

Pioneer Animal Lore

By N. TJERNAGEL

We should not think of the Iowa pioneer as a figure appearing solitary and alone in the offing of the vast prairie-spaces; for, he had beside him his family, and had also the company of the horse, the ox, the cow, the sheep, the pig, even the speckled hen and, of course, the cat and the dog. And then there were the timber and prairie birds and the four-footed folk of the woods and plains, which represented life and activity in these wild areas before the advent of man and his entourage.

Though at first the ox shared with the horse as a beast of burden, the latter became all-important in the later development of the country. The ox was an easy keeper, and could do a fair share of work on grass and hay alone. However, if strenuously put to it he did not object to some added grain for his upkeep. What saved the ox from emaciation and general run-down condition was his complacent attitude towards work, and that of existence in general. When he must need exert himself he seemed to be able to make out with the least possible waste of energy.

BRUTE WILFULNESS

A neighbor of ours made his earlier trips away from home in an ox-drawn lynch-pin wagon with a cleated board laid across the wagon-box for a seat. He rode quite comfortably he thought, and he resented seeing people so ease-loving, so ready to baby themselves as to invest their hard earned dollars in the new-fangled seats with springs. However, like the rest who are drawn almost imperceptibly, yet irresistibly, into the new order of things, he lived to become the owner of a spring-seat himself, then a light wagon, yes, even a buggy and a tip-top one at that; nor was this all — an

automobile was seen to glide in and out of the homestead, duly in line with the times.

But, to return to those wilful bovines of long ago. On one of his trips to Nevada our friend had an awkward experience with his usually tractable ox-team. Otherwise reasonable enough the animals now took some notions that were far from agreeable to the driver. He had offered them water by the hoghead on the way, and according to precedent they should be fully appeased; but things are not always gauged by what has gone before. Spying a creek not far from the road they became interested, and gradually veered to it in spite of orders to the contrary by the driver. It was like addressing the Sphinx; the stubborn pair pursued their course unimpressed, intent on the object of their desire. All that the occupant of the wagon found himself able to do, was to cling to his seat and await developments. These materialized directly in the form of a nearly overturned wagon as the canny beasts lurched sideways in their effort to reach the water beneath the bank of the creek. Meanwhile, the passenger had all he could do to keep his balance in the careening vehicle, which by now was wobbling dangerously; and it was not easy to right it again, though the oxen became quite docile and well-behaved after they had slaked their thirst. What makes a man the more exasperated in any such futile effort to control the situation, is that he is so completely left out of account by the chief actors; all he can do is to nurse his own impotency, frantic gesticulations and emphatic language to the contrary.

SWATTING THE LAGGARDS

Usually when driving ox-teams in the early days, especially when there were animals hitched in the lead, the driver provided himself with a long-handled whip-lash with which he touched up possible laggards. The driver might shout or "gee-haw" with all the force of his lungs, but unless prodded along by the guiding pole, or cracks of the whip, the easy-going

brutes would slow down to snail's pace, and an invigorating swat from the lash would have to be applied to quicken their motion. Occasionally there were drivers who dispensed with the rod and by being kind, yet firm, in the training of their teams, got about as much service from them as those who administered punishment. Store Per, for instance, who was said to have had the finest ox-team ever to come out from the Fox river settlement in Illinois, never used a whip, but might rap his oxen with his bare hands to rouse them to their task. An expert whip-handler plied the scourge so dexterously that he could pick off a fly, and the cracks of his lash resounded afar, like to the detonation of small fire-arms.

Canute Phillops was an adept with the lash, and his animals were trained to respect it and well knew the portent of its song. However, being a good and humane driver he did not ply it unnecessarily. Though usually sure of his hand, it happened once that a particularly graceful flourish of the whip went wrong. What was only intended as a feint to wake up the ox-team led well-nigh to a tragedy, for the darting whip-tail sped amiss and nearly whisked out one of Aunt Helga's eyes. Helga occupied the seat beside Canute and the miscalculated stroke caused a wound which left a noticeable scar, a mark she carried to the grave. Canute, that staunch soldier, found he had as much need of courage to bear up under the reproach of his own grave mischance, as had been required in the heat of battle. Helga would hear of no blame directed at her companion for the accident, and regarded her surroundings as benevolently with her whip-scarred eye as before without such blemish.

