

REASSURING HER.

They had just finished talking over for a hundredth time how wonderful it was that they should have found each other out of all the millions of people in the world.

The young woman let an expression of horror sweep across her face. "It makes me shudder," she confessed, "when I think how awful it would have been if we had never met."

"Wouldn't it, though," agreed the young man with the comfortable cheerfulness of the average man with no imagination.

"Now, just suppose," went on the pretty young woman who had grasped a new idea, "suppose you hadn't met me, George. I expect it wouldn't have made any difference at all to you. You'd just have gone and fallen in love with some other girl, wouldn't you?"

"Well, I should say not!" the young man said, promptly. "There isn't any one else who can come within a million miles of you, Sadie!"

The pretty girl dimpled becomingly, then frowned anxiously. "But you wouldn't have known that if you hadn't met me," she persisted. "And you'd have thought the other girl was the loveliest—and wouldn't have cared a bit about me?"

"How could I if I hadn't laid eyes on you?" queried the young man, who was just beginning to wake up to the fact there was an argument on.

The pretty girl hunted for her handkerchief. "That's all a woman's love amount to!" she said. "That's all he cares! Now, I never could care a particle for any other man on earth, and here you admit you could fall in love with another girl!"

"I never saw such a thing!" cried the young man. "You said that if I hadn't met you—oh, hang it, Sadie, but I have met you and don't know there's another girl in existence." So what's the use of worrying?"

"But," mourned the pretty girl, "that isn't the point, if I wasn't here you would, you'd be sitting, beside some other girl this minute—s-s-saying the same things you s-s-say to me! It just breaks my heart! It shows that your love isn't very deep. Maybe you don't love me at all. I don't believe you do. You've just deceived me all along!"

The young man began to look despairing. "I don't see what I can



"You've just deceived," said Judd.

say or do more than I have," he protested. "I don't see what has come over you. Why, it's foolish of you." "That's right," said the pretty girl, "go on! I had an idea you had such a temper—to fly to pieces so over nothing. Only I never thought you'd get angry at me!"

"But I'm not angry," protested the young man.

"You are just trying to distract me from my discovery that you don't love me!" persisted the young woman. "You can't deny it! Just think, I might never have found it out if I hadn't stumbled on it this way. I hope you won't lose any time finding the other girl and f-f-falling in love with her right away! I hope you won't feel in the least bound to me. But I hate her!"

"So do I," said the young man with grim enthusiasm. "I wish you'd listen to reason a minute. I can't quite figure out how you started this, but—"

"Well, if you never had met me and didn't know I was on earth and never heard about me," persisted the young woman, giving her eyes a final dab. "would you tell me honestly, George—would you have thought you were in love with some other girl?"

The young man opened his lips for the logical reply. Then as he saw her intense face he became aware of his danger.

He swallowed resignedly, took both her hands in his and said with fervor: "Sadie, if I had been the only man in a whole country peopled by the most entrancing beautiful girls you could imagine and you had not been among them I'd never have fluttered an eyelid in their direction. I simply couldn't get up an interest in them. No, I should have gone through life a regular woman hater."

"Oh, how sweet!" cried the pretty girl, beaming. "Do you really mean it, George?"

"Had Him Both Ways."

"I defy you," said the beautiful girl, "and shall sue you at once for divorce."

"You cannot do that," he sneered, coldly (thinking to stun her), "for our marriage was never legal."

"Very well, then," she replied, not in the least perturbed. "I will sue you for breach of promise."

Breakfast table.

FORTUNES FROM IDEAS

Some Valuable Inventions Hit Upon Accidentally.

ANIMALS LEND IDEAS

A Man Discovered How to Make Sugar White and a Dog Gave Us the Art of Dyeing—Women Prominent as Inventors—Eccentricities of the Patent Office.

