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THE BUTLER CITIZEN.

VOL. XXXXII. BUTLER, PA., THURSDAY, APRIL 27, 1905. No. 17.

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FLORINE'S AMULET

By INA WRIGHT HANSON

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I found Florine by the tea table on the veranda gazing dreamily into her cup. She wore my roses in the belt of her white gown and in her bronze hair. For some time I had not dared to approach Florine without being fortified with disagreeable speeches; otherwise I should have been guilty of proposing to her. Considering that her monthly income was quite equal to my annual one, a proposal of marriage from me would be palpably absurd. I sighed, and my sigh aroused Florine.

"Oh, I'm glad it's you!" she said brightly. "I saw a visitor in my teacup."

I frowned and took a chair on the other side of the table.

"I wish you wouldn't," I said.

"Wouldn't what? Give you a cup of tea? Well, you needn't drink it. Are you afraid it will hurt your complexion?"

Her tone was bantering, but her eyes had a hint of concern in their violet depths. I looked away as I answered:

"The other night at pit you turned your chair around three times, and then when you lost you attributed it to the misplacing of your rabbit foot."

"I did make a mistake," she said gravely. "It wasn't the rabbit foot; it was the day. Wednesday is my unlucky day."

"If you keep on folks will think you are weakminded," I continued, keeping my gaze carefully from the dangerous charm of her face. "I have actually heard it said that you wear an amulet!"

Florine was silent so long that I was compelled to glance at her. She was regarding me with what might be termed a complex look. Her mouth was dimpled with smiles, her lifted brows were derisive, but her eyes were troubled. I ignored the eyes.

"This superstition business detracts from your real worth," I went on relentlessly. "It is the flaw in the diamond, the blight in the rose, the—the"—

"Fly in the ointment?" she suggested politely.

"To have it told around that you wear an amulet!" I reiterated in fine scorn.

Then Florine laughed. When Florine laughs—

"You poor old dear!" she exclaimed as soon as she was able. "I don't believe you have the ghost of an idea what an amulet is!"

I was solid on that score, for I had just learned the definition from the dictionary.

"'An object, usually a peculiar bit of stone, metal, bone, paper, wood or the like, worn by superstitious people as a protection against witchcraft, bad luck, disease, accidents, etc. A charm'"—

"Oh, don't!" she choked. "You are too absurd." Then she went off into another gale of laughter.

"I don't see where the absurdity comes in," I retorted. "If that isn't an amulet, then what is it?"

I supped my tea with dignity while Florine recovered herself.

"I knew a girl once who wore an amulet," she said at last. "It was the—well, the picture of somebody she liked."

Picture—ah! To be sure, I wasn't an Adonis, neither was I afraid of breaking the camera, but for one reason or another I had faced a photographer. Picture, was it? Was she the girl? I wondered.

"It wasn't bone, metal, stone, paper or wood," she went on. "And she didn't wear it as a protection against anything. She just wore it because she liked it, because she liked the man whose picture was in it."

"It wasn't an amulet then," I said, setting down my cup.

"It was an amulet," contradicted Florine. "Unimaginary folks get their definitions out of the dictionary. Other people"—

"How about a walk?" I interrupted. I couldn't even pretend to be disagreeable any longer; neither could I muster up determination enough to leave her—lovely, laughing sprite that she was. Perhaps there was less danger in walking.

"But I am going to have another caller," she demurred.

"Do you see him in your teacup?" I asked.

"No; I see him at the gate," she laughed, "although he may be coming to see mamma. He is very fond of mamma. Possibly I shall be at the summer house soon."

It was clearly a dare, and I took it. I went to the summer house. Around the summer house are trees and flowers; in front is a minature lake—a beautiful place, but a dangerous one when a man has no right to tell what sometimes dims his eyes and impedes his speech.

As I sat down something at my feet caught my eye. I picked it up. It was a heart shaped locket set with rubies. It flew open in my hand, disclosing two scraps of white cloth. I examined the pieces with some interest, especially as I noticed that my monogram graced the upper one. They were two corners from one of my handkerchiefs evidently. Anyway it was my monogram. When my eyes fell on the other piece a bewildering lot of thoughts chased through my brain, for that piece bore my profile, traced cleverly in purple ink, Florine's amulet—a "picture of a man she liked!" No more letting a waltz fortune stand between us, if she really cares, and it must be she cares, or—

When I got so far I jumped up and started joyfully for Florine's presence. Then another idea assailed me. Suppose Florine should think that my finding the amulet influenced my declaration; that it was an affair of honor, so to speak. I laid the locket carefully under a small fir and went back to the summer house. I was scarcely seated when Florine came flying down the path, her dimsy gown floating like a lovely white cloud around her.

