

# Shun Delays

Shun delays, they breed remorse;  
Take thy time, while time is lent thee;  
Creeping snails have weakest force—  
Fly their faults, lest thou repent thee.  
Good is best, when soonest wrought,  
Ling'ring labors come to naught.

Holst thy sail while gale doth last  
Tide and wind stay no man's pleasure.  
Seek not time, when time is past;  
Sober speed is wisdom's leisure.  
After-wits are dearly bought,  
Let the fore-wit guide thy thought.

Time wears all his locks before;  
Take then hold upon his forehead;  
When he flies he turns no more,  
And behind his scalp is naked.  
Works adjourned have many stays,  
Long genuers bring new delays.

Seek thy salve while young the wound,  
Older sores ask deeper lancing;  
After cures are seldom found,  
Often sought, scarce ever changing.  
In the rising, stifle ill,  
Lest it grow against thy will.

Drops do pierce the stubborn flint,  
Not by force, but often falling;  
Custom kills with feeble dint,  
More by use than strength prevailing.  
Single sands have little weight,  
Many make a drowning freight.  
—Robert Southwell.



## His Little Wretch.

BY IRENE D. CRAIGEN.  
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The sun shone fiercely down in the factory yard and upon Mr. William Cole, foreman, seated upon a pile of lumber and muttering imprecations as he dug his heel savagely in the hot sand.

"If I ever get back to civilization, confound it, I'll stay there!" he was declaring under his breath. "It's just as the poet fellow says, 'Better fifty years of What's-his-name than a cycle of Carthage.'"

"Who's you talkin' to, Mister?" piped a small voice.

Mr. Billy started and looked up, to find himself confronted by an atom. It was a feminine atom, dressed in a torn pink frock, with a shock of mud-colored hair and the bluest eyes that ever looked out of a dirty face. The atom dragged after it a wagon made of pasteboard, mounted on empty spoons, in which reclined with what grace it might a doll formed from a stick of kindling wood wrapped in a bit of calico.

"Hullo! you little wretch—where'd you spring from?" asked Mr. Billy.

"Over there," responded the atom, nodding vaguely in the direction of a line of hovels, half a mile away. "I play here 'cos we ain't got no yard and it's hot in the road. That's my house you's setting' on now."

"Oh! it is, is it?" responded Mr. Billy, gravely. "Well, now, see here, I'm not going to have you coming here, where cars are backing in all the time. You'll be killed if you do. Not that you wouldn't be better off in Heaven; but I don't care to have your death on my soul and mind. Now, here's a small fraction of United States currency. Take it and trot along home, and remember that if you spend it judiciously you may some day be as rich as Rockefeller. Don't lose sight of the fact that I'm vested in the paucity of power here. So git!"

The child held out her hand for the penny, and eyed Mr. Billy wistfully. "I don't want to go home," she said; "she whips me."

"Does, hey?" said the big man, with amiable sternness. "Well, perhaps you need it. Tell you what I'll do, though, if you'll promise solemnly, honest in-jun, to stay away from the tracks, you may bring your doll duds over here. Promise?"

The child nodded.

"All right; fire away, then. If your face were cleaner, I would give you a



"Who's you talkin' to, mister?"

chaute kiss on the cheek just for luck; but, under the circumstances, I think I will forbear."

Then Mr. Billy went whistling away to his work, and the atom made a palace of the lumber pile and seated Romabella in state in the drawing-room, while she prepared an imaginary dinner in an imaginary kitchen under some projecting boards. The next day when the youngster appeared Mr. Billy greeted her cheerfully with:

"Well, you little wretch, how are you?"

"Ise well," responded the infant. And, as he drew nearer, the foreman discovered, from the smeary condition of her countenance, that some effort had been made to render it clean.

"Been washing your 'ace, I see," he commented.

"Is yer goin' to kiss me now?" the child demanded.

"Think I shall. Here's a corner that's comparatively spotless, and upon it I press my lips thus—partly as a reward of merit for your praiseworthy efforts and partly because you have the



"Where is the big man?"

biggest violet eyes in twenty states." The atom smiled graciously at the compliment, and as often as she saw Mr. Billy in the days that followed she'd wave a stately hand at him, and he would respond with a "How's my little wretch?" in a big voice that rang through the yards.

