The Somerset Herald.

ESTABLISHED 1827.

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O, TELL ME, IS IT LOVE.

I'm feeling very strange of late;
All is not right I fear.
My mind's approaching such a state
'Twere mild to call it queer.
It first began with writing verse,
And seeking rhymes for "love;"
But now it's daily growing worse—
O, tell me, is it love?

I spend a fortune in perfumes;
My candy bill's immense.
I buy the rarest kind of blooms
Regardless of expense.
I pose before the glass and smile
In every sort of way.
I turn and bow in every style—
O, tell me, is it love?

I do not eat enough to keep
A humming bird alive.
They say I babble in my sleep
Such honeyed thoughts I have.
I know I stammer when I speak;
My hands are in my way.
A certain doorstep makes me weak—
Now, is it love? O, say?

I used to laugh at stars and moons
Atonly fit for "chaff."
Now I go humming old love tunes
And hardly ever laugh.
I seek by night a vine-wreathed house,
And watch a light above,
Then sneak away just like a mouse—
O, tell me, is it love?

Within my brain queer fancies come,
And problems strange and new;
I'one lives on a certain sum,
How much will serve for two?
And then again I'm darkly sad,
And then I'm wildly gay.
O, tell me, am I growing mad?
Or is it love? O, say?

KATTY'S PARTY.

HELEN FOREST GRAVES.

"Katty, what are you thinking of?" said Mr. Dilkes, brusquely. "Fire all out! Lamp not lighted!"

He had come in from the barnyard with two foaming pails of milk and a liberal powdering of snow on his fur cap and heavy beard, and as he set the pails down on the buttery table, Kathleen sprang up and lighted the squatty kerosene lamp, and raked the broken logs together, so that a vivid blaze rushed up the old chimney throat.

"Have you got the butter all printed?" said he. "And the poultry packed, and the eggs laid down? I shall have to make an early start to-morrow morning, and there's every prospect of a snow blizzard."

"It is all ready," said Kathleen, somberly.

Mr. Dilkes turned short around and looked at her.

"Eh? What's the matter?" said he.

"They're not going to invite me to the party at Griggett's!" the girl answered him.

"They ain't eh? Why not? I guess you're as goodlookin' as any of 'em, and as good, too!"

"I couldn't help overhearing Mally Griggett and Jesie Kirke talking about it when I went after the mail to-night," said Kathleen. "They had just got their letters, and I was waiting for a chance to get near the mail window, and there was a pile of drygoods boxes between me and them. Mally said why wasn't I asked? and Josie said because I never returned any of the neighborhood parties. It was all take, she said, with Kathleen Dilkes, and no give. And it was quite true uncle."

Mr. Dilkes moved uneasily in his chair.

"We ain't party-giving folks," said he.

"Then I oughtn't to go to parties," retorted Kathleen. "And I don't see that I shall any more. Nobody will ask me."

"Well, I wouldn't mind," soothed Mr. Dilkes. "It's all folly and nonsense, anyhow."

Kathleen's lovely blue eyes flashed.

"I don't think it's folly and nonsense," said she. "I want to go. All the young people but me are going, and I am tired of drudging and working the whole time without a bit of fun."

Mr. Dilkes was silent. He tipped his feet against an uneven brick in the hearth and stared at the fire.

Kathleen came closer to him.

"Uncle," said she, "can't I have a Twelfth-Night party?"

"Nonsense!" growled the old man.

"It wouldn't cost much!" pleaded Kathleen. "I'd make all the cake myself, and I've saved enough out of my share of the chicken money to buy sugar and lemons. And my dress need not cost anything. I could trim over my white bunting, with a new ribbon. May I have a Twelfth-Night party, uncle?"

Mr. Dilkes rose suddenly to his feet.

"No," said he, "you can't. And there is an end of it!"

Kathleen said no more. She was used to her uncle's moods, and knew that there was no use in striving against them.

But half that wild, stormy winter night she sobbed silently or her pillow and rebelled against fate.

Early in the gray, frozen daybreak Mr. Dilkes rose, ate the hot breakfast of sausage and coffee and fried potatoes that Kathleen had ready for him, and started off for Cone City in his red cutter snugly lined with Buffalo robes and packed close with the produce of his farm.

He had scarcely been gone an hour when an unexpected guest arrived at the house—Miss Dorothy Purple—a friend of Kathleen's dead mother and a distant cousin of herself.

"Oh, Miss Dorothy!" cried the young girl.

