

THE OTHER GIRLS.

You ask me of the other girls, sweetheart—
(A question women always ask of men,
The end of all the sweetheart's questionings,
And yet the point at which they all begin.)

You ask me of the other girls—Well, this:
God never made a finer lot than these;
Fond lovers never kissed from helplessness
A fairer child than dimpled Eloise.

The pulsing passions of an hundred years
Made sweet in purer ways where virtue sows,
Myriad forms of potter's clay have made,
But none so little as star-eyed, laughing Rose.

The sculptor, in his wildest dreams of art,
In tracements of the ligaments, and line,
Could never once the gracious equal find
Of Clementine, my own sweet Clementine.

The poet and the painter, in their turn,
May praise and love the beauties that they know,
Nor once in all their dreamings find
One equaling the charms of little Clo.

Man never wooed a finer lot of girls—
God never made a finer lot to woo;
He never made red lips so like the rose,
Nor languid eyes more like the glinting dew.

You ask me of the other girls, sweetheart—
You ask me if I love them still I do.
Each beauty that I found in each of them
Each grace of mine, each virtue that they knew,
I find them all and love them more, sweetheart,
Because they are so much a part of you.

—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

Armstrong's Chance

JOE said the superintendent of the Montezuma Copper Company, "you're to take the Kitty mare and go down the road until you meet Manuel Gonzalez's outfit. He started from Lordsburg six days ago, so you ought to find him about York's ranch. Just notice particularly where you meet him, and ask him to hurry up. He's got some flour we need."

Joe Armstrong had been looking for this order. Ever since he had been taken into the employ of the company he had been sent on these missions. Invariably three or four days before the end of the month he and the Kitty mare had been sent galloping down the Lordsburg road to meet this freighter or that and tell him to hurry up.

It was eighty miles to Lordsburg, and all the company's freight had to be drawn in ox teams from the railway at that point.

The humor of asking that an ox team hurry was not lost on Joe. He knew it took eight or ten days for the plodding cattle to drag the great wagon across the desert and over the hills, and he knew, too, that there was plenty of flour in the warehouse.

But Joe Armstrong also knew enough to hold his tongue and obey orders.

It was not that the relation displeased him; on the contrary, he was delighted when the flour would not come from the mill from the dull routine of the company's store to a ride on Kitty.

It was Sunday when he reached York's ranch, where he stopped for supper. There were three other travelers at the ranchman's table. One of them was known to Joe. He had been a bookkeeper in the company's office, and had been discharged for a reason Joe could never learn, and the two strangers were in his company.

"Going to stop over, Joe?" asked Lampton, as they stood at the wash-dish tub.

"Why, no, Mr. Lampton," answered the boy. "I've a bit of business down the road. It's moonlight, and I guess I'll push on a way. Are you going out?"

Lampton thought not, and changed the subject, and the bookkeeper and his two companions were still at York's when Joe saddled up and started on.

Kitty, fresh from her rest and feed of grain, was in as good trim as if she had not already come a score of miles, but Joe would not let her gallop.

Soon she found her stride, the long, swinging lunge of the cow ponies that he knew she could hold for fifty miles if necessary. The brilliant moon almost directly overhead cast a shadow like a purple blanket. Except for the hoofbeats there was no sound.

Joe loved to ride at night. He knew every inch of the way, and each tall, branching cactus that stood out in the moonlight was as good as a mile post to him.

Soon he noted a shadow in the brush by the roadside keeping pace with him. Half a mile farther a companion shadow on the other side of the road drew his attention.

He knew they were wildcats, obeying the same instinct that makes their tame congeners follow a man in the city streets in the moonlight. He knew he could send them scurrying away into the brush with a shout, but with the habit of those who live in the wild places of the earth, he had no desire to molest anything that did not molest him. Besides, the leaping shadows were company of a sort, and their presence was a guarantee that no lurking savage beast or savage man was near.

Joe left the companion shadows at the Gila River, when he and Kitty splashed across it.

He had not yet found Manuel Gonzalez's train of ox-teams, but he knew they must be comparatively near—probably camped at the spring half a dozen miles farther on. There was nothing to be gained by coming upon

So cautiously that not even a rustling leaf betrayed him. Joe raised his head and peered through the bushes. He saw three men lying asleep, the buckboard standing at the side of the road, and the horses unhitched and picketed by it.

His first thought was to slip the stake ropes and stampede the horses, but he realized that the sleepers might be awakened by the plunging animals, and the thought of what they might do in their anger made Joe feel lonesome for the first time.

