

DOWN BY THE RIO GRANDE

The Bravery of a Woman and the Saving of a Life.

By CURRAN R. GREENLEY.

The long gray adobe walls of the hacienda lay bathed in the quiver of yellow light. Alleyne watched Margaret's face for a sign of trace, but the shadows came and went between the vines that draped the patio as the interminable Sabbath afternoon dragged away and Margaret remained buried in her book. "And all about a big gaily horse thief," he murmured to himself as he sat up straight and sent the pile of magazines crashing to the floor.

There was a look of consciousness about the back of that shapely brown head that held itself so persistently averted, but Alleyne deemed it wiser not to reopen the subject of Miguel.

Over in the corral things were a deserted air. Two or three men lounged in the shade of the high wall. Alleyne yawned and looked at his watch and at a faint movement of the figure in the rocker. "Margaret, I"—Crack-ack-ack! Somewhere away to the west three shots rang out in rapid succession, a pause and then three more.

Over in the corral the lounging figures sprang to life, and an instant later three ponies were galloping in the direction of the shots. Alleyne dashed into the house, reappearing with the fieldglasses. "They've got him!" He was peering at a collection of black dots on the edge of the horizon.

"Got who?" Margaret laid her hand upon his arm.

"The mischief!" Alleyne jerked the glasses down. "I forgot you were here." Under her steady gaze his color changed. "Yes, if you will have the whole ghastly truth and cannot be persuaded to stay out of it, it's that scoundrel Miguel."

Margaret shrank away from him with a low cry of distress. The look in her eyes went straight to Alleyne's heart, and his voice softened to a tender pleading as he tried to draw her to him. "Little woman, you cannot be the judge of these matters, and you cannot shield a horse thief. I could have told you this morning, but I preferred to let you think me a bit hard on Miguel than to shock you with the truth. There have been some queer happenings lately both here at the Alamo and at Jose's. Last night a bunch of Jose's best ponies came up missing, and the boys have been trailing him since sunrise."

"John Alleyne, do you mean to let those savages of yours murder a man here on the Alamo just for the sake of a few bronchos?" Margaret faced him sternly, and Alleyne lost his hard kept patience.

"You forget that there are men's laws to be considered as well as God's, and out here on the fringe of the world the code knows no greater crime than lifting a broncho, and the lifting of many bronchos aggravates the case. It is not a question in which my wife may meddle." And Alleyne strode toward the corral, while Margaret picked up the glasses.

The wind blown stretch of bar-brown mesa told her nothing of the tragedy brewing behind its crest. She watched Alleyne until her eyes ached.

A clatter of hoofs and a voice calling her name brought her to the door where a half broken cayuse snorted and pawed. Astride of him sat Bright Eyes, Miguel's Indian wife, the brown baby swung to her back. There was a queer ashen pallor on the woman's stolid face as she slid from the pony's back, one hand clutching at the deer skin thong that held the pappose. "White man got Miguel, Miguel he die." Here she pointed to her throat and made a gasping sound. "White squaw much hurree. Miguel he no die safe?"

Margaret covered before the awful pleading in those savage eyes. "Not a question in which my wife may meddle." John had said, but there was no time to weigh scruples, and five minutes later a strangely assorted pair rode into the face of the setting sun, and the rough little cayuse strove to keep pace with the swinging stride of the Hindu mare. Far ahead a black dot moved against the sky that Margaret knew to be Alleyne. A glimmer of consequences flashed across her mind, but the sweet young mouth only grew a little firmer as she struck the trail of many horses and knew the goal to be in sight.

On and on, sagebrush and prickly pear, the yellow sand beneath, and overhead the blue melting into the evening's violet crown, nature's own smile upon the scene that swept into view, where men and horses were grouped around the impassive figure wrapped in careless grace against the white scarred trunk of a large mesquite. Margaret's eyes went instinctively to the lariat knotted about the bronze throat. It was not the first time that Miguel had felt it there, but Rusty Pete himself held the end of this one.

The voices hushed instantly, and to a man the wide sombreros were lifted as Margaret slipped from the saddle and stood looking from one dark face to another. An awful sense of self engulfed her, and in another moment Miguel's cause would have been lost. But the arm set of Alleyne's mouth as he started toward her gave her the courage that is born of cowardice. Before

he could reach her she had broken through the circle to Miguel's side, and the sun struck along the barrel of a revolver leveled straight at Rusty Pete. "Drop that rope!" she cried.

Pete let go as if the lariat were red-hot iron; then she wheeled to face the ring of Miguel's accusers. "Men of the Alamo, you are many. This man is but one, bound and helpless, but the first man that moves toward him does so at his peril. If you persist in taking him it will be over my body!"

