

ON THE TRAIL

Got a price on his head. An' th' ranch-boss, he said He'd prefer him alive, but he would take him dead.

Same ol' trouble, o' course. Drink an' Cap. R. P. Morse An' a dash fr' th' plains on another man's hoss.

Knowed him since he's a lad, Used t' bunk with his Dad. Ain't a natural tough, but in liquor he's bad.

Fill h'self to his chin, Soak h'self to th' skin. An' then sit around waitin' a chance to mix in.

Say! The youngster could ride Anything with a hide On its back where th' hair was a-growin' outside.

Roll a good cigarette On his boss on a bet When th' cayuse was buckin' an' never lost yet.

Sittin' in th' camp, Sort o' worn out an' damp. An' his hoss ga'nt an' tired fr'm a ninety mile tramp.

Through th' snow an' th' sleet, An' he took liquor neat. Fr' th' stuff seem'd t' be both his drink an' his meat.

I dunno! Somethin' hot Passed between 'em—a shot. An' th' other man drawed summat slower in he ought.

Well! It wasn't much loss, But th' big buckskin boss, That he tuk when he skipped was th' pride of th' boss!

Taint because that rabbit That he killed with a beaut Of a shot had an' idee he knew how to shoot.

Et he jest hadn't tuk That special ol' buck. Skin th' boss broke h'self 'twouldn't matter—wuss luck!

Got a price on his head, An' th' ranch-boss, he said He'd prefer him alive, but he would take him dead.

'Cause a man ain't much loss, But it's time, says th' boss, That all plainsmen was learnin' a hoss is a boss.

—J. W. Foley, in the New York Times.

with a little laugh, and slipped her hand through his arm. The Man started, and the look in his eyes must have been like a sudden revelation to the Girl, for the words died on her pretty lips, and she could only stare at him in what he thought was—terror. He knew the feminine mind so little!

"My dear—I was thinking," he stammered. "I got tied up in my work and though a breath of fresh air would clear away the cobwebs. You are not alone, surely."

"Not now—for I have you!" she said, with a dancing smile. The odd look he had trembled before was gone from her blue eyes.

"But I saw you in the orchard with—"

"Oh, he's gone," she said, airily. "He is a nice boy—a dear, nice boy, but I'm tired of him. He is so dreadfully young!"

"And you are—how much?—nineteen?"

She nodded.

"As old as his twenty-five years, and older, because I am a woman," she said, and the man marveled at the metamorphose which had changed the child—he had thought her little more—into the woman. Again he told himself with fierce emphasis, that he was a fool—an old, old fool!

"Well, here you have age," he said lightly; "does that please you better, little girl? For I am as old as the hills!"

"Yet the hills have incurable youth," she said; "sometimes they look like babies—and you are rather a baby sometimes, too!"

She smiled at him as a mother might smile at her child, and something leaped up to hot, passionate life within him. It must have been that thing he thought was withered and dead—his heart!

"And I?" he said, with difficulty conjuring up a valiant smile. "Then I must grow out of my babyhood as soon as possible, because—I am going abroad."

"Abroad? What for?"

"On a mission. I have been asked to write a series of articles on ancient Greece and her sculpture, and that means a journey to the country. I shall camp out on the hills and live like a gypsy."

"How delightful! And I'll cook your dinner for you, and mind the tent while you are poking about old ruins, and it'll be like a fairy tale."

"But—," the man stammered and grew pale; "but—dear child, I must go alone!"

"Oh, nonsense! Why I couldn't trust you alone. Who would darn your socks and see that your clothes were aired?—they'll have to air in the sun when we are living on the eternal hills, I suppose—and why, you don't mean to say that you were going to leave me behind!"

The poignant distress in her voice made him forget for one wild moment that he was only an old fool. His folly prompted him to take her in his arms and tell her—tell her— But he dared not.

"You—don't want me to come?" she hazarded, with mournful eyes; and at that he let go his self-control. He forgot that he was the old fool; he only knew that he loved her, and come what might he must tell her so. Then—

—he could go on his way again—alone—and find his consolation among the eternal hills.

