"the mistake you make is in supposing

Flodie eyed her. "Well, you set me

such a good example, you know, Miss

"Darn it all, anyway!" to wait and

wonder, to worry and grow ever more

fearful, as the voices reached her ears.

mund. Despite defects of detail, Rosa-

mund, so nonchalantly posed, so fair

and flashing, animate with youth and

confidence, was, as ever, a picture in

none of the fullness of Mrs. Royalton's

aristocratic maturity. She was a wom-an that women would always shun,

and men fight for, love-and abandon.

Hall looked at her, and her beauty

sank deep into him. A golden tendril

of hair in front of her ear caught his

some dimple in her cheek, the little

uplifted corner of her delicate mouth,

her white even teeth, the straight line

of her nose, her finely-drawn eye-

brows, to her violet-blue eyes, his

quick glance traveled reveling. He

did not speak till: "By jove, I'd like

She, of course, immediately changed

into another as artful. Well she knew

"Oh, don't talk shop all the time

she said. "I'm just calling. I've been posing for three hours with Deerfield,

and I'm all in. For heaven's sake let

me sit where I can't see a camera.

out, are you?" She went up to him,

took him by the two lapels of his coat,

showed her teeth, and with her eyes,

He ran his hand through his hair

"By jove," he replied slowly, "didn't you get an invitation? Miss Fisher

She made a little gesture of re

proach. "Oh, of course, if you didn't

"Why, of course I want you to

But indeed, looking upon her, he

She Had the Air of One Who is Quite

Used to Being Stared At.

pretty, did you know it? I've never

Rosamund needed no more of an in

vitation. "Well," she said comfortably,

'if you really want me, I'll promise to

make some of that smart bunch of

yours look like washwomen and that's

no myth, either. Say, Hall, I've got a

new dress I'm dying to have you see-

smart as pepper! It's some rag, be

circled her corsage, indicating a dar-

He laughed and nodded. "Oh, you

can get away with anything in the

way of clothes. By jove, you'd look

"Good idea! Let's try it some time!

"Lord, you are pretty!" Hall said

She gave him a look, caught a new

expression on his face, and proceeded

say reflectively, as she cast down her

golden lashes, "Say, Hall, I don't know

-I guess I'd better not come tonight.

"Of course I want you, Rosamund!"

"No." she drew away from him pet

lieve me! Can I go the limit?"

seen you look so well!"

ingly lowcut neck.

dared him to touch her.

must have forgotten it."

she turned away.

her trade.

Hall's face lighted as he saw Rosa-

that you run this place."

Gale-really-

quickly and deftly.

SYNOPSIS.

Hall Bonistelle, artist-photographer, prepares for the day's work in his studio.
Flodie Flaher, his assistant, reminds him
of a party he is to give in the studio that
night, and that his business is in bad
financial shape. Mr. Doremus, attorney
and justice of the peace, calls and informs
Hall that his Uncle John's will has left
him 44,000,000 on condition that he marry
before his twenty-eighth birthday, which
begins at indinight that night, Mrs. Rens.
Royalton calls at the studio and Hall asks
her to marry him at once. She spars for
time, but finally agrees to give him an anwer at the party that night, Miss Carolyn Dailys calls and Hall proposes to ber.
She agrees to give him an answer at the
party.

CHAPTER V.

Suddenly she sat up and looked round toward the office. She was keenly alive again, immediately, If love made her stupid and sluggish, hate could revive her. Rosamund Gale! The sight of her stung Flodie like a whip. Here she was again, now, of all times, when everything was askew, Rosamund Gale, the professional model, Rosamund the beautiful, Rosamund the arrogant, the spoiled! Flodie disliked her, from her hair to her heels, disliked her name, her manners, her reputation, and, most of all, her photographs. Hall Bonistelle used her often for his commercial pictures which he sold for advertisements, for magazine covers, for art supplements. 'Spring"-Miss Gale in damp cheesecloth with apple blossoms; "The Suf-ragette"—Miss Gale in tailormade suit. She, of course, immedia gesticulating; and so on-Flodie always slapped the prints angrily with an irritated "Choo!" before she put them away. She would have been glad to slap Rosamund. Hall posed her, arranged draperles, touched her hair, moved her bands-all exquisite agony

"Say, where's Hall?" Rosamund Say, Hall, how about this party to made a picture of herself in the door- night? You're not trying to cut me way. Golden fair, highly colored, picturesque, even voluptuous, always in striking original costumes daringly "artistic," Rosamund, with all her dimples, her curls, her "lines," and her strange colors let Flodie have the full disconcerting effect of her beauty. She had the air of one who is quite used to being stared at and admired.

