

Balancing Accounts.

Now what do I owe you for all of this?
For the summer's joy by wood and cliff;
For the wooden nook and the stolen kiss;
For the fright and delight in the sea-
flung skiff;
For the fingers, cool and pink and slim,
Entwined with mine, and the happy
laugh?
Come, what do I owe you, oh, maiden
trim?
But, remember, of all of it, you had
half.

Now what do I owe you, oh, maiden
sweet,
For the moonlight walks down the
shining beach?
For the joys I knew on the driftwood
seat.
When we were afar and alone with
each?
Now what do I owe for the look in your
eyes?
The nectar my soul leaped out to
quaff?
Come, whisper me, dear, how the bal-
ance lies,
But, remember, of all of it, you had
half.

Now, what do I owe you? Take into
account
The pleasure it gave me to help you
up.
Up to the scarred old cliff, it was ours to
mount;
The pleasure it gave me to touch the
cup.
Where your own red lips touched the
dripping rim,
And tell me, oh, tell me, and do not
laugh,
For the joy that shall last till life's
light grows dim,
But remember, of all of it, you had half.
—Houston Post.

A Deserted Adobe House

A Tragedy of the Old, Wild Days of the West

The room was square, small, low and dark, with walls of mud bricks that were rudely moulded and dried in the sun. The floor, too, was of mud, but a hard and as beautiful as mahogany.

The walls were a foot thick and had once been roughly plastered. Now the most of the plastering lay in little heaps upon the floor, and the creeping things of the underworld had burrowed and dug in the grinning black adobe.

In the east wall, almost to the ceiling and fully six feet from the floor, was a little square window whose thickness equaled its other dimensions, and through which, in the morning, a thin ray of sunshine slanted across the room and fell in a little square of warmth and brightness on the floor.

A short silence would bring a long, slender lizard from a gopher hole in the wall—cautious and suspicious—alert at the least unusual sound. Spreading himself in the warmth of



Crouched in the Sun.

the little square he would luxuriate in this special providence of his, drawing in and inflating his sides with monotonous regularity, his four slim hand-like feet spread for a swift flight.

He, like the room, seemed old—old as a dead century; he seemed, as he lay there in the sun, to impersonate the general age and loneliness and quietude of the place.

In one corner of the big room a lit-

tle low fireplace seemingly too small for any legitimate use, weakened its small, sooty mouth and drew down a little fresh air for the close room. Perhaps this was its chief mission, for certainly the tiny, high window did not accomplish much in that line, and was forever jealously looking down on the dwarfed fireplace, refusing to give it any sunshine.

Close to the high, narrow door, which was of rough boards and opened outward, were the remains of some old Mexican household gods; a lopsided clay olla for cooling water, parts of some broken mortars and a round pestle. They were worn smooth, and the beautiful gray granite was polished like marble.

Across the center of the unfinished ceiling, which showed the rough, rain-stained shake roof above, stretched a great heavy beam, out of all proportion with the low walls and tiny square of the room. It had served as a sort of storehouse; from it still stretched, in both directions, wires upon which the jerked meats and the dozens and dozens of chile peppers were hung when cured. On either side of the beam and near the walls were great heaps of all kinds of trash, carried and piled there for nests by the big California pack rats; while exactly in the center was cut a great notch, and around it was still tied a foot or two of dried, twisted old cow-hide rope, which always seemed trying to outreach the long cobwebs that a breath of air from the little window now and then put in motion. But the cobwebs were many and long, and they flung their white arms around the old rope and made it their own. Indeed they held almost everything in the room; the square, rough edges of the old beam itself they rounded and softened and made beautiful. It was as though they had attacked and conquered this old fortress.

Now and again a little piece of plastering, or a bit of the dirt wall would loosen and fall to the floor; the little lizard would not even turn his head, so familiar was the sound. The heaps of dirt were added to and the walls were weakened a little, and thus gradually was coming the end.

In the dim light, the room's dimensions grew indistinct; it seemed old and wrinkled and worn; the inanimate conception of an old, old Mexican, crouched down, squatting in the dark, waiting to pass out of existence.

When I found old Juana crouched in the sun in front of her hut and showed her the pictures I had taken of the old room, she threw up her skinny old hands in horror. "Mother of God! Is it not so! I see it! Eh, oh, I fear it! Twenty, thirty, fifty years—how long? So the years ago, Bonita—little Bonita—the bride—it was there she went to live. Oh, the moons were few that she lived there, and Ricardo, mio Dios! It was there that they hung him—at night—to the great beam—as you see it there in the ceiling. And Bonita on the cowhide bed, with the little one, new-born, at her breast. Oh, I know—was I not there? Was I not mother to her and teach her what she knew of the Americanos—all I learn at the mission—till I know it all—oh, all? An' now, as I die—is it not so? I forget it all and go back to my people, and follow the sun and grind the meal in the rocks and teach all the little ones—eh? All the legends and what the wild things say in the canons. An' now I die! Mother of God, I die!" She rocked to and fro, throwing her skeleton arms and crooning over some prayer. I touched her gently to remind her that she had not yet told me the story of Ricardo, the horse thief.

"Oh, the horses? Well, it may be he stole the horses, so he lived. To his hand they lay, and he plucked them as the linnet plucks from the fig tree. Who shall say? Who knows what the white men were doing when they leaped to their saddles? Well, it was this way; the men rode for Ricardo—oh, days and days, all the way from San Diego—an' up the long canon—they know the trails well. An' find him at the priest's at Temecula, where—good is God—he have absolu-

tion. Dios! they think they have him! He slip through their fingers like that—p—! an' is gone. Then he rode an' rode, an' reached home at night, an' found the little one. Oh, do I not know the canons and trails where they hide? An' so did he. But mother of God! he must see the little one; he must raise Bonita up an' hold her to him, an' forget the caution, an' Bonita she not know what he go to San Diego for, she so innocent, They have no mercy, none. May the good God have no mercy, none, on them, never! They slip up, an' up, on him, an' catch



"They have no mercy, none!"

him with her in his arms—an' drag him away, an' hold him to the light where the greasewood roots burn in the fireplace, to see if it's him. An' Bonita creep on her knees to them, an' beg an' promise—everything he know, an' creep back an' get the little one, an' lay it in front of them. They have no mercy, none, may the good God forget them always! An' she rave an' tear her hair, but for what did she trouble? It is as I say, they push her aside. She die when he die, with her eyes turned up to where his eyes turn down to her, an' the little one, it dies when she die. It is the will of God. The graves, did you not see the three graves under the hill slope, one long in the center an' one short, an' mother of God!—one shorter on each side. No? So they rest. Dios! an' old Juana laid them for burial. An' the priest, he come all the way from Pala to bless the ground where they lay. But the house? no, I leave it. As they leave it, I leave it. Who knows? Every year the birds and bees live in the fig trees, an' the deer come to the vineyards, an' the quail nest under the pomegranates. Basta! They rest—oh, these years! an' old Juana, who buried them, still creeps around the hut with the sun. It is the will of God!"—Los Angeles Times.

Clean Clothes in Battle.

Socrates took a bath before drinking the hemlock, and many brave men have insisted on dressing carefully on the eve of execution. Science now suggests that in the case of man-o-war crews it is distinctly "advisable that clean clothes should be put on just before going into action." The reason is, of course, that pieces of soiled clothing carried into wounds make them more dangerous. The Japanese surgeon-in-chief of Togo's fleet, whom we are quoting, goes on to say that "there are many examples to show that a pocket notebook, knife, etc., have saved men's lives from shell fragments. We have had a few examples in the present war. I dare say that in time every combatant on board warships in action will wear some kind of protecting mask and jackets."

Another hint given by Dr. Suzuki is that the wounded should be laid on the firing, not the non-firing, side of the vessel, for it is not the side exposed to the enemy which is the most dangerous, but the other, "the fragments of bursting shells dispersing in a radiating manner."—Westminster Gazette.

LIVE STOCK



Hoof of the Horse.

Horsemen differ greatly as to the treatment that should be given the hoof of the horse. In some sections of the country the popular prejudice is in favor of allowing the hoof to grow out to a good length and size. The idea is to give the impression that the horse has excellent feet, as "no foot, no horse," is a common saying. But one man asks if a big growth of horn means necessarily a good foot. The foot is not merely the horn. It consists also of bones, muscles and sinews. These must all be good to make a good foot. Among veterinarians it is considered that a good foot is one that has all of the things mentioned in first-class quality, but the horn is trimmed down to what the hoof needs. The work horse should have his hoofs trimmed down to the point where every part of it is of value in the support of the animal. There is a difference between the horse that is working every day and the horse of the dealer that is being put into shape for selling at the best price. The wily dealer has discovered that if the toes of the horse are permitted to grow long the horse will have more action when he is being shown off. The action will, of course, be artificial and a fraud, but the dealer does not care for that, if he can get a few more dollars out of the animal on account of it. Buyers of horses should be on the lookout for this. Long toes and good action go together to some extent because when the toes are long the horse has to exert more muscular power to get his feet off the ground.

A Definite Policy of Improvement.

Owners of stock should have a definite policy of improvement. The cost of improvement is so slight, especially in the line of cattle, that it is a wonder that any community should be satisfied to go ahead in the old way. The prices for pure bred bulls are absurdly low, and hundreds of the best of breeding have sold at not much above the \$150 mark. When a good pure-bred bull can be purchased at such figures, is there any reason why the scrub bull should be kept in existence at all?

Each community that has a definite plan of improvement can take advantage of such opportunities. The raising of \$150 in a community is of no consequence when the raising concerns an investment that is to return to the makers a golden harvest. Any definite plan of improvement must be based on the securing of pure-bred sires and the continuing to use pure-bred sires. That policy should not stop short of driving every scrub bull out of the neighborhood if it is possible to do so.

Winter Feed of the Colt.

The growing colt can take a great deal of feed in the winter if he has exercise. There is no danger of getting him too fat under a proper system of feeding. The owner desires that the colt increase the amount of bone and muscle as fast as he can. To do this he must eat much more than the horse that has obtained his growth. It is frequently remarked, "That colt eats more than a full-grown horse." That is natural, and as it should be. The chief grain feed should be oats, and at times some bran and oilmeal may be mixed in. One of the best rough feeds for the colt is clover hay. This in the past has not been regarded of much value for this purpose, but we are now finding out that it is one of the best possible rations.

In Omaha drivers of milk wagons and employes about the places where milk is sold or handled have to have licenses from the Board of Health of Omaha.