"Want you!" he said, hoarsely; "my dear—my dear! Don't you understand? I want you so much that I am going—out of temptation's way."

She looked at him gravely, but there was the smallest dimple peeping in her pink cheek; then the anguish in his face struck her, and she slipped her hand through his arm.

"Don't go," she whispered; "don't go, and—leave me. I couldn't bear it."

"But—oh, I'm a fool, dear, to think that you could ever care for me. And you know they say there is no fool like an old one."

"I like an old fool," she said, meditatively; "indeed, there is one old fool—though he isn't a fool really; he only thinks he is—that I—love."

The man stared at her for one breathless moment; then—she was in his arms.

"I'll never let you call yourself names again," she said, presently; "but I should have thought you really a fool—if you had gone without me. Because you'd have been miserable, wouldn't you? And—so should I!"

The Man and the Girl went to Greece together on that mission, and their honeymoon among the eternal hills, where they lived the life of gypsies, was in itself a poem. There were some benighted beings who did call him an old fool when they heard of the marriage, but—who cared? Not the Man or the Girl; for their folly—if folly it was—had made them wise.

—New York Weekly.

Regatta at Zambesi's Victoria Falls. The first regatta on the Zambesi river, in Rhodesia, will be held about five miles above the Victoria Falls on Whitsun Monday, in a magnificent reach over half a mile wide, and exceptionally attractive both to oarsmen and onlookers, of whom there promises to be a large attendance. Crews from Cape Town, Port Elizabeth, Johannesburg, Salisbury, Bulawayo, Livingstone and Belra are expected to compete. A challenge cup, with gold medals for the winning crew, has been presented for an intercolonial four oared competition for clinker built boats, and prizes for pair oar and diamond sculls. There will be a four oared competition open to Rhodesian clubs, only, and a special race for local natives in dugouts, which should prove not the least interesting of the various competitions.—London Daily Graphic.

The Yellow Peril Only One Hope for Continued White Supremacy. By Bernard P. Shippray.

RUSSIA has richly deserved the punishment she has received, and her reverses on land and sea are but the natural fruit of the corruption, insolence and insincerity of her government. Nevertheless, Japan's triumph is anything but a cause for congratulation and elation among the ruling nations of the earth. It has brought appreciably nearer the end of the white man's world rule, and it points to the time when the yellow races will dominate the seas and lands that we of white skins have so long looked on as ours.

Invariably, with Japanese influence predominant in Asia, China will be organized on modern industrial lines. Her vast natural resources, her teeming population of industrious, capable workers will be developed in competition with the nations of Europe and the Americas. Under the guidance of the Japanese, China's millions of inhabitants in three generations will solve the problem of the open door by producing such manufactures as the country needs. Importation will stop because home manufactured goods, of a quality equaling the best made in other countries, will supply the home markets. Cost of manufacturing will be lower in China than in any other country. Soon she will have a surplus to dispose of, and the outlet for that surplus she will seek in Europe and on this continent.

If the law of supply and demand is not hindered in its operation by legislative enactments directed against Chinese goods, Chinese manufacturers will undersell us in our own markets. Our manufacturing supremacy—that is, England's, Germany's, France's, America's—will be not only lost, but our manufacturers will be forced to close their mills and their employees will be without means of obtaining a livelihood, unless they can sink to the level of the Chinese.

On the other hand, if protective measures are adopted in self-defence, they will ultimately result in war—a war of the Japanese-Chinese against the white nations of the world. Such a war, with the Japanese-Chinese forces animated by the spirit that animates the Japanese of today, conducted as Japan has conducted the present war, and with the opposing forces managed as the armies of all other nations are managed now, could end only in complete success for the yellow allies.

There is but one rift in the clouds. With increasing knowledge of western nations, Japan may adopt western vices of public administration. Graft, corruption, favoritism, cheap politics may weaken her now splendid system of honor, truth and patriotism. Under such circumstances, the whites would have a fair chance to win. Otherwise, the whites are lost.

Tired Out. By Kate Thorn.

