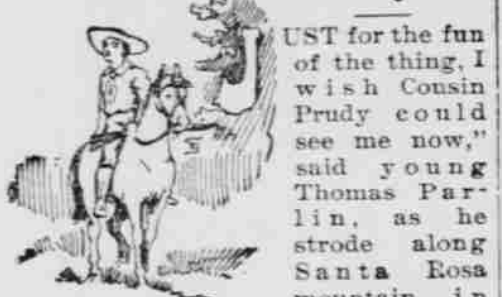


How He Won His Fortune.

By SOPHIE MAY.



JUST for the fun of the thing, I wish Cousin Prudy could see me now," said young Thomas Parlin, as he strode along Santa Rosa mountain in hunter's garb, gun and game bag slung across his shoulder. "Bless her, bless them all! How they cried, though, when the doctor ordered me off to California. Poor old lady Dawson! She couldn't remark now that Tom is a frail fower."

"The six-footer laughed as he repeated old lady Dawson's words: 'Tom's a frail fower.'"
"A pretty dark specimen with this coat of tan on! I saw a black calla in a Riverside garden the other day just about my color. Hark! what that!" he concluded, coming to a sharp stop. All day long on the unfrequented highway he had not met a living soul.
"Is it a coyote? Nobody seems to know here whether a coyote ever howls or no. But a mountain lion—they are certain a mountain lion 'snarls.' I think I'll move on."

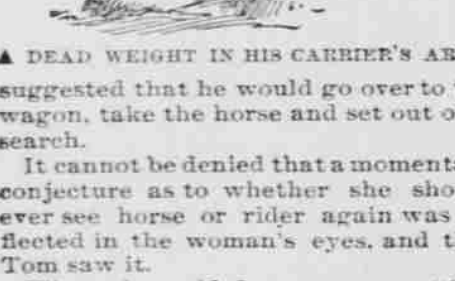
The sound came again. It was articulate this time. Surely no mountain lion could so far forget himself as to call out "Hello!" He paused and turned himself about. Then he heard it again. "Hello! Hello! Hello-o-o!"

Just beyond a clump of live oaks, Tom at last fancied he saw the fluttering of gray skirts.
"Coming!" he shouted, breaking into a run, and in another minute brought up face to face with a pale, bareheaded woman.

She looked at him timidly an instant, then spoke: "Can you help me? My husband is lost! We were camping out—Mr. Hadley and I," she continued, pointing off to a wooded slope where Tom could dimly discern a large wagon and a horse staked out under the trees.
"He went to look up some insect or some flower, I forget which, and said he should not be gone fifteen minutes. That was three hours ago."
"Did he walk?" asked Tom.
"No, he took one of the horses."
"Which way did he go?" asked Tom.
"I don't know—there's the trouble. I was half asleep in the wagon and never looked up. I only said: 'Don't be gone long,' and Mr. Hadley replied: 'Not more than fifteen minutes.'"

Three hours. Tom thought of catamounts and Mexican greasers. He remarked soothingly: "Well, if Mr. Hadley is anything of a naturalist, I dare say he has got interested and forgets the flight of time."
"No, O no!" she replied. "You don't know him. He wouldn't forget for a moment that I am afraid to stay alone here. It was some especial bug he wanted, and he knew just where to go for it. Something has happened. Can you help me?" She laid her hand on Tom's arm, tears suddenly overflowing her eyes.

It had always been said of Tom Parlin that nobody ever relied on him in vain. It was nearly sunset now, and he had a good six miles to walk to reach Elsmore. He replied with alacrity: "I probably can, madam—certainly. I am wholly at your service," and



▲ DEAD WEIGHT IN HIS CARRIER'S ARMS. suggested that he would go over to the wagon, take the horse and set out on a search.

It cannot be denied that a momentary conjecture as to whether she should ever see horse or rider again was reflected in the woman's eyes, and that Tom saw it.

What she said, however, was: "God bless you!" and Tom's reply was: "Keep up good courage."
He made off as fast as he could, and soon after came dashing past her, bareback, with a wave of his hand and a smile, whereupon, after watching him out of sight, she said, with a sigh: "So like John!"

This John was her only son, who had died the preceding winter. It was to solace themselves that she and her husband had come on this camping expedition. They were sensible, quiet people, and their stout lumber wagon and other equipments seemed to indicate that Mr. Hadley was the plainest of ranchmen, whereas in fact he was a multi-millionaire.

your bug-and-insect fellows—poor and thriftless, I'll warrant. He's probably hunting a horned toad down in the canyon and forgotten all about his wife. In that case I shall come across his horse hitched near here somewhere."
He peered about as he rode, and good eyes like Tom's can travel a long distance in the clear air of California, but no horse was in sight.
He rode both east and west long distances, but came on no trace of the naturalist. It was growing interesting. "He has tumbled down one of the steep sides here and sprained his ankle and his horse has galloped off," Tom assumed at last. "I'll make a prodigious noise to kind of encourage him."

It was no hardship whatever to young Parlin to "make a prodigious noise." He was in such bounding spirits over his recovered health that shouting came easy. He just stopped short where he was and made the welkin ring with college songs for about ten minutes. A dead silence followed.

"So much for a man setting his heart on bugs," he growled, as he rode on. "Bugs are good enough in their places. I wish them well, but when it comes to a married man leaving his wife in a wilderness—"

A sound had suddenly reached his ear. He drew up and sat still on his horse's back. The sound was repeated after a moment. It came from down in the canyon.

Tom rode to the edge, and, after some steady gazing, fancied he could make out the figure of a man prone among some manzanita bushes, but by no means sure. There was no horse to be seen anywhere. "Hello!" he called. "I'm coming!"

Divesting himself of gun and game bag and fastening the horse to a cottonwood, he began the descent of the mountain side, which at that point was nearly perpendicular.

"Who comes?" moaned a weak voice. "Tom reached the manzanita thicket. Evidently the man was not much encouraged at sight of the swarthy young musician. The racket of the rollicking college songs had aroused him from a swoon. He looked bewildered.

"His wife took me for a tramp, and he takes me for a greaser," thought Tom, but doffed his cap reassuringly. He knew that he was on the border of Mexico, and that probably his lately acquired complexion suggested the Mexican cut-throat.
"Your wife sent me," he said. "I see you have met with an accident."
Mr. Hadley opened his eyes long enough to give young Parlin a strong look. "I've broken my leg," he said.
"That's bad," said Tom. "I must get you out of this at once."

"Can you—do you think I could be dragged up?" asked the bug hunter.
"I can carry you," responded Tom, speaking on impulse.
Mr. Hadley smiled slightly. "It's too steep."
"Yes, the precipice is too steep. I shall carry you around and strike the grade," said Tom. He meant the point where the road some rods distant left the plain to begin the spiral ascent of the mountain.

"Too long," objected the man.
Tom answered lightly: "But you know, sir, the longest way round is the nearest way home."
Mr. Hadley, though white and groaning, glanced up with a flickering smile. He saw that his young rescuer looked strong and willing and had the general air of a college athlete and said no more.

Mr. Hadley was not a very heavy man and Tom lifted him both swiftly and gently, like a trained nurse. "There," said he, "hold me tight around the neck."
But Mr. Hadley had fainted again. He lay a dead weight in his carrier's arms. "Well—courage!" said Tom to himself, and started off.

The grade when he reached it lay close to the edge of the precipice winding gradually around it. If he should grow dizzy or stagger he might lose his footing and roll with his burden to the depths of the canyon.

"Are you tolerably easy? Could I hold you better?" he asked as he felt his burden revive and stir.
The tone was as commonplace as if he made it a regular business to "tote" mountaineers and rather enjoyed it.
To himself he kept saying encouragingly as the grade stretched out even further before him: "There'll be an end to this! An end to this!"

So there was. After an immense while the table land was reached, the dead weight was laid down on the grass, and Tom flung himself down beside him to recover breath.
"You're rather a fine fellow!" was all Mr. Hadley could manage to say.

Of course Tom must go at once to relieve the woman of suspense and return with the wagon. Well, then, where was Billy, the horse which the man had ridden and left hitched to a tree by the road?

Where, indeed! As Tom had suspected, he had broken loose and had strayed away. Perhaps he had become "loosed" by eating the villainous loco weed which grows in this section and destroys many a poor beast's reason, setting his brain awheel for good and all.

It was useless to try and look for him. Dick, the horse, that had brought Tom, was quietly feeding on the spot where Tom had left him, but how could a two-horse wagon be got over the road without two horses to draw it?
"What to do next?" was the question.

As Tom expressed it: "Here was a pretty fix." Night coming on and a broken leg, compound fracture, to be set.