"You can laugh or you can scold. I don't care!" she asserted tearfully. "I did wear an amulet, but now it's gone!"

She sat down by me and dabbed at her pretty eyes with a square inch of lace edged linen.

I neither laughed nor scolded. I began telling her a story:

"Once upon a time there lived a beautiful princess adored by every one. In her court was a man, neither rich nor overwise, but loving her, he thought, best of all. She accused him of having no imagination, and maybe he had none, but he saw in the sunset gold of the princess' hair, in every blue flower hue of her eyes, in every purling streamlet, the music of her laughter. Often he criticised the princess, although to him she was perfect"—

"What did he do it for, then?" cried Florine.

"He had a mighty purpose."

Florine giggled. I looked at her suspiciously, but she made another dab at her eyes, so I went on:

"For all his harsh words he repented in sackcloth and ashes, and when the day of his repentance was over he knelt on the ground at her feet"—

"Oh, no!" corrected Florine. "He might have taken rheumatism or something."

Were ever eyes so blue or lips so sweet? I plunged ahead recklessly:

"He took her little hand in his"—suiting action to the word—"and put his arm around her so and kissed her like this"—

"How dare you?" said Florine very softly.

"I don't dare," I answered meekly. "I was only showing you what the man did who belonged in the court of the princess."

"Well, go on," she commanded.

"I can't."

"Why?"

"I don't know what the princess did after he—after that," I sighed, although looking at Florine hopefully.

She smiled.

"Oh, the princess said, 'I have lost my amulet, and I can never see happiness without it; so methinks I will publish a decree that to him who findeth it will I give his heart's desire.'"

"Describe the amulet, O princess!"

"The decree should state that the amulet is inclosed within a case of gold, shaped like my loving heart and set around with rubies like drops of my own heart's blood; that the amulet is of fine linen, marked with purple; that each separate line stands for love, trust, happiness; that all the lines together form the lineaments of—of"—

Florine's dark lashes rested upon very pink cheeks. She hesitated.

"I go to search for the amulet," I announced, rising.

She looked at me approvingly. I peered under the step, made two short detours in the direction of the lake, then discovered it under a small fir tree.

Florine clapped her little hands. "How beautifully the story proceeds!" she cried as I sat down again to tell her my heart's desire.

"I am wondering, though," she mused a very long time afterward, "how the man came to find the amulet under a fir tree when the princess lost it in the summer house."

Enjoyed the Bagpipes.

In his story of the life of Lord Strathcona Mr. Beckles Willson tells an amusing anecdote of his lordship's early days when as Donald Smith he entered the employment of the Hudson Bay company and commenced to build up the riches which made him a peer millionaire.

A fellow Scotchman who worked with Smith on the same station brought out a set of bagpipes on one occasion, and when the Indians and Eskimos had gathered round he struck up "The Highland Laddie" or some such air. The delight of the aborigines was immense. Their faces lit up with rapture, and with open mouths and ears they drank in the sounds produced by the instrument.

Afterward a discussion arose at the company's factory as to whether the Eskimos were of Mongolian or Icelandic extraction.

"Hoots, mon, ye're a' wrang," broke in the impatient piper. "Did ye no see the chiels this mornin' whilst I was twirlin' the pipes? I've nae doot—nae doot ava—they've true hieland bluid in their veins."

Irish Proverbs.

The proverbs of a nation are the distilled wit of generations of its people, and the true wit of the race is oftentimes in proportion to the truth and beauty of its proverbs. Few nations and few languages possess more beautiful sayings than the Irish. "The silent mouth is melodious," is an Irish aphorism pregnant with beauty and poetry. And another saying, inculcating a charity which is spiritually needed in this modern world of ours, is that which tells us, "Our eyes should be blind in the abode of another." The beautiful faith and the magnificent optimism of the Irish race are well pictured in their proverb, "God never shuts one door but he opens two." "Autumn days come softly, quickly, like the running of a hound upon a moor," is poetic, vivid truth. And here is a sharp, satirical one that cuts several ways at the same time. "A poem ought to be well made at first, for there is many a one to spoil it afterward."—Leslie's Monthly.

