

WHEN SHE CALLED AGAIN.

MATTHEW ELDER, editor of the Inner Circle, had gone out for half an hour to synchronize his watch, and his assistant, J. Graham Champnes, reigned temporarily in his stead. On every occasion when Elder was absent, whether he had gone out to get his hair cut (at a restaurant opposite), or was away on a two-months' holiday, or had taken a week off because he felt far from well, J. Graham Champnes reigned in his stead, endowed with plenary powers. He was ambitious, and intelligent, and hard-working, and trustworthy; Matthew Elder, brilliant and lazy, had long since recognized that Elder thought of things to do—Champnes did them.

A clerk had just laid on Champnes' desk the form which a visitor had filled up:

- NAME. Miss Cynthia Page.
- TO SEE. The Editor.
- BUSINESS. Private.
- DATE. 3.5.09.

"Well, I'll see her," said Champnes. He had seen the name Cynthia Page in good magazines, appended to curious and interesting stories.

He was not ill-pleased, when the clerk showed her in, to find that she had youth and beauty on pale and mystical lines. Her long, raised lashes, and the lingering glance of her gray



MISS PAGE WAS A LITTLE DOUBTFUL.

eyes, seemed to say: "You do interest me." J. Graham Champnes found himself hoping that Matthew Elder, after synchronizing his watch, would find it necessary to go and see a man about a dog—or, at any rate, would delay his return. In the meanwhile he was anxious to know what he could do for Miss Page.

"I am speaking to the editor?" said Miss Page, a little doubtfully.

"The actual editor, Mr. Elder, is not in at present, but I have full powers to act for him."

"I see." She was still in doubt. "Pray be assured of it. I can make contracts with you, accept stories from you, sign checks for you, so if you have anything to propose—"

"Oh, it's not that! In fact, I came in consequence of a proposition which he had already made to me."

"Well, I shall be very glad to carry on anything that he has begun. As a rule he mentions these things to me, but this time I am in the dark."

She smiled mysteriously. "But you can't be sure that you would wish to carry on what he has begun."

"As Mr. Elder is the supreme authority here, I should have no choice. But, even if I had, what you suggest is extremely unlikely."

"Why unlikely? No two men can have minds exactly alike. It's such a funny arrangement you have here."

"It works well enough in practice. We both know the character of our paper, and what our public wants. I say it is unlikely that I should be unwilling to carry on whatever Mr. Elder has begun, for this reason and also because I know and admire your work."

"Oh, do you think it's any good?"

"Of course I do."

"Speaking frankly?"

"Speaking frankly, it's full enough of faults; some of it seems to have run away with you and got all over the place. But it's horribly interesting all the same. You see, it's original."

"Oh, yes!" she assented. "I am original. If I were not, I shouldn't be here."

"That sounds cryptic," he said. "Possibly, I shall understand it when I know the nature of Mr. Elder's proposal. He wants some stories from you?"

"No, no."

"Then what is it?"

"Do you know that I'm afraid I can't tell you."

"Very well, then; there's nothing more to be said. Mr. Elder is out at present. You'd better call again. I suppose you think it would make some difference whether Mr. Elder went on with his business, or I did?"

"I'm sure it would—the greatest difference."

"You think I shouldn't do as well?" "Not as well. You'd do better—indefinitely better. Oh, I must go," she blushed, rose, good-bye, and faded out of the office.

Ten minutes later Matthew Elder, middle-aged, bald and cheerful, sauntered into the room with his hands in his pockets.

"Well, Bill! Everything all right?"

Mr. Elder had not found in the assortment of names provided for Champnes by the accident of his birth and the guesswork of his christening anything which took his fancy.

"No," said Champnes shortly, still irritated by his interview with Cynthia Page. "Quart into a tin pot. Plugged up with ads, and Rowse has just sent up that he'll want another half-page. We shall have to leave over everything that'll wait, and some things that won't."

"Ah! you don't keep a tight enough hand on Rowse."

"Step in and tackle him yourself. Here, this woman called to see you—wouldn't tell me her business."

Matthew Elder took his paper slip and sank down in a chair.

"Bill, this is rather bad. I ought to have been in. What with my unfortunate enthusiasms, and my wretched memory, I shall get myself into trouble. Listen, I met this girl two or three times a year ago; never gave her another thought till I came on a story by her that was perfectly magnificent—O, horribly good!—probably the best story that has been written in this century. I dashed off a letter to her at once, and so worked up myself about it that I said, to show my sincerity, that if she liked I'd marry her, and she could call at the office this morning with her answer. She'd have refused me, of course, as they all do, and perhaps I'm better single; but, none the less, it would have been more civil not to have forgotten the appointment."