And to her faithful bosom she confided all the troubles.

It was so nice to have some one to talk to.

"But this won't do," said Miss Dorothy Purple, viewing the well-shod toes of her pretty feet as she warmed them at the fire. "You can't be shut up here like a lark in its cage. You must go out like other people. I don't wonder they have left off asking you. You must give little companies, too. Otherwise you will be left like me—an old maid."

And Miss Purple's bright eyes sparkled merrily.

"I'll talk to your uncle about it when he gets home," said she.

"It won't be of any use!" sighed Kathleen.

At noon, however, the depot boy came plunging through the drifts with a telegram.

Mr. Dilkes had heard from his brother in Pennsylvania, who had met with some sort of an accident. He had decided to go directly to him for a few days.

"Katty," said Miss Dorothy Purple, waving a very preety pocket handkerchief above her head, "this is a Providential interposition."

"What?" cried Kathleen.

"We'll have the Twelfth-Night party now," said Miss Purple. "Write your invitations at once. Send 'em by the depot boy. Don't you see there's no time to be lost? I'll help you with the cake and coffee, and I know a grand recipe for ice-cream!"

"Ice cream!" gasped Kathleen.

"Why not?" said Miss Purple, with a bird-like tip of her head. "There's plenty of ice and snow outside, and plenty of cream in your milk-room. We can have kisses and mottoes, too. I know how to make 'em; and I shall want a lot of spruce and hemlock boughs to decorate the rooms!"

"I can git 'em for ye!" said the depot boy, displaying teeth enough for an ocelot.

And as soon as Kathleen had caught her breath, the proceedings began in good earnest.

"What will Uncle Dilkes say?" cried Kathleen, as they stood ready on Twelfth Night, all dressed, with the supper table spread in the big kitchen, temporarily transformed into a bower of evergreens, and the big parlor denuded of its carpet and bedecked with wreaths of princes pine and clusters of scarlet hollyberries, while "Black Jack Blackman," with his fiddle, and little Billy Nickham, with his clarionet, sat waiting for the arrival of the first guest.

"Oh, I don't care what he says!" said Miss Dorothy, audaciously. "You do not happen to know, do you, child, that twenty years ago, before you had opened those big blue eyes of yours on the wickedness of this world, he used to be a beau of mine?"

"A—beau of yours! Uncle Dilkes! Why didn't he marry you?" questioned Kathleen.

"He didn't quite ask me Katty. You see, in those days, before my blessed father went into Mexican silver mine speculations, I was Miss Purple, of Purple Hall and he was a poor young farmer. He didn't like to be thought a fortune hunter, I suppose. Well, times have changed. I'm poorer; he is richer; and we are both wiser. I only tell the story to prove to you that I'm not in any way afraid of Harmon Dilkes. There comes a sleigh full of people."

The Twelfth-Night party was a brilliant success. The ice cream was a surprise; the snow-mountain of a cake developed a series of the most astonishing effects; the mottoes made no end of fun, and the dancing held out until long after midnight.

Suddenly in the midst of a wild Virginia reel, the door opened. Mr. Dilkes stood there, fur capped and collared like Santa Claus in a tableau.

Black Jack sawed the fiddle strings with his bow. Little Dick puffed his out over the clarionet like one of Raphael's cherubs; the dancers flew by, and only Miss Purple saw the snow-strewn vision.

She closed the hall door, and met Santa Claus face to face.

"Harmon!" she uttered gently.

"Why—Dorothy Purple!"

"Exactly," said the little old maid. "I've come to visit you. Kathleen has made a party in my honor. If you find a word of fault, I'll leave the house tonight."

"I Fault! Dorothy," breathlessly cried the farmer. "If you were the queen I couldn't feel more honored. I—I—Oh, Dorothy!"

She laughed a little hysterically.

"Then you haven't quite forgotten me?"

"Lood here, Dorothy—you ain't a rich grandee no longer. I ain't afraid to speak my mind to you, as I once was. But you're just as pretty as ever. Dorothy, what's to prevent your stayin' here for good and all?" His breath came rapidly, his eyes sparkled. "Say yes, Dorothy! I've been in love with you all these years. I'll be a good husband to you if—"

Dorothy Purple caught his hand gaily.

"Come," she cried, "dance down the Virginia reel with me as you used to do."

"If you'll say yes, Dorothy."

"Yes!" she cried, in a sort of exaltation. "Quick, Harmon—the music is waiting."