Alleyne's eyes were blazing, but not a man stirred for a long moment, an interminable time it seemed to the woman who stood between that ring of fierce faces and their prey.

"God in heaven, will it last forever?" Her brain was reeling, and the black figures danced in a blood red mist as earth rose in waves beneath her. The silent battle was almost done when a wild yell from the darkening mesa scattered the circle to right and left as the men from Jose's galloped in. "Cut that rope!" yelled the leader as he bore down upon the group under the mesquite.

Margaret staggered blindly into Alleyne's arms, seeing nothing but the flash of Pete's knife as he cut the thongs, then utter blackness until she awoke to the white walls of her own room.

Alleyne was bending over her. There was something distinctly apologetic in his attitude. Margaret grasped her advantage. "Well?" Her tone was tentative. Alleyne settled himself on the side of the bed, laughing a bit uneasily.

"I suppose you have the best of me, little woman. Your dramatic entrance upon the scene saved the day or we would have sent Miguel on the long ride on another man's count. Jose's men would have come too late."

"Who did it?"

"One of the greasers. Miguel had been over to the post loading up on fire water, as usual, and the greaser ran across him just about the time he discovered that the boys were close on his trail. Things were getting pretty warm for him when he persuaded Miguel to take charge of the ponies while he skipped out. Naturally the boys did not stop to question Miguel when they found him heading away from the ranch and the proof trotting alongside. It would have been all over for Miguel but for the fact that the greaser met a man who had good reasons for wanting to find him—and found him. Explanations came later, and when the greaser realized that a few bronchos more or less couldn't count against a man who had only about twenty minutes to live he set things in motion to reach Miguel. That is all the story."

The south wind rustled the vines in the patio. Margaret looked down to the grove of mesquite just beyond the big corral, where a brown baby rolled in the dust at the door of Miguel's tepe. Alleyne's eyes followed hers. He understood.

The Open Mind in Travel.

To leave oneself behind is perhaps the first and best initiation for travel. As one steps on the train or goes up the gangplank one says farewell to that wearing and aggravating personality who has lived so close to us for months, demanding, exacting, questioning, exhausting us with anxieties and brooding troubles. It requires no entire essay of Montaigne's to prove to us how "that the spirit often hindereth itself." Fresh fields and pastures new ahead and the hour to throw aside the old and put the best foot foremost bring a new heart as readily as conversion. Care is shifted from the shoulders; the back is turned upon teasing, reiterated obligations, and adventures and strangeness, so exhilarating after a long siege of the accustomed round, are ahead. Montaigne says that some one reported to Socrates that a certain man was in no wise improved by his travels, and he replied, "I can well believe it, since he took himself along."—Louise Collier Willcox in Harper's Bazar.

The Real North Pole.

The popular idea of the compass is that it is an instrument having a freely moving needle which points to the north pole. But the needle points to the north pole when the compass is situated on the meridian of longitude that runs through the north magnetic pole. The real or geographic north pole and the magnetic north pole are not in the same place. The magnetic north pole, toward which the compass needle really points, is situated in the northern part of Canada in northern latitude 70 degrees 5 minutes and longitude 96 degrees 43 minutes west from Greenwich. It was first visited in 1831 by Sir James Ross. The southern magnetic pole is in a corresponding position in the antarctic region. It was discovered by Sir Ernest Shackleton's expedition to be latitude 72 degrees 25 minutes south and longitude 154 degrees east.—St. Nicholas.

The Kaiser's Palaces.

The number of the Kaiser's palaces is largely due to the fact that the Prussian monarchy has absorbed many minor German states, including the kingdom of Hanover, the duchy of Nassau and the electorate of Hesse-Cassel. All the palaces and castles of the rulers of these states thus passed into the possession of the reigning house of Prussia, as it was considered injudicious either to destroy or to sell them for fear of impairing the popularity of Hohenzollern rule. Thus it is that the emperor is burdened with the possession of more than three score residences, some of which he has never seen and many of which are totally unsuited for royal habitation. Although their maintenance entails a heavy drain upon his exchequer, they cannot for political reasons either be sold or tenanted.—Munsey's Magazine.

ADVERTISING FOR A MAYOR.

An Example of the German Idea of the Way to Govern a City.

German cities are the best governed in the world. How far apart are the ideas of Germans and Americans on the subject of city government may be seen from reading an advertisement which lately appeared in a number of German papers:

"The place of Mayor of Magdeburg is vacant. The salary is 21,000 marks (\$5,250) a year, including the rental of a dwelling in the city hall. Besides his salary the incumbent will receive 4,000 marks (\$1,000) for his official expenses. Candidates should apply before September 1."

The German idea is that a municipality is a business, to be conducted on business lines. The office of mayor is one requiring knowledge and skill of a technical, professional character. A man who has proved himself a good mayor in one German town is frequently invited to another.—The World's Work.

