

In Sheep's Clothing.



CHAPTER VI.—Contd.—

In passing through a wood, between his house and the farm, Squire Conditt heard his name called, and came to a stop, but did not look around to see who was addressing him.

Out of the shadows there came a tall figure, straight as an arrow, with a smooth brown face, long black hair, and dressed in the picturesque costume for which the Montauk chiefs or "kings," as they were called, were distinguished from the days of the Ugal Wyandach, to those away all "Pan-mack-a," as Long Island was then called, was tributary.

The Indian who accosted Squire Conditt was the young chief, Uncas, a lineal descendant of the great Wyandach, and now the ruler of the Indians, the Montauks, and their ancient masters, the Pequots.

"What you, Uncas?" said the Squire with pretended surprise, and his eyes fixed on the long rifle which the young man held in his right hand. "Is not the season for hunting over, and has not the corn-planting moon come?"

"My white brother speaks truly, but Uncas does not need to watch the corn-planters of his tribe," said the young chief, drawing himself proudly up.

"Then why are you armed—there is no game, neither have we war?" said the Squire, his eyes now on the loaded cross bolts that supported his silver powder horn, and inlaid bullet pouch.

"It has ever been the habit of our chiefs to carry arms when visiting to other chiefs, and the white chiefs do the same. I was not asked to the feast given to your young men, when they returned from sailing over the mighty waters."

"Do not deny that you did not want me," said the Squire, waving his arm, and straining the Squire's eyes about to speak. "You feared Ralph Denham, your adopted son, and I would quarrel again—his heart is not good to me."

I beg to assure you that you are mistaken. Ralph Denham admires you, and I am sure he has forgotten the hot words that passed between you, when he imagined you were intruding on, and alarming Lea Hedges. Come to the house to see if I do not tell the truth; or if you will go to his ship now, he will give you as ready a welcome as if you were Governor of the province," said the Squire, watching the strong, expressive face, and seeing in the dark eyes a light that made him feel uneasy.

"You would not tell me what you do not believe true, nor I have my own thoughts. I am now on my way to the other ship."

"Captain Fox?" "Yes, he has invited me." "When did you meet Captain Fox?" asked the surprised Squire. "Yesterday. He and one of his officers visited us. They came to the Great Field in a boat, and I received them with a feast and games, and Dinah, the priestess, read for them the future."

"I hope she foretold good things," said the Squire, watching the strong, expressive face, and seeing in the dark eyes a light that made him feel uneasy. "You would not tell me what you do not believe true, nor I have my own thoughts. I am now on my way to the other ship."

The Wanderer that impress me as irregular, according to my ideas of the service.

"I am willing to concede, however, that I am only a volunteer sailor, and so cannot claim to know everything about the regular service," said the captain, rising and glancing about the room, as if he were expecting some one.

"One thing we can say, Captain," said Valentine, "Captain Fox appears to be a thorough sailor."

"There can be no doubt about that," said Valentine, "but only as a man that ever sailed into these waters."

"You are right again," said Valentine, "He is in the same service as ourselves."

"So why speculate about his wealth?" "I don't speculate about his wealth," said Valentine, "but I am sure you will, when off duty, always called the lieutenant by the name he had used when they were boys together."

"But I hold that any stranger who makes himself conspicuous among us becomes an object of legitimate inquiry. I like Fox, and don't like him."

"Jealousy, Captain, jealousy," laughed Valentine Dayton, "Fox has been paying too much attention to my fair cousin Lea, and I have not escaped your notice. Ah, my dear fellow, I fear she is a bit of a coquette; but, depend upon it, she cares more for one curl of your hair than she does for this man and all his wealth. Lea is dashing, but she is steady; she ripples over with fun, but she is not shallow."

"See here, Valentine," said Ralph Denham, with some sternness. "I hope I have not offended you, Captain."

"Not at all; but Lea Hedges is not a subject for our light or serious conversation. She and I are simply good friends, and she is free to receive the attentions of Captain Fox, or of any other man, without cause of complaint on my part."

"Ralph Denham!" said Valentine, rising and laying his hands on the shoulders of his friend and commander, "you and I have never kept our hearts locked from each other."

"Never, Valentine."

"When I first felt that I loved Ellen Conditt, to whom did I come and confess and ask advice?"

"To me; and I only wish you could pluck up courage to tell Ellen the same. I am sure she would give you no reason to regret it," said the captain, trying to smile.

AGRICULTURAL TOPICS.

A FEW SUGGESTIONS FOR OUR RURAL READERS.

