

VIRGINIA.

She is a picture of delight,  
A maiden sweet and coy;  
Her voice, it trills with music, fills  
My very soul with joy.  
Her laughing eyes the summer skies  
That arch and bend above her  
Display to view no softer hue.  
I love her, dearly love her.

My spirits sink with care; I drink  
The bitter lees of sadness;  
'Tis then she brings, on fairy wings,  
To me the sweets of gladness.  
Her presence lifts my soul and riffs  
The angry clouds which cover  
My sky of life with somber stripe—  
I love her, dearly love her.

The coming years may bring me tears  
And fill my heart with pining;  
Yes, grief may fall but to the pall  
There'll be a silver lining;  
Come weal or woe, where'er I go,  
Around my heart will hover  
A vision fair, a memory dear,  
I love her, dearly love her.  
—Luther A. Lawhon.

THE SPANISH WAY.

By DON CLARK WILSON.

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It was remarked at the officers' mess in the Exposition barracks that young Lieut. Fogarty was craggy in the meshes of the senorita's fascinations, and that if he was not watchful of his sentiment he would some day turn traitor to his country for her sake, like the notorious Howard, and fight against Uncle Sam in the insurrecto army. But Fogarty, who once or twice overheard talk of this kind, smiled loftily and treated his little flirtation with the senorita as a trivial affair, a matter of jest, the diversion of a gentleman—and continued the flirtation.

On the Luneta, one night, when the Sixth artillery band was giving an open air concert, his eye was caught by a dark-eyed, voluptuous Spanish beauty in an open Stenhope, and he never rested until he had formed her acquaintance. Now, this was a most difficult matter to accomplish, for Spanish old world ideas of propriety and all that had to be circumvented, the haughty old padre and madre of the girl had to be reconciled to his advances, and the girl's inborn prejudice against anything and everything American had to be overcome. Then there was also an absurd fellow named Loretto Cervillo, an ex-officer of the defeated Spanish army, who claimed the senorita as his affianced.

Senorita Lola did not evince any special affection for him; she did not give way to those bursts of Spanish passion he had read of so often in fiction; and it struck coldly on his ardor at times to think that possibly she was trifling with him, and that her acceptance of his attentions was prompted merely and solely from a love of diversion and excitement.

One night the Lieutenant left the Reserve hospital on Calle Las Vegas, and jumping into a passing carometa, drove to the Teatro Libertad, where he had an appointment with her.

At the entrance he paused and cast his eyes over the audience. It was a gay scene, gorgeously colored, with laughing groups at the tables and in the boxes; a gathering of Spaniards, civilians and ex-soldiers, of American officers and dark-eyed damsels here and there, of elite Filipino mestezos and their escorts, of American soldiers in spotted khaki and limp gray hats. Lieut. Fogarty paid scant attention to all this, however; his eye anxiously sought for the pretty face of Lola, and at last he found her.

Found her seated at a table in a remote corner near some curtains, chatting gaily with a dark-browed lout in sweeping panama and white duck, who sipped idly at a slender glass of emerald liquor, and seemed wholly sour and unapproachable and disagreeable. Lola kept up a running fire of vivacious talk, and seemed enraptured the more as his ill-humor increased; and as Fogarty, himself scowling blackly, quickly approached and sat opposite her, she greeted him with a delicious little bubble of laughter and said:

"Noches, senor teniente! I was expecting you. See—Cervillo—dear old Cervillo!"—impulsively kissing him,



His eye was caught by a dark-eyed Spanish beauty.

to Fogarty's unutterable displeasure—"Is so delightfully angry! Carrejo, it is exciting!—two angry soldiers!"

Cervillo scowled back hatred at Fogarty. Fogarty snifled sarcastically at Cervillo; and Lola laughed in a burst of enchantment.

"Senors," she said, "it is beautiful! Teniente," to Fogarty, "will you drink?"

She poured out a glass of absinthe, then tossed the Lieutenant a pack of native cigarillos, and herself lighted

one, which she smoked with exquisite grace and abandon.

Cervillo turned slightly away, puffing sulkily at a cigarette, and glared savagely at the dancer on the stage, as though the sight of Fogarty was intolerable.

"D—n Cervillo!" growled Fogarty, heartily. "Lola, let us ride." "Ride, teniente?" she echoed: "Ride? No, no! It is too delightful here! The lights, the dancers, the music—Paloma, it is divine! See! It is Esmeralda who dances now! Esmeralda, who might be the Egyptian of Notre Dame. See how she sways!"



Cervillo faced him, his fierce mustache bristling savagely.

See how lightly she floats on those tiny toes! Ride senor? No, no!"

"Let us walk along the shore, then," persisted Fogarty, coaxingly. "Anything, senorita, to escape this close den!"

