DICK AND DOLORES

By J. B. GRANT.

Dolores Garcia sat on the step of her adobe hut and looked out across the hills. Her slim, brown hands were clasped tightly in those of Dick Chapin, the manager of the Oswego mine. Dick was only twenty-four, but his father had the controlling interest in the property. Dick had been sent to Mexico to keep him out of just such scrapes as that into which he was now running.

"So you see, Dolores, we will be married next week," Dick was saying, "and I will take you back to New York with me. The old man? Well, he will kick, of course, but he'll soon quiet down. Nobody could see you without falling in love with you."

Dolores was seventeen, which is a marriageable age for a Mexican girl with Indian blood in her veins. At least Pedro, the foreman, thought so. He had handled his knife for several days past whenever he saw Dick riding past. Pedro and Dolores had been sweethearts once; but Pedro's love-making was not like Dick's.

"Will you marry me?" Dick asked for the twentieth time. And for the first time Dolores answered "yes."

She turned and kissed him on the lips and fled into her hut, while Dick rode home in the moonlight, smiling foolishly and dreaming, as youth will.

He did not see the gun that Pedro leveled at him as he rode past the foreman's house. Pedro's finger trembled on the trigger. But while he hesitated Dick rode out of gunshot range.

"Dolores," said her wrinkled old mother, that evening, "the Gringo loves thee, eh?"

Dolores nodded. She was wiser than Dick, though her years were fewer. "He will take me to New York," she said. "His father is rich. He has a castle there."

"Listen to me, child!" exclaimed the older woman, beating her breast passionately. "Before thy father courted me I had a Gringo lover. Thou hadnst not known that? Would I had not, too, for the first love is the strongest, and even now, wrinkled as I am, and withered, my heart is his. Can the white mate with the brown? Thou wilt come back sadly, and Pedro will laugh at thee."

Dolores cried herself to sleep that night. Dick's love seemed to be eternal; yet she had heard other women speak as her mother had spoken.

"You Love the Gringo, Hey?"

Pedro was glad that he had withheld his hand that night. On the following morning there came a rumbling sound among the masses of rock that overhung the executive offices of the mine. The whole mass slipped from its anchorage and toppled down upon the buildings. Three men were in them at the time. Two were never found. One was carried out, crushed and mangled. That one was Dick.

"There is one chance in a dozen," said the mine doctor, after examining him. "He must be kept absolutely quiet, and his father had better be notified to start for Mexico at once."

They telegraphed to Dick's father, but to keep him quiet was not so easy. All day and night in his delirium he called for Dolores. To pacify him, they sent for her. Under the doctor's supervision she glided in and out, her presence only bringing momentary rest to the sick man's tortured frame.

Pedro was not so glad then. He wished now that he had used his gun that night.

The crisis came on the third day. The doctor had repaired the shattered framework of the body, but he could do no more for Dick. Life and death were fighting that afternoon for Dick Chapin. He lay in a stupor upon his bed, occasionally opening his eyes and muttering Dolores' name.

The doctor had gone away. "I will be back at nightfall," he had said. "There will be no change till then."

Dolores had just finished soaking a bandage when she looked up to see Pedro standing in the doorway. He had not spoken to her for weeks, not since the week after Dick's arrival, in fact.

"You love the Gringo, hey?" he demanded.

Dolores flashed out at him:

"That is my business, Pedro. I have said 'no' to you. Why do you come creeping in here when nobody is about? That is like you, to torment me. You are a coward, Pedro."

"Say what you like," said Pedro, shrugging his shoulders. "His sweetheart comes from America this evening."

"You lie, Pedro," answered the girl.

Pedro grinned and held out a copy of a Texas newspaper. Neither of them could read Spanish, let alone English, but photographs speak the same tongue in every land. It was impossible to mistake that of Dick Chapin or that of the girl in the same picture, about whose waist Dick's arm was resting.

Dolores looked at it and grew pale as death.

