

A SING OF AGE.

In your childhood days you worried
Over nothing, even rain,
And for nothing ever scurried
That some shelter you might gain.
All the weather prophet's errors
Were forgotten in a trice;
In the snow there were no terrors,
And you rather liked the ice.

Heat or cold did not distress you,
Or the changes e'er dismay;
Nothing would at all impress you,
Just so long as you could play.
There were games for cold December;
There was sport for pleasant June,
And all seasons, you remember,
Brought to you some pleasing boon.

But, with passing years, you worry
Over every trifling change,
And from home to office hurry,
Grumbling o'er the climate's range;
Fearing heat that's due to-morrow,
And dissatisfied to-day;
Finding time to trouble borrow
O'er the things to come your way.

Just remember, sir, that whether
You complain of heat or cold,
When you growl about the weather
You are surely getting old.

A NEW PYGMALION

By JOSE GARCIA y MARISSAL

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I.
"Well, there's one thing we must do together, Alice," said Mrs. Downs. "If your father and you have so positively arranged to leave Rome next Monday, I'm going to take you to see Gilbert Upton's studio. I have a half-hour in prospect with my dressmaker at three, and it's nearly three already. Now, you hurry on your things, and I'll tell you how we'll arrange it. I'll drive you to Upton's studio—it's on a ground floor, and open to the public, so you can go in freely. Then I'll hurry on to Mme. Bona's—she'll not keep me long—and join you again at the studio.

II.
"He's not here," remarked Mrs. Downs, who had alighted from the carriage for a moment in order to introduce her friend to the young sculptor. She raised the knocker a second time. "Well, the door's always open," she went on, pushing it ajar. "Visitors come and go so much that Mr. Upton never locks it. The old concierge is always about somewhere.



"His work is really wonderful." Now, just wander around, Alice, and enjoy everything you see, and I'll be back in not over half an hour."

Miss Acton entered the large, dim, artistic apartment, and was soon absorbed in eager and admiring scruti-

ny. It was unquestionably true that this man's work had not been overpraised. Each separate work had meaning and interest, and showed a something within and beyond the white, cold marble and the dim clay.

In her tour of the apartment, she had come to a heavy, narrow portiere. Supposing that it merely hid some choice figure in a recess, she innocently pushed it aside. It proved to be the entrance to the sculptor's inner workshop. There was no one within, but the girl was abashed at her involuntary intrusion, and was about to drop the portiere precipitately, when—

What was this before her? Her own face chiseled in the marble? She paused in a shock of utter astonishment. There could be no possible mistake. The bust before her, in this sculptor's workshop in Rome, was herself. Even the details of arrangement of hair she recognized, after a moment, as her very own of three or four years before.

Forgetful of place, time, and all else, the bewildered visitor sat gazing at the face before her, and trying to puzzle out the mystery. She did not hear the outer door of the studio open; and so deep was her pained abstraction that not until the newcomer's masculine footsteps were almost at her side and the portiere was lifted did she turn with a start.

To Alice Acton, the new surprise was if possible greater than the one which held her. She sprang to her feet.

"Blair Lewes!" she exclaimed. "Alice!" he uttered, equally astounded; and he stood, his right hand holding aside the curtain.

"Are you?—was it?"—she began. "Yes, I'm Gilbert Upton—as far as Rome is concerned," said the other, recovering himself, and with an attempt at lightness.

"I don't understand," she said. "Well, after that affair at the bank, you know," he returned, "my own name was rather in the way. Those things get about even over here."

"And so you—" "So I began all over. Took a new name; came over to Rome; you know how I've always loved the chisel."

"I know," she murmured. "You ought never to have—"

"Tried financiering instead?" he finished, sardonically. "No. And after I—after things—well, after I luckily got out of that little affair with my liberty, I determined on a brand new start. And I've made it, Alice," he went on, eagerly. "I've gone into this"—he motioned with his left hand toward the studio behind him, "with a perfect passion for work and achievement. And I'm succeeding, too," he added, with a touch of pride. "Rome has taken me up handsomely. Blair Lewes is a thing of the past. I'm Gilbert Upton now."

She had turned half abstractedly, during his words, and was gazing again at the face on the pedestal.

"You had no right to it," she flashed out, imperiously. "How did you come—how did you dare—to make it?"

He moved nervously; then he looked at her with defiance.

"Because I loved you, Alice," he spoke out, impetuously, "because I love you now, and always have and shall and must. You turned me down, almost contemptuously, too, months before that bank matter; but it couldn't change my feeling. And after that—well, that money exposure—dashed any hopes I might have had remaining, I came away with one good thing left in me anyway—love for you! Other things were gone, but I've clung to that desperately. And this face—I've put my very heart and soul into it," he burst out passionately. "It wasn't to be for other eyes; it was my own, my very own. I had an old time photograph of you; and with that and memory I've put spare minutes and hours and even days into that one thing. I never thought to see you, yourself, again; but I persuaded myself that perhaps—possibly—oh, Alice," he cried, holding his hands toward her, "I'm not good at bottom; I know it as well as you; but I've begun over again. I've been pretty straight since that time; and seeing you here before me fairly drives me to ask the old question again. If you only knew—"

The girl's eyes, at first sorrowful, had grown brighter with surprise and anger.

"Stop, Blair!" she burst in. "Do you suppose for a single instant that, knowing you as I do, I can possibly listen to such words? Why, the very thought makes me—oh, what shall I say? What can I say that is strong enough, unmistakable enough, without being hard and harsh?" She moved toward the doorway, and he instinctively held the curtain further aside to let her pass into the studio. "I don't want to discourage your new life work," she went on. "Your secret is safe with me. You are Gilbert Upton. I am glad if your life is a better one. But I am no part of it. I will not sanction your making me part of it—in thought or by image. To the face in there you have no right by consent of mine."



"Stop, Blair!"

She paused at the studio's outer door.

"Will you please tell Mrs. Downs," she added, "that I could not stay?"

III.

As the wide door closed, leaving him alone, Blair Lewes made a sudden, half-dazed movement toward it, and then, dropping cowering into the nearest chair, hid his face in his hands.

Presently he rose, slowly and wearily. Going to the portiere, he lifted a heavy metal mallet that stood near, and with dogged, repeated blows shivered the bust into pieces.

A GOLD-LINED DEATH VALLEY.

Philippine Waste, Guarded by Death-Dealing Gases.

There is a Death valley in the Philippines as well as in the United States. It is situated in the island of Mindanao and although for many years it has been known to contain large quantities of gold the treasure has been lying unclaimed because of the refusal of the natives to go after it. At last this famed and feared valley has been compelled to give up the rich treasure which for ages it has successfully guarded by its pall of death-dealing gases. This valley, which true to its name, has dealt death to many a venturesome searcher for the precious metal, is located in the mountain fastnesses of the island and according to the theories of the scientists it is the crater of what was once a great and violent volcano. Volcanic gases of a most poisonous nature still rise from the depths of the valley and hang over it like a pall, never passing away, and many natives who have attempted to go down into the valley from the mountains say that never before has any man who ventured into its unknown depths returned to tell of its secrets. The distance across the valley is only a few miles, but the bottom of it is constantly concealed from view by the dense cloud of poisonous vapor overhanging it.

The Everlasting Round.

When Christmas holidays are o'er
I slap my empty pocket
And vows to save I straightway score
Upon my mental docket.
I settle down; my balance grows,
By sacrifice expanded—
For Easter clothes and flowers it goes,
And I once more am stranded.

A second time I think that now
I'm done with wild expenses,
And register anew my vow
To patch my gaping fences.
I live within a sober law
All little pleasures flouting—
And every last red cent I draw
To meet my summer's outing.

Hotel and other sundries paid,
I'm home, completely busted,
To muse, with feelings sore dismayed,
On talents to me trusted.
But now I will save—every groat!
I'll knock off all this bumming—
And suddenly I get a note
Which says that Nell is coming!

When Nell has gone—the time we've had
With opera, drive and party—
A bank account I have, egad!
Still far from hale and hearty.
And, while I swear, with steadfast mind
That nothing else shall cheer me,
And try again—alas! I find
That Christmas looms a-near me!

Emperor Menelik Flattered.

Sir John Harrington, who has been made minister plenipotentiary from King Edward's court to that of Menelik of Abyssinia, was appointed British agent in Abyssinia in 1898. He has done many things to establish cordial relations between the two countries. One of his great achievements was to persuade her late majesty to speak into a phonograph a message to Menelik and his empress. It was the only time she ever consented to such an experiment, and it was done then or the express understanding that when the message had once been spoken the record should be destroyed. Menelik was so excited when he heard the great queen's message in her own voice that he repeatedly stopped the machine in order to have a salute fired and his empress was so flattered to hear her own name mentioned that she called out her bodyguard as a mark of respect.

China Not Overcrowded.

A recent census of China shows that that country, crowded with "teeming millions," has a population of 103 to the square mile. Belgium has 220 to the square mile, Great Britain 130 and Germany 105.