

The Diamond Hitch



A POPULAR WESTERN

ON THE WAY TO CAMP

The accompanying picture portrays the celebrated western "Diamond Hitch," which is used for the purpose of fastening baggage to pack horses, and the picture in the left-hand corner depicts the famous and popular westerner, Mr. James Brewster, more familiarly known to his friends as "Jim." Mr. Brewster provides the mountain ponies for tourists who stay at C. P. R. hotels in the Canadian Rockies, and he is the owner of the largest ranch in the mountains where no less than six thousand horses are running wild. These pack horses, or mountain ponies, are of a very hardy type, and are used extensively for long hauling to camp in the backwoods. The peculiar way in which the knot is tied is such that it is impossible to slip.

Emptying the Barrel

Stutely Perkins to his wonder and consternation, had been elected to represent his people in Washington as a sort of dark horse. He was a simple-hearted, unsophisticated Grass Valley farmer. The thought of Washington appalled him. So Sam Arnald, a politician who had isolated himself in Grass Valley with the sole purpose of himself representing the people, offered his services as secretary. Stutely caught at the offer as a drowning man grasps at a straw.

In Washington Stutely was for seeking out a boarding house at \$4 or \$5 a week, but Arnald held up his hands in horror at such a thought. They must have a house in a good locality, with plenty of servants, so they could receive properly. That was what Washington demanded. And Stutely Perkins, after a feeble protest, yielded. His secretary understood these and he did not; and the last admission of his constituents at home had been to "do the thing up right." He must not disgrace Grass Valley.

"Thank you. It shall be violet, then." The door had been left open; as Anna went out her mother came from a room opposite. "Anna," he heard her say sharply, "didn't I tell you to ask for orchids?" "You said I was to have full charge, mamma, and orchids cost—"

"Not another word, Anna!" hissed her mother. "You may go to your room." As they passed down the hall Mr. Perkins rose softly and closed the door. He was chuckling. An hour later he saw Anna in the garden. Obeying a sudden impulse he joined her. "Mebbe I'd better order some flowers," he suggested. "I don't want to seem close."

"One day Mr. Arnald came to him with a grave face. This Grass Valley farmer had stood out beyond his wildest dreaming. Now he must bring things to a crisis. "We must entertain more lavishly," he began brusquely. "All Washington is beginning to laugh at our economy. You may draw me a check for \$5,000. Perhaps I can make that cover my month's plans, outside of the regular allowance."

"Five thousand—dollars! Look here, Mr. Arnald, this thing's already cost me all my year's wages and dug a deep hole in what I've got down home." "Yes, coolly. "I told you the thing would cost. If you couldn't afford it you had no right to come. Grass Valley is already feeling the disgrace of your economy, and—"

"Anna was at the head of the stairs. She came directly to him. "What is it, Mr. Perkins," she asked, her face full of concern. "Have—have they—"

"Been doing something more?" grimly. "Yes, turned the barrel upside down this time." "I was afraid so. I—heard Mr. Arnald tell mamma that you'd been showing more grit than he counted on. Oh, Mr. Perkins, don't you do it. There's no need. Mr. Arnald isn't—"

"Neither," promptly. "Want to know which flower you like best, violet or daisy. You see, the garden-er has a splendid lot of both in his cold frames."

"No, indeed! Not when we have plenty of nice things. It would be a sheer waste of money." "But that's what I thought folks here—no, I don't quite mean that, apologetically. "But I think just as you do. And I sort of like violets best."

Stutely Perkins had lost his usually ruddy color and was gasping. "Shall I have to ask the President of the United States to visit me?" "Of course," without the slightest twitch of a muscle. "Do you want my cousin?" "Yes, I—guess so," helplessly; "anything you think best."

At first the magnificence of his salary had seemed the certainty of adding a goodly fortune to what he already possessed in Grass Valley. But that idea was slipping away. To his cousin Mr. Arnald was more considerate. "Yes," he said, just this way, Adelaide," he said thoughtfully, "if Stutely loses heart and drops out I'm pretty sure to drop in. I was rather popular back there in Grass Valley, I think. So don't stint in the way of entertaining. Have the girls understand it. I might offer a diamond ring to one who runs up the largest account. State hasn't been used to spending much, and he'll soon get frightened off or broke. It really doesn't matter which. Only make his money fly."

They did. The very day after she came the cousin went to Stutely. "The house will have to be refurbished," she said calmly. "The old furniture is old-fashioned. Shall I give the order, or will you? It is immaterial. But I understand from Mr. Arnald that you wished to do the proper thing. Grass Valley, I believe, is—rather remote, and natural—"

"Grass Valley is always ready to do its share and a little more," interrupted Stutely, flushing under the insinuation. "The house seems grand to me, but you can go ahead." The next day Kate, the oldest daughter, came to him and said she must have a new piano in the music room. "If I am to have charge of the music I must have carte blanche and everything that's needed."

During the week he was visited by Maud, the second daughter, with a long list of silver and china needed for the table service, and from Cora, the third, with an equally long list of costly pictures and bric-a-brac. To both, after a few comments, he yielded.

