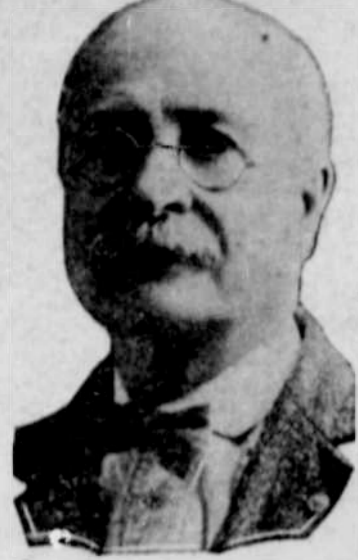


Louis B. Clark



THE MAN THE FLY LIT ON

By GORDON H. CILLEY

(By Short Story Pub. Co.)

IT WAS the murk from a far-off jungle fire that hung, a half-choking haze, between land and sky but the sun pierced through from the brazen heaven overhead and beat down with relentless rays till heat-waves danced from the parched and dusty earth. To the wounded man out in front it brought, first, indescribable agony that was told in its moans. Then the dry and swelling throat choked back even the expression of pain. Now, perhaps, a merciful God had given him unconsciousness—perhaps he was dead.

The three men in the dried-out water hole had few words for each other. There was nothing to say until some of them should evolve a plan for safety. And what plan could there be? Less than one hundred yards out in front was the bamboo clump and within it was a Filipino sharpshooter and a wary one. Over and over had each of the three held aloft his service rifle on the point of his cleaning rod, but the only fire it drew was a chuckling mocking laugh. It would not work. The little brown disciple of Aguinaldo held cartridges precious.

There was but one solution, and as each of the three eliminated all other possible chances, that one remained in his mind. And each of the three knew that the others knew. So, when Adams passed around his canteen with an indication that they should drink each a third of the little water that remained, they knew he was about to propose the one plan possible. He waited until the canteen lay empty by his side, and then he whispered:

"It's got to be one of us. It's probably a sure thing, for he won't miss at that range. But the man that does it can get up shooting, and maybe it'll startle him. And the other two can jump up and shoot the minute his gun cracks. Shall we draw straws?"

There was no reply. The others looked at each other searchingly. Then they looked down again. Adams went on, his voice hard: "If either of you fellows has got a wife and kids back home, that makes it different." Again he stopped and waited. Then Welch spoke:

"Jim Carney here's got a girl back in Boston. She promised to wait for him."

"Slow your gab," said Carney, roughly. "I'm here to take my chances."

"That's white talk," said Adams, with just a tinge of admiration. "I've got a girl back there, too. But that ain't like being married, with kids."

"How're we going to choose?" asked Carney, impatiently.

Adams reached up to the edge of the water hole and carefully detached a long, dry blade of grass. This he began to break into pieces of different lengths. A droning fly buzzed before his face and he slapped it impatiently. He watched it as it rose, slowly circling, and then he dropped the straw. "Let's leave it to that cussed fly," he said. "It's been fussin' around here ever since we slid into this hole. The man it lights on first."

He looked at the others. Carney nodded his head. Welch watched the fly with a gathering frown and made no reply.

"Let's all lie still and see who he picks out," said Carney. "We can't waste time."

The men lay on their backs, their aching eyes following every movement of the fly. The soldier Welch sat up, pulled his haversack forward from his hip, rummaged in it with his hand, apparently found what he was seeking, and, lying down again, put his hand to his mouth. The others watched him with suspicious interest.

"Well, you are a queer one," said Adams, "eating at a time like this."

Welch said nothing, and the three resumed their vigilance of the fly. It rose, a black speck in the air, darted in parabolic curves back and forth, then slowly began to spiral downward. The test was at hand. The men lay along side with practically facing distance between them. Welch was in the center. The fly descended deliberately, swung back and forth and seemed to still its flight just over the face of Carney. In the breathless silence the faint chord of its wings was distinctly audible. Incontrollably, the soldier's face twitched. The fly darted away. The others looked on without comment while a flush spread over the man's neck and up to his ears.

Then the insect returned and leisurely hummed back and forth and then in a swinging circle above the hand that Adams had stretched out upon the ground. It settled within an inch and the man laughed. The fly mounted upward again.

