

WHEN BABY WRITES A LETTER.

When baby writes a letter to her Daddy far away... The occasion's most important, for she has so much to say.

The Trouble on the Torolito.

BY FRANCIS LYNDE. (Copyright 188, by Francis Lynde.)

CHAPTER X.—CONTINUED.

A hundred yards below the dam-workings my ditch crossed the trail below and the stream by a box-flume bridge; a crazy structure on spindling stilts that weaved and raked under me as I ran.

My end of the flume was in the shadow of the canyon wall, and I knew that neither of them could see me; but I stood up and waved my arms and shouted to them.

And on the broken timbering above, within arm's-reach of the drawing man, Macpherson stood and looked down upon him.

CHAPTER XI.

LA PETITE GUERRE.

It was a sudden thing, limp and unresponsive, that Macpherson dragged out of the maw of the hungry whirlpool and carried across the tottering wreck of the coffer-dam to the half-finished excavation in the opposite canyon side.

waters of the stream, he was making a fire in the shelter of the excavation, hurrying tremulously and muttering to himself like a man gone daft.

He had propped the engineer in a corner of the cutting, and I lost no time in obeying the command.

"Pull yourself together, Angus, and help me," I said, throwing off my overcoat.

Fortunately, we both knew what to do, and how to go about it; but there was a despairing half-hour or more of it before the first long-drawn sigh of returning life rewarded our efforts.

"Well, I'll be dad-burned!" he said, clambering down to stare first at the two of us and then at the unconscious engineer.

Mac took his face out of his hands. "Let up on that, Jake," he said, quietly. "Or perhaps I'd better tell you to stick to it for your life."

"I don't blame you; it's more than a money fight." Macpherson's soft brown eyes flashed responsively.

"How much do you know, Jack?" "All of it, I think; except that I'm taking it for granted that Nan is responsible for some things—your being here for one."

"She isn't," he said, soberly. "But she has told me what you didn't think it was safe to tell me, if that's what you mean."

"The flush under the bronze in Macpherson's face may have been no more than the reflection of the ruddy firelight."

"Have you forgotten the pony and the riding-lessons?" he asked, shamefacedly.

"Well, it appears that she hasn't. I oughtn't to tell it, even on her, but it seems that she has been playing that thing— with a contemptuous nod toward the unconscious engineer— 'off against—against Miss Sanborn.'"

"And instead of that, it sent you out with murder in your heart. I don't wonder."

"The unpleasant laugh came again. 'Don't take sides with the devil,' he said, shortly. 'I ought to kill him, but I've promised not to, and I—'

"He covered his face again, bursting out presently in an upbubbling of mingled wrath and remorse."

"Oh, my God, Jack! you don't know what a temptation it was when I saw him down there gasping and struggling; as good as dead, and by no act of mine. All I had to do was to turn and walk away. You're right; there was murder in my heart for the tenth part of a second, then, though there hadn't been up to that moment."

"And yet you followed him up here for the express purpose of killing him," I persisted.

"His look was of blank surprise. 'Oh, no,' he said. 'Haven't you heard?'"

"What can I hear when you stay away and I am shut up with a family in which speech is so dear that the common gossip of the settlement is at a premium?" I retorted, irritably.

"That's so; I forgot. We've been coming to blows down in my end of the valley—the boys and Wykamp's men. Connolly and Kilgore have both been making camp-fires of the stakes again, and day before yesterday the reprisals began in dead earnest."

I went at that, scrambling across to the line of the ditch and wallowing downward through the dry sand of its bed. Half-way to the gap in the bog-back I could look down upon the party of rescuers on its way up the trail, and was half minded to turn back when I saw it was headed by the Mexican. But I went on when I reflected that Macpherson would account for himself quite as well

time to serve notice on the man who is responsible. That's what brought me up here to-night. They told me at the camp that Wykamp had come up here, and I thought it would be a good chance to get him by himself.

