If wishes only were a horse, How fast away I'd ride
Actors the plains of yesterday,
Hold comrades by my side;
Once more I'd rescue captive maids;
Ah! doughty deeds you'd see,
If I were but a hero bold,
Just as I used to be.

With Beanstalk Jack I'd sally forth To giants kill galore; In seven-leagued boots I'd stride away To that enchanted shore
Where ogres dwell, in castles huge,
And merinaids swarm the sea;
Oh, how I'd love to find them all
Just as they used to be!

My little boy says I'm all wrong—
That nothing's changed at all,
That he can show me ogres fierce,
And giants more than tall;
Then, clasping his dear hand in mine,
He leads me forth to see—
Years drop as leaves; I'm young again,
Just as I used to be,
—Frederick Mitchell Monroe.

Grass-Country Incident. By FLORENCE BLEDSOE CROFFORD, OXLAHOMA.

and velvety green chapparals; cunand peaceful herds of white-faced Hereford cattle grazing knee-deep in the succulent grass. Over all a splendid June sky flushed with the sun's complete-a grass country landscape done in sweeping lines and gorgeous

The brisk prairie breeze blew tantalizingly across the southern plains straight into the faces of two horsemen swinging leisurely along the trail leading up from the sand-dunes near the river that wound its way through the alkali deposit and red sand of the Staked Plains. That the travelers were not plainsmen was evident at a glance. Their "store clothes," stiff hats and "biled shirts" were a sure give-away, and the intentness with which they peered across the fast darkening plains bespoke anxiety as to their bearings. The elder of the two-a well-groomed, middle-aged to meet them. man with a military moustache and soldierly bearing, gazed long and earnestly over the monotony of plains, never ending plains; then turning to the young man beside him,

"Philip, I am afraid we are lost on this everlasting prairie! How much farther do you suppose it is to the Diamond-bar ranch?"

"They told me at Noconah we would make it about dark, but to tell the truth, Uncle James, I'm in doubt myself. It's so easy to miss the trail in these sand hills. It is nearly night and no ranch in sight.

'Or anything else but steers, steers, steers! We must be in some big cowman's pasture, Phil.

Phil stopped and studied the brand on a great white-faced steer that did not throw up his head and gallop off at sight of the strangers. "Yes. That is Nayle's brand, 'We've been in his pasture all the afternoon. It extends ten miles up the river. But your hospitality, Mr .it seems to me we are on the wrong trail to the Diamond-bar. I wish I knew-more about this country-it's gate. I'm blest if I know where we are.

"Let's follow the trail, then; it is bound to lead us somewhere," said the old gentleman, resignedly.

The two passed through the gate and rode on in silence. The young man's handsome face, usually lighted up with a rare and winning smile, assumed a grave, almost sad, expression. His doting old uncle, noting the change and wishing to divert his thoughts into more cheeful channels,

"Philip, my boy, if this deal turns out favorably it will add a snug sum to your inheritance," and he smiled fondly on his despondent nephew.

"You are always goodness itself. dear uncle; you leave me nothing to wish for!" This last with a woeful sigh. . . . Except that mad-cap, Milly Clem-

ons, who disappeared from our little world at the fort so mysteriously." Not mysteriously, uncle," replied Philip gravely; "it's all quite plain to me: too plain, alas! She was visiting cousin at the fort when I"-here

Phil had the grace to blush. "Fell in love with her, which was natural," added the old man slyly.

Philip continued as if saying over a well-learned lesson: "On her return home she failed to answer my many letters, and so I took it for granted that she did not care to continue our-

"Little flirtation," again supplied the uncle.

"Not on my part, uncle; it was the passion of my life.

"Tut, tut, my boy, put her down with the other flirts and remember the old adage about the fish that still remain in the sea. But little Miss Milly did have a winning way, and I would not have objected to her as a

niece." "Look, uncle!" exclaimed Philip, welcoming a diversion, "yonder is a wheat field and in it a man driving a harvester. There must be some one living near-by. What do you think of stopping a while and resting our poor beasts?"

"But I see no house, Phil!"

