

Bellefonte, Pa., March 28, 1919.

OUT WHERE THE WEST BEGINS.

Out where the handclasp's a little stronger,

Out where the smile dwells a little longer, That's where the west begins,

Out where the sun shines a little brighter, Where the snows that fall are a trifle whiter,

Where the bonds of home are a wee bit tighter,

That's where the west begins.

Out where the skies are a trifle bluer, Where friendship's ties are a little truer. That's where the west begins.

Out where a fresher breeze is blowing, Where there's laughter in every streamlet flowing,

Where there's more of reaping and less of sowing,

That's where the west begins.

Out where the world is still in the mak ing,

Where fewer hearts with despair are breaking,

That's where the west begins, Where there's more of singing and less of

sighing, Where there's more of giving and less of

buying, Where a man makes friends without half

trving. That's where the west begins.

-By Arthur Chapman

THANKS TO LUCIA.

(Continued from last week). II

The people whose palatial house I had just begun to decorate had recent-ly suffered a grievous blow. Their only child, a manly young chap of twenty-six, had, a short time after my undertaking the order, been sent back from France stone-blind, as the result of a big shell exploding close by him, the concussion having apparently pro-duced some central lesion to destroy the visual sense.

The Smiths (as I shall call them) were naturally in deep distress, not only for the affliction itself but for fear of its effect upon the general health and mental tone of their son. They were sensible folk, and did not try to make a martyr of him or unduly pester him with wearisome attentions, while the boy, Wade, bore up under his calamity with an outward air of gruff philosophic resignation which however deceived nobody. He had been a rather spoiled and harumscarum youth, I imagine, but now that he was stricken, it seemed to irritate him when anybody but the immediate family tried to entertain him -a frequent condition with the re-cently blinded, I am told.

In my case, however, he made a flattering exception and used to come often to the studio where I was making my preliminary sketches and listen silently and without comment to my lengthy yarns of the old days when I had gone adventuring with those hardened sea-scamps, Doctor Bowles and Jordan Knapp. But it very good. Lucia looked at him and was evident enough that he was going steadily down-hill, for his splendid physique was gradually giving way under the bravely borne strain. The day after the arrival at my house of Elliot and Lucia, I was at work in the studio rather early when Wade was brought in by his chauffeur. As soon as the man had left, Wade turned his dark, lustrous, sightless eyes toward me and said:

Lucia popped in. She looked prettier than ever in her short skirt and sailor-blouse, for Elliot's first act had been to hand her over to a capable woman and get her thoroughly rigged out for the civilized world, and I thought, with a pang, what a pity it was that Wade couldn't see her. He got on his feet and stood stiffly while I introduced them.

Some chaps have all the luck," he said

I was casting about for something

to say when the door flew open and

bitterly.

"Mr. Smith has just come back from the war," I said, "and he has been struck blind by the explosion of a shell." 'Blind ?"' Lucia echoed, and look-

ed unbelievingly at Wade's fine eyes the type which my society woman which showed no hint of their afflic-tion except in a slight indirectness of Lucia, with her uncommon prettiness gaze. "Can't you see at all?" she de- and absolute naturalness of speech manded, and her tone was curious

refreshing type of the genus Girl. I may modestly add that my own repurather than compassionate. "Not a thing," he answered short-ly. "They tell me I never shall." Lucia was silent for a moment, starciety of the slope. There were quite a number of peoing at him reflectively. Suddenly she shut her eyes tightly, stood for a mo-ment, then advanced groping hands and uncertain steps. "What are you doing ?" Wade asked

ten up by some reporter, Fiske and Lucia became immediately the center sharply. "I'm trying to see what it is like to of interest, which did not embarrass be blind," Lucia answered, without opening her eyes. She reached where he stood and touched his chest. He himself shining brightly again after

raised his hand involuntarily, and it twenty years of total eclipse from the met hers. Lucia clasped it and gave social it a little shake "How do you do?" said she, and laughed. A rich color herself as might any other well-bred young girl who had grown up remote from social activities. Then Suzanne Talbot came in and mounted suddenly about her ears. She opened her eyes and looked at his puz-zled, frowning face. "It must be very interesting to be blind," said she. we were presented, and presently, I noticed Elliot watching her with a