"Really," said Champnes, "you must be a little mad."

"Undoubtedly," answered Elder, cheerfully. "It's the price one pays for being so excessively intelligent."

Champnes stared blankly at the desk, trying to recall the exact words of his conversation with Cynthia Page.

"Look here, Bill," said Elder, "write and say you want to see her about a story; then when she comes do the explaining for me. Say I was called away by telegram. Say it was from motives of delicacy. Say anything."

The following is from a subsequent issue of the Tea Cup; a journal conducted by ladies for ladies:

"One of the most brilliant of our lady writers, Miss Cynthia Page, is, it is whispered, shortly to be led to the hymeneal altar. The fortunate partner of her future joys and sorrows is J. Graham Champnes, a young journalist of great promise. Our heartiest felicitations. Speaking of weddings, have you seen the really beautiful designs in pearl-ettes—indistinguishable from real pearls—now being shown in the windows of * * *?—Black and White.

King of Stowaways.

The steamship Lackawanna brought into Philadelphia recently a boy who is probably the most famous stowaway on the Atlantic. The fact that the captain of the Lackawanna had involuntarily carried him thrice across the sea is a fair test of his ability to secrete himself, as on each occasion the vessel has been thorough searched before leaving Liverpool. Edward Murphy is only 15 years old. He hails from Birkenhead, England, and has never had a home other than the gutters of the world's largest city can afford. He began the stowaway business some years ago, when less than 10, and has made a great success of it. He has visited most of the shipping ports of the Atlantic, and many South American and African countries besides. During the past year he has traveled from Liverpool to New York, to Santos, to Rosario, to Argentine Republic, to the Barbadoes, to Southampton, to Liverpool, to Philadelphia. He is known to every skipper who sails from London, and as a rule is a favorite with officers and men. Captain Wythe, of the Lackawanna, thinks so much of him that he has offered to adopt him, but Murphy cannot give up his roving life. If he can escape from the Lackawanna—on board which ship, in accordance with the law which requires every sea captain to pay a fine for foreigners brought to America without money, he is closely confined—he will probably beat his way across America and "ship" on some Pacific collier, as he has always expressed a desire to go to the Klondike.

A STARTLING OBJECT LESSON.

How a Mexican Alcalde Learned Some of the Difficulties of Railroad.

The old Southwestern engineer was telling tales of by-gone days down in Mexico and dwelling upon the Mexican's ignorance of railroading.

"Once, near Victoria," said he, "we were loaded heavily with iron, and we hit the usual drunken Mexican asleep on the track. Them folks used to think a roadbed better'n a wool mattress. It was down grade and around a curve, and we were going at a fair clip, and though we had air brakes, we couldn't hold up in time. We ground him up, and at Victoria, ten miles further on, we didn't have any better sense than to report it. Of course, the train was sidetracked and we were put in jail. Next day we were hauled up before the alcalde. He was a little, dried up man, with mahogany skin and snow-white mustache. It bristled fiercely, but I noticed that his eye twinkled a good deal and I sorter cottoned to him right away. We told him that we couldn't stop the train in the time allowed us, and it was the truth. He said, through an interpreter, of course:

"I've heard all this before. Five of my people have been killed by trains in six months and I have let the train crews go. They said they couldn't stop. I'm going to see about this. Your train is on the sidetrack, coupled and loaded. We'll fire up and go back to the place where you killed Vicente. We'll run down at the same speed. When you come near to the curve you must try hard to stop. I will go in the cab with you."

"Well, we fired up and went back three miles beyond the death spot. Then we started forward again. Of course it was not my business to run too slowly. I wanted to show the alcalde that stopping in the space described was an impossibility. Old 93 was a quick engine, and inside of two miles, it being a down grade, we were doing a two-minute clip. We struck the curve at forty miles an hour. The alcalde had never in his life been on a train, and he was leaning out of the cab window, waving his big straw hat and shouting "Viva! Viva! As we sighted the spot where Vicente had been pulverized the airbrakes went on like the clasp of death. I was thrown to the floor of the cab myself. As for the alcalde, he shot through the window like a rocket, turned six somersaults and lit on his back in the sand thirty feet away. The train ground to a standstill, yards beyond the blood-stained ties. He came limping up, brushing the sand out of his white hair. I remember that his mustache was all bent down on one side. He looked up at me and said simply, "Valga me Dios!" which is about equivalent to "Dern my buttons!" We went back to town; he discharged us all and invited us to dinner with him. We stayed and pulled out that evening. Everybody ran pretty much on his own schedule in them times."