Philip laughed and said, "I see you haven't yet learned to locate a dug-

out, uncle, "No, I must confess I am not very familiar with the topography of Llano Estacado, but I'll soon learn when I

get that ranch." They were approaching what at Brzt glance appeared to be the dethe ground, but a closer inspection revesled a dug-out—the plainsman's

And endless stretch of grass cov- | primitive home in the heart of Mother ered prairie relieved by brilliant Earth. This particular dug-out was patches of many-hued wild flowers; a scooped out of the south side of a profew gracefully drooping mesquites tecting sand hill, for the homesteader of the plains always seeks a windning little prairie dogs capering about break from the cruel northers that their curiously banked up burrows, roar across the treeless expanse. About one-third of the queer structure was above ground, and two tiny windows, at the very top and level with the ground, served to light and farewell glimmer, and the picture is ventilate the great burrow. Some one with the soul of an artist had erected a rustic arbor of poles at the entrance, over which had been twined cool green vines whose scarlet blossoms gave a touch of the picturesque to the quaint dwelling. The full moon was flooding the tall sand hills that loomed up so gauntly behind the dug-out, with a radiant whiteness that caused the thick, scrubby mesquite bushes to assume shapes gro-

tesque and fantastic. An old man came out when the travelers rode up and gave the customary "Hello!" of the plainsman. "Won't you "light and come in, gentlemen?" he asked with true Western hospitality, as he came down the path

"Thank you," replied Philip, "we'll stop long enough to rest and water our horses and then push on. Can you tell us how far it is to the Diamond-bar ranch?

"Diamond-bar ranch!" echoed the old man in amaze, "why, you shorely ain't calkerlatin' to reach there tonight! It's thirty-five miles from here if it's one; besides, judgin' by the hot, heavy air and the way the breeze is stiffenin', we're goin' to have one of them pesky saud-storms pretty soon. You'd best 'light and stay all night, gentlemen. We ain't got very much to offer in the way of entertainment, but you're welcome to the best we have."

"What do you say to accepting his kindness, Philip?" asked his uncle, who was quite tired.

"Well, uncle, I don't think it would be wise to risk your rheumatism out in .he open tc-night. So if you can take us in, we will be glad to accept

"Clemons is my name," finished their host.

Phil started, but replied: "Mine is worth learning. But see, here's a Philip McDonald, sir; and this is my line of wire fence and yonder is a uncle, Major James McDonald, from Fort Noconah.

"Glad to meet you, gentlemen. Come right along with me to the barn and we'll see to the horses. Tot"-to a pretty little barefooted girl-"run and tell Mildred to hurry up with supper.

Again Phil started. "Heavens!" he thought, "why does everything conspire to bring her back to me in thought? How strange that another bears her name!

Tot ran breathlessly down the dugout steps, exclaiming: "Sister, father says hurry up-and oh, sister, you'll have to make a pie for supper (the average plainsman's idea of a feast), for two men's come, and one is so handsome! He looks like that picture in your trunk that-

"Tot, do hush; your tongue is althe sweetest little morsel of a girl. She was small and slight, her flushed cheeks but served to emphasize the golden glints in her soft hair; her serious gray eyes were full of unshed had ever so many parcels to send out tears, but she bravely kept them back, and uncomplainingly took up the silk in which he always wrapped recently fallen upon her young shoul-

"Now, what can I prepare for supper!" she exclaimed in despair; "everything is out! Oh, how dread- his garden he came across a wasps" ful it is to be so poor!" Then after a perplexed pause: "Well, I'll just make muffins, and with butter and had used some kind of wood, softened eggs and milk I guess the men can manage to make out a meal! Tot, run and tell mother and Jennie to come in and straighten up things."

"straighten up" the one large room If I could get some kind of wood, that constituted their dwelling. It was divided into two apartments by a river water, wouldn't the result be calico curtain, behind which the most something like the fabric of the unsightly things were thrust. In the wasps' nest? I'll try, anyway, and fore part a brave attempt had been made to give a habitable and homelike air to the red earth interior, and it was pathetic to note the little feminine touches and artifices to conceal grim, naked poverty. A few articles bore witness of better times, prominent among which was a bookcase full of very readable books.

In a short time Mr. Clemons and his guests came in from the barn lots. The table was rolled out in the middle of the front room, and Jennie, emerging from behind the curtain, placed sundry appetizing dishes upon it, while still more tempting odors foltowed in her wake. As the meal progressed, guests and host became comtacked roof of a house perched upon municative under the melting influ- are set straight to the front, you can

on the Llano?" Major McDonald.

"Oh, no, Major," replied Mr. Clemons, "we lived near L-, on the other side of Fort Noconah, for many years."

Philip looked up quickly. "I wonder where his daughter Mildred can be?" he thought, glancing searchingly around the dug-out.

"But we lost everything we possessed a year ago," Mr. Clemons continued, "and we came out here to preempt land. We are compelled to live very roughly; times are hard," and the old man sighed. They did not notice the little figure that stole quietly out through the friendly shadows, and when Mr. Clemons asked why Milly did not appear, Jennie said: Milly isn't feeling very well, and has just gone outside to get some fresh air." Then the kindly girl, who suspected the nature of Milly's bad feelings, deftly called their attention to some hot muffins, and thus diverted the thoughts of the old man.