"He may have broken it off, Pedro," she gasped.

"Well," said Pedro, philosophically, "that remains to be seen. I say that she will come this evening, with his mother. Such is the story in the mine."

The mother's words came back to Dolores. Pedro saw the indecision in her face.

"Will you be shamed by a Gringo woman when the way lies open, Dolores?" he asked. "Remember, I love you. I know the Gringo makes fine promises to women, but he is not your kind. He will never marry you."

"Come here, Pedro," whispered the girl. She drew him outside. A moment later Pedro walked away grinning. As he left her Dolores heard Dick's call for her. She hurried back. Dick's eyes were wide open, and he recognized her again. The crisis was past.

"Dolores!" he whispered, drawing her toward him.

"Dick," she said, "thy—thy mother comes this night."

"My mother!" he exclaimed. "How long have I been ill, then? What happened? Ah! The landslide!" Memory was returning, and with it came the solution of the crisis.

"He will live now," said the doctor when he returned. "I'm glad that the crisis ended before his mother came."

The night train brought Mrs. Chapin and a young woman. Dolores, cast out from the sickroom now, watched them in bitterness of soul as, with hurried steps, they hastened toward the mine hospital.

"If he returns her kiss," she said to herself, "I shall know."

She followed them, gradually gaining upon them, until she reached the door of the sick man's room, a few paces behind. Neither of the women paid any attention to the Indian girl; she was not even seen my them. Dolores stood at the door and watched.

With a cry Mrs. Chapin sprang to the bedside and flung her arms about her boy. And then, while they still clung together, the younger woman drew near. Her tears fell on Dick's face. His arms were round her, too.

Dolores crept away. Pedro drew near her, but she ran from him. She could not see him yet. She had one more duty to do. She went to the doctor's office.

"Senor," she gasped, "tell me one thing faithfully. You said that he would live. Will he live to stand upon his feet again, like a man, or will he only crawl in the sun?"

"God bless you, my child, of course he will stand on his feet again," the doctor answered, looking at her curiously. He was not too ignorant of Dick's flirtation with her, and, knowing the ways of Mexico, had not been greatly disturbed by it. Dick could look after himself. And the girl—he understood that love was only an episode in these girls' lives. Still, her tone moved him.

"Why do you ask me?" he inquired, curiously.

"I have heard," said Dolores, "that when a Gringo is crippled his sweetheart leaves him. The Gringo women do not love as we love."

"Oh, I guess most women are alike," replied the doctor, carelessly. "But don't be distressed about him. Dick Chapin will be as fit as ever he was in a few weeks."

"Thank you," replied Dolores, listlessly, and went away.

"Who is that 'Dolores' that Dick is all the time asking for?" inquired Mrs. Chapin of the doctor.

"Oh, just a native woman who nursed him," the doctor answered. "She left here suddenly last night with a fellow named Pedro. Married? Let's hope so; but marriage doesn't count for very much among these Mexicans."

"I'm glad she's gone," said Mrs. Chapin. "Dick's sister and I were rather worried to know who she could be."

"I think there was a little tenderness on both sides," answered the doctor. "Best say nothing about her, and I'll break the news to him tomorrow morning."

Scatter Sunshine.

A little thought will show you how vastly your own happiness depends on the way other people bear themselves toward you. The looks and tones at your breakfast table, the conduct of your fellow-workers or employers, the faithful or unreliable men you deal with, what people say to you on the street, the way your cook and housemaid do their work, the letters you get, the friends or foes you meet—these things make up very much of the pleasure or misery of your day. Turn the idea around, and remember that just so much are you adding to to the pleasure or the misery of other people's days. And this is the half of the matter which you can control. Whether any particular day shall bring to you more of happiness or of suffering is largely beyond your power to determine. Whether each ray of your life shall give happiness or suffering rests with yourself.—George S. Merriam.

POTATO FOOT ROT

New Disease of the Sweet Variety Is Discovered.

