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Select Poetry.

THE DEAD BABE.

Last night, as my dear babe lay dead,
In agony I knelt and said:
"O God! what have I done,
Or in what wise offended thee,
That thou should'st take away from me
My little son?

"Upon the thousand useless lives,
Upon the guilt that vaunting thrives,
Thy wrath were better spent!
Why should'st thou take my little son?
Why should'st thou vent thy wrath upon
This innocent?"

Last night, as my dear babe lay dead,
Before mine eyes that vision spread
Of things that might have been—
Licentious riot, cruel strife,
Forgotten prayers, a wasted life
Dark red with sin!

Then, with soft music in the air,
I saw another vision there—
A shepherd, in whose keep
A little lamb—my little child—
Of wordly wisdom undefiled,
Lay fast asleep!

Last night, as my dear babe lay dead,
In those two messages I read
A wisdom manifest,
And though my arms be childless now
I am content; to him I bow
Who knoweth best.

—Eugene Field in Chicago Record.

Select Story.

THE MAN AND THE DOG.

From the Overland Monthly.

Once there were two men in love with the same girl and this is the story of how the one was taken and the other left.

The girl's name was Vance—Barry Vance of the Vances, who lived on Stockton-street, when Stockton-st., was the place to live, and even afterward, when it was not. In this story she shall be little more than a name. After all a name (using the word largely) and a face are about all that men ask of a girl to-day. They are not so very far wrong. The best charactered girl is the girl with the least character; that is—don't misunderstand—decided character. Just as the best tempered girl is the one with the least temper. So in this story Barry Vance shall be simply Barry Vance to the end, which was when she married one of the men and changed her name to his.

But the men were of temperaments sufficiently marked and were as widely different as one could well imagine. They were extreme and as it were Barry was the mean between them.

In the first place, Jack Brunt was a tower of leathery muscles and hard, tough sinew and fibre, and used to crack walnuts in the hollow of his arm. He was handsome, too, with fine, high coloring, brown eyes, and a drooping brown mustache. He was a self-made man, a true son of the people, a man whom other men, children and some women liked, although his manners were rather coarse. He had made his money by hard work, and when business men spoke of him they said he was "a good earnest fellow with no nonsense about him." He was in land and real estate, and seemed to be forever talking about "fifty-vara lots on O'Farrell-st." He spoke unreservedly about his humble origin, because he was not ashamed of it and because it made people establish comparisons between it and himself and forced them to admire him for having raised himself to a position so far above that to which he had been destined by fate and his father, old "Buck" Brunt, who had the country store and a fifth interest in a little stone quarry up Inyo way. The grandfather had been a stone-cutter from Colusa.

Perhaps it made no difference between the two men that Wesley Shotover's ancestors were framing laws, commanding privateers and making history generally in the days of the Constitution and the Bonhomme Richard, when Brunt's were being leased out to labor contractors to grub and grapple under the whip with the reluctant colonial soil; they were both Americans and American-born, and a certain document that a Shotover had helped to draw up told them both that all men were created free and equal.

Whatever Brunt was you saw at once upon the surface, but Shotover's coloress face was an unimpassioned mask. It was almost the face of a girl, smooth, guiltless of beard, and invariably calm. It was just saved from effeminacy by certain masculine dints about the nostrils and between the cheekbone and the angle of the jaw. There was a catlike daintiness about his dress and manner, and he had a very happy faculty of saying and doing precisely the right thing at precisely the right time. Women were very fond of him but the men were not. They said he never would amount to much, which in America is the very worst thing one man can say of another. And Shotover never would amount to much in the future because he amounted to so much in the present; as a matter of fact he amounted to about a million and a half in six per cents by his own right. Because he chose to enjoy what he had rather than to get more, he did absolutely nothing at all.

In point of years he was very much younger than Brunt, and in point of morals very much worse, often doing many things which cannot be noted here. He was in a fair way to smoke himself to death with cigarettes, his chief diet seemed to be chocolate nougats and French vermouth, and his chief occupation, when not tendering suit and service to Barry, appeared to be holding down Market and Kearney sts. during the fashionable time of day, which is from 3 to 6 in the afternoon.

Old Vance was something distrustful of Shotover, and as a possible son-in-law vastly preferred Brunt. Brunt seemed to him to be of the stuff that good husbands are made of. Vance used to say that Brunt was like a cube full of harsh angles and sharp lines to be sure, but solid upon his base, steady, and not to be easily moved. You could put your hand upon him and feel him firm. Shotover was a sphere, graceful and pleasant to the eye and made up of soft curves and harmonious surfaces, but unstable, slippery and elusive to the touch. As to Barry, she preserved the balance of power between the two men so well that it would have been hard to say which of them she liked best.

