

THE BUSY AMERICAN BEE.

His Honey Sells for Enough to Pay Interest on the Public Debt.

The value of \$25,000,000 placed on the annual output of honey puts this farm crop only slightly behind raw cane sugar, which had a valuation at the refineries of \$24,900,000. Comparisons with the output of the sixty-four beet-sugar factories, which have a capacity of 49,500 tons of beets daily, may seem odious. Yet the product of this coddled and fostered industry—\$45,000,000—was less than double of that of the busy hive communities.

The bee in effect, pays the interest on the public debt—\$24,310,326. Shall not the insect which Napoleon made an imperial emblem have some state recognition such as Massachusetts gives to the codfish in its legislative halls? As a matter of fact, the products of the New England fisheries which have been the subject of treaties and international convention, and occasionally raised the spectre of war, amount in value to only half the bee's product.

At least the bee deserves a share in "the national affection which is lavished on the hen. This industrious worker maintained its reputation during the year by giving poultry products a value of \$600,000,000, exceeding that of the wheat crop. That the dairy products counted for more than any crop except corn testifies to the importance of another of the humbler farm industries. The great proportions to which the lesser agricultural products have grown, the orchards with their minor item of 1,754,927 barrels of cider, the \$113,000,000 worth of miscellaneous vegetables, the 5,000,000 tons of cottonseed, once plantation waste, but now furnishing the equivalent in value of seven 20,000-ton battleships, make a nature wonder-story of never-failing interest.

Hole in the Watch Key.

"The queerest patent," said the attorney. "Well, the queerest patent I know of, was the patent of a hole." An old farmer out St. Louis way, patented a hole, and what is more, he made a lot of money on it. Now, though, it isn't worth the paper it is written on.

"The farmer one morning in the dim past went to wind his big silver turnip and found the key stuck full of dirt. He tried to dig the dirt out with a pin. No go.

"Consarn ye," he said, "I'll fix ye." And he drilled a hole in the key, and with a single breath blew out every bit of the dirt.

"He patented that hole. He built a factory, bought millions of keys and made holes for them. His plant turned out 27,500 holes a day.

"In fact, all the world used the farmer's watch keys, which were the only kind that would keep clean, and wouldn't get rusty."

"I don't know how it is, but I never saw a key that wouldn't get rusty."

Malaria and Degeneration.

A bold and interesting generalization concerning the vast effects which malaria may have produced on the history of great and famous nations and people has recently appeared in England in the form of a book by W. H. S. Jones, supplemented with an introduction by Major Ronald Ross. It is suggested that the mosquito has been largely responsible for the decline of certain nations, as, for instance, Greece, in the character of whose peoples historians have recorded a great change during the fourth century before the Christian era. Major Ross's investigations suggest that malaria may have been introduced into Greece at that time. The conclusion is also drawn that malaria did not exist in Italy much before 200 B. C., and the suggestion is made that Hannibal's army introduced it. "Malaria," says Mr. Jones, "made the Greek weak and inefficient; it turned the sterner Roman into a bloodthirsty brute—atra billis made its victims mad." The moral seems to be that nations like individuals, should beware of mosquitoes.

Fruit and Sugar for Horses.

Grain is not the only fruit on which the horse thrives. In Egypt the Khedive's best mares are fed largely on currants, and these animals are noted for their endurance and speed.

Figs, during the fig harvest, form the food of the horses of Smyrna; they turn to it from oats or hay.

The green tops of the sugar cane are fed to the horses of the West Indies, and for long weeks in many parts of Canada windfall apples form the horse's only food.

In Tasmania peaches and in Arabia dates take the place of the usual hay and oats, corn and bran.

A Successful Marriage.

An old farmer was once asked the question, "Is marriage a failure?" and his reply was, "My missus minds the house, tends the children, milks the cows, feeds the poultry, looks after the pigs, make the bread, churns the butter and other odd jobs, and all for nothing a week, and what could be cheaper than that? No-marriage isn't a failure down my way."

A New Word.

The latest expression in the word crop of 1908 is "netel." It was first used in Cincinnati and means a person who has no telephone.

LOW TRAITS OF THE LION.

Frequently Lives for Days on Such Plebian Food as Rats.

The king of beasts," declares a writer upon the lions of Africa, is an unmitigated nuisance. The stock-owner loathes him for the havoc he causes among the herds. There is no security against him. He is always traveling. A pair of lions may find a spot where game is easily obtainable, and make a considerable stay there, but their real home is the whole veld. If the lion slew only as much as he could eat, he would be less hateful, but he will often kill four or five oxen and content himself with devouring only the entrails of one.