EVERYBODY has the same complaint. Everybody is tired out. No energy, no ambition, no life, no anything. It is a luxury to meet with a person who does not say anything about his liver, or his nerves, or his catarrh, or grip, or spotted fever, and the age his grandmother died at. Women especially are tired out. You can't find one who has energy enough to make her husband a shirt, or tend her baby without a nursemaid, but there are a great many with endurance enough left to take care of a couple of lapdogs and a poll parrot.

When we look around us, and see how things are managed, and how the lives of our friends are ordered, we are not surprised that vitality is a thing of the past. It is a dreadfully tough job to live nowadays, and do it as our friends expect us to do it.

The wife and mother of a family must keep herself young, and she must dye her hair when it turns gray, and pull out the hairs on her upper lip when they threaten to develop into a moustache, and she must paint, and powder, and clamp, and wear tight shoes, and light corsets, and flounces, and ruffles, and primpings, and flummies, and she must dress her children fit for the ballroom every day, because Mrs. Judge Cushing dresses hers in that way; and she must have a large house full of fine furniture and artistic decorations, and she must paint roses, and all the daughters must paint roses, and do Kensington stitch, and make sunflower tides, and ottomans, and screens, and things by the score, to be set up in everybody's way, and a nuisance generally. And there must be a conservatory, and an aviary, and some gold fishes, and several pots of ferns to keep in order and stumple over, and all the boys must have velocipedes, and rocking horses, and pointer dogs to see to; and the grown girls must have organs, and pianos and saddle horses and automobiles, and new dresses for every ball, and new jewelry for every party.

And there must be dinners, and teas, and garden parties, and tennis parties, and company every evening, and a trip to Saratoga or Long Branch and the mountains every summer, and a trip to Florida every winter; and a trip to Europe sandwiched between, every two or three years, and new outfits for everything.

No wonder people are tired. No wonder nerves are not what they used to be. No wonder we die before we live out half our days. As a nation, we are rushing ourselves to death trying to be happy and fashionable. We rush along at high pressure. We have just as many balls and parties to get through with this week, just as many trips and excursions to make this month! And so many things to be got ready for each occasion! "Things" are the curse of modern existence! Why is it that we must have new things to go somewhere when one has already so many clothes that she knows not what to do with them? Why should sensible women act as if the whole fate of the universe depended on how many rows of shirring they had in an overskirt?

Life is all hurry. We hurry through one thing to get to another. We want to crowd all we can, into our lifetime. We turn night into day, and dance and flirt away the hours for sleep, and we drink wines and strong tea and coffee, "to brace up our nerves," and we eat late suppers, and we live in hot rooms, and we use poisonous face powder, and wear murderous corsets, and shoes which give us untold agony; and we die at thirty-five or forty, and our friends put up tombstones with symbols of broken lilies, etc., and inscriptions which signify that "God called us"—when, instead, if the truth were told, our tombstones should bear the legend, "Died of too much dancing, too much dissipation, and too much fashion."—New York Weekly.

Let the Child Alone. By The Rev. Merle St. Croix Wright.

GIVE the children more active accomplishments—dancing, horseback riding, gymnasium work, swimming, he said I think that a child who associates closely with the noble horse cannot go far wrong.

Praise, not blame, is the great agent that helps children to grow. For children are all heroes, and there is nothing they will not do that you believe or expect them to do. I wouldn't break a child's will for anything, nor take the bloom from his nature. There is nothing in the world like real nature of a child. And parents sometimes attempt to break the will of the child when they themselves are out of temper and punish without cause. Instead they should keep their heads cool and their reason calm if the child needs punishment.

The punishment should fit the child, and not the crime. Study your child. It may be imaginative. It may be sensitive. It may do a mischievous thing just for a change. In that case how can you punish it by any set of hard and fast rules. Always make the child understand just why it is being punished.

I consider that to bring up one child might be called an art, but to bring up many must be a handicraft. Children get licked and whipped and rounded into shape among other children. They get independence in this way, and that is really the experience of the world. It seems to me you can't let a child too much alone.

Freedom, companionship, fellowship, love—these are what children need. By trusting and believing in them you can bring about the things in them that you desire to see. It seems to me that the lesson between parent and child is one of reciprocity—that each grows through the other. And I believe that the children have more rights against parents than the parents have against the children.