Flodie rose, her face set. "Mr. Bonistelle is busy, Miss Gale," she said, and walked toward the office, as if to brush the visitor back.

Rosamund, however, would recognize no mere menial; she swept into the studio as if she owned the place. "All right, I'll hang round a while till meant it now. "Say, you're devilish he's free. Say, Miss Fisher, fish me out a couple of those last poses, will you? I want to give one to a gentleman friend. Here—take this boa out there and hang it up, while you're going, d'you mind?

"Oh, certainly!" said Flodie, took the boa and-an apparent accidentdropped it. Rosamund made an angry gesture. "Oh, pardon me, I'm so careless," said Flodie. Then carrying it artfully, so that a full foot of it dragged along the floor, she marched out of the studio, chin up.

Rosamund looked about for a cigarette, and found a box on a tabouret. "Oh, Miss Fisher!" she sang, "bring me a match, will you?" Then she yawned, and threw herself lazily on the couch. She began to whistle.

Fiodle, returning, noticed that Rosamund showed too much silk stocking, also that one stocking had begun to "run." She noticed that Rosamund's shirtwaist was not quite fresh, noticed that her nails, though highly polished, were not absolutely-well-chaste. One heel was a bit run over: her moonstone ring needed cleaning; lace, part real and part imitation; eyebrows lengthened a little with the pencil; tiny rip in her glove. There was nothing an ordinary man would have seen, nothing that would have hurt, for him, the whole effect, even had he seen it; but Flodie saw and damned and said no word.

"Here are the matches, Miss Gale I'll look up the prints this afternoon, when I have more time."

"Oh, thanks. Have a cig?" Rosamund held them up impertmently. "Oh, don't you smoke?" Very sarcastic was Rosamund's tone. "No, you don't look it, exactly." She laughed easily, confident of her own superior appearance. Flodie's lips grew white: it would

not take much more to make her cry. 'Oh, I'd hardly expect you to understand," she managed to say, and turned to go, "Oh, I understand you all right, I

all right in jumper and overalls." guess. Say, what are all those fancy Queen of the Bricklayers." She struck evergreen wreaths doing out in the ofa graceful attitude. fice, anyway?" She was blowing rings very prettily. meditatively, watching her,

"Oh, Mr. Bonistelle is going to have a party tonight."

"Really? f'll have to ask him about that." She examined her finger nails. "I believe I'll come."

"I'm sorry, but the invitations were all sent out over a week ago, Miss

though, after all. I don't believe you want me." "Mine must have been addressed wrong." He went up to her and tried to take

"I don't think I ever make that kind her hand. "Do come-please!" of a mistake."

"No." said Resamund deliberately,

SOME VERY QUEER COSTUMES | trousers, a canary-colored walstcoat, wrote; 'everyone througed round and

likewise, was fond of a certain bright Gorgeous Raiment Has Been Common Many Famous Writers-Disgreen waistcoat, which he wore in raeli's Green Velvet Trousers. accompaniment with a vivid scarlet The London Daily Chronicle, in its one day in a sky-blue overcoat with interesting miscellaneous column, red cuffs. Even more fearful and says: "A liking of gorgeous raiment, wonderful was Dumas' appearance at such as characterized Emile Verhaeren in his youth, has been common to on which were depicted a number of knocking on prayer, mind you, but I many famous writers. Disraeli as a little red demons disporting them- don't pray for things that you can get young man startled the town by an selves amid fiames of yellow fire.