Whence Gutta Percha Comes.

The tree from which gutta percha is obtained grows in Borneo, and in other islands of the Indian Archipelago, says the Philadelphia Times. It is very large, but the wood is spongy, and of little use as timber. The leaves grow on long stalks, and are green above and of a bright yellow beneath. The flowers are small and grow in pretty tufts in the axils of the leaves, each on a separate stalk or stem.

To obtain the gutta percha of commerce, the finest trees are cut down, and incisions are made in the bark; a milky juice exudes from the incisions, and is reserved by little troughs made for that purpose. When the juice has hardened to a certain extent it is kneaded into cakes and exported. The cakes are of a reddish brown color and are full of irregular pores.

Before, however, the cakes are ready for use they have to undergo some preparation. They are first sliced into very thin shavings and then placed in a "tearing" machine, which revolves in a trough of hot water. The machines tears the shavings into small pieces, and the hot water washes them thoroughly. These pieces are then made into cakes and the cakes are rolled several times between heated cylinders to free them from any air or water that they may contain, and to make them uniform in texture. Again they are rolled between heated rollers and thus made into sheets of various thicknesses for use, or formed into rods, water pipes or any other shapes which may be desired.

Whale in Shrimp Net.

A small bottle-nosed whale 11 feet long and 6 feet in circumference has been captured off the Essex coast, and is now to be seen on the beach at Southend. It was surprised near the shore by some local fishermen, who managed to take it by tangling it up in an old shrimp net.

Its vitality was so great that it lived for fifty hours after capture. The idea of tackling a ton of lively whale with a shrimp net does not in the least impress its captors, who, says our correspondent, "would go for a sea serpent with a half inch rope."

World's Coal Fields.

The total area of the coal fields in the world is estimated at 471,800 square miles.

HE IS RICH, YET POOR.

JAMES HEALEY, THE CATTLE KING OF NEW MEXICO.

Is Worth \$1,000,000, and Has \$100,000 in Yearly Income, Yet He Lives the Simple and Arduous Life of a Mexican Cattle Herder.

A man who doesn't know what to do with his money is somewhat of an anomaly, but James Healey, of New Mexico, who is worth \$1,000,000 and whose annual income is \$100,000, is such a person.



Healey is an extraordinary man, whose counterpart can scarcely be found anywhere. He possesses land, cattle and copper properties well worth far above a million any day in the week, yet he lives in a rude board shanty that could be duplicated for \$50. Out of his annual income of \$100,000 he spends less than \$500 of it on himself. He owns thousands of acres of land in the fertile spots of New Mexico, and still he lives no better—not even so well—than a good part of the ignorant Mexicans he employs to help herd his cattle.

James Healey went to New Mexico from Texas. He was born in Sedalia, Mo., in 1838, and with his parents went to Austin, Texas, in 1850. He has always lived on the plains and has no knowledge of any other life. He never



MILLIONAIRE HEALEY'S SUMMER HOME.

went to school but three years and that was on the plains of Texas. But he was born with rare sagacity, a peculiar border shrewdness that reads men at a glance and knows a schemer instinctively. His chief stock in trade is an iron constitution and a bravado nerve that made him well known on the frontier before he was 20. He became a vaquero in Texas when he was 17 years old. His associates have been Mexican vaqueros, American cowboys, hardened characters on the border and half-breed Indians.

Start of the Healey Fortune.

When the Navajoes were moved by the government to Southern New Mexico in the latter '60s, Jim Healey and other vaqueros went northward with little bands of cattle and settled on tracts of land close to the Arizona territorial line. That was the beginning of the Healey fortune. In a few years he had several hundred head of steers. Then he had several thousand. He spoke the Spanish tongue as well as his own, and no American knew the border and its rude ways so well as Jim Healey did. With further sales of cattle he bought more land. So he has kept on buying land, trading for cattle and water rights, occasionally dabbling in sheep and wool until he has become more than a millionaire.