And the eyes of the whole countryside were amused by the unwonted spectacle of old Harmon Dilkes swinging down the Virginia reel hand in hand with Miss Dorothy Purple.

Kathleen looked on astounded. Black Jack nearly dropped his fiddle bow. But the old man was the deftest and nimblest of the lot, and when at last the music stopped, he turned in front of the big fireplace and faced them all.

"Friends," he cried, breathlessly, "I am glad to see you, every one, and I hope this is only the beginning of a lot of good times! Don't go yet, I've got something to tell you. I'm going to be married to this lady here," holding tightly on to Miss Dorothy Purple's hand, "and I want you all to come and dance at my wedding this day month. No, Dorothy, it ain't no use objecting. And if any of the rest of you have any notion that way, I'd advise you to speak it out this merry Twelfth-Night. Matrimony's sort of in the air just at this season."

"If that's the case," said young Manly, the squire's son, stepping boldly to the front, "I'd like to give notice that Kathleen has promised to-night to be my wife."

"And I've come to terms with Josephine Kirk," cried John Joycelyn, waving his hat. "One wedding makes many. Three cheers for Mr. Dilkes and Miss Dorothy Purple!"

"Well, Katty," said Miss Purple, when the last chime of sleigh bells had gone joyously away from the door, "your uncle didn't scold you after all."

"Scold!" beamed the old man. "I'm too happy ever to scold any one again. I tell you what, Katty, you may think that young Manly fellow is very fine, but there ain't no young chap in a radius of twenty miles from here as is half as well pleased as I am to-night. Come here, Dorothy. I've got Katty in one arm, now I want you in t'other.

Dorothy came with promptitude and snuggled up to his butternut-colored left side with eyes full of happy laughter.

"But there's one thing you're going to be disappointed about, Harmon," said she.

"Eh?"

"I'm an old maid," said Dorothy, "but not a poor one. We had lost our property when we sold Purple Hall and went away from here. But father built his fortune up anew out West. I can bring you twenty thousand dollars for a marriage portion."

"I don't care," said Dilkes, "if it was twice as much, I couldn't love you no dearer. Money ain't no drawback to me."

"Why, uncle," laughed Kathleen, "that ain't the way other people talk!"

"I never was like other people," said Farmer Dilkes.

Giving the Daughter.

I never shall forget how mother cried the day I was married," said a bride of a month. "I couldn't understand it then and I don't yet, for I was doing well, according to everyone's views, and my husband was everything she could wish for in a son-in-law. The day was lovely and there wasn't a hitch anywhere, yet she wept as though it was my funeral instead of my wedding.

Ah, girls, you will never know the wrench at a mother's heart-strings when she gives you up to another. He may be altogether desirable, but she is giving her child. The little baby whom she nursed through all its little ailments, the bright-eyed, untroubled daughter of her heart to one whom but a short time ago was a stranger. She knows so well the trials of wifehood and motherhood to come to that life that she has all these years shielded from every care. She knows her little girl is gone, and a woman stands in her place, and she also knows that if the marriage is founded on the right principles she is no longer first in the affections of that sweet daughter that has been such a dear companion of late.

The solemn ceremony, the girlish voice with its slight tremble, as it repeats "for better, for worse, for richer, for poorer, in sickness and in health, until death us do part," all touched that mother's heart as she looks back over the years to the time when she, too, stood at the altar and assumed the same vows, and then on to the time when that little head nestled on her breast, and the helpless clinging baby fingers stirred deeper and holier thoughts within her, and now her little girl is given to another, she needs not the protecting care that has been hers all these years, and despite all else the mother's heart cries out in agony as she gives up her daughter at the altar.

Ancient Notions.

The queer beliefs, superstitions, etc., given below have been culled from the works of Mizaldus, Minus, Galen, Arnoldus, Africanus and others. Some of these works are classed among the rarest bibliographical treasures:

The blood of a white hen smeared all over the face that is full of freckles and let alone until it be dry and then wiped off clean taketh away the freckles and spots.

An excellent cure for the gout is to take a young puppy, all of one color if you can get such a one, and cut him in two pieces through the back while alive and lay the hot end to the grieved place.

The hoofs and fore feet of a cow, dried and taken any way, are excellent against a cough; if burnt the smoke of them will drive away mice.

If your nose bleeds on the left side crush the little finger of the right hand, and for the other side do the opposite.

