

kind to anyone?"

"No, Major. You were not unkind. You were... most kind... to... to everybody."

"Are you sure of that?"

"Quite sure."

He lay still for a while. Then: "Are you sure I mentioned no names? Can you assure me I did not?"

Babe's face flushed scarlet. Then the trained nurse in her responded: "When we graduate we swear never, under any circumstances, to divulge bedside confidences. You must ask no further questions, Major Dexter,—no more." Her voice shook.

"But it is not that, little girl; it's not that! And you divulge no secret, really, if you just answer me. There is something not quite clear to me," he added. "Tell me, was not... did not a young woman come to see me one evening? And she stayed here for a little while?"

Her heart pounded so within her that she could not speak; and again he queried. Finally, straining at the words, she said: "No one has been to see you yet. Orders from the Colonel."

Passing a thin hand through his dark wavy hair and looking at her intently, he whispered: "Yet it seems to me... I could swear to it... I don't know... but it seems to me that a young woman came to me one moonlit evening and sat down by me and..." Now his voice sunk to an almost inaudible breath. "And she kissed me... and I kissed her... and she said..." Babe's heart stood still.

"And she kissed me," he went on, as inaudibly as before, "and she said she loved me... she said that..."

He sat up straight. "Miss Martin, little girl, tell me... was that a reality or just a dream? A reality,—or only a dream?"

Thus he asked, eyes imploringly set on hers, hand warm on her icy trembling one. "You were here—you could tell me."

"It was only a dream," she whispered at last, brokenly. "A beautiful dream." And flung both hands before her flaming face.

Was it the voice that said what the words did not quite betray? He sat up abruptly and looked

at her in unending surprise. Then with very gentle persuasion he drew her to him and took her hands, still wet with tears, and stroked them, however much she resisted, and kissed them.

"My dear girl, my dear little girl," he repeated. Then folding her in the crook of his arm: "And what keeps us, tell me, from making the dream become a reality?"

Apparently nothing kept them from so fascinating a pursuit, for three weeks afterwards they were married. To the regiment, to the hospital and even to Manila the news came with the force of a thunderclap. What? Dexter! That dashing fellow Dexter! You don't say? A nurse... and not even a young one at that... She nursed him... hm! You never can tell in this blamed country. Poor Dexter.

It was Sally, vivacious, unconventional Sally who probably came nearest solving the puzzle, but she had lain awake nights thinking of Babe and her perfectly astounding piece of luck. Babe! How in the world's goodness did she manage it? Why, it sort of made you feel queer to see one like Babe arrive where you have for years tried to arrive yourself.

The evening after the wedding—it had taken place at the chief surgeon's on General Luna street—Sally had a few callers to tea and the topic hinged on the still inexhaustible subject of Babe Martin. Lieutenant Timothy Ward, pressing Sally's lively hand, said, between puffs at cigarettes: "I truly believe he has been smitten with sudden blindness—poor Dexter." And Captain Peter Lyle who was never far from where Sally found herself, added: "She must have bewitched him, really. We all know he had been going stronger than strong—and then to fall for Babe!"

Sally remained pensive for a minute or so, then she burst out: "You never said a truer word, Pete. Bewitched him, yes, that's it." Both exclaimed: "Sally! Are you getting superstitious in your old days?"

She shook her head, but could not be induced to say more. But she thought to herself: "It was that moonlight... It sort of changes you... mellows you... Babe Martin—one night she

looked, she looked positively beautiful! Sort of like a saint, I'd say... and Dexter, he was no saint himself... Attraction of the extremes. Something like that..."

"Sally! Why so pensive?" Sally was thinking of herself and how in spite of her evident popularity, she was getting nowhere. Twenty-eight pretty soon, and all those fellows ready for fun at all times, but no more. She must adopt new tactics, she must.

Suddenly she went out on the porch. "Come out here, boys," she called, and a new alluring note was in her voice. "Come and look at the moon! Pete, don't you think she is beautiful?"

Dalagang Bundok *

Dawn bursts the tropic night,
The barrio wakes—
Mangy dogs and scurrying pigs,
Harsh choruses of fowls;
Querulous voices dominate the Bedlam.

But along the mountain trail
Through the loitering
Sweetness of the night
Comes the market girl—
Basket lightly poised on head,
Unhurried movement,
Sinuous, swift;
No eyes need guide her dewy feet,
Sure as the forest creature's
In the rugged path.

She nears,
She turns a placid golden face
With eyes of shadowed pools,
And smiles, and passes on:
All vigorous grace,
Lithe hips and sculptured limbs,
Breasts at the bud of maidenhood,
Lips of sensuous roundness
And guileless innocence—
What harmony of color and of motion!

—R. F. WENDOVER.

*Mountain Girl.

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