BUFFALO BILL'S TRAIL OPEN.

Public Road Now Through 100 Miles of Wildest West.

Buffalo Bill has lived to see one of his cherished plans carried out. After 40 years the trail which he himself mapped out through the wildest part of Wyoming has been opened as a public road. It was Colonel Cody's desire to have a road entering Yellowstone Park from the east, and this is the picturesque trail now open to tourists. Beginning on the Shoshone River, in the Big Horn Basin, it ends at the Lake Hotel in the Natural Park.

In laying out the trail the old fighter employed no engineer. He struck out for the wildest and most beautiful scenery to be found, and this road from the town of Cody to the Yellowstone passes through such ravines and along such precipices that several short tunnels have had to be cut. Part of the time the way is over mountains and part of the time along winding rivers and canons.

Upon this trail, in one of the very loneliest spots Colonel Cody has built for himself an imposing mausoleum in which he will some day be buried. The tomb is located on the apex of Rattlesnake Mountain, which before this road was opened was inaccessible save to a few experienced mountaineers.

In speaking of the work, Buffalo Bill says: "Those who travel over my trail will find 100 miles of the most superb natural scenery in the world. We are in the heart of the Rocky Mountains, and the drinking water is from the purest mountain streams; the rivers are full of trout, and here also is the big game country of the Rockies."

Upon the trail the Colonel has established two hunting lodges called Wapiti and Pahaska tepees. The latter is named after the old fighter himself, and in the Indian language means, "home of the long-haired-one." Pahaska tepee has a log cabin which will comfortably accommodate more than a hundred persons.

Colonel Cody's trail will help the home-seeker who will go to the Wind River and Shoshone Reservation next summer. The government has already set June 15, 1906, as the date when the land shall be thrown open. In the meantime the United States is spending \$2,225,000 on irrigation project in this self same Big Horn Basin for the reclamation of near to 150,000 acres of fertile land.

The country is located in northwestern Wyoming, immediately east of Yellowstone Park. The basin itself contains more than 8,000,000 acres, and it is believed that at least a fourth of this can be influenced by irrigation.

That part of the Big Horn district which the United States government is seeking to irrigate lies along the Shoshone River in Big Horn county. The main canal will be 60 feet wide at the bottom, and will extend from Rattlesnake Mountain, three miles above Cody, along the north side of the river to a terminus above Garland.

At one point the canal passes through a ravine with perpendicular walls several hundred feet high, and this at the narrowest point will be walled up, by a dam 120 feet high as a reservoir.—New York Sun.

Auto Dont's. The following is a quotation which any metropolitan newspaper will heartily approve: "While on the subject of 'Dont's' the following by M. D. H. Morris are well worth fixing in the mind for general guidance in driving: "Don't disobey the rules of the road.

"Remember to keep to the right and pass on the left. "Don't forget that pedestrians have the same rights as vehicles at street crossings.

"Remember that vehicles do not have the right of way at street crossings. "Don't forget that your rate of speed should never exceed the legal rate, ten miles an hour in the greater city.

"Remember, when local conditions require, to adopt even a lower rate of speed, than the legal rate. "Don't get rattled.

"Remember it is the 'other fellow' who always loses his head in a crisis. "Don't insist upon your rights. "Remember that the 'other fellow' may not know your rights, and an insistence on your part is bound to result in an accident.

"Remember that women and children don't know how to avoid danger. "Don't run any unnecessary risks."—From "The Book of the Automobile," by Robert T. Sloss.

Success. A failure was talking about success, says the Chicago Chronicle. "Regular work—so many hours of hard labor all the year through—that is success' secret," he said. "It isn't the clever, quick people who succeed—they usually are the failures—it is the plodders, pegging away with their eyes fixed always on a single goal.

"Gerardini, the great violinist, said of his success: 'It is due to 12 hours of practice a day for 28 years.' "Edison says: 'Anything I begin is always on my mind, and I am wretched till it is finished.' "Darwin said: 'For 40 years I did not know one single day of health, yet each day's end saw ended its appointed task.'"

