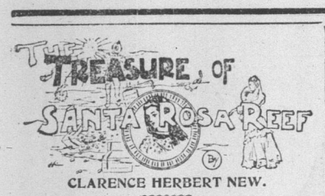

CLARENCE HERBERT NEW.

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CHAPTER IV.

Senorita Palacios asked me at breakfast if I could play accompaniments on the piano, explaining that she had brought a number of songs and wished to try them. This seemed a favorable opportunity for putting my plan into execution, so we two made a forenoon of it, much to Halstead's disgust, for he was more than a little interested in the senorita himself.

After lunch we had our chairs taken to a secluded corner of the after deck, under the awning, and when our acquaintance had reached a sufficiently confidential point—friendships ripen very rapidly in the tropics, particularly at sea—I told her of the costume affair, showing her the photograph as I did so. She was immediately interested and sympathetic. But presently her manner changed a little. She asked me, curiously, if I were very fond of Senorita Dorotea.

"Fond of her!" I exclaimed, in surprise; "why, I've never even seen the lady. This picture was given to Capt. Halstead by the colonel, last voyage. I never saw that until last night. But just put yourself in her place, Senorita Gracia; wouldn't you think it rather mean, when you had sent your money to buy nice new gowns, if relatives palmed off a lot of dowdy old things on you, four years out of style?" Neither my Spanish nor her English was perfect, but we managed to get along very well indeed.

"Indeed yes, Senor Stefans; but I did think that men never understood how women feel about such matters. I—I've almost an idea—"

"Yes; go on. I was quite sure you would have—"

"Ah, you were quite sure?"—suspiciously.

"Yes; that you er—would be able to suggest something. Now, if I had only known about the matter before we left Manila—"

"Yes—?"

"I'd have purchased a couple of the finest gowns I could find, and—er—"

"Given to the senorita them, yourself? Santisma! Senor Stefans, that 'most too kind of you would be, would it not?"

"Good Lord, no! I've got more sense than that, I hope. I meant that I'd have substituted the new gowns for the old ones in the box; and then, don't you see, she'd probably never discover how it happened."

"And you would money spend like that for a girl you did never see! A woman's vestida cost much, senor. I did alway hear that los Americanos were of money made, but I did never know that they were generoso." (Here, for the first time, I thought of my $300, and began to wonder how far they would go.) "Are all los Americanos like that? Senor Capitan—would he such a thing do? We, you shall see that the Spanish people are as yourselves! Could you one of the dresses get from the box and to me bring without being observed?"

"What! I—I beg your pardon. I suppose I might; but—but what do you—er—?"

"I wish to put it on, of course, estupido! How may I the size know unless I do see it? Cuantos said you there were in el caja?"

"Three—of the—er—'m—well—er—outside clothes. You see, there were quite a lot of—" My face must have been as red as a beet; it certainly felt so.

"Santisima Maria! And you—you looked! Not at all of them?"

"I—I believe so. You see—er—the rest of the—er—things weren't quite so bad as the gowns. In fact, the lace—" By this time the senorita's face and neck were a delicate pink, but, to my relief, she laughed until the tears came in her eyes. Your Spanish girl, of any class, is possessed of considerable sense; she doesn't believe, for instance, that modesty consists in thinking evil and blushing at her thoughts.

"And el Senor Capitan, also, no doubt? What of wretches a pair you are, to be sure! Let me you both give a little warning. Never the senorita Moreno told the cura, Juan, that he couldn't possibly get ashore before ten o'clock Friday night; so it's safe to say 58 hours. On the other hand, Mac let know what you have just told me; if those things mine had been, I you would never forgive. Now do you attempt one of those dresses to bring down to my door. I will there wait for you."

I hurried up to our quarters, where Halstead was deep in the North Pacific Directory again, and somewhat out of humor.

"You're a nice sort of a partner to have, I must say," he growled; "leave me to dig out dry facts for your benefit while you calmly appropriate the only available girl on the ship. But I'll have the cinch after you go ashore—provided you're not engaged to her before you leave. You wouldn't play a mean trick like that on me, would you?"

