

### WHEN BETTY'S CHURNING.

She stands within the dairy door,  
A comely maid.  
While I to "preach" would fain be bold,  
Yet am afraid.  
Pleas she the dasher valiantly,  
My ardor quelling—  
A picture is a rustic frame  
Is Betty churning.

Within her reach the roses droop,  
All envy-laden  
At seeing the red cheeks that grace  
This perfect maiden;  
While at her feet the violets,  
With fine discerning,  
Look up to watch the blue eyes of  
My Betty churning.

Nor is the sunbeam that athwart  
The door is gleaming  
More golden than her smoothed hair—  
"Tis no vain seeming;  
The milk that fills the polished pans  
To cream a-turming,  
Is no whit whiter than the arms  
Of Betty churning.

With sleeves up to the elbows tucked  
In careless fashion,  
And plenteous apron hung about  
In fear of splashin',  
She plays the dasher up and down  
While I, a-burnin',  
Feel that my heart is being hit  
When Betty's churning.

Ah me! I can but sigh and hope—  
Poor heart a-flutter!—  
That she will lend and let me help,  
To make the butter,  
That she will please and heed  
My fervent yearning  
And let me call her mine—my own—  
My Betty churning.  
—Charles Monck Ryan.

### BOBBIE'S BLUNDER.

By G.B. ACUFF.



"BUSINESS is dull," remarked Mr. Caldwell, druggist, one summer morning as his two clerks, Treadwell and myself (Starnes) stood idly about. "Why, even Bobbie"—our soda boy—"is taking a rest. I have cracked my brain in vain for some custom-drawing advertisement. But you, youngsters"—his kindly glance included Bobbie—"are surely equal to such a task, and as a stimulant to mental effort I make this offer; I will give a prize of five dollars for the most attractive advertisement written within the next thirty days. And if by a window exhibit, or by any other means, you can manage to draw a crowd, a house full, I'll give twenty-five dollars to the originator of the scheme."

A few mornings later, as I was returning to the store from my breakfast, I noticed an unwanted crowd before the store. The doorway was full, and as many as could find a place were gazing in at the windows. So intently was I watching this that I didn't see Bobbie till I had almost knocked him down.

"What has happened?" I asked, for I saw that his face was red and swollen, and tears were streaming from his eyes.

"Doctor Wiseman sent me to tell you," he sobbed, mopping his face with a thoroughly-saturated handkerchief. "I fixed a glass of poison, sweetened it, and left it on the counter for the cat that licks all the glasses, you know, and Mr. Caldwell thought it was medicine he had left there, I r-e-o-k-on, and—and—"

Bobbie broke down completely.

"He didn't drink it?" I cried, and my heart stood still. "What sort of poison was it?"

"All sorts," answered Bobbie. "I took some of 'most everything in the store marked poison."

Here Doctor Wiseman joined me, followed by most of the crowd outside, whose shrill whispers, "Do you think he will die?" hurt me keenly.

"One trouble," said Doctor Wiseman to me, "is that we don't know what he has taken nor how much of it. And let me caution you, he must not know he has taken poison. His heart has always been weak, and I fear the shock would kill him, even if the effects of the poison can be counteracted. He complains of headache, dizziness and nausea, but attributes it to indigestion. I have done all I can do at present, but I shall stay here next door, and you must call me at once if there is need."

Mr. Caldwell looked pale and haggard, and there was a puzzled, troubled look in his eyes which deepened when he saw my pale, agitated face. In answer to his solicitous inquiry I was not feeling well, and Treadwell and I exchanged sadly significant glances as Mr. Caldwell continued:

"We are all getting sick at once. Rather hard on us, isn't it? And Bobbie, poor boy, has almost ruined his face with pepper."

I glanced at the child, busy at his post, the tears still raining down his cheeks, and thought I had never witnessed more poignant grief.

A gloomier crowd I never formed a part of, and there was that undercurrent of excitement which is so harrowing to the nerves. Some made a pretense of talking, but it seemed impossible for any one to keep either thoughts or eyes off Mr. Caldwell, yet when he cast around him that mildly inquiring glance, every eye avoided it.

He was busy all the time, and so were we, wrapping up small purchases. Nobody seemed anxious to buy, yet they made a pretense of wanting something. I never forgot for an instant what attracted them, and resenting their morbid curiosity, I ventured to ask Mr. Caldwell to go home and rest.

"What, when trade is so good! No, no!" he answered, smiling at me.