It is a fashion in a certain tearoom in New York to serve small pitchers of melted sugar with iced tea.



Cream of Asparagus Soup.

A rich cream of asparagus soup is made as follows: Boil a bunch of asparagus, rub through a sieve, and add a quart of diluted chicken stock, made by boiling the carcass of a chicken—the beaten yolks of two eggs, a cupful of cream, salt, and white pepper. Strain before sending to the table.

Stewed Cucumbers.

Stewed cucumbers are not nearly as well known as they should be. The flavor is very delicate, and often puzzles the uninitiated to know exactly what vegetable is being eaten. The cucumbers are peeled and quartered, and the pieces cut crosswise three times. Stew in salted water and cook until tender. Drain and serve in a thin, white sauce.

Potato Soup.

A very fine potato soup is made by adding a quart of scalded milk, in which several slices of onion have been steeped to two cupfuls of mashed potato. Soften, not melt, a large tablespoonful of butter, and mix with it an equal quantity of flour. Add salt, pepper, and a dash of celery salt, and pour gradually, stirring all the time, into the milk and potato mixture. Sprinkle a little finely mixed parsley on top. Serve with buttered croutons.

Russian Jelly.

Dissolve half a box of gelatine in a little water, add to it a cupful of sweet milk and a cupful of sugar, boil for three minutes, then remove from the fire and set away to cool. Prepare a lemon jelly by dissolving the other half box of the gelatine in a few spoonfuls of water and the juice of four lemons; when dissolved, strain, turn into a mould and set away to cool; just before the first of the mixtures is fully hardened, add to it a pint of whipped cream with the whites of four eggs, turn this over the jelly and serve in loaf fashion, cutting in slices.

A Delicious Soup.

Cream of lettuce, peas, asparagus, or even potatoes make a delicious hot-weather soup, when served in cups with a spoonful of whipped cream on top. These soups are very easy to make, yet are very seldom served exactly right—neither too thick nor too thin. All cream soups have as their basis the chosen vegetable cooked until very soft and put through a strainer. Dilute with scalded milk, or with stock and milk, and season. At the last moment mix a roux of flour and butter, and thin with a part of the soup. Stir the thinned roux into the soup to bind it, as otherwise there is danger of the vegetables separating from the soup. A cream soup should not be a thick, pasty broth, but a delicate, cream-like liquid.

Household Hints.

All vegetables keep better in a low temperature. Wash white marble with clear water and a soft brush. Drippings from a candle can be taken out of cloth by ether. Keep all pieces of clean tissue paper, no matter how crinkled, to polish mirrors and windows. To prevent dryness, a ham should be left in the water in which it is boiled until perfectly cold.

By covering the bottom of a bureau or chiffonier with a sheet of tin or zinc protection from mice is secured. It is said that a sound, ripe apple placed in the tin cake box will keep the cakes from drying or crumbling. A feather brush is preferable to a cloth for dusting gilt picture frames, as the cloth wears and deadens the gilt.

An old tin teakettle with the bottom cut out makes an excellent cover to place over iron heating on gas or gasoline stoves. Starch and iron wide lamp wicks and wicks for oil stoves. They will not then cause trouble in fitting them into the burners. Until the plumber can come, a leak can be temporarily stopped with a mixture of yellow soap, whitening and a very little water.

Do not wash the wooden breadplate in hot water and it will not turn black. Wash with soap and warm water, and rinse in clean cold water. Always wash off the top of the milk bottle before removing the little paper cap, since it is by the top that the delivery man always lifts the bottle.

Clean out closets and bureaus with turpentine water and use generous proportions of the turpentine. It's a good ounce of prevention against moths. In giving medicine to a baby place the point of a spoon against the roof of his mouth. Administered in this way, the child cannot choke or eject the medicine.

Clean springs and woodwork of beds carefully, going over joints and ends of slats and every crevice with corrosive sublimate, by way of guarding against possible dust creatures. Spread pure unsalted lard on a bit of soft rag and place this on a cut and bandage with a linen bandage. Remember that the injured part must be washed in luke-warm water first, unless it is really clean.