"Trust me to straighten things out," said he, pausing in his fit of whistling. "Just lie here and rest, and I'll engage to get you and your wife to Elsmore and all your traps before—well, before midnight, anyway."
"You young Samaritan, you're all I have to look to," said the man. "I

can't lift a finger myself; you'll have to pull me through." And to himself he said: "If he does it he'll not be so sorry for his night's work."
When the young "Samaritan" returned at last, it was in a new role.

He now personated Billy, the missing horse. He had hitched Dick to one side of the wagon tongue, and had taken the other side himself, and was keeping hold of the tongue and steering the craft.

Mrs. Hadley sat in the wagon, driving the ill-assorted span, laughing and crying hysterically.
"Whoa! Let me out!" she exclaimed, climbing over the wagon wheel and hastening to her husband's side. She was not able at all to control herself. She laughed and cried for the next two or three hours. Her husband lay in the wagon under the cold stars of June, and she sat on the seat and urged her "two abreast" across the table land and up the rough hills and down through the valleys to the nearest town. The jaded Tom was fain to ask as he strained and pulled: "How many miles to Babylon?" but, like a meek and patient horse, refrained.

"There is no other way out of it," he said, pulling along beside Dick. "I couldn't leave the man. Quite a fine fellow, too, barring his mania for bugs."
It neared midnight as the strange team drew up in Elsmore.

"I'll have the fun of writing home about this," the off beast of the team said to himself as he dropped the wagon tongue. "Of course they won't believe a word of it, but they may be interested in it as a work of fiction."
That this night's exertion proved a cruel strain on Tom, there is no denying. But it was not until his charge was safe in a surgeon's hands and doing well that he succumbed and took to his bed. As soon as possible he was about again anxious to assist.

By this time there had sprung up a strong attachment between himself and the Hadleys. Little by little they gathered his history. One of a family of eight, he had worked hard for an



education, then on the eve of graduating from Harvard, had been seized by an illness which threatened his life. It had been a keen disappointment to him to give up the graduation, and still more, the study of law, which was to have followed it.

"But I was mustered out, and here I am," said he. "If I had undertaken the law I might have been an ornament to the profession, you understand, but no particular use to it, probably."
"Not as a dead man, certainly," said Mr. Hadley. "But you are well now, and can go back east."
Tom shook his head. "Not for two or three years; that's the medical decree."
"Manly, isn't he?" said Mrs. Hadley to her husband, later. "He's like John in that."

"He's certainly like him in his square-toedness," returned Mr. Hadley. "He suits me. I'd like to help him, but there's his tremendous pride!"
After this whenever Tom was present the conversation seemed to drift toward lemon ranches. Mr. Hadley had several lemon ranches scattered in various places. It was surprising how they appeared all at once to be weighing on his mind. Two in particular were at the tender mercies of Chinamen. He had observed that young Parlin seemed "well up" in California matters; and what if he should go to Chula Vista—out of pure kindness—and look around and report progress?

Tom was more than willing. He had heard nothing of Mr. Hadley's wealth, and could not know he was longing, like the little tree in the German fairy tale, to "shake and quake and pour gold and silver" over him.

Unsuspecting, he set off for Chula Vista one fine morning, got interested, went to work there, and finally to oblige his friends, and earn a little money, agreed to oversee one of the ranches.

The Hadleys, innocent plotters, exchanged smiles.
This was four years ago. To-day Tom is one of the prosperous ranchmen of the country. Mr. Hadley can say truthfully he has never given him a dollar, nevertheless he has helped him to thousands.

If anything can be counted on in this changing world, young Parlin's future is a triumphant certainty, although he is ignorant of the fact himself.—Atlanta Constitution.

Caustic Wit of an English Judge.
Lord Bowen, besides being a great judge, was a great wit. Very happy, for instance, was the amendment he proposed when the judges were drawing up an address to the queen on the occasion of her majesty's jubilee. "Conscious as we are of our shortcomings," said the address; "conscious as we are of one another's shortcomings," suggested Lord Bowen.

Not long ago Lord Bowen was called upon, it is said, to sit in the admiralty court. Upon taking his seat he asked indulgence on account of his inexperience in admiralty business. "And may there be no mourning at the bar," he added, "when I put out to sea." Sometimes his wit was very incisive—as, for instance, when he remarked: "Truth will out, even in an affidavit."
—Westminster Gazette.