You can still see the remnants of the old Vance place on Stockton-st., near the corner of Sacramento, about opposite the Chinese Consulate, but the lawn which made the corner is now taken up by a hovel with a "Bonanza cigar" sign upon it. The place is practically surrounded by Chinatown now, and the Vances have moved out into the Western Addition. The homestead is cut up and riddled and honeycombed to lodge some hundred Chinamen and the old wine cellars are made into a nest of opium dens. Below these the ground is tunnelled and chambered into accommodations for domino-gambling and tan games. Even at the time when this story was actually working itself out, the indications of Chinatown's very near approach—that is, Chinese shops and boot stores with the signs in English—were only across the street, while all Hong Kong reeked and weltered within two or three stone throws of Barry's tennis courts.

One day during the San Francisco Indian summer, which is in the short period coming in between the end of the winds and the beginning of the rains, Shotover drove down to the Vances in his trap to play tennis with Barry. Brunt was already there, but Shotover did not seem to mind. That was Shotover's way. Barry thought him at times to be the most exasperatingly indifferent man in the world. Herein existed a great difference between the two men. Brunt, because he was as honest with other people as he was with himself, never took the least pains to conceal the fact that he was very much in love with Barry and was mercurially responsive to the most trivial variation of her moods. But Shotover never made love to her either by mouth or manner, and just now seemed to take less interest in Barry than he did in her blue-gray, wall-eyed Great Dane, who was pounding his tail upon the veranda steps in welcome of his approach. Both the men were effusively cordial in their mutual greetings, which is the way with rivals that dislike each other. Shotover sat down on the veranda steps; he lighted a cigarette and gravely blew the smoke into the dog's face.

"If I owned Bevis," said he. "I would crop his ears."

Bevis was about as large as an ordinary burro and was a famous dog. His pedigree was longer than many a Continental nobleman's, and he was a winner in every bench show he entered. Barry often took him walking with her, leading him by a heavy dog-whip that had a snap-catch in the butt, to be sprung upon his broad leather collar. This was lying upon the porch even now. Bevis was known to be valued at $500.

"Which," said Brunt, "is manifestly wrong. Why should Bevis bring more than a very good horse that can be put to some use. A dog is a dog after all. Five hundred or $5,000 would not make Bevis anything better than simply a big dog and no more and no less a dog than any street arab's 'yaller pup.' Besides, the birdstore man on Kearney-st. advertises Great Dane puppies for $30."

"Bevis is a thoroughbred," retorted Barry, "and that's what makes all the difference. Of course, if he wasn't I don't suppose he would be worth any more than a 'yaller pup' or a birdstore dog. I thought," she said suddenly, turning to Shotover, "that you were going to play tennis with me."

'Oh, I don't know," he answered listlessly, strumming his Sears special as if it were a banjo. "I am very well content to stay here."

"No, you are not," she cried, getting up. "You are just dying to show me that underhand cut of yours and allow me to beat you. And here is Jack" (she flung in the praenomen so that Shotover might worry about it), "who I know is just expiring with eagerness to line for me."

Brunt, absurdly glad because she had called him "Jack," jumped up, saying that "Oh, he was only too glad to do anything that would serve or please her." "Get up, get up," she went on, poking Shotover in the back with the handle of her tennis-racquet. "Oh, my! what a lazy man. Burns has marked out the courts, fresh and all, and has been rolling them since this morning. They're in just splendid condition."

He rose with feigned reluctance and they all went around to the courts at the side of the house. Brunt, who did not play and who wondered what amusement two people could find in knocking little balls back and forth over a strip of fish net, being sufficiently instructed, lined for Barry.

She and Shotover were soon playing vigorously and shouting to each other across the net. Shotover was facing the street. Presently he lowered his racquet and said:

"What the devil is the matter with that Chinaman?" A coolie had jumped over the low evergreen hedge that divided the lawn from the street with a yell and was now running across the grass toward them. His hat was gone and his blouse all but torn off of him. His mouth was full of blood and dust and broken teeth. At the outside line of the courts he flung himself down, forehead to the ground, and then sitting back on his heels, reeled off a shriek of high-keyed monosyllables, that sounded like the shaking of pennies in a child's bank. He was wildly, terribly excited. He talked or rather shouted, in the vernacular, swaying back and forth and often looking behind him into the street.

Barry was a young woman of really virile force of intellect. She merely got upon the veranda and watched the howling wretch with wide open eyes. She was less frightened than interested. After all, no one is ever afraid of a Chinaman.