Outside a sobbing girl walked restlessly back and forth in the oppressive darkness, moaning in her pain: It is Philip, my own dear Philip, whom I have so cruelly wronged. And I love him still. If he sees me he will know all; but he shall not find me out!" she cried vehemently.

The air in the dug-out became insufferably hot and heavy; the wind came in hard gusts and small particles of sand began to fly about. A lurid red cloud spread over the western sky at the rim of the salty river -it was a sand cloud coming from the river dunes. Then the wind grew wilder and fiercer. Jennie slipped out and besought Milly to come in; she refused at first, but finally consented when Jennie agreed to arrange in unobserved while they were intently studying the storm clouds.

The storm increased in fury, and then the sand commenced to pour in. It literally rained sand. Everything was covered an inch deep with the fine red dust. The western winds were out for a mad revel that night. It seemed as though they would dash the dust to the very stars in their frolic. The women gazed at each other with white, terrifled faces when an unusually severe gust of wind struck the frail roof, which rattled and creaked with the strain. The next furious gust swept part of it off. Timbers crashed and women

screamed, the lights were blown out, and for a few moments confusion reigned. When some sort of order was restored it was found that no one in the fore-part of the dug-out was injured, and they were beginning to laugh at their sorry plight, when a frightened cry from the back part of the dug-out came to them above the roar of the storm.

"Milly! Milly! where is my child?" the old man shrieked. They rushed with one accord behind the curtain; a light was finally brought, when it was discovered that poor little Milly was pinned down under some debris. Philip had rushed forward when the light revealed Milly to his astonished

"Oh, Heavens, am I mad? It is Milly, and she is hurt!" He snatched er up in his arms.

Then she opened her eyes and smiled faintly up at him. "Not much -only my arm. And so you found me in spite of my mysterious disappearance! "

He kissed the bruised arm fervently and with never a look of reproach asked her simply: "Why did you refuse to answer my letters, Milly?"

She answered with equal simplicity and truthfulness: "Because I felt in honor bound to give you up after we lost our property. But I acted very foolishly, dear."-The Country Gentleman.

## How Paper Was Invented.

Hundreds of years ago there was no paper! We couldn't get on without it in these days, could we? We are always wanting it-to write upon, to wrap things up in; and, last, ways running away with you!" said but not least, to print our books and newspapers on.

It was a clever little Japanese gentleman who first invented it. This little man was a merchant, and as he from his shop every week, he found the burden of drudgery that had only them a rather expensive item. He was always thinking and puzzling his brains to try to invent something that would be cheaper.

One day while he was walking in nest, and he noticed how wonderfully it was made-how the clever wasps it into a thin paste with their jaws, and, after carefully shaping it, had left it to dry. "If wasps can do a thing like that," thought the little Mother and Jennie hurried in to gentleman to himself, "why can't 1? form it into a pulp by means of see what I can do. It would save myself and other people quite a lot of money, if my experiment succeed-

ed. The little Japanese gentleman tried -and succeeded, too, in putting into practice the lesson that the wasps had taught him. So that's the way paper was invented-years and years ago out in far Japan.-New Haven Register.

## But Suppose You Wear Specs.

The almost universal habit of turning the head in whichever direction you look deprives the eye of the exercise to which it is entitled. The law of vision is such that, when your eyes ence of Milly's muffins and hot coffee. see in almost every direction, except "Have you always lived out here behind your head .- New York Press, tempts to inflame racial feeling.

politely inquired IT DOESN'T BOTHER YOUR UNCLE SAM. Household Affairs.



## DAY OF CHEAP MEAT IS OVER

the dim light so that she could creep | According to Statistics, a Large Part of the Population Will Have to Do Without It-People Eat Less and Less -- Only 59.3 as Much Per Capita as in 1840 -- Many Causes Contribute to This Condition.

Washington, D. C .- That a time is rapidly coming when a large part of the population of this country must go without meat, just as many of the poor do in other countries, is the fact pointed to in a report on meat supply and surplus, which has recently been published by direction of Secretary Wilson, and which was written by George K. Holmes, chief of the division of foreign markets of the Department of Agriculture.

Mr. Holmes does not assert that the day is near when many Americans must go hungry for meat. The facts he has set forth, however, have attracted much notice among high officials of the Department of Agriculture. They admit that his statistics tend to show a growing meat scarcity with higher meat prices.

Nothing is more common in these days of prosperity than the remark that every one is eating more meat. This is not the case, according to Mr. Holmes. He has made a searching analysis of the census and other figures on meat supply, surplus and the like, and finds the stock of meat animals In the country diminishing relative to the population and the consumption per capita declining.