An egg that is laid on Thursday, the white being emptied out and the empty place being filled with salt and gently roasted by the fire, will cure cankernal teeth and kill the worms which eat the teeth.

Cantharides wrapped in a spider's web and hanged over him who is suffering with quartane ague perfectly cures him.

To draw a tooth without pain: Fill an earthen crucible with emmets or ants, eggs and all, and when you have burned them keep the ashes, with which, if you touch a tooth, it will drop out.

The little bone of the knee joint of a hare's hind leg doth presently help the cramps if you do but touch the grieved place with it.

Take a great, overgrown toad and tie her up in a leather bag pricked full of holes and put bag and all in an ant hill. The ants will eat away all her flesh; then you can find a stone of marvelous virtue. If a man be poisoned, this stone will draw all the poison to it presently; if he be stung or bitten by an adder by touching it with this stone, both pain and swelling will suddenly cease.

Jet as well as amber, if hung about one's neck, is profitable against the distillation of phlegm in the throat and lungs.

If a man hath the dropsy stand him up to his neck in the sand by the seaside on a hot day and the sand will draw up all the water and cure the disease.

A stone called granite, if worn in a bag at the neck, strengthens the heart but is said to hurt the brains.—*St. Louis Republic.*

In a New Light.

The pastor was endeavoring to persuade the millionaire to give up at least a portion of his earthly interests and turn his attention to more spiritual matters.

"You say," said Croesus, "that a rich man cannot enter the kingdom of heaven?"

"The Scriptures say so," corrected the pastor, kindly, "and I only repeat what they say, beliving them fully."

"And I can take none of my wealth with me?" inquired the rich man.

"You certainly cannot."

"No part of it?"

"No part of it."

"Then I shall be as poor as the poorest when I come to be judged; and what difference does it make one way or the other?"

The parson took the question to his study for deliberation.

Specimen Cases.

S. H. Clifford, New Cassel, Wis., was troubled with Neuralgia and Rheumatism, his Stomach was disordered, his Liver was affected to an alarming degree, appetite fell away, and he was terribly reduced in flesh and strength. Three bottles of Electric Bitters cured him.

Edward Shepherd, Harrisburg, Ill., had a running sore on his leg of eight years' standing. Used three bottles of Electric Bitters and seven boxes of Bucklen's Arnica Salve, and his leg is sound and well. John Speaker, Catawba, O., had five large Fever sores on his leg, doctors said he was incurable. One bottle Electric Bitters and one box Bucklen's Arnica Salve cured him entirely. Sold at J. N. Snyder's drug store.

His Wife Gave Him a Pointer.

He was ninety per cent. mouth and the odds and ends of his face that weren't mouth were freckles.

He got into line at the stamp window on the Broadway side of the postoffice and his wife waited near and kept one eye on him and both on an imitation leather valise.

"Gimme one postal card," he said when the window was at length reached

"What size?" inquired the man inside.

"Hey?"

"What size? I say; there are three kinds."

"Gosh, you don't say so. All of 'em cost a cent?"

"Yes."

"Gimme one that'll go to Delaware county."

"They all will," said the stamp seller impatiently; "three sizes, big, little and medium; which will you have? Shake it up," he added, as the line began to grow restless.

The applicant for one postal card hesitated a moment and then dropped out of the procession and went over to his wife.

"Looweess, he says there's three sizes, big, little and mejum.

"Well, which did you buy?"

"Nothin' yet; I thought I'd consult you first, but seein' we'er only going to say 'we'll git there Wensly,' I reckon I'll buy the littlest."

"Now if that ain't just like you, you good for nothin' man," she snapped contemptuously; "you've took the littlest all your life, and if it hadn't been for me you'd dried up and blowed away years ago. The writin, don't matter; its principle. Try and be a man, even if you ain't, you pore little cuss. Git on to that line, and when he says "wottle you have?" you plank down your cent and say, 'Gimme the biggest.' Hear me?"

His Ultimatum.

"Madeline, will you marry me?"

His voice had a husky, appealing sound his heart thumped audibly and his knees had got beyond his control.

"No, Horace, I will not."

"This—this is your final answer, is it, Madeline?"

"This is the end of all my fond hopes, the waking from the dream I have been dreaming, and the winding up of the fool's paradise in which I have dwelt for the last three months, eh?"

"I—I suppose it is, Horace, but do not be utterly cast down," said the young woman, soothingly, "time softens all our griefs and turns sorrow into joy. In the future, Horace, when the pain of this refusal shall have—"

"Miss Shuckers," he exclaimed, rising with dignity, as became a man who had received a temporary backset, but had recovered himself, "talk not to me of the future. It may have its consolations, its joys and its respose, but it cannot reawaken old delusions. Henceforth, Miss Shuckers," he added reaching for his hat and cane and moving with unruffled self-possession toward the door, "I can never be anything more to you than a brother.

Collecting a Bad Bill.

A Chicago tailor has devised a new way to collect old debts. A customer, who is employed in his father's office on the board of trade, has owed a bill of forty-five dollars for several months. Statements of the indebtedness and demands for payment have been made once or twice a week since Thanksgiving with no effect, and the young man's father and mother have been appealed to in vain. It was useless to sue, for the debtor isn't worth a dollar. The case looked hopeless.

But the tailor is a very foxy individual. He happened to learn that the young man was desperately in love with a pretty girl and that he spent certain evenings in every week at her house. On one of these evenings the tailor appeared at the young lady's residence and inquired for his debtor. The youth came into the hall to meet him, and when he saw the tailor he almost fainted away. The tailor came out flat-footed and swore that the bill must be paid then and there or he would raise a row, so that the young lady would be informed how matters stood. The young man, however, proved conclusively that he had only one dollar and forty-five cents on his person, and the tailor finally relented and left. Another month passed and still the bill remained unpaid. Thereupon the tailor sent the statement to the young lady and by the same mail he notified his debtor of his proceeding. The young lady informed her admirer that she could not love a man who didn't pay his debts, and, farther, that if he could not show her a receipt for the bill within six days he needn't come to see her any more. There was a terrific storm at the tailor's shop, but the bill was paid. The young lady has the receipt.

Now Try This.

It will cost you nothing and will surely do you good, if you have a Cough Cold, or any trouble with Throat, Chest or Lungs, Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption, Coughs and Colds, is guaranteed to give relief, or money will be paid back. Sufferers from La Grippe found it just the thing and under its use had a speedy and perfect recovery. Try a sample bottle at our expense and learn for yourself just how good a thing it is. Trial bottles free at J. N. Snyder's drug store. Large size 50c. and $1.00.

Silver Thaw.

Silver thaw is a most curious meteorological phenomenon that has lately been studied with much care at the Ben Nevis observatory. By silver thaw is meant rain falling when the air is below freezing point and congealing as it falls. The phenomenon points to an inversion of temperature at the time, the temperature on the hilltop being considerably lower than at higher altitudes.

A Welcome Halleujah.

Clara—I never saw such a friendly choir, they stopped right in the middle of the anthem this morning to speak to me.

Aunt Huldah—I didn't notice it, my child.

Clara—But they did. I wore my new hat to church for the first time, and as soon as I came in the choir sang "Hardly knew you, hardly knew you," two or three times.

Codling's Discomfiture.

"Ha, ha!" chuckled Codling to himself. "There are those two delicious Gorham girls about to get aboard that car. I'll just hurry to the next corner and board it as it passes. Then they won't suspect that I've followed them. It's a lovely chance to make a good impression."

Codling swung bravely onto the rear platform as the car passed his street, and was entering with a sweet smile on his countenance, prepared to bow to the girls, when he trod on the toe of an old gentleman who sat near the door, reading.

This passenger looked up and Codling murmured apologetically, "Beg your pardon."

"Hey?"

"I beg your pardon," repeated Codling, raising his voice to a pitch which attracted the attention of everybody in the car.

"Speak louder; I'm a trifle deaf," said the old gentleman.

"I said, I beg your pardon," shouted Codling, while the unfeeling Gorham girls tittered.

"You said Peggy was starving, did you?" replied the deaf old gentleman. "Well, I'm sorry for that; but I don't know Peggy. Is she your wife?"

Codling had grown very red in the face; but he made another attempt, with his voice at an Eiffel tower elevation, "You misunderstood me, sir."

"Hey?"

"You misunderstood!" yelled Codling, while the car laughed and the Gorham girls tittered.

"She's Miss Underwood, is she? Oh, yes; I see. Peggy, who is starving, is Miss Underwood. Yes, I understand now; but still I don't see why you are telling me about Miss Underwood."

"I didn't say anything about Miss Underwood!" screamed Codling, while beads of perspiration rolled down his face. "I begged your pardon and you misunderstood."