But after Cora's departure he took paper and pencil and made and added up long columns of figures. He worked slowly and laboriously, but at last pushed back the paper with a low whistle, which ended in a chuckle. "Been here two weeks yesterday," he said aloud, "and blowed in more'n a year's wages already. Well, they said for me to do the thing up right, and I'm going to. Lucky I've got a pretty good gist of money down to Grass Valley. Let's see all the girls have been to me except the pretty one they call Anna. Her ma said she was to run the flower show. Guess she won't stand off long."

As if in answer to his words there was a light step outside and a tap upon the door. "Come in," he grinned. Then, as the door opened, "sort of notioned ye'd be round. 'Bout flowers, ain't it? What is it you'd like? A new conservator or a wagon load o' them orchids?"

"Neither," promptly. "Want to know which flower you like best, violet or daisy. You see, the garden-er has a splendid lot of both in his cold frames."

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HE WAS A TRUE SPORT.

Even Though He Lost the Race He Was Thoroughly Satisfied. In the "Memoirs" of Admiral Lord Charles Beresford the author tells of an occasion when the Prince of Wales, afterward King Edward VII., performed the ceremony of opening a new breakwater at Holyhead. The general proceedings were very formal and somewhat prosy, and his royal highness requested Lord Charles to do something by way of enlivenment.

"Well, sir," said I, "I will run a hundred yards-race with Lord —. As he is Irish, he is sure to take me up if I challenge him." "Sure enough, Lord — accepted the challenge, but on conditions. These were that I should race in full uniform, excepting my sword, while himself should take his wardrobe from of himself. Lord — then proceeded to divest himself there and then of his Patrick ribbon, coat, waistcoat and boots; which he confided to the care of the wife of a certain distinguished Liberal statesman. He dropped his Patrick ribbon into her lap, saying, 'Madam, will ye have a care now of me jewel, for there's no saying what twist this mad divil might give me?'"

"Entirely at ease, with the seat of his breeches patched with stuff of another color from the rest, he was wholly unperturbed by the laughter of the assemblage. "Although attired in cocked hat, frock coat and epaulettes, I had the speed of him and waited on him. Then the devil entered into me, and when Lord — drew abreast of a big plant of pampas grass I deliberately bumped into him, pitching him head first into the grass, not, of course, intending to harm him. But, to my consternation and sorrow, Lord —'s leg was broken below the knee. I put the poor lord into his coach—he had a coach and four-in-hand—and drove him back to his hotel. That excellent and magnanimous sportsman was perfectly unconcerned."

"You hit me a bad skelp, and I am destroyed," said he. "Never mind, they all laughed, anyway." King on the Battlefield. From earliest times English kings have loomed large in the military history of their country. William III., at the end of the seventeenth century, was perhaps the greatest military genius that has ever occupied the British throne. The historic and noble defence of the Netherlands which occupied his life is now only threatened with comparison by King Albert's heroism.

The Hanoverians saw this change in kingship firmly established. Yet in 1743 George II. accompanied his army in the field, and was the last reigning King of England to do so. Then, at Dettingen, in Bavaria, he personally led an army of English, Hanoverians, and Austrians to victory against the French, who were in superior force under the Duc de Noailles.

This was in the war of the Austrian succession—when Europe was plunged into war by Frederick the Great of Prussia breaking his word, pledged in a treaty, to help Maria Theresa succeed to the Austrian throne. Since then no reigning monarch has accompanied his troops in the field, though William IV., the sailor King, saw active service as a prince, and served under Admiral Rodney in 1780 in the naval battle of Cape St. Vincent.

Now, after a lapse of 171 years, George V., a reigning King, has been with his army in the field. Had Given It. Here is a good story of a popular English actor. He had gone to give an entertainment at the house of a nouveau riche. There was a dinner on. When he got there, to his amazement, he was shown into the servants' hall to wait. Their dinner was just on the table, so he accepted the butler's invitation and sat down to it with them. After the meal, at which he was particularly bright, he went all through his program for the benefit of his hosts, the servants. He had hardly done when he was summoned to the drawing-room, to find the guests there solemnly seated in rows, waiting for him to commence.

"Commence!" he asked, with the bland smile for which he is noted. "Commence what? My little entertainment? Oh, I see. Very sorry, but—it's over. I gave it, as I always do, where I dined. Good night."

His Choice. Just after the fall of Bloemfontein soldiers were called for, owing to the scarcity of civilians, to work the railway. The weary "Tommy's" were lying in a camp one night after a hard day's work, when a sergeant called out: "Any of you men want to put your names down as railway porters, drivers, stokers, half-boiled clerks, or for any other appointments connected with the railway?"

Silence, broken only by snores. Then one "Tommy" slowly raised his head and drowsily muttered: "Put me down as a sleeper, sergeant."

A Venturesome Journey. On his perilous expedition through Tibet, Dr. Sven Hedin stained his hands and face like a native's and, disguised as a common Ladakhi, made his way through the country, exploring and collecting information of great value. When the party met strangers the doctor would get down and walk with the attendants driving the baggage and sheep and going by the name of Hadji Baba. Even so, more than once the real business of the party was suspected, and the venturesome doctor had more than one narrow escape.