One day Mr. Billy was at home with an attack of what he called, for want of a better name, "the dumbest fever a fellow ever had," when his small protegee came to harm. She had a skipping rope in her hand and was wandering near the forbidden tracks when a freight car of lumber backed into the yard. The end of the rope was caught by the wheels, and as the little one tugged to repossess herself of it her foot slipped under the car and was cruelly mangled. She whimpered for a moment, but the little wretch had been brought up in a stern school, where sympathy was unknown, and directly she lay quiet until one of the men passed near where she was. Then she lifted her voice in a piteous cry.

"Here's the little wretch," she said. "Ise awfully hurted. Please come and get me."

They carried her to the hospital and summoned her mother, and after the surgeons had removed the crushed member and made the patient as comfortable as possible she began to get feverish.

"Where is the big man?" she asked, plaintively. "Why doesn't he come to see his little wretch?"

"I'm here, Martha," said her mother, her surly face for once softening. "Won't I do?"

"No," said the atom, her head tossing on the pillow. "I want my big man! He loves me. He kissed me once, and he gave me this yesterday. I'm his little wretch. Oh! why doesn't he come to me?"

"This" was a penny, the last of a series of such gifts, which had been tightly clasped in the small hand every minute, except when the surgeons were operating.

"Who is this man?" asked the sweet-faced nurse. "If we could find him, her last moments would be easier. Nothing can save her life, but she would be happy if he were by when she passes out."

"I don't know no man!" said the woman, roughly. "She's out of her mind."

"Johnny knows my man," went on the little voice; "he'll go for him. Tell

him his little wretch is hurted, and he'll come."

But before Johnny could be found the shadows had lengthened in the ward, and the murmur had grown so weak that the "Oh! why doesn't the big man come to see his little wretch?" could hardly be distinguished. Then, as the sun went down, all was quiet again in the dormitory, and the nurse drew the sheet up over the still, white, beautiful face of the atom.

When Mr. Billy heard about it the next day his face paled, and his language was something fearful. "I'd have given my life and all the money I possess to have been with the kid!" he said, brokenly. And then he went over to the hovel and laid a rosebud in the hand that still held the penny.

## LIME AND MALARIA.

Investigators Say That Former Partially Averts Latter.

A French scientist, Dr. Roche, thinks that he has discovered an interesting fact in regard to malaria. He declares that the addition of lime to the soil for purely agricultural purposes will reduce the amount of malaria in that vicinity. Another medical man, Dr. Grellet, echoes that opinion, and asserts that the diminution in malaria is proportional to the quality of lime used. Neither of these writers offers any explanation of the alleged discovery or shows why the lime should antagonize the malaria. The old notion that so-called malarial fevers resulted (as the name implies) from bad air, a miasm arising from the soil, and especially from wet places, is still entertained by a number of people. This is a theory which could be reconciled easily with the belief which Drs. Roche and Grellet now cherish. If both of these suppositions are correct no doubt the lime checks the development of the miasmatic vapor in wet soil. But it has recently been suspected that malaria is caused by a micro-organism which gets into the victim's blood, and not by a gas which is inhaled. It is also suspected that this microbe gets into the blood through the bite of an infected mosquito. Now, if this understanding of the case should prove to be right, then it would not be easy to see what lime has to do with suppressing malaria. Perhaps it kills mosquitoes and improves the sanitary conditions of a district in that manner. Or it is remotely possible that the disappearance of malaria which has been noticed in France is confined to a limited region, and is due to some other cause than the use of lime as a fertilizer. The two facts may have been simultaneous, but unrelated. At any rate, it will be desirable to know whether anything of the kind has been noticed in other places where malaria once prevailed and where lime has been employed by farmers. If so, there is doubtless something in the idea. Otherwise, the French cases would appear to be accidental and exceptional.

## Cultivation of Coco.

The cultivation of coco, says a writer in the Scientific American, is at present an inviting agricultural pursuit in Trinidad and parts of Venezuela. The coco tree cannot withstand strong sunshine, and the young plants have to be shaded by banana or plantain trees, and later, when they attain their growth, by tall trees known as "immortels" or the "mother of the coco." These make a kind of canopy over the entire plantation. The fruit of the coco tree is a pod, resembling a cucumber and growing on the trunk, or large branches, where it "looks as though it were artificially attached." The seeds are like large, thick Lima beans embedded in pulp. These form the coco beans of commerce. The processes of curing and drying require much attention.

