

A Schemé

By EVELYN SPENCER

One morning John Atwood, merchant, received from his daughter, who was at the time in Paris, a letter asking him to send all the photographs of her mother, some years dead, to her since she had found an artist who could paint a portrait from their giving the desired lifelike expression. Miss Atwood furthermore suggested that he come over and attend to the matter himself. The artist she referred to was a rising man in his profession and would probably require a good price for doing the work.

Mr. Atwood, gathering the pictures in his possession, sailed for Europe and one day turned up in Paris. He was at once taken to the studio of Clarence Whiting, the artist, who was to paint the portrait. Mr. Whiting looked over the photographs carefully asked which was regarded as the best likeness of the original and remarked: "We portrait painters see resemblances more readily than other persons. To me Miss Atwood-in very like her mother. But I cannot tell whether the varied expressions of her face are like her mother's, for a photograph has but one expression, and that is apt to be unlike anything ever found on the face of the original. Unfortunately have never seen Mrs. Atwood. I will undertake to paint the portrait from the photograph you like best, enlivening it with Miss Atwood's most pleasing expressions. In other words, I will make up the portrait from both mother and daughter. I admit that I am much more likely to fail than succeed, but if I succeed the result will be gratifying to you as well as to me."

Mr. Atwood was favorably impressed with this and asked the sum that would be charged for the work when finished. Mr. Whiting replied that since he would be unable himself to judge of his work, he would make no price until he learned if the father and daughter pronounced it a success. The matter being disposed of, the artist took the photograph of his subject most approved of by the others, and it was arranged that Miss Atwood should give him regular sittings.

Miss Atwood at any sudden announcement that surprised, interested or pleased her had a way of throwing back her head and looking fixedly at the person making the announcement. This is a very lame description of it but an expression is indescribable. Mr. Whiting looked for it in the father and, not finding it, concluded there were many chances in favor of his having been inherited from the mother. He determined to paint the portrait giving the life period of Mrs. Atwood about the time she died and the expression referred to.

Mr. Whiting worked a long while before he produced what pleased him making drawings innumerable before beginning to paint. Miss Atwood rarely assumed what he was trying to catch and put on the canvas, and this materially caused delay. At any rate the painting of the portrait seemed to require a very long time. Mr. Atwood whose presence was required in America, became impatient.

At last a satisfactory drawing was made, and after that the work was comparatively easy. More time was spent in smoothing and softening the lines, but Mr. Atwood was assured that a time could be set for the finishing. He was not permitted to see the picture while it was being painted, and it was not till it was framed and set up in a proper light that he was admitted to the studio, where it rested on an easel. Whiting and Miss Atwood both watched for the expression on his face when he should see it, knowing that success or failure would be expressed there. The result was success beyond their expectations. The widower's face lighted up with an expression never seen there since his wife's death, and he involuntarily pulled his arms as if to clasp her, a living being.

After feasting his eyes on the picture he drew a check from his pocket and asked the artist what amount he should fill in for the picture. Whiting glanced at Miss Atwood and saw there a sign which he seemed to understand and said, "Pardon me for a moment; I will make out a bill," and going to a desk, he sat down, wrote something on a bit of paper, held it before Miss Atwood's eyes; she glanced at approval, and he handed it to her father. It read:

Mr. John Atwood,
To Clarence Whiting, Dr.
To painting portrait, one girl, Ethel Atwood

Mr. Atwood was some time getting the drift of the matter through his head. When he did he looked at his daughter sternly and said:

"Ethel, did you work this scheme?"

"I did, papa," replied the girl, drawing short breaths.

"And brought me over here on purpose to turn you over to some one else?"

"That was one object, papa."

"But by no means the only one," the lover put in. "Before your daughter had ever seen me, looking upon one of my portraits, she remarked that I was just the person you needed for the work I have done."

There was a long silence, after which Mr. Atwood said:

"Well, I'll make it a dowry instead of pay for the picture."

And he transferred securities to his daughter that enabled her to marry an artist.

Convict 22-22—What's wrong now?