Gastric and Nervous Vertigo.

The most common forms of vertigo are the gastric and the nervous. Gastric vertigo is sometimes induced by a very slight disorder of the stomach. The patient may feel a sudden swimming at the head; objects may seem to revolve; he totters and perhaps falls. There may be nausea, faintness, headache, visual hallucinations and buzzing in the ears, but there is no deafness nor any danger of a loss of consciousness. Gastric vertigo is cured by treatment directed to the cause.

Nervous vertigo may come from nervous exhaustion resulting from various causes—intellectual strain or an immoderate use of tobacco, alcohol or tea. The symptoms are much the same as in gastric vertigo. They are felt strongly in an elevated position—by the preacher in the pulpit or the speaker on the platform. As in gastric vertigo, the treatment must be directed to the cause. But patients need not fear an attack of paralysis or of apoplexy.

Lamps Used Before Candles.

Lamps were used before candles. They date back almost as far as history goes and were common in ancient Egypt, China, Assyria, Greece and Rome. Lamp, from the Greek lampas, a torch, and candle, from kandeel, the Egyptian word for a common lamp, originally meant the same thing, and the Mosaic candlestick held oil lamps, not candles, as we now use the word.

Man early improved on the torches of the Homeric age and caught the idea of obtaining light from porous fiber soaked in animal or vegetable oils. Lamps of brass, bronze and stone have been found in the pyramids and in ancient Indian temples, and common terra cotta ones were in general use for domestic purposes in Greece in the fourth century B. C. The earliest candles we hear of were those of the ancient Romans made of rushes coated with fat or wax.

Strange Mountain Sickness.

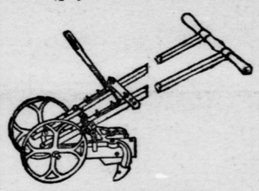
If mountain sickness should come upon you your bitterest enemy will lead your horse for you. The symptoms are those of habitual drunkenness. All the limbs shiver, and in the bloodless face the eyes have that extraordinary look of insanity which is, I think, caused by an inability to focus them. The speech comes with difficulty, and in one case that I saw the mental coherence was as obviously at fault as the physical. — Landor's "Thassa."

FARM AND FIELD AND GARDEN

IT SAVES THE BACK.

Homemade Device For Reducing Labor In Growing Onions.

A new machine for weeding onions perfected during the past few years by Fred F. Meeker, an onion grower of Fairfield county, Conn., is illustrated in American Agriculturist. It was made from an old hand cultivator. The illustration gives a good idea of its construction. There are two wheels which straddle a row. The working device consists of two short, broad teeth, on the inside of which are two wings about 2½ by 8 inches in size. Each end



HOMEMADE ONION WEEDER.

of this is bent upward to throw away the dirt and to dig up the onion tops. At about the middle of each of these wings is fastened a small wing about three inches high, two and one-half inches wide, which projects about one inch downward and does the weeding near the plants. The front edge is sharp to cut off the weeds. The width between the teeth and wings can be adjusted by a clamp on the handle, also by wrought irons one foot high, which are likewise fastened to the handle. The weeder can be worked very close to the row and will take out all weeds except those which grow nearly in line with the onions.

LIMING ALFALFA.

New Jersey Wrinkle With the Great Western Forage Crop.

Numerous unsuccessful attempts have been made in central New Jersey to secure a profitable growth of this wonderful forage plant. The seed germinates promptly, and often a quick growth of the plant follows, to be smothered by weeds or to turn yellow and dwindle away. No more persistent experimenter is known than John P. Nelson, who owns a farm in Monmouth county, on which he has spent $1,500 in experimenting with alfalfa. After repeated failures on the farm he abandoned field experiments and resorted to a garden plot, where he could watch the plants and study them more closely. Here he learned two things which perhaps constitute the key to success. Liming the small piece of ground heavily, he changed the time of sowing to July. A growth of seventy-two inches resulted, and Mr. Nelson thought he saw the way clear to a farm crop of this desirable fodder.

He sowed in August, 1902, a field of two and one-third acres after heavily liming it, using thirty pounds of seed to the acre, and the next spring added 400 pounds of bone dust. In 1903 he made light cuttings and in 1904 cut over thirteen tons, weighed when ready for the barn. A later growth of twenty inches was left uncut, probably equal to two and a half tons.

Mr. Nelson plowed ten acres of corn ground last spring and sowed fifteen bushels of cowpeas. These he plowed under in August and added five tons of lime. He then sowed the field with alfalfa, scattering over the surface a ton of soil from alfalfa fields in Onondaga county, N. Y. On this field there are a good stand of alfalfa and a few weeds. The soil has become inoculated with the alfalfa bacteria, and if such inoculation materially adds to the producing power of the field Mr. Nelson may look in 1906 for a hundred tons of cured alfalfa hay from this ten acre field, concludes a Rural New Yorker correspondent.

Bordeaux Mixture.

Recommended for potato blight, blossom rot in tomatoes, apple rust and scab, brown rot in peach, etc.: Copper sulphate (blue vitriol), four pounds; fresh lime, four pounds; water, fifty gallons. Dissolve four pounds of copper sulphate in two or three gallons of water by placing the sulphate in a sack and suspending in the top of a jar or tub of water. Do not put this in tin or iron vessels, as it will rapidly dissolve them. Before mixing dilute this to about twenty gallons. Slack four pounds of fresh lime by adding a small amount of water and after slacking is finished add about twenty gallons of water. Stir the lime and water thoroughly and strain before mixing. Pour these two solutions into the barrel or tank at the same time and stir vigorously while mixing. This may be diluted to fifty gallons.—Oklahoma Station Formula.

Why They Come Back to Land.

It is surprising how many city people are thinking, talking and actually going into farming nowadays. Men of all classes, from the successful business man to the laborer, are interested. Probably the most potent cause with those who have to earn their living is the increased cost of living in the city. There are thousands of careful, industrious men in the cities today who are making a living and nothing more, with the uncertainty of steady work always before them and the possibility of sickness which would place them in an embarrassing position. These are the people who are vitally interested, and some of them have already solved the problem by going to the country.—National Stockman.

EASTERN BEEF RAISING.

New England Farmer Thinks There Is Nothing In It.

Editors Country Gentleman—You have published several articles advising the New England farmer to raise beef. I do not think this is good advice. First, the course generally recommended is to raise baby beef. Now, the fact is that in the New England states the market for baby beef does not exist. "We likes 'um heavy," says the German butcher. "How old did you say? Not three! Oh, I don't believe I care to look at it. Well, you might try Jones. He buys most anything."

You try Jones. "What!" he asks, with a scornful snort. "Want steer prices for pig beef? We like 'em four years old. Heavy beef is the best. But I'll tell what I will do. I always trade generous with neighbors. I will stretch a point and give you 3 cents if you'll trade it out."

But, even supposing there is a good market, it will not pay a New England farmer. A steer must have one year and another four acres of good pasture and four acres of hay. Now, on a fifty acre farm how can a man make a living from beef, or even on a hundred acres? If he turns off six steers a year from one and twelve from the other at an average of $25 per head he is doing well. Yet what family can live on it?

Now, with a stock of five cows, three of them heifers, I have taken in cash about $350, had milk, butter, cream and buttermilk for the family and quarts on quarts of skim milk to feed daily to calves, pigs and chickens, and I have the cows, every one worth more than twelve months ago; also the calves I have raised on the skim milk. Where are the fat steers in comparison? One farmer near here raises heifers and sells them when they come in, usually at about two years old, or he sells a mature cow that brings from $40 to $60 and replaces her with the heifer.

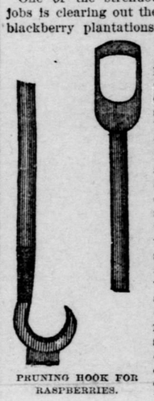
So near to markets is almost every part of New England that the farmer cannot afford to fatten beef unless it may be now and then one as a side issue. And even that one will bring good prices at from six to ten weeks old for veal, and the hay fed might be sold to advantage. But for a farmer to think that here in New England, with our long winters to feed through, he can make an easy living by fattening cattle is like his expecting to mine gold from a New England hillside. He might perhaps do both, but it is best for the common man to keep out of both.—S. A. W., Pittsfield, Mass.

The Other Side of the Question.

Commenting upon the foregoing in Country Gentleman, Professor Sanborn makes the following, among other remarks: It is granted that high pressure dairying will give a greater net profit than high pressure beef making, but it is insisted as statistically true that the margin favoring the cow is so small that one having little inclination for the confinement of the dairy is justified in choosing the steer. In this statement I have in mind sales in the open market. Whoever can avail himself of direct sales to the consumer has the advantage of a special market. Many New England buttermakers have this advantage and use it and are not to be beaten by any sort of western competition.

Handy In the Berry Bushes.

One of the strenuous early spring jobs is clearing out the raspberry and blackberry plantations. Some people do this in the fall, but it is perhaps oftener deferred till the opening of spring. It should be remembered that the raspberry is biennial—that is, the canes are produced one season, bear fruit the next and then die. At the spring pruning all old canes, winter killed and diseased canes and superfluous suckers are cut out. For cutting these canes and, indeed, handy in various ways is the little pruning hook shown in the cut. A cutting edge on the hook makes it serve as a brush hook on a small scale, while the chisel blade at the bottom transforms it into a good spud.



PRUNING HOOK FOR RASPBERRIES.

GARDEN HINTS

Sow seed of asparagus in the open ground in April for plants for a new asparagus bed.

A prominent market gardener recommends a spring top dressing of pure bone dust on asparagus, sown on the beds and hoed in.

Spring sowings of pansies should be made early, so as to secure good flowers during the early rains.

Beets will stand a good deal of cold and should be planted early to get a good start of the weeds.

To hasten the maturity of crops the gardener should run his rows east and west, then plant his seed on the south side of the ridge, thus gaining protection from north winds. He will also get the advantage of the rays of the sun hitting this southern exposure more nearly perpendicular than on the top of the row. There is a gain of time, too, and a greater certainty of an early stand insured by soaking and sprouting the seed before planting. Here is a little point not as universally practiced as one might suppose.

Fighting Seasickness.

There is one place in a ship where the voyager may be at rest. This writer discovered it during a mid-Atlantic storm, when he went down to the bathroom, tumbled into a warm sea bath and floated. The vessel was performing the most amazing antics, but the water in the bath kept its usual gravity, and the bather floated with a smile upon its bosom.—London Chronicle.

A Bad Chasm.

"Yes," said the cheerful idiot, "there is one social chasm that politeness cannot bridge."

"What, for instance?" asked the tired citizen in the hope that the idiot was threatened with a lucid interval.

"Sarcasm," replied the cheerful idiot, laughing ghoulishly.—Baltimore American.

Hereditary.

"Is genius hereditary?" asks a scientific journal.

An editor replies: "We have not time to investigate the subject, but we are inclined to think that it is. At all events, our youngsters are wonderfully smart."

Frigid.

"Rather cold blooded person, isn't he?"

"Cold blooded! Say, that fellow can attend a ball game without getting excited."—New York Press.

A Laconic Correspondence.

It is said that the celebrated German theologian, Schleiermacher, was rather inclined to save than to spend money. He was at one time quite ill and sent for a renowned physician, Dr. Grafe, who was court physician at the time and whose son became the great oculist. Schleiermacher recovered, and when fully restored to health he sent a polite note to Dr. Grafe, expressing his gratitude and inclosing 4 louis d'or, begging the physician to accept this small sum as a token of his appreciation of the services which had been rendered him.

The following day he received his gold pieces again, accompanied by the following laconic note from the great physician: "The poor I cure for nothing. The well to do pay me according to the regular 'medicine tax.' The rich reward me lavishly, according as it suits their pleasure!"

Thereupon the clergyman sat down and sent Dr. Grafe this still more laconic answer: "The 4 louis d'or are received back with gratitude. The poor Schleiermacher!"

Lady Kitty's Temptation

By IZOLA FORRESTER

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They rode slowly, Lady Kitty somewhat ahead, probably because the trail is narrow and treacherous below Lost Moon, possibly so that Allison should not see her face.

Half a mile back they had ridden side by side. The trail had been wider then. Lady Kitty did not care to remember any other reason for the proximity, but the flush on her cheeks and the slightest possible tilt to her chin belied her powers of forgetfulness.

As for Allison, he was shamelessly self possessed and at ease. She had even caught him whistling as they turned into Red Mountain gulch, and when she had deliberately ridden ahead he had not tried to join her.