It Attacks Primarily the Lower Part of Stem From the Soil Line to Four or Five Inches Above It.

Washington.—A new disease, the foot rot of the sweet potato, has recently been discovered by the pathologists of the United States department of agriculture, which threatens to materially restrict the production of the crop in certain localities. It was first observed on sweet potatoes growing in the vicinity of the Dismal Swamp, Virginia, during the summer of 1912. At that time it was believed to be very limited in its distribution, since search for it elsewhere was unsuccessful. The next summer, however, it was found in other parts of Virginia, namely, at Cape Charles and Keller. It is probable that it occurs elsewhere. At all of these places considerable damage was done to the crop, and in some fields as much as 60 to 95 per cent. of the plants were diseased.

The disease is known as foot rot and attacks primarily the lower part of the stem from the soil line to four or five inches above it. The fungus kills the plants by the destruction of the epidermis or bark of the stem. Sometimes the organism may attack the vine several feet from the hill, usually where the leaf is attached, and from there spreads in both directions. Small black bodies about the size of a pin point and just visible to the naked eye are formed on the diseased spots. These are the fruiting bodies of the fungus. From the destruction occasioned by this disease during the seasons of 1912 and 1913, it is not unlikely that it may be a serious menace to the crop in localities where it occurs. To what extent it may spread cannot be foreseen, though it is likely to be confined to somewhat humid regions.

The disease may be distributed in several ways. It has been found in the hotbeds on the slips and is probably carried on them to the field. It has been shown also that the growing organism will grow from the affected potato onto the slips growing therefrom. Furthermore, the fungus will grow from diseased plants onto the potatoes produced from them. The organism causing the disease lives over the winter on the dead vines in the field and may infect healthy plants when set out in the spring.

The sale and exchange of potatoes or slips is another method of distributing the disease from one farm to another, or from one locality to another. This disease, like many others of a similar kind, may be distributed on farm implements, on the feet of cattle or horses which roam from one field to another. The spores may even be carried with dust during strong winds.

In view of these facts, it is apparent that sanitary methods should be employed in controlling the disease. These should consist in the careful selection of only sound, healthy potatoes for seed. The soil for the hotbed should be obtained two or three feet below the surface after throwing off the top layer, or from woods where there is no possibility that it might be infested. Healthy slips produced by these methods should be planted on ground where sweet potatoes have never been grown, or at least where the disease has never occurred. Healthy slips planted on diseased soil will become diseased. Neither seed sweet potatoes nor plants should be purchased from localities where this disease is prevalent. The disease will likely increase each year if sweet potatoes are planted continually on the same ground.

NEW NATIONAL FOREST.

The secretary of agriculture has just designated a new area in the southern Appalachians in which he thinks that lands should be purchased by the government for forest purposes in accordance with the provisions of the Weeks' law.

This area is in northwestern Alabama, and includes 152,960 acres at the headwaters of the Warrior river in Lawrence and Winston counties. For a number of years extensive improvements by the government have been under construction on the Tombigee and the Warrior rivers, and a system of locks and dams to provide for 360 miles of navigable stream is now near completion. This improvement gives a direct water route for the shipment of coal from one of the southernmost coal fields direct to gulf coast ports, and, by means of the Panama canal, to points on the Pacific.

The presence of a forest cover to protect the headwaters of the streams and to help equalize their flow is considered extremely important by Secretary Houston, and it is for this reason that he thinks it advisable to locate a government forest area in the region.

The new area in which purchases will be made is at the extreme southern portion of the Appalachian region, about 150 miles from the nearest lands which the government has purchased hitherto in Polk county, Tenn., and Fannin county, Georgia. The new area is almost completely covered with forest; 92 per cent. of it has never been cleared, and of the eight per cent. upon which clearing has been attempted three per cent. has been abandoned and is reverting to forest growth. There is a merchantable stand of hardwood and pine timber, but there has been on great amount of lumbering because the locality has been too far from transportation facilities.

