

## 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 listlessness  
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 boy would not see some change 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 Armstrong. 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 hoof-beats 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," 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 called 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, 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 art with me!

Thou art the presence ever passing hour,  
That dost thy grace can feel the Temp-  
ter's power?

Who like myself my goal and stay can  
find?

Through cloud and sunshine, O abide  
with me!

Yours are the ways that lead to peace,  
His have no light and tears no bitter  
end;

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

Count me still, O thou, abide with me.

Hail them thy cross before my closing  
eyes;

Shine through the gloom and point me  
to thy skies!

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

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

**GAUDY BIRDS OF ARGENTINA.**

The Aborigines Place in Great Numbers  
and Most Brilliant Varieties.

The birds of Argentina abound in  
great numbers and variety, and they  
occupy its greatest and most attractive  
regions. One of the peculiarities of  
these birds is their gaudy, variegated  
and brilliant plumage.

They are very beautiful and in  
some wonderful. Let us go to the  
beak of the blue bird and see how  
long we can see. Young birds are  
called the "bluebirds" and are of  
the same color. They appear to be  
of the same color as the bluebird,  
but are much larger and more  
robust than the bluebird.

They are much larger than the  
bluebird, and are much more  
robust than the bluebird. They are  
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man pin-cushions and sword swallow-  
ers—in fact anything that is included  
in the museum and circus line, on ex-  
hibition from 10 cents to \$1. Nothing  
in the way of a legitimate freak es-  
capes. 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 pick-  
ing up chance freaks in the circus  
about ten years ago. He personally  
sought out freaks and took commis-  
sion on the number of photographs  
sold in the shows. The freak photo-  
grapher doesn't do that now. He  
knows that he has a facility for pho-  
tographing 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 favor-  
ably 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 popu-  
lation 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 pow-  
ders 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 Adelaide,  
Australia, is supposed 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.

It is reported that a woman who  
lives in a remote part of the island of  
Madagascar has been found to possess  
a collection of prehistoric objects, in-  
cluding a number of polished stone  
implements of the same kind as those  
found in the same island.

TOO MANY WIVES AND WIFE-  
SWEETENERS.

The United Fruit Company has  
announced that it will increase the  
dividend on its common stock from  
\$1.00 to \$1.25 per share.

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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 pro-  
gress, 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 aff-  
lictions 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 ex-  
pose 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 young-  
sters growing up healthy men and  
women and useful members of society.

Most erroneous ideas prevail as to  
the effect of these complaints of child-  
hood. 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 reck-  
less 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 child-  
ren'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 pos-  
itively 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 in-  
creases 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 particu-  
lars 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 exam-  
ple—that are cheaper. But the supply  
of rice is now rather limited, and the  
local government is procuring and dis-  
tributing it to the famishing.

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

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

Bogart—Well, haven't you earned  
any more money since den?—Philadel-  
phia Ledger.

Worth the Trouble.

"Don't you find it tiresome," said  
Mare Antony, "to devote so much time  
to literature in addition to your va-  
rious wars?"

"Yes," replied Caesar, "but it pays.  
There is nothing like being your own  
military critic."—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 simulta-  
neous with that of the big exposit-  
ion.

You can't discourage the prohibition  
movement by throwing cold water on  
it.