"No, I wouldn't, Dick; honest Injun. You shall have her all to yourself for the rest of the voyage, and I'll make her believe you're the finest man on salt water. I've been cultivating the senorita with an object. I told her all about the box of clothes, and I think she'll help us; she wants me to bring one of the dresses below, so that she can tell something about the size."

"The devil she does! Between you, you'll get me into a deuce of a scrape before you're through. You'll tear the blamed things, or smut 'em with finger-marks, or get 'em mixed so's they won't go on regular, or some fool thing; see if you don't."

"Nonsense! She's a woman, ain't she? Don't you s'pose she's ever handled 'em before? I'm trying to figure the matter out so's that pretty De Garma girl 'll get something nice next trip, if she don't this one. Besides, the senorita only wants to look at one of the dresses; she didn't ask for the rest of the things."

"You didn't tell her we'd been going through them, did you? Oh, the good Lord! And she didn't go below? What did she say?"

"She laughed until I thought she'd choke. Then I believe she said something about your being a wretch; yes, that was the word she used, a 'wretch.' You'll have to be mighty careful what you say to her, but it'll probably come out all right. I had to get out of it somehow, you see."

"Oh, yes, you had to get out of it, of course, and, as I was the nearest victim, my reputation suffered. Just wait till I have my innings with the young lady; if I don't serve you out! By gravy, I'll—I'll marry you, to keep you out of further mischief."

"Marry me!"

"Exactly; tell her you're a benedict. But if she's waiting you'd better grab that top gown and get below with it as fast as you can. Don't let any of these East Indians of mine see you with it, either; there's no telling where they might let it out."

Hastily wrapping the garment in a newspaper, I descended to the saloon and hurried along the passage to the door of her stateroom. In answer to my muffled knock, it was opened slightly and a pair of laughing eyes peeped around the edge. Then a lovely bare arm reached around for my bundle, and, after whispered instructions that I should wait for her on the after deck, the door closed.

In a few moments she joined me, dressed in a ravishing costume of soft India silk, with puffed sleeves and all the latest London trimmings. Unfurling a dainty lace parasol that went with the outfit, she slowly revolved before me, and then, with a saucy glance over her shoulder, said:

"How think you this would please la senorita? I do know from the photograph that we the same complexion are, and her dress like a glove does fit me."

"Please her! She'd be as happy as the best-dressed woman in a New York church on Easter morning, if she had a gown like that. And if she looks as sweet as you do in it, the caballeros will have a hard time."

"You—you think it becoming to me is, Senor Enrique?"

"I think that were it not for Capt. Dick, I couldn't resist the temptation of kissing you, just as you are."

"Nombre de Dios! los Americanos are bold! But pray you tell me, Senor Enrique, why say you of 'el Capitan Dik?' Que nombre, 'Dik?'"

"Ricardito in Spanish; it was Capt. Halstead I meant. I told him how

SHE REACHED OUT FOR THE BUNDLE.

beautiful I thought you were this afternoon—beautiful enough to kiss—and he said that if I attempted such a thing he'd punch my head."

"Ai! said he that, the violent man! Ricardito—I like better that than your Ingles 'Dik.' But why not should he like to have you me kiss?"

"Oh, I don't know; he's a peculiar man. Possibly he'd rather do it himself."

"Ai, but never would the man dare. He so quieet is—such a— But we must talk of him not. I shall be afraid. We have the dresses about to decide. I will another one wear at the dinner, and to-morrow another; then shall we see if for la senorita they will do."

"If they will do! You mean if others like them will do?"

"Not so, senor; why should la pobre senorita a whole three months wait for her dresses? She shall three of mine have. We directly home do go, on el vapor Isla de Panay from Manila, and I not shall need them; I plenty of others have—"

"And you will sell me your own dresses for her, senorita! You are even more generous than I hoped."

"I nothing said of selling them, senor. Can you not me allow the pleasure of giving, as yourself?"

"But, senorita! where do the captain and I come in? We can't allow you to make such an expensive present, just to please us!"

"The expense nothing is; many plantations papa has. You and el capitan have yourselves shown los generosos. It will a pleasure be for me to do what you would have done; if your friendship I may count upon, I am the gainer. Every girl it is not with friends that so kind would be to an entire stranger."

