

Back to "Cash!"

The summer girl upon the beach
Her shapely figure shows
In bathing suits of many hues
And elongated nose.

She's the life of every function,
She's the joy of every set,
And her hand is pledged in marriage
To "most every man she's met."

But when the season's over
At the seashore and the glen
This dainty creature vanishes
Till summer comes again.

And you wonder what's become of her,
Your erstwhile summer mash,
Who in a big department store
Is shrilly calling "C-A-S-H!"

—Ed. W. Dunn.

MISS BEULAH'S FROG POND

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"If anybody's name ever was a misfit, it's mine. Beulah means 'married,' and I'm an old maid—quite a little gray and almost 40. More polite, I suppose, to say bachelor maid, but I believe in calling a spade a spade. Whoever wrote that hymn about 'Sweet Beulah land,' ought to see what kind of land mine is—rocks and birch and that dreadful frog pond. I can't even make my little garden all in one spot, but have to plant tomatoes in one place and hunt up another for the squashes. They do look pretty, though, climbing over the rocks and it saves me the trouble of piling a heap of stones together and calling it a rockery. Ugh! how those frogs croak to-night; I could hear them a mile away. I wish it was winter and they were asleep in the mud." And Miss Beulah, drawing her shoulder shawl tightly, went into her lonely house.

She was said to have had a "disappointment." Amos Hathaway had wanted her and she had loved him, but they must wait until he could make a little home for her, and he bent all his energy to that end. It was hard toil, digging and delving on a rocky New England farm. The dawn, with its flush of amber and pearl, meant potatoes to be dug, and the glory of the sunset told of cows to be milked. But at last Amos had enough for their simple wants.

"Beulah, dear girl," he said, "the little home is all ready."

"I know, Amos, but I can't come—I cannot, I ought not to leave father and mother."

"You are crazy, Beulah! I have wanted you for six years and lived and worked in the hope of it. Is this what has made you look and act so strangely?"

"Yes, you thought it was because of sister Emily, but that was not all. I knew when she died there would be no one left but me to take care of father and mother. I've tried so many times to tell you, but I never could—I cannot leave them."

"Then, you don't really love me, Beulah!"

It was a storm of passion and the turning back of the hopes of years, and Amos, in the bitterness of his soul, when all his pleading proved in vain, told her to go her way and he would go his—she never would, never ask her to come to him again. And away he went to the mining region of the northwest to make his fortune.

Beulah used to think of him winter nights when the wind shrieked in the chimney and rocked the old house. She had given the most devoted care to her father and mother to the end of their lives, and now she was alone. Her tiny house and garden were her main support, but lately she had been fired with zeal to strike out in a new direction and add to her income. The new trolley was on everybody's tongue. It was an air line between a large town and a city, and the little farming hamlet where Beulah lived lay in its track and was waking up to its opportunities.

"Why can't I sell something as well as the rest and earn enough for a new dress," said Miss Beulah, tossing on her uneasy pillow. "I haven't any farm produce and I never had any luck with chickens. There! I've heard that frog's legs were good to eat, and I've frogs enough to fill up a regiment."

"Do it now!" was Miss Beulah's watchword, and next morning she took the trolley for the city and never rested until she had seen the general buyer for a fine hotel and engaged to bring a sample lot of frog saddles. Tired but triumphant, she came home

unmindful of the keen scrutiny of a fellow traveler, who eyed her first with a puzzled look, then with a satisfied air swung himself off at the same stopping place.

Next morning, bright and early, Miss Beulah made an amphibious toilet and started for the frog pond. Stepping carefully on the floating network of branches and logs she spied the bright, green head and mottled body of a splendid great fellow and crept cautiously close to him.

"I've got you now!" she exclaimed, putting out her hand and making a tremendous grab. But he was too

quick and dashed back into the water. "I'll have you yet," she cried, and, bending eagerly forward, lost her balance and fell splashing among the frightened frogs.

"Hold on, I'll help you," shouted a masterful voice, which thrilled her hear, and a tall, athletic man came resolutely toward her and lifted her dripping form.

"Come, Beulah—hold tight—don't be afraid—come with me."

"Amos Hathaway! I'd know your voice at the North Pole!"