Whenever a new patent comes out, especially some little thing that anybody might have made, you will always hear the remark: "Why couldn't I have thought of that?" Fortunes are made from even the most trivial contrivances. A man walked from Philadelphia to Washington to patent the gimlet pointed screw, and this simple idea eventually earned him more than a million dollars. The rubber tip on the end of lead pencils made its inventor rich. The metal point on the end of your shoe-string earned a fortune for the woman who thought of it, and the copper cap that so long adorned the toes of children's shoes earned \$2,000,000 for the lucky person who patented it.

Many valuable inventions were hit upon in a most accidental way. The art of making sugar white was discovered by a harmless old, speckled hen. This feathered matron one day went for a walk through a field of clay and later without taking the precaution to wipe her feet walked through a sugar mill on the same plantation, scattering clay over the loose mounds of sugar as she passed. Afterward it was discovered that wherever her tracks had fallen on the moist sugar the clay had whitened it. Scientists took up the matter and from this incident introduced the method of bleaching sugar by the clay process.

A dog gave us the art of dying cloth. One afternoon so many years ago, that the date is of small consequence a noted man and his sweetheart went for a walk along the sands of the seashore in a far off country. A little dog trailed along at their heels and becoming weary of much love making finally ran ahead and went fishing among the rocks. One particular shell fish which he captured and devoured exuded a fluid which dyed the hair about the mouth a pretty purple. Investigation of this incident founded the science of dyeing cloth.

A man from Michigan was told by the doctors to take his wife South for her health. He purchased a big wagon and team for the trip, and thought to make some profit by carrying a sack of feather dusters to sell along the way. One day he went to the factory where his dusters were being made, and while standing in the yard talking to one of the employees picked up from the ground one of the "strutters" or tall feathers from a turkey—the refuse from the duster factory. He began idly twisting a thread back and forth through its broken edges, and the idea of the featherbone came to him. The featherbone is the successor of whalebone, and is indispensable to the attire of the modern woman. He patented the idea and received so much money from it that he will never have to travel overland in a wagon again unless he wants to.

It is interesting to note how much has borrowed many of his ideas from the animal world. Wasps made paper from wood long before man did. The folding compass and the folding lower jaw of the dragon fly. The flying squid, a species of cuttlefish, has a way of projecting itself as high as twelve feet above the surface of the water by forcibly expelling water from its body. Man saw this and invented the skyrocket. The rope making machine used in the United States navy yards follows almost the precise lines that a spider does when making his own frail cable.

Women have been prominent in the field of invention and there are more than 3,500 different devices credited to their ingenuity. Of the list of things invented by women about 90 per cent. are devoted to the home, the kitchen and to dress. The first patent given a woman in the nineteenth century was granted to Mary Kier in 1809 for "straw weaving with silk thread"—the probable forerunner of American knitting. One of the most recent inventions by woman is a shoestring that won't come untied.

Thomas Jefferson may be termed the "Father of the Patent Office," for it was he who saw to the passing of the act creating the office and the copyright system. For a number of years he was one of the committee who passed on the merits of all designs submitted to the office. One Dr. Thornton, a rather eccentric man, was the only department clerk the office had for a long period. In the War of 1812, when the British soldiers had a cannon trained on the patent office to destroy it the doctor rushed out and placed his body before the mouth of the cannon, exclaiming that if Goths and Vandals would destroy a building containing models that would benefit all the world the ball must first go through his body. It was spared, but in 1836 the office was burned and the only thing saved was a book of no particular value—New York Sun.

SUBSTITUTE FOR CHICKEN SOUP

Mineral Water Given a Nevada Recipe Has Palatable Flavor.

Chicken soup that is innocent of chicken, and owes none of its savoreness to the dexterity of the cook, is an article to be found, perhaps, in only one place in the world. This particular favored spot is the State of Nevada, and the soup is a natural production.

It is, states a well known scientist, a spring of calcareous deposits, located near Elko, and yields at first hand from Mother Earth what the inhabitants of the town regard as a better chicken soup than can be found in any of the hotels along the neighboring line of railway. This judgment may not be infallible, but there is no question that the flavor of the water justifies the name to the spring—the Soup Springs.