"I'm glad you think so," said he gruffly; "I don't."

ly a very beautiful woman and did not "It is, though," she answered. "It makes you feel so much in other ways seem at all the siren I had expected to find her. She was dark and willowy, with soft Eurasian features, -like trying to find your way round in the dark. Now, if I'd gone up and dreamy eyes, and such a form as shaken hands with my eyes open and dressmakers love to clothe. Her manlooked at you with my eyes open, I ner was very subdued, and her voice wouldn't have felt it at all. But, with delicious in its soft cadences. There your eyes shut, it gives you sort of a thrill. Didn't you feel it?" "Well—sort of," Wade admitted, but she impressed me as a highly

and I noticed that his frown had re- temperamental creature underneath laxed and his color, too, was height-ened a little. "Say, what sort of girl are you, anyhow?" her smooth exterior. I wondered that she had not married before, as she seemed to me anything but the celibate type.

"Lucia is a very uncommon sort of girl," I said. "You'd better let her tell you about herself." her and appeared to be getting on rapidly when the time came for us to

"Huh-want to get rid of me, do you?" he grunted.

"I want to get rid of you both for about an hour," said I. "Why don't home before he twisted round in his seat and began to chant her glories. "There's a woman I could paint, Arthur!" said he enthusiastically, you go down to the beach? It's too nice outside to sit here in the stu-'such rich warm coloring-such exdio. "All right," said Wade. "All places pression! Did you notice her eyes?

look alike to me." "They don't feel alike, though," Lu-

cia observed. She snatched suddenly at the hem of her skirt, pulled it up, and became suddenly absorbed in some part of her anatomy.

"Lucia," I said sharply, mustn't do that." "you "But there's a flea biting me," she

protested. Wade laughed outright. It was the first time that I had heard him laugh

observed. -that is, mirthfully-and it sounded sort of food isn't what her system resmiled. quires. "You can be thankful that it's your

spite her obvious ambition to be considered grande dame, a very kind and sensible woman, was intensely inter-ested in what I told her about my guests, and plainly desired to promote them if, on inspection, they appeared to merit such attention. Mrs. Smith's nature was such as to require a pro-tege or two, and as this was precisely sion to retire. what Fiske needed to get recognition, I took him and Lucia there for tea. Wade may have made some mention

tation furnished a proper set of ways

for their launching into the high so-

ple there when we arrived, and as the

story had been rather garishly writ-

sort of eager intensity. She was real-

Fiske presently attached himself to

leave. We had hardly got started for

There's a suggestion of subtle, feral

the inside. I'll bet she'd make things

hum if roused. You can see it in

those hungry eyes." "She didn't eat the sandwiches and

cake as if she were hungry," Lucia

"Of course not!" he snapped. "That

She's a sort of sleeping beau-

"She looked sleepy to me," said Lu-

force about her. Did you get it?

world, while Lucia conducted

of Lucia, but not much, I imagine, having no desire to share his find. I was justly proud of my exhibits. Fiske with his handsome, virile face and figure, high enthusiasm, and general cachet of good breeding was just astonishment such as one seldom sees

in those of the blind. "What?" he demanded. Lucia repeated her question, and on; let's go down to the beach and let the color surged up into the boy's this long-suffering paint-slinger get and action, was also an unusual and

face. "Why do you ask that?" he growl-ed.

"Because I want you to tell me," Lucia answered.

He hesitated a moment, then said in the same gruff voice, "Well then; no I don't. Lucia nodded.

her, there is no reason why you therefore quite a different person than the one who asked her. I have heard you say that the best thing about Su-

that would give you something to do, especially in the daytime." "Well, I'll be blowed!" said Wade. "But why in the daytime?"

matter whether you are blind or not. coat. we are all blind in the dark."