She looked so cool and pretty, in the shade under the awning, that I took her little hand in mine and bent over it for a moment. Then I hurried to the upper deck with my bundle, and told Dick he had better take my place before she went below. He relished the suggestion so much that I had considerable difficulty in first getting him into a white duck suit; being a powerfully built fellow, white and gold were exceedingly becoming to Halstead.

After he left, I stretched myself in one of the hammocks we had slung 'thwartships, and felt rather jealous for a few moments. There is a charm about the Spanish temperament which exerts a strong fascination over men of colder nationalities; and the Senorita Palacios, without necessarily being over-fond of either Halstead or myself, had a frank and cousinly friendliness of manner that banished all suggestion of ceremoniousness at the outset and led us into saying things which one usually says to acquaintances of many years' standing only. There is also a peculiarity of tropic life at sea which has often impressed me. Wether it is the result of forced inaction, or the relaxing influence of the climate, is immaterial; but under such conditions the formality which custom has made inviolate in temperate countries is simply out of the question—as much so as tight or cumbersome clothing.

My day with the senorita had been such a pleasant one that it was difficult to fix my mind upon other matters, but I finally settled down to a careful examination of the charts which Halstead had left upon the table. Those dollars and doubloons beneath the heaving bosom of the Pacific were, after all, chief mistresses of our affections at that time.

CHAPTER V.

I pored over the charts until the dinner-gong sounded; then the photograph, which lay directly under one of the incandescent globes, caught my eye, and I examined it again. In the solitude of our cabin I had a better opportunity to study the Senorita Dorotea's face, and it attracted me strangely. If she had any of that charm of manner possessed by the Senorita Palacios, I thought, my stay upon the island of Guajan might be anything but unpleasant; so, between the anxiety to be accomplishing something and my speculations concerning the people at Agana, I was rather preoccupied at the dinner-table.

Padre Sebastian began presently to chaff me a little as being poor company. I noticed that he was watching Dick and the senorita very closely, as if trying to detect a triangular understanding between us three, or at least some indication of rivalry between the captain and myself. The padre had kept track of my movements during the day, but I was positive he could not have overheard anything, so began to ply him with questions concerning social conditions in the islands. He seemed to have accepted my reasons for making the voyage, but my sharing the captain's quarters, also the fact of our being the only Americanos on board, evidently led him to favor us with a closer observation than if we had been his own countrymen. Your Spanish priest is the most companionable and interesting man in the world when he wishes to be, and Padre Sebastiano was no exception to the rule. Having overcome my repugnance to him for obvious reasons, I found myself rather liking the man. He spoke so frankly upon even church matters that I began to consider him harmless, and fancied my first impression a mistake.

Halstead was too reasonable a man to claim more than a fair share of the senorita's society, much as he liked her; so, as Don Silvestre retired to the smoking-room after dinner for tobacco and cards, I took her aft, where we could watch the phosphorescent foam from the screw and talk without being overheard; for I saw she had something to say.

She had been listening attentively to my conversation with the padre, and had been trying to recall sundry scraps of talk which she had overheard between him and his Jesuit companion; but before mentioning them she questioned me in regard to my proposed movements after leaving the steamer.

"I heard you the padre tell, Senor Enrique," she said, "that you were this voyage merely taking as a siesta from your affairs, and I too many of los Americanos have seen to believe they do rest very long. They do work, work, work like slaves, all of the time. And when they get rich—oh, so very rich—still they do work, and no siesta take. Yet the Senor Enrique does one take which will last a month, surely, with his very good friend el capitan; and when he on land goes at el Guajan, it will three months be—such long, long months—before he will again see el vapor in which he may return. Now, un Americano, the senor will not rest for all these long months; not so! What, then, will he do in el Guajan, where one never works? Make love perhaps to la senorita whom he never has seen? But even that work is not. How—"

"One moment, senorita; why should you think I have any intention of staying in Guajan?"

