

THE LANDS OF MAKE BELIEVE.

Within the land of Make Believe
I lived in days of old,
And by its wondrous alchemy
Turned all the dross to gold.

A wider land of Make Believe
Now claims attention close;
The grown-up children in it coast
The fairy gold as dross.
—McLamburgh Wilson, in the New York Sun.

A FRIEND OF THE FAMILY.

"Hullo, Georgie, what's up? You look pretty sick. Another?" Walter Crane chuckled lightly as he regarded the gloomy-looking young man he had just met.

Georgie Carter looked at him distastefully for half a minute.

His reply was short, if not proverbially sweet. "Get out," he said, as slowly as before, he resumed his walk down the Buckingham Palace road.

Mr. Crane looked after him quizzically.

"Bet it's a girl," he said softly, and then he too went his way.

It was a girl, or, as Georgie would have told him, it was the only girl. And they had just been parted for a whole year by over-anxious, interfering parents. A whole year, with nothing in the world to look forward to but one letter a month.

"Twelve—only twelve in the whole year," Georgie had groaned, even after Mabel had faithfully promised to begin her letter on the first day of the month, write it like a diary and dispatch by the very last post on the very last day, so that he should really have a moderately fair idea of what she was doing. Even this had not consoled him, and, sick at heart he left her and took his way to Victoria station, there to catch his train home.

But as he entered the yard a cheery voice greeted him.

"Georgie," it cried, "are you cutting me?"

"Oh, Mrs. Frank, I never saw you," he said listlessly.

The young-faced, snow-white-haired, well-preserved looking woman glanced sharply at him.

"What's the matter, Georgie?" she asked, a kindly note in her voice.

He looked still listlessly away from her over the station yard.

"Nothing," he said, and then suddenly, with such a rush of feeling in his eyes that she wondered with half a shock if it were tears.

"Oh, Mrs. Frank, I've just said goodbye to Mabel, and—and I am going home," he ended bitterly.

"My dear boy! I am so sorry. I didn't know. What is it? There—don't go home—tell me all about it—come and dine with me instead."

"And she was so kind," wrote Georgie in his diary-like letter that night. "I told her all about you. You must have met her, Mabel, darling. Don't you remember a woman with snow-white hair—a friend of the family."

They were charming flats, and Mrs. Frank's was perhaps the nicest in the whole block. Possibly because she had a large veranda, beautifully fitted up, where coffee and liqueurs were served every night after dinner.

It was just six months since that bitter parting between Mabel and Georgie. Time was beginning to have a soothing effect on Mabel, though her letters were still faithfully diary-like. Georgie, it would seem, felt the parting as deeply as ever. He still needed consolation, and he received it, with coffee and liqueurs, from a friend of his family at least three times a week. She had been very kind, very good, very patient. She had listened to Georgie's ravings, and agreed, with him on every point about the perfections of his fair one, and she was gaining her reward. This nice young fellow whom she had truly tried to help, began to show that she had really done him good. That he saw the wisdom of not worrying, but loving silently on, waiting patiently for the end of that long year which, of course, was bound to come.

And now he could really talk of other things besides his own sad feelings and the marvellous perfections of Mabel. He seemed to take an interest, for instance, in generalities about women. He no longer held up Mabel as a type or used her always as an example. He could speak quite generally, even if sometimes it was a little vaguely, about the fair sex; and no more, as at first, did he forget his simple duties in the matter of flowers and theatre tickets for the friend of his family who so often played his hostess. In fact, he grew more normal, and Mrs. Frank felt she had only done her duty when she had tried to console and help such a very nice boy.

For there was no doubt about it, Georgie was a very nice boy. And a presentable, withal. Moreover, he had all those little charms which never

fail to appeal to women of any age. In his manner to them there was that air of reverence which comes only from the heart of a very good or the head of a very bad man. In Georgie's case there, of course, was no question which. Mrs. Frank had more than once caught herself wondering if, had she a son—but somehow, when the wonder reached that point it failed for want of interest. That Georgie's mother had brought him up very nicely, there was no denying. And he made a charming cavalier. Every desirable touch of polish, mingled with plenty of savoir faire, that yet had nothing biased or self-opinionated about it. Really, sometimes, too, she half wondered if Mabel were quite—quite—

The veranda was empty save for its owner. She was having tea quite alone, and was reading. Suddenly the curtain into the long room behind was thrust back, and an excited, eager boy entered.

"Mrs. Frank, Mrs. Frank," he cried, falling to greet her. "Oh, what do you think? You will be so glad, I know. You have been so good. Mabel—"

Mrs. Frank had listened so far silently. Now she interrupted him. There was a touch of impatience, almost sharpness, in her voice. It was no doubt irritating to be interrupted in the middle of a truly reasonable article, one might almost say treatise, on the very latest method of removing wrinkles.

"My dear boy," she said, "sit down. Have some tea. And now," as he seated himself, gazing eagerly at her, "now," smilingly, "let us hear all about it."

"It's all right," he said, comprehensively.

"All right? What is all right?"

"Mabel—me—" ungrammatically.

Mrs. Frank had a strange sensation. It was nothing very much. She just felt as if the light had gone out suddenly. For a moment she was silent. Then she mechanically and sharply drew back the curtain that had until then shaded her from the June sun. It blazed in and showed—showed with what wisdom she chose her literature. But Georgie had prevented her finishing that treatise.

"How lovely," she said at last, quite slowly.

"Oh, I knew you would be glad," the boy cried, and he suddenly dropped on one knee beside her, and taking up her hand, very gently put it to his lips.

"Mrs. Frank, you have been awfully kind," he said, and his eyes filled again with a look of feeling that took her back to the station yard at Victoria. "Was that only six months ago?" she wondered.

Presently he went, leaving her with a paean of Mabel ringing in her ears. She left the veranda, walked through the long drawing room into her bedroom behind. Up to the glass she went. Great tears were falling down her face. They riddled the pretty pink of her cheeks that looked so fair and faint against the snow-white hair. She put both hands up to her eyes, and the tears dropped through her fingers.

"Fool—fool—old fool!" she cried pitifully through them.

And then suddenly age brought its own consolation. The hands dropped down, the tears seemed to dry like magic, and she leaned forward, looking almost horror struck, into the glass before her.

"Fool, indeed," she said bitterly.

The next instant she was hailing a cab. Once inside she raised the trap door, crying, "Bond street, Madame Pommes—the Beauty Boudoir."—London Free Lance.

Natural Soap.

It is said that in a mountain near Elko, Nevada, there is an inexhaustible supply of pure soap. One may enter the mine with a butcher's knife and cut as large a piece as he wants. It is beautifully mottled, and on being exposed to the air hardens somewhat. The mountain of clay is of fine texture and it contains boracic acid, soda, and borate of lime. Its color is given it by the iron and other minerals. In its natural state it is rather strong in alkali, and removes ink and other stains readily. At one time it was used on Pullman cars but when its peculiar origin became generally known passengers appropriated it so extensively for souvenirs that the company was forced to go back to the common soap of commerce.—Waverley Magazine.

Best Part of the Picture.

"When I was a youngster," said a Philadelphia painter, who is today one of the brightest stars in the American art firmament, and whose fame also reaches across the Atlantic. "I kept the pot boiling by painting portraits of enterprising storