

## The Filipino Cupid

By M. J. PHILLIPS

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Snick!  
Something struck Private Weaver on the breast of his blue flannel shirt and hung there. He looked down—at a tiny arrow—and went sick with terror. For in the Philippines poisoned arrows are the soldier's bugbear; and about San Benao there were many tribesmen adept in the use of the deadly dart.

Weaver glared at the wall of green jungle along which his beat ran. It quivered under the assault of a vertical sun, but there was no one in sight. Hastily he tore open his shirt and undershirt, and a prayer of thanksgiving ascended from his heart. The skin was not broken; the virus could have no effect.

Then, gingerly, he untangled the barb of the arrow, and laughed sheepishly. It was innocent of the deadly brown stain at the tip; so it was not a poisoned arrow at all. The dart was daintily fashioned, almost as light as a straw, and was stained a pale blue.

At the feathered butt something white was attached—a little roll of paper. He smoothed it out, first assuring himself that Melgs on his right and McCarthy on his left were walking their posts and paying no attention to him. On the bit of paper, in a round feminine hand, was the single word, "amigo?"

"Amigo—friend," pondered Weaver, his boyish brow wrinkling with perplexity. "With a question mark attached. A woman wrote that. Am I a friend of a woman in distress? Am I game? I am." Turning to the wall of green he said cautiously, "Yes, senorita."

On the next turn another tiny arrow whizzed out of the jungle and clung to his breast. He unrolled the note it bore: "I fear lookers and cannot talk now. At the church of San Juan at midnight. Three small whistles."

"Twice—over the heart," mused Weaver. "That's some shooting, O you Filipino Cupid!"

It was dark at midnight at the church of San Juan, and lonesome. The woman had gone down. Private Weaver kept the butt of his revolver within reach. The church was outside the American lines and wandering bands of insurgents criss-crossed through the jungle, looking for unfortunates to cut up.

As the sexton beat out the hour



"'Amigo—Friend,' Pondered Weaver."

with his bamboo hammer on the chimneys of San Luis in the village, Weaver gave three low whistles. A rustle and out from the jungle stepped two women. They were fairly outlined in the starlight—a slender girl ahead, an older woman stooping behind.

"Those is the Senor Weaver?" asked the young woman, in curiously accented English.

"It is," said the soldier.

"I have come to save the life of a countryman of yours," she continued. "He was a soldier, too, but the insurgents captured. He in the village of Gomaro is kept but a few miles from here, but much hidden. The insurgents leave it soon; they cannot take him on the march. He must die. With your help, my father and I can save him. We can to the village go, since the insurgents trust us. You will aid?"

"Sure," returned Weaver, heartily. He was betting with himself that a girl who owned a low, melodious voice like that must be pretty. "You aren't a Filipino?" he queried abruptly.

"I am Spanish," returned the girl proudly. "And in your United States was educated. But listen," and she talked rapidly for several minutes.

"Fine," cried Weaver, admiringly, when she had finished; "that's a good plan, senorita. I never would have thought of it."

"Your praises please me, senor," said the girl, quaintly. "Until to-morrow, then."

It was a slim, smooth hand which answered—or did it?—his own quick

pressure. Then she was gone, followed by the faithful duenna.

Having been relieved from guard at eight o'clock that night, Weaver had twenty-four hours' liberty. At reveille next morning he slipped away, carrying two rifles, two belts filled with ammunition, some sandwiches and a well-filled canteen. By the middle of the forenoon he was hidden beside a dim trail three miles beyond the church of San Juan. A shaggy pony kept him company.

Down the trail had gone the senorita, the bent and wrinkled cron who had been her companion in the churchyard, and the Senor Grillo. The soldier had won his bet with himself. The senorita was pretty—lawfully pretty—with great dark eyes, creamy cheeks and red lips. It passed the hours most agreeably, thinking of her.

About one o'clock the duenna returned about at a speed surprising to

try posted in pass above the village. It had worked out perfectly, but even as they talked faint sounds came from the trail below. The insurgents had discovered the deception and were in angry pursuit. The senor and his daughter hurried up the trail, taking Mallory's pony with them. The two soldiers, each with his Krag caddled to his shoulder, lay down at a turn of the path to cover their retreat.

The fight that followed is an army tradition. Hearing the firing, Captain Carter, commandant at San Benao, rushed out two companies to do a little investigating. Near the search of San Juan the troops encountered a Spanish gentleman mounted and leading an extra pony. His pretty daughter, from whose cheeks the roses had fled, piteously implored them in quaint English to hurry to the aid of Senor Weaver, who was hurt.

Down the trail they went at the double—to stumble onto Weaver, lying prone in the dust and firing viciously, a red stain growing on his legging. Beside him lay—apparently—a little old Filipino woman, gaudy skirt tucked up to show a pair of faded and tattered khaki breeches. "She" was emptying a long-nosed Krag with deadly effect into a cloud of advancing insurgents, and swearing comprehensively while the blood from a wounded arm dripped off "her" finger tips.

At sight of the howling reinforcements the Filipinos fired one more futile volley and disappeared with great celerity. Weaver and Mallory lay at ease in the dust as their comrades charged over them and grinned at one another as men will grin who have done a good day's work.

Some evenings later, Weaver, a came between his knees, sat beside the Senorita Orilla, on the porch of a house in the village. For obvious reasons, the senor and his daughter had abandoned their home outside the lines, beyond the church of San Juan.

"The regiment has been ordered home," said Weaver; "we sail in three weeks from Manila."

"Is it so?" replied the senorita, demurely; "then we will together go. For my father is decided to live in America. He has all his lands sold here."

Weaver gathered one of the little hands into his own strong fingers. "Isabella," he murmured, "can't we always be together? That first arrow you fired pierced my heart; you alone can heal the wound. There is a priest in the village. We can be married before we sail."

With a sigh of utter content, the girl drooped her head against his shoulder. "There must be a Filipino—what you call—Cupid," she said. "For my heart was pierced, too, at first sight of you, tall, brave American. So I kiss the arrow before I fire him, and pray he reach his mark."

She Knew.

One day, when Molly was about four years old, she was sent to feed the pigs. When she came back she said: "That stuff isn't fit to give to pigs."

"How do you know?" asked her mother.

"'Cause I tasted it!"—The Delinquent.

Exacting.

"So you have broken your engagement with that charming suffragette," said one young man.

"Yes," replied the other. "She refused to promise that when we were married she would give up her club."

## Winter Months on the Farm

How to Improve Them

### Poultry Management

Care of Fowls for Profitable Returns With Hints on Buildings and Appliances  
By PROF. J. G. HALPIN  
Wisconsin College of Agriculture

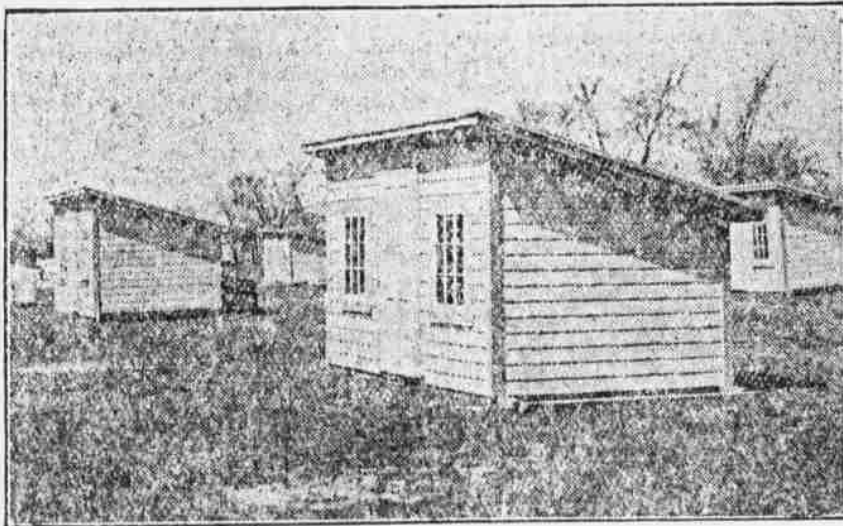
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Poultry can be made to pay a much larger return on most farms with good winter management, since the fowls consume much feed that would otherwise be wasted. During the summer farm poultry keeping is comparatively easy, and the fowls earn a good living and give profitable returns in growth and eggs, but during the winter periods the farm flock is often poorly cared for and returns are far less than they should be under slightly improved methods. A small flock, rightly managed, will lay more eggs than several hundred hens allowed to roam free, hunting for their living with the exception of an occasional feed of whole corn or table scraps. When laying hens crowd into draughty stables or under the corn crib for shelter, the egg crop is bound to be short.