"No," I answered; "but it sounds

reasonable enough." "Of course it is reasonable!" said

Lucia impatiently. "It seems to me that you might have thought of it and suggested yourself, instead of making it necessary for me to do so. Since I have been here we have talked of about everything but what is most important. Well then, since you don't

want to marry Suzanne and would have a much better time if you were me?" "You!" Wade gasped. "I marry

you?" "Yes; why not?" Lucia demanded. "I am a very nice girl, and as I am eleven years younger than Suzanne, I cia. "Nonsense! There's nothing sleepy about her. She wears her feelings on

ought to last eleven years longer. You ought not to get too old a wife. That was the trouble with my last goat. She was no longer young when fath-er caught her and just when I loved her and needed her most, she died of old age."

Wade flung himself back upon the

Mrs. Smith, a Virginian, and, de- painters who can work and talk with- boy's self-restraint. He drew her to out any appreciable detriment to him and kissed her, and as he loosed either occupation, this arrangement her again, I saw that his eyes were had been entirely satisfactory. But the presence of a third person was a little distracting, so when Lucia join-ed us the following day, I promptly told them that they had my permis-sion to retire. natural, so unconscious. There was "Very well," said Lucia; "but, first, no more about it to embarrass one I want to tell Wade what we were than if they had been a pair of wood-talking about yesterday." Then, with-

out waiting for any remark on my part, she started her offensive. "Wade," said she, "do you want to marry Suzanne Talbot?" Wede turned his handsome sightless

they can't see what a peach you are. But we can't talk about marrying until we get our house in order. Come on the job again.' (Concluded next week).

CLEANLINESS OF ANIMALS. Some people believe that animals

prefer uncleanliness, at least that they do not care. Most people have seen the house cat "doll up" by the "That is what I thought," said she. use of her tongue and paws, but they "Then, since you don't want to marry would be surprised to learn that most her, there is no reason why you other animals, too, prefer to keep should, now that you are blind and clean. I have heard more than one stockman say that cows would stand all night rather than lie down on badyou say that the best thing about Su- ly solied bedding. Sometimes horses zanne was her looks. Well, since you all but speak their gratitude to the can't see her any more, she hasn't got keeper who curries them. Dogs, too, them any more, so far as you are con-cerned; so that is another reason for erally show aversion to filth. I have your not marrying her. But you known a fox terrier and a cocker ought to marry somebody, because spaniel who would invariably wipe muddy paws on the door-mat before entering the house. Of course, they had been trained, but they learned with significant ease. The terrier "Because," said Lucia, "it is dark at night, and when it is dark, it does not a smear of green paint on his pretty

we are all blind in the dark. Wade gave a short laugh. "That's so," said he. "I never ing the face by moistening the paws thought of that. Brown, tell a poor and rubbing them over the eyes and blind man: Did you ever hear the nose. The prickles on the tongue All animals of the cat family use make a good comb, and enable puss to polish her coat very satisfactorily. These prickles (or papellae) on the lion's tongue are nearly a quarter of an inch long and can be used with the the animal so desires. The rabbit washes its face just as the cat does; and mice and bats also rely greatly

on licking. The honey-bee carries its comb in the fore leg and uses it to clean the antennae. Some beetles are similarto marry somebody, why not marry ly equipped with a comb, which forms ally find out from practice just how a deep notch protected by a spine at much stuff can be grown in one winthe lower end of the front tibia. Flies of all sorts use the fine fur on their legs as a comb for their wings and bodies.

Owls, herons, cormorants, and other birds use the foot for a comb, the claw of the middle toe. Larks and some ducks have a saw-like blade running along the inner side of the claw. to wallow; the polar bear likes his divan with a yell of laughter. For a frigid dive, and spends half his time moment, I was afraid that Lucia in the icy arctic waters. Monkeys would be hurt, and apparently the scratch themselves continually, and marketing of early forcing radsame idea suddenly occurred to the this is more an effort at self-currying

FARM NOTES.

-In March early cabbage, cauliflower, onion, parsley, radish, lettuce, early beets and tomato seeds may be sown in the hotbed. In April sow pepper, cucumber, melon and any of the seeds mentioned for March sowing.