Lady Kitty felt irritated by the impenitence expressed in his confident attitude and also by the knowledge that he was looking at her. It is not pleasant to feel a person's steady gaze behind one. If it had been any one else she would certainly have reported his unpardonably rude conduct to Major Dick, but she couldn't report Allison. The major would laugh at her. More than that—and Lady Kitty's flush deepened—the major would say the young cub had more grit than he gave him credit for, and when any one as charming and deliciously lovable as Lady Kitty had flirted with and encouraged such a man as Bob Allison she must expect the worst—or the best, according to her point of view. The major could be very aggravating.

And she had not flirted with Allison; not at all. If they chose to call common social civilities flirting in this barbarous land of the lariat and cow pony she was not to blame. It had been lonesome at Lost Moon, or, rather, by the time the major's party had reached the ranch Lady Kitty had seen so many lariats and cow ponies that the novelty had begun to pall, and Allison had loomed up as a welcome distraction—she had almost said "attraction" to herself.

He was good to look at, this tall, lean, strong young westerner, with his sunburn a cross tint between tan and brick dust and his straight, close lips opening in quick, unexpected smiles and showing white, square teeth like new corn.

She had seen him first when he came to meet them at the little lopsided pine board depot at Omri. She had stood on the platform when the train drew in, and over the major's dove colored sombrero she had caught a glimpse of a silent, erect figure on a black pony, his hat pulled down over his eyes, his chin up, as he leisurely surveyed their party. She had liked the clear, cool glance of his gray eyes. There was something so serenely well balanced and self sufficient in their expression when they met hers that Lady Kitty had felt a pleasurable tingle of expectancy, as though the charm of her femininity had received a challenge.

There was no doubt but what she had met it. It had not seemed serious, merely a part of the trip. He had not appeared worth considering, like the other men, who, as the major neatly put it, had appreciated their blessings when Lady Kitty had smiled on them. She had felt that in a day or so she could nod goodby and leave him with the same comfortable regret as Red mountain itself, with its gorgeous, sunset tinted, sandstone peak. She had not taken the man himself into consideration at all, and now, suddenly, without a word of warning, the man had leaned from his saddle and had kissed her.

She tried to forget to remember the awful moment, but its few details danced through her mind insistently. There had been a long silence after she had told him they were going away from Lost Moon in the morning. The party was going through Arizona—the major, Mrs. Major and the major minors, all girls, and herself. From Arizona they would go back to England. And suddenly the black pony had drawn nearer to her own brown mustang, and Allison's arm had swung around her, and he had kissed her. Incidentally Lady Kitty was uncertain that she had not— No, she had not, she told herself positively. She had only permitted him to kiss her, but that was quite enough. And that was not all—not quite all. She had said something to him.

"I might have expected that a person like you would do that sort of thing."

She had meant to crush and humiliate him, and he had laughed and let her ride on ahead. She wondered uneasily whether or not there was any reason for his cheerfulness. Had she or had she not kissed him? In the suddenness of the attack and the curious contentment she had felt at being summarily roped and branded, so to speak, by him she had forgotten entirely just how far she had revealed that curious contentment.

"Wait, please,"

Allison's voice made her pull up short. He rode up beside her. The trail widened slightly and took a sudden header into the gulch.

"We can't get by here," he said. "There has been a washout. We'll have to go back and strike up the mountain to Pop Booty's. There's a path from his place down to the trail on the other side."

Lady Kitty did not answer. Her lips were half parted, and she looked off at the distant foothills dreamily. England seemed more than half a world away. So did the major and the others. A curious sense of delicious peril possessed her. It was the first time in her life that she had not felt sure of herself so far as a man was concerned. Just now she had a wild, joyous belief that if this westerner were to ask her to be his wife she would say "Yes." She wondered if he would.

If they were only not going tomorrow; if only there were not home and her father and Rodney—of course Rodney. She almost laughed out loud to think all at once how completely he had gone out of her life the last week. And they were to be married in Easter week next spring. Poor old Rodney! She looked at the figure ahead on the black pony and sighed happily. If only he would talk to her.

They turned a bend in the path and faced a small mountain cabin. Some chickens and pigeons wandered haughtily about, and a girl was shooing them away from a straggling fringe of red geraniums that grew around the stoop. She came toward them smilingly. Lady Kitty thought she had never seen such honest, trusting eyes before except in deer. She looked up at Allison.

"Hello, Bob! Them chickens are just terrible. No, dad's gone over to the ranch. There's a washout down in the gulch. He wants some of the boys to help him fix up the trail. Want to rest up a bit and wait?"