Breaking Up Soil with Powder.

It doesn't take long to tear an acre to pieces with the powder system now being used in adobe lands. A demonstration on the college farm showed how thoroughly the ground was broken up. E. R. Angast has charge of the work now being done. In ground to be used for an orchard Mr. Angast had holes bored—196 to the acre—fifteen feet apart. The charges put into these were connected with wires. Three rows, about twelve or fifteen charges, were fired at one time. The tough adobe was cracked from hole to hole; large pieces rose twenty-five or thirty feet into the air. The ground was in fairly good condition to plough, but was even better after frost had laid its softening influence upon it.

It costs about \$15 an acre for the powder and possibly \$2.50 or \$2.75 for the labor.—Manhattan Industrialist.

The Indian in Politics.

A glance over the list of names of the first officials of the new county of DeWey indicates that Lo knows how to play politics when the opportunity comes his way just as well as does his pale-faced brethren. There were three voting precincts, Timber Lake, White Horse and Isabel. Isabel wanted the county seat, as did Timber Lake, both being within less than two miles of the northern line of the new county. White Horse was not a candidate, but the results show that out of the situation White Horse gets the official list and Timber Lake got the county seat. Isabel threatens to contest everything, but the wily reds pulled out of it with practically every office in the new county to their share of the spoils.—St. Paul Dispatch.

"Going Some."

(Harper & Bros.) Our literature, once so sedate, Quite frisky grows, and up-to-date!

Harper & Bros. make things hum With a book entitled "Going Some!"

Perhaps the Century will bid For patronage with "Oh, You Kid!"

The Atlantic now will be pursuing Vox populi with "Nothing Doing!"

McClure will give us—let me see—Oh, sure! "Skidoo" and "23!"

And the Ladies' Journals, too, will shout Suggestively, "Aw, cut it out!" —Hamilton Pope Galt.

Painters' Colors.

Present-day artists buy their colors ready-made, and spend large sums of money on pigments with which to color their canvasses. The pictures of modern artists will be colorless when many of the works of the old masters are as bright as they show to-day. Just as the secret of dyeing has been lost, so has the secret of preserving the colors of artists' paints. Yet this secret was known to every ancient painter, for all of them mixed their own colors.

Holding His Job.

One of the section foremen on a railroad has a keen Gaelic wit. One warm afternoon, while walking along the line, he found one of his men placidly sleeping on the embankment. The boss looked disgustedly at the delinquent for a full minute, and then remarked: "Slape on, you lazy spalpeen, slape on, fur as long as you slape you've got a job, but when you wake up you ain't got none."

Cat's Fifteen Day Fast.

On the sails of the Undine, the flagship of Admiral Sir Charles Drury, commander in chief of the Nore, being unfurled at Chatham the ship's cat rolled out on the deck. She had been enshrouded in the sails fifteen days. She was very emaciated.—London Standard.

Ornithological Slang.

Chimble (after his first day at school)—Say, fellers, wot sort of a teacher is Miss Flynn?
Mickie—She's the kind wot's always layin' for us.
Teddie—Sure ting! She's a bird, she is.

Few New Yorkers know that the great Broadway was once called "Great George street," in honor of the English King. It was afterward known as the "Bloomingdale road" before it acquired the name of "the Broadway," which was subsequently changed to Broadway.

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DISEASES OF THE EGG ORGANS.

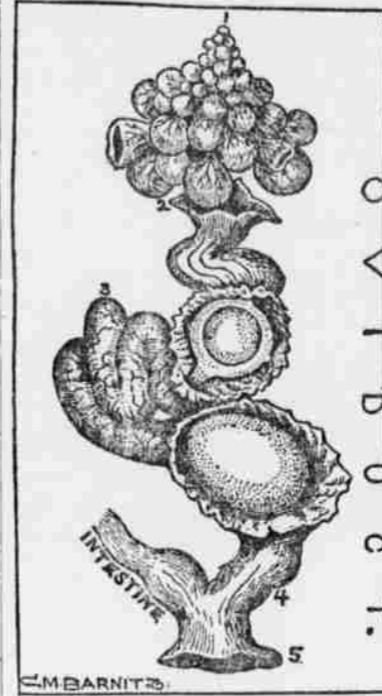
The egg factory turns out a product far more remarkable than a watch or an automobile, for these become junk, while an egg contains a germ of life that is perpetuated in generations to come.

The majority of hens go through life without accident to their egg machinery; others have their reproductive organs deranged or destroyed, mainly by the maladies here mentioned.

Ovarian diseases are seldom known till revealed by a postmortem.

Black, brown, soft ovules (yolks) instead of pinkish, yellow ones indicate fatal gangrene.