"Each man is supposed to work at his regular trade, isn't he?"

"So I understand."

"Well, that rich guy they brought in yesterday, isn't doing anything at all."

"That's all right; he was a monopolist, and they had to make him a 'trustee'."—Youngstown Telegram.

"Did whisky lead that man astray?"

The joker made reply:

"It did but it in another way—
It just sent him a-rye!"
—Lippincott's.

"Julia, you have the prettiest mouth in the world," sighed young Van Winkle.

"Well," she replied, "if mine is the prettiest then yours comes next."

And it came.—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

If you would save the fearsome fly,
Oh, pray do not
Attempt to swat
Him when he's on a custard pie!
—Exchange.

"You seem to be very intimate with the Digbys. I didn't know you had met them."

"I haven't met them. I patronize their dressmaker."

Aye, money talks, as you can see.
I heard it on the fly.
The only thing it said to me
Was simply, "Sir, goodbye!"
—Judge.

Small Daughter—It's most school time and I've mislaid my geography.
Cultured Mother—Well, tell me what the lesson is about and I'll write out the answer for you to learn.

Small Daughter—The lakes of Africa.
Cultured Mother—Um—er—if you've mislaid your geography, you careless child, you can just hunt till you find more likely to fall than succeed, but if I succeed the result will be gratifying to you as well as to me."

We used to joke on woman's rights
And Fashion's strange displays,
We joked of dangerous airship flights
And statesman's devious ways,
But now we're feeling rather blue,
Like many other folks,
For all the jokes are coming true
And serious things are jokes.
—Washington Star.

"What fortune has Miss Polly?"

"She says her face is her fortune."

"Well, it has too many bad features to make a good investment."—Baltimore American.

"You're a mean old Indian giver," said Genevieve to Jack.
"For every time you give me
You insist on taking back."
—Fud.

Lon—Sweetheart, I cannot express my emotions for you.
Marion—Why don't you try the parcel post?—New York Globe.

He wore a necktie flaming red.
The bull was in the lot.
Oh, he came down all right, all right!
The cross denotes the spot.
—Pittsburgh Press.

Wife—I really believe now that you only married me because I have money.
Hubby—I didn't. I married you because I thought you'd let me have some of it.—Chicago Record Herald.

"You are my all," the lover vowed.
And then—it is to laugh—
The girl who was his "all" he begged
To be his "batter half!"
—San Francisco Chronicle.

"You say a pedestrian has rights the same as a motorist?" asked the querulous person.

"Certainly," replied the policeman.
"Well, maybe he has, but I can't help wondering what would happen to me if I went along the street making the same kind of noise."—Washington Star.

Marie is back, and now to Jack,
Who mourned her while away,
She shows her ring and heartless thing,
Says, "We have set the day."
Should Jack resign? He says, "That's fine!"
Then to himself says he,
"These summer beaux are all for pose,
And she'll come back to me!"
—Philadelphia Record.

"Ma has solved the servant girl problem."

"That so? How?"

"She's decided to do the work herself."—Detroit Free Press.

Some men are smart; some men are dumb;
Some men lack common sense;
While some will borrow trouble, some
Won't even take offense.
—Cincinnati Enquirer.

An amateur can start a love affair with a woman, but it takes a connoisseur to break one off.—Smart Set.

The swiftest and the squeeze play
Will shortly be forgot,
And the gridiron and the tackles
Will be Johnny on the spot.
—Spokane Spokesman Review.

"This is a great age."
"What has struck you now?"

"The fact that so many doctors are successful without whiskers. It wasn't so thirty years ago."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

In life things are not what they seem
There's many a crooked deal,
And many a man wears an auto cap
Who hasn't an automobile.
—Florida Times-Union.

Ada was asked if he believed in the divining rod.
"Certainly," he replied. "Look at the hot water we found with the twig of an apple tree!"—New York Sun.

To Mexico once a guy went
With a note to the great president.
He arrived a week late,
And he found that the state
Was now run by a different guest.
—Philadelphia Press.