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Again it came back. This time it was a long flight, and already it was weary. This time it would seek a resting place. Its tired wings grew slower in their vibration and the noise of their buzzing deeper and more distinct. It circled twice about the dusty shoes of Adams, and this time he did not move. He looked on with his features drawn in agony and teeth sinking into his lip. Then the fly rose three or four feet in the air, circled slowly and descended like a bullet upon the face of Welch. It alighted on his chin and crawled toward his mouth.

For a long minute the other men looked on in silence. The fly stopped at the man's lip and began to feed. Carney suddenly swept his hand above it and the insect darted off. Both Carney and Adams rose to sitting postures and looked inquiringly at their prostrate comrade. Another minute passed, and a glance shot between them. Carney shifted uneasily and whispered: "Well, Welch, what about it?"

Still the man did not move. His eyes were closed and a sort of smile hovered about his lips. Adams seized his arm and shook him. The arm dropped limply back into place.

"Well, by G—d!" exclaimed Carney, and then placing a finger on the man's eyelid, he roughly pushed it back. Only the white of the eye showed.

"Well, by G—d!" he muttered again and reached for Welch's wrist. He held it for a little time between his thumb and forefinger, while Adams looked on with a puzzled stare. Carney dropped the wrist and bent his ear to the man's nostrils. Then he drew back, settled himself in his sitting posture and turned to Adams, from whom a question burst:

"Painted?"

Carney shook his head. "Dead—scared to death—well, by G—d!"

For full five minutes the men were silent. Then Adams spoke dully: "He took his chance with us, and it fell on him. He faded out without making good. But we can make him do it. We can hold him up and let him get shot. Then we can get that sneaking little devil that shot the corporal."

Carney sat up. "Right you are; I was a fool not to think of it, but I knocked me all in a heap to think of Welch turning yellow. It's just what he's good for now. I will hold him up and you can be ready for the little devil."

He seized the body and, hugging it about the hips, strove to raise it so that the head would show above the water hole. But it was still limp; it would not hold erect. With a muttered oath, Carney seized the dead man's rifle and jammed it down the back of the dead man's blouse. The device served and, holding by the hips, and keeping his own head well bent down, he hoisted the corpse erect and upward. There was a moment of agonizing suspense, and then rang out the booming roar of a Springfield. The sound was hardly complete before Adams leaped up and began pumping his Krag at a patch of powder smoke in the bamboo. At the third shot there was a yell and a crashing of branches. Adams dropped his rifle, and ran toward the corporal, while Carney sat weakly down and propped up the body of his friend. There was a yawning hole in the dead man's forehead.

"If you'll stay here by the corporal and I'll hike back to the column and get the ambulance," said Adams.

Carney replied with a nod, and when the soldier was gone, he turned to a closer examination of the body of Welch. "H—l of a hole that old Springfield makes," he muttered. He untied the handkerchief from about his neck and started to wipe away his blood. Then he saw something that made him stay his hand. He looked close at the dead man's face and then sprang to his feet and swore aloud. "For about the lips of his friend and spread all over the lower half of his face were—grains of commissary brown sugar!"

Just before taps that night Carney stood within the flap of the major's tent and saluted. He averted his eyes. The major looked up wearily from his writing and listened. Carney, with more strength of language than was usual to the major's ears, begged that a recommendation would be made for a medal of honor for the dead man, to be sent to his relatives, as is customary when a soldier has died a hero.

"I thought he had turned yellow," said the soldier, "and God forgive me I held up his body and let that little hellion shoot a hole in his head. And then I found that he had fixed it all up. He'd baited himself with sugar out of his haversack, and that d—d fly lit on him just as he figured it would. Physically, sir, it was more than he could stand, and the heart failure killed him when he felt the fly on his chin. But I've heard you say, sir, that the real heroes are the men who do their duty and more than their duty when they are most afraid. You see sir, he knew Adams and I had sweet hearts at home, and he didn't."

"You are right, Carney," said the major, "the moral heroes are the greatest of all. I will make the recommendation for the medal of honor."