"Stop!" shouted Brunt, breaking in, "What's the matter? Who are you afraid of? Talk English, you limb."

"Hoang chow dass," howled the limb, "plenty many tchins, all got 'um knife and pow; Hop Sing Tong go tchang-lo with Lee Tong. I-b'long Lee Tong; Hoang chow dass, you know." He waved his fist as though it held a knife. "Lakh lakh," he yelled at the top of his voice. "Lee Tong all tchung and harri-karried just now nisi Washington-st. Allakh-a-singh, you know, kai gingh, high-binders."

"Ah!" said Shotover, with the voice of a man who has been groping in the dark for the matches on the mantle and has suddenly found them. "Ah, this throws some light upon it; kai gingh, that means highbinders, you know. The Tongs have been out since yesterday afternoon and there has been fighting all the morning, I believe, in Gambler's Alley and Washington-st. The highbinders of the rival Tong are evidently after this man, and here"——he added, looking into the street, "here they are."

He was right. Here they were, sure enough, fifty to a hundred of them, and they were evilly minded and meant harm. They suddenly boiled in around the corner of the street and in an instant had filled it from end to end. Every yellow throat of them was vibrant and raucous with a droning, oft-repeated monotone: "Ai Hoang-chow lakh, lakh, lakh."

Now, when a Chinaman has sung the Hoang-chow song long enough and in sufficient numbers, he forgets that he is a low caste Mongol who smokes opium and takes in washing and remembers that he comes of a nation who were making conquests and systems of astronomy while his white brothers ate raw fish and damaged each other with sharp stones. In this mood he is apt to go about as though his were the kingdom of heaven, and is liable to kill somebody unless knocked on the head and reasoned to.

The day before the men of the Hop Sing Tong had not been so cowed by the ward police and the special detail but what they had broken loose again late at night, and finding a Lee Tong man in a tan kahn room underneath Clay-st., had mishandled and bitten him so badly that he had died before the dawn, out of his head and gibbering. This had let them feel their power and they did not want to relinquish it. They did want the man that grovelled on Barry Vance's tennis courts and whose arms and legs were now and then jerking and twitching with the fear that sat upon him. The idea of sacking the house and mobbing its inmates seemed good to them, too.

"Aih Aih Hoang Chow!" With a wailing staccato yell and a rush of a hundred of padded soles they lurched heavily forward toward the steps that led up from the street to the lawn and—recoiled before the figure of a slightly built young man in tennis flannels who stood upon the topmost step with a cigarrette in his mouth and a heavy dogwhip in his hand. Shotover faced them, calm and watchful, drawing the lash of the whip slowly through his fingers, and the Hop Sing Tong, recognizing, with a crowd's intuition, a born leader and master of men, felt themselves slipping back into the cowed washmen and opium-drugged half castes of the previous week, and backed off out of reach.

It is so rarely one sees the coolie otherwise than as the meek and cringing menial of the laundry or the kitchen that when he turns and shows his teeth he looks particularly mean and ill-favored. It is like getting a rat into a corner.

But the present situation was something the reverse of this; instead of one, there were one hundred rats. It was the man who was in the corner, and a momentary suggestion of the old Rhine bishop in his mouse tower flashed across Shotover's mind. As he ran his eyes over them he knew that he was facing as ugly a lot of ruffians as could be found up or down the coast from Portland to San Diego. Thugs, who had more ways of killing a man than you would think possible; hatchet-men, brought over from the purlieus of Canton and Peking to do the work of the Tongs; highbinders from the horrible chan-doo kahns underneath Clay and Jackson sts., with Smith & Wessons strapped to their forearms; kai-gingh and tan men from Gambler's Alley, with poison darts in their mouths; tchins who could put a knife into their man's lungs and disappear before he dropped.

Perhaps Shotover got the courage to face them as he did out of his love for Barry, or perhaps he underestimated the danger, or was too unimaginative to appreciate it, or perhaps, he felt the old privateer blood of the Shotovers of 1812 stir in him and believed that it all was only what was expected of him as their descendant. Ancestors are sometimes an inconvenience in this way. A man has to live up to them, as it were, for if he can afford to have them at all he must look to have the world expect more from him than from the rank and file.

A hatchet-man, wearing a coral-tipped mow, stood out from the crowd, and hooking his fingers at Shotover, cried:

"Let us pass."

Without raising his voice above conversation pitch, Shotover answered:

"I will not."

Both spoke their own language, but each perfectly understood the other, because at such times men see and hear things, not with their eyes and ears, but with a kind of sixth sense that overpasses the outward and visible signs and that is born from and dies with the occasion.