As silently as a fox stalking a wild fowl, Joe skirted the cleared patch and made for the river bottom. He was soon beside the Kitty mare. There was an anxious moment when he was afraid Kitty would greet him with a neigh, but she only raised her head from the tall grass and put out her nose to be petted.

He had ridden her bareback as often as with a saddle, and in a moment he was on her, making his way, by a wide detour, past the sleeping men. As soon as he was beyond earshot he gave Kitty her head and sped away.

His idea had been that all he had to do was to tell Gonzalez of Lampton's plot. Now the words of Lampton himself occurred to him. "Nobody is supposed to know the money is there but the agent at Lordsburg and the superintendent." It was the company's secret, and Joe dared not betray it even to the freighter.

At last a sparkle far ahead showed him the embers of a dying campfire, and soon he was near enough to make out the big prairie schooners. He had found Gonzalez's outfit.

The voice of timidity whispered that he might discharge his commission with safety to himself. All he had to do was to deliver his message to the freighter as it was given him, turn round, and gallop back home and say nothing of what he had overheard by the river. The company would lose twenty-five thousand dollars, but nobody would blame him.

But another voice—the voice of duty—spoke louder, insisting that taking care of himself was not all that he was there for.

"The boss wants you to hurry up, he needs that flour," said Joe to the head freighter, when he had roused him.

Gonzalez grumbled at being awakened for such a message; but he was too sleepy to blame the boy, and finally told him he had better spend the night with them.

"I'll sleep in the wagons if you don't mind," said Joe, to whom a plan had occurred.

"Just as you like," yawned the freighter. "There's a big bale of blankets back in the trailer."

So Joe tethered Kitty to the wheel of the trailer and crawled in on top of the blankets—a rough bale covered with burlap and laced with ropes.

Before dawn he got a cup of coffee from the camp cook, borrowed a bundle, and with a bundle rolled in his coat and tied it behind, starting on his long ride home, while Gonzalez and his crew were yoking the oxen to the wagons.

Five miles up the road Joe met Lampton and the two men rolling along in the buckboard. His heart stopped beating until he was past, but the discharged bookkeeper merely waved him a greeting.

Joe calmed down. He felt safe enough now to emerge at the scene that would be enacted back there, when the robbers, after carrying off the heavy bale, would open it and find nothing.

"Kitty was a very tight mare when she brought Joe into town that night." The superintendent looked the boy as he rode up to the office of the copper company. "Did you find Gonzalez?"

"Yes, sir," shouted Joe. "He said he'd hurry." Then Joe pulled his coat from behind the saddle, handed over the bundle of banknotes, and blurted out his adventures.

It wasn't much of a trick to unroll the bale, sir," he said, "and I tied it up again while Gonzalez thought I was sleeping, but," he added, "I'm afraid the company loses the blankets."

"It's willing to lose them," said the superintendent.

The superintendent talked the matter over with the manager, and at first they thought one of the biggest banknotes in the package was the proper reward for the messenger whose presence of mind had saved the money. But when the superintendent mentioned it to his wife, she gave him a better plan, and that is how it came about that for several years the item of a boy's schooling appeared on the expense account of the copper company, with the bills for freight and smelting.

This happened twenty years ago. If you happen to be interested in the story and ever go out to Arizona, the present superintendent of the Montezuma Copper Company can give you the details of the boy's subsequent career. The present superintendent's name is Armstrong—Youth's Companion.

West Indian "Life Plant."

There is a creeping moss found in Jamaica, in Barbadoes, and other islands of the West Indies, which is called the "life tree," or more properly the "life plant." Its powers of vitality are said to be beyond those of any other plant. It is absolutely indestructible by any means except immersion in boiling water or application of a red-hot iron. It may be cut up and divided in any manner, and the smallest shreds will throw out roots, grow, and form buds. The leaves of this extraordinary plant have been placed in a closed air-tight, dark box, without moisture, of any sort, and still they grew.

It sometimes happens that the man who has a wife and an automobile has two unmanageable things on his hands at once.

OLD FAVORITES

Robin Redbreast.

Good-by, good-by to summer!
For summer's beauty done,
The garden smiling faintly,
Cool breezes in the sun;
Our thrushes now are silent,
Our swallows flown away;
But Robin's here in coat of brown,
And scarlet breast just gay.
Robin, Robin Redbreast,
O Robin dear!
Robin sings so sweetly
In the falling of the year.