"Yes, Beulah, I was waiting for the proper time in the day to call, and

"I don't want to be engaged in a frog pond."

came around by the old pond. You know, dear, I vowed I'd never ask you to come to me again, but I've just said it."

"Don't say another word, Amos, until we get ashore. I don't want to be engaged in a frog pond."

Preferred "Coney" to "Long."
Capt. Prager of the North German Lloyd steamer Breslau was constantly annoyed on the last voyage over by a mischievous youngster, who shook the foundations of the captain's peace of mind till at last his patience gave out.

The boy had been hanging around the captain all day, worrying him with his naughtiness, till finally the skipper let loose the vials of his wrath.

"If you don't behave yourself, you," he roared with the voice accustomed to obedience, "I'll put you ashore on Long Island and let you stay there."

But he had not counted on the native American wit. As quick as a flash the youngster replied:

"Oh, captain, please, I'd much rather be put ashore on Coney Island."

And when they reached port the captain wanted to know why one should be preferred to the other for marooning purposes.—Baltimore Sun.

Capt. Burns Cured of Pea Soup.
The following was frequently told by Capt. Martin Burns of Bangor, Me., as one on him:

The captain was very fond of split pea soup, and before leaving port he always put in a good-sized stock of split peas. On this occasion, however, his negro steward got whole peas, and so the soup that the captain called for on the first day out was thrown away.

The next day pea soup was again served, and this time the captain, after having eaten a hearty meal, said to his steward: "Steward, that's the kind of soup I like; we'll have some more just like it to-morrow."

"Fo de Lawd's sake, cap'n," exclaimed the steward, "ma jaws am so tired chewing dem whole peas dat Ah just can't chem no mo."

The captain never asked for pea soup again.

Taking Command at Once.
He had married a widow, and they no sooner got home after the ceremonies than she put her arms akimbo, and remarked:

"Now, John, off with them bridal duds o' yours and fetch me up a couple o' scuttles o' coal from the cellar, quick."

"But, my angel!" he exclaimed, "my—"

"No nonsense, John. Then go up to the attic and bring me down that large Saratoga, and afterward you can step around to the grocer's and get that box of soap, you know. Then you can help me get supper ready."

John tendered his resignation on the spot.—Rehoboth Sunday Herald.

Perfectly Sober, Too.
A short time ago a man went home the worse for drink. On arriving at his home he tried to unlock the door, but could not get the supposed key into the lock. A man who happened to be passing at the time noticed him fumbling at the door and asked him what he was doing. He replied:

"Why, trying to unlock the door. I want to get in."

"Why, man," said the other, "do you know you are trying to unlock it with a cigarette?"

"Am I?" said the staggery one. "Then, by gosh! I must have smoked the key!"—Exchange.

UMBRELLA THIEF'S NEW TRICK

Changing Handles Is the Latest Professional Wrinkle.

"About the slickest umbrella lifter in town dropped in yesterday," remarked the head barber in one of the uptown hotels.

"You don't say," replied the man in the chair. "How did he operate?"

"Oh, he was a changer."

"Ah, I see. He brought in an old umbrella and walked out with a new one."

"Oh, no; that's an old, clumsy game that was worked twenty years ago. This chap was up to the times and cribbed the rain shields by deftly changing handles. He carried a full stock of handles and when he sighted a fine silk umbrella with a gold or silver handle he slipped it off and screwed on something entirely different. Then he dropped the original handle in his pocket and leisurely awaited his opportunity to slip out without attracting attention.

"As everybody identifies their umbrella by the handle, this 'lifter' can walk right past you with your own umbrella and you never notice it. Oh, the world is moving, and even the umbrella thief keeps up with the times these days."

And the head barber changed the subject to hair tonics.—New York Globe.

SHOCK TOO MUCH FOR BRUIN.

Hugging Bear Evidently Did Not Know the Summer Girl.

The great performing Russian bear had escaped from the captivity under which he had chafed for so many months; but he was finding that liberty had its drawbacks. For many weary hours he had prowled, but nothing in the shape of food had been seen.

Suddenly he gave a growl of delight, for, sitting on a stile, he espied a toothsome little lady, who was evidently awaiting the coming of a young man.

Bruin did not stop to ponder upon his good-fortune; he seized her in a mighty hug. For a while she said nothing; but as he exerted more of his tremendous strength she murmured:

"I don't think you are quite so strong as you were, Gerald."

