

A TIMID LITTLE GIRL

By SUSAN YOUNG PORTER

"Where are you going, my pretty maid?"

The words were spoken by one of those elegant looking fellows who, after spending some ten thousand a year in college, think the aristocratic move to be made is ranching. They argue that while business is beneath them and they are too lazy to either study or practice a profession there is something eminently respectable in raising animals or vegetables on their broad acres. Having purchased and stocked a ranch they have their photographs taken in cowboy costume to send to their friends in the east, and thereafter consider themselves on the same footing with the lords of British landed estates.

Ned Perkins, the man who spoke the above words, was one of this type. He was riding along with a rifle and a lariat slung to his saddle dressed as a wild westerner on the dramatic stage, when he met a little Mexican girl with very black eyes, a rose in full bloom on each cheek and a pair of beads for lips who looked up at him innocently and, making a courtesy, said:

"Good morning, señor."

Then to his question she replied that she was going to the store a mile down the road to buy a dress.

"You don't need anything prettier than the costume you have on," he said. "That skirt bedecked with gold lace, that jacket adorned with the same material, that Spanish headgear, are exceedingly becoming. If you will get up behind me I will turn about and take you to the store. The distance is too long for you to walk."

She looked at him shyly without reply for some moments, when he dismounted, took her hand, led her to his horse, she raised her little feet, he took it in his hand and lifted her into position behind the saddle. Then, mounting himself, he started for the store.

Perkins liked ranching well enough except for the absence of feminine companionship. He had no trouble in becoming companionable with little Inez, whose father owned a few cattle, but whose principal business was gambling. There was something unique about the girl, who was sixteen years old, but unduly developed, as are girls who inhabit tropical climates. It did not occur to the young ranchman that there was any harm in passing some of his time to her company, joking with and jolly her to his own in finite amusement.

He invited her to go with him to dances that were held in the neighborhood and noticed that none of the cowboys asked her to dance with them. It was some time before he realized that they regarded her as belonging to him, and none of them would trespass on his domain.

It was then that he began to understand the situation. He did not fear any trouble in breaking with the girl—she was such a gentle little soul—but it occurred to him that he might have trouble with her father or one of her brothers. From this moment he did not act the same toward Inez herself. He tried to do so and thought he was succeeding, but any woman can see such a change in a man.

Perkins was becoming tired of ranching, and he did not find that it was likely to pay him. Besides, he was pining for his associations in the east. One day he made up his mind to pack back there. He kept his resolution to himself, he did not offer his ranch for sale; he simply determined to leave, when no one would be aware of what he was going to do and not come back. He could sell it without staying there for the purpose.

He formed this resolution not long after he had begun to consider his companionship with the little Mexican girl liable to cause him trouble. Inez appeared no different than she had been. In fact, he doubted if after all his going would make much difference to her. True, no other man was attentive to her. They had all withdrawn when he began to notice her.

The evening before his intended departure—he was to start at 2 o'clock in the morning and ride ten miles to a station, where he would take a train—he was with Inez till 10 o'clock. Neither by word nor act did she indicate that she suspected his departure. Before starting for his ranch he said some very nice things to her, for his heart smote him then, bolder her hand for a few moments, he dropped it, and said forth, as he had done often before:

"It was his habit to smoke a pipe before going to bed. His favorite pipe was a large meerschaum bowl with a cherry stem. Taking the pipe from a rack, he found it filled with fresh tobacco. He was somewhat surprised, but thought that perhaps he had filled it during the day. Intending to smoke, but his hand it aside without doing so. Putting the stem in his mouth, he was about to light the tobacco when he remembered that he had not smoked since the noon meal and had not filled it after smoking. Dropping the match, he turned the contents of the pipe out on the table. On the top was a layer of tobacco, beneath which was—well, if he had smoked the pipe as it was he would have been blown to atoms.

Without waiting for morning he went out into the night and boarded a train at another station from the one he had intended.

He wondered how the little girl had managed it all.

TRINIDAD'S CURIOUS LAKE

The Mound of Asphalt Water (The Island of Trinidad)

The asphalt lake at Trinidad occupies a depression of about 114 acres and is probably the largest of its kind in the world. It is a lake of asphalt, and is formed by the escape of asphalt from the earth through it at intervals, and the surface is in constant motion. There are no currents and eddies. The center of the lake is about a foot higher than the edges, this height being maintained, although the lake as a whole has been lowered by the constant removal of material from it.

The depth of the deposit is not accurately known, but the lake fills up quickly when the surface is removed. The surface is not level, but is composed of irregular tumescent masses of various sizes. As the spaces between are always full of water, these masses are prevented from coalescing. The softer part of the lake constantly evolves gas, which consists largely of carbon dioxide and sulphureted hydrogen, and the pitch, which is honey-combed with gas cavities, continues to exhibit this action for some time after its removal from the lake.

The asphalt from Trinidad in its fresh state can be picked up and molded without soiling the hands. The substance is pulled apart on the surface with picks, and the pieces are carried away to the ships. In the bay of Caracas, Cuba, asphalt is drawn up from the bed of the sea through eight or nine feet of water.—Harper's Weekly.