Then Treadwell and I united in an effort to clear the house. Covertly

we would explain to the buyer of five cents' worth of something that it would be better for Mr. Caldwell to have quiet and plenty of fresh air, and he would promise to go, but if he could think of no other excuse for prolonging his stay, he would call for a soda. If we prevailed on a dozen to leave, two dozen at once crowded into their places. And so at last we ceased to try, and all of us simply waited. I would look at my kind employer and try to hope strongly for the best, but my brain could seize but one thought: "Another hour and he may be no more." Oh, it was terrible!

A genuine sense of relief came to me when I saw Doctor Durant, a lifelong friend of Mr. Caldwell's, elbowing his way in.

"Well, old friend," he exclaimed in a would-be cheerful tone, and with a giddy smile, "how are you to-day?" "My old enemy, indigestion, has nearly got the better of me; my head is dizzy and aches terribly," answered Mr. Caldwell.

"Let me give you something for it," said Doctor Durant, eagerly.

"No, no! Doctor Wiseman was in this morning and gave me enough physic to kill a dog."

His tones were so decided that Doctor Durant dared not press the point, and with an irrepressible burst of tears he turned hastily away.

"What ails you, man?" cried the bewildered druggist, trying to detain him. "What ails everybody?"

But without answering Doctor Durant made a break for the back door, anathematizing his own lack of self-control as he went.

"I'll give five dollars to the person who will tell me what is the matter!" exclaimed Mr. Caldwell, clasping and unclasping his hands nervously.

For a minute no one answered, then Bobbie, who was leaning quite exhausted against the counter, answered: "I'll tell you." Tears were still running down his face, but he was laughing, too, in a tired way. "I mixed a glass of poison for the cat, and for a while I thought you'd got it. You hadn't, of course, but I was so sure of it that I could have sworn to it. Oh, what I felt was awful! I rushed for Doctor Wiseman. I didn't find out my mistake till he had given you such an awful dosing!" Bobbie snickered irresponsibly. "Then I found the glass brimful right where I left it. But by that time there was a big crowd in here, and I could just see the road clear all the way from me to that twenty-five dollar prize."

"But you really did get pepper in your eyes?" questioned Mr. Caldwell, smiling in a queer sort of way.

"I should say I did. Doctor Wiseman says, 'Mustard, Bobbie!' And I was so nervous that I turned over a whole shelfful of bottles and emptied a can of ground cayenne square in my face."

The crowd cleared away, but all day long people were dropping in to get a true version of the story. Peonarily the day was a grand success. No other three men in town were as tired that evening at closing time as we were, I am certain. As for Bobbie, he was a mere frazzle of his usual self. Mr. Caldwell gave him a check for thirty dollars, and also advice to about that amount, ending with:

"You are a smart boy, Bobbie, but there is such a thing as being too smart."

An Invalid's Luck in the Woods.

"Speaking of deer shooting," said the local enthusiast, "reminds me of the story of the man up Bethel way. He had a pulmonary trouble that had reduced him somewhat and he was doubtful if his strength would permit him to make the journey. His physician told him to go ahead, but not to tramp much. In camp, where he arrived much exhausted, his friends told him to make himself comfortable while they went out and got him some venison."

"He sat about camp alone until about 10 o'clock and then went in and took his rifle out into the open. Here he sat down on a log and thought of his unhappy fate. He then fired a shot from the rifle at a knot on a tree and hit it fair in the bull's eye. The sun was warm and bright and he moved out into it, resting his rifle against the stump of a pine. He then lit his pipe and ruminated. A rustle in the brush aroused him. Looking up he saw a buck with branching horns about forty yards away. He reached over without moving from his seat, took the rifle, rested it on a prong of the stump, drew bead on the deer and fired, and the buck fell dead.

"When the hunters who went out after venison for the invalid came home, he said, 'What luck?' 'Oh, we'll have deer meat for you before we go home. Didn't get any to-day but we saw signs.' 'How's this for a sign?' said the invalid, and he led them up to a 600-pound buck, and they broke the profound silence to remark, 'Well, I'll be blamed!'" Lewiston (Me.) Evening Journal.

Cape Colony's Defenders.

The mounted police of Cape Colony are picked men, used to fighting and proud of the high reputation of their corps. The force consists of two thousand enlisted men and sixty-eight officers. The men are recruited almost entirely in England, and are many of them the younger sons of gentlemen, who have no means of making a livelihood at home. They are mounted and receive \$500 a year, out of which they are obliged to keep not only themselves but their horses. In ordinary times they are scattered along the frontier in little bands of thirty or forty, their duty being to keep the peace and prevent outbreaks on the part of the natives. They are said to cherish a particularly bitter hatred of the Boers, and the suicide of Major Scott, their commanding officer, was the outcome of his chagrin at being tricked into the surrender of the town of Vryburg.