## A Community of Rents.

Some people live in New York, others exist. It is written that a majority of our citizens never owned a home. They live in rented flats or houses all their lives, and do not know the meaning of possession. Many millionaires dwell in hired residences. Their homes are in other states, but they must be in Fifth avenue during the social season, and they must keep house. Philadelphia has been spoken of as a "community of homes." New York is a community of rents. More than half of our people don't know what it is to pay taxes. Their obligations of citizenship are settled by the landlord, who takes everything out in the rent. We are becoming a characterless mob.—New York Press.

## She Had Osculated.

"Did you ever kiss a man?" asked the Chicago girl. The Boston girl blushed. "Really, that is so vulgar, you know," she said. "Maybe it is, but did you?" persisted the Chicago girl. "I should hate to think it was a kiss," replied the Boston girl, "but since I have become engaged I have tried osculation."—Chicago Post.

## Importations.

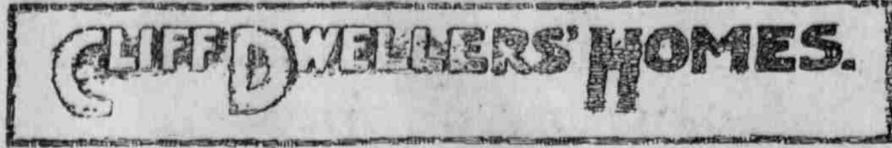
"You get all that is best in your system of government from England, you know," said the placid Londoner. And in a tone of slight irritation the New York man rejoined, "How about Richard Croker?"—Washington Star.

## Largest of Hooks.

"Some day," muttered the foolkiller, "when I have more leisure than I have nowadays, I shall publish a book entitled 'Fools I have Met.'"

## A Veteran of Balaklava.

William Humphrey, 77, a veteran of the Crimean war and one of the "Noble six hundred" of Balaklava, has just died at Santa Rosa, Cal.



A bill has been prepared for submission to Congress at its coming session providing that the cliff dwellings of Colorado shall not be destroyed by time or vandalism, but that they shall be preserved for the benefit of scientific investigation in future years. The measure provides that the region surrounding these habitations of a prehistoric race shall be set apart as a national park, protected by the government for the use and benefit of posterity.

These marvelous relics of American antiquity, for centuries inaccessible to any but the boldest and most tireless explorers, have at last been opened up by a little band of enthusiastic women. The ruins have long been considered by archaeologists to be among the finest and most interesting in the world and have stood almost unknown and wholly neglected in the Mancas canyon of southwestern Colorado. On the rare occasions when they have been visited, except by one or two parties of scientific explorers, it has been by careless tourists and sightseers, who did not scruple to knock down walls and otherwise deface the ruins in their efforts to get and carry away interesting pieces of pottery and the relics valuable only to science.

These ruins were opened and made accessible to the public by the Colorado Cliff Dwelling association, composed of fifty women, and organized in the fall of 1899 by Mrs. Gilbert McClurg of Colorado Springs, Col. In 1882 Mrs. McClurg, then Miss Virginia Doneghe, a descendant of Edward A. Dunning, who made the first anthropological collection for Harvard and Yale, learning of the ruins of the cliff dwellings in the Mesa Verde, made an excursion to and explored the ruins at the risk of her life and under the escort of United States troops.

## Appreciated Their Value.

What she saw of them convinced her that they were of great scientific interest to the world, and she resolved if possible to preserve and reclaim them from the ravages of time and vandal marauders. For sixteen years she labored, never once losing sight of her object, and when in 1885 she, with a party of friends, was beset and

a wagon road. Here again was a difficulty.

The Mesa Verde is a part of the Ute reservation and the Indians objected to white men traveling over their lands. After much consideration the association hit upon the project of leasing the Mesa Verde from the Indians and negotiations were immediately begun. Mrs. McClurg, who had known the Ute chiefs and been known by them from a child, appeared before their council and, through an interpreter, laid before them her plans. The chiefs signed the lease giving the association the right to build and use a wagon road across their reservation in consideration of the sum of \$300 a year.

## A Wagon Road Opened.

This settled, the work on the wagon road was immediately begun and though the association was small and badly hampered by lack of capital, it was pushed rapidly forward until Sept. 1, when it was considered sufficiently under way to warrant a formal opening of the wagon road to the Mesa Verde and cliff dwellings.

The pictures presented herewith are from sketches made by members of the party. All of the ruins are interesting to the archaeologist. In many respects the one known as balcony house is the best preserved and probably the most recently occupied. In contrast with the surrounding dwellings, the walls of this one are smooth and even and the stones well fitted together. The tower is straight, square and has three windows, the lower of which, though now broken through, has evidently been of a T shape. The whole ruin suggests a strong and almost impregnable fortress. A small force of men could hold it against a vastly superior enemy.