NIGH UNTO DEATH

By ALVA R. HUNTINGTON

It was at a time when the trans-Mississippi country was developing, and instead of the iron horse, with its train dashing along at the rate of fifty miles an hour, the stagecoach lumbered at the rate of five or six. One of these coaches left Denver one morning, struck the mountains at Golden City, mounted to the highest point and moved on downward and upward alternately toward Georgetown.

On the top of the coach a gentleman and his family were enjoying the scenery. The driver sat on his box trying to keep awake, for he had been drinking, while beside him sat a young man whose costume denoted that he was a resident of the region. The coach reached the top of an ascent, and the road in front wound downward in one of those frequent dips in the mountains. It had begun the descent, and the young man sitting beside the driver, noticing that he had failed to put on the brake, looked aside at him to see what it meant. The fellow was asleep and had not only failed to "brake," but had let go his hold on the reins, which were now down on the pole.

A punch in the ribs awoke the driver, who, seeing the reins dangling from the pole and the coach rolling rapidly down the crooked road, jumped from his seat, preferring rather to be injured by a fall on the stony road than to be hurled over a precipice he knew to be at a turn farther down.

There were shrieks from the women passengers, while the men were paralyzed. But among the latter there was one exception. The young man left alone on the box let himself down on the pole, gathered up the reins, climbed back on to the box and put on the brake. The horses were by this time so wild and the speed so great that it was very difficult to control the one and lessen the other. Not an eighth of a mile distant was the turn in the road, with a gulf a thousand feet deep on one side. The cries and shrieks ceased with the effort thus far made to regain control, and every eye was fixed on the danger ahead, every breath held in terror.

The man on the box kept a firm hand on the reins and pushed with all his strength with his right foot on the brake. There was a lessening of the speed, but would it be reduced sufficiently to go safely round the curve? The hearts of those whose lives were at stake were throbbing in time with the jumping of the horses. When the turn was reached the velocity was still so great that there was little hope. The women recommenced to shriek.

"Stop that!" said the driver. "You'll excite the horses."

The cries ceased. There was no sound except what came from the horses' hoofs and the creaking of the coach, while every one held with a tight grip to his seat and looked with straining eyes at the gulf before him.

The driver, guided the horses as near the rock on the inner side as he dared, for should he hit it the coach would be knocked over the precipice. Notwithstanding his effort so great was its swing when it made the turn that a hind wheel slid over a slope a few feet from the edge. The driver gave a yell to the horses and threw the long lash of his whip among them with a crack. Every animal gave a jump, the wheel came back on level ground, and the rest of the turn was made in safety.

The final effort caused the horses to break forth again, and again they must be brought under control. But now the road was comparatively straight and soon the inclination began to lessen. In a few minutes the bottom of the dip was reached, and the coach was brought to a standstill. Then the driver was unfolded in the arms of those on the outside of the coach, both men and women.

An hour later the coach drove up to the hotel at Idaho Springs and all alighted. The gentleman who was traveling with his wife and family took the driver aside for a private interview.

"You have saved the lives of a coach load of persons," he said, "including myself, my wife and family. Had it not been for your coolness and courage we would all have met with a frightful death. What can I do for you? I'm rich and my fortune is at your disposal."

"You owe me nothing, sir," said the young man, with a British accent. "My own life was in jeopardy. In saving myself I saved the others."

"You could have left the coach as the cowardly driver did."

"To this the young man made no reply.

"Come," resumed the gentleman; "anything you ask that is in my power to grant shall be granted."

The young man hesitated, then said: "I don't belong here; I came from England. You know the younger sons in England must shift for themselves. I came to this country, where I am not known, and can turn my hand to anything. Being fond of horses, I drove a stage. I have left that and am going up to Georgetown to start on a prospecting tour."

But the young man's plans were changed. He went to the east, entered the banking house of the man whose life he saved and is now wealthy. He says that he went just near enough to the edge of a precipice to grasp a fortune without going over.

Perseus

She trusted him as if he had
Been some trustworthy thing.
It seemed, indeed, to make her glad
To see him worry.

She seemed to study how to make
His moments doubly sad.
She seemed to want his heart to break
His sorrow made her glad.