BEHIND THE TIMES

Mr. Hans Stenberg, an early settler who lived on his farm five and one half miles northeast of Story City, was a good neighbor and diligent withal, but he failed to be entirely up to date in respect to his driving outfits. Let it be said, however, that this did not

interfere with his zeal for things pertaining to the spirit, for after all his neighbors had acquired horses he stuck to his ox-team and labored along as faithfully as any in the Sunday morning procession on the way to worship. When the horse-teams were started on a trot, the devoted ox-team was urged to follow suit and humped on most ungracefully and perhaps not too willingly. As the grotesque cavalcade drew nigh the ox-contingent gave reminder of the church processions of the very earliest comers when oxen predominated, and induced both smiles and tears in surviving onlookers. Stenberg seemed happily resigned to his yoke, being loth to make change. He typified our own general attitude of a few short years ago when we clung to our horse-drawn vehicles and scoffed at the idea of exchanging them for "flivvers" and the like. We may some day come to realize that progress has no set limits, and that it is well for us to learn to adjust ourselves sensibly according to its development.

LONGHORNS YOKED, TOO

Long-horned ox-teams were put to the yoke in their day, but record of their ancestry is not easily available. It was interesting to hear the account of Mrs. Sebastian Mackey concerning her husband's cattle-buying expeditions, wherein she made mention of purchases of long-horned Texas cattle. It is likely that longhorns such as these were retained locally by some to be domesticated and trained to serve in the ox-yoke.

The village of Mackey situated about halfway between Story City and Boone was named after the Mackeys, and they not only acquired landed possessions in the vicinity, but Mr. Mackey also engaged in the buying and selling of livestock on a large scale. As railroads were few and far apart he would ride his pony for hundreds of miles in different directions in quest of stock. Once he went South beyond the Mason and Dixon line and purchased and rounded up an enormous herd of cattle. As this occurred just

after the Civil war he was obliged to make many detours in his journeys on account of unsettler conditions, and therefore occasionally found himself completely severed from home communication and the world at large. At one time his wife became genuinely alarmed about him, having received no news of him for weeks. Hoping to hear from him she drove to Boone day after day, and in her efforts to locate him spent twenty-two dollars in telegrams. When he finally returned he brought in a herd of seven hundred cattle, many being long-horned Texas steers. When these were headed for the stock-yards at Boone, the various loafers hanging around the cattle pens fled in terror. Some of the cattle were sold to outside buyers, some were held by himself, while the remainder was disposed of among local purchasers. During the intervening years that have elapsed since Sebastian Mackey's first cattle deals were made, great changes have taken place in the live-stock industry, and the mammoth-horned Texas steer is no longer in evidence among us except as a possible rarity, or as a museum piece. And this applies practically to all ox-teams as well.

HERDING AND GRAZING AREAS

Our main surrounding territory was known as the west and east prairie, the Skunk river forming the dividing line. In a westerly and northerly direction, except for the small lakes, Wall lake, Goose lake, and the one-time Clear lake, also some marshy places, the prairie remained unbroken in a broad area leading mostly northwestward to the Boone river. Toward the southwest lay large acreages of rather low, level land, often difficult of passage, with Squaw creek beyond. The prairie on the opposite side of the Skunk river undulated attractively eastward toward the Iowa river, and was traversed a few miles beyond the former stream from north to south by Long Dick creek and Bear creek respectively, both veering westward on their way south to empty into the river. There were

few swamps, though the area contained a considerable number of ponds and large grassy sloughs. The district was well suited for stock pasturage, and upon this vast grazing area, east and west of the river, herders performed their exploits, and the cattle found sustenance from early spring and summer until the grass withered in the autumn. Naturally, as time went on, the grazing territory dwindled, as more and more settlers came in and nibbled off each a piece of the land in the great prairie pasture.

"FETCHING HOME" THE CATTLE

An older brother, Peter, had a knack of telling interestingly of his experiences with cattle turned to graze on the prairie that lay east of us. He spoke of it as a privilege to have lived through the era of change from the winding prairie trails and cattle paths to the modern highways on every section line; and of noting the passing of the scrub cow — she covered twenty or more miles a day when grazing — to be replaced by the grade or pure-bred home-pastured cow of today.