PERSONAL AND LITERARY.

—Albert W. Paine, Esq., of Bangor, Me., has been in active practice of the law since 1835, and is believed to be the oldest lawyer in continuous practice in New England.
—Donald Graham, who died the other day in England, aged eighty-five years, was a schoolmate of Gladstone, and it was his proud boast that he used to "beat the prime minister at the shorter catechism."

—Elaine Goodale, the fair poet who married a Sioux Indian and went west to dwell with him in his tepee, has found the tepee tiresome, and she has returned to the east, taking her dusky husband with her.
—Empress Elizabeth of Austria, by a severe system of fasting and exercise, massage and training like a sporting man, succeeds in keeping her waist measure to twenty inches, in spite of her fifty-six years.

—Mr. Gladstone is quite generally credited with having a thorough appreciation of his own genius. His wedding gift to Miss Tennant of a full set of the works of William E. Gladstone attests this fact anew.
—The queen of England always wears on one wrist a bracelet in which is a miniature of the late prince consort. On the other wrist she wears as constantly a bracelet with the miniature of her latest great-grandchild.

—Capt. Cornelius Nye, a pensioner of the war of 1812, has just celebrated his ninety-eighth birthday at his home in Lynn, Mass. He has lived under every president, and voted first for James Monroe and last for Benjamin Harrison.

—Gerhard Gade, the American consul at Christiania, Norway, who was appointed in 1899 by Gen. Grant, is the oldest consul in the service, with the exception of Consul Sprague, at Gibraltar. He will celebrate his jubilee June 25.

—Mark Twain asserts that all modern jokes are derived from thirty-five original jokes which were originated in the days of Socrates. Several of the originals, a little frayed, are still floating about, and Mark has coined many deuces from them.

—Augustus Bonaparte Cesar Dundyreay Emerson Ferdinand Grant Hanhnbil Isiah Jackson Knox Leoninas Meredith Nicholas Oscar Tate Ring is a resident of Martin, Tenn., and is wasting all that name in a race for the petty office of constable.

—Mrs. Waite, the wife of the governor of Colorado, is forty-eight years of age, while her husband is sixty-nine. She was a widow and he a widower when they married. She is interested in the Woman's Christian Temperance union, and thinks there is no one like her husband.

—Emanuel Lasker, who is contending with Steinitz for the chess championship of the world, is a native of Prussia, and is only twenty-six years old. He began playing chess when he was only twelve years of age. His career as a phenomenal player began in 1889.

HUMOROUS.

—Bradford—"Binks and his wife make a good match." Robinson—"Yes, he's a stick and she's the brimstone."—Harlem Life.

—Teacher—"What became of the children of Agamemnon?" Pupil (after mature deliberation)—"I think they're dead by this time."—Harlem Life.

—Quite Mountinous.—Shesed—"It's odd about a mountain, isn't it?" Hessed—"What is?" Shesed—"That it never wears its spurs on its foot."—Detroit Free Press.

—Mr. Croesus—"You want to marry my niece, do you? Why, she is the only relative I have." Charley Hardup—"I have thought that all out, sir."—Raymond's Monthly.

—Mrs. Houser—"Is the oath of office I read so much about profane?" Houser—"Humph! Depends a good deal whether it is taken going in or coming out."—Buffalo Courier.

—Millionaire Philanthropist—"How can I make sure that none but the very poor will receive the money I intend to distribute?" Paymaster—"Buy poetry with it."—N. Y. Herald.

—Beaver (jocosely)—"I wonder why you har-l-headed western men wear soft hats?" Slouch—"And I wonder why you—er—eastern fellows wear hard hats?"—Frank Leslie's Weekly.

—She—"This is so sudden. I am so sorry, but I want you always to be my dear, dear friend." He—"H'm. You haven't told me yet who is the other fellow."—Indianapolis Journal.

—Husband—"Suppose the legislature did give you the ballot, what would you do with it?" Wife—"Make a dress-pattern out of it, unless the size be changed."—Cleveland Plaindealer.
A Good Sign.—Landlord of newly-opened wine-tavern (to waiter)—"Piccolo, mind you pay special attention to that gentleman sitting yonder; he has such a red complexion."—Il Corriere.
"Ethel," he whispered, "will you marry me?" "I don't know, Charles," she replied, coyly. "Well, when you find out," he said, rising, "send me word will you? I shall be at Mabel Hicks' until ten o'clock. If I don't hear from you by ten, I'm going to ask her."—Harper's Bazar.