She pouted dissentingly. "Senor, do not spoil it. You Americans are so prosaic! Look, Cervillo enjoys it. He is happy. Why not you?"

Fogarty sulkily puffed at the cigarillo, and stared into the gossipping crowd. After a silence Fogarty tossed his cigarillo away impatiently, took the senorita's hand in his, and said:

"It is unjust of you, senorita. It is cruel. Why do you persistently torment me? Why—"

"Torment you?" The little vixen's mouth dropped in surprise, but there was a twinkle in her eye that did not escape the Lieutenant. "I would not knowingly—ccsa! Esmeralda is gone, and now watch, teniente. It is the juggler Mezzola who comes next. He is a marvelous man, so adroit!"

But what did Fogarty care for the stage when this enchanting miss sat before him? There was nothing offered the public from the proscenium to compare with what Fogarty now watched in silence, his heart burning with love. For a moment he forgot the place, the crowd, the juggler, the music—and Cervillo. His head swam, his senses whirled hazily as one bereft of reason. In an ecstasy he squeezed her hand, he bent forward, breathing heavily, and before he was fully aware of what he was doing, and before the senorita could avoid his passionate attack, he kissed her, then sprang instinctively to his feet.

Cervillo faced him, his black face growing blacker, his fierce mustache bristling savagely.

"Senor," he said, in imperfect English, "it is the insult! It is the outrage!"

Fogarty was conscious that many eyes were riveted on him, that the juggler on the stage was staring at him in amazement, that his own superior officers were leveling their glasses at him from the boxes and the foyer.

"Well?" he said, coolly, as he faced the angry Spaniard. "What are you going to do about it?"

"Senor will apologize," declared the other, hotly. "In one meenut—only one meenut I will gif you! Sabe? One meenut!"

"And if I don't apologize, what then?"

"One or udder mus' die!" returned Cervillo, in a low, tense tone. "You or me! I care not vich!"

Fogarty looked at the senorita. A strange light shone in her eyes. He interpreted it as a challenge.

"I refuse, senor," he said; and in a trice a glove was thrown in his face, he felt a stinging slap on his cheek, and a voice hissed in his ear:

"Den, you know what dis means, asso!"

He did. But he chose his own way

of answering the challenge. His impatience could brook no delay in seeking satisfaction. He knocked the Spaniard to the floor with one quick, straight blow, then sprang back, breathing heavily.

That was the American way. In the confusion that followed Fogarty quickly took the senorita's arm, and urged her into a qulex.

The cochero drove across the Punta Espana, down a devious road to the aged portucullis under the wall, and then plunged into the narrow, ill-paved, foul-smelling streets of darker Manila. After an interminable ride through this bewildering tangle he finally pulled up before the door of a somber building in the very heart of the old city, and in response to his "Aci, senor," the senorita, with a gay burst of laughter, leaped out.

"Buenos noches, teniente!" she said to the officer within. "Buenos noches!" and disappeared into the house. A ripple of laughter that did not sound exactly mirthful to the cochero floated back on the dense, close air as she swung the ponderous old door behind her.

The driver waited patiently for several moments. The officer in the cab said nothing, gave no directions, or in fact manifested any interest whatsoever in the proceedings. The cochero confidently awaited the choice cussword and the impatient "Pronto!" he was so accustomed to hear from his American fares. But it came not, and the cochero sagely concluded his fare was drunk. "Americano mucho loco," he mused. "Senor teniente!" he said softly, as he dismounted and looked into the carometa at the officer. "Donde vamos?"

There was no reply. The officer didn't stir.

The cochero repeated his inquiry, then looked closer, squinted knowingly, like a sage old fellow, and smiled a sly, slick little smile.

The officer was pinned in his place, a dainty pompadour through his chest.

That was the Spanish way.

The Maiden's Song.

Laugh out, O stream! from your bed of green,  
When you lie in the sun's embrace;  
And talk to the reeds that o'er you lean.

To touch your dimpled face,  
But let your talk be as sweet as it will,  
And your laughter be as gay,  
You can not laugh as I laugh in my breast—  
For my lover will come to-day.

Sing, sweet little bird! sing out to your mate  
That hides in the leafy grove;  
Sing clear, and tell him for him you wait.

And tell him of all your love,  
But though you sing till you shake the buds  
And the tender leaves of May.

My spirit thrills with a sweeter song—  
For my lover must come to-day.

Come up, O winds! come up from the South  
With eager, hurrying feet,  
And kiss your red rose on her mouth  
In the bower where she blushes sweet.

But you can not kiss your darling flower,  
Though you clasp her as you may,  
And I kiss in my thought the lover dear  
I shall hold in my arms to-day.

—Phobe Cary.

Anaesthesia Without Drugs.