"Oh, but it so simple is! Amigo mio" (here she laid her pretty fingers on my arm), "los Americanos generosos are; it so kind was of you to think of la pobrecita's dresses. I doubt not that it your goodness of heart was, yet even such un hombre could not resist at the least seeing la senorita when she does wear them. And she will not them wear before the steamer shall go away, do you not see? El Capitan 'Dik' did for her feel, also, but it was not he who to think tried how he la senorita might help at once—ai, but he to see her was not, long enough!"

"Well, that's a pretty clever line of reasoning, mia senorita. But don't you think you are giving that photograph the credit of being a pretty strong attraction, to make me think of leaving you to Capt. Dick, and burying myself among those out-of-the way islands for a whole three months, just to get acquainted with the original?"

"That not is so, Enrique mio" (blushing warmly at this audacious familiarity). "I—I am alive, and—you shall to be with me have for two of the weeks yet. I think not you would me leave for but a photograph if I said you should not; have I la gran conceit?" (She looked so bewitching in the moonlight that to save my neck I couldn't avoid giving her waist a gentle squeeze). "No! you some affair in el Guajan have—though never could I guess what it may be. It something which of more worth is to you than your affairs in Manila, or you neglect them would not for so long. It something is which you do undertake for el Ricardito as well as yourself, and in which he does you trust as few men do trust each other, or your friendship I could make like a broken thread with jealousy of me. Un gran presuncion, is it not, amigo mio? But true, not the less. Else you embrace me would not, and el capitan would look at me not with the eyes that talk, oh, so much—so much that the little shivers he does make come to me sometimes, and I am afraid. Well, then, if this something stronger is than love of woman, what it can be but the love of gold—such heaps of glittering, shining gold! Yet gold there is not in el Guajan, else el gobernador would in Madrid be with much of it. What then it can be?"

"Quien sabe? Perhaps the elixir of life. But if I go ashore there as you imagine, and if I find anything beyond health and rest, I'll come and see you some day—or, rather, I'll come and see you and Dick. Then I'll tell you both all about it."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE VITAL ISSUE IS TRUSTISM

Public Sentiment Is Being Awakened by Such Things as the Beef Monopoly.

Senator-elect Gorman, of Maryland, stands with the majority of the American people in his belief that the beef trust has made trustism the issue of the congressional campaigns by arousing this country to a full realization of the necessity for restricting the evil power of the trusts.

Every American family, rich and poor alike, has been brought face to face with a situation ominously illustrating the malignant working of the trust idea. For no reason, save that the big packing houses constituting the beef trust determined to suddenly take full advantage of their absolute control of markets, the price of meats has been advanced to an unwarranted point. In thousands of instances this advance has caused suffering and deprivation, says the St. Louis Republic. Even to the rich, who were not compelled to deprive themselves of meat because of these high prices, a lesson has been taught that has logically and rightly created the deepest resentment against the monopoly combines.

The developments following investigation of the beef trust's method of business constitute the most formidable indictment of the trust evil. They show that the cattlemen who sell to the beef trust, the retail butchers and meat dealers, are utterly, one and all, at the mercy of the beef trust. Cattlemen can sell only to the beef trust, competition being absolutely destroyed. Retail butchers and meat dealers can buy only from the beef trust, competition being absolutely destroyed. The consuming public can buy only from the retail butcher and meat dealers, paying the exorbitant prices made necessary by the greed of the beef trust. There is no appeal from the prices set by the beef trust, owing to its unbroken monopoly in the buying and selling of meats.

This teaching of the inevitable operation of the trust idea, conveyed to the American people by the action of a combine controlling the most important of food materials, has sunk deeply into American minds. Every household in this country is aroused to protest against the rapacity of the beef trust. Public sentiment is awakened as never before to the necessity of trust restriction. The reports of the situation published in the daily press are in themselves an overwhelming indictment of the trust system. The truth of the situation is a campaign document of incalculable value as tending to bring correction of the trust evil. The democratic party is the political organization to which the people turn for aggressive action against the trusts. The plainest duty now confronting the democratic party is to make the beef trust the vital issue of the congressional campaigns of 1902 and to lead the people to a victory which will mean rescue from the oppressive tyranny of the monopoly trusts.