LIVE STOCK NEWS

FEEDING LAMBS ON SILAGE-HAY RATION

That silage can be used advantageously in the feeding of lambs, when it is not depended on entirely, has been shown by the animal husbandry department of the college in the feeding of a carload of lambs that topped the Kansas City market. Silage also decreases the cost of gains. The lambs sold for \$17.25 per hundred.

These lambs were divided into six lots, according to Prof. H. E. Reed of the animal husbandry department of the Kansas State Agricultural college, who had the feeding under supervision. The first lot was fed on alfalfa and shelled corn with one-sixth pound of cottonseed meal.

The second lot was fed on silage in place of alfalfa, shelled corn, and one-third pound of cottonseed meal. A third lot was fed on silage, one-fourth pound of alfalfa, corn, and one-sixth pound of cottonseed meal.

Another lot was fed for 20 days the same as lot two and for 40 days the ration given lot three. One lot was fed as lot two for 30 days and as lot three for 30 days. The last lot was fed the lot two ration for 40 days and for 20 days the lot three ration.

The aim of the experiment was to determine some substitute for alfalfa and also to find out just how complete the substitute could replace alfalfa in the ration. Almost any leguminous hay can be substituted, but such hay cannot always be raised. The experiment indicated, according to Professor Reed, that silage can be used very advantageously but where it is used to the total exclusion of alfalfa or any other hay it is difficult to keep the lambs on feed.

Pushing Lambs for May Market Is Proper Plan

Marketing lambs early not only gets them out of the way ahead of the dry, hot weather, scarce pasture and stomach worms, but also brings the seller a big market price.

Kansas lambs put on the market should be fat and in prime condition. If they are underfed and in poor killing condition they are likely to sell for one half or less than the fat ones will bring. Kansas farmers have no business trying to sell lambs in feeder lamb condition. It is seldom that the same man tries that more than once.

In order that spring lambs may be in good killing condition and weighing 55 to 75 pounds as soon after the middle of May as possible it is necessary that they get a good start.

For the first week or ten days it is up to the ewe to feed the lambs. The suckling ewe is a heavy milk producer and needs to be abundantly fed of the right kind of feeds just as does the heavy milk-producing cow.

Ensilage is a good roughage. This succulent feed is very beneficial in late winter or early spring when other roughage is dry. Alfalfa, clover, or soy-bean hay makes an excellent combination with ensilage. The dry roughage feeds are economically utilized in combination with a succulent feed and a legume.

Even though the grain feeds are high-priced now, they are not too high-priced to feed to the suckling ewe and lambs. With lambs doubled around the \$17 price, it is doubtful if a more profitable method can be found of disposing of these gains than by feeding it to the suckling ewe or to the lambs direct in a creep. Corn, oats and barley are all good feeds and may be considered as the basis for all practical rations.

Nursing Large Litters

Very large litters can often be successfully nursed by nursing them in two shifts alternately an hour apart for the first two days, two hours apart thereafter for about five days, and three hours apart after that until about six or seven weeks old, when the strongest pigs can be weaned and the remainder left with the sow two to four weeks longer. This would only pay with a litter of valuable pigs or possibly in "ton litter" production.

Live Stock Notes

Emphasize the use of pure bred sires.

Provide lambing pens four feet by five feet for ewes at lambing time.

Push lambs with a little extra feed, and take advantage of the high market.

A chilled lamb may often be revived by immersing its body in a pail of water as warm as the hand can be kept in comfortably.

A small quantity of rutabagas will do no harm to the pigs, but they will be more valuable for the cows.

A wood lot is often the most valuable acre on the farm; and the farm garden can beat all outdoors for gross yield and net profit if it is managed with skill.

Better breeding and better feeding would soon bring about more prosperous conditions on those farms that adopt the slogan, "Pure bred live stock on our farm."

Pure bred live stock on every farm will come about in time because those who do not raise pure bred live stock will be forced to take lower returns for their money and labor.

Milk in some form is very beneficial for chicks and may be kept before them as a drink and also used in mixing a moist mash. Giving the chicks a drink of milk for the first feed is an excellent practice. Semi-solid butter-milk or dried milk, make excellent additions to the feed for chicks.