#### Colony House System.

The best poultry house for the average farmer is a small movable colony house, which will accommodate 25 to 30 hens as a laying flock. The advantages of the movable house are that it is more sanitary, particularly in summer, when it can be dragged about fields and cleaned in made unnecessary. Fowls are given an increased range over new territory each time the house is moved. Less poultry feed is needed to keep the fowls in active condition and the benefits of the birds as insect destroyers may be secured by bringing the movable house into the orchard. During winter the movable house is less advantageous, but by locating it on a warm south slope and providing ample space, it serves this purpose fully as well as a fixed house.

A good colony house, shown in the illustration, is used at the Wisconsin College of Agriculture poultry department for summer chick raising, and with slight modifications may be made to serve for winter use. This house is 8x12 feet on the floor, which is of matched hard pine laid upon two 4x4 inch runners. It is sided on studs with plain mill lumber and where used only for summer colonies no lining is required. Where such a house is used in the winter, it should be well lined, so that it is perfectly air tight on all sides, except the front, where the 2 open windows are placed. The height is 7½ feet high on front and slopes



A good type of colony house set in a young orchard. This may be built of plain milled lumber at moderate cost. The fowls enter through small openings in the rear.

down to 4½ feet on the back. A roosting closet, in front of which is hung a muslin curtain, must be provided in one end for winter use. This curtain should be hung upon a rod supported by cleats so that it may be removed in summer when the curtain is not needed.

A fixed or permanent laying house for farm flock may be constructed about as follows: The building should be 14 feet wide and as long as is necessary to provide 12 feet compartments which will hold 40 to 50 hens each. The partitions between these compartments may be made of netting. This building should have a long and short slope roof about 7 feet high on the front and 4½ feet on the rear. In the front a window, covered with one-inch netting, open the year around, will furnish ample ventilation and light. Perches should be put in at the rear over a dropping board, in front of which is hung the muslin curtain to confine the heat from the bodies of the fowls into a small space. Sufficient ventilation will be secured in the roosting compartment through the muslin.

Mixed gravel furnishes the best material for the floor of a house for laying hens, and if changed each year is quite sanitary. This gravel should be at least six inches deep upon a firm foundation. If rats are troublesome the foundation under the walls of the house should be made of concrete and a tight bottom of concrete over which four inches of gravel may be spread. This gravel is covered with six inches of litter, which must be changed as rapidly as it becomes damp or dirty.

#### Clover Good Litter.

White straw is quite universally used as a scratching litter in poultry houses, clover hay will prove more efficient and but little more expensive on most farms. A forkful added each

day will give the hens some fresh feed to pick over since they will eat a large number of the green clover leaves. A good method is to place some straw in the poultry house and add a little clover hay regularly. Clover chaff and second grade hay may be used to good advantage.

It is unnecessary to chop straw or other litter for hens, if it is in moderate lengths, since they will soon break it up if the building is kept dry. Bedding down hens with clover or alfalfa hay avoids the necessity of soaking chaff for feeding, and fits into the system of the average farm much better. It is important to provide sufficient litter at least 8 to 12 inches deep, in order to make the hens work to get their grains. A small amount of litter will soon be scratched over and the hens will need more exercise.