And the Hop Sing Tong, curs to the marrow, chattered and cowered before him, and he, without any melodramatic posing or gesturing, even without any show of interest in their doings except a very intense watchfulness, held them at their distance with his dog whip, which he slowly drew between his fingers. And he was quite alone.

No, not quite. He did not watch the coolies so close but what he was presently aware of a big blue-gray bulk at his side and knew that Bevis was standing there, his tail slowly waving and the hair on the nape of his neck raising and bristling.

There they stood and kept the crowd in check, thoroughbreds both.

Had he quailed the least in the world they would have probably been on him, knives and nails, in an instant, and have killed him where he stood, and this tale never would have been written. But somehow this pale young man in the tennis flannels made them feel as if the dog whip were a machine gun and his hand were upon the lanyard, and they were afraid and began to expostulate.

When he understood that they were trying to reason with him, Shotover drew a long breath, for he knew that the worst was over. In five minutes more two patrol wagons had come up on the gallop and twenty policemen were beating the Hop Sing Tong over its hundred hydra heads with slungshots and revolver butts.

Then the childish vanity and the foolish desire to show off came out upon Shotover like prickly heat, and as he reached for his match case and relighted his cigarette, he said listlessly. "Why do the heathen rage rage and the people imagine a vain thing?" Then he turned back to the veranda and asked Barry to finish their game.

I am sorry to say that after the affair was over Brunt came downstairs brushing the dust and cob-webs from his shoulders, and tried to talk as though he had been looking for old Vance's revolver in his closet and bureau drawers. They never saw very much of Brunt after that day.

One evening about a week later, old Vance met Shotover in the hallway as he was leaving. He went out bareheaded upon the veranda with him and shut the front door. He said:

"Barry has told me a good many things about you, Mr. Shotover, and though she is an only child, I won't stand in her way if she's sure of her mind. If you two young people understand eath other, why I don't suppose the old folks have got anything to say. Only I wish you'd think once more about taking hold of that controlling interest in the D and O Company—or any other steady business."

"You see," old Vance explained afterward, "there can't be very much wrong about a man who can stand off a mob of highbinders with a dog whip. I don't know; I'm no Tory, but if good blood makes all the difference between a $5 and a $500 dog, I suppose it would make a difference between men as well."

And Barry thinks so, too.

FRANK NORRIS.

Treatment for Sprained Ankles.

In these days of bicycling, skating, tobogganning, and other out-of-door amusements incident to the seasons, accidents of various kinds are daily occurring, not unusually serious, but often painful when seemingly slight.

From time to time one hears of different means of caring for sprained ankles, turned ankles, twisted wrists, etc, but the way now in vogue seems to give better results than any other in the past.

It is generally within an hour after the accident that you are called in to see the case. The patient is suffering very severely, and wanting very much to know if "anything is broken." After examining for fractures, the Southern Medical Journal recommends the part to be bathed in extremely hot water, every hour or two, for a period of fifteen minutes at a time. Have the water just as hot as the patient can bear it, and apply with a sponge or cloth, rather than allow the ankle to lie in the water. Then dry and let the part rest quietly, wrapped in flannels, when an application of hamamelis, or veratrum and hamamelis, may be made.

Before retiring, apply a flannel bandage tightly around the swollen part, only being careful that the circulation is not shut off.

It is surprising how the hot applications relieve the pain and produce absorption, and how the bandage, by pressure, prevents swelling and inflammation.

A dozen hens, well cared for, at this season will produce twice as many eggs as a flock of similar number which is neglected. In fact, on hundreds of farms where large flocks may be seen no eggs are secured in winter, simply because the hens are neglected. An egg is composed of several important constituent materials, a lack of any one of them rendering it impossible for the hens to produce eggs.

Farmers who believe that farming does not pay should ask themselves if they are using the best kind of stock, and if their implements are of the most improved labor-saving makes. Also, if they allow their manure to go to waste, and if weeds are allowed to rob the soil and their plants. Farming, like any other busineis, pays in proportion to the skill bestowed in the managment.

At the end of the year each farmer should survey his work, and compare his expenses with his receipts. Credit that which was purchased for the family, and also the proportion of the farm that was consumed, as well as estimating the value of the manure and increse of stock. The result may show that the farmer has made a fair profit. Keep accounts next season and learn what has been done.

The best way to checkmate low prices for feed stuffs, says a writer, is to keep good stock to eat them. It is bad policy for the farmer to do the hard work and let the commercial feeder make all the profit.

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