

TWO FORTUNES

Both Came Suddenly to the Same Person and One Was Many Times

By DAVID WALTER CHURCH

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Why should we read fairy stories with marvelous happenings when there are such occurring in real life? The imagination is not capable of creating the possibilities that occasionally occur among persons who are made of flesh and blood and have souls.

Why they put their hard earned savings in this barren and not very accessible summit and continued to save and to pay \$40 a year taxes on it when they needed the very necessities of life is not known. It is possible that the wife, having been an Indian, had heard a tradition handed down from her forefathers that there was a treasure buried there.

Be this as it may, there must have been some reason for the old couple putting all their money in a barren rock, and this view is borne out by the fact that old Alvarado, having willed his purchase to his son and three nephews, called upon the former to swear that he would never part with his interest in it.

Since there had been nothing put away, so there was nothing when the end came. The man who had given away and wasted millions now found himself unable to give or waste any longer. It was the old story of the fairy who had raised palaces and other luxuries for the pauper, by uttering another incantation caused them to vanish.

Then Senora Alvarado, who had been tucking away thousands of dollars very conveniently, died. In distributing her effects a maid who had been a long while in her service was asked if there was anything that had belonged to her mistress she would like to have.

Now, Pedro was aware that his wife had not sympathized with him in his extravagance; indeed, she had repeatedly warned him that he would come to grief by it. Knowing this he wondered if the good woman had not put something away for a rainy day.

Pedro Alvarado yielding to the temptation turned over his mine to others. Some Americans are the new owners and are working it on modern principles. Meanwhile the owner lives on the income of the 800 one-thousand-dollar bills that were successfully saved up by his more farseeing wife in the old quilt through a long term of years.

There is an unexplained feature in this story that, appealing as it does to the curiosity, is the most important part of it. Why did the senior Alvarado put all the little money he had in the rock that covered the mine, and why did he pledge his son under oath not to sell it?

amount of cajoling, could move the man who had sworn he would not sell. Then it was represented to him that by certain simple business reforms he might himself make his mine pay more largely. All the ore taken from it was carried down the hill on mules.

Why not build a little railroad for the purpose, which could be operated at much less expense? "But what would those do who now make their living by driving the mules?" asked Pedro.

The simple business scheme is refused. Wastefulness continues. The owner's employees draw immense salaries, and how much they steal besides does not appear, except in the elegant manner in which they live. Will the mine always stand this waste, this drain? Will there not come a day when the vein will run out? And then? Well, then the silver king and those who are sucking his wealth will collapse.

Among them all there is one who foresees such a result. Pedro's wife had drugged a peon until the mine was opened. She remembered that part of her life and had no desire to return to it. Why not from this river of wealth on which they were floating turn aside something to support them in case the fountain should dry up?

And so she did. Instead of putting away a few copper coins at a time as her father-in-law had done with which to buy his rock, she took \$1,000 bills and hid them. For years she stored away these bills. No one knew that they were being hidden, no one knew their hiding place.

Water is the great danger, the great trouble when it comes, in mining. Tunnels must be built, expensive, pumps must be put in, either one or both.

Waterlogged Servians. An Englishwoman traveling in Serbia thus gives a striking glimpse of her own prejudices and tastes. "The Servians drink too much cold water, and they drink it till they are pulpy. An average Serb drinks enough cold water for an English cow. I doubt whether the language contains an equivalent for 'bad training,' for when I tried to explain the idea it created surprise. A doctor told me he had never heard the theory before. To him it seemed a natural and wholesome habit. Moreover, he added, there is plenty, and seemed to think it was rather wasteful to leave any unswallowed. To me it explained the lack of activity. The nation is waterlogged. All day long and every day the Serb calls for a glass of cold water, and when he has drunk it he calls for another. Perhaps owing to this he has little space for alcohol. At any rate, I never saw a drunken man, even among the peasants."

Washington and the Artists. Writing to a friend May 16, 1885, Washington thus described his experience with portrait painters: "I am so hackneyed to the touches of the painter's pencil that I am now altogether at their beck and at like patience on a monument while they are delineating the lines of my face. It is a proof among many others of that habit and custom can effect. At first I was an impatient of the request, and as a result under the operation as a coat is of the saddle. The next time I submitted very reluctantly, but with some floundering. Now no dray moves more readily to the thrill than I do to the painter's chair."

Infinitesimal Webs. Mexico, the land of Montezuma, prickly pears, sand, volcanoes, earthquakes, etc., has many subtropical wonders both in vegetable and animal life. Among these latter is a species of spider so minute that its legs cannot be seen without a glass. This little araneida weaves a web so wonderfully minute that it takes 400 of them to equal a common hair in magnitude.

A Great Descent. "I can trace my descent from Homer," said Lord Siesey proudly. "Indeed," replied Miss Creese, who didn't seem to be at all impressed. "It is certainly a great descent."

Shopping. First Lady—Mrs. Smith is too young to go shopping alone. Second Lady—What is that? First Lady—She's liable to get excited and buy something.

THE SERENADE.