He is a low, crafty brute, one that takes no risks, for, unlike the leopard, he will never leap a wall unless he can see what is on the other side. A paper fence would keep him away from a herd of cattle provided they did not break out through terror of his growling and his smell. The lion's roar is the subject of another fiction: not that he is not capable of making the most terrible, awe-inspiring sound emitted by any living thing, but because when he is roaring he is harmless. It is the roar which keeps quiet that is to be feared, for as a rule, the male and female work in couples, and the one that makes the noise is merely driving the game down the wind to the silent partner.

In a single respect only—the score of strength—does the lion deserve his name of "king of beasts." He can drag a large bullock over rough ground with the greatest ease; he can carry a mule on his back after hoisting it there by some strange sideways jerk of his head which can leap a five-foot fence with a full-sized donkey gripped in his mouth. Otherwise, speaking from a seven years' experience in the lion country, I have no hesitation in describing the king of beasts as a fraud, at least so far as his alleged nobility is concerned.

His regal attribute: lose some of their glamor when one learns that the so-called monarch frequently lives for days at a time on such plebian food as fleas, rats; and the vision of the kingly creature sitting patiently on a flat rock waiting for the rats to come out from underneath is a rather unheroic one.

How to Tell Rabic in a Dog.

Here are the symptoms and progressive stages of rabies, given by Dr. George C. Rambaud of the Pasteur Institute, by which owners of dogs may know the diseases in their pets. The symptoms appear in this order:

- 1. Change in the disposition of the dog.
2. Unusual show of attachment to master.
3. Disappearance from its home several hours to two days.
4. Change in the bark or total absence of barking, even on provocation.
5. Lack of appetite, difficulty in chewing and swallowing solid food.
6. Excitement and hallucinations. The dog snaps at imaginary objects and may attack its master. It is excited by the sight of another dog though this stage may be absent in the dumb form of the disease.
7. The dog eats its own bedding, tears cushions, carpets, &c.
8. It seems to be unable to eat. The dog takes food into the mouth but the food drops out after one or two attempts to swallow it. Drinking, however, is interfered with very little, or not at all, and there is no hydrophobia ("water fear") in the strict sense of the word.
9. Unsteady gait, which shows the beginning of paralysis in the hind quarters. The pupils of the eyes are dilated.
10. Later, there are paralysis of the lower jaw, shown by the drooping of the jaw, general paralysis and death.

Sheep as Beasts of Burden.

In the Northern part of India sheep are put to a use unthought of in European or American countries. They are made to serve as beasts of burden, because they are more sure-footed than larger beasts, and the mountain paths along the foot of the Himalayas are steep and difficult. The load for each sheep is from 15 to 20 pounds. The sheep are driven from village to village with the wool still growing, and in each town the farmer shears as much wool as he can sell there and loads the sheep with the grain which he receives in exchange. After his flock has been sheared he turns its homeward, each sheep having on its back a small bag containing the purchased grain.

New Tire Puncture Remedy.

Concerning the new substance called "miraculum" invented by an Australian for repairing and preserving pneumatic tires of vehicles, Consul Albert Halstead of Birmingham, furnishes the following information. A compound has been brought to the United Kingdom from Australia which, it is claimed, will prevent the puncturing of pneumatic tires on bicycles, motor bicycles and motor cars. The new composition is shortly to be placed in the British market.

A Welsh Record.

There are on the membership roll of a church in Pyle, Wales, twelve people whose ages average 82 1/2 years, the youngest of the group being 77, and the oldest 93. Is this a record?

CUSTER'S FIGHT AND FORSYTH'S SIEGE BY BUFFALO BILL FROM TRUE TALES OF THE PLAINS

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GENERAL SHERIDAN instituted methods of fighting the Indians somewhat in their own style and continued them under the most distressing conditions in the winter. Among his ablest and most daring lieutenants at the time was General George A. Custer, the dashing cavalry hero of the Army of the Potomac.

His final campaign is so strikingly remembered that it is well here to give a short description of one of his thrillingly successful battles, sometimes called "Custer's Victory of the Washita."

General Sheridan, who was in command of the department, was himself in the field. These Indians having perpetrated many outrages, popular indignation seconded and demanded active retribution. The Indians naturally in winter drifted southward if possible, and Sheridan had made a rendezvous at Camp Supply, in Indian Territory, a hundred miles south of Fort Dodge. Believing that they were in camp in concealment somewhere, Sheridan elected to detach Custer and his regiment and send them on a scout, while he himself would seek in another direction, with Camp Supply as a base.