evening dress comprising green velvet. 'My sestume was a grand success,' he

Rosamund flung herself down on the

Of course he followed her. "Now, Rosamund, see here!" This time he succeeded in getting her hand. "You've simply got to come. Why, you'll make that crowd stare! There isn't one of them that can some anywhere near you, for looks "Il be awfully proud of

"Why?" Her hand moved in his with the slightest possible caress. She put something into her blue eyes that made them burn with tenderness. Hall drew her gently toward him, and whispered: "Come over here, and I'll tell you." She hesitated a second, then permit-

ted a closer contact, arranging it so that she could look up at him dreamily. "Well, what?" Now her eyes went down. Her fingers worked nervously. Very fine work, for that sort of

The door opened, and Hall came out a girl. of the dark room blinking.
"Hello, Hall! How's the boy?" said His arm tightened about her, h drew her head still nearer his. One in-Rosamund, and rearranged her pose stant she protested mutely, then, with a sigh she shut her eyes and shivered. Exit Flodie, to dry her eyes in the

Hall kissed her once, twice—thrice. She clutched his hand tightly. ffice-to swear her innocent little When she did raise her lids, it was to look at him with big, pleading, wondering eyes. There were tears in them-almost. "What do you want to kiss me for, Hall?"

I want to?" The time had come. She jumped to which he rejoiced. She had none of her feet. "Hall, I'm going! I can't Carolyn's severe, clean-cut boyishness, ever come here again. You've spoiled overything? It's only fun for you, but-but !-" she choked a seb-"but I can't play at it, that way!" She turned and walked to the window.

"Oh, I'm sorry-really." Hall walked toward her again. "I didn't mean-" "Oh, I care too much, I'm afraid," glance; and thence to the saucy frolicrefusing to look at him.

had granted her the superb gift of pose he is very continental and for-grace. She sat in a limp, dejected but eign, which I think is rather better perfectly graceful attitude, a picture than the rough and tumble American of grief and wounded pride. A keener manners. I do wish they would get it to prove her lack of vanity, but fell don in her woe, a touch of the grohimself, at any other time, when his mind was free, might have had a sustenderness for her swept over him- close range. with the pride of the male in his con- Granger went on. force of personality. Try as he might afford to have things done."

want me—you know, Hall, I never butt in. Never mind!" Pouting prettily, The woman was his! thing to do! He must be married be- to work on a holiday." What else could Hall say? fore midnight. Why not Rosamund Joan watched the young man in for his bride? She was ready, willing overalls. He was carrying toilfully she be beside the compelling beauty of mopped his sunburned face. embrace.

careful he was to be honest! "I want close; he kissed her more and more

Slowly, slowly, she lifted her blue yes to his. "Really, Hall? Really?"

 \Box "Then you do really love me, Rosamund?" Hall asked, after a minute of demonstration.

through his hair.

Hall had a queer new sensation of leasure. So far he had thought only He is so young and decent looking. of his marriage and his millions; but,

ment, if not in love with her, he was at afire. His eagerness was not all dis- hedge that grew between the lots. simulation, when he said: "Then we must be married immedi-

the use of being engaged? I want you her. now-today!"

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Right Living for the Child. Plenty of air, which includes sunshine, as sunshine always gets in with the air if it is anywhere around. Plenty of rest.

Plenty of water. (This means both within and without.) Moderate and nourishing food

Moderate clothing-ask yourself if the child is coolly enough dressed rather than warmly enough. Plenty of play.

Plenty of common sense. to work it up. Her first step was to Which last, being interpreted, means the wisdom and the initiative to adapt all laws to individual conditions. Good Housekeeping Magazine

No Change at All. "Does your married life seem homelike, my boy?"

"Oh, yes. My wife's quarrels are exactly like the rows mother used to tishly. "I'm not coming. I've decided." make."-Chicago News.

and a coat with lace cuffs. Dickens, made much of me."

If father gets the notion in his head tie, and he turned up at Frith's studio that he is going to accomplish everything by prayer it makes it hard for mother, who has to get up early each morning in order that the children may have clothes and grub. I ain't without it.-Atchison County (Kan.)