-One way to solve the marketing problem is to store products that are not very perishable and hold till such out waiting for any remark on my and the female feeding her mate times as the market is anxious to take which had been blinded by some swine at a fair price. Farmers who dump their products upon the market gathering time are giving speculators a

-Humus is very essential in im-proving soil. Land that "runs together," bakes and breaks up cloddy is likely to give the farmer trouble. Such land needs humus. If barnvard manure is not available a cover crop might be grown to be turned under to increase the humus supply.

-See that the garden land is prepared in plenty of time to plant the early vegetable. Late planting is safe for some vegetables, for others it is entirely unsatisfactory. The land should be ready some time before planting time, even though planting is not done as early as expected.

-The manure spreader has saved much labor and been the means of larger crops and better profits. It is unwise and bad judgment to do work the hardest way when there are easy ways. Surely no one who has tried the manure spreader would be willing to shovel manure out of a wagon.

-This is the season of the year when most farmers have many young animals to care for. There is much pleasure in feeding and handling calves, pigs, colts, lambs and chick-Where there is a strong demand ens. for these animals and their offspring, one is urged to take good care of them.

-Sweet potatoes slowly advanced in production for many years before the war and in no year did the crop reach 60,000,000 bushels, but in 1915 production jumped to 75,000,000 bush-els, and, after a recession in 1916, rose to 84,000,000 bushels in 1917 and 86,000,000 in 1918. This crop has no foreign trade.

-How to Use the Hotbed .- While the small hotbed is primarily for the severity of a blacksmith's rasp, when the animal so desires. The rabbit seeds from which to produce young plants, it is a fact that by a little economy of space it is possible to have a taste of several of the early succu-

lent vegetables, and at the same time accomplish the original intention. It will astonish the beginner to graduter season in a hotbed six by six feet in size. Realize that that is thirtysix square feet, and that young seeds

require, prior to transplanting to the flats or cold-frames (the latter is the better), very little room, as they have scarcely cast off the cotyledonous leaves when it is time to put them elsewhere. This allows of what might Snakes soak themselves; elephants otherwise be thought to be crowding, dust themselves and enjoy their bath. and in the space thus saved can be Buffaloes, tigers and some bears like grown a few very choice radishes and some crisp lettuce, which will taste ishes has reached enormous proporboy, for he sprang up suddenly, reach- than a search for parasites. The tions in the section of the country below the Chesapeake, but you very "You little darling!" he said huski- likes his roll. That wild beasts attach likely will say that none ever tasted ly, and before I could realize what considerable importance to ablutions as good as those grown in your little was happening, Lucia's long, round and drinking is evidenced by their bewill become a convert. For the hotbed select some of the earliest strains of forcing radishes. There are two kinds generally used Nearly all birds believe in personal for this purpose, the turnip-rooted and the "finger" radishes-of the former, the rapid red, scarlet turnip, scarlet button, white tip, hailstone, new perfection and cardinal globe. Many of the red and white turniprooted ones are strains from the old French breakfast, which was a favorite for many years. If you desire to plant some of the finger or long-rooted radishes, there are some good ones from which to make a selection. There probably has Close observation will show that never been a choicer radish than the white icicle, which is the best long forcing. Other good ones are Wood's early frame, Cincinnati market, long scarlet short top and long cardinal. When growing this class of radishes you must have in the hotbed a deeper soil than for the turnip-rooted ones. At least seven inches should be used. Sow the seed in drills two to three inches apart, and half an inch deep, dropping them two to three inches sleep; some of us are not nearly so careful of our clothes, on retiring .-apart, unless you are sure of your seed, in which case drop them an inch apart, and thin out when an inch high. It is best to plant the radish in the north side of the hotbed, so as to get The world's largest hospital, where the most of the sunshine. Cover the seeds with a sprinkling of fine soil thousands of American wounded sol-diers will receive final care before be-and press gently with a piece of board ing sent back to civil life, is now in and water well, using a fine nozzle so as not to wash them out of the drills. Give plenty of ventilation, giving The capacity of the hospital is 3, 500 beds, and in an emergency could them air every day as soon as they show through the top of the soil, excepting when the weather prohibits. Sixty-five degrees F. at night are about right for the radish. This relates to sun heat. They will stand a higher bottom heat—seventy-five for the first week will not hurt. While the radish is perhaps the choicest vegetable it is possible to grow in the hotbed according to the taste of the knowing gardener, yet the most attractive to most persons is the lettuce, owing to its entrancing appearance. Have you ever seen a hotbed full of lettuce, crisp and green, while standing ankle deep in the snow, with the wind whistling over the landscape? If not, you have coming one of the most charming sights which can meet the eye of the garden enthusiast. Those who have greenhouses can grow the head lettuce of different kinds, of which there are a number of choice varieties which do well for this purpose. But in the hotbed where every inch of space is at a premium, it is best to grow one of the straight-growing lettuce, of which the Grand Rapids to date has no superior. This is a selection out of the old favorite Simpson, known to your grandmothers. It matures early, can be grown closely without getting tough, and it requires less attention than any other. This is an item in winter when there may come several days on which

