

Up Saltwater Creek

A Story of Ranch Life

By CLARISSA MACKIE

The Chinese cook had spilled hot bean soup on Harry Barry's immaculate white shirt front, and the scared Oriental had escaped from the room under a fusillade of pistol shots that all found lodgment in the oak beamed ceiling.

"You ought not to put on that billed shirt till after supper," admonished the Crane as the wrathful Harry wiped the soggy mess from his bosom. "It's taking a risk wearing anything decent at this table nowadays."

"And why?" exploded Harry, mindful of the fact that this was his only clean white shirt and his call upon the pretty Widow Clancy must lack that sartorial compliment.

"The chick's in love," was the Crane's reply. "In love?"

"Who with?"

"Didn't know there was a Chinese girl within a thousand miles of the Lone Bull?"

"Can't he find any other way of expressing his love than by acting like a biased idiot?"

Of course this last remark came from Harry Barry, who was consuming what remained of the soup in his plate. "They generally do—only it takes different forms," observed Gabriel mildly.

A chuckle ran around the table. Under cover of its good nature Wah Sung pushed open the swinging door and peered fearfully around the edge and stilled in with a great dish of steaming hot potatoes.

Perhaps he was nervous. It might be that he was in love. At any rate, when his mild brown orb met the steely glare of Harry Barry's usually amiable eyes, he set the dish of potatoes upon the table with such frantic haste that the largest and hottest rolled from the pyramid and landed upon Mr. Barry's head.

Wah Sung emitted a desolate wail as Harry Barry leaped from his chair and caught him by the neckband of his cut-throat blouse and shook him vigorously. "Suffering cats! What's the matter with you?" yelled Mr. Barry excitedly. "Can't you throw down a dish of potatoes without stampeding 'em all over the table?"

"Me so-ly-velly so-ly," moaned Wah Sung.

"That helps a lot," observed Harry bitterly.

"Me sick in the head velly sick in the head; me do' know what to do," added Wah Sung pitifully.

The cattlemans' quick sympathy was to the fore at once. "What's the matter, boy? Have you told the boss that you're sick?"

"No, no; me no tell anybody. Me velly sick here," Wah Sung placed both yellow hands over his heart.

"Go what you call lickety-splitly-lickety-splitly all time."

"It's your heart, boy, not your head. You want to see doctor eh?"

Wah Sung writhed bashfully under the gaze of seven pairs of eyes. "No, no, no see doctor," he mumbled, edging toward the door. "Me allee light velly soon. Me go for walk. Excuse, I get rest snupper."

"Going for a walk, eh?" questioned Gabriel sharply. "You think a walk up Saltwater creek do you good, Wah Sung?"

The Chinaman shivered as with age, and his countenance turned from yellow to gray. His lips parted in an attempted smile as he shook his head. "Oh, no, no, no never walk up Saltwater creek," he said, with a slight shudder.

"Humph! Let him go, Harry," Gabriel's advice. When the Chinaman's slippers were gone more blameworthy around the kitchen floor Harry Barry resumed his seat and joined the broad grin that went around the table.

"What is it love?" he inquired.

"You oughter know, being a sort of judge of symptoms," commented Jim Lewis dryly.

"What about yourself?" retorted Harry Barry. "You oughter know been married three months, haven't you?"

"Stop your wrangling, boys," interposed the Crane, unjoining his lean form and taking advantage of Wah Sung's absence from the room to express his opinion. "Listen to me, I've seen the chick going up the creek every afternoon after dinner."

"What is there up Saltwater creek?" asked Jim Lewis, lighting a cigarette.

"Nothing but the springs that I know of."

"Anybody ever been beyond the springs?"

It seemed that none of them had ever followed the rocky trail beyond the springs that gave name to the creek.

"Somebody told me that there used to be a prospector's hut up there in the thicket. I've never been there, though, and couldn't say."

"If Wah Sung's in love why don't he marry his girl and live happily ever after?" commented Harry impatiently.