Glimpse Into the Future Would Have Increased Joan's Interest.

"You might know," said Mrs Granger to her daughter Joan as they sat eating a late breakfast on one sum mer hollday, "that there were no wom-

Joan and her mother had for the ouse next door. There had always een a vacant lot there. Mrs. Placy died when Mr. Placy bought the place and it was not until his children had finished their education that he had decided to build-to give up hotel life in the city for the security and quiet of the suburbs.

"Mr. Placy has a promising son," said Mrs. Granger. "They were talk-ing about him at my bridge club yesterday. He has just finished his art in Paris and is on one of the big He kissed her again, "Why shouldn't magazines now. They say he has a studio on the north side of the house with a skylight. I do wish we could see the house before they move in. Having no women in the family and we having no men makes it so difficult for us to see it later-especially the upstairs part." Mrs. Granger sighed mournfully.

"But I suppose you can manage so that young Mr. Placy will call," she went on. "It would be only naturalshe sobbed, and sat down mournfully, if he was a good boy and not too rusing to look at him.

"You mean — Rosamund!" He spoiled by his years in Paris it would be rather nice. You could have him stopped, bit his lip and looked at her in your evening bridge club. I don't keenly. Rosamund could not be awak- believe anyone else would know him ward or ridiculous. The dedallan gods first and you being neighbors-I supman would have looked for more aban- in. The house is done and all that is needed is to have the lawn fixed up convincing intensity. Perhaps Hall It is so hard to get workmen to do

Joan had not heard the last part of picion that all was not genuine. But her mother's breakfast monologue. now he saw only a woman who loved She was thinking in an aimless way him tenderly, and on whose emotion of young Placy and wondering what he had carelessly played. A wave of continental manners would be like at

regret for his having touched her "I suppose they will always have een nerve; but it was colored, also, gardener to do everything," Mrs. "You must be quest. The chase had already excited careful, Joan, not to let them see you She was there, beautiful and working in our garden patch too fond, his victim-conquered by his much. They will really think we can't

to subdue this baseness, his egotism Joan was watching the future home rose triumphant over his sympathy. coffee cup. "There is a workman out Then, with the thought, a lightning there now," she said. "He is straightflashed in his brain. Here was the ening things up. Poor thing, to have

to be won, affectionate, a beauty whom a pile of boards that lay on the front he could be proud to exhibit as his lawn to the back of the place and was wife. Mrs. Royalton might give him apparently getting the lawn ready for prestige, introduce him to a smart set, seed. His kbaki shirt was open at been quite sure of his intentions from present him, as her dower, with influ-the throat and he had on a pair of the first time he saw her, wasted no ence and position; but where would faded overalls and occasionally he time. By early autumn Joan had

too, was of the socially elect, and she Joan went about the house, doing had youth. Youth? Had not Rosa- various puttering pieces of work that next door. mund the full fragrance of its charms? would keep her on the side toward All this in a whirling instant—then the new house, with her mind still prewith a swift rush, he had her in his occupied with the continental Mr. Placy. Meantime she would look out "Rosamund, dear Rosamund!" he ex- occasionally to see how the work was claimed softly, "I did mean it-I want progressing and wondered whether you, dear! Let me love you!" How the Placys would be able to move in next week. At twelve o'clock Joan say you-for my wife, Rosamund! I must the workman lay down his spade with have you!" He held her tight and which he had been leveling the front lawn. He produced a box of lunch that he had brought with him and retired to the coolness of the shade of the trees behind the house for his Smiling through her tears, she nestled noonday meal. Joan watched him from a window.

Joan hurried to the kitchen and with deft fingers prepared a cooling drink of lemons and grapejuice. "Oh, Hall!" She ran her fingers thing," she thought. "Perhaps if I give him a cool drink like this he won't be tempted to go off to a saloon.