"Hope you don't mind this early visit, Mr. Brown. I have to get up at the peep o' dawn to escape Suzanne.'

Not being as yet intimate with the family, I asked who Suzanne might be and why he had to lose his beautysleep to escape her.

"Suzanne is my ante-bellum fian-cee," he answered. "After getting my lamps doused, I tried to break it off, but she is too noble. She has determined to sacrifice her life to my happiness-" He drew down the corners of his mouth.

"Why don't you be even nobler and refuse to accept the sacrifice?" I asked.

"I've tried, but she beats me to it. Being blind, I can't sidestep; so, when she showers me with her bounties, I get the bath right on the top of the bean. You see, I asked her to marry me when I got my commission, and immediately became very much engaged, so that now there seems no way out of it with honor. At that time I was very keen to marry her, but now I seem to have lost my taste for it, just as I have for booze and to- as if the twenty years of exile on bacco and my four meals a day. Suzanne's asset is on over-allowance of suspended mental and physical develbeauty, but what's the good of that when you can't see it? Besides, she is very fond of admiration and inclin-

f you feel that way about it," I, "you'd be no end of a chump said I. to marry her. In fact, if her beauty confines itself to the visual sense, you would have been a fool to marry her, anyhow. It seems to me that here is at least one compensation for having been blind. Tell her spang out that you're not going to marry her, and make an end of it."

Well," said Wade, "it isn't so easy as it sounds. She turned down two good offers to get engaged to me. Then she's no longer in the first flush of her youth, being thirty this spring, as it sounds. She turned down two and her people haven't got much money. Let me tell you, Brown, a chap's a darned fool to fet engaged or married just before going to the war. Even if he has the luck not to get crocked, he's apt to come back with his ideas all changed. He's not the Fiske's forte was figure and portraitsame man that went away. It does something to you-changes your ideas, somehow. Even if I hadn't got been able to secure such models as I my light blown out, I'd have been a different sort of guy. You slough off a lot of your silly stuff and see things things from the waiting benches of people in another light. I and thought Suzanne was a wonder, and now she bores me to tears—especially as I can't see how pretty she is." For a man who had sat twenty years on a desert island, he was desperately

to be slobbered over, and I was tuck-

eyes and not your arms," said she. "What if you hadn't any hands to scratch yourself with? And you'd sit for me, and she said she would. have to be fed like a baby goat." She looked suddenly at me. "Have you got my goat, Mr. Brown?" might as well start right in. She's Wade laughed again.

"Gee, but you've got mine!" said he. "Lord, Brown, but it seems good to strike somebody who isn't sorry for me." He held out his hand. "Come on, you Lucia girl," said he: "let's go down to the beach—that is, if you feel like it. I want to hear about who and what is responsible for you." "Go ahead, Lucia," I said.

"Tell him about your seals and volcanoes and hot springs and things. The goat will probably be here when you get back

"Very well," said Lucia, and they went out hand in hand. As they struck the gravel path, I heard Lucia say, 'I'll shut my eyes, too, and we'll see if we cannot go straight out the gate without running into a prickly tree or something." "Suzanne," said I to myself, "had

better get hard on the job-and quick."