Bright yellow, red, and orange,
The leaves come down in hoists,
The trees are fading primes,
But soon they'll turn to ghosts;
The leafy peas and apples
Hang rattle on the boughs;
Autumn, autumn, autumn here
I'll soon be winter now.
Robin, Robin Redbreast,
O Robin dear!
And what will this poor Robin do?
For pinking days are near.

The fireside for the cricket,
The wheatstack for the mouse,
When trembling night winds whistle
And moan all round the house,
The frosty ways like iron,
The branches plumed with snow—
Alas! in winter dead and dark,
Where can poor Robin go?
Robin, Robin Redbreast,
O Robin dear!
And a reward of bread for Robin,
His little heart to cheer,
—William Allingham.

Abide with Me.

Abide with me! Past falls the ebb-tide,
The darkness deepens; Lord, with me
Abide!
When other helpers fail and comfort flee,
Help of the helpless, O abide with me!

Swift to its close ebb, out life's little
Day,
Earth's joys grow dim; its glories pass
away;

Change and decay in all around I see;
To thee, O thou who abidest with me!

Thou art my portion through all changing hours,
Thou art my portion through all changing hours,
Thou art my portion through all changing hours,
Thou art my portion through all changing hours,

Where is death's sting, where, grave, thy
Victory?

Hearts that thine cross before my closing
eyes;

Heaven's morning breaks, and earth's
vain shadows flee;

Life and death, O Lord, abide with me!
—Henry Francis Lyte.

GAUDY BIRDS OF ARGENTINA.

The Abouli Pheasant in Great Numbers and Most Brilliant Varieties.

The birds of Argentina abound in great numbers and variety, and they are among the most attractive and beautiful.

They are much finer singers than the robins of our country. Here we find a dove's endlessly made nest, with two white eggs lying on the ground. This nest is very small, not much larger than a canary. The modest little gray bird is the bulbul or nightingale, which keeps his sweet song for the night.

There is a tree that appears to be covered with balls of cotton, but instead of cotton it is a flock of magpies sunning themselves. They drop their wings and fluff out the feathers of the back until they resemble balls of cotton. They are singular birds. One will catch a frog and run around before the others, apparently to tantalize them. When they, but they jump into a pool of water, then out and roll the dust, then into the water again. They impose on each other by several means laying eggs in the nests of others.

PHOTOGRAPHS OF FREAKS.

Specialty Which Proves Inclusive to the Photographer.

Not far from Cosque Union is a photograph gallery devoted almost entirely to freaks. Sometimes a few nuggets get to their feet, but as a general thing they patronize a shop kept by an ex-pugilist a little farther down the street.

In the freaks' shop you will find at almost any hour of the day giants and dwarfs, skeletons and fat men, hu-

man pin-cushions and sword swallowers—in fact anything that is included in the museum and circus line, on exhibition from 10 cents to \$1. Nothing in the way of a legitimate freak escapes. But once let an outsider—that is, a man whom the patrons of the show do not consider a genuine freak—get in there, and he gets no picture.

The photographer began with picking up chance freaks in the circus about ten years ago. He personally sought out freaks and took commission on the number of photographs sold in the shows. The freak photographer doesn't do that now. He knows that he has a facility for photographing freaks better than anybody else, just as others excel in sporting scenes and some in handsomely gowned women. Every man of any good, in every profession has his strong point; and that man's is in posing freaks to the best advantage.

His name is on pictures sold in freak shows in New York or anywhere else this side of San Francisco. His bank account would compare favorably with the bank accounts of many fashionable photographers.—New York Times.

QUEER STORIES

The limit of a soldier's credit at the canteen was twenty per cent of his pay.

Augsburgers are making an effort to establish a steel plant at Flushing, Holland.

The proportion of policemen to population is one to 807 in Paris, one to 408 in London, and one to 458 in New York.

American tourists annually spend abroad an average of \$75,000,000, and foreign tourists leave about \$20,000,000 here.

The editor of a weekly newspaper in Australia offers himself as a prize to the woman who writes the best essay on the duties of a wife.

Goose quill pens and drying powders are still used in English law courts and the House of Lords and in the French Chamber of Deputies.

John Stuart Mill was studying Greek at thirty, had practically mastered the language at seven, and a year later was acting as schoolmaster to his younger brothers and sisters. John Ruskin actually produced a manuscript work in three volumes before he reached his seventh birthday.

In Haroldswick, in the Shetlands, a whalebone viking drinking horn in good condition was found recently in a grave that contained human bones, together with those of horses and dogs. The grave is probably that of a sea king, buried with his horse and a dog in the time of Harold Harfager, one thousand years ago.