"Get over on the aggressive side—" The man on the other side of the fire stirred uneasily and groaned, and Macpherson waited until I made sure that Wykamp was still beyond eaves-dropping.

"The time wasn't ripe. Between us, I don't hope to make anything out of the placer. We've all planned at it now and then, and nobody has found more than a few 'colors' to the pan."

"I don't blame you; it's more than a money fight." Macpherson's soft brown eyes flashed responsively. "Much more. We charge Selter with making it a personal matter, but I'm afraid it's come to be that with me. The day when I can run that fellow out of this valley at the tail of a broken enterprise will be a happy one for me."

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without as with me. None the less, it was a relief, a few minutes later, to be overtaken by my friend at the point where the ditch crossed the road to enter the Selter field.

"They are bringing him down?" I queried. "Yes. He came to and sat up just after you left. He isn't hurt very much."

He would have dismounted to make me ride, but the distance was nothing. "Will you go back to the Six-Mile to-night?" I asked, when we reached the gate. "Selter will put you up."

"No; I'll go on back. If I didn't show up before morning, the boys would raid Wykamp's outfit. Good-night. You go in and take about three fingers and go to bed. You'll be in luck if this doesn't down you again."

[To Be Continued.]

WAS GOING TO "MERIKY."

And Eliza Wanted Her Hat Trimmed in the Latest Style for the Event.

One day a stout person penetrated from the laundry to the drawing-room door, hastily pulling down the sleeves over her scarlet muscular arms, says Nineteenth Century.

"If you please, missus," she said, "doost'a think th' young lady as is so clever at trimmin' th'ats a'd be so kind as to trim me oop one? A' 'ardly like to ask, but hoo's that kind a' thout a'd try."

"The young lady, a visitor in the house, was greatly taken with the idea, and the dolly tub was left to itself for a time while Eliza expounded her views, which were definite, as to choice among the prevailing fashions. When the work of art was completed she expressed high satisfaction.

"A' wanted to luik well wen a' goes over there to my son and 'is family, d'yo' see?" "Over where, Eliza?"

"Why, over at 'Meriky, missus; a'm going to see un just now. A' meant to las' year, but a' couldna save quite enough for th' passage money; now wi' yo' washin' all winter that's a' right, so a'm goin' over in th' Teutonic week after next to 'ave a look round at them aw'.

"So Eliza tried the other side, too, but not finding it to her liking, returned to Milltown and reappeared at the washtub with as little in the way of travelers' tales as anyone who ever left her native land.

Tadpoles at Wholesale. A resident of this city is the owner of a fine aquarium, and recently commissioned a street urchin to procure for him some tadpoles from suburban ponds, promising to pay ten cents for a careful of the wrigglers.

The boy was not of a selfish nature; on the contrary, he told all his acquaintances for blocks around of this new source of revenue, and there was a veritable exodus to the tadpole regions. When the gentleman reached him in the evening, he was met by his wife with a reproachful countenance.

Almost immediately he detected the sound of shrill juvenile voices pitched high in dispute. Lined up at the back door he found the original "contractor," reinforced by a score or more of his comrades, each bearing in his hand an old tomato can filled with tadpoles.

The aquarium owner, being possessed of a sense of humor, took in the situation at a glance, and good-naturedly decided to receive the entire catch, giving to each boy a dime. When all had obtained their stipend, the boys gave one mighty cheer and scattered in all directions.—Baltimore Sun.

The Stalker Stalked. The hunter in pursuit of big game must be prepared for the unexpected. Mr. Horace A. Vachell, in "Life and Sport on the Pacific Slope," relates the experience of a friend of his, a man for whose veracity he vouches. My friend was after bear, and was accompanied by an Indian guide whom he always took with him on such trips.

One morning they sighted a large wapiti, which they wounded. The Indian took the trail; but the hunter, knowing the habits of wounded deer, took a short cut across some hills, hoping to get another shot at the wapiti as it crossed a certain divide. He reached the divide and climbed a tree for a wider outlook.

