

FOR EAST IS EAST, AND WEST IS WEST.

"What in the world has gone with that star?"

"We were each in an easy chair on the ranch porch. 'We' included two cats; one, who had adopted us, named Thomasita, a black cat with white hind legs which gave him the air of stalking about in pajamas; the other, Little Pink, was a scrub yellow kitten who screamed for everything she wanted and got it; and now had the easiest chair of all. It had a cushion. The third four-footed member of our group was Rollic, our faithful guardian, a dog of no degree, who spent his days in chasing coyotes, also his nights, when he was not dreaming of chasing them. We others were merely four women, three ranchers and their visitor.

Five miles up a lovely but lonely canyon we had no mails, except when some chance wayfarer brought them, since cloudbursts had washed the roads and made them impassable. Consequently, as we lay back at our ease idly wondering where that star had gone, we were witnessing unwittingly the occultation of Mars, which some days later the newspapers informed us was a performance of wide-spread fame. However, our wonder at the disappearance of the star was merely in passing, our conversation being of another sort.

For twenty-five years these women ranchers, coming from a large city, had lived thus remotely. Now that the appointed season had passed away they had sold off their excess herds and were their own cowboys. Except on great occasions such as branding, when the neighboring ranches sent help, they lived entirely alone. In this almost inconceivable isolation they kept touch with the great world without by means of those magazines and accommodating periodicals which present the progress of the sphere in tabloid form for the benefit of the busy and the remote, and with stories reflecting the manners and morals of the day.

Even with these aids there were wide gaps in their knowledge of the outer civilization, missing links, new coinage of words, inverted meanings, inexplicable changes in customs familiar in their girlhood, still greater changes in the spiritual and ethical outlook of the day. They went to town to vote at the appointed season, but this was all in the day's work; as to that creature, the new woman, of whom they had read so much, they were sorely perplexed. Thus there was an infinitude of talk as we endeavored to bring our two diverse civilizations within one another's comprehension.

For their environment was as inexplicable to me, just out of the whirlpool in which I had so nearly been engulfed, as mine to them. I had come from the seething centre of things, days and nights of bridge and other lady-like dissipations, of breathless runs in motor-cars to keep pace with my kind; this on my part. On the part of my family, the sea-saw of the stock-market on which I was tossed now high, now low by forces beyond my control. One day we were rolling in the wealth of the sanguine, the next buried by the woes of the male Cassandras of the household, who saw the country on the verge of perdition. Now, I was gratifying the caprice of the moment, and now, despairing before the heaping up of the monthly bills. When the warm days came a friendly young doctor took me in hand.

"Your nerves are fiddle-strings. Beat it. You for the simple life. Three months at least, better six."

I took it as all medical advice because it fell in with my inclinations. I came to San Francisco canyon, where except in emergencies we did nothing but eat, sleep, talk, and talk like a rivulet overflowed the lalets of eating, and even the longer stretches of sleep. This evening it flowed continuously. Salina had begun lightly enough.

"They've been known to. But, Salina, don't profess to be shocked at cocktails," I protested. "I'll wager that you have sipped the sugar at the bottom of toddy glasses many a day when you were in pigtails."

"I am not shocked. I am trying to understand. Certainly I was brought up in a land of toddies; but please don't compare those exchanges of courtesy and reminiscence for which toddy merely gave the opportunity with the modern cocktail."

"I thought she would take the medical tack," whispered Elena.

"Not at all," Maria whispered back. "She is making for the upper ether."

"Cocktails, from the stories I read, are an artificial stimulus to the appetite, and are taken by women as well as men," Salina went on in her Johnsonian manner.

"Certainly. Handed about before dinner," I admitted.

"Tossed down not drank—not a moment for wit or repartee," she supplemented. "Of course, in a healthy state of society such an artificial stimulus would not be needed. Compared with pipes or cigars and toddies, cocktails and cigarettes and sophisticated social state. Women were never given to pipes and toddies when I was in the world, and woman is the barometer of any stage of civilization."

"Both cigarettes and cocktails are brief," I teasingly pleaded in extenuation. "Yes, they belong to a hurried, breathless age, the age of get-rich-quick schemes, the success of the short story, and expect one sees it in the culture of the day," she sighed.

"Culture?" I protested. "That's another pair of shoes. Nowadays one only thinks of culture in connection with bacilli."

"There it is again. Liberties with the very language. This constant perversion."

"What do you mean?" Elena, who was the student and read book reviews, broke in. "I always thought culture was such a decent word. Out here we lower our voices when we utter it."

"Then don't do it again. Scream it. Toss it to the high heavens."

"Forget it," I cried shamelessly, in what was to them an unknown tongue and with insane gesture.

stood up on her cushion and stretched herself. Elena swept her off and Pedro sank down, unable to speak.

Salina picked up the rifle and examined it.

"Pedro has killed somebody," she said unweidly, paying a tribute to his skill. "Si," he whispered.

"Juanita's man. They're after me." He straightened himself in his chair, his eyes trying to pierce the darkness. Our eyes following his.