When "fetching home" the cattle the neighbor children would foregather toward evening on a high hill about a mile east of our place to scan the billowing prairie to locate, if possible, the collective herd. If the cattle were not seen, a flat stone would be spit upon and tossed in the air and the position it took on falling to the ground indicated the direction for search to locate them. Their improvised talisman often proved unreliable enough. When possible, cattle paths were followed, single file, to insure fairly comfortable footing for bare feet, and to avoid the sharp stubble frequently met with in burnt areas.

TRUANT ANIMALS

A truant among our cattle was a cow mainly black of color, but with a saddle-like band of white about her middle; and to denote her peculiar color-mark mother had named her "Salrei." She was the acknowledged leader of our own and our neighbors' cat-

tle, and she was best satisfied when inviting herself to choice grass-plots as far from home as possible. The trusting herd would usually amble along in her wake. Sometimes she slipped away from the crowd accompanied by a few proved herd-mates to enjoy, if possible, super-delectable grazing grounds. On such occasions there followed the inevitable hunt to locate the truants.

One evening some of the home cattle were missing from the general herd and both my elder brothers, Peter and Lewis, had to search for them while their more fortunate neighbor companions rounded up their charges and started for home. It was, of course, Salrei and some of her more devoted followers that were missing. The searchers scurried about for miles in their hunt, but found no cows. Finally they made for the Lone Tree, a great solitary elm near Long Dick creek, a noble landmark indeed, but here, too, they were disappointed in their quest. The sun had gone down, twilight came on and fog formed along the creek bottom. The evening bugs started their doleful chorus, fantastic figures were taking form, and somebody's goose-flesh asserted itself. Darkness was enveloping the scene and the bewildered searchers were all of five miles away from home! Though scared and discouraged they continued on the look-out, hoping against hope that kind fortune might cause them to bump into those strays. And that is what happened. Out of the gloom emerged Salrei herself with head grandly erect in the lead of her band and intent on home. The heartened herders gladly fell in with the procession. Winding trails along higher land, necessitating many detours, had been formed by the cattle in avoidance of the low places. The constant change of direction made it difficult for the barefoot followers in the rear to hang onto the herd in the dark. Meanwhile they could hear the animals' regular ankle-chirrup as, single-file, these marched confidently ahead, sure of their course. The twain tried

to hearten themselves by singing, hoping, too, that father by happy chance might be abroad and hear their voices. Feeling decidedly jumpy their vocal chords functioned poorly at first as they sang shakily, "Come ye sinners poor and needy." When, increasing in confidence, their voices rose in the song "There is a Happy Land far, far away," they were rewarded by hearing a shout, and soon they were happily joined with father who, alarmed at their absence, had started out to look for them.

OUT IN THE STORM

Continuing the "telling," our story includes the occurrence of father's absence one day, and that the two elder boys in the family were left to do the chores. Lewis, the oldest, and a neighbor boy, Charley Charlson, went toward evening to fetch the cattle. As a storm appeared to be in the offing mother was disturbed; and she cast expectant glances toward the prairie whence the boys were expected to make prompt return with the herd. She was concerned about father, too, out on the open road, though she knew he would note the cloud-bank in the west and make all speed for home, or seek safety elsewhere.

Tensely watching, we at home finally discerned the advance cow in the expected bunch of cattle appear on the hill a quarter of a mile east of us. But the cow was not Salrei! We realized at once what this portended; if she was not in the lead she had separated from the herd. Noting presently that one of the Charlson cows, too, was missing, we felt somewhat relieved, reckoning that the boys were together out on the prairie. The rain soon came down in torrents, and the wind blew so furiously that a window was torn out of its newly made casement and flung across the room. Blinding lightning-flashes and terrific crashes of thunder increased our concern for those abroad in the storm. As the clouds parted the red glare of the sun cast its reflection in scattered sheets of water where before had been dry land.

Just before dark we heard Salrei give her signal of approach, and as the last of her train appeared over the hill two bedraggled herdsmen drew in sight. The boys related that when the storm came upon them it flung them to the ground, and they laid hold of the grass lest they be swept away. They dared scarcely open their faces for the downpour of rain so filled the atmosphere that it threatened to smother them, so they said; and Charley, the facetious one, remarked that the lightning played and sparkled in his red hair-stubble so fearfully that he thought he was "a goner."