After a few days in which to get wonted, Fiske started in painting with the high-powered energy which ap-peared to characterize all of his efforts. As we got better acquainted, I was more and more surprised at the boyishness of his nature. It seemed Thunder Island had been a sort of ed to be flirtatious, and I don't like the idea of a gay and beautiful young wife that I can't keep my eye on. I'd be imagining all sorts of things." ing care which ages most of us, filled privation of grinding toil. Besides, he had his art to distract and occupy

him. It was immediately evident, also. that he had become a master of this art, which was not surprising when one stops to think. Given a certain amount of latent talent, a good technical foundation not carried to the point of hampering one's originality, and unlimited time and material, such a result was not surprising. In this

are either smothered or absorbed. He had already passed the danger of the errors of ignorance, and his visualization and imagination being true and normal, he had steadily progressed.

Besides being a powerful colorist, work, and his first requirement therefore was a suitable subject. I had needed for mermaids and waterthe moving-picture colony, but none of these candidates pleased Fiske.

on a desert island, he was desperately How does she bore you?" I asked. hard to please. He said that he had "Oh, every way. Principally in the painted Lucia until he could do her afflicted-hero business. I don't want portrait hanging by his legs with both to be slobbered over, and I was tuck-up like a hedgehog in a hole when this field. This need was supplied from, cursed shell jarred my sight loose. The rest of the bunch was killed. liar source.

ty. I know I could paint her." "Did you tell her so?" I asked. "Yes; I did better-I asked her to coming tomorrow."

"You didn't lose any time about it," I said, wondering how much of Suzanne's acquiescence might be due to going too fast, Lucia." Elliot's power of persuasion and how much to discover the source of the studio's attraction for Wade.

"Why should I? Might as well make a start, since she's willing to pose." "I suppose you know that she's en-

felt Lucia stir at my side. Elliot

looked decidedly startled. "What!" he cried. "That lovely creature marry a blind man! Impossible! Besides, he's too young for her. He's a fine chap and al that, but he's just a boy, and she's a splendid, full-blown woman. All she needs is to be waked up, and she looks as if she were about ready for it."

"Then go ahead and wake her up." I said, "and when she's got her eyes wide open, hand her over to Wade.

Elliot looked very much upset, and so did Lucia, at whom I stole a side-long glance. There was a frown on her broad, white forehead, and her firm little chin had a combative look. Later, as I was sitting alone on the veranda watching the sunset colors and taking mental notes for my decorations, she came out and seated her-self beside me. Elliot was splashing round in the studio.

"Mr. Brown," said Lucia, "I don't want Wade to marry Miss Talbot." "Why not?" I asked.

"Because I have decided to marry him myself. I think that he is just the sort of husband that I want. He will have plenty of money and is very good-looking, and as he connot see other women, there is no reason why he should not always like me best." "Those are excellent reasons." I agreed; "but you see he has already agreed to marry Suzanne, and possi-

bly she may feel the same way about it that you do." "The first doesn't make any differ-

ence," said Lucia, "because he has told me that he is not the same man he was before being blinded. Well, you can't expect one man to keep a promise made by some other man, can you? And so far as Suzanne is concerned. she is perfectly free to try to make him marry her. We can both try and see which one succeeds. I am going

to begin tomorrow." "I should say that you had already got a flying start," I answered. "How do you purpose going about it—if I may ask?" "How had already may be as a perfectly serviceable and high-ly desirable individual, ignoring the defect of blindness as if it had been a stammer or flatfoot. And her next remark proved how rich her nature

"You had better wait and see," said Lucia. "Now I am going to ask fath-er to help me." And a few moments later I heard growls from the studio known as "charm," for she said softwhich did not sound helpful.