At last believing her to be
Unworthy and unkind,
He ceased his pleading, eagerly
Declining to be blind.

The moment that he turned away
And seemed to cease to care
She humbly called to him to stay
And willed in deep despair.

He tenderly forgave her when
Her tears began to flow,
For so it is with maid and men—
It always will be so.

E. Kiser in Chicago Record-Herald.

A Contract
Yeast—I see a London electrician has invented a safe that is unlocked by a tuning fork, the vibrations of which cause a wire within the safe to vibrate in harmony with them and operate the mechanism electrically.

Crimsonbeak—Now he wants to get busy on a lock which can be opened when a couple of fellows sing. "We won't go home till morning" in front of it at 5 a. m.—Yonkers Statesman.

The Professional Optimist
Sing hey, the professional optimist,
Who seeks in the casual way
To give all your troubles a senal twist!
His efforts are mostly for pay.
He talks of the weather, which you will admit
Is talk-succeeding said,
And he thinks he is making a wonderful hit
When he tells you it isn't so bad.

Sing hey, the professional optimist—
He talks of your worries and ill,
As if he were truly a hypnotist
Or a vendor of happiness pills.
In private you'll find him in grim distress
Inviting his victim to "sing."
While he rail at the work and the weariness
Of the man who must optimist.

—Washington Star.

The Reason
"Why did that rich man want to commit suicide?"
"Well, he got to thinking that his income of \$10,000 was only a drop in the bucket."

"Well?"
"So he concluded to kick the bucket."
—Baltimore American.

The Happy Cave Man
The cave man, when he picked a house,
Let all the suburbs side,
He never fell in love for
The agent's auto ride.
He never had to choose between
Wide types of architecture.
He was a happy man thereafter,
And that's no mere conjecture.

The burglar was not in vogue;
There was no style Queen Anne;
Colonial and Renaissance
Were terms unknown to man.
Oh, happy was the buyer then,
Era knowledge lit her torches,
For chiefest joy among them all,
There were no sleeping partners.

—Denver Republican.

A Perfectly Natural Feeling
"Did you sell your vote?"
"No, sir. I voted for that fellow because I liked him."

"But I understand he gave you \$10?"
"Well, where a 'thin' gives you \$10
I ain't no more'n natural to like him,
is it?"—Brooklyn Times.

The Old Fashioned Novel
I don't like the modern story
With its sham
And its wealth of trite and hoary
Epigram.

Now the fashion plated here,
Trim and trig,
With his blood about at zero
Is a prig.

I prefer the old time thriller,
Less acute,
But whose hero was a killer
And a lover of the "towel."

—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Not Entirely Unselfish
"I see Jack Hanson was married the other day to Miss Ribbley."

"Yes, and I was very sorry to see it."

"Sorry? For her sake or his?"
"For mine. I wanted her."—Stray Stories.

We Draw the Curtain
They had broken a window together.
"What was it you wished?" laughed she.
"I wished that you'd let me kiss you.
Now tell me your wish," said he.

Her eyes fell, she paused a moment,
While her blushes deeper grew.
"My wish was," she prettily stammered,
"That what you wished would come true."
—Boston Transcript.

Net
Bobby—There was a new boy in our school today.
Bingo—In your class?
Bobby—I guess not; I liked him with one hand.—Puck.

The Silver Lining
The cloud is silver lining hath
To compensate our ills.
Yet ne'er a cloud has crossed my path
Sufficient for my bills.
For when it drops its fortunes fair
To ease my pain and shock
I find, alas, my sorry share
Is naught but watered stock!
—Judge.

A Mystery Solved
"Why do they call this place a reformatory?"
"Because once upon a time a boy was sent here and he reformed."—New York Times.

To a Conceited Citizen
You'd be much wiser if you kept
This simple fact in view,
You are identified with the town,
But not the town with you.
—Chicago Later Ocean.

A New One
"Do you owe your downfall to Demos?"
"Dem?" asked the prison visitor.
"I never heard of the brand," replied the convict.—Buffalo Express.

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