An Old Romantic Custom That Has Fallen Into Desuetude. In recalling the serenade of the Philharmonic society to Miss Nilsson I am reminded of a custom now fallen into desuetude, but which at the time I speak of (1870) was a favorite method of bestowing a marked compliment upon any one whom you wished particularly to honor.

The serenade was not only offered to visitors of distinction, but prevailed extensively as a delicate attention which you might pay to the lady of your choice. It was thought the proper thing at that period for a man to engage the best brass band he could afford and to proceed with it after midnight to the house of his preferred and then to stand beneath the windows while the musicians played their most sentimental and sonorous selections. It was not an uncommon sound even to hear a double quartet of male voices, with a French horn thrown in, singing beneath the windows of some favored dame, while paterfamilias or the butler made ready some light refreshment for the donors of this graceful compliment.

These romantic attentions have taken flight with the advent of electric lights, elevated railroads and other voices of the night, but even New York had a few hours of stillness after midnight, and the night watchman lent an indulgent ear to these revelers, who would doubtless be locked up as disturbers of the peace did they hazard such an enterprise under our modern regime.—Richard Hoffman's "Musical Recollections."

HE WAS THANKFUL.

But Still He Thought There Was a Little More He Might Get.

Old Simon, as we will call him, is quite a character in his way. He believes in asking for a thing until he gets it, and then—well, he is immediately in need of something else. He has lived on the same estate all his life, and until quite recently he was paying a merely nominal rent—a year—for the small cottage he occupied.

Simon, however, wasn't quite satisfied. Whenever he paid an installment of his rent he called his master's attention to the fact that this thing wanted doing and that thing wanted doing to the property. At length Simon's master decided on a bold move. The next time Simon turned up with the quarter's rent and the usual list of suggested repairs the owner was prepared to meet him.

"Look here, Simon," he remarked, "I've been thinking the matter over, and in recognition of your long and faithful service I'm going to make you a free gift of the cottage you live in. From this moment it's yours to do as you like with. Now, what do you say to that?"

"Thank 'e, sir—thank 'e," returned the old fellow. "An' now, sir, what about that bit 'o' paint for the back door? Ye'll throw that in, o' course?"

—London Annon.

After a Day's Outing a Drink of Clear, Cool Maltop A BEER. Renews Both Energy and Spirits. 271 HOME 'PHONES 271 MAIN

PHILIPPINE VOLCANOES.

Mayon is the Most Famous, and the Taal Comes Next.

The most famous Philippine volcano and one of the finest volcano cones in the world is that of Mayon. Its height is 8,970 feet, and the volcano is visible at a great distance. Since 1766 records have been kept of its eruptions. In that year many plantations and villages were buried under a stream of lava which flowed down its eastern slope. About 1,200 lives were lost in the eruption of 1814, which burst the country around a part of the base of Mayon under the outpourings of lava and dust. A similar calamity in 1825 destroyed the lives of about 1,500 persons. In the nineteenth century there were a number of severe eruptions, including one in 1886-7 which continued about nine months. An eruption in 1897 killed 850 persons and destroyed much property. Twenty-two violent eruptions of this volcano are on record.

Next to Mayon the Taal volcano is the most remarkable. It is on an island in the lake of Bombon, and the island, built up by its outpourings, has an area of 220 square miles. The volcano is incessantly ejecting dust and vapor from its crater. Taal as well as Mayon has been the center of numerous destructive earthquakes but no very great eruption has occurred since 1894, when four villages around the mountain were completely destroyed.

LENGTHY VISITS.

The Unstinted Hospitality of Old Virginia.

Virginia hospitality is a byword. The old time country house, says Mrs. Roger A. Pryor in "My Day," was built of elastic material, capable of sheltering any number of guests, many of whom remained all summer. Indeed, this was expected of them. "My dear sir," said the genial master of Westover to a departing guest who had sought shelter from a rainstorm, "my dear sir, do stay, and pay us a visit."

The guest pleaded business that forbade his compliance. "Well, well," said Major Drury, "if you can't pay us a visit come for two or three weeks at least." "Week ends" were unknown in Virginia, and equally out of the question an invitation limited by the host to prescribed days and hours. Sometimes a happy guest would ignore time altogether and stay along from season to season. I cannot remember a parallel case to that of Isaac Watts, who, invited by Sir Thomas Abney to spend a night at Stoke Newington, accepted with great cheerfulness and stayed the rest of his life, nearly forty years, but I do remember that an invitation for one night brought to a member of our family a pleasant couple who remained for years.

Mozart's Musical Memory. Mozart had a wonderful memory of musical sounds. When only fourteen years of age he went to Rome to assist in the solemnities of holy week. Immediately after his arrival he went to the Sistine chapel to hear the famous "Miserere" of Allegri. Being aware that it was forbidden to take or give a copy of this renowned piece of music, Mozart placed himself in a corner and gave the strictest attention to the music and on leaving the church noted down the entire piece. A few days afterward he heard it a second time and, following the music with his own copy in his hand, satisfied himself of the fidelity of his memory. The next day he sang the "Miserere" at a concert, accompanying himself on the harpsichord, and the performance produced such a sensation in Rome that

Pope Clement XIV requested that this musical prodigy should be presented to him at once.