which did not sound helpful. So I waited and saw, and I must say that Lucia's candid procedure had its points. Wade had formed the habit of coming to the studio every morning now, and after listening to my drivel for a while, of going down to the sheltered corner of the beach, goat, who was not at all pretty to goat, who was not at all pretty to look at." which was practically our own, with Lucia. As I am one of those casual

ed for the girl and drew her to him. horse, both wild and domesticated, was happening, Lucia's long, round and drinking is evidenced by their bearms had twined themselves about his havior toward each other at the "wa-neck and she crushed her fresh lips to ter hole" when they are seldom athis. "Oh come," I protested; "you're kind. Ne tacked by others not of their own

But Lucia did not pay the slightest neatness; some take great pains to ttention to me. I might just as well pluck out with their bills all frayed attention to me. I might just as well pluck out with their bills all have been blind myself. There was or ill-shaped feathers. They nothing scattered or diffuse about rate their feathers and carefully pick this girl's knowledge of what she out all particles of refuse. Pigeons, wanted or the central focusing of her cockatoos and larks like their bath in will. Her objective clear and uncloudthe form of a copious rain; game birds and poultry prefer the dust bath; but the sparrow loves to comed, she went to it with the direct simplicity of a child or a sage, and got She was, at this moment, very bine these styles-he takes a dry there. much there, in fact, but not very long, dust shampoo, hen plunges into the as Wade took her by both soft shoulwater. ders and held her at arm's length, and

one would have sworn that he was not practically all insects and animals only looking at her but seeing her, so have some way of preserving cleanliintense was the gaze of his sightless ness. The observer will be struck by eyes. And the lines of his face had the pride that most of our dumb grown hard and severe. friends manifest. From the prancing

But Lucia was not dismayed. "Then it's all arranged, isn't it, down to the humble bat, each has ade?" said she. "Said she." "Said s But Lucia was not dismaved Wade?" said she.

"No, little girl; it's not," he ans-wered. "God knows I wish it were! its beautiful wings before going to But you see-in the first place, a gentleman must never break his word, even if his ideas and character have changed; and in the second, it would be a low-down German trick for a helpless lump like me to grab you fresh from your volcano and marry you before you had a chance to pick and choose for yourself."

"But I have picked and chosen," Lucia protested. "I have chosen you, full operation in New York city. Wade. You are the only man I have told that I should like to marry, though I did tell Mr Brown that I

be increased to 4,000. The mattresses are silk covered, the blankets are thought he would make a very nice the finest the government could buy. There is a little table and a chair behusband. And you are not a helpless lump. You may seem so to yourself side each bed, and on every table, at and to other people, but you don't to me. You see, I have always known every occupied bed is a vase filled with fresh flowers.

The kitchen is equipped with every late appliance. The steam potato cooking machines, for instance, can cook seven bushels of potatoes each, An old man takes a natural pleasure every seven minutes. In a few minin having his worth assayed for what utes enough beans to feed a regiment it has been, but a young man desires to be esteemed at his actual value, and can be heated. There is a peeling machine that can peel the jackets off a it was perhaps here that Wade had carload of potatoes in a minimum of most suffered. His usefulness had become a thing of the past to most peo-

ple who knew him, and they were fools enough to show it in their tactless sympathy. Lucia was no doubt the first that had taken him for grant-

Washington, March 25.-Regulations governing the payment of \$60 bonus to honorably discharged soldiers were amended by the War Department today to permit the accept-ance by disbursing officials of a "true was in that rare and inestimably precopy" of discharge certificates. Heretofore, the original certificates were required, but it was found that many

Our Dumb Animals.

Biggest Hospital in the World.

soldiers refused to part with the papers, preferring to lose the bonus rather than risk the loss of official evidence of their honorable release from know that you love me with your the army.

All copies submitted under the amendment authorized today must also is less susceptible to rot and milbe certified by the army recruiting dew-the handicaps on lettuce grow-This was too much for the poor officer nearest the soldier's residence. ing under glass.

it is not safe to open the hotbed. It

time, and another machine that is just as rapid in peeling onions. "True Copy" Enough to Get the Bonus.

you as you are now, so I don't make unpleasant comparisons.' I could see from Wade's face that she had played a trump-card here.