If ovules cannot enter oviduct they form a cluster of hard yellow tumors,



THE EGG ORGANS. 1 to 2, ovary, where yolk is formed; 2 to 3, infundibulum, where white is formed; 3 to 4, uterus, where shell is formed; 4 to 5, cloaca, the end.]

or they do not mature and become watery cysts.

Such incurable diseases are caused by overfat, which crowds the egg organs so they cannot perform their functions.

A hen that is egg bound is generally known by her frequent attempts to lay.

The egg may be felt in the cloaca. This condition is generally caused by a very large egg, irritation that causes a swelling in oviduct, drying of mucous membrane, a tumor or fat crowding the oviduct, a soft shelled egg blocking the exit of a normal egg or the faeces of constipation closing the cloaca.

If treated early, hen is often saved by injecting sweet oil into parts, laying her on back and pressing egg toward outlet.

A large egg may have to be punctured, its contents spilled outside and fragments of shell removed piece by piece.

Much force to remove egg results fatally, and if cloaca is black hen should be killed.

When egg contains no yolk, ovary is deranged; if without white, the infundibulum is inflamed; if without shell, the uterus is affected.

Inflammation of the oviduct is caused by a very large egg, egg tones, too steady laying, rupture of an egg in oviduct or constipation.

The hen is generally found straining to lay and becomes feverish, pale of comb and dull.

Administer a tablespoonful of castor oil; inject weak solution of tannic acid (1 to 100), to which add chlorate of potash (3 to 100).

A hen may so strain in laying that oviduct will turn inside out and protrude, and if long exposed to air gangrene results.

Quickly examine organ for an egg or tumor within and note color.

Remove egg if present; if there is a tumor or organ is black or dark purple (gangrene), kill the hen.

If membrane is red, wash off any filth in warm water, grease with vaseline and press organ back to place.

If it again protrudes, place within it a piece of ice, press the organ back, and it will generally stay.

Place such patients in a quiet place and feed them sparingly a cool, non-stimulating diet.

DON'TS.

Don't growl because you think your show birds should have a better position. "There are others."

Don't wince or buttonhole the judge about your exhibit before the awards. You'll get into contempt.

Don't shower compliments on the judge if you win. He will laugh at such chaff.

Don't knock if you don't win the cup. Put up the five dollar forfeit and appeal or shut up.

A Delayed Execution.
An eighteenth century execution on Kennington common was stopped for a time owing to a strange cause. On Aug. 10, 1763, two days before the date of the execution, a heavy fog came over London, accompanied by thunder and lightning and torrents of rain. These conditions lasted for nearly forty-eight hours, and many people believed that the last day had arrived. When the time fixed for the execution arrived the assembled crowd cried shame on the sheriff for hanging a man when the world was coming to an end. As he persisted in his preparations they burst through the barriers and stopped the proceedings, shouting that the culprit might as well wait a few minutes, when the grand summons would come to all. The sheriff had to obtain the assistance of a force of soldiers before the execution could be carried out.

The Self Sacrifice of Fadzeau.

A fine historical dog story is recalled by Mr. Edwin Noble in "The Dog Lover's Book." The incident is connected with the flight of William Wallace to the mountains after Erneside, accompanied by only sixteen followers, among whom was one named Fadzeau. When the baying of the bloodhounds was heard announcing the coming of the English Fadzeau refused to go any farther, affecting weariness, and Wallace, suspecting him of traitorous intentions, killed him. When the English came up the hounds stayed upon the dead body and refused to follow beyond the stains of blood.

Time to Get Well.
Congressman Francis W. Cushman, of Washington, some time ago had occasion to visit one of the noted physicians at the national capital, and was compelled for many weary minutes to cool his heels in an ante-room. Finally, his patience becoming exhausted, he summoned an attendant, to whom he said: "Present my compliments to the doctor, and tell him if I am not admitted in five minutes I shall get well again." The physician found it convenient to admit Mr. Cushman at once.

Trade in Sea Worn Pebbles.
A new industry is being started in Seaton which will provide employment for people in the winter. At present a large business is transacted in sea worn pebbles which are imported from the French coast, and it is hoped to capture part of this trade. Trial orders from several large users of the pebbles are on hand, and gangs of men are engaged in selecting the pebbles from the beach at Seaton and the neighboring villages.—London Daily Mail.

The wife of Gerhart Hauptmann—Margarete Marshall—before her marriage to the dramatist was for a long time a popular member of the Lobe Theatre at Breslau. She went on the stage for the second time, but not as an actress. At a concert given by the Verein der Musikfreunde, at Hirschberg, Frau Hauptmann played a Grieg composition, and, according to a report printed the following day, showed that she was an accomplished violinist.

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