——The democratic party will go on, conquering and to conquer. The truth as to what has been done in the Philippines will make us free. The issue cannot be dodged. The responsibility cannot be shirked, nor the reckoning averted. The democratic party, like the Apostle Paul, has a thorn in the flesh; but its work for truth and right, must and will be prosecuted!—Albany Argus.

——If the time ever comes that United States soldiers are compelled to submit to all sorts of brutality, treachery and torture without being permitted to use harsh measures in return against enemies of the government, the army will be hopelessly demoralized and recruiting in time of war will stop.—Indianapolis Journal (Rep.).

——The stupidity and offensiveness of our tariff policy are placed in a stronger light by our adoption of the imperial craze. We cannot stick to our former provincial tariff ideas now that we have gone abroad and become a world power. Empire and peanut politics do not cohere. — Baltimore Sun.

——The Philippine scandal which Mr. Root has been forced to disclose are sinister and disgraceful, but they are probably not half so sinister as those that he is still striving to hide.—Chicago Chronicle.

THE IMPORTUNATE CREDITOR.

THE EFFRONTERY OF LODGE.

Virtual Confession of Atrocities of American Soldiers in the Philippines.

Senator Lodge's defense of the atrocities perpetrated in the Philippine islands is notable indeed for its evasive hypocrisy. The atrocities themselves he dares not defend, but he abuses the people who have exposed them and insisted on their repression, says the Indianapolis Sentinel. With calm effrontery Mr. Lodge said:

"It is a source of bitter regret to me that any American officer or enlisted man should have tortured any Filipino, or that any order was issued that on its face seemed revolting. But there must be some reason for these alleged cruelties."

Here is an admission of the fact of torture and of revolting orders. He regrets them. So does every American. He says there was "reason" for them. Every American knows that. We went out to fight a people not fully civilized and who have for years been engaged in a bitter and cruel warfare. They know no other kind. We knew what to expect of them. But we profess to be civilized and we are under the obligation of civilization to abjure barbarism, especially in an effort to force civilization and liberty on an unwilling people. The report continues:

"Within a few days orders have gone from the white house for the investigation of alleged cruelties and to punish any found guilty of atrocities. Mr. Lodge made a warm defense of the secretary of war, asserting that in the long list of distinguished men who had occupied that office there never had been an abler, more public-spirited or more patriotic man than Secretary Root."

Yet it is but a few weeks since Secretary Root denied absolutely that there had been any "cruelties" and publicly rebuked Gen. Miles for stating in an official communication that the war had "been conducted with marked severity." But for the efforts of the men whom Senator Lodge abuses to get at the facts, all knowledge of them would have been suppressed except what came from unofficial sources. The report further gives Senator Lodge's statement:

"'All of us,' he said, 'want to see justice done—we want to see those guilty of atrocities and torture punished. We do not approve of injustices and atrocities committed upon prisoners or upon helpless men. And orders have gone out from the white house and the war department to prevent such atrocities.'"

That is all anybody wants, and all anybody has asked, yet to read the senator's conclusions one would imagine that somebody had been asking for the punishment of perfectly innocent men who had committed no offense whatever. Senator Lodge in reality confesses all that has been charged, and, it may be added, all that has been proven—and no more.

POINTED PARAGRAPHS.

——Senator Hanna, who once received a lot of things as a member of the kitchen cabinet of the white house, will be satisfied now if he can get a bone—Rathbone.—N. Y. World.

——When the republican politician is driven into an attitude of defense you can safely depend on his taking refuge behind the soldier. If there is anything the republican party does pride itself on it is the possession of all the patriotism of the country.—Indianapolis News (Ind.).

——There is good reason to believe that the evil of trustism is to bring its own cure in the near future. The beef trust is doing more to crush the monopoly combines of which it is a typical example than any other influence. Public sentiment has reached a point of hostility to the trusts that makes extremely doubtful a long continuance in power of the political party which created and fostered and now protects the trusts.—St. Louis Republic.