Preaches From Aeroplans. Rev. L. J. Walters, vicar of Hoo, near Rochester, Eng., has lately been appointed chaplain of the Naval Air Station at Hoo on the River Medway, and, when he conducts a service, he does so in the aerodrome, and uses the seat of the airship as his pulpit. Many a man imagines he's the whole circus who hasn't the ghost of a show. Occasionally a man makes a great hit by doing the wrong thing at the right time.

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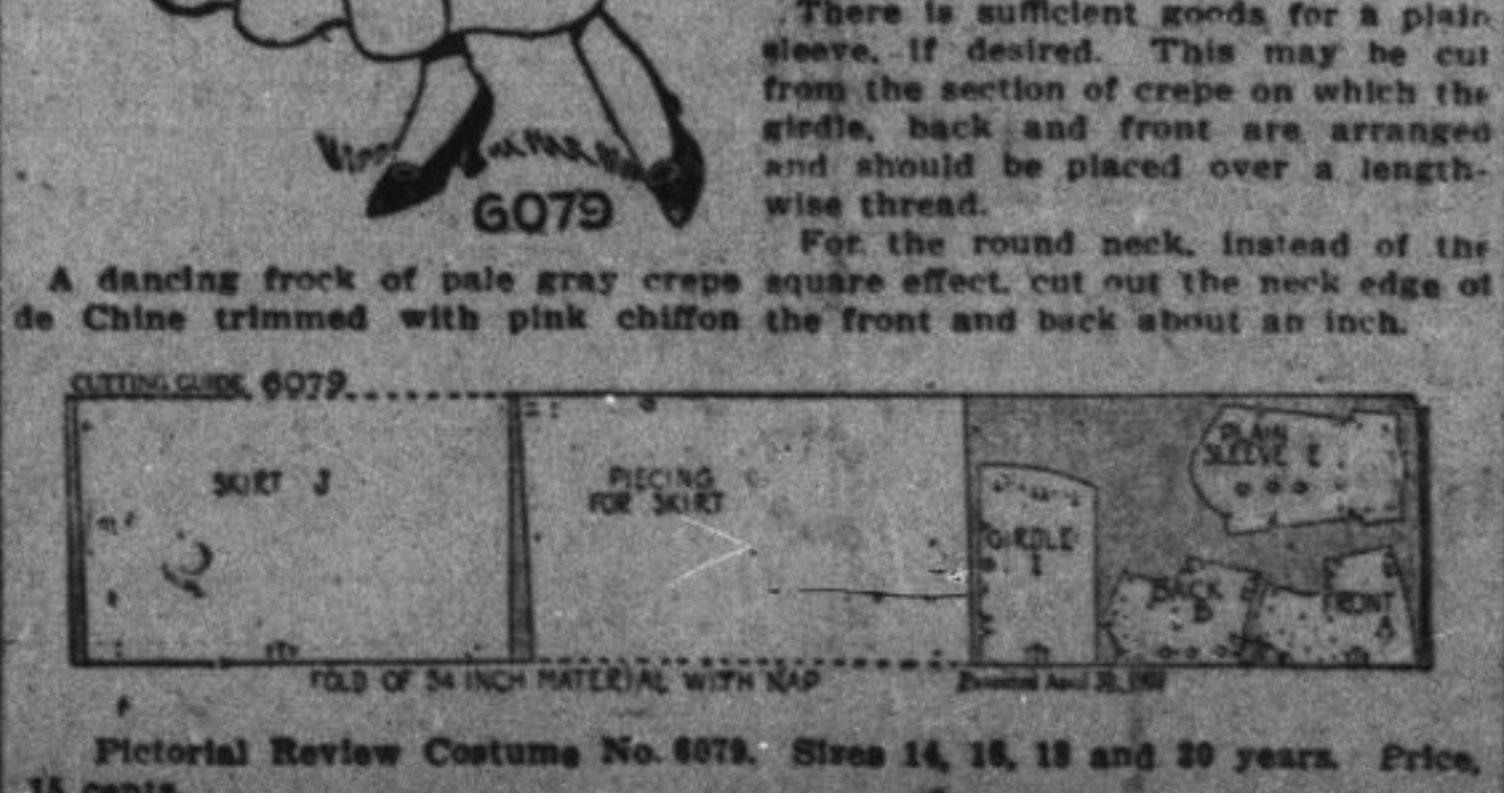
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GRAY FOR YOUNG WOMEN. roses. The bodice has shoulder straps edged with narrow ruffles. Ultra-smart frocks designed for young women are made of gray silk crepe de Chine. The selection of this color may occasion surprise, but it is so effectively combined with bright pink, blue and greens that it is quite as youthful as the pastel tones. Here is shown a charming frock in gray trimmed with pink chiffon roses. The short waisted bodice has a square neck and ruffled shoulder straps. Double ruffles form the sleeves. The model is easily changed into a street frock by the addition of a gimp.



A dancing frock of pale gray crepe de Chine trimmed with pink chiffon the front and back about an inch. Pictorial Review Costume No. 6079. Sizes 14, 16, 18 and 20 years. Price, 15 cents.

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