### IMPRESSIONS OF GUAM.

#### WHAT'S TO BE SEEN IN OUR NEW PACIFIC ISLAND.

The First Sight is Disappointing, But It Has Good Points Which Grow on You—The Native Soldiers—It Is Strategically Very Important.

Concerning Guam, our new possession in the Ladrones Islands, a correspondent of the New York Sun who went thither in the U. S. S. Yosemite writes as follows:

The first sight of Guam was rather disappointing. There were several rain squalls on the horizon, and in reply to the questioner, the lookout picked out the blackest looking squall, and said: "That's Guam, sir!" As the squall disappeared, the island developed into a bold mountainous range, not altogether tropical in aspect. Instead of the thick forests and heavy foliage of the Philippine mountains, the hills in Guam are rather barren looking, the trees are clustered together, while the red clay soil shows through in patches here and there. As the ship approached nearer, the lowlands came into view, and the thick groves of coconut trees, mangoes, and bananas proved that the reports of the fertility of the island are not without foundation.

The natives are peaceful and gentle in disposition. The Filipino convicts, sent here from Manila, seem to be the only disturbing element on the island. These Filipinos tried to inaugurate a revolution last March, but the plot was nipped in the bud by the naval officer in charge here at the time. There are several schools on the island, but education is not general. The native is indolent, and he can see no benefit in education. He works if he pleases, and after a few days knocks off with money enough to keep him the rest of the year. It costs him nothing to build his house, and if he is out of work and out of funds there are the breadfruit trees, the cocoanuts and the bananas growing wild. Why should he disturb his siesta? In the past there was an additional reason why he should not work: he was taxed heavily for everything he owned.

The harbor of San Luis de Apia is by far the best of any in the whole Ladrone group, being sheltered in all weather except southwest gales. On entering, the ship pressed close to Orote Peninsula, a high promontory forming the southern boundary of the harbor, and then swinging to the northward, she anchored under the lee of Cabras Island, which forms the northern shelter. Extending in a circular direction from the end of Cabras Island is a coral reef bare at low water, and coming within a ship's length of Orote Point, giving the harbor the shape of a horseshoe. Occasionally, during the wet season, a swell rolls in over the barrier reef, but for the greater part of the year the harbor is quiet and smooth. One serious drawback to the harbor lies in the difficulty of landing cargo, owing to the coral growth which extends out for more than a mile from the shore. A pier could readily be built, but the easiest and cheapest solution of the problem is to send out from the United States several small wooden stern-wheel steamers, drawing only a few inches of water, and thus capable of passing over the inner reef at all stages of the tide.

Around the shores of the harbor are several towns, Sournay, San Luis de Apia and Piti. The last named is the port of entry for the island, and consists of two stone buildings and about a dozen native huts. The first sight of the town was not interesting, for the place is on low land, and just now in the rainy season, is mostly under water.

A few minutes sufficed to take in the sights, consisting of natives, water buffaloes and dogs, and then through the kind offices of the principal inhabitant, a Mr. Wilson, the party obtained a carriage and drove up to Agana, the capital of the island. The road is about four miles long, and has been an excellent one, but at present it is sadly in need of repair. It winds in and out among coconut groves, under overhanging cliffs, crosses several little mountain streams, and just before reaching the city gives a splendid view of Agana Bay, the whole northern half of the island, and the mighty Pacific Ocean. Before judging Agana one must consider the point of view. Looking at it with the knowledge that Spain has been here several centuries, one wonders that there is so little. Realizing that the large majority of the natives are only semi-civilized, the place presents a very creditable appearance. The streets are regularly laid out, and are clean, the houses are whitewashed and neat in appearance, and there are no street loafers or beggars hanging around. The better class, that is the foreigners and half castes, live in stone houses, with the inevitable red tiled roof. The natives live in frame houses with thatched roofs.

The point of interest in the town is the plaza, on which are situated the palace, the barracks and the cathedral. These are quite respectable looking buildings from the outside, but on close inspection the palace and barracks were found to be in a filthy condition, with no attempt at sanitation, and with the dirt of years left undisturbed. Before the Americans can occupy these buildings there will have to be a thorough house cleaning from top to bottom, and a plentiful distribution of disinfecting material. The cathedral is solidly built, with no pretense at ornamentation. Within, two things struck the visitor as strange, an organ, and a sign requesting the congregation not to bring their dogs into church.