On Nov. 23, at 4 o'clock in the morning, in a snowstorm, Custer reported himself ready to march with his usual evidenced anxiety to fight. On the 26th the Canadian river was reached, and Major Elliot was sent on a prospecting tour, while he crossed the river with his immediate command. The ice was not strong enough to bear them up, so they had to break through it in fording the river. After crossing Scout Corbin brought news that Elliot had struck a trail on the south side of the river. This he was sent orders to follow until night and then to wait for Custer and his men. Leaving the wagon train behind him under an escort, abandoning some and taking their pack train of mules, a hundred rounds of ammunition and commissary stores of one day's rations of coffee and hard tack and some forage for his horses, he hastened on. Troop after troop was relieved at the front for breaking the road, and the horses were pushed to the limit of their condition of safety, as the Indians, if they were in as large a number as believed, might ambush Elliot and his men. They reached Elliot at 9 o'clock.

A council was called and decided to wait until the morning, then to follow the trail. The rest did the command, and the saddle girths being loosened and the horses given their scanty supply. With an able disposition of the scouts in advance, Custer led his men, and in about an hour's ride Little Beaver approached and said he smelt fire. A halt, and Custer and the scouts went forward, crawled up over the ridge.



With a cheer the cavalry charged.

saw a little fire smoldering, which the scout said had been used by those guarding the ponies. The main camp was at no great distance.

Whispered commands were given and Cook's sharpshooters dismounted and advanced. The regiment was divided into four squadrons—Major Elliot was to go around on the left and get in the rear of the camp; Thompson, on the right, was to connect with Elliot; Captain Myers on the right and Thompson on the left, with Custer and four troops in what would be the center. Hoping for no discovery by the foe, Custer was to gauge the time necessary and give the signal to attack with the bugle.

About an hour before dawn Captain Myers' troop took up the last and nearest position. A moment before the general was about to order the charge sounded a rifle shot signal was heard from one of the Indian guards in the camp, and Custer's bugle sounded

Three echoes came from three different directions, the cavalry charged, and with cheers the fracas opened. Jumping from their lodges, hiding behind trees or lining the bank of the little stream that acted as a rifle pit, the reds fought in vain. Black Kettle himself was killed, besides 103 of his warriors. The village was captured; the pony herds were shot, as they could not be carried away, taking an hour to kill 875 of them. The village and all its possessions of winter provisions, including a thousand buffalo robes, hundreds of pounds of dried meat, etc., were destroyed. Over 500 pounds of powder and a thousand pounds of lead were at the same time captured. Fifty-three squaws and children were made prisoners, thus entirely destroying Black Kettle. Elliot and a party of fourteen, who had followed some flying parties, were missing, having run into a larger band of Indians in a large adjoining village, which threatened now to rush on the command and give tit for tat, but Custer rallied every man, threw out skirmishing parties and advanced, with his hands and bugles playing, and after some sharp fighting the Indians, believing that he must have re-enforcements and seeing Major Bell, with an escort, coming dashing with a load of ammunition, which, by the way, was badly needed, and having Little Rock, their fighting chief, killed, they broke away and scattered. An unknown number were killed and wounded during the all day fighting. A white woman and child were found in the village who were killed by the Indians for revenge during the opening of the fight. Our loss was seven killed and eleven wounded.

Owing to the condition of the weather, etc., it was necessary to get back to Camp Supply to recuperate, which was successfully accomplished. That same winter Custer repeated the same trick on a larger village and wiped it from the face of the earth and captured Santana, whom he held until many white captives were given up in exchange. After some rest following the battle of the Washita a search party was sent out to find trace of Elliot and his men, whose remains they found, the story being afterward learned from the Indians how catastrophe overcame them. Flushed with success in the Black Kettle village, Elliot pursued the flying band and ran into the midst of a big band of braves coming to assist in the fight. They were seen, an ambush was quickly effected, and they were surrounded. Their horses were shot down and others dismounted, and they stood back to back till all died gallantly fighting.

Often the white men had narrow escapes from extermination, General George A. Forsyth's siege on the Arickaree river in September, 1868, being a famous example.

General Forsyth was in command of a body of about fifty plainsmen, enlisted as scouts, and camped beside the Arickaree river, a small stream in northwestern Kansas. The Indians had been reported as uprising, and the expedition was projected for the purpose of finding out the true state of affairs. It being a season when very little water was in the river, the party removed its camp to an island in the middle of the stream. There their worst fears were early realized, for at 9 o'clock on the morning of Sept. 17, 1868, Chief Roman Nose entered the river valley with his braves, squaws and children and prepared for an attack. Roman Nose was a heroic specimen of the Indian warrior, and he headed a party of nearly a thousand hostile braves.