——The people of the United States are tired of secrecy, evasion and downright falsehood in regard to conditions in the Philippines. They want the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth, no matter how unpleasant it may be to individuals, to parties, or to the country. Let us thoroughly understand what we bought with the $20,000,000 paid to Spain for its rights in the Philippines.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

——Two or three active volcanoes ought to be added immediately to our benevolent assimilation equipment in the Philippines.—Detroit Free Press.

HEART-TO-HEART LETTERS.

My dearest, sweetest, Mary Lou:
I'm coming over to play with you;
I'll bring my doll that's dressed in blue,
And then I'll tell you what we'll do,
When I come over to play with you.
I am, your little playmate,
Sue.

My darling, dearest, sweetest Sue:
Be sure to bring your boy-doll, too.
Come over in a hurry—do!
Affectionately,
Mary Lou.

Dear Hugh:
I'm coming over to play with you;
All the fellows are coming, too.
In haste,
"You Know Who."

Dear Bobs:
Bring your bat and ball, and racket, too,
And whistle, so I'll know it's you.
Hugh.

KITES WITHOUT STICKS.

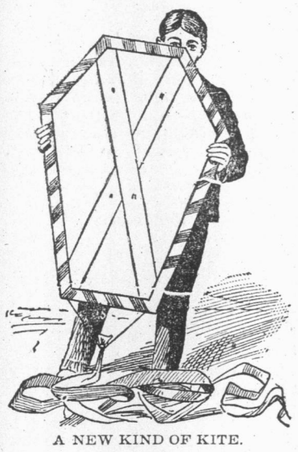
They Are Made Wholly of Paper, with Paper Frames, and Are Beautiful Flyers.

Where is the boy who would not just jump at the opportunity to make kites without sticks? Not little kites, but big kites, three, and even five feet in height.

What a lot of boys I've seen, to be sure, who just gave up kite making in disgust, and all because they couldn't whittle the sticks for them of satisfactory shape and lightness.

Well, here is a way to make kites without sticks—kites wholly of paper, with paper frames and as tough, yes, tougher, than most kites that are made with sticks.

Here is how to go to work. Take a long strip of stout wrapping paper five inches in width, cover both sides of it with paste, and then roll it into a long spiral tube one inch in diameter. Just before reaching the end of the first strip of paper, paste both sides of another strip and lap one end of this over the unrolled end of the first strip, and continue rolling your tube as before. Keep on in this way until you have a tube eight feet in length. Then while it is still wet bend it into the sharp angles of a coffin shaped kite. In the one



A NEW KIND OF KITE.

here pictured the angles at top and bottom were each one foot in length, the long angles at sides two feet, and the short side angles one foot in length.

Fasten the two ends of tube together by sticking one into the other, and paste a strip of paper around the joint, so as to secure it more firmly.

Now take a sheet of light wrapping paper and paste this over your tubular framework, also paste two narrow strips of tougher paper across the face of the kite diagonally.

Let the kite thoroughly dry, and then attach a string bridle to it, as in ordinary kites. Knot well the ends of bridle at back of kite. The tail is of strips of paper.

These kites fly magnificently, as well as any store kite ever sold, and are so easily made that a boy would have to be stupid indeed who could not make one with but very little trouble. —Meredith Nugent, in N. Y. Herald.

TRAINING TRICK DOGS.

Simplest and Most Successful Method Is to Make a Young Dog Imitate an Older One.

The man with the troupe of trick dogs, while waiting his turn to go on, was chatting in the wings about his methods of training. "A great many people," he said, "have an idea that cruelty must be resorted to in breaking in a young dog. That is very far from the truth, unless you call it cruel to put a dog on short rations. That is often very necessary. The dog that gets all he wants to eat during his period of tuition is a hopeless subject. The simplest method, and the one I have been most successful with, is to make the young dog imitate the tricks of an old one. At meal time I take them both into an empty room and make the educated dog do a trick for every mouthful of food he gets. The beginner goes hungry, although he gets something to eat later, when he is alone. This performance is repeated for several days, and by and by the young dog begins to get it through his head that if he acts like the other one he will get something to eat, too. The minute he begins, in his clumsy way, to imitate the older dog, I encourage him in every way possible, and soon he will be in condition to take his lessons with the aid of my regular appliances. No; highly-bred dogs are not the best subjects, with the possible exception of French poodles, which seem born with the acrobatic and comedy instincts developed. Aside from the poodles, I would much prefer to work with a mongrel."