Presently the wapiti came slowly up the steep slope; the Indian followed, knife in hand; and then, behind the Indian, not 40 yards intervening, waddled a huge bear. So intent was the Indian upon his quarry that he was unaware that he, in his turn, was being tracked, till a bullet whistled past his head from the hunter's rifle and laid the bear low. That was a surprised Indian!

The Bachelor's Opinions. The truth that is in wine is about as sincere as the lies that are in charity. The only vigilant night watchmen are the wives who sit up waiting for their husbands to come home. A woman can respect her husband's business ability if he can keep her from finding out anything about his business.

The girl never was born who could understand how you can love her without telling her so twice in every 15 seconds. No matter how low down a man knows he is he never feels he has gone to the limit till he lets a woman make love to him.—N. Y. Press.

Adversity tries some men and police judges try others. — Chicago Daily News.



ART OF CONVERSATION.

Ability to Direct Talk in the Right Direction is More Important Than Flow of Words.

If you would win laurels as a bright conversationalist, first impress your mind with the fact that it is not flow of words that you need, but ability to direct conversation.

You must practice the part of stating a thought, keeping the talk general, or making the guest of honor the apparent leader.

You must draw out the timid, avoid dangerous channels and make every man and woman about you appear at his or her best, while your own efforts are confined to an occasional word to fill a gap.

When you are trying to make a company a conversational success always avoid a rattling liveliness on your own part. Don't imagine that to be a clever woman you must be a wit.

If you are naturally witty, well and good; it will crop out occasionally. But if your wit is forced, it will degenerate into mere affectation, and affectation is fatal.

Your main object is to make yourself interesting without being obtrusive—to keep yourself in the background while you direct the general conversation. It is a wonderfully interesting accomplishment.

You learn to note the slightest change in facial expression. The quiver of an eyelid or the movement of a lip tells you a story. You see pleasure, anger, interest or dislike, where another detects no thought.

Your own mind acts more quickly as you appreciate the unspoken thoughts of others. You have the pleasure of feeling that your acquirement is not wholly selfish, for it gives you the power to understand the reserved and to put the shy at their ease.

Above all, don't talk too much. No matter how interesting your stories may be, they are not as a rule so interesting to another person as the stories he wants to tell. The skillful talker, like the really skillful diplomat, uses few words and makes them count.—N. Y. World.

FIRST LADY OF IOWA.

Mrs. A. B. Cummins, Wife of the New Hawkeye Governor, is a Popular Favorite.

Mrs. A. B. Cummins, wife of the new governor of Iowa, is a leader in social and club circles in Des Moines. She is a woman of ability and charming personality and the late Senator Gear used to characterize her as his most formidable opponent in the senatorial contest between himself and Mr. Cummins.

Her maiden name was Ida L. Gallery, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. James Gallery, of Eaton Rapids, Mich. She was educated in the schools of Eaton Rapids and was married to Mr. Cummins at that place in 1874. At that time Mr. Cummins was a law

student in Chicago. Shortly afterward he was admitted to the bar. Mr. and Mrs. Cummins lived in Chicago until 1878, when they moved to Des Moines, where they have since resided. Their home is on West Grand avenue, in the most fashionable quarter of the city.

Mrs. Cummins is a member of the Congregational church and one of its hardest workers. She was for many years on the board of directors of the social settlement, but has been compelled to resign owing to stress of other duties. She has been president of the Women's club, the leading organization of its kind here.

The Science of Colds. Almost everybody one meets is afflicted with that trivial but annoying ailment, a "cold." This is one of the minor troubles of life, but it is a singularly perverse affection all the same, and one decidedly obstinate as regards its tendencies toward cure.

Doctors now agree that the cold in the head or "coryza" is an infectious trouble, and therefore to be regarded as another triumph for the ubiquitous microbe. The spread of cold through a household may thus be accounted for on the scientific principle of ordinary infection.