Then Joan got a thick glass that with Rosamund warm and soft in his wouldn't matter if it broke and put arms, her hair in his eyes, her heart the cooling beverage with ice that beating so near-Rosamund had made | made it tinkle delightfully into an him forget, for a minute. For the mo- earthen pitcher. Then with two patty cakes that the cook had just made least fascinated. She set his blood she hurried to the back yard to the

She clapped her hands to attract the workman's attention and he ately! I can't walt, Rossmund. What's jumped to his feet and ran toward He smiled gratefully at the sound of the ice.

"I thought you looked very hot," she said. "It is too bad to have to work on a hol!day." Joan said this in her college-settlement manner, that combined perfect cordiality and yet in-

finite reserve 'There wasn't anyone else to do it.' replied the workman. "Besides, it isn't hard work."

"Not compared with the work yare accustomed to," said Joan, and the workman first looked surprised and then smiled knowingly.

"You don't know how much I appreciate this," he said, taking the pitcher and glass and cakes. "I will bring them back as soon as I am brough.

Joan told the workman that she would be in the garden picking flowers and that when he was finished with the things he could bring then o the hedge. When he came back she took the

pitcher, drained to the dregs, and felt nappy that she had been so thorough y appreciated.

It is a joke about that house, said the workman, after be had thanked her; "they have been so long aheat building it." "Yes," sa'd Joan, raising her eye

brows. She didn't like having a workmen calling the home of the Placys a joho. "But it is very beautiful." Well, not exactly that. It was pullt more for comfort." "Really," said Joan, more surprise

phone? at the workman than ever, He asked her whether she had seen do it. You can shut her off be and Joan-scenting a possible

chance to see the upstairs and the studio of the continental Mr. Placyasked the workman whether he had

"Yes, indeed," he said. "I will show it to you gladly."

"Oh, you needn't bother to show it to me," she said. "Just let me have the keys and I can look through it while you have gone back to your work. It must be one o'clock. I am sure the Placys will have no objec-

"Not the slightest," said the workman, laughing,

Joan started through the house and. en in that family. If there were a Joan started through the house and, Mrs. Placy she would have male the to her annoyance, the workman folbuilders hurry. Men are so help lowed, explaining the uses for which the various rooms-the billiard room, the music room and the other rooms past nine months been watching with on the ground floor—had been deneighborly interest the building of the signed. She hurried away from him up to the third floor in search of the studio and he followed. Now he was not so communicative, but he stood near her and laughed a little to him self as she examined every nook and corner of the studio.

On the stairs there was a place where the boards had not been fastened and Joan started to jump it as she had done when she went up. The workman was there before she could reach it and held his hand out. "Put your hand on my shoulder and I will catch you if you fall-or will you let me 'arry you?" It was a perfectly courteous suggestion, but it made Joan uncomfortable. She jumped the distance without waiting to answer him, hurried down stairs, thanking him, hastily hurand.

home. She felt as if were something unusual about the workman, and his laugh lingered in her memory. It had probably been very foolish of her to let him show her through the house, and she said nothing to her mother about it. She fairly blushed when she recalled the teasing look that he had cast her as she disappeared across the hedge.

Two weeks later, when the Placys were installed in their new house, when Joan was sitting alone in her the maid brought up a card on which was written, "Mr. Roderick Placy." She hurried down to him and he greeter her with easy cordialtesqueness of despair, something of and they could come out from the city. Ity and laughed as she returned his smile. She felt for a minute that she had met him before. They began to talk about the new house. "I suppose you have been through

it before we were in," he said, She wandered whether he knew of her encounter with the workman. She didn't want to admit her currosity and this. she d'ein't want to tell a lie. hedged for a tilnute, and then Mr. Placy came over to her chair and looked at her closely in mock reproof.

"Don't you know me? You are the little lady who brought the cool drink to a poor workman who had to spend a holiday tolling, and you rather resented it when he offered to carry you over the loose boards in the stairs. He did not wait for Joan's reply. "We couldn't get anybody to do the work, and so I came out from the city and did it myself, and a little fairy godmother from next door came and made the day happy."

That was the beginning of the acquaintance and young Placy having promised to become Mrs. Placy. When

"And you gave him one of those neavy tumblers and the earther pitcher," said Mrs. Granger, whose mind lingered on details. "What must be have thought!"