A prehistoric town near Aden, all the way to have been of large size and promises to yield an extraordinary amount of interesting objects. More than one hundred acres have been reserved for excavations, and the remains are found considerably beyond the town.

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POPULAR MEDICAL DELUSIONS.

An Old Family Physician Tells of Some of His Experiences.

Tradition and superstition, it is said, die hard, and even in this twentieth century, the age of education and progress, it is surprising what erroneous and delusive ideas prevail regarding medical matters, says a doctor in the London Tri-Bits.

In some of the more common ailments of children a doctor hears at times peculiar views expressed. Many patients are quite under the impression that it is for their children's welfare that they should contract while young such diseases as measles, whooping cough and chicken pox, or glasspox, and they will even go so far as to expose them to infection, so as to, as they express it, "get it over and done with."

As a matter of fact there is no reason or necessity why any child should suffer from any one of these diseases. Happy is the family that escapes them, for then there is a chance of the youngsters growing up healthy men and women and useful members of society.

Most erroneous ideas prevail as to the effect of these complaints of childhood. I have often heard it said, "Oh, it's only measles" or chicken pox, as the case may be, quite oblivious to after effects. Any one who would take the trouble to read health statistics would soon be convinced that measles especially is not to be trifled with, and yet medical men as a rule find a reckless disregard for isolation, and in many cases not even the prevention of calling in the family doctor, the result being naturally that the disease spreads at its own sweet will and often works havoc.

In the treatment of this complaint, again, delusions and erroneous ideas exist, among a large number of the community. Tradition, so it appears to me, is more prevalent with regard to measles than almost any other children's disease.

A remedy that has been handed down from mother to daughter for I don't know how many generations is saffron. Now, what effect saffron has upon this particular fever no doctor knows. Certainly there is no peculiar element in its composition that makes it a necessity. When one remembers that saffron is merely a dye—principally used commercially in that role—and that it possesses no medicinal value, one fails to understand why it is so universally used. The only thing to be said in its favor is that, while being useless, it is harmless.

A favorite addition to saffron is brandy; but as saffron is harmless, brandy, on the other hand, especially with babies and young children, is positively injurious, and should never be given except under medical advice.

Children are always thirsty in their feverish ailments. Yet how seldom the mother thinks of giving her child water to drink. It is nearly always milk—another popular delusion. Milk is an excellent food, but it does not quench thirst; in fact, it increases it. Give the child cold boiled water and it will become quiet and less fretful.

A very popular error is that spirits keep the cold out. As a matter of fact they do just the opposite. Alcohol increases the action of the skin, opens the pores and makes the individual more liable to contract chills and colds, often with disastrous results. A glass of hot milk is far better and much cheaper and purer.

Cost of Food in Manila.

Many travelers in the Philippines, as well as many who have had to live there on duty, have reported that the cost of living is high, but the particulars have not often been set forth, says the Boston Herald.

An advertisement in the Manila Freedom of prices of provisions at the Philippine cold stores affords some specific knowledge on the subject.

For beef the price per pound is (in cents): Sirloin, 55; rump, 55; topside, 50; round steak, 45; rib roast, 45; blade chuck, 40. For mutton the pound price is: Leg, 45; shoulder, 30; loin chops, 25 to 45; stew pieces, 15. For pork: Leg, 60; loins, 60; corned pork, 45 to 50. Rabbits are 50 cents each; hares, 75 cents; calf's liver, 40 cents a pound; sausage, 40; smoked cod, 45; salmon, 15 to 60; honey, 40, and butter, \$1.05. Most of the meats are imported, of course, but they are rather necessary to the diet of an American. It must be taken into account, also, that the currency is silver. Doubtless there are native diets—fish and rice, for example—that are cheaper. But the supply of rice is now rather limited, and the local government is procuring and distributing it to the famishing.

Entitled to Another Dividend.
Bogart—Please, boss, won't you gimme a dime to—

Jenkins—See here! I gave you a dime yesterday.

Bogart—Well, haven't yer earned any more money since den?—Philadelphia Ledger.

Worth the Trouble.

"Don't you find it tiresome," said Marc Antony, "to devote so much time to literature in addition to your various wars?"

"Yes," replied Caesar, "but it pays. There is nothing like being your own military scribe."—Washington Star.

Ship in the World.

The oldest ship in the world, the mail schooner Vigilant, running into St. Croix, F. W. I., although now under the French flag, was built of Essex oak, at Essex, Mass., in 1802.

Large St. Louis Hotel.

The Bonaparte Hotel at St. Louis will be the largest hotel in the United States, and its opening will be simultaneous with that of the big exposition.