One striking thing about the region is that, although it has been settled for considerably more than a hundred years, a part of the land is still public domain. Fully 9,000 acres have never been taken up by private owners under the various land laws. These lands have now been withdrawn from settlement, and Secretary Houston will request that they be set aside as a nucleus for the proposed national forest. The purchase of private lands will also be undertaken, and as quickly as possible the government will build up another national forest of sufficient size for economical protection and administration.

ALASKA'S REINDEER INDUSTRY.

There are not less than 30,000 domesticated reindeer in Alaska today, according to estimates of the department of agriculture. This means that the reindeer industry is by far the largest agricultural proposition in Alaska at this time, and more stringent government measures should be taken to prevent the rapid destruction of these animals. The industry under scientific management should develop rapidly, according to experts, and the present herds form a very promising basis upon which a great industry may be built.

It appears that there have been instances of cross-breeding domesticated reindeer and the native wild caribuo. It is thought that the blood of the latter could be used to good advantage in building up the reindeer herds. At present the domesticated deer seem to decrease in size and otherwise degenerate because of the lack of careful selection of breeding animals. The caribou are superior in size and vigor, but are not of so wild a nature as to make their domestication impracticable.

HIGHEST POINT IN OHIO.

That exploration and discovery in the actual meaning of the word are not confined to the unchartered wilds of Alaska is shown by the fact that a new record altitude has been determined for Ohio. Until recently the highest point in Ohio, according to the United States geological survey, was near Mansfield, in Richland county, the elevation of which is 1,479 feet above sea level, but in the course of topographic surveying last summer by the survey a point was found whose elevation is 1,550 feet above sea level, or nearly 1,000 feet higher than the surface of Lake Erie. This place is about two and one-half miles east of the city of Bellefontaine, in Logan county, and is locally known as Campbell's Hill. It is stated to be unlikely that there is any higher point in Ohio, as nearly the whole state has now been topographically surveyed. The lowest point in the state is on the Ohio river and has an elevation of 425 feet; the average elevation for the whole state is not far from 850 feet.

DID REAL WORK.

Congressman A. J. Sabath of Chicago, along with half a dozen other congressmen, had an exciting time reaching the capitol in time to answer to the roll call at the initial session of the regular session of the Sixty-third congress.

Mr. Sabath got to Baltimore on Schedule time. There his trouble began. The trip from Baltimore to Washington should have taken about one hour. Instead it took four. Three engines broke down in the course of the trip, and there were as many transfers to other trains.

"I had a good idea of how congressmen would look as 'actors on the road,'" said Mr. Sabath. If these particular congressman don't work hard in Washington when they are serving their constituents, they certainly did while they were lugging their suitcases and other impedimenta from train to train."

Was Taking a Vacation.

That charity without discretion is readily abused is aptly exemplified by the story of Georgiana Simpson, an old colored woman, who was always employed by a southern family whenever extra help was needed. There never had been any difficulty in securing her services, and therefore, when three postal cards failed to bring a response one of the family called upon Georgiana to see what the trouble was. Mrs. G—— found Georgiana well and happy, and she welcomed her mistress very cordially. "I suttiny is mos' pow'ful glad to see you, Miss G——," said Georgiana. "An' is de fambly all tol'able well jes' now?' "Yes, we are all well, Georgiana," said Mrs. G——. "But I want to know why you didn't come when I wrote to you? We felt sure you must be ill." "Oh, no, 'deed, Miss G——," said the colored woman, as she tilted her black head airly. "I's enjoyin' th' bes' ob health, an' de Char'ty society done 'stablish a bread, soup an' coal fund up at de corner, so none ob us ladies in de street has to work dis yeah."

Loud Patterns.

"That young Gadsby is an amiable fellow."

"Yes. He has to be amiable to counteract the irritating effect of the clothes he wears."

Always Out.

"Jonesby seems to be a man who takes things for granted."

"That's true. I can't keep enough smoking tobacco on hand to fill my pipe."