Then once more melancholy settled upon Bruin. He had done his best; but the young ladies of this country were beyond him.

With a roar of despair he retraced his steps to the menagerie, and gave himself up without a struggle.—London Answers.

Will Willing, Wind Weak.
Mayor Story, of Atlantic City, was condemning those Menhaden fishermen who dredge the Atlantic at points illegally near the shore for fish that is only used for fertilizer. At the same time the Mayor pointed out the difficulty of catching and punishing these fishermen. He said:

"On account of the sinful waste of good fish that they cause, we would be only too glad to prosecute these men, but the means to detect and identify them are not often at hand. We have the will but not the power to punish. We are like the trumpeter in an Atlantic City band."

"This man, a native of Germany, was practicing one night a trumpet obligato, but he did not play anything like loud enough."

"Louder, louder," said the leader. "And the trumpeter redoubled his efforts."

"Louder, louder," he roared, and he put on still more steam. "Louder, louder, louder!"

"The trumpeter banged down his trumpet and glared at the leader with eyes that started from their sockets."

"It's all ferry vell," he spluttered, to say "louder, louder," but vore iss de vind?"

Coachman as Collector.
It is related of Dean Gilbert Stokes that once, when influenza had incapacitated his verger as well as the two churchwardens, he consigned the duty of collecting the alms to a neighborly coachman.

"Take the what, sir?" queried that worthy.

"Take the offertory," explained the Dean. "The collection—the money from the people in the pews."

The coachman seemed satisfied and even pleased with his new dignity. But when the offertory hymn was half through a noisy altercation was heard in one of the transepts, and the Dean at once called the collector to the rails.

"Whatever is the matter?" he inquired.

The coachman, red of face and wrathful of eye, then explained. He was no half-and-half individual, and when a thing was given him to do he did it, and did it thoroughly. He said:

"Why, sir, there's two men in the best seats as won't pay."—London Answers.

Adagio.
The coming night has wrapped the weary world
In robes of solemn, ashen gray,
And, as the light dies out across the skies,
Take down your violin and play.

But do not strike a major chord for me,
But weave a melody of dreams
As soft as silence and as sweet as sleep,
As tender as the moon's pale beams.

Let no strong passion mar the gentle strain,
But play a mystic minor tune,
To fill my soul with pleasure sweet and vague
I crave of you that soothing boon.

And bring to me again the dear dead days,
Those days deep buried in my heart,
And cause from 't the misty land of dreams
The accents of old music to start.

And may your bow become a magic wand
To conjure with a plaintive score
The ones I loved, the ones I loved and lost,
From out the silences once more.

—Will Reed Dunroy.

The Gift.
Fate promised me my wish, and I replied:
"Fortune for them who have no higher thought,
And fame for those whose souls may so be bought—
But give me love, and I am satisfied."

THREW AWAY HALF MILLION DOLLARS; NOW WORKS IN CHEAP RESTAURANT

Strange Career of James McNally, Once Famous Throughout America as "Green Goods King."

James McNally, the "green goods king," once worth \$600,000, is earning his living acting as a waiter in a cheap Coney Island, N. Y. restaurant.

McNally is now back to his old job, the one at which he earned an honest living twenty-five years ago, before he discovered how easy it was to exchange sawdust with credulous countrymen for their real gold.

No longer young, his great fortune gone, the mark of the prison in his

of that back. But, after all, there was a big lump of cash in the safety deposit box, and that was what I was depending on when I got out of prison.

Threw Away Key.
"But when I was arrested I was afraid they would try to confiscate this cash, so I threw away the key to the box. And then I put in my three years in Joliet.

"And then I had been a heavy drinker and I had used opium. These things were suddenly stopped short in



my bread until the time comes when I can lay my hands on my \$50,000.

Started with \$300.
McNally began his career with \$300, which he had managed to save out of a small salary, and in ten years had won such success that he was acknowledged "king" of the business. He kept many offices and employed many men.

He spent his money lavishly, had a splendid mansion in the aristocratic part of Boston, supported a string of fine horses and had a magnificent country estate in Bridgeport, Conn. No banking magnate ever spent money more freely.