RIDDLES OF THE UNIVERSE.

A Scientist Says Science Really Knows Very Little.

I have been asked to define the word "energy." I cannot. Suppose that I should be asked, "What is the cause of light moving with the incessant specific speed of 184,333 miles during each successive second of time?" I would be utterly unable to reply. First, I cannot think of the cause of this unthinkable velocity. How answer? The fact is, science does not know what anything really is.

Electrons are the vanishing points. They are on the limit of knowledge, of even hope, of thought. All are agreed that they are electricity, but that does not help in the solution of any riddle of the universe.

It does not seem possible that science will come to an end in any attempt at explaining. Some new discovery surpassing all others may yet be made. Really, such a discovery must be made or science will come to an impenetrable wall, for we cannot at present think of mind, life or an electron. How progress or advance in search of anything if we are unable to think of it? This is a gloomy outlook, but just now it appears to be hopelessly impossible to discover any fact as to what mind, life and electricity are.

I have printed during thirty years that the human mind is illimitable in its powers, but I may be obliged to finally admit that it cannot find what itself is—Edgar Lucien Larkin in New York American.

An Artist's Feat.

One of the most remarkable and most artistic of twenty-four hours' records stands to the credit of Sir Edwin Landseer, who had promised a picture for the spring exhibition of the Royal British Institution in 1846. On the day before the opening he was found standing in front of an untouched canvas. "I shall send that to the Institution tonight, a finished picture," he declared to the astonished messenger who had been sent by the hanging committee to see if the promised picture was ready, "and have consequently given orders not to be disturbed." True to his word, Landseer put the finishing touch to his canvas and dispatched it to Pall Mall that very evening, and as "The Cavalier's Pets" it was one of the greatest successes of the exhibition.

Antiquity of Gloves.

How early did mankind think of the convenience of the fingerless glove? Little was said of gloves in ancient times, but in most cases it is obvious that they had fingers. Those worn by the secretary of the younger Pliny, used when he visited Vesuvius, so that he might keep on jotting down notes in spite of the cold, must have been fingered, no less than those of the glutton in Antheaneus, who wore gloves at table so that he might handle the meat while hot and get in advance of his bare-headed, fellow diners.

Not Right at All.

"Have you anything to say before sentence is pronounced against you?" asked the judge.

"The only thing I'm objecting to," answered the convicted burglar, "is being identified by a man that kept his head under the bedclothes the whole time. That's not right at all."

Worse Still.

Bangs—How did old Heavysote treat you when you asked him for his daughter? Acted like a pirate, didn't he? Butts—Pirate! He acted like a freebooter!—Judge.

Plain Speaking.

"Why, it's as plain as the nose on your face."

"Well, anyhow, it ain't as plain as the face behind your nose."—London Tatler

Slander is the revenge of a coward, and disimulation his defense.

MR. WHAT'S HIS NAME

By KATHLEEN J. MURPHY

Miss Wilkins, spinster, commonly called old maid, though she was not yet thirty, lived in a flat. On the opposite side of the hall was another flat in which lived a couple who later named Miss Wilkins. There was nothing remarkable in this inasmuch as old maids are usually supposed to be interested in their neighbors' affairs, whether or no this is the case, Miss Wilkins, who by the bye was very observant, noticed that Mr. What's-his-name, across the hall, always wore a sorrowful countenance.

The next thing Miss Wilkins noticed was that whenever she was lying awake between midnight and 2 or 3 o'clock she would hear a footstep coming up the stairs, and on reaching the story on which she lived the sound would end in the closing of a door. They being but one other flat on the floor besides Miss Wilkins', the door was undoubtedly closed by one of that other flat's inmates.

An idea struck Miss Wilkins right between the eyes. Mr. What's-his-name, her neighbor, was the cause of his wife's melancholy. It was she who came home so late. What wonder that the lady was miserable with such a husband! Was he dissipated? Another idea popped into Miss Wilkins' head. Mr. What's-his-name must make his living by gambling. She had once known a woman, whose husband was a gambler, and the wife was always the picture of misery. The problem was solved.

That it was solved correctly was proved by the fact that no one was stirring in the neighboring flat in the morning till 11 o'clock. Then a waiter from a restaurant brought a tray covered with a napkin, knocked at the What's-his-name's door and handed in what Miss Wilkins was sure was the husband's breakfast. The reason she was sure it was the man's breakfast was because she had often seen the tray sitting on the floor beside the opposite door for a waiter to remove, and there was but one coffee cup and one plate. Undoubtedly Mrs. What's-his-name got her own breakfast at a proper hour.

Miss Wilkins gave music lessons, and an hour when she was sure to be occupied with a pupil was between 10 and 3 in the afternoon. She watched for Mr. What's-his-name to go out, but never saw him, consequently she surmised that he left home during the hours that she was always engaged.

One day of May Mr. and Mrs. What's-his-name moved out of the flat opposite Miss Wilkins. The lady attended to the moving, Mr. What's-his-name not appearing while it was in progress. Indeed, it was done in the afternoon. Miss Wilkins inferred that since he was up all night at cards or whirling a roulette machine he must have his poor wife to do the moving. Anyway, Miss Wilkins never saw the husband, but a mental picture of him that she conjured up remained in her mind. It resembled Mephistopheles.