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POULTRY

GETTING START IN POULTRY RAISING

The beginner in poultry raising should start in a small way. Mistakes are bound to be made by the beginner and difficult problems will be presented which must be solved before one can expect to make a success in the poultry business. There are two ways of starting in the business. One is to buy fowls in the fall of the year and the other is to buy eggs for hatching or baby chicks in the spring. Perhaps the buying of fowls in the fall is the safer method, but for the money invested the starting with eggs or baby chicks in the spring offers a larger opportunity.

In starting with poultry the beginner should first of all consider the purpose for which he wants to use the fowls. There are four general classes of fowls, the egg breeds, the meat breeds, general-purpose breeds and fancy or ornamental breeds.

The egg breeds include the smaller or medium-sized fowls, which are very active, quick to mature and which produce white-shelled eggs. They are mostly nonsitters or poor sitters and other fowls are usually kept if natural methods of incubation are used. The Leghorns, Anconas and Minorcas are typical breeds of this class.

The meat breeds represent the other extreme and are especially suitable for the production of roasters. Fowls of this class are slow and somewhat sluggish. They are easily confined with low fences, slow maturing, persistent sitters and rather indifferent layers. The Brahmans, Cochins and Langshans belong to this class.

The general-purpose breeds are medium in size and produce a good quantity of eggs, thereby making them appeal to those who want a bird which will supply both eggs and meat. The general-purpose fowls are usually good sitters and good mothers. They occupy a medium position between the egg and meat breeds in size, egg production and docility. However, it should be noted that in the recent work in breeding for high egg production some of the general-purpose fowls have made very creditable egg records. Plymouth Rocks, Wyandottes, Rhode Island Reds and Orpingtons are typical representatives of the general-purpose fowls.

Ornamental breeds are not generally adapted to farm flocks unless some one has time to develop some special type. The Polish, Silkies, Sultans and Bantams are representative of these breeds.

Treatment Outlined to Cure Egg-Eating Habit

Hens sometimes acquire a vice of eating their eggs, learning to do this from eating an accidentally broken egg. If one hen learns how to eat eggs the whole flock soon learns from her. Egg shells should never be fed to hens unless they are very finely broken or are mixed with soft food of some kind.

To cure this costly habit cut off the points of the mandibles of the beak, using a very sharp knife. Cut back a little at a time until enough is cut off to leave the tender flesh slightly exposed. As soon as a tiny drop of blood exudes from the cut enough has been removed. Then boil some eggs very hard, selecting those with the thickest shells, and put them on the floor of the poultry house, where the hens can easily get them. They try to break the shells by pecking at them and this hurts the nerves in the shortened beak so they will give it up after a few trials, and thereafter not try to break an egg. In a short time the beak will grow into its normal shape and the hens will have forgotten the vice.

Supplying First Feeds to the Young Goslings

Goslings should not be fed until they are more than 36 hours old when they should be given stale bread soaked in milk or water, to which finely chopped boiled eggs may be added. This should be fed three or four times daily for the first two or three weeks, with chopped grass or some other green feed added. Plenty of fresh, clean water should be supplied, and 5 per cent fine grit or sharp sand may be added to the feed or kept in a hopper before the goslings. After two or three weeks they will need a light feed daily of a mash made up of two parts shorts and one part of cornmeal. When the grass ration is good other feed need not be given until fattening time. While the goslings are young great care should be practiced to prevent them from getting wet. They should be left in the coop until after the dew dries in the morning and should not be allowed to get caught in a rain. It is better to keep them separated from the old stock after they are about two weeks old.

Hen Lots Adjoining

Where it is necessary to have lots adjacent to one another it is advisable to use fine-meshed wire for the bottom two feet in order to keep the roosters from fighting. For the remainder of the fence the regular two-inch mesh is satisfactory. The heavy breeds may be kept in a lot with a four-foot fence, but the light breeds often require a fence seven feet high. One wing of the birds can be clipped to keep the birds from flying over the fence.

Gape Worms in Grass

Gapes is caused by the gape worm getting in the windpipe of the chicks. As this worm lives in the ground and comes up on the grass blades when the dew is on, the chick gets the worm from eating the grass. This trouble will spread through the feed and water if the flock is once infested with these worms. The most satisfactory method of control is to move the chicks to fresh ground. Infested ground should be cultivated and a crop raised on it.

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