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PATENTS

PROMPTLY SECURED

SONG OF THE JELLYFISH.

As the waves slip over my scaly

skin,

They tickle my soul with glee,

And I shake with a visceral, saccharin

joy

In the place where my ribs should

be.

For I'm simply a lump of limpid

lard,

With a gluey sort of a wish

To pass my time in the oozing

slime—

In the home of the jellyfish.

But I'm happy in having no bones to

break

In my unctuous, wavering form,

And I haven't a trace—nor indeed any

place

For the dangerous verminform.

For I'm built on the strictest econ-

omy plan

And the model was made in a

rush,

While essaying to think almost

drives me to drink,

For I'm simply a mass of mush.

At night when I slide on the sandy

beach

And the moonbeams pierce me

through,

The tears arise in my gelatine eyes

And I gurgle a sob or two.

For I wonder—ah, me!—in the

time to come,

When the days are no longer

young.

What fish's digestion will suffer

congestion

When the end of my song is

sung.

—Jarvis Kelley in Life.

THE ORTIZ JEWELS.

The heart of Porfirio was hot within

him. "Chona," he ground his teeth as

he saw her—"Chona was coming down

San Juan street from mass. And it

was only last night at the cascarone

ball, that her perfidy was discovered.

A dog of a barber, and an American!

That he was barber out at the grand

new Hotel del Monte mattered not to

Porfirio. Enough that he was a bar-

ber—and an American. Porfirio re-

membered too well the effect of his

remonstrances with Chona. It was in

a moment when she was not dancing

like mad—for Chona was a belle.

More eggheads than she could count

had been broken upon her head and

her ink-black braids were fairly crust-

ed with the red and gold and green

tingel. But Porfirio had spoken to her

kindly. Olga, she must not dance

again with that pig and posterity of

pigs. And Chona had merely smiled

and shrugged, lifting to her lap one of

her heavy braids from where it trailed

a foot on the floor. Even as he talked,

the band struck up a swinging Mexi-

can air, and the barber came up to

claim "Chona for the dance. Porfirio

threw his hat on the floor. "I feel

him now!" he burst forth in English

for the barber's benefit. "Yes, you

kill him now, before you forget,"

mocked Chona, who knew her Porfirio

well—and off they whirled. Doubtless

she had danced with this beast the

rest of the evening. At any rate Por-

firio had come away, and now, to-day,

he saw on the edge of the wharf, look-

ing down at the restful green depths

and then over yonder to that trim

figure picking its dainty way along the

broken and gullied street. "Chona had

round, olive cheeks, great velvet eyes,

a soft red mouth and braids of jet hair

that hung below her knees. There

were those who said it was coarse.

Dio mio! Can one have everything?

She was not going back to the house

of Senorita Ortiz this evening. Her

place him that the trusted maid of

Senorita Ortiz knew as much about the

house as the lady herself.

But time waits not even to hear of

choirs of treasure, and "Chona must

be going. Adios! As they came in

night of the long, gray adobe, "Chona

gave a little cry. "She has gone her-

self to bed!" For not a twinkle of

light could be seen.

Oh, yes, she could get in—but she

must be soft. Oh, no, the great lady

did not live alone. There was Pas-

cual, the gardener—but he is so old

and deaf he can not even hear mass.

"Chona ran her hand along the high,

whitewashed adobe wall, which sur-

rounded the garden. The heavy gate

was barred, but there was a little hol-

low in the adobe. She ran out into

the street and picked up a board. It

leaned securely against the wall; and

with one hand steadied by the barber

"Chona sprang up, and thence went to

the top of the wall, lightly as a grass-

hopper. Then she knelt on the flat

adobe, the odor of violets about her,

for old Pascual had been watering

them, the little barber looking up at

her. The roboso had slipped back, and

her ruffled hair stood out about the

round face.

"Are they fish? Are they toads,

these barbers?" Porfirio, over in the

gully, could not understand. "Have

they no blood, these pigs and sons of

pigs? Do they never kiss? But I will

taste with my knife, if it is water in

his veins! What do they say?"

"Hahn! I better wait and see if you

can get into the house, Miss 'Chona'?"

"Oh, but I can! I see Pascual's

pruning knife—and that will reach

through the crack of the door and life

the bar. Adios, meester Bachola!"

She dropped lightly down into the

garden, and was gone. Mr. Badgers

hid the board and sauntered quietly

down the street. In the shadow on the

other side a figure came out from be-

hind the shrubbery and followed

noisily.

Dona Maria Evangelista Ortiz, an

ancient virgin of stately mien, was

less fortunate in her slumbers that

night than she was wont. Long after

little "Chona had slipped in upbeard

the house rang with words, a scuffle,

a crash, a scream in "Chona's voice, a

babel of cries in which there were

even English. Dona Maria had blood

in her veins, and if her hand trembled

as she struck a candle, she did not

flatter, but strode out into the wide

sagun.

"Valgame Dios! There was the lit-

tle waiting maid stretched upon the

floor, her long braids twisted about her

neck, and the blood trickling from a

gash in her forehead. Beside her,

holding the poor little head upon his

arm and kissing away the blood, was

Porfirio trembling and moaning.

"Dios mio! What is this? What do

you in my house?" The Senorita Ortiz

was terrible now; but Porfirio seemed

to grow cool under her flashing eyes.

"Look to your jewel chest," he said

calmly—I came too late to save it,

too late to save this, my soul, my lit-

tle "Chona. That barber, the goat, was

carrying it away, and she heard him

and caught him and struggled to take

it from him. And the dog struck her

upon the forehead and was gone with

it even as I came—for seeing him

climb the wall of the garden I fol-

lowed."

The old bronze bell in the garden

struck up the liveliest repique that it

had ever throated; and half Monterey

came running. Dona Maria was calm

as calm. She had come into her fit



WHO'S AFRAID OF THE DARK?

"Oh, not I," said the owl,

And he gave a great howl,

And he wiped his eyes

And sniffed his nose. "Too who!"

Said the dog, "Too who!"

Out loud in the dark. "Too-oo!"

Said the cat, "Too-oo!"

All scratch anyone who

dares say that I be

feet afraid, Mi-aw!"

"Afraid," said the mouse,

"Or the dark in the house!"

How-ee-wo-wo-wo!

Whatever's the matter? Squeak!"

Then the toad in his hole

And the bug in the ground,

They both shook their heads

And passed the word around:

And the bird in the tree,

And the fish and the bee,

They declare, all three,

That you never did see

One of them afraid

In the dark!

But the little boy who had gone to

bed

Just raised the bedclothes and covered

his head.

VASA AND THE BEAR.

A Child's Adventure in the Days of

the Early Settlers.

Northwestern Pennsylvania was a

dense forest at the time of which I

write, says John Kays. There were no

roads, towns, churches, schools or

settled houses as there are now, yet

there were houses even in those wild

woods—a house and a stable built of

logs, where the settler's ax had felled,

a little log-cabin by rails from "more

trees, where among sprouting aspens

the first garden was raised, and then

a home