\$50,000 for Jewelry.
For the notorious Nellie Maroux, who deserted him when he was sent to prison in '96, he spent \$50,000 in jewelry alone in one year. He has the bills for this now and exhibits them as evidence of his past grandeur.

McNally himself says that his present position is only temporary. He claims to have \$80,000 tied up in

The Gallant Oriental.
The Japanese nobleman approached with a splendid bouquet of early chrysanthemums in his hand.

The American girl, fresh and cool in her white frock, advanced to meet the little man across the piazza of the New England hotel.

"If you will give me those chrysanthemums," she said, "I will give you a kiss for each one of them, and—"

But he was already nearly beyond earshot, making as fast as his legs could carry him toward the greenhouse.

"Why are you running away?" cried the girl reproachfully.

"Wait," answered the Japanese. "I will return. I am going after more chrysanthemums."

How to Perfume Laces.
Queen Alexandra's laces, linens and silks are perfumed in a simple and delightful manner, says Home Notes. The drawers in which they are kept are lined with white paper, strewn with rose leaves. A layer of the fabric is to be scented is placed over this with more rose petals sprinkled upon it and so on until the drawer is filled. The result is a delicate perfume, obtained by an inexpensive method, which any woman can copy.

Empress of Japan.
Empress Haruko of Japan is fifty-six years old, and is two years the senior of her husband, and credited with being one of the most beautiful women in Japan.

Sand Castles.
Building castles and other objects in sand by children for prizes is becoming a favorite seaside amusement in England.

Whistle "Marseillaise."
The first notes of the "Marseillaise" are being used as a popular form of whistled greeting in London.

Placed it in Vault.
"But it is this way: I was caught in Chicago in 1906 charged with using the mails for fraudulent purposes. They had me right. I had been sending green goods circulars through the mails. I was sentenced to three years. Now before this time I had placed the money in a safety deposit vault in New York.

"At first there had been \$160,000 in the box, but I invested about half of it in farms and other things, and while I was in prison the property was taken form me in a lot of different ways—attachments for small debts and that sort of a thing. I have some hope, but not a great deal, of getting some

Must Wait Ten Years.
The lawyers told me that I would have to wait seven years—from the time of the rental of the box. The seven years will be in 1907. The law, I suppose, takes this course, because if in seven years no other claimant to the property comes forward, that constitutes in a way proof that my claim to the ownership of the money is all right.

"When I get this money I will take it and buy a quiet farm somewhere and live there with my family, and I hope folks will forget all about me."

Could Most Catch the Train.
There is a man in Enfield, Ct., who drives a carriage to and from the station for the accommodation (?) of the public. He is exceedingly slow, nearly always being a little behind time.

One day he was engaged to carry a lady to a train which it was very important she should catch. She watched and waited, with hat and coat on, until it was nearly train time. At last Mr. C. drove up, hurrying not an atom.

The lady's husband flew to the door, and impatiently shouted: "What's the use of coming now? It's nearly train time."

"Wall," drawled the immovable hackman, "if your wife has her things all on, and is ready to start, I reckon I can git her most there."

Hated to Spend His Money.
When G. G. Solodovniko, the Moscow millionaire, died a short time ago, leaving his many millions for charitable purposes, it was stated that for years he had lived in a dilapidated two-story house, surrounded by rotting furniture, and without servant or companion. During the day he wore a tattered dressing gown, almost as old as himself; and, with an income of at least \$1,250,000 a year, he grudgingly spent of \$5 a week.

Difference in Conversion.
Torrey and Alexander could not convert Brixton, London, but the War Department is now going to convert the revival hall they built into a drill hall.

Fruit Experiment in Cuba.
Twenty varieties of peaches and fifteen of Japanese persimmons have been introduced in Cuba directed by American experts.

Cost of African War.
Germany's African war has already cost the taxpayers nearly \$50,000,000.

DEATH ALWAYS NEAR

ARTIST TELLS OF RISK IN PHOTOGRAPHING WAVES.

The Sea Never to Be Trusted for a Moment—Careless and Timid Attendants Add to the Excitement of the Undertaking.