"Afraid of the boss, probably. You know Chinese families are not very popular hereabouts."

"Twenty of 'em on the ranch. There's that little cabin down in the three-mile pasture. It's not far from the back fence, and Wah Sung could cook just

the same and not act so confoundedly idiotic over it."

"You're appointed a committee of one to see Wah Sung and straighten the matter out," observed Gabriel as he followed the rest of the cattlemans out of doors, and, although Harry Barry made no assent, he was very thoughtful while he went upstairs to his room and removed the soup-laden shirt and put on a gray flannel one, which after all was much more becoming to him than the glossy white one.

On his way out he stopped in the kitchen where Wah Sung was frantically washing dishes.

"You married, Wah Sung?" he asked sharply.

The Chinaman jumped nervously at the question and shook his head in such rapid negatives that his eye lashed back and forth like the tail of an angry cat.

"Malled? Me? Oh, no, no, no, no! Me no like gals—me not malled, oh no!"

"You got a girl?"

"Oh, no, no, no!"

"Why not? You think boss not like you have a girl?"

"Oh, he not like Chinese go. Me no have gal till me go back to Canton some day."

"I don't think he'd care if you wanted to get married, Wah Sung. There's a nice little house down in the pasture and you could come up and cook every day. Why don't you tell the boss?"

"Me no like gals me no want get malled," persisted Wah Sung.

As he rode over the well worn trail that led to the Widow Clancy's ranch, Harry Barry was firmly convinced that the Chinaman had been lying to him. It was a bright moonlight night, and he resolved to ask Mrs. Clancy to ride with him up Saltwater creek and investigate what lay beyond. The romance involved might lure her into the evening ride.

It did. She was warmly interested in the story of the despairing Chinaman, and the suspected love affair that might be at the bottom of his erratic actions.

"How long has he acted that way, Harry?" she asked, as they rode side by side up the trail, her hand in that of her sweetheart's.

"About three months. Ever since he came back from a month's leave of absence. He went to San Francisco, and he's acted like a crazy flea ever since," and he told her the story of the bean soup, and the conversation that followed.

"Poor fellow," sighed Mrs. Clancy, and Harry Barry leaned over and kissed her lips.

When they reached the springs they could see that the trail entered a thicket of thorns, but Harry investigated and found that the way had been cunningly cleared of thorns, so that a person might pass through. They left their horses at the springs, and Harry, leading the way, they pushed through the thicket to emerge on the other side into an open sandy space dropping down the hillside that formed one boundary of Lone Bull ranch.

A faint light pricking through the gloom of another thicket on the hillside lured them down until they stood before a small cabin thatched with branches and almost concealed from the view of the casual passerby.

"There is a window. You look dear," said Harry Barry, and as his sweet heart hesitated he added, "You know it's to help on along if it's necessary."

Then Mrs. Clancy looked through a corner of the pane from which the calico inner curtain had swung back, revealing the interior of the one roomed cabin. She looked and looked, finally reaching out and drawing Harry to ward her until their faces touched.

They looked upon a little home it might have been picked up out of any city in China and dropped there on this lonely Montana hillside. What marvelous for a habitation the small Chinese man to secretly bring from great distances all the little household gods that meant home to him! Love, of course.

The walls were hung with gayly printed cottons and in one corner where a small altar had been erected for his ancestral tablets there was a square of rich silk embroidery. Little reams that at some parties changes bronze vessels stood on the altar, and the waist is of white chiffon, both with a front emblem of black lacquer of incense smoking before it. A tulle tutu entwined this and that.

Embroidery on Kid. Frenchwomen are enthusiastic over the fad of using kid trimmings on their outdoor costumes. But the kid must be embroidered. Soft white or very light colored kid is used and is fashioned into belts, collars and revers.

Any shape that suits the fancy is used, but all must correspond. The work is done in silk and metal threads, and the raw edge of the kid is finished off with a cord of heavy thread of dull gold or silver. Any simple design can be worked out. One does not wish to cover too closely the beauty of the kid.