#### Pure Water Essential.

Plenty of clean water above the freezing temperature in winter is quite important. A large part of the composition of the egg is water and the hens need a regular and ample supply to do their best work. If water is placed in the poultry house while slightly warm, the necessity of making arrangements to prevent freezing will be avoided. The prime essential is to keep drinking vessels clean. Scald them frequently and rinse out every day. The drinking vessels should be placed on a platform 12 to 18 inches above the general level of the floor, so that litter cannot be scratched into the vessel. An ordinary No. 12 galvanized iron tub is most practical for the ordinary poultry house. It is easy to handle and clean and can be carried without difficulty better than a shallow pan or one of the patented drinking fountains.

#### Best Form of Feed Troughs.

For feeding a wet mash a flat trough 4 feet 5 inches wide, with sides 4 inches high 8 feet long, is ample for a flock of 40 hens. This flat trough is better than the V-shaped, so commonly used, as it is much easier to clean and is not upset so readily. For feeding a dry mash, the main hopper is about the best arrangement ever devised. It consists of a square flat box 4 inches wide slatted on the side with perpendicular slats 2 inches apart and has a sloping top

## CAP and BELLS



### His Enunciation Was Poor.

Postmaster Had No Letter for Farmer's Cow When Asked for Mail for Mike Howe.

The burly farmer strode anxiously into the postoffice.

"Have you got any letter for Mike Howe?" he asked.

The new postmaster looked him up and down.

"For who?" he snapped.

"Mike Howe!" repeated the farmer. The postmaster turned aside.

"I don't understand," he returned, stiffly.

"Don't understand!" roared the applicant. "Can't you understand plain English? I asked if you've got any letter for Mike Howe!"

"Well, I haven't!" snorted the postmaster. "Neither have I a letter for anybody else's cow!"

#### Amenities.

A solicitor who had been asked out to dinner and was delicately "pumped" for legal information by his host sent in a bill for "advice."

To this the host responded with a demand for payment for the dinner eaten by the solicitor.

Equal to the occasion, however, the latter promptly threatened a prosecution for selling wine without a license, thus effectually silencing the layman.—Tit-Bits.

#### Had a Tough Foot.

A bare-footed negro wandered into a blacksmith shop in a little southern town. While watching the smith pound the iron into shape he unconsciously stepped on a red hot coal. After several minutes had passed he sniffed his nose once or twice and remarked in an incidental way: "Pears to me, sah, dat I smells rubbah burnin'."—National Monthly.

#### His Share.

"I wish you would tear a little piece off the corner of one of those bills in your pay envelope," she said, as her husband passed over his wages to her.

"Why, dear?" he asked with some surprise.

"Because I don't want you to be able to say that I get all your money!"

#### An Interference.

"How many ducks did you shoot, Pat?"

"The devil a wan!"

"Weren't there any there?"

"Sure! The lake was full av thim. But iv'ry time I'd point me gun at wan, d'ye mind, another wan w'd get betwixt me an' him an' spoil me aim!"

#### SHE KNEW.



Two young ladies who had been brought up in the city, while visiting at a farm in Ohio last summer, were much interested in the milking of the cows. "Which is the cow that gives the buttermilk?" innocently asked one of the girls as she inspected the herd with a critical eye. "Don't make yourself ridiculous," replied her cousin, who had boasted that she had been in the country before. "Goats give buttermilk."

#### In Primitive Districts.

"How'd that candidate come to get beat after he hired the best brass band in the county?"

"The other fellow got closer to the people. He'd come right into the parlor an' play us a tune on our own melodeon."

#### Etymology.

"Pa, why do people say that something is easy is a 'pipe'?"

"I don't know, my son, unless the idea is vaguely associated with the money plumbers go."

## THAT AWFUL BACKACHE

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