With Proper Management Hens Will Lay Nearly all Winter—A Plan for Central Schools—Device for Teaching a Calf to Drink—Storing Ice.

Winter Management of Poultry. If young and vigorous hens are provided with a nice, dry, comfortable house in winter, and not crowded too much, they will lay almost as well as in summer, writes Fred Grundy in the American Agriculturist. This fact I have demonstrated time and

again. Furthermore, I have learned that if pullets are induced to lay steadily during their first winter, they will sit early, moult early, and with a little encouragement, lay steadily every winter for at least three years. I have kept pure Plymouth Rocks, pure Light Brahmas, and a cross between Plymouth Rocks and Leghorns, and each lot averaged the same number of eggs for the winter, beginning with November and ending with February. I fed them twice a day regularly. In the morning they had cracked corn, wheat bran, and oats, in equal quantities, mixed and dampened with boiling hot water. In this mixture were thrown the potato and apple parings and scraps from the table, all chopped with a common chopping knife. Twice a week a pint of animal meal for each twenty hens was added. In the evening they were fed corn on the ear. I feed it on the ear to make them work for their supper. When it is shelled for them, they gobble down all their crops will hold, or all that is supplied them, almost without taking breath. To get a meal of the ear they are obliged to scratch and dig for about an hour, and it not only gives them beneficial exercise, but also prevents wholesale gulping. A hen not used to shelling corn does not feast very sumptuously at first, but she soon learns the trick, and gets the grains off the cob quite rapidly. I have learned that when housed or yarded hens get plenty of exercise they lay well. When they have nothing to do but stand and mope, they lay irregularly and are constantly getting into such mischief as feather pulling and egg eating. My hens have the run of the place in winter, but when a snowstorm occurs they never come out of the house until the snow is thawed. At such times I get a quantity of tough, gristly scraps from the butcher, and drop one or

two in the house as I pass occasionally during the day. The hens get as much exercise, chasing and rushing about with these, as lots of boys can get out of a game of foot-ball. When I first began feeding soft foods in the mornings I used troughs, but the hens would persist in jumping into them and soiling the food. I put covers on them, raised so the hens could get their heads under, but they would grab a few mouthfuls, jerk their heads out and spill a third of it on the floor. After experimenting some time I devised the trough shown in the sketch, and it proved to be just the thing. The box is twelve inches high in front, nine inches at the back, seven inches wide, and as long as desired. The top is hinged so that it can be raised. In the front, wires are fastened two and one-half inches apart, as shown in the sketch. The trough for the feed is four inches wide and is placed along the farther side of the box. In front is a platform eight inches wide. The hens get their heads between the wires, and stand there eating. All that drops from their bills falls on the clean floor of the box and is picked up afterward. There is less food wasted about this trough than any I have ever seen, while both hen and trough are easily kept perfectly clean. For making a poultry house warm and comfortable I know of nothing equal to newspapers. Lay three or four thicknesses, pasted all over the inside walls. Add a little glue and a few drops of carbolic acid to the paste, and lay the papers smoothly. Batten the cracks outside to keep out rain and snow, and the house will be as comfortable as a dwelling. A house with no drafts in it is the best preventive of roup and kindred diseases.

Price in Farm Work. One of the surest signs of decay in good farming is the growing lack of pride in whatever pertains to the farm. There are very few now who boast either of large day's works or of the skill and neatness of the completed job. The kinds of work that involve extra labor often now do not get done at all. When all mowing was done with the scythe the corners of fences were cut out as a matter of course. Now that the horse labor does the bulk of the work, fence corners are left to grow up to weeds and bushes, which are the first symptoms of neglect.

Wastes in Ditching. These little wastes at the farm butcheries become items of importance in the hands of large packers. In establishments for killing and preparing meats, that which is usually allowed to be where it falls at the farm killing is all saved in the most careful manner. In dressing a hog the blood, hair, bristles, and hoofs, together with contents of stomach and entrails—everything, except the squeal, is utilized to the fullest extent. Who is there among us farmers that can testify to as close economy as the millwright practices?

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IMPROVED FEEDING TROUGH FOR POULTRY.

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Central Schools in Country Towns. Which would be the harder, to get into a nice covered vehicle with plenty

of robes and blankets to wrap around them and ride that distance to school, or walk half a mile to school with such robes, as there generally are in the winter in country districts. I have yet to see the children who would willingly go back to the old plan of going to the out-district schools. This system gives the scholars all the advantage of the center school—longer terms and better teachers. For more than sixty years, I have heard how much better the center schools were than those of the out-districts. When I was 13 years old my father sent me from home to work for my board and attend the center school; he hired a man to work at home. I believe I learned more in those two terms than all I ever learned before or after at the school in the out-district—A. D. Hubbard, in Farm and Home.