A favorite adaptation of the work is the loose "celitures," or fronts, worn beneath the fashionable boleros of cloth or velvet.

The kid fits in the space between the fronts of the bolero and reaches to the belt line. It is then embroidered, using white or two tones of silk that correspond with the color of the gown.

Little loops are placed at the sides and these fastened to hooks sewed in side the bolero. Sleeve bands to match add another trig touch to the costume.

The work has many other uses. It can be made into charming opera bags, holders for various things or mounted on card holders for picture frames. Fancy boleros for picture frames. Fancy boleros for picture frames.

SMART LACE TUNIC.

It is Modishly Worn Over Dark Skirts.



TUNIC OF CREAMY LACE AND ECHU BATISTE.

The handsome point crocheted in a rich creamy tone, in combination with pale echu batiste, is used for this very chic tunic, which wraps around the figure in the modish manner over a clinging trained skirt of navy blue satin.

For Bridge Parties.

For some occult reason known only to the designer of this waist it has been called "the bridge blouse." Possibly the gold buttons arranged as a trimming about the square corsage is supposed to suggest the coin of the



MAGNIF EPPER IN BLOUSE.

CARDINAL FROCK.

The Latest Style For the Summer Girl.



CHARMING MODEL IN RED AND WHITE FOULARD.

It takes but a few yards of the new wide fouldard silk for a dress this year, so simple and smart are the new models. This dainty little dress is of a spotted fouldard, with a red pattern on a white ground. The bib shaped panel at the front of the bodice extends down over the skirt and widens out to form a deep band at the foot. The religious collar, girde and cuffs are of red satin, matching a tone of the fouldard. The hat is trimmed with red roses and purple pansies.

Advice For Business Girl.

Remember that you are working for your bread, and after you have earned it buy it. Good food comes back in firm flesh, pink cheeks and good spirits, which make you far more attractive and successful than any garment you could possibly buy. Drink lots of water. If you are afraid of taking on too much weight do not drink with your meals for that is the time when weight is added.

When working do not eat a heavy lunch. Have a good breakfast, because by the time you get to your work that is partly digested but if you have a heavy lunch you are apt to feel sleepy. The big meal of the day should come at night.

In these cold days dress warmly. It is true that woolens are not beautiful but they keep your skin a pretty color with a smooth even flow of blood, and they keep you from going up your energy a d'pover in trying to keep warm.

Don't get jaded or overworked. There is no salary big enough to recompense you for that. Sacrifice a little salary for a position less tiring if necessary. Ordinary work should not overtax a woman. If it does it is a sign she is not in good condition, she is not getting enough sleep, nor food nor fresh air.

Gave Good Weight.

The very latest use of the trade was taught to the young but her by the murrerwoman who gave him his first employment. The old dealer pointed to trays of beef, lamb and pork trimmings beneath the counter.

"When customers ask to have all the waste that has been cut from their own meat wrapped up with their order be sure to put in a few of these trimmings besides," he said. "Most always they want the scraps sent home so they can weigh the whole business and find out whether they are getting full weight or not. Enough extra pieces to tip the scales half an ounce beyond the supposed weight won't hurt anybody, and will give us a good name."

Shortly after that the new clerk heard one frugal housewife say to another, "Oh, why don't you trade at Blank's? He gives such good measure, often almost an ounce more than you pay for."

Gifts For the Bride.

Breakfast sets always make acceptable gifts for the bride or for any woman who entertains week end guests. Some sets include the tray, but others require the addition of a white enamel tray or one of wood or of paper mache. An asparagus dish with a well at one side for the melted butter or sauce is exceedingly useful. Cordial glasses with oval cups of green glass that fit down into white crystal stand-ards with silver bases make a beautiful present. Hand shields for kettles are also useful. Glass flower bowls with silver plated bases will come in handy for picture frames. Fancy boleros for picture frames.