"Keep quiet everybody," Salina commanded. "When you can, let me know all about it. You've been drinking, Pedro."

"Si, ma'am," he breathed. "John Bucks too."

"The Dutchman, your sister's man?"

"Si," he whispered.

"Courage seemed to come back to him, surrounded by friends. We were only four women, but we represented to Pedro the dominating Americans. Elena had left us; we heard her moving stealthily inside."

"Don't make a light, Elena."

"I'm not such an idiot. Where did you put that cold tea?"

"On the pantry window," Maria interposed.

Pedro, half-breed Apache and Mexican, had been on the ranch at intervals since he was a small boy. For three years he had been the cowboy, and had only left when the fencing of the ranges and the reduction of the herds made him no longer necessary. Since then he had worked in a mining camp. With his devotion to the Americans was like the fealty of a dog.

smooth as a lawn, to the Point, which rose precipitately until it sharpened and was lost in the arroyo. We dared not speak, but touched one another now and then to assure companionship. A gleeful fear, the most enchanting emotion I had ever experienced, possessed me and gave lightness to my feet. The slopes of the ridge were about to climb in order to overlook the canyon were covered with young growth. Here we gathered our skirts closely about us and crept beneath. We could hear the soft cropping of a bunch of greedy cattle and the stirring of the horses. These helped to efface the sound of our movements which seemed painfully loud.

"Lie down," whispered Elena. "Flat." Proun on the earth we drew ourselves up and peered over the ridge, where we could see the dusky forms of the broncos, but nothing more. We lay some time gazing into the darkness, when Elena breathed into my ear.

"Watch that deep black blotch on the other side of the rimoon. I am sure it is a horse and buggy." We lay some time watching it resolve into definiteness.

"I am satisfied they are there. Come." We crept down the slope again and sped quickly along the smooth vega.

"They are watching for some one to come for the horses. They suspect Pedro is here. He must leave as quickly as possible and get over the Divide before light."

We ran light-footed to the house. There Salina and Maria with practised hands in the darkness had secured a flour sack and I expect one sees it in the culture of the day, she sighed.

"Pedro, they told me you had become 'bad hombre'."

"Si, ma'am," he said humbly.

"Elena, stop making that noise."

"Dread that footstep," we heard Elena mutter in the dark.

Pedro swallowed the lumps in his throat, and sank back in his chair. His exhaustion was the more piteous now that he had found friends and could yield to it.

"John Bucks lick Juana, one, two times. Then I lick John Bucks, and we have blood together. Today we both drink, mucho, and we make names between us."

BROKE HER PROMISE.

She Hated to Do It, but Then She Felt That She Was Justified.

A widely known motor racer was asked by a friend if he would be so kind as to allow three young women to accompany him while he was trying out a new racing car.

"Why, I can't be bothered with passengers at a time like that, and especially with women. They always talk to me, and I can't have my mind distracted. It might prove dangerous, you know."

"But these girls won't bother you. I'll tell them not to. One of them is my sister. They are crazy to go; want to say they have ridden with you. You know how girls are."

"Well, if you will tell them they mustn't speak to me while I am driving they may go. They mustn't move around or do anything to distract my attention. You impress this upon them. If they are willing to do this they can go."

The promise was made, and they started. At one place the driver ran over a water guard and there was a tremendous bump. He did not try to look around, as he was going at a rapid rate of speed, but presently he felt a thud touch on his shoulder.

"What is it?" he growled.

A weak little voice answered him: "Really, I hate awfully to bother you. I know I shouldn't and promised not to. But I feel I must tell you Helen isn't with us now."—Harper's Magazine.

A TOMB IN TOKYO.

Luck In Chips From the Headstone Over a Famous Thief.

Behind the temple sacred to the nameless dead and close to the wrestling amphitheater in Tokyo there is to be found the grave of the celebrated robber Nezumi Kozo, who stole from the daimios long ago in the old Yedo days that he might relieve the sufferings of the poor.

There is a superstition connected with this grave which has made it a much frequented spot. If a portion of the headstone is carried away it acts as a lucky talisman, particularly to those who speculate or are otherwise engaged in games of chance. It is usual for a person breaking a piece from the stone to make a vow that in case he is successful he will buy a new headstone to replace the one he has mutilated. Many prayers must have been answered, for the stones are piled high on either side of the grave, and an enterprising individual near by has the stones already for sale and only waiting the name of the donor to be engraved and then set up.

A shelter has been placed over the spot, and from the roof hang gray lanterns and pilgrims' banners. A large money box catches all the stray sen which go for the upkeep of the grave. Gamblers and gelsba are often visitors. Students before their examinations feel more assured of success if they have a chip of Nezumi Kozo's headstone in the sleeve of their kimono.—Argonaut.

On Safe Ground.

Whenever on one of his rare holidays Captain Goldby went to the city he took some young relative with him as a special treat. On one such occasion he told his seventeen-year-old grandson, whom he had with him, that they would "dine at a real restaurant and get a taste of fancy cooking."