Dr. Steiner, a Dutch physician, recently made a curious discovery while traveling in Java, says the London Chronicle. He chanced to stop one day at Sourabaya, where the Javanese maintain a large hospital for prisoners. His notice was directed to the fact that in the treatment of such cases as necessitated an anaesthetic the native physicians did not resort to a drug, but instead they were manifestly reducing their patients to a condition of stupor by compressing the carotid artery with their fingers. The Dutch physician was so much impressed with this primitive method of rendering the patient at least partially insensible to pain that he made a careful study of it. He discovered that this method of anaesthesia, although unknown to modern surgery, was in all probability in vogue among the ancients.

Death of Kossuth's Sister.

News of the death of Louise Kossuth Ruttkay at Buda-Pesth has come to hand. Mrs. Ruttkay was sister of Louis Kossuth, the Hungarian patriot, and wife of the late Joseph Ruttkay. She was over eighty-six years old. After the rising against Austria in 1852, furthered by Kossuth, then in England, his mother and three sisters were banished and the mother soon after died at Brussels, while the sisters came to this country. Of the three Mrs. Ruttkay was the last survivor, and made her home in America until 1881, when she went to live with her brother at Turin and was with him when he died. In his last years she kept up his correspondence with his old comrades in this country.

Substitutes for Fuel.

While the recent coal famine was an uncomfortable fact Elliott Woods, superintendent of the capitol at Washington, was bombarded with suggestions as to substitute fuel. Here are a few of them: "Storing the heat from warm debates;" "The seasoned timber from which cabinets are selected;" "planks from political conventions;" "some of the dried old fossils in the senate;" "logs which are rolled by all members, and the 'steps which are always taken to remedy all matters."

"Be the Powers."

Now there is talk of a plan to bring Russia, Japan and England together. But Russia is tied up with France, so France would have to be added. And as that republic is flirting with Italy, Italy must be included. And Italy couldn't go in without Germany. So there you are. A nice tea party! All the best of friends and so on. The question arises—Is Lord Reclor Ad-drew Carnegie at the bottom of it all? —New York Evening Sun.

A WOODLAND QUEEN



In his magnificent collection of photographs—probably the finest in the west, if not in this country—Mr. Eugene J. Hall of Chicago has

few more perfect than this dainty picture. The graceful abandon of the pose, the happy face, the air of careless innocence, in combina-

tion with the remarkably fine photographic work, make this a gem indeed. It is one of the finest ever taken even by this master.

LONDON'S DOG CEMETERY

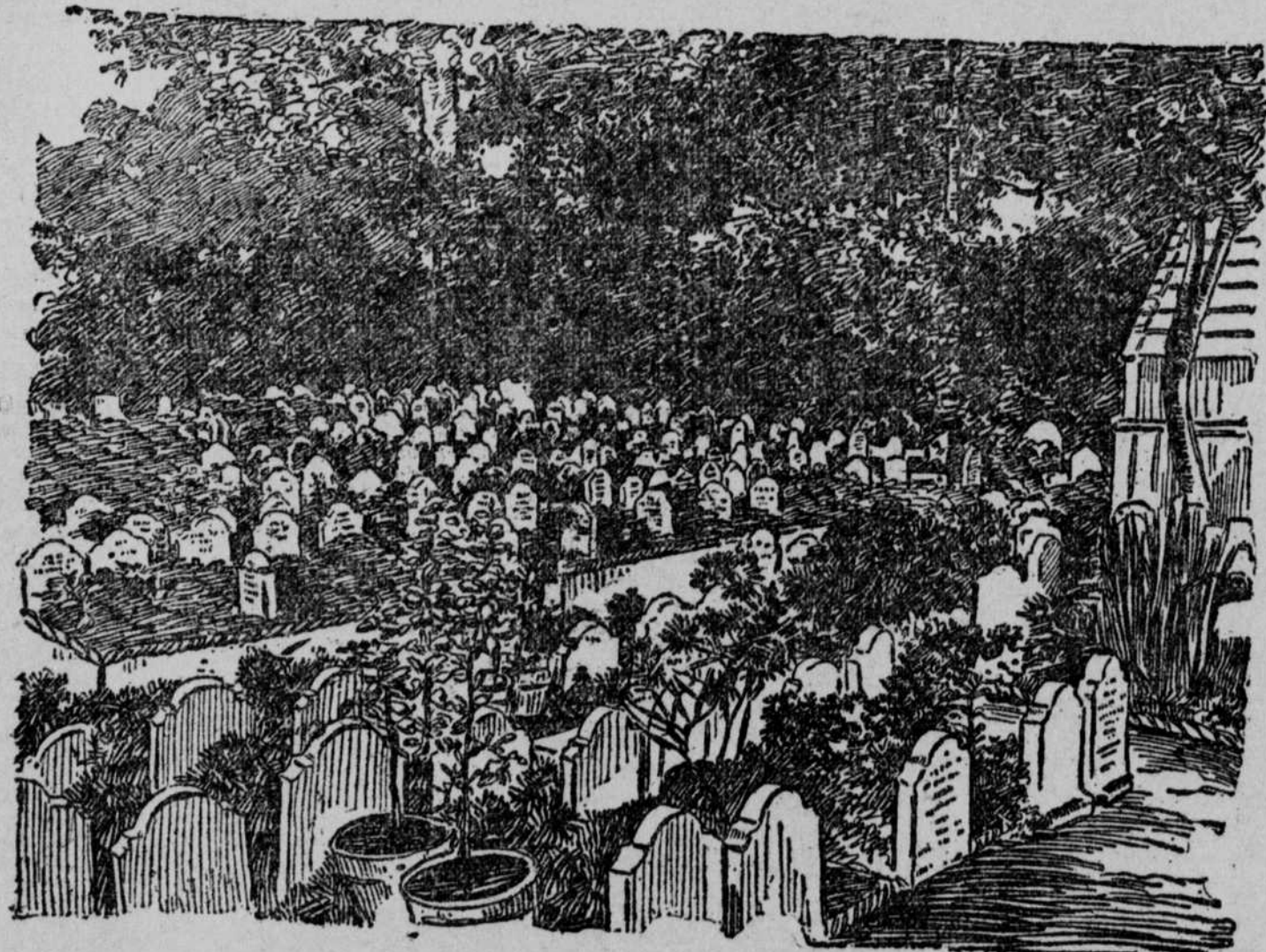
It is not generally known that in London, England, there exists an exceedingly pretty cemetery devoted principally to man's best friend—the faithful dog. Near the Victoria gate, Hyde Park, stands the gate keeper's lodge, attached to which there is a fair-sized garden, the last resting place of many a favorite pet.