General Forsyth immediately began making the best preparations he could with a view to fortifying his position, digging rifle pits and placing saddles and other available material in a circle around his men. There was so little water in the river bed that he knew hand to hand encounters would result from the impending attack unless the advancing host could be repelled before they reached the imperiled soldiers. Indian sharpshooters ranged in hiding along both banks of the stream began pouring into the Forsyth position a deadly fire at close range. The besieged men crouched in the rifle pits they had dug in the sand, their firearms in readiness, awaiting the word of command. Closer came the avalanche of redskins until their fellow sharpshooters were compelled to cease firing for fear of killing their own men. Then Forsyth shouted "Now!" and a crash of musketry rang from fifty guns. It was apparent that the Indians were bent upon riding down their prey and killing them on the spot. The first volley made no change in their intentions. At a second volley they did not waver, but when others followed too rapidly to count the ranks began to thin out, and at last Roman Nose went down, shot dead from his horse. The death of their defiant leader sent consternation into the ranks of his followers, and when they were within a hundred yards of the miniature fort they broke in a panic.

During the next two hours the Forsyth party dug their rifle pits deeper, strengthened their barricades with the bodies of their destroyed horses and protected themselves as best they could against a second attack. At 2 o'clock

the Indians were again driven off, and for a third time they returned at 4 o'clock to be once more and finally repulsed. The Forsyth party suffered severely in all three of the attacks. All their horses and mules had been killed, thus cutting off their means of escape. Lieutenant Fred Beecher, a nephew of Henry Ward Beecher, the distinguished Brooklyn divine, and five of his men, had also been killed or mortally wounded, and seventeen men, including General Forsyth, had been seriously wounded. Practically only seven men out of the original number were unharmed.

Fort Wallace, the nearest military post, was a hundred miles away, and the situation was indeed desperate for General Forsyth and his men, without food and surrounded by nearly a thousand Indians. The dead horses were cut into strips for food, and a well inside the circular breastworks was dug for water. The defense was further strengthened as best it could be, and, ever watchful, they passed four days with no sign from the Indians save an occasional shot when a scout indiscreetly rose to stretch himself. On the second day the horse meat



They crawled into the buffalo skeleton for refuge.

could not be eaten. Suffering became intense, and sending for help was absolutely necessary, else the command would perish. Jack Stilwell, a noted scout, then a beardless youth in buckskin, volunteered to go to Fort Wallace. Old Pete Trudeau, a frontiersman, said he would go with him. At midnight the pair crept out from the breastworks and were quickly lost sight of. Stilwell decided that the best route to take would be by going directly ashore and over the bluff and not to detour up or down the river or follow the ravines into the interior, for he judged that the Indians would guard these seemingly less perilous avenues, feeling that no one would take a chance of escaping over the bluff. Crawling on their stomachs and sometimes on their hands and knees, three miles were covered before dawn. They saw Indians on every hand. The first stage of their long journey brought them to the top of the divide between the Arickaree and South Republican rivers. There they concealed themselves for the day in a washout, or head of a draw, where the banks had been overgrown with tall grass and sunflowers. From over the hill they could hear firing all day, which told them that their comrades still held out.

Next night they crept away across the south fork of the Republican, and the morning of the fourth day found them on the prairie at the head of Goose creek. The Indians seemed to have been left behind, and the boy and man decided now to travel also by day. This piece of recklessness nearly cost them their lives, for about 8 o'clock in the morning they saw Indians coming toward them, and they dropped into the grass. Fortunately the Indians had not discovered them, but it was necessary to hide quickly. In looking for a place to conceal themselves on the open plains they discovered some weeds growing around a buffalo carcass. Crawling to their prospective shelter, they found that the buffalo had been killed about a year before and that the skeleton was intact, with little bits of hide hanging to the ribs in places. In a moment they had crawled into the skeleton with its almost unbearable stench. The tenseness of their situation, coupled with the dangers at hand, began to affect Trudeau's mind, and he almost broke down completely. He wanted to shout, shoot his revolver and leap out from their hiding place, but Stilwell persuaded him to remain quiet until dark, when a refreshing drink of water revived him, and they traveled on through the night. The next day was foggy, and they traveled by daylight without trouble. About 11 o'clock, when almost utterly exhausted, they saw coming out of the haze of the Denver wagon road two soldiers bearing dispatches. The couriers were on the way to Colonel Carpenter's command, lying at Lake Slater, about fifty miles from where General Forsyth was besieged. Spurring their horses, they made all haste to Colonel Carpenter's camp, and his force was quickly marched to General Forsyth's relief.

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