The springs, of which the Soup Spring is one, have been known to the people of that region for more than a hundred years. Long before white men came to the country the Indians were in the habit of pitching their tents in the neighborhood, so that sick members of their tribe might drink and bathe in the waters. In the early days the Washoes and Plutes had many a battle for the possession of the springs, until at last it dawned upon them that more men were killed in the battles than were cured by the waters. Thereupon, says tradition, they held a council, and somewhere between 1830 and 1840 came to an agreement to share the benefits of the spring.

The springs became known to the white men through the discovery of a prospector for gold, and soon forty acres of land around the coveted spot were secured.

The waters originally oozed out of the top of two rocky cones, but since tunnels have been run into the side at a depth of about six feet the springs have yielded several thousand gallons a day.

The waters of the one known as the Soup Spring contain sulphur, magnesia, iron and soda, with some copper. As the water runs out it is dipped up by tourists, and a little pepper and salt added. The taste is then so much like chicken broth that it would easily pass for it upon a hotel table. In fact, the experiment is said to have been tried, and no complaint was heard.

Napoleon and His Barber.

Constant, Napoleon's barber, tells of the many difficulties he experienced in shaving the Emperor. Napoleon would take his place in the chair, conversing and jesting. Suddenly he would call for a paper, or turn rapidly to look behind him.

The utmost caution was necessary upon the part of his barber to keep from cutting him; yet in spite of all these restless movements not once while Constant was shaving the Emperor did he do so.

Sometimes when in the chair he would sit stiff and motionless as a stone, and Constant tells that he could not get him to move his head either way in order to facilitate the operation of shaving.

Napoleon had a singular whim of having only one side of his face lathered and shaved at a time. When he shaved himself, which was seldom, he invariably cut himself badly. This was due to his restless impatience, and though he was scrupulously neat in his person, he would, after having a slice from his cheek, give up the operation in disgust and go about with part of his face unshaved until he had found his faithful barber.

The Telegraph and Electric Roads.

In this country telegraph engineers are in many places encountering serious difficulties in the operation of their circuits by the encroachments of electric traction systems. As the employment of high potential alternating current for electric traction purposes expands, as it is doing very rapidly throughout all parts of the United States, it is obvious that telegraph engineers will have to face numerous problems from harmful induction and conduction effects from this cause. It is, in fact, not easy to foretell what the ultimate effect of these high potential alternating current circuits upon the telegraph service will be. In the event of the general electrification of steam railroads it is probable that it will in many cases become necessary to remove the telegraph poles from the vicinity of the railway tracks and seek rights of way. Indeed, this action has already been taken by one of the telegraph companies between New York and New Haven—Electrical Review.

Water from Pennsylvania Mines.

Over 5,000,000 gallons of water are pumped out of the anthracite coal mines of Pennsylvania every day in the year. The exact average for 1904 was 533,000,000 gallons a day. Nearly 1,000 powerful engines, delivering from mine bottoms to surface 500,000 gallons of water a minute, are required. Mines may be shut down and coal production suspended, but the water flows on forever. According to The Iron Age, the cost of removing it is one of the important items of expense that make up the price of anthracite.

Among the household of the Chinese Emperor are 20 physicians, 75 astrologers, 76 cooks and 60 priests.

Cinderella, Ashes, Dust

"Here, Deada, come here! Deady go in there!"

The girl looked up impatiently from the book she was reading. In front of her sat a shaggy little yellow dog. One paw was extended very stiffly, but very graciously, toward her, and two round black eyes stared solemnly into her face.

"Why, I beg your pardon; but I didn't see you, really," explained Miss Adair. "How do you do?" She leaned over and shook the small dusty paw politely.

"Deady! Why, Deady!"

The man's big figure seemed suddenly to fill up the whole doorway of the little waiting room. There was about him the suggestion of a young Viking as he took off his soft gray hat, and the sunlight fell upon the gold of his hair.