A DEED OF DARING

One of Mad Anthony Wayne's Remarkable Achievements.

STORMING OF STONY POINT.

This Brilliant Feat of Arms, in Which Success Was Won at the Point of the Bayonet, Was One of the Most Desperate Incidents of Any War.

One of the most marvelous achievements credited to American bravery and strategy was that of the capture of Stony Point by Mad Anthony Wayne, who was one of the most picturesque figures of the American revolution. When he was superseded in command of the Pennsylvania line, even after his brilliant success at Monmouth on June 28, 1778, a less ambitious and patriotic man would have resigned his commission.

It seemed the irony of fate that the setback in his career should follow so closely the official encomiums for his work at Monmouth, but that very setback gave him Stony Point the greatest opportunity of his life—and he made good.

There were two important factors, discipline and valor, that entered into this remarkable achievement, the capture of a fortress on the Hudson held by the British and considered almost impregnable. Stony Point was an island and the fortress was built on a rock which was precipitous and rough. It was guarded by three redoubts and protected by a double abatis of logs that extended across the peninsula. The post was garrisoned by 607 men, who felt so secure in their position that they were wont to refer to the post as the "Little Gibraltar."

On July 17, General Wayne assembled all his troops at Sandy Beach, and at that moment none of his soldiers knew the plans of their commander. The following day the march began over a wilderness trail and in perfect silence. Not a man was allowed to leave the column under penalty of death. By 8 o'clock that night they were within one and one-half miles of the British fortress. Then the men were told of the desperate work ahead of them and the battle order read.

No man was allowed to load his musket, and the battle was to be won or lost with the bayonet charge. One portion of the order provided that any man found retreating a single foot was to be put to death at once.

Close to midnight the order to advance was given. The fort was to be attacked from all sides. Once in motion General Wayne lost no time. The British opened fire with guns, both great and small. Seventeen of the twenty men in one advance guard were shot down but the companies in the rear eagerly pressed on. General Wayne himself struck in the head with a musket ball, fell stunned, but recovered in a moment, and rising on one knee shouted: "March on, March on!"

Then turning to his aids he begged them to take him to the fort, so that if his wound was mortal he would die at the head of his column. General Wayne would leave his followers to a fate. They dashed up the hill and battered down all opposition. Colonel Henry M. French, officer in the American service at the head of his determined band forced his way up the redoubt and as the soldiers poured into the fort grasped the British flag and lowered it. The victory was complete. The British lost 563 men and 14 taken prisoners of whom 70 were wounded. The Americans lost 11 killed and 107 wounded. It was a battle of the most daring and desperate in the history of the war.

From every point of view the storming of Stony Point was a masterpiece of military strategy. The British were completely surprised and the Americans were completely victorious. The British were completely surprised and the Americans were completely victorious.

The storming of Stony Point naturally aroused a tremendous enthusiasm and it came at the right time. The country was depressed if not quite discouraged, and Stony Point was like a tonic. It gave the people more strength, more courage and at a time when they sadly needed it. Not only did General Wayne receive official recognition, but he was in receipt of hundreds of congratulatory letters expressing popular and professional opinion. Chicago News.

A Cheerful Suggestion. Not long ago a stock of my keys was sold at auction and Mrs. Wilson attended the sale. When she returned her face was radiant with joy.

"You must join the recreation society," were the first words she said to her husband.

Mr. W. What for?

Mrs. W. I've bought such a lovely vase to hold your shoes. You have no idea how it will set off the mantle piece. London Answers.

Has a Right to Be Respectful. "I don't mind having my trousers, my coat, my necktie or even my collar plashed with mud by an automobile," says a South Broad street man. "But when one motor-car spatters my spectacles so that I can't see to dodge the next one I think I have a right to feel resentful."—Newark News.

Saving comes too late when you get to the bottom. —Success.

TRUSTED THE SUN.

Indian Origin of "the 10 o'clock" Boundary Line.