—You don't seem to want employment. "Yes, I do, ma'am," replied Menander Mike, in an injured tone. "But you don't do the work when it is offered you. I know it. Ye see, I've spent so much of my time lookin' fur work that I can't git my hand in on no other kind of a job."—Washington Star.
—Paying a Compliment.—Dibbs (who has been waiting in his friend's studio)—"Ah! here you are, at last. Your dog has been paying a good compliment to that bit of scene-painting. I had to drive the little beggar off. Dauber (agregably surprised)—"What was he doing?" Dibbs—"Oh, he was lookin' at your real water, and he started lappin' it! By the by, what river does it represent?" Dauber (savagely)—"River be hanged! That isn't a river, it's a prairie fire!"—Tit-Bite.

FOR YOUNG PEOPLE.

A WORD.
Once a little girl I know
Shouted a little word
Whispered it so very low
Just one person heard.
And that person told it o'er,
Just to one or two,
Adding to it one word more,
As so many do!
And at once the two that heard
Told it in a crowd,
Each one adding one word more,
Till it quite aloud
Straightway every one that heard
Shouted loud and clear
Till the hapless little word
Floated far and near.
Then the maiden raised her head,
She was very glad
That the little thing she said
Wasn't something bad.
—Beth Day, in Household.

INTERESTING FroGS.

An Amusing Episode of the French and Indian War in 1758.
Boys are perennially interested in frogs—boys and snakes and naturalists.
Boys usually make their observations by means of a triple hook and a piece of red flannel, but a boy in Connecticut, known to the writer, took twenty-eight one day with his bare hands.

Connecticut is a fine state for frogs. There at old Windham was fought the famous "Battle of the Frogs."
It was during the French and Indian war in 1758. Windham was then the most important frontier town of eastern Connecticut. Col. Dyer, a prominent citizen, was raising an army to oppose the Indians at Crown Point.

The town was alive with excitement. One very dark night the people were awakened by strange sounds, and at once thought the Indians were upon them. Seizing guns, swords and axes, the men rushed out to meet the enemy. But no enemy was to be seen. Still they felt a force of French and Indians must be at hand, for hoarse voices could be heard calling for Windham's prominent military leaders.

"Col. Dyer and Elderkin, too!" "Col. Dyer and Elderkin, too!"
The town was up all night. When day broke the mystery was accidentally solved. A mile away from the village lay a big marshy pond inhabited by myriads of frogs. A drought had nearly dried up the water, reducing it to a tiny streamlet, and for this scanty supply the poor thirsty creatures had fought each other, until thousands lay dead on either side of the mill.

This battle made Windham famous. For years the inhabitants felt badly teased and insulted by its mention. Now, however, the story is no longer a joke but a prized tradition.
Snakes are as fond of frogs as the traditional Frenchman who esteemed them a delicacy. A frog has often been found swallowed whole and alive in a slaughtered snake. One snake known to a friend of the chronicler fared badly enough by his greed for his favorite dainty. He swallowed one frog and then started to crawl through a crevice in a stone wall. Before he had dragged through his entire length he espied another plump little fellow and took him in, whereupon he found himself securely fastened down under the stones, unable to move either way, and was dispatched by the spectator.

Naturalists consider the frog a very interesting fellow and other observant



people have learned curious facts concerning these amphibious creatures.

A gentleman living in the southern part of France had a large frog pond on his ground and was very fond of studying the habits of its inhabitants. One day he saw a great change in the appearance of a certain frog of which he had made a pet. It looked as if it had in some way acquired a pair of the puffed breeches which gentlemen used to wear in the courts of James I., of England, and Louis XIII. of France. This change made him curious to know what it meant, and all the more so when he found that almost every day more and more of the frogs were wearing the same queer-looking things.

By watching carefully the gentleman soon found the cause of the strange, new article of frog dress.
The mother frog, it seems, considers that her duty is discharged when she has laid her eggs. These all adhere together, forming a long chain of many links. As soon as she has deposited these on the bank of the pond she hops away, seeming to forget all about them, and they would never hatch out if the father frog did not come to the rescue. With no little difficulty he winds these chains of neglected eggs around and around his own short thighs—thus producing the appearance of the puffed breeches.