DAY BY DAY HERDING

As more settlers took up land, the prairie receded further and further away from the older homesteads, nearer the river and timber, and so it fell to the lot of someone in our family to do steady herding for ourselves and for several of our neighbors throughout the grazing season. The lot usually fell to Peter to go day after day without company on those lonely vigils among the hills. He was overjoyed when a younger brother, the writer, was allowed to patter along for company. He would complain that the powerful bulls roaming the prairie caused him much worry and dread. They were highly belligerent and active, and were constantly spoiling for a fight with those of their kind. On a still evening some bold champion might be heard bellowing challenge after challenge, which would soon be answered in defiance by other entrants in the fray till pandemonium reigned on the prairie. The stentorian chorus made our herder doubly fearsome when alone; and even when joined by a companion there was strong mutual desire to round up their charges without delay for the homeward drive and be away from the arena of strife on the plains. They scurried around barefooted, stubbed their toes, bled and left the sharp stubble crimson, froze when they stepped on snakes and toads; however, with their flocks finally bunched they

had little trouble in guiding them in a common direction.

Herding became somewhat easier when father allowed the oldest boys to ride our good old mare Flora. Both boys and girls those days were quite expert at bareback riding. One summer Peter rode Flora so regularly in this fashion that her back got sore. He was less apprehensive about the bulls when on horseback, nor did the bunches of young horses let loose on the prairie pasturage cause him the usual concern. They generally held together in one common herd, and became semi-wild during the long period of unrestrained freedom. During still evenings we could hear the thunder of their hoofs afar as they raced from place to place among the hills. When they were startled into a stampede, and our herder was nigh and on foot, he was in mortal terror lest he be caught helpless in their path. Among these horses were seen grade Percherons, with sprinklings of Morgans, Hambletonians, and Shires.

LARGE SCALE HERDING

At a later period the Rorem brothers herded on a large scale on the remaining open prairie adjacent to the section where is now situated the town of Radcliffe. John Musland, who had lost an arm in a molasses press, could handle his mount as well as his whip-hand to advantage and became an expert prairie herdsman. While the milk cows were now mostly kept in home pastures, young cattle would be entrusted to the herder's care for a certain price throughout the grazing season. Once the large Rorem herd startled by snorting horses, stampeded, and several cattle were killed as they broke frenziedly through the corral where they were penned during night-time. Later, "Hans the herder" gathered together cattle in the community and herded them for so much per head during the grazing season as far north as Wright county.

RESTLESS BULLS WANDERED

Though cows might choose to absent themselves from the home herds occasionally, they would join them again before long. Bulls, however, were more fickle and took up with strange herds for indefinite periods. Even in winter bulls were known to leave their stalls and seek admittance in other stables. Once when a blizzard had blanketed the landscape deeply with snow a bull was impelled to wander abroad for a look-around and thereupon executed a nose-dive into the midst of a neighbor's cows housed in a drift-covered straw-shed. The owner sat milking and was surprised at the precipitate advent of the visitor.

ADVENTUROUS RAMS AND BOARS

A few sheep were kept in the good old days, and if dogs didn't chase them and scatter them afar they remained home-bodies well content with their lot. Exceptions took place among rams that slipped away from the home flock to make acquaintance with other sheep in the neighborhood. One night as a neighbor returned to his home after an extended trip, and was peering around the premises, taking note of the animals and things in general, he met with an unexpected rebuff. On passing through a dark stable he was suddenly laid low by a terrific bump on one of his legs. Hastening to crawl out and away he was abetted from behind by an unseen power, and little time was lost by him in making his exit. It was the neighbor's ram that resented the owner's intrusion during the former's nocturnal presence in the sheepfold; wherefore the attack. The unsuspecting observer, though within his rights, received punishment that laid him up for weeks. Wool was carded, spun and knit at home, or taken to Boone for sale. Mutton was appetizing to many, but was not relished by some on account of its flavor.

Boars poked their snouts through their enclosures, worked themselves out, and sought retreat in the tim-

ber where they became the forerunners of wild hogs that found sustenance and shelter there. No other domestic animal reverted to the wild in these parts.

THE MISSING HORSES

Horses sometimes hid themselves away from the home premises, but were too valuable to be left at large, except for limited periods. James Brown's experience with a missing team is of interest. Brown had bought his first team of horses (1856) at Des Moines, then a small river town consisting mostly of log houses. Some time later, during a heavy thunderstorm at night, the horses left their unfenced prairie pasture and sought shelter further east in the Skunk river timber. The wind blew from the Northwest and it developed that it had caused them to veer further eastward, even beyond the river, where they had been seen grazing. As he had no riding horse Brown walked miles through the tall prairie grasses the following day in futile search of them. Seeing the predicament he was in, W. R. Dolittle, a neighbor, loaned his horseless friend a good mount, which enabled him to start hunting the strays in real earnest.