From a point near the mouth of the Miami river extends northwest through Indiana a boundary known as "the 10 o'clock line." This is one limit of an Indian grant. When the tribe had agreed to cede a portion of its territory to the whites a meeting was held for the purpose of marking out the ground. A surveyor was present and had mounted his compass and telescope on a tripod.

The head man of the tribe went up to the instruments, stared steadily at them for awhile, grunted and returned to the circle about the council fire. No word was spoken by any one. Soon another Indian arose, walked sedately to the instruments, gazed examined them, grunted and returned to his place by the fire. This example was followed by half a dozen others, after which a short consultation ensued.

The chief then approached the white men. "That what Indian know," he said, drawing a small circle on the ground with a stick; "that what white man know," drawing a larger circle round the first; "this what nobody know," he added, pointing to what lay without the last circle. "White man know that," indicating the instruments, "Indian not know it. Indian know sun. He never cheat. Him always same. Him throw shadow. Indian give white man land one side."

After long consultation it was decided that a line drawn in the direction in which the sun would cast a shadow from an agreed point—at 10 o'clock—should be made the boundary, the white men taking the land on one side and the Indians keeping that on the other—Exchange.

HOT FOODS IN RUSSIA.

The Steaming Scene in a Railroad Eating Room.

We stopped at Lubin for supper. The guard unlocked our car, opened the door and pointed to the station, where we found a monster eating room with huge lunch counters on either side and long rows of tables down the middle. Everybody was standing up. There were no seats anywhere. Hot coffee drinks were served at the side counters and smoking coffee and tall glasses of hot, clear tea. The Russian waitresses only hot drinks and eat only hot food.

On the center tables, set above sprink lamps, were hot dishes with big metal covers. There were glasses of hot drink for a few kopecks, which the Russian pours down all at once.

Taking a plate from a pile standing ready you help yourself to what victuals you choose. There were hot doughnuts with hashed meat inside, hot apple dumplings, hot juicy steaks, hot stews, hot fish—hot. Whichever you have eaten you fill you pay your bill at a counter near the entrance, according to your own reckoning. The Russian is honest in little things, and nobody doubts your word or questions the correctness of your payment. The eating room was full of big, tall, bearded, hair-haired, blue-eyed men and few women. The Russian is big himself, he likes big things, he thinks on big lines, he sees with wide vision—too wide almost to be practical. Hanging around the station were groups of such unkempt dirty peasants. We saw such groups of gaping peasants at every station, always a hopeless look of "don't care" in their eyes. William Seymour Edwards in "Through Scandinavia to Moscow."

The Stove of Our Fathers. The stove of a hundred or so years ago were not things to be lightly passed over by the human vision if they were all like those advertised in a New York paper of the time in these terms:

"A few Pyramidal Stoves, shaped nearly as follows. Standing 4 feet 6 inches high with 10 1/2 feet, the bust of General Washington on top, the arms of the United States on each side, with regulating doors. The whole moulded ornamented and finished in a masterly style forming an elegant stove for coal or wood appropriate for Churches, Public Offices, Halls or large Stores."—New York Herald.

Armor and Ancestors. According to the Revue Scientifique, it is possible to trace in modern and quite poor people the marks of armor caesque and armor pressing on the necks and bodies of generations produced certain birthmarks, which can be found today on members of families "not in good social position." But investigation has proved they are of gentle descent.

Just Oratory. I can understand spread eagle tactics, but here's something I can't understand.

"What's that?"

"Why should a congressman arguing for an appropriation to dredge a creek speak bitterly about the crowned heads of Europe?"—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Her Suggestion. Youngbubbs! You should curb your desires, my dear. Remember, we are just starting out in life and must economize. Mrs. Youngbubbs! But isn't getting into debt the best way? Then we'll have to economize.—Boston Transcript.

Trouble. Never bear more than one kind of trouble at a time. Some people bear three kinds—all they have had, all they have now and all they expect to have.

To remind a man of a kindness offered is little less than a reproach.—Demosthenes.