The means of cure are many. One English specialist recommends taking an opiate to start with, in the shape of 15 or 20 drops of chlorodyne in water, repeating the dose in, say, four hours. He also prescribes a Dover's powder at bedtime (say ten grains) and a hot drink, by way of encouraging skin action, provided risk of cold and chill is avoided.

Nice Way to Cook Bacon. The nicest way to cook bacon is to slice thin, remove the rind and lay the pieces close together on a fine wire broiler. Lay this over a dripping pan and bake for a few minutes in a hot oven until crisp and brown, turning it once. Drain on brown paper and serve on a hot platter. The dripping will be clear, rich fat, excellent for frying purposes, and the bacon crisp and easily digested.

COMEDY OF ERRORS.

New Orleans Woman Who Frightened and Sought Refuge in the Castle of the Enemy.

"Women are thoughtless creatures at times and they frequently get into rather embarrassing predicaments by making thoughtless remarks," said a citizen who lives in St. Charles avenue to a New Orleans Times-Democrat man. "Just now there is a good joke going the rounds on a well-known lady who lives uptown, and it is all due to the fact that she was just a little thoughtless a few days ago. She might have made a life-time enemy out of a member of her sex if it had not been for the peculiar



DOG RUSHED TOWARDS HER.

circumstances which surrounded the incident.

"She was walking out St. Charles avenue. About a block away she saw a dog rushing toward her, and a few feet behind the dog was a man. He had his right hand shoved in under his coat and seemed to be pursuing the dog for the purpose of killing it. The lady thought the dog was mad. It was a mean-looking animal, and from the way she looked at things generally, the man was not at all good looking. She did not know what to do. Finally she concluded that she would rush into one of the houses. She picked out the largest place. She rushed upon the gallery and jerked the bell sharply. A lady came to the door. 'You will excuse me,' she said; 'but here comes a mad dog.' 'Where?' asked the lady of the house. 'Why, right there,' she answered, pointing to the dog which was being pursued by the man. 'And he is such a horrible-looking creature,' she continued, 'and the man is after him with a pistol—such a horrible, desperate looking man! He has a pistol under his coat,' and she was gasping for breath all the while.

The lady of the house looked at her curiously after she had seen the dog and the man. 'That dog is not mad,' she said with a toss of her head. 'That dog is simply sick. The man has no pistol. That's a bottle of milk he has under his coat, and he's my husband, and that's our dog, and he's one of the greatest and best dogs in New Orleans and—'

"But the frightened lady broke into the conversation and there were a few disdainful exchanges, but coughed politely enough, and the little woman who had sought refuge in the house bowed out into the street and started toward her home."

GOOD HOUSEKEEPERS. After All is Said and Done, They Are the Only Girls Who Can Make a Happy Home.

To fit herself for married life, every girl should learn to fulfill the duties of a good housekeeper. No matter how old she may be, if she is not capable of managing a house in every department of it, she is not old enough to marry. When she promises to take the position of wife and home-maker, the man who holds her promise has every right to suppose that she is competent to fulfill it. If she proves to be incompetent or unwilling, he has good reason to consider that he has made an unwise contract.

No matter how plain the home may be, if it is in accordance with the husband's means, and he finds it neatly kept, and the meals (no matter how simple) served from shining dishes and clean table linen, that husband will leave his home, morning after morning, with loving words and thoughts, and look ahead with eagerness to the time when he can return.

Let a young woman play the pian and acquire every accomplishment within her power—the more the better—for every one will be that much more power to be used in making a happy home. At the same time if she can go to the kitchen if necessary cheerfully prepare an appetizing meal and serve it neatly after it is prepared she had better defer her marriage till she learns.

If girls would thoroughly fit themselves for the position of intelligent housekeepers before they marry, there would be fewer discontented, unhappy wives, and more happy homes.—N. Weekly.