Balcony house is so called from a projection or balcony. It is a rather narrow balcony, but was undoubtedly used to sit and rest upon. Like all the ruins in Cliff canyon, it is difficult of access and is filled with dry dust and fallen walls.

## Our Trade Possibilities.

China's present foreign trade does



not amount to \$1 per head, or \$300,000,000, against less than \$1 per head thirty years ago. Multiply China's population conservatively estimated at 350,000,000, by \$6, and we have, as a reasonable estimate of China's foreign commerce, when she shall be opened up and her government improved like that of Japan, the magnificent total of \$2,100,000,000 per annum.

The imports, two-thirds of which could be supplied by America, would equal \$1,000,000,000. This sum may not be realized for another generation, but it must surely be reached in the not remote future.—John Barrett in Philadelphia Times.

## AN INKY LAKE.

One of the Most Peculiar Mysteries of Colorado.

The most unusual curiosity in the strange, uncanny land by the Colorado river is what the naturalists in California call a lake of ink. The scientific journals in Los Angeles and San Diego have discussed time and time again what the lake of ink really is. It is a great pool of black fluid that resembles black writing ink more than anything else. It is about an acre in area. The surface of the lake is coated with ashes from the volcanoes to the thickness of about half a foot, and the explorer in these parts who is not looking out for this freak of nature would be very apt to walk into it. Surveyors have found that the lake is some three hundred yards deep in some places, but no bot-

refuse liver wings with contempt and clamor for garbage for a change.

tom can be found in others. There is nothing but theory as to the source of the supply of the lake, but no one seems to know what the component parts of the acres of black fluid. The Indians say it is composed of the blood of bad Indians who are suffering in their hell amid the volcanoes. Samples of the lake have been brought to Yuma and Los Angeles for tests and examination. It is good for common marking purposes. Cotton goods that have been soaked with the strange black fluid keep their color for months, even when exposed to the sun, and the goods have a stiffness that is somewhat like weak starch. A gallon of the lake fluid was sent to the Smithsonian Institution at Washington the other day for analysis.

## Diamond Cutters Need Work.

The South African war is causing starvation among the 200 men employed in Paris in the delicate work of cutting diamonds. Scarcely any diamonds come from Brazil or India now. Before the supply from the Cape ceased these men earned as much as 50 francs a week, out of which they have to pay their employers four francs a day for implements and motive power. Two carats each of diamond powder and boort are also necessary. This costs 23f. 50c., and the cutter's assistant draws another 12f., making altogether 65f. 50c. At present the men who still have work are earning about 60f., which leaves them slightly over 20f. a week to live upon. A meeting of the 200 has been held, at which the 12,000 cutters of the Amsterdam and the 800 of Antwerp were represented. A general strike was unanimously voted, and all cutters who continue to work are assessed five per cent of their earnings for the strike fund.

## Trunk Line Telephone.

The Italian government has just sanctioned the construction of two important trunk lines of telephone which will bring Europe a long step nearer to the goal of a continental system of international telephones. One of these lines goes from Rome through Bologna, Florence and Turin to Mount Cenia, where it is to be connected with the French line from Paris, by which

## Highest Altitudes Possible to Man.

The reason, Signor Mosso tells us, why so few have attempted the ascent of the highest peaks on the face of the earth is the conviction that man cannot withstand the rarefied air of these altitudes. "Heroism shrinks from such prolonged sufferings as those due to lack of health." His own experiments and observations, however, give us the assurance that man will be able slowly to accustom himself to the diminished barometric pressure of the Himalayas. "If birds," he says, "fly to the height of 29,000 feet man ought to be able to reach the same altitude at a slow rate of progress."—Pearson's Magazine.

## Pikes' Peak Railroad.

Capitalists of Colorado Springs have organized a company to build an electric railway to the top of Pike's Peak, at a cost of \$500,000 or more. The road will start from Colorado Springs or from some station on the Cripple Creek Short Line. Experiments show that electricity can be operated without trouble at the altitude necessary, 14,143 feet. The Cog Road has heretofore held the field exclusively.

## Champagne in Germany.

Germany produces a very good quality of champagne. In 1900 2,045 tons, valued at \$547,000, were exported. During the same year the imports amounted to double that quantity. The duty on champagne imported into Germany is 35 cents a bottle. This high duty has induced many French firms to establish plants of their own within the German border.