"Deady has a way of forcing friendship upon strangers—but I am sure I am very much indebted to her this time," replied the man, bowing to her.

The swift color came into the girl's face as she felt her hand within his own and looked up into his gray eyes.

"I am afraid she thought me very rude," Miss Adair hastened to say, "but when you only expect to wait ten minutes between trains and find you must stay three hours instead, someone has to fall a victim to your temper, you know."

"Deady has heard all about that train," answered the man, laughing. "You see, we've been waiting for it 20 minutes already, and we'd about decided that 20 minutes plus 10 minutes equal a year. Shall we walk some of it away?"

The girl folded her gloves between the leaves of the book to mark her place.

"This is all the baggage I have to burden you with," she said, as she handed him the book.

Cameron slipped Kipling into his pocket. "Isn't this cheerful?" he asked, as he glanced around the nearly deserted room. "This is the kind of a place where one expects a raven to flap in and croak, 'Nevermore!' Great Scott! let's run," he exclaimed, boyishly.

"Where have you been?" asked the girl, as they went down the platform together.

"New Mexico. And I saw you last at a dance two years ago, and you went away the next day."

"To Europe," she interrupted. "I had to be finished, you know. And you never told me good-by. But I know that the red robes were yours."

"And you've come back without a title and have no ruined castle?"

"Only a Spanish one, and that is always in ruins," replied the girl, laughing, as she held out before him a slender, ringless hand.

"Then—I love you," said the man, quickly. "I wanted to tell you so at the dance; but I was only a stranger and a pilgrim in your town, and you were so young. I thought I could live without you, but I cannot—Constantine."

The girl looked down the long, quiet street. The late afternoon sun flooded the little town. The shadows of the leaves were like dim ghosts of leaves creeping across the pavement.

"Don't you know," she said, slowly, "that I am going to marry a senator and live in Washington? And we will be very rich and very influential. And I am going to have everything that I want. Don't you think a girl ought to be very happy when she gets everything she wants?"

"I made them say that the engagement should be announced until I came home. I've been waiting in St. Louis, you see, and I wanted to think about it all for awhile. Some way you don't feel so engaged when you're not wearing the ring yet, do you, Ronald?"

It was the first time she had ever spoken his name, and a queer little look of triumph came into the man's eyes.

"Your castle is too big and lonely for me to live in," he said. "All that I want is the wee cot and the cricket's chirr."

The girl looked up at him and laughed.

"Love in a hut with water and a crust."

Is—Love, forgive us cinders, ashes, dust."

she quoted quickly.

"You are kind of a girl that must always suggest to a man the tea kettle's song and the light of a fire, and my cricket will only sing for you, Constantine," Cameron said slowly. "Won't you accept the cinders, ashes, and dust, dear?"

They had reached the church and the man paused. "Will you come in here with me and help me tell the rector that he is going to marry us in his little church before we leave town this evening," Cameron's face, always strong, almost stern in its repose, had in it a certain unusual intensity as he looked down at the girl.

"You love me, Constantine," he said, quickly.

There was defiance in the dark eyes uplifted to meet his gray ones. Then a sudden color came into her face, and like a guilty child her lashes drooped and she looked at the ground. The man on the lower step held out his hand to her.

For just an instant she hesitated, then with an almost passionate eagerness she put her hand in his, and together they went into the church.

ARIZONA'S FOREST LAND

Ten Thousand Square Miles of Valuable Woods.

DAMAGE DONE BY SHEEP

These Form the Largest Unbroken Forest Outside of Africa—About 250 Years Old—3,000,000 Acres Reserved—Certain Grazing and Logging Allowed.

The largest unbroken forest in the world outside of Africa, it is believed to be the one which covers 10,000 square miles of northern Arizona. Other forests have larger trees, and other sections have more square miles of trees, counting all their forested areas together, but this great stretch of yellow pine, bordered with juniper and cedar, has few rivals anywhere.