Scouring the immediate territory he discovered places where the animals had been nibbling grass on freshly grown plots of newly burnt prairie, but not a shadow of the fugitives themselves. Continuing on he learned from a newly arrived settler that a pair of strange horses had been seen beyond Nevada heading in a southeasterly direction. Evidently their instinct led them in the direction of an earlier home. Occasionally during his hunt Brown would meet with people who had seen some such horses as he described feeding on freshly green tracts of prairie grass. He did not attempt to head them off by taking short-cuts but kept doggedly to what appeared to him to be their trail. However, the business looked hopeless enough even with such seeming clues, and he felt himself to be in a fix as of a person hunting for a needle, if not two, in a haystack.

One night he took lodging with a German who, preferably, spoke his own lingo, and as he, Brown, had acquired this language back east in Pennsylvania, it so delighted the host to exercise his native tongue that they sat up till late engaged in conversation. Stepping out into the moonlight during a lull in their talk what did they see but two horses, a black and a white, the very strays themselves, passing by at that moment. Brown lost no time in giving chase. One of the horses was secured readily, but the other had always been hard to catch at best, and they failed to corral him that night. However, he knew his master by daylight and came to his hand willingly.

The capture of the runaway pair took place south-east of Sigourney, Keokuk county. The hunt had extended over two weeks and the young wife, who had been left alone at home, was naturally much worried about the lengthy absence of her husband and feared the worst. But the weeks of suspense and gloom were ended upon her mate's successful return, and were followed by days and days of joy and gladness.

FORAGING PORKERS

Theodore Baldus, pioneer resident and Civil war veteran, related that lack of fences, or poorly kept enclosures, often invited livestock to venture abroad and to become local nuisances in the early days. Not only cattle, but droves of foraging porkers would pry around and stick their inquisitive snouts into places where they were far from welcome. Once Jonah Griffith's herd of swine spilled over into a patch of barley belonging to a neighbor, and while rummaging busily about one of the sauciest ones got a bullet through the head for its pains. The fellow who did the shooting, having been highly incensed at the trespass felt, nevertheless, that his reprisal had been somewhat drastic and urged Griffith to take half of the murdered beast by way of atonement. Considering the damage done to his neighbor Griffith accepted the peace offering after some parleying, though add-

ing rather testily that an animal dispatched in such manner would make the "skillet stink."

THE CHEESE FACTORY'S HERD

Rasmus Sheldall relates that in early pioneer times a Mr. Burr of the U.S. Postal Department established a large cheese factory some six miles east of the present town of Randall. He bought up considerable land on which to care for the cattle providing the milk supply. As the owner could not always give the enterprise personal attention it made but poor headway, the main drawback being unreliable help. The men entrusted with the work were, in some instances, neither capable nor faithful; hence the ill-success. Not being always watchfully tended some of the animals strayed, and the result was that not a few succumbed during inclement weather and were found dead here and there on the prairie. As remembered by Mr. Sheldall, Mr. Burr eventually sold his holdings to incoming settlers.

THE ANIMAL DOCTOR

The domestic animal hereabouts in the long ago had a great friend in our good neighbor Rasmus Sheldall who, when they were ailing, doctored them with divers home remedies and a few added ingredients administered with excellent understanding. When our animals were sick we would call on him for help, and his soothing manner and patient ministrations, be it dog or lamb, horse or cow, pig or fowl, could hardly fail in bringing salutary results. Remuneration for his trouble seemed to be his least concern. Through his intelligent and sympathetic solicitude for his charges he came to understand their ailments without any learned diagnosis. Nor did it take a graduate pharmacist to decipher his prescriptions. Nature cures were preferable. Salts and simple palliative lotions, home-made poultices and plenty of warm water, together with kneading, rubbing and exercise, performed wonders for him. Instead of dosing certain ill-conditioned animals with medicinal concoctions, not infrequently, he

would just let the poor creatures alone, merely recommending that they be given a lengthy sojourn with "Dr. Green" in the summer pasture. In time he became a licensed veterinarian, which, however, did not imply that he necessarily discarded the homely, time-tried remedies of his early practice.