(Copyright, by the McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

LAST JEST OF GREAT WRITER

Witty Remark Made by the Elder Dumas as He Lay on What Was His Beathbed. Dumas the elder was the son of a

general of Napoleon Bonaparte, who would take his soldiers by the breeches and fling them over the pall sades to an assault.

Dumas inherited much of the same

spirit. It is told that Dumas left Paris for the last time taking with him a single gold piece, which he solemnly laid on the mantelpiece of his room at Puys.

Toward the end his eye wandered cross the sickroom to this coin, and, pointing to it, he said to his son: "See there! Fifty years ago, when came to Paris, I had one louis in

my possession. Why am I accused of being a prodigal? I have preserved and possess it still-see, there it is!" This was Dumas' last jest,

Subtle Suggestion. "So you are still looking for onest man."

"Of course," replied Diogenes "Haven't you found one yet." "Certainly not. What I'm trying to do is to impress the fact that the

article is so scarce that the people may as well turn to me." During the Argument.

"And you tell me several men proposed marriage to you?" he said savagely. "Yes, several," the wife replied

"Well, I only wish you had married the first fool who proposed." "I did."

Both Lose?

"I hardly know who got the worst of this transaction." "How now?" "My brother swapped another chap revolver for a trombone.

George-1 met Ethel yesterday, and the was happy. She said that she and Herbert had made up. Molly-Well, Ethel makes up right

The Only Way. Crawford-Do you think it right to uarrel with one's wife over the tele-

Crabshaw-That's the only way to she can get in the last word .- Judge



N EPOCH marking event in the | dinary type, both in point of physique development of closer trade and standard of intelligence, but the and traffic relations between women as a class are the prettiest the United States and the countries of Central America will be the opening of the n w railway connecting Mexico and Guatemala, writes W. D. Hornaday in Grit. But for the revolution in Mexico this important link in the long-talked of line of railway, that is destined ultiborder upon the Pacific ocean, would have been in regular operation ere

According to reports from Guatemala the work of extending the Pacific division of the International Railways of Central America from Champerico to Ayutla, situated on the Mexico-Guatemaia border, is practically finished. At Ayutla this line connects with the Pan-American railroad, which runs to San Geronimo on the Isthmus of Tehuantepec, a distance of 284 miles. The Suchiate river forms the boundary line between Mexico and Guatemala. This stream is spanned by a costly bridge. On

the Mexican side is the town of Mariscal and just across the river is Ayutla. The Guatemala link in the Pan American keeps close in towards the Pacific coast, and in places the blue

waters of the ocean may be seen by travelers on the trains. At the port ket places, wear strings of gold coins Rosamund Gale? Carolyn, perhaps, "Poor thing," murmured Joan, "to she told her mother she also told of San Jose the road connects with her the first chapter of the romance the main line that crosses Guatemala aggregating several hundred dollars. from southwest to northeast, forming a direct route to the capital and to

Port Barrios, the Atlantic terminus. The Isthmus of Tehuantepec and that part of far southeastern Mexico that is traversed by the Pan-American railroad possesses many features of interest to the world-traveler or to the man who takes delight in penetrating out-of-the way places and who loves the beauties of nature. It also has attracted many American colonists. When travel to and from Mex ico was interrupted by the internal strife that has so long afflicted the country, American colonists and tourists were just beginning to get acquainted with the remote region that was made accessible to them by the construction of the Mexico division

of the Pan-American railroad.

Region of Great Interest. All the way from Cordoba to Mariscal there are many wonderful things to be seen, but it is not until the isthmus of Tehuantepec is reached that the full bloom beauty of riotous nature, with its deep-green hued ver-

dure, its picturesque life and customs of the careful natives, greet the eve. The encroachment of civilizing influences has left but little impress Tehuana Indiane. Their chief population center is Tehuantepec, which is located on the National Tehuantepec railroad within a few miles of Salina Cruz, the Pacific coast terminus of that trans-isthmian line. In all Mexico there is no place of more absorbing interest and strange altraction to the visitor than Tehuantepec. There is little in common between the Tehuana toms and everyday life.

