President of Chile.

A violent hurricane caused great damage to life and property in Washington County, Ohio.

The United States government had spent but \$8,000 on internal improvements in the State of Illinois in 25 years.

There were in Illinois four tribes of Indians, the Menominees, Kaskaskias, Pottawatomies and Chippewas, numbering in all about 6,000.

The province of Concepcion declared itself free and independent of Chile.

## Fifty Years Ago.

French and Russians contended fiercely for the rifle pits which the latter had established between the French advance and Mameion.

Recruiting stations for enlisting men in the British army were discovered in New York and Philadelphia.

The President issued a proclamation declaring in force the reciprocity treaty between this country and Great Britain.

A fire works manufactory at Bergen Point, N. J., exploded, killing seven persons.

An explosion took place in the Middleman coal mines in Virginia. Of the 55 persons in the mines at the time 33 were killed.

## Forty Years Ago.

The Confederate Congress at Richmond adjourned sine die.

A heavy storm accompanied by freshets swept over New York and Pennsylvania, doing great damage.

News reached the north that Sheridan on the previous day arrived at White House on James River.

That Jeff Davis had resigned in the interest of General Lee was reported in the north and denied.

President Lincoln issued a proclamation ordering the arrest and punishment by court martial of all persons supplying arms and ammunition to the hostile Indians.

A breach had occurred between Emperor Maximilian of Mexico and the Roman Catholic Church.

A week of panic in the New York markets had resulted in declines of 23 points in gold, \$4 a barrel in pork, 50 cents a barrel in flour, and 15 to 18 cents in wheat.

## Thirty Years Ago.

The Hawaiian treaty was ratified by the United States Senate.

Port Jervis, N. Y., was inundated by the breaking of an ice gorge. Wilkesbarre, Pa., and other places were flooded.

John Mitchel, the Irish champion, whose election to the House of Commons was set aside, died.

Miss Bessie Turner, girl witness against Theodore Tilton, told her story at the Tilton-Beecher trial in Brooklyn.

Governor Tilden of New York sent a message to the Legislature declaring the State canals to be mismanaged and the funds looted by contractors.

The mills of the Austin Powder Company, near Cleveland, O., blew up, annihilating three persons and fatally injuring others.

Tiburcio Vasquez, noted California brigand, was executed at San Francisco.

## Twenty Years Ago.

A fierce engagement took place between the British and Arabs under Osman Digma at Hasbeen.

The British under General Graham were ambushed by Osman Digma's men near Hasbeen, who later attacked Saukin, the English base.

General Grant was able to sleep only through the use of opiates and the inflammation in his throat became severe.