He then proceeds to hide himself among the marshy grasses around the pond until the eggs are ready to hatch out. Then he goes into the water. In a little while the shells burst, letting

out the young tadpoles, which immediately swim away without so much as a "thank you!"
Another very motherly father of the frog family is found in South America, in Chili. He is provided with a large sac, or pouch, which extends over the whole surface of his belly, from the mouth downwards. There is no external opening into this sac, and when Mr. Darwin first saw a male frog apparently swallowing the eggs he thought he was the worst kind of fellow to be eating his own children.

But this thought was a great injustice. On opening the frog's mouth Mr. Darwin discovered that on each side of the tongue was an aperture down which the eggs rolled into the sac, which soon became distended with them.

As the eggs hatch out in this sac the young frogs find their way up into their careful father's mouth, and thence out and away into the pond, which is to them the wide world.—St. Louis Republic.

THE MERRY MILKMAID.

A Fascinating Creature for a Little Girl's Work Table.
On my mother's sewing table stands a quaint little image unlike anything else I have ever seen. My mother bought it at a church fair in England when she was a young girl, and I am sure it would charm the fancy of any needlewoman.

The figure, to begin with, is a slender doll about four or five inches high, with a china head and pliant body, ending in china arms and legs.

Having possessed yourself of such a doll, around her legs wind fold after fold of cotton batting until they are covered so thickly as to make a dress skirt stand out, and so firmly as to keep the doll upright. Wind only a



THE MILKMAID.

layer or two around the body, so that it will taper up to the waist line.

For the foundation on which the doll is to stand cut a piece of cardboard in a circular shape with a diameter of three and a half inches.

Now cut a piece of fancy flowered silk with length the height of the doll and breadth a little more than the circumference of the cardboard. Sew the piece together and then shirr the top edge to fit around the shoulders, not the neck. Also gather it in snugly around the doll's waist and cut two holes for the arms, leaving enough cloth to shirr down like short sleeves.

Cut a piece of fine white flannel or cashmere in the shape of an apron and fasten it over the front of the silk gown by means of a few concealed stitches. Tie a narrow ribbon around as a belt to hide the edge. This apron is for sticking darning needles and other coarse needles in.

Fold a square of turkey red twill or scarlet cloth crosswise into shawl shape and place it over the shoulders of the doll, securing it there by a few hidden stitches.

Now fasten firmly a strong bodkin or tape runner across the back at the shoulders. This forms the milk-pail yoke. From each end of the yoke suspend a large spool of white cotton thread, these representing milk pails. The handles are made out of the wire, as in the picture, wound once around the hands of the doll and attached to ribbons which go up and tie at the ends of the yoke.

Now stand the milkmaid firmly on the cardboard, turn in the edge of her gown to the right length and fasten it around the entire circle of a row of pins placed very close together.

There she stands, all dressed, excepting her tall hat. This hat is made of a "top thimble" thrust through a close-fitting hole in a round piece of cardboard, leaving enough of the cardboard to extend about the head like a hat brim. The hat may be secured upon the head by a drop or two of melted sealingwax, and is to serve as a "rest" or holder for your own sewing thimble.

You have a good pin cushion of the milkmaid's stuffed out gown, a cushion for large needles of her apron, a cushion for fine needles of her bright scarlet shawl, and a holder for your thimble, while her pails give you two spoons of cotton, with the ends concealed, yet loose enough to be easily found. You can hang a pair of scissors on a hook attached to her belt, but though this makes of her a very complete "needle-woman's friend," it detracts from her appearance as a milkmaid.—Chicago Inter Ocean.

A Steamer on Mule Back.
A triumph in engineering is reported from the mountain of Peru, where a twin-screw steamer of 540 tons, 170 feet long and 30 feet wide has been successfully launched on Lake Titacaca, the highest navigable waters in the world, more than 13,000 feet above the sea. This steamer, which belongs to the Peruvian government, and is to be used for freight and passenger traffic, was built on the Clyde, then taken apart in more than a thousand pieces and shipped to Mollendo by sea. It was then carried to Puno by railway and transported over the mountains on the backs of llamas and mules and put together by a Scotch engineer.

A Frightened Bride.
Bridesmaid—You poor, frightened darling. You looked scared to death at the altar.
Bride—Yes, George trembled so I was dreadfully afraid he'd lose courage and run away.—N. Y. Weekly.