The town boasts of two distilleries, where la tuba is made. This is made by fermenting and distilling the sap of the coconut tree, and it is said that it can give points to Jersey lighting. The natives take it to kindly, however. All the stone buildings have thick walls and heavy ironwood rafters supporting the roof. They are built in this manner to withstand the earthquake shocks, which are of frequent occurrence, though rarely severe. Typhoons occasionally visit the island, but do little harm beyond blowing down some of the native huts. Outside of Agana the native huts are built of palmleaf matting, with bamboo beams and rafters. In a heavy gale these huts go down like a house of cards; a few hours after the gale the houses are up again and nobody is the worse for the experience.

The population of Agana is estimated at about 7000 souls, of whom the better class, who are also the controlling class, number about 100. Since

the place was captured by the Charles-ton in June, 1898, there have been several acting Governors appointed who have kept law and order in the island, but have allowed public works and buildings to fall into disrepair. They are not altogether to blame, for during the past year they have been in a state of uncertainty. There have been rumors on the island that Guam was to be returned to Spain, and no man cared to be overzealous in his loyalty to the United States for fear that he would suffer for it if Spain resumed her rule. Their doubts are now set at rest by the arrival of Governor Learoyd and the promulgation of his proclamation. The people are glad to be under American rule, and already arches are going up in the streets and committees are being formed to welcome the Governor when he takes up his official residence in Agana.

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When the natives cultivate the fields, they rarely live on the land they till. Instead they prefer to group themselves in little villages, of which there are a number scattered about the island. When it comes harvesting time, all the men assemble on one plantation, build a hut, and live and work together gathering in the crop. When they have finished, the whole body of them move to the next plantation. It is also an occasion for merry-making, in which la tuba plays an important part. There is rarely any disorder, but when necessary to quell a disturbance the force is furnished by a company of native artillery, the only military force on the island between the evacuation by the Spanish troops and the arrival of the Yosemite. Every one unites in praising these native soldiers. Their behavior is excellent, and their appearance is surprisingly neat and military.

Guam is an island of great possibilities. Strategically, it is important in being a link in the chain between San Francisco and Manila. Commercially, it may be important, but at present little is known of its resources, as the island has never been developed. It is known, however, that the land is extremely fertile—coffee, cocoanuts, lemons, limes, corn, sugar cane, all grow with but little attention further than the planting. Few other vegetables or cereals have been tried, but there is little doubt that the experiments to be undertaken will prove that the productivity of the land is general. Cattle of the water buffalo variety thrive well, but horses do not. In fact there are only twenty-two horses on the whole island, and they are owned only by the wealthy class. It is not an uncommon sight to see a native astride of a buffalo, galloping unconcernedly along the muddy paths. Goats, pigs and deer roam wild all over the island.

Copra, the dried kernel of the coconut, is the principal article of export. The other products are raised for home consumption only. It is not known what minerals there are in the island, because nobody has ever tried to find out. Building material is plentiful; lime is made by burning the coral in a kiln, and this, mixed with the broken coral stone, can be shaped or plastered, and becomes hard when exposed to the air. This is the material used for the walls of the houses. For the roadbeds the coral is mixed with the red clay, and when smoothed down hardens and becomes like a cemented road.

There are several kinds of lumber, the most valuable being the ironwood. This is used in the floors of the houses, the rafters, etc. It is exceedingly hard and heavy, and resists all insects, even the teredo when used for piles in the wharves. Some of the inhabitants say that the floors in their houses are more than one hundred years old, and there appears no necessity for removal. The woodwork of a house takes longer to complete than the masonry. There are no sawmills, and every plank must be cut out by hand. In fact, the native's idea of architecture and of agriculture are of the most primitive order. A saw and a hatchet for the first, the form of a tree as a plow and a machete for farming are his ideas of tools, and with these he works patiently away to the end. If it is not finished to-day, no matter, to-morrow will do; time is no factor to him.

Eventually Guam will have trade communications, a cable will be landed, and the people will be in touch with the world, but at present greater isolation could hardly be imagined. There is no commercial route which includes the island, and communication is dependent upon an occasional army transport or a man-of-war stopping in the harbor. It comes hardest on the pioneers on the Yosemite, marooned, as one officer laughingly expressed it, but there is a cheery spirit and an eager desire to work on the part of all to do their share in the development of our country.

### WOMAN'S WORLD.

#### HOW TO GROW GRACEFUL.

Certain Exercises That Should Be Taken Daily to Improve the Figure.

A woman who has improved a naturally ungraceful figure says that it has been accomplished by remembering every time she is required to stand to lift herself upon her toes and let herself down gently, leaving her weight upon the balls of her feet, instead of upon the heels. "When this is done," she says, "it is not necessary to think of chin or shoulders." She has learned to walk in this way, and says that her feet grow less tired than formerly, because the portion of the foot which was intended to bear the weight is in proper use.

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