To Teach a Calf to Drink. A correspondent has adopted an ingenious and effective method to teach a calf to drink. He has a frame made something like that to shoe oxen in, but adapted to the size of a young calf. In front is a raised box just large enough to place in it a milk bucket. The calf is ushered into this narrow "stall," his head pressed down so his nose will nearly reach the milk, and the head is secured there by a sliding pin which works in the frame just over the calf's neck. The opening for the animal's neck, both vertical and horizontal, is so

narrow that it can not move its head much, only in a downward direction, and that forces its nose into the milk. The stall is so narrow that the calf can move only a little from side to side, and the closed gate behind it prevents any backward movement. The animal is literally "in the stock," and any considerable effort to move only causes it to poke its nose into the milk. It soon gets a taste of it, and then sips away until all is gone. Thus far every calf has learned to drink the first time placed in this novel "box."

Well Repairing. A bit of experience in repairing a well may be suggestive to some reader. Though some cause a well curbed with boards began to fill up with silt. The well being about eighty feet deep, and having plenty of water, the pipe was shortened once or twice, in hopes that the trouble would cease when the source of the silt was reached. As this did not settle the difficulty a new plan had to be adopted. The well was cleaned out, and after filling it a foot deep with coarse gravel, a six-inch iron pipe was let down. The space between the wooden curve and iron pipe was filled with gravel to the depth of thirty or more feet. The water now leaches through this gravel—which, by the way, is of varying coarseness—and no trouble has since appeared.

Storing Ice. The great secret of successful ice keeping is to put it in the ice-house in good condition, and in excluding all air from it by compacting sawdust so closely that no air can penetrate it. Even snow covered with sawdust where the winter's wood has been cut in huge quantities is often found unmelted long after all the snow and ice of the fields has gone. The ice blocks should be regular in shape, and as closely compacted with sawdust in their interstices as it can be worked.

Unprofitable Colonies should be done away with. The best time to transfer bees is before the frames become too heavy with honey. When combs of honey are to be given to bees, cracking of the comb does no harm, for the bees will fix it up during the next season. The raspberry is one of the best honey producing plants, and the only one on which bees are known to work in dull weather or immediately after a rain storm or heavy showers. The blossoms are drooping and the rain cannot wash out the honey as it does from flowers that are upright. Its period of bloom is brief, lasting only a few days, but yielding an excellent quality of pure, white honey, which is quite valuable.

Hints to Housekeepers. A TEASPOONFUL of borax added to cold starch will make clothes very stiff. In packing gowns they will be found to create very little if paper is placed between the folds. PUT fresh fish in salted water for half an hour before cooking it. It hardens the fish and improves the flavor. COFFEE grounds can be used to fill pin cushions. They should be put in a bag and hung up back of the stove until they are perfectly dry. WHEN threading a needle, always put through the eye of the needle first the end which came off the spool first. You will wonder why the thread doesn't knot. TO CLEAN carpets, go over them once a week with a broom dipped in hot water, to which a little turpentine has been added. Wring a cloth in the hot water and wipe under pieces of furniture too heavy to be moved. HOT alum water is the best insect destroyer known. Put alum into hot water and boil until dissolved, then apply the water with a brush to all cracks, closets, bedsteads, and other places where insects may be found. Ants, cockroaches, fleas, and other creeping things are killed. THERE is nothing that proves such an economizer of strength and time in the cleaning of windows as the use of alcohol instead of water. It cleanses with magic rapidity, and is not an extravagant substitute, as a prudent person is able to wash great many windows with a small bottle of alcohol.

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THE WAY THINGS RUN IN THE GREATEST OF STATES, INDIANA.

Things Which Have Lately Happened Within Its Borders—Some Pleasant and Some Sad Readings.

White Cappers Get It. The first White Cap case ever tried in Perry County terminated very hard for the defendants at Cannelton. It will be remembered that about a year ago Lewis and Otto Faulkenborough, Ed O'Keith, and Hinton Carr visited the house of John Underhill, about midnight, with the avowed intention of whipping Underhill. Otto broke down the door with a rail, then the four men rushed in on Underhill and gave him a terrible beating. At the first, Underhill, in a state of court Carr confessed to the Prosecuting Attorney, therefore he was made a State witness and allowed to go free, and in consequence the defendants' bond was increased from \$500 each to \$1,000. The other day the two Faulkenboroughs pleaded guilty in open court. Otto tried to implicate a man by the name of Marsh Land, but the other two defendants said Land was not in the crowd. Otto got five years and a \$200 fine. Sentence was suspended as to Lewis on account of his being a minor at the time of the offense, but he was ordered to pay the fine. Otto is considered one of the hardest men in Perry County. He had many enemies, few friends, and his friends only consisted of men like himself, or men who feared him.