Instead of considering cattle, sheep and swine the principal food animals, separately, Mr. Holmes, for comparative purposes, has considered them as merged into a composite animal. He finds that there was 1.043 of a composite meat animal per capita of population in 1840. The ratio declined to .860 of a composite animal in 1860, to .838 in 1880, rose to .900 in 1890, but fell more decidedly to .709 of a composite animal per individual of population in 1900. In other words, by the late enumeration there was in the country about .7 of a composite animal per capita and nearly 50 per cent, more than that in 1840.

But the consumption per capita is much below the stock per capita It is shown that exports of meat and its products, especially since 1880, have increased enormously. With a lower supply of meat animals in the country per capita than formerly and with exports of meat growing, the tendency is for the consumption of meat at home to grow less and less. Taking 1840 for comparison and placing the ratio of the consumption of meat animals to population then at 100, the ratio falls to 72.4 in 1880,

followed by a rise to 79.4 in 1890, and by a great fall, to 59.3 in 1900. In other words, compared with 1840, each individual in the country is, on the average, eating about three-fifths as much meat. From 1890 to 1900 the domestic consumption stock of meat animals

declined almost exactly one-fourth per capita of the population. At the Department of Agriculture there is going on a good deal of study of Mr. Holmes' report, with a view to ascertaining how his facts One of the foren bear on the present high prices of meat. the department, who has been looking into the meat situation with care, said that the inevitable conclusion was that this country had seen the last of low meat prices; that the tendency of the future would be for meat prices to rise even higher than they were now; that the amount of meat per capita in the country would keep growing lower as the population increased, and consequently that prices would tend upward, and that more and more the family of small means would have to go without meat, using

it much more seldom than at present. This official also pointed out that the difficulty of getting farm help was constantly growing, but that the population of the country was constantly enlarging. This means a less number of live stock relatively and more people to make a demand on the supply. In addition, high meat prices abroad are drawing an increasing export of meat and meat products away from the country.

# WOMAN POSED AS MAN FOR 60 YEARS

Once Lived as a Husband, and Only Revealed Secret Just Before Death -- Ranchman and Bank Clerk -- Coming to America From France, She Found She Could Get Work Best in Male Attire.

Trindad, Col. - Charles Vaubaugh, alias Katherine Vosbaugh, a woman who for sixty years passed as a married man, and was a bank clerk and sheep herder, died at San Rafael Hospital from old age.

She was born in France eighty-three years ago, and came to America when eighteen years of age, relying upon her own energies to make her She found that she was greatly handicapped because of her sex. After wandering around the country for two years as a woman she adopted male garb and applied for a man's position. She obtained employment in Joplin, Mo., and worked there as a bookkeeper for several years. All this time she kept her secret, and no one doubted that she was a

man. She possessed an excellent education, and while she was in Joplin she was offered a position in a St. Joseph (Mo.) banking house. cepted this, going to St. Joseph before she was thirty years of age. A few months later a young woman of that town was deserted by the

man who had promised to marry her. Miss Vosbaugh sought her out, proposed marriage and was accepted. To this girl Miss Vosbaugh divulged her sex on a Bible pledge that she would never reveal the secret. After their marriage they came to Trinidad and opened a restaurant. A year or two afterward the "wife" disappeared. The "husband" declared he had been deserted and refused to make any effort to find her.

Vosbaugh received more or less sympathy at the time, but the incident was Tiring of city life and always fearing her secret would be discovered, soon forgotten. Miss Vosbaugh forty years ago sought employment at the Sam Brown ranch, near Trinchera. She asked for work as a sheep herder, and this was given to her. Later, when she knew that her sex could not be discovered except by the greatest of accidents, she accepted work as a camp cook.

She remained at the Sam Brown ranch until two years ago, when she was brought to San Rafael Hospital here to spend her last days. Even here she protected her secret, refusing to take a bath until she was assured by the sisters at the hospital that she could do so without the presence of Some time later she contracted a severe cold that threatened to deattendants.

velop into pneumonia. Dr. T. J. Forham said it would be necessary for "Mr. Vosbaugh" to partially remove his clothing for an examination. Fearing she would die, Miss Vosbaugh at last reluctantly consented, and then, with tears welling in her eyes and coursing down her wrinkled

cheeks, she called for the sister in charge and parted with her secret for the second time in sixty years.

Insane Soldiers From Philippines Viceroy Lord Minto Says It is Im-Will Be Brought to Washington. possible to Ignore India's Unrest.