"Oh, yes; now I understand," the deaf man replied. "It is Aunt Peggy who is starving Miss Underwood; but why don't you report the case to the Humane Society instead of bothering strangers with your trouble?"

"I said," he began, speaking very distinctly, and placing his words wide apart, "I—said—I—beg—your—pardon—because—when—I—got—on—the—car—I accidentally—stepped—on—your—toe. That's—all. Do—you—understand?"

"Hm!" grunted the deaf man, with a thoroughly disgusted air, and he once more buried himself in his newspaper.

The passengers all looked at Codling with joyous smiles, but he told the conductor he'd rather get off; and as he reached the sidewalk he heard the hilarity in the car break out afresh, and above it all the tittering of the Gorham girls reached his ears with remarkable distinctiveness.—*William Henry Siefer in Harper's Bazar.*

Masculinities.

A jealous man always finds more than he looks for.

The man who is shadowed is necessarily under a cloud.

Polish is given, not by adding something, but by removing imperfections.

Lay by a good store of patience, but be sure that you put it where you can find it.

No man can get very much of an education without going to school to his mistakes.

The Druids held many plants sacred, as, for instance, vervain, selago, mistletoe, and among trees the oak and rowan.

Two men attended church services in Faulkner county, Ark., on a recent Sunday, after which they adjourned to a wood near by and fought a fatal duel with knives.

Judge Clancy.—"What sort of a man was it you saw commit the assault?" Policeman.—"Sure, your honor, he was an insignificant cratur about your own size, your honor."

There is said to be a volcanic area 40 miles square in extent in Lower California, that is a veritable fire land. Every square yard of the territory is pierced by a boiling spring or spouting geyser.

Old man's darling, imploringly.—"Tell me the worst, doctor. Believe me, I can stand it." Smart doctor, doubtfully.—"I don't know about that. However, nerve yourself, then, madam. Your husband will get well."

Don't be In Haste.

To give advice without being asked for it.

To spend your salary in advance of earning it.

To make love to more than one woman at a time.

To take part in differences between your neighbors.

To blame your children for following your example.

To quarrel with your wife because she criticises your faults.

To accept the scandalous stories you hear concerning other people.

To give up a safe but plodding business for a bubble speculation.

To quarrel with your husband because he does not tell you everything he knows.

Or with your lover because he mixes common-sense with his love-making.

Or with your sweetheart because she treats other gentlemen with courtesy.

To go into debt because the shopkeepers have confidence in your honesty.

I feel it my duty to say a few words in regard to Ely's Cream Balm, and I do so entirely without solicitation. I have used it more or less half a year, and have found it to be most admirable. I have suffered from catarrh of the worst kind ever since I was a little boy and never hoped for cure, but Cream Balm seems to do even that. Many of my acquaintances have used it with excellent results. —Oscar Ostrom, 45 Warren Ave., Chicago, Ill.

Good solid learning may remain fo years in the bookcases of a library. Foolish secrets will get out over a transom.

Mrs. Spriggins remarked that she would rather fool with a bee than be with a fool.

Why are burglars like railway trains? Because they remove other people's goods without disturbing the sleepers.

Death Rode in the Wagon.

With a red, hazy shimmer the western prairie stretched away and quivered in the heat of the late summer sun. Tired birds with dusty wings panted beside the sandy beds of dead rivers, thirst-crazed cattle pawed weakly at the roots of dying cottonwoods—and the brazen sun glared over the desert.

A covered wagon drawn by two oxen slowly clanked along the road. A fever-eyed man with sunken cheeks and bony fingers sat at the front driving. An emaciated woman, wan and ghastly, lay within, her eyes resting upon him, her hands feebly caressing a babe. Behind her, their bare, bony limbs crossed in the last death struggle, lay two other children—a girl of perhaps fifteen and a boy a year younger. As the wagon crushed across a sand bed in the run of a winter stream, a board nailed to a cottonwood on the bank caught the woman's gaze, but her dim, glazed eyes could not decipher the words it bore. She glanced toward her husband.

"Thirteen miles," he groaned.

"To-night?" she whispered.

"Yes, Lucy," he said, and, bending tenderly, kissed her.

For even those dying outcasts of the desert could kiss each other. Grim death rode with them, his yellow-fever hue rested upon their parched skins, but love was also there—stronger even than death.

And slowly the plague craft trundled onward toward the nearest town, where the man and woman hoped to obtain water and medical assistance. She, for the baby; he, for her.

It was dark when they came within sight of the town, and he