Several years ago a favorite dog, which belonged to the Duke of Cambridge, was run over in the park,

There is a stone in memory of "My dear little cat Chinchilla (Chilla). Lovely, loving and most dearly loved. Poisoned July 31, 1895. God restore thee to me, so prayeth thy ever-loving mistress." Below this are some hieroglyphics, which probably do not contain a blessing for the person who so cruelly took the cat's life. Another marble stone bears the words, "Alas! poor Zoe. Born Oct. 1, 1879. Died Aug. 13, 1892. As deeply mourned as

number of bulldogs assisted at the ceremony. One grave is very remarkable; it is large enough for a child of ten or twelve, and railed in is a splendid marble column, resting on a rock, the whole covered with carved lilies. On one side are these words: "In loving memory of dear, gentle little Lily, died Jan. 6, 1900, aged 14 years.

The oldest dog in the cemetery was Little Tim, true and faithful unto



brought to the lodge and afterwards buried in the garden. A marble stone shows the place where he lies. After this many wao had heard of the event requested to have their dogs laid to rest in the same plot of ground, and thus it came about that permission was obtained to allow the garden to become a cemetery for dogs. It has now been in existence twenty years, and there are about three hundred or four hundred graves, all beautifully kept. The tombstones are pretty nearly all of the same size, and mostly of marble. One of the first of these to greet the eye on entering bears this inscription: "My Ruby Heart died Sept. 14, 1897. For seven years we were friends." This little grave is surrounded by a small iron fence with a marble pillar at each corner.

ever dog was mourned, for friendship rare by her adorned."

The oldest and therefore one of the first stones to be erected is dated 1882. "Love's tribute to Love. Dear little Tony." In some instances vases of flowers and artificial wreaths under glass are placed on the grave. Pilku was the dog who had belonged to a relative of the king of Sweden, and the crest of its master reversed is carved on the headstone. Another stone bears this inscription: "Good-bye, but not for ever."

There is a small greenhouse and near it, unmarked, is buried the dearly loved dog of a lady who had him placed in an oak coffin with silver handles. "Jack the Dandy, a Sportsman and a Pal," was a bulldog, and when his funeral took place a large

death; he lived twenty years. The dog Danger was born in Mexico, and under his name are these words:

"Could I think we'd meet again,  
It would lighten half my pain."

Besides many other interesting tributes paid to the memory of dead pets are these: "Thomas, the dearly loved, faithful and affectionate friend of Lady and Captain Nottage." "To my dear Rob, for nine years the beloved and devoted companion of Mrs. F. M. Digan. Died May, 1900.

"He talked with soft brown eyes  
More eloquent than speech."

Also to our beloved and faithful little Jack, aged seventeen years. "Could Love have saved, thou hadst not died."