

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.

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

"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—"

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

"No."

"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—"

"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.

"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.

"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?"

"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.

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.

"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.

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

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

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

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



"YOU FOLLOWED HIM TO KILL HIM."

was irresistible. Here for an hour we had been straining every nerve to save the life of a man whose death was every way desirable—but I checked myself at once.

"It is unfortunate that Selter has put himself on the wrong side of the criminal fence," I remarked.

"It is; devilish unfortunate. The thing hangs by a thread. If that fellow suspects that it was giant powder and not the flood, we'll all hear from it."

"Will he suspect?" Macpherson shook his head.

"He'll reason it out, if he hasn't been too badly shaken up. And we'll be lucky if we're not dragged in as witnesses."

"He went silent for a minute, and when he continued his thought was for me. 'Say, Jack; suppose you take the back track to the farm-house. There is no need of your being mixed up in this! and if you're not here when his men come, no one will be the wiser.

"He waved me off. 'Go on, and go now, or it will be too late. I'm in for it, anyway, because he saw me. Get a move.'"

I went at that, scrambling across to the line of the ditch and wallowing downward through the dry sand of its bed.

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.

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.

[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."

"A" wanted to hulk 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'.

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 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.

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.

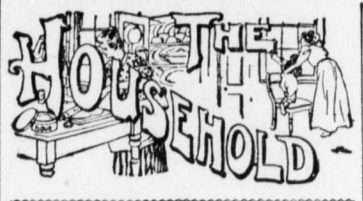
The Science of Colds.

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.

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.

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.

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.

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.

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.

At that time Mr. Cummins was a law student in Chicago. Shortly afterward he was admitted to the bar.



MRS. A. B. CUMMINS.

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.

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.

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.

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.

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.



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.

"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.

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.

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.

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.

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.

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.

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.

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.

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.