As great forests go, this one is not old. The average tree is reckoned to be about 250 years old and the bulk of the forest is counted "ripe," that is, mature and ready to decline in vigor.

The Western yellow pine forms 70 per cent. of the growth. They are from 40 to 125 feet high, but they do not interlace; so the sunlight falls freely on the brown needle strewn ground. Here and there are open parks, often hiding little lakes in some depression.

There seems no reason for this sudden halt in the march of the trees—unless, as the lumber jacks say, the yellow pine will not grow on the richest soil; or, as observant foresters believe, these open glades mark the trail of long past fires of extreme violence. Such are made parks are found in the cedar and juniper forests where their origin is positively known and of comparatively recent date.

Taking the forest from end to end, it contains the most beautiful scenery and most of the natural wonders of Arizona. There are numerous caves, some of them of unknown extent; bottomless pits into which the flood waters of sudden showers pour and are lost, and where a stone dropped falls with no sound of stopping. Other caves are filled with ice that never melts and whose extent is undetermined.

In 1875 several tracts of forest land around the San Francisco mountains were set aside in reserve, and in 1893 these, with intervening tracts, were consolidated into the San Francisco Mountains Forest Reserve of 1,975,210 acres.

Fire, grazing and lumbering, the three great elements in forest destruction, have all had their way, but only the second has gone across into danger line. Strangely enough, says a writer in Out West, the destruction, from fire was largely before the coming of the whites, a very unusual tale in forest history. Many of the fires of the present time are due to lightning strokes. In some localities fully half of the mature pines show the long ragged scars of the devastating bolts.

All through the forest empty cabins mark abandoned stock ranches. Every little spring has its old camp, with forgotten brands and the names of cowboys cut in the bark of the quaking aspens.

The forest region has always been the best grazing land in Arizona. For years it teemed with cattle and sheep, contending back and forth for right of range and water holes. Overstocking and years of drought killed the feed at last with some exceptions. The cattle died, the sheep starved, and the owners found themselves with no more pickers, that is, farmers.

The forest never had a better enemy than the unlimited number of sheep that yearly grazed from mountains to desert and left a hard beaten track with broken and uprooted leading trees to mark their passage through the forest.

In 1905 there were grazing in the forest reserve of Arizona 71,315 head of cattle, 13,443 head of horses and 218,000 head of sheep, at a price of twenty and twenty-five cents a head for the cattle and horses and ten cents each for the sheep.

The same year, \$21,400 feet of lumber were sold, with 14,000 cords of fuel wood and 2,300 cords of poles. In 1904 Arizona received \$7,476,480 revenue from her reserved lands, that being 10 per cent. of their gross return to the Government.

The rules of forestry insist that all trees must be cut within certain inches of the ground, and that the trunk of the tree must be used down to eight inches in diameter. The branches left must be scattered and put in small piles away from all living trees, and later burned by the forest officers as a guard against fire. The trees to be cut are selected and marked by an officer of the service and trees under fourteen inches in diameter, together with a sufficient number of vigorous mature trees to reseed the cut area, are left standing.

It is estimated that at the present rate of logging the Arizona forest will last about fifty years after which time the areas now cut under the regulations of the Forest Service will be ready to log again. More than half the logging is on land within the reservation, and the private logging of the Arizona Timber and Lumber Company are located along the general lines of the reserved land.

THE YOUNG MAN WHO

Upgraded from a Poor Fellow to a Rich One by a Good Luck.

He had just finished talking over for a hundredth time how wonderful it was that they should have found each other out of all the millions of people in the world.

The young woman let an expression of horror sweep across her face. "It makes me shudder," she confessed, "when I think how awful it would have been if we had never met."

"Wouldn't it, though," agreed the young man with the comfortable cheerfulness of the average man with no imagination.