San Francisco.-Seventeen insane Simla, India. - The Legislative patients, belonging to the United Council adopted a bill designed to States Army, who were brought prevent seditious gatherings. It emfrom the Philippine Islands to the powers the provincial authorities to Presidio General Hospital, will be prohibit public meetings. taken to the Army Hospital for the Lord Minto, the Viceroy, in a Insane at Washington. Colonel Geo. speech in support of the bill, said it

H. Torney, Deputy Surgeou-General, was impossible to ignore the warnwill have charge of them. ings of recent months-the riots; the A car has been especially arranged insults to Europeans, and the atfor the convenience of the patients.

CORNER FOR MATTRESS.

If your mattress is a new one, make two white slips, just the right size, with a two-inch lap at one end. On this lap work several buttonholes, and on the slip sew the buttons. Then cover your mattress. With these slips the ticking will keep clean as long as the mattress is in use. Having two cases enables you to have one laundered whenever necessary .-New York Post.

## HEMSTITCH BY MACHINE.

Pull out the required number of threads as you would if to be done by hand, then baste down the hem middle way of the space where threads are pulled, loosen tension of machine and have medium-length stitch. Stitch on edge of hem. When stitched removed the baste threads and pull the hem to edge of threads. It looks very nice, Good for underskirts and sheets. I also heard of a lady using very fine thread and needle and hemstitching a fine handkerchief the same way. You will be surprised to see how nice it looks on the right side of the goods .-Edith Bakeman, in the Boston Post,

### FOR FLOWERS.

Frequently a drooping flower is caused by some insect eating at the roots. If the ground is dug with a fork and a solution of one pint of tepid water and one teaspoonful of mustard is poured in the flower crock, the bugs will crawl to the surface and can be killed.

Ferns are frequently filled with small white worms which are imbeded in the roots. The fern will not be injured if taken out of the ground and washed perfectly clean and the parts destroyed cut off with a pair of scissors. Spread out the roots in a natural position and place in fresh earth .- New York Journal.

### A BUTLER'S PANTRY. A man who contributes his house-

keeping experience to The American Home Monthly says that one of his greatest helps was a closet in the butler's pantry, in which was kept a package of each article of food used by the household which could be placed there for an extended length of time without spoiling. The contents of this closet were a thing quite apart from the regular supplies, and it was only resorted to when the cook had allowed some article to run out and thought of it only when ready to prepare the dish in which it was needed. In order not to keep the things in the closet too long they were occasionally transferred to the kitchen. and fresh supplies put in their place. When the housekeeper found what a success the closet was, he added to the food supplies such things as lamp chimneys and wicks, silver polish, starch, etc. To these were added supplies for unexpected company, such as cans of meat, fish, soups, vegetables and fruit.

### CARING FOR LINOLEUM. A household economics authority

says: "In caring for linoleum do not use soapsuds as for scrubbing a floor. It stands to reason that soap is going to injure the varnish and the finish. On a farm where there is plenty of milk, a cloth wrung out of skim milk is the best means of eaking up the dust and brightening the linoleum. Where milk is scarce, or needed for food, use lukewarm water, to which has been added half a cupful of kerosene oil or some good furniture polish. Wring the cloth rather dry from this, and go over the linoleum after sweeping, and it will be quite new and bright, and the finish uninjured. Most housewives scrub oilcloth and linoleum as though it werea bare floor; it is dusty rather than dirty, since everything remains on the top, and for this reason a clean cloth slightly damp is all that is nece essary .- The Country Gentleman.



Biackberry Tart-Arrange the berries in layers in a deep ple tin lined with puff paste, sprinkle sugar thickly between layers. Take one-half cupful of sweet milk, stir into it the whites of two eggs beaten light, a tablespoonful of sugar and a teaspoonful of corn starch; pour over the berries and bake, Serve cold with powdered sugar sifted over it.

Summer Relish-Chop fine one dozen tomatoes, three stalks of celery, six medium-sized onions, add a heaping tablespoonful of grated horseradish, one-half teaspoonful of ground cloves, cinnamon, mace and whole mustard seed, one-half cupful of vinegar, one-fourth cupful of sugar, salt to taste. This can be made in large quantities, will keep indefinitely and never requires cook-

Cheese Straws-Roll scraps of puff paste thin, sprinkle with grated cheese, and cayenno pepper if you like, roll out, and sprinkle again, and repeat the process. Then place on the ice to harden. When cold, roll into rectangular shape one-eighth of an inch thick; place it on a baking pan and with a pastry cutter dipped in hot water, cut into strips four or five inches long and less than a quarter of an inch thick. Bake and serve piled cob-herse fashion.