Minor State News. COLUMBUS IS to have a new hotel with 100 rooms. WILLIAM C. LEONARD, a manufacturer of Elkhart, was found dead in bed by his wife. The barn of John Horne, near Vincennes, was burned. Five head of horses were lost. Loss, \$3,000; insurance, \$1,000.

Andrew Losh, foreman on the Big Four, received a fractured skull by a broken driving rod near Mooreland. May die. At Muncie, James Williams was accidentally shot in the left leg by Andrew Catering, who was recklessly handling a revolver.

Edward Stuart, manager of the Opera House, a prominent Elk and a well-known actor, died at his home in Logansport of paresis. A SALOON is about to be opened at Dublin. The place never had one before, and about three-fourths of the people are against it. MUNCIE'S new city directory, which has just been completed, contains 10,722 names. The last census gives the city 19,763 population.

Brendon has received positive assurances that the O. & M. Company will build a branch road from Mitchell to that city to tap the stone quarries. M. S. LITTLE, Evansville, has bought 600 acres of the finest coal lands in Southern Indiana, near Petersburg. He will put 300 men to work on the mine. A man was hanged in the Carroll County Circuit Court for violating the law requiring the owners of traction engines to send a man ahead to warn the public of its approach.

ELWOOD is excited over what is alleged to be a big oil well. One year ago a gas well was drilled there, but a few days ago it gave out. Now it has developed itself into an oil gusher. The latest verdict ever returned in Madison County for personal damages was given by a jury at Anderson in the case of Joseph Beck, of Lebanon, against the Big Four Railway Company. It amounted to \$5,500.

ALFRED L. RICHARDSON, district manager for the Singer Sewing Machine Company at Martinsville for many years, died of cancer of the stomach, and was buried under the auspices of the Odd Fellows, at Mooresville. HENRY NELSON, a workman at the Sticher chilled-plov works, in South Bend, was fatally injured by the fragments of a broken emery wheel. One cheek was crushed and the right eye will have to be removed.

MORTON JONES, a young farmer, six miles north of Evansville, met with a fatal accident. His horse ran away, throwing him against a tree, in which position the rear wheel of the wagon struck him, crushing him to death. As a result of the recent gas explosion at Lebanon the Lebanon Light, Heat, and Power Company is made defendant in a suit by Martin Hohl for \$25,000 damages; \$15,000 for personal injuries and \$10,000 for damage to his property.

An infant daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Ed Weener of Sumersett, was burned to death. The little one was playing about the house, and grasping a lamp on a stand, pulled it over. It took fire, and, flaming up, burned the face and breast of the child. She died. Miss MAGGIE DUGAN, daughter of John Dugan of Plainfield, who, with her sister, was injured last summer by a Vandalia train east of this place, is losing her mind. It is thought that the constant recollection of the injuries which destroyed her handsome appearance, is the cause of her derangement. Miss Dugan was a bright, intelligent woman, and her present pitiable condition is deplored by her hosts of friends.

The other morning the dead bodies of John Osterman, a farmer living ten miles east of Fort Wayne, and his wife, were found in bed at their home. At first it was supposed to be a double suicide, but on investigation by Prosecutor Colerick and Coroner Kessler it developed that Osterman poisoned his wife and himself. A week ago he went to Fort Wayne and stole a steam engine, and it was found in his house. It is supposed he feared arrest, and put arsenic in the coffee at supper. The old folks, both being over seventy, were destitute. The house they lived in was a hovel and barren of furniture. During the winter the wife suffered, not for fuel, but because the only stove they had was almost worthless.

THERE are two lawyers and two preachers among the convicts at the Northern Prison. The other night a gang of thieves failed in an attempt at robbery at the home of Farmer John Lindsay, near Muncie. A wagon was driven to Lindsay's barn, and over \$100 worth of clover and timothy seed loaded in ready to be carted away. As the men drove off the rear axle of the wagon broke in two. The thieves were badly scared by the noise made, hurriedly unblinded the team of horses, and left the wagon and contents. Mr. Lindsay is now searching for the owner of that wagon.

REBECCA KISER, the widow of the late Hon. Peter