"Now, just suppose," went on the pretty young woman who had grasped a new idea, "suppose you hadn't met me, George. I expect it wouldn't have made any difference at all to you. You'd just have gone and fallen in love with some other girl, wouldn't you?"

"Well, I should say not!" the young man said, promptly. "There isn't any one else who can come within a million miles of you, Sadie!"

The pretty girl dimpled becomingly, then frowned anxiously. "But you wouldn't have known that if you hadn't met me," she persisted. "And you'd have thought the other girl was the loveliest—and wouldn't have cared a bit about me?"

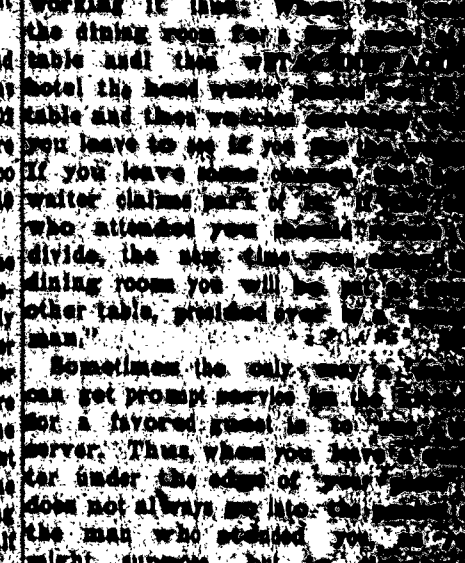
"How could I if I hadn't laid eyes on you?" queried the young man, who was just beginning to wake up to the fact there was an argument on.

The pretty girl hunted for her handkerchief. "That's all a woman's love amount to!" she said. "That's all he cares! Now, I never could care a particle for any other man on earth, and here you admit you could fall in love with another girl!"

"I never saw such a thing!" cried the young man. "You said that if I hadn't met you—oh, hang it, Sadie, but I have met you and don't know there's another girl in existence." So what's the use of worrying?"

"But," mourned the pretty girl, "that isn't the point, if I wasn't here you would, you'd be sitting, beside some other girl this minute—s-s-saying the same things you s-s-say to me! It just breaks my heart! It shows that your love isn't very deep. Maybe you don't love me at all. I don't believe you do. You've just deceived me all along!"

The young man began to look despairing. "I don't see what I can



"You've just deceived," said Judd.

say or do more than I have," he protested. "I don't see what has come over you. Why, it's foolish of you." "That's right," said the pretty girl, "go on! I had an idea you had such a temper—to fly to pieces so over nothing. Only I never thought you'd get angry at me!"

"But I'm not angry," protested the young man.

"You are just trying to distract me from my discovery that you don't love me!" persisted the young woman. "You can't deny it! Just think, I might never have found it out if I hadn't stumbled on it this way. I hope you won't lose any time finding the other girl and f-f-falling in love with her right away! I hope you won't feel in the least bound to me. But I hate her!"

"So do I," said the young man with grim enthusiasm. "I wish you'd listen to reason a minute. I can't quite figure out how you started this, but—"

"Well, if you never had met me and didn't know I was on earth and never heard about me," persisted the young woman, giving her eyes a final dab. "would you tell me honestly, George—would you have thought you were in love with some other girl?"

The young man opened his lips for the logical reply. Then as he saw her intense face he became aware of his danger.

He swallowed resignedly, took both her hands in his and said with fervor: "Sadie, if I had been the only man in a whole country peopled by the most entrancing beautiful girls you could imagine and you had not been among them I'd never have fluttered an eyelid in their direction. I simply couldn't get up an interest in them. No, I should have gone through life a regular woman hater."

"Oh, how sweet!" cried the pretty girl, beaming. "Do you really mean it, George?"

"Had Him Both Ways."

"I defy you," said the beautiful girl, "and shall sue you at once for divorce."

"You cannot do that," he sneered, coldly (thinking to stun her), "for our marriage was never legal."

"Very well, then," she replied, not in the least perturbed. "I will sue you for breach of promise."

Breakfast table.