Picturing the Face. "Why do you photographers always photograph the left side of the face by preference?"

"Because it's the best looking," was the prompt reply. "The left side of the face is always the more regular, and it always shows least the marks of time." "But," he continued, "if you want to bring out the real character of a face photograph the right side. There nature sets her print. There the lines are bold and unmistakable. There every defect, no less than every excellence, is stamped deep."

"The left side, where everything is softened down, for beauty. The right side, where everything is well rubbed in, for character. Those are the portrait artist's two chief rules."—New York Tribune.

Her Importance. Herbert Spencer once told this story of a woman of his acquaintance. "Vain as well as vulgar minded, she professed to have a high admiration of Shakespeare and was partial to reading his plays aloud and considered that she declaimed the speeches extremely well. On one occasion, after enlarging upon her reverence for him, she ended by saying: 'Ah! I often wish that he were alive and that I had him here. How we would enjoy one another's conversation!'"

Sure to Know. "I understand that you have bought some remarkably expensive gowns here in Paris."

"Yes, but what's the use? Few people know whether the gown is really expensive or not."

"Wait until you reach the customs inspectors."—Pittsburg Post.

Some men do not make fortunes for the sake of living, but, blinded by avarice, live for the sake of money getting.—Juvenal.

Business. "How shall I prove the sincerity of my devotion?" asked the young man who had been so long coming to the point that doubt had begun to accumulate against him.

"Call the parson in as a witness suggested the young lady, whose business."

Resentment. "Did you say I was a cheap trickster?" asked the ward worker.

"No, I didn't," replied the man who is close to the boss. "I merely said you were a trickster."

"Well, that's all right, but don't you ever remember that I am doing a cut-rate business?"—Washington Star.

Maddening. "They really fear she will become insane. You see, she found a diary he kept before he married her."

"Oh, I see. And the awful revelations?"

"Revelations? No. It was all in cipher, and she couldn't read a word of it."—London Tri-Bita.

An Affront. D'Auber—Your daughter paints in the Dutch school, does she not? Mrs. Newrich—Not much she don't! We pay \$50 a quarter to give her private lessons at home. Dutch school is dead!—Philadelphia Record.

Feeling Mother. "Did that young man kiss you last night?"

"Mother, do you suppose he came all the way up here just to kiss me?"

Tight Collars. Writing in the Hospital, London, Dr. Walford warns everybody against tight collars. He considers it remarkable that no one seems to have noticed or, at any rate, to have laid great stress on the fact that such slight obstacles to the free circulation of the blood through the vessels of the brain may adversely influence the health of those who are in the habit of wearing tightly fitting neckcloths. "The fact appears to be well known to veterinary surgeons, who tell us that neck constriction through badly fitting harness is a causative factor in 'staggers' in horses," says the writer. It seems to be equally well known that dogs suffer a great deal through having to wear tightly fitting collars. Is it too much, then, Dr. Walford asks, to argue that those of us who wear our own collars too tightly buttoned may find in that practice some explanation of symptoms ascribed to other causes?

Tiny Republics. Klein-Alp is a diminutive republic tucked away between Switzerland and France. Only in summer is the republic inhabited and then by miners and cowgirls. There is one hotel, closed during the winter. Another little republic is in Tyrol, between Austria and Italy, and in long gone years was under the jurisdiction of first a king and then an emperor. But in the adjustment of frontier lines the state of Val di Ventina was in some way overlooked, and it promptly organized itself into a Hiltupian republic. It has now about 2,000 inhabitants living in six villages. Neither Val di Ventina nor Klein-Alp has any taxes. There are no officials or compulsory military services. The only industry of Val di Ventina, aside from the farming of small fields, is charcoal burning.

His Tribute of Respect. The freckle-faced boy who was about to be emancipated from high school slavery was writing his graduation essay. "I suppose I ought to wind it up," he reflected, "with something touching and sentimental about the leather-headed, snub-nosed, squeaky-voiced, combed-out snooter that runs the school."

The Translation. Toole, the great English comedian, was once greatly tickled at finding in a French provincial town a poster announcing a translation of "Walker, London," the farce which he himself had made famous. The adapter had translated the title as "Londres qui se promene," or "London which goes out for walks."

Fast or Fictitious? "The trouble with these literary snobs," said a captious critic, "is that they always degenerate into meetings for the exchange of gossip."

"True enough," replied an enthusiastic member, "but how can you expect anything else when facts are so much stranger than fiction?"

A Gentle Reminder. John—I understand Dashleigh's uncle has died, leaving him a fortune.

Tom—Yes, he has received a great many congratulations. Why, even his tailor sent him a bunch of forget-me-nots yesterday.—London Mail.

The Only Way Out. Peter (sent for the milk)—Oh, mercy. I've drunk too much of it! What shall we do? Small Brother—Easy. We'll keep the jug.—Meggs-and-Sorter Bazaar.

HESTER, N.