The Tehuana men are of very or- years ago. Hand Shaking.

A nonprofessor, defending his post-

should I join the church and receive

the sacraments? How much better

would I be for the observance of a

mere formality, like hand-shaking?"

hand-shaking is a more formality, re-

fuse to take the hand of your friend

some day, and you will learn that it

has a meaning, and that your action

will be interpreted as an expression

of distrust or dislike. Then remem-

ber that you are treating your best

Friend as you could treat no other

"Your work must be very trying,"

she said to the dentist as she settled

herself in the chair. "It must be hard

feloud and retain his friendship."-

United Presbyterian.

-Detroit Free Press.

women as a class are the prettiest and most attractive in all of features as well as in physical charm the famous native Polynesian women of some of the groups of South Pacific islands. They are the heads of the households. The Tehuana men are anything but their lords and masnately to extend all the way to the ters. Practically all of the trade in Isthmus of Panama, and perhaps to the markets and stores is carried on the countries of South America that by the women. The sloven-looking and unattractive male members of the tribe lounge around and live off of the labors of their women folk. Ocup a bunch of the men and set them to work upon neighboring plantations, but it is said that they are so weak and indolent as to be of little value when it comes to manual labor.

The women are noted for their love of gold coins and colored finery of dress. Their penchant for collecting gold coins which they wear in the form of necklaces had its origin, it is said, during the period when great numbers of American adventurers made their mad rush across the Isthmus of Tehuantepec on their way to the California gold fields in the late 40's. When a Tehuana woman once comes into possession of a gold piece she will not part with it no matter to what degree of poverty she may be come reduced. Many of these women, whom one sees in the wonderful mar-

Great Chiapas Forests. Bordering on the north the level region through which the Pan-American railroad runs is a stretch of rich timber and agricultural lands of the state of Chiapas. The hand of modern 4c velopers and upbuilders has barely touched that little known port of Mexico. The state is abundantly supplied with perpetual flowing rivers, the most notable of which are the Grijalva and the Usumacinta, which are navigable for large boats for long distances. The forests bave been little explored. They are filled with many kinds of birds of brilliant plumage, and roaming through the wilderness of tropical trees and plants are leopards, tigers, wild boars, deer, monkeys and many other animals. The interior region is a veritable sportsman's paradise. Orchids of enormous size and the deepest colors add to the wonderful beauty of the pris-

tine forests. It is interesting to note that several celebrated ethnologists who made research into the existing native tribes of Chiapas and the ruins of a prehistoric civilization that existed there, believe it to have been the "cradle of the human race." In this connection it may be stated that the mountain upon the town and village of the tribes of Indians of Chiapas as well as the Tehuana Indians of Tehuantepec bear in many respects a remarkable resemblance to the Orientals, both in personal characteristics and in their established customs. It is in the northern part of Chiapas that the ruins of Palenque, which have long afforded an inspiring work of research on the part of archeologists, are lo-The most authentic estimate Indians and the other native tribes of the history of the remains of the of the country in the matter of cus- city that is now called Palenque is that it was abandoned more than 800

The Explanation.

Banks-"I had a new experience tion outside the church, said: "Why yesterday, one you might call unaccountable. I ate a hearty dinner, finishing up with a Welsh rabbit, a mince pie and some lobster a la Newburgh. Then I went to a place of amusement, The answer was: "If you think that I had hardly entered the building before everything swam before me Binks-"The Welsh rabbit did it." Bunks-"No; it was the lobster." Bonks-"I think it was the mince ple." Banks-"No; I have a simpler explanation than that. I never felt better in my life; I was at the aquanium."

Irate Diner-Hey, waiter! There's not a drop of real coffee in this mix-

Fresh Waiter-Some little bird told you, I suppose? Irate Diner-Yes, a swallow.—Lon-

to be confined all day in a close office don Answers.

doing the delicate work required on Daily Thought.

Hast thou a friend, visit him often, thorns and brushwood obstruct the road which no one treads.—Eastern people's teeth."
"It is," said the dentist, turning his face away for the moment, "especially so during the summer onlon season.