Allison said "No," he would ride on a little and see if the path was safe down Booty's side of the mountain.

"This is Miss Booty, Lady Kitty," he added as he rode away.

Dimple Booty watched until the pines hid him.

"I'm always afraid of washouts," she said confidentially. "What if you and Bob had ridden plumb into the gulch. You would, too, only it wasn't dark yet. But Bob knows the way. He comes up here so often."

"I suppose he does." Lady Kitty looked thoughtfully down at the slim figure in the red calico dress, at the pretty dimpled face that had not yet lost the roundness or dainty coloring of childhood. "He seems to be a very interesting young man."

"Yes, Bob's nice." Dimple spoke simply, with an air of peaceful ownership. "I guess we'll get married soon as Bob comes to the point."

"Has he"—Lady Kitty hesitated delicately—"has he asked you?"

Dimple's eyes opened in surprise.

"Why, no, not point blank, but we've been going together over a year. I'm seventeen. Dad says that's kind of young, but I think such a sight of Bob he'll let us get married."

Allison came up the path among the pines.

"It's all right," he called. "We'll make the ranch before dark. Goodby, Dimple."

"By, Bob." Her glance followed him wistfully. "Be up tonight?"

"Maybe." Allison did not turn around. When the cabin was out of sight he spoke.

"You are going up to the canyon tomorrow, aren't you?"

"As far as the springs; then we go over into Arizona."

"I'm going too." Allison's tone was quiet and decisive.

Lady Kitty smiled and reached for a leaf off the bough that brushed her face.

"Are you, indeed? As guide?"

A dull flush crept up under the sunburn. Lady Kitty followed up her advantage.

"I am glad the major secured you. We are really such a lot of innocents astray in these parts that you will be welcome."

"I am not acting as guide to straying innocents. I am going after you."

Lady Kitty's eyebrows lifted. She did not meet his gaze, however. She knew her limitations.

"It is very kind of you, I'm sure, but I don't believe I would if I were you. We sail for home in November, and I am to be married next spring. Even if"—her voice was suspiciously gay and clear—"even if one does forget sometimes in this wonderland, after all, one's ain countree is best, you know."

He stared at her in dawning knowledge, and his face was pitifully boyish in its hardened pain.

"I ought to say I'm sorry," he said at last, "but I'm not. It was your fault too. You ought to carry danger signals if you don't want wrecks along your track."

"Keep off the track," she laughed. "There are no wrecks up on Red mountain."

His face softened. When they found the trail again and started the ponies toward Lost Moon at a faster gait he said one word:

"Thanks."

They rode on in silence, Lady Kitty ahead. She did not trust herself to speak, not with the memory of the girl in red calico fresh in mind and the face of Allison a few feet behind. He was riding with loose bridle, chin up, his hat low over his eyes, and Lady Kitty sighed as she thought of Rodney. She almost hoped that she had returned the kiss.

Broke the Regulations.

At one of the western army posts in the days of Indian fights there was a young lieutenant who was careful to see that the regulations relating to saluting were faithfully observed. One day a soldier who was leading an obstreperous mule to water and had both hands fully employed in the task was met by the lieutenant. The soldier, who had an occupation which demanded his undivided attention, failed to salute the martinet, who immediately called him to account for his remissness.

"Why do you not salute an officer when you see him?" he demanded.

"You hold this mule and I will," calmly returned the man.

But the lieutenant did not insist, and the regulations were broken.—Philadelphia Ledger.

The Verdict.

Records of the ancient city of Gorgeana, founded in 1640, better known at the present time as York Harbor, Me., contain many quaint and unusual stories of the early life of the town.

At the entrance to York harbor a bold promontory known as Stage neck extends some distance into the sea, from which formerly in stormy weather a temporary light in the form of a lantern hoisted upon an upright pole was displayed as a warning to mariners.

One dark winter night a sloop was wrecked on these rocks. A survivor on being questioned about the catastrophe said:

"The vessel struck, turned over on her side, and the skipper and another barrel of whisky rolled overboard."

The local coroner was summoned, and this somewhat startling verdict was returned:

"We find that the deceased fell from the masthead and was killed. He rolled overboard and was drowned. He floated ashore and froze to death, and the rats eat him up alive!"—Harper's Weekly.

Lobster Mortality High.

A lobster lays thousands of eggs, most of which hatch, but few ever live to grow up. This is not the fault of the mother, for she carries them about with her for nearly