Up to twenty-five years ago Healey's sole unnecessary expense was gambling. There are still tales in ancient Santa Fe of the times when Jim Healey returning from a cattle drive to Trinidad and Fort Dodge, used to sit in a faro game for forty-eight hours at a stretch and lose or win \$7,000 or \$8,000 at a sitting. One night he saw the faro dealer give a significant wink to a professional player alongside Healey and from that moment he quit the tables. He has had his ups and downs in cattle, the same as all other cattlemen. In the great freeze of 1878 he lost the greater part of a herd that represented some \$125,000. At another time he lost over \$60,000 worth of cattle by reason of a lung plague and the Texas cattle fever.

The fearful depreciation in cattle and ranges, which set in at about 1890 and culminated in 1896, ruined many a cattleman, but Healey not only hung to his herds and sold his cattle at little or no profit for six or seven successive years, but he added to his range by purchase of land from discouraged men who abandoned the industry. For three years he has been selling his steers at topnotch prices, and he is the foremost cattleman in New Mexico.

Rich in Copper Property.

The present marvelous boom in copper has also added to Healey's riches.

Twenty years ago when he was in El Paso, Texas, with a herd of cattle he met an old companion of his youth, a turned prospector and had been among the Dragon mountains in Southern Arizona. Among the mineral properties he had located was a copper property the Ranger by name. Healey is seldom touched by the southern mentality of friendship, but this time his friend told such a tale of distress that Healey gave him outright \$800 for two-thirds of the copper claim. At different times Healey was persuaded to put \$200 and \$300 more to hold his share of the property legally intact. In 1892 the mine began to pay, and when Healey got \$7,000 for one-third the mine, he thought his remaining third was worth holding. When copper rose to 12 cents a pound in 1897 Healey got some \$1,000 a month from the Ranger, and since copper has risen to 18 and 19 cents, he has had between \$3,000 and \$3,500 a month profit from it.

His vaqueros say they believe the millionaire must be made of steel. He has been a physiological steam engine for over thirty-five years. He literally knows no rest. He usually sleeps less than five out of the twenty-four hours, and is often in the saddle or in the corral for two days and nights at a time. In these later years, when he has become so rich, he has several vaqueros about him always at night in the lonely mountains, where it would no trick at all for bandits to perpetrate some criminal design upon the wealthy cattleman. Frequently the old man will roll in a blanket alongside the camp fire on the range for the night, and with a supper on crackers and cheese or boiled beans will go to sleep until the earliest streaks of daylight, when he will get up and go to work again.

He is by no means a miser, for he has several times made gifts of \$1,000 and \$2,000 to his vaqueros, whom he likes. Last Christmas he deeded to a man of his range a bunch of prime 4-year-old steers that were worth \$1,800, and he gave all in his employ a ten or a twenty-dollar gold piece. He makes his headquarters and home in a pine shanty on the southern end of his great range, about thirty-five miles northwest from Cerillos station, on the Santa Fe route. There he sleeps in a rude bunk built against the wall and above are two other bunks, where a friend or a trusted vaquero sleeps occasionally.

Fragrant in His Expenditures.

Healey cooks his own food, but sometimes he has a cowboy help him at cooking. A lot of burned black kettles, a burned skillet, and a grimy old coffee pot and a few battered pans, chipped dishes, and decrepit knives and forks on a greasy table near the stove all tell what sort of meals this unusual millionaire partakes of.

He has never seen a drama, heard a concert, or anything theatrical or operatic since 1870, and then in El Paso. About once a month, when there is no work Jim Healey can busy himself at, and he feels in the mood, then the cattle king will get out a three-gallon jug of claret (which he buys from the half-breed Indians) and produce several yellow paper packages of cheap tobacco, and he and several associates will sit and tell stories either about a camp fire or in the cabin for a few hours. But that's the end of the cattleman's dissipation. No one can induce him to have another taste of it in less than three or four weeks.

Holmes Humor.

The late John Holmes, whose reputation for wit was not as wide as that of his celebrated elder brother, Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes, was yet known among his intimates as a man of ready repartee and characteristic humor.

Mr. Holmes never married, but lived by himself in a little house in Cambridge, and once a friend rallied him on his lonely life.

"You ought to marry, John," said he, "and have a larger house."

"Why, yes," replied Mr. Holmes, with a quiet smile, "if I should take a better half I would have to improve my quarters."

Its Name Against It.

"That new ladies' magazine proved a complete failure."

"Did it? What was the cause?"

"Why, it was called 'The Age of Woman,' and, of course, that's something the women don't want to come out."—Philadelphia Bulletin.