Used Advisedly.

Casey—Don't say "I ain't done nothin'."

Cassidy—Phwy not?

"Bekase that's not good English."

"Thrue for ye. Naither am I."—Philadelphia Press.

Consolation.

Edith—Yale is my favorite. They turn out the best men at New Haven.

Jack—That's what I said when they fired me at the end of the junior year. —N. Y. Times.

ROOSTER AS A HORSE.

Four-Year-Old Iva Long Has Had Wonderful Success in the Training of Chickens.

With a power that seems almost hypnotic four-year-old Iva Long, of York, Pa., controls her flock of chickens. Under her training the pet rooster appears in the role of a horse with the hen as the occupant of the cart to which he is hitched. Other fowls at the little girl's command play see-saw as nicely as two children. Every one of the grown birds are obedient.

Iva Long is the little daughter of Rev. J. A. Long. From the time that

IVA AND HER CARRIAGE.

she was old enough to observe the chickens from the kitchen window she showed a decided interest in them. As soon as she was old enough to walk by herself she spent almost her entire playtime with the chickens.

Rev. Long suggests as a partial explanation that fondness for a bird or beast may assist in controlling it. If this principle be true there is no discount on the degree of fondness existing between Iva and her chicken friends. In her childish voice she insists that, as she is little herself the little chickens of the flock are her sisters. These little chickens Iva is now giving especial attention, and they are a promising brood. They may in time rival the older ones in cute performances.

An old buff rock rooster is the central figure of Iva's poultry yard. He is the one that stands quietly between the thills of a two-wheeled cart while with lines and whip the junior poultry fancier stands behind him. The hen in the cart is as tranquil as her male companion, both birds apparently enjoying this diversion from the usual routine of a chicken. The see-saw of two fowls is an amusing sight. The see-saw with the rooster on one end and four-year-old Iva on the opposite end is still more entertaining. It is not even necessary to put the big buff rock on his end of the teeter He jumps there himself with a somewhat triumphant air, and finally allows Iva to swing him into a doze.

STOPPING NOSE-BLEED.

The True Cure for It Is Quite Simple and Should Be Learned by Every Boy.

Bleeding at the nose is quite frequent among boys, and sometimes is difficult to stop. It is common to make light of this trouble, but occasionally serious results and even death follow, and it is not wise to think little of it in your own case or to laugh at another thus affected. Besides, we should not think that a loss of blood is good for us. There are many cures suggested, such as swallowing salt, bathing the face in cold water, etc., which are of little value except to allay one's fright until the bleeding stops of itself. The true cure is quite simple and should be learned in advance. By stopping the flow of blood into the nose you stop the bleeding, and this may be easily done when you know how.

Two large arteries supply the face and nose with blood. These arteries pass upward from the neck, across the lower jaw a little back of the mouth, one on each side. Run the thumb and finger across the bone of the lower jaw on either side, and you will soon discover the artery. By pressing this firmly where it passes across the bone, you will stop the flow of blood. Thus if the bleeding is from the right nostril, it is necessary only to find the artery on the right side of the jaw, and press the thumb and finger firmly upon this until the bleeding ceases, which will generally be in a moment or two. The pressure should be continued a short time longer, however, in order to give opportunity for the opening into the nose through which the blood has flowed to contract, otherwise the bleeding may begin again after the pressure ceases. One can even more easily perform this service for another than for himself, and when you have learned to stop your own nose-bleed in this way, you will be prepared to do a kind act for some one else. But few boys know this secret. — Boys' World.

BRAVERY HANDICAPPED.

The Big One—Aw, yer afraid to fight?

The Scared One—I ain't afraid, but if I lick him me mudder'll lick me fer fightin', and if he licks me, me father'll whip me fer gittin' licked!—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Her Suggestion.

He—You must remember, dear, we are just starting out in life, and we must economize.

She—But don't you think getting into debt is the best way? Then we'll have to economize.—Puck.