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†Passenger, No. 5, 2:50 p. m.  
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\*Daily; †Daily, except Sunday.

**E. R. Adams, Agent**

**Frost.**  
How small a tooth hath mined the season's heart!  
How cold a touch hath set the wood  
Until it blazes like a costly pyre  
Built for some Gauges emperor, old and swart,  
Soul-spiced on clouds of incense! Whose art  
That webs the streams, each morn,  
with silver wire,  
Delicate as the tension of a lyre?  
Whose Nalchion pries the chestnut-bur apart?  
It is the frost; a rude and Gothic sprite,  
Who doth unbuild the summer's palace of wealth,  
And puts her dear loves all to sword or flight;  
Yet in the hushed, unmindful winter's night,  
The spotter builds again with jealous stealth,  
And sets a mimic garden, cold and bright.  
—Edith M. Thomas.

**A Scrap of Carbon Paper**

If one were looking for a cure for bashfulness, carbon paper would seem an unlikely thing to select. But it was a piece of this paper which, if it did not exactly cure John Kendall, at least overcame the effects of his shyness.

John's bashfulness was most pernicious, and while it had not retarded his career as a successful manufacturer, in the flourishing town of Schuylerville, it proved a very embarrassing possession when he was smitten with the tender passion.

In the first place, Margaret Little was "an authoress," and that alone was an awe-inspiring circumstance. To be able to write stories which met with occasional acceptance; to have the postman sometimes bring her thin letters containing checks, and not to be the grinning bearer of bulky packages of rejected manuscripts, placed her on a plane above other women—in John's eyes. Not that she needed such placing, for it would be futile to chronicle the angelic qualities with which he endowed her.

The trouble with this endowment process was that it was not disclosed to Margaret. John could write, and did write, letters teeming with sentiment. Of course, it was unfortunate that these letters were never sent. It was more unfortunate that he found himself unable to express in her presence the feelings which agitated his six feet of manhood.

He had made three attempts at a proposal, each of which had ended in stammering confusion and dire failure, and it is probable that the number would have been extended indefinitely, had not a rival appeared on the field.

Anyone who showed Margaret the slightest attention was a rival in John's view, and it seemed impossible that the editor of a New York magazine would come fifty miles to Schuylerville for the sole purpose of consulting Margaret about a series of stories for his periodical. If this innocent purpose brought the editor, something emotionally attractive in Margaret's pretty face must have induced his reappearance within a month, and it was during this second visit that John spurred himself to action.

On a June afternoon he deserted his desk and determinedly strode toward the Little homestead. His courage usually lasted until he passed the front gate, but on this occasion he was surprised to find it upholding him even after he had reached the veranda. It evaporated when he rang the bell. A maid told him that Miss Little had gone for a walk with a gentleman from New York. This information, coming as a respite, at first relieved John. Then jealousy renewed his courage, and he boldly said he wished to leave a note for Margaret.

In the matter of impassioned mis-



Dashed off a few glowing periods.

sives John Kendall was no coward, and he sat at Margaret's little desk and dashed off a few glowing periods on a sheet of her manuscript paper. When the effusion was finished it proved satisfactory, being, in fact, a condensation of the others which he had left un sent. He folded it neatly, and was reaching into a pigeonhole in the desk for an envelope, when he happened to glance out of the window.

Across the orchard came Margaret and the editor. The latter—a small, blonde, handsome man—was walking close beside his contributor, and looking smilingly into her beautiful eyes. After viewing the scene John was seized with panic at the thought of Margaret's reading his note immediately. The next instant he was strid-

ing away from the house, scattering bits of white paper to the June breezes.

He did not see Margaret for a week, and during that time deep despair held him for its own. Then an urgent business affair led him to call on her father, who was suffering from a slight illness, and was unable to leave the house.

When the interview with Mr. Little was at an end, and John reached the front door he found Margaret sitting on the veranda. He thought to pass her with a formal greeting, but his intentions usually went astray where she was concerned, and he was soon seated near her in a wide-armed veranda chair.

"I am sorry I missed you when you called last week," said Margaret after her father's illness had been discussed. "I'm sorry, too," John replied, mentally condemning the memory of the maid, whom he hoped had forgotten the incident.

"The girl said something about you leaving a note," continued Margaret. "Yes—er—an invitation to a picnic," John said weakly, "but the affair was postponed."

"Before you could write the note?" "No; I thought it would be postponed, so I changed my mind."

Margaret was looking demurely at a rose bush. "It has been postponed



Glanced shyly down at Margaret.

before," she murmured softly, but her companion did not hear the remark. "John," she said, in a louder tone, "I suppose it is only in an invitation to a picnic that you would address me as your dearest Margaret."

John Kendall turned slowly, and regarded the object of his affections with bewilderment. He wondered if any of the torn bits of paper had been picked up and pieced together by Margaret, but he had scattered them so widely that that seemed impossible.

Miss Little, who had transferred her gaze from the rose bush to her lover's face, seemed to enjoy its expression. Then John rocked violently in the veranda chair in the hope that the action would induce mental stimulation, but it did not.

"Will you come with me for a moment?" Margaret asked, rising and entering the house.

John followed her to her study. There, on the little desk, was the pile of manuscript paper. Margaret took a note from the bosom of her dress, unfolded it slowly, and handed it to John.

"There was a piece of carbon paper among the top sheets," she said, "and this was under it," and John read an exact copy of the effusion he had addressed to Margaret the week before.

For a moment he looked helplessly at the note, then he glanced shyly down at Margaret, and the expression he saw in her eyes was entirely unlike that with which she had regarded the editor.

It seemed to say, "Speak for yourself, John," and had the stolid typewriter which stood on the desk risen to the occasion it would have added another love scene to its long list.

In the hope of Mr. and Mrs. John Kendall, in Schuylerville, is a den, and one of its walls hangs a bit of black paper in a gilt frame. When the curious question John about this paper he tells them its story, if they are worthy, and if they are unworthy he merely says that it is an impressionistic picture of the darkest hour before dawn.—Bennett Musson in Los Angeles Times.

**EXPLORATION OF LAKE CHAD.**

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Two French officers, Capt. Truffert and Naval Ensign L'Huard, have completed an exhaustive exploration of Lake Chad and its numerous islands, hitherto very imperfectly known. According to these two explorers, the lake is 185 miles in length by 89 miles in width. Curious enough, it is on the whole extremely shallow, the deepest part of the western side, where the water is 25 feet in depth, while on the eastern shore it is only 5 feet in depth. The lake is interspersed with eighty islands divided into three groups—the first void of vegetation; the second, covered only with grass and *acacia*, but used by the natives for pasturing cattle; and the third, inhabited islands, which are thickly and well forested and contain extensive millet plantations. Altogether, 50,000 people dwell on these islands. One of the most notable achievements of this expedition was the discovery of a hitherto unknown tree, the wood of which is lighter than cork.

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