That was the end of the What's-his-name for Miss Wilkins. Three years later the spinster got a husband of her own. The moment she saw him all that antagonism to men which had been with her since she had passed twenty-five—in other words, since it began to look as if she had been left out of the matrimonial king dom—vanished. There was something so benevolent, so noble, so winning in his face that she fell before him like grain before a scythe.

The gentleman's name was Smiley. Miss Wilkins said it should be Smiling, since his beautiful face always wore a smile and that smile was his most lovely feature. He seemed very much pleased that Miss Wilkins was pleased with him, for he was a widower looking for a wife. Having every reason to suppose that he would be accepted by Miss Wilkins, he proposed, and they were married.

Mr. Smiley was very regular in his habits and very domestic. He was a magazine editor, and his hours at his office were the same as those of other persons, though sometimes he brought manuscripts home and spent the evening reading them. But he always excused himself so pleasantly for thus depriving his wife of his company that she forgave him.

One Sunday afternoon while strolling they passed an apartment house.

"Once occupied a flat in there," said Miss Wilkins.

"Indeed? When was that?"

"Four years ago. We occupied the second-story west flat. A couple lived opposite whom I shall never forget. The man was a gambler, and his wife was the most unhappy creature I ever met."

"How did you know that the man was a gambler?"

"Why, he was out all night and lay abed till noon. Besides his wife showed by her expression that he was something dreadful."

Mr. Smiley turned and looked in his wife's face with every appearance of surprise.

"When did the couple move out?" he asked.

"In May, 190—"

"Great heavens! Do you know who I am? I'm that man. I wasn't a gambler. I was managing editor of the Daily Advertiser and couldn't get home till 4 in the morning. My wife was miserable because she was suffering from the disease of which she died."

"Oh, my goodness gracious!"

SNAPSHOTS AT CELEBRITIES

Dr. Jacob G. Schurman, New Minister to Greece



Dr. Jacob G. Schurman, the new United States minister to Greece and Montenegro, has been president of Cornell University for twenty years.

Dr. Schurman has long been interested in antiquities and the excavations in Greece have been one of his peculiar hobbies. Philippias is his special chair at Cornell, and he has written books on philosophical subjects. He was born in Freeport, Prince Edward Island, in 1854, of Dutch descent. He received his higher education at the University of Edinburgh and various German universities. Later he studied in California, at Yale and other American institutions. For a time he specialized on political economy and psychology, and in 1880 became professor of philosophy at Cornell. He was made president of the university in 1902.

The only official position ever held by Dr. Schurman was that of president of the first Philippine commission in 1900. During Dr. Schurman's administration Cornell has emerged from a minor position in the collegiate world to one of the greatest universities in the country. The student population, which when he came was less than 1,500, has now passed the 5,000 mark, and the university has prospered throughout his administration.

A Fighting Progressive.

Oscar King Davis, secretary of the Progressive party, bears the reputation of being a fighter from away back. In energy and aggressiveness he measures up to the standard set by the indefatigable Colonel Roosevelt, leader of the Progressive coalition. Mr. Davis is a newspaper man, and he it was who organized the publicity department of the Progressive party. It was as a war correspondent that Mr. Davis won his spurs in the journalistic world. He was with the re-



Photo by American Press Association. OSCAR KING DAVIS.

He led expedition that marched to Peking during the Boxer uprising in China, and his articles from the front attracted wide attention at that time. Before that trouble he had been special correspondent for the New York Sun and Harper's Weekly at Manila during the Spanish war and the subsequent insurrection of the Philippines. When the Russo-Japanese war broke out he was engaged by the New York Herald and made the campaign with the first Japanese army. Since 1907 he has been Washington correspondent of the New York Times and Philadelphia Ledger. Among Mr. Davis' works as an author are included "Our Congress in the Pacific," "At the Emperor's Wish" and "Dewey's Capture of Manila."

ARTISTIC & DURABLE

\$8.95
The Best
The Best
The Best

\$1.47
POY BEAT
DINNER

FLORIAN
SAMPLE FLOORS
H. E. GRAVES

WESTERN NEW YORK
MENEELY BELL CO.
THEY BELL
BELLS

MENEELY BELL CO.
THEY BELL
BELLS

THE CHARM OF OUR SUN
MACKINAC
THE BLOCK GAS ARC LAMP

BLOCK GAS ARC LAMP
"BLOCK SYSTEM"
STREET LIGHTING
THE BLOCK LIGHT CO.

W. B. ELASTINE
Elastine Reduso CORSETS
are the most comfortable corset for the well-developed woman.
The Elastine Gores in the corset relieve all strain and allow freedom and comfort in any position.
W. B. Elastine-Reduso Corsets are guaranteed to Reduce Hips and Abdomen One to Five Inches effecting a wonderful improvement in the figure lines.
\$3.00 and \$5.00
At All Dealers
WINGGARTEN BROS. Co., Makers, New York
W. B. NUFORM CORSETS