There are plenty of adventures to be found in photographing the great waves of the sea. F. J. Mortimer, an Englishman, tells of some rough experiences in getting pictures of this kind on the stormy coast of the Scilly islands. He says: "One can never trust the sea for a moment. Once I was standing with my back to a cliff, on the top of which was a friend, whose outstretched hands I could just reach. After watching the sea for some time, breaking at a safe distance, I turned my back on it for one moment to reach up to my friend for a fresh dark-slide. Fatal movement—as fatal as taking one's eyes from a crouching tiger—for no sooner had I turned my head than a wave darted in and crashed with terrific force on to my back. I was absolutely flattened against the rock, all breath and feeling were knocked from my body, while my camera was smashed to smithereens. Bruised and gasping, I could only totter home to bed, and two days were passed before I was fit to venture out again.

"Then there was another adventure," says Mr. Mortimer, again, caused by a rope man who was too careless. He had lowered me down a narrow crevice, a 'chimney' as it is called, and having seen me safely come to ground at the bottom he calmly threw the rope down to me and went off, never thinking that he might be required to haul me up again. One glance at the sea told me that I was in a most dangerous position; the tide was coming in and would soon be welling up the chimney; and only by way of the chimney could I escape. All intentions of taking photographs I threw to the wind; after shouting till I was hoarse, I began the upward climb unaided—elbow work of the stiffest kind. The chimney was 100 feet high and I spent the rest of the day in getting to the top.

"Another time the promptitude of a friend in trying to save my life cost me a valuable outfit. I was photographing from the base of a cliff, on the top of which stood my friend, holding the rope to which I was attached. Along came a final wave that would have made a magnificent study. While it was yet far distant, a sudden distrust of it entered my friend's soul, and while I was stooping over my things on the ground, without a word of warning he gave a mighty jerk to the rope and hauled me into the air. Dangling helplessly, unable to cry out, I was forced to watch that fine wave roll quietly in, break with a great effect of foam, and as quietly go off with all my apparatus.

"I once had an awful fall when descending a steep bit of cliff on St. Agnes. I was clambering down, very much incumbered by my camera, which allowed me to cling on with one hand only, supported by toes, knees and elbows, when suddenly a rat leaped from a hole in the rock, brushed against my face and landed on my hand. Now I didn't know that rats inhabited the rock; and my surprise at this unexpected discovery in natural history, combined with the start I gave when the rat touched my hand, caused me to let go my hold and to fall a distance of thirty feet. I landed on my camera case, breaking up my outfit as completely as the sea itself could have desired."

James Gray's Dog Partnership.
James Gray, once a prominent singer of Boston, relates the following incident of his youth:

When a lad of 15 he bought a yellow dog for 50 cents. He took the dog home and told his father about it. Now his father would never have a dog about the house, but, not wishing to disappoint the boy, he offered to give the boy a quarter, and so form a partnership. Gray readily assented, and thereby secured the dog's safety.

After carefully locking the animal up James went to bed, very happy. The first thing in the morning he went out to see the dog, and found him gone. He rushed to his father, and cried: "Pa, where is the dog?"

"Well," said the father, "I kicked my half out. I don't know what became of your half."

Elder Swan's Prayer at a Mark.
Jabez Swan of Connecticut, the noted and eccentric evangelist, was once attending an association meeting, when the moderator, a driving man for business, laid out the time for the speakers and for the business of the morning. "And now," he said, "there are just three minutes left that are unoccupied. Elder Swan, will you pray?"

The elder rose at the call and said: "Well, brethren, I never yet did pray at a mark, but I'll try," and he filled out the allotted time.

Whiting Owned "Clear Up."
David Whiting, founder of the present firm of D. Whiting & Son, milk contractors, was one day in his mill yard in Wilton, N. H., where two of his men were unloading a load of logs onto a large pile.

One of the men said: "It would be well to start a new pile, wouldn't it, Mr. Whiting?"

"Pile 'em up; pile 'em up; I own clear up," said Mr. Whiting's laconic reply.—Boston Herald.

Porter's Good-by to "Mark Twain."
Gen. Porter tells this story of his farewell to "Mark Twain" once when "Mark" was going away: "I said good-by 'Mark'; may God be with you always." He drawlingly replied: "I hope—em—he will, but I hope, too, that he may find some leisure moments to take care of you."

Secures 4,000 Butterflies.
Walter Rothschild, M. P., who recently spent three weeks at Caeterets, in France, near the Pyrenees, brought home to England with him nearly 4,000 specimens of butterflies to add to the million he already has.