New conditions have brought added animal ailments and often in spite of modern preventive measures, and it may well be that our old-time veterinarian found himself in a quandary to combat them. However, he joined in the more up-to-date eradication of disease to the best of his ability. Sheldall met the needs of his particular time; and he will be remembered not only for his friendly feeling for the farmyard folk, but for his kindly human approach. He used to say that in the days of his early activities there were not so many settlers hereabouts as to make acquaintance and mutual helpfulness impossible on account of numbers, or too difficult because of distant places of abode.

HORSEBACK RIDERS

Good horseback riders were common among the pioneers, and many were the local races run to test out the speed and endurance of favorite steeds. The Boyd brothers were among the foremost participants in this vicinity. Martha Ballard-Fergusson related that, as a pioneer teacher, 1863, she rode back and forth between her home and the Sheldall schoolhouse, a distance of eight miles, on a horse stricken with the heaves. He was safe, but slow, and she had ample opportunity each trip to check and re-check the scenery as they jogged leisurely on along the roadside. Thus did the intrepid maidens of long ago help establish the commonwealth faithfully, even heroically, in war and peace.

INDIAN SCOUTS ON HORSEBACK

Sometimes lengthy horseback journeys were taken as, for instance, the one by Joe Anderson and his brother during the time of the Spirit Lake Massacre. Rasmus Sheldall related that during this Indian upris-

ing there was a strong sentiment at Story City in favor of fortifying the larger buildings in case of attack, but nothing came of it. Rasmus recalled that Joe and his brother rode their horses a considerable distance northwards to inquire into the war rumors, so as to give the settlers warning in case of possible danger of attack or molestation of any kind. Donning Indian garb for reasons best known to himself, Joe narrowly escaped being shot by his own brother who, unknowing as to his change of dress, mistook him for a redskin.

HORSE THIEF SUSPECTS

During these troublous times a gang of outlaws, surmised by some to be of a type such as the James brothers, and even linked to this outfit, filtered into the deep timber by wagon team and horseback and camped not far from the Sheldall homestead. One of the Sheldalls loitered around, but as he was only a youngster the party took little notice of him. Watching his chance when nobody was looking he clambered up the front part of one of their wagons and, peeping in, saw stacks of guns, saddles and other accouterments of their sinister-looking business. During their unwelcome presence in the vicinity there was fear and uneasiness in the neighborhood, and the horses were especially well guarded. Several of the neighbors brought their horses to Lars Henryson's barn, one of the first and best in this section, to be kept there at night for safety. Mr. Henryson had taken the precaution to place an improvised safety lock on his barn door to hinder unwanted prowlers from entering.

One night in particular some of the neighbors had stayed on watch till late, being apprehensive from what they had observed during the preceding day that a raid might be imminent. Sure enough, it turned out that several suspicious-looking figures were discerned skulking around in the dark, and no doubt with sinister intent. One of Henryson's sons came

near discharging his gun, but Sivert Knutson warned against such rashness, fearing that a shot might infuriate the rascals and bring on an attack. The older men were much alarmed, but their sons, being eager for action, were less cautious and scarcely aware of the gravity of the situation. Evidently the stealthy trespassers had noted the log-chain which secured the barn door, as well as other preparations for defence, for baffled, they slunk away into the night.

Throughout the Civil war horse-stealing was more than merely that of an occasional occurrence. In the last year of this conflict thieves raided the stables of three of our neighbors and got away with several horses, of which only one was said to have been recovered. The sheriff of Story county formed a posse to apprehend the evil doers and overtook them, but they escaped after a gun-skirmish leaving one of the sheriff's deputies dead on the field.

The raid left much of sorrow and suffering in its wake, grief at the untimely end of a young man of promise, and distress for those who depended largely on their teams for a livelihood. And what of the dire retribution facing the thieving wretches themselves, not to speak of the baneful reflection of their foul deeds cast upon their unfortunate kindred! Verily, the crimes of yesterday, too, reaped their full and fearsome harvest, and hence, then as now, did not pay.

"A Prayer of St. Francis"

Lord, make us instruments of Thy peace. Where there is hatred, let us sow love; where there is injury, pardon; where there is discord, union; where there is doubt, faith. Lord, where there is despair, let us sow hope; where there is darkness, light; where there is sadness let us sow joy. Lord, make us instruments of Thy peace.

—Harris Banks.

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