When they were at last seated in the great dining room the grandson waited impatiently while the captain read the bill of fare completely through without omitting a single article, whether domestic or foreign in title. At last he sighed and handed the card across the table to the boy.

FARM NOTES.

—Work horses should be allowed to run out in the pastures at nights in all weather except during very severe cold and storms.

—Stuffing the colt with hay or straw, or any very coarse feed, will spoil its looks. Keep this ration down by the use of some grains and less coarse feed.

—The horses standing in the barn in stalls on stormy days need currying more than in warm weather. A vigorous application of the currycomb and brush on the frosty mornings adds greatly to the comfort of the horses.

—The color of the horse is lighter on high lands than low; in the north than toward the equator; on calcareous than on ferruginous soils; in a wet than in a hot, dry season. A peculiar fact is that a mixture of two honeys is darker than either kind separate.

—Texas raises more turkeys than any other State in the Union, and where it is possible, turkey raising is the most profitable form of the poultry business. The Federal census of 1900 placed the total number of turkeys grown in the United States at 6,500,000, with Texas supplying 650,000.

—There is no section of the country immune from plant diseases and troublesome insects. The orchardist and the gardener should provide spraying materials and be ready for any emergency. Some seasons may not require severe fighting, but others will require vigorous assaults.

—Phosphoric acid is the constituent of plant food that promotes the maturity of the kernel in grains. If the soil seems to be lacking in this constituent, acid phosphate should be applied as a fertilizer. From 200 to 500 pounds to the acre, according to the needs of the soil, is recommended.

—Arkansas and Louisiana produce corn and cowpeas, and the hog growers in these States have found good profits in fattening hogs on peanuts and sweet potatoes, letting the hogs harvest the crop. Central Texas grows for hog feed corn, Kaffir corn, milo, peanuts, alfalfa and cowpeas.

—Commercial fertilizers, when intelligently used, revive thin and worn soils and enable the manager to start a progressive system of rotation, which brings larger crops. Money can be made by using commercial fertilizers, but intelligence is necessary, as in all methods of farm management.

—The dairy cow has a wonderful capacity for consuming coarse foods and converting them into butter fat. Every farmer should keep dairy cows to consume the hay, grain and forage crops on the farm. The manure returned to the farm will build up the soil and increase the profits from it.

—The ration of the driving horse should be different from that of the average work horse. This is due in a large measure to the peculiar demands of such an animal. It should be fed with much less roughage in proportion to its size than a horse of ordinary work. The roughage should be of a different nature.

—The horses' feet should have attention from birth. Trim them into shape with pinners provided for the purpose, using a rasp to finish up with. When the hoofs are old enough to be shod, don't let the shoes stay on too long. No shoe should stay on a horse over eight weeks, and it should be reset once during that time.

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"Prevention is better than cure," says the familiar proverb. So familiar indeed is that proverb that we lose its force. We need to remind ourselves that prevention is better than cure because it saves us time, money and suffering. We also need the reminder that prevention is a great deal easier than cure. Many times disease which might have been prevented cannot be cured at any cost. About one-sixth of the deaths of the country are due to consumption. The use of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery has saved thousands and thousands of men and women who suffered from obstinate cough, bronchitis, "weak lungs," bleeding of the lungs, and similar ailments, which, if neglected, or unskillfully treated, lead to consumption. Ninety-eight per cent. of those who give "Golden Medical Discovery" a fair and faithful trial, are perfectly and permanently cured. There is nothing "just as good" as Dr. Pierce's Medical Discovery.

—Go to the Bellefonte Academy minstrels on the evenings of May 17th and 18th and enjoy a good laugh.

Conquered a Crocodile.

An old traveler tells a tale of a young African girl with great bravery and presence of mind. While fetching water from a river she was seized by the jaws of a crocodile and pulled in. As quick as a flash she remembered the weak point of a crocodile and forced her fingers into the brute's eyes until it let go. She lost her left hand, but was able to swim ashore and save her life.

Matchmaking.

"Now they claim that the human body contains sulphur."

"In what amount?"

"Oh, in varying quantities."

"Well, that may account for some girls making better matches than others."—Pittsburgh Post.

Ignorance.

His Wife (who was unable to attend)—Did the congregation agree to your utterances on the criminal rich? New Clergyman (proudly)—I am sure they did. They were all nodding.—Judge.

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"I don't recall fans except as wedding presents, and those are too fine for action. You see, this is an athletic age," I continued, feeling my way. "Women don't mind getting red; they fairly mop their faces with their handkerchiefs."

"In my days we were brought up to use fans. A fan shows off one's rings, and keeps the blood out of the hands, not to mention its conversational possibilities in critical moments. Humph. So women have laid down their fans and taken up cigarettes, rackets, and bats."

"With Salina one swallow always did make a summer," Elena interposed. "On those cigarettes she will construct the entire fabric of your curious society."

"Certainly." She accepted the challenge. "Cavies only needed a bone. I have faith in what the French call 'indications.' I am like an old-fashioned doctor. I believe in symptoms. Such things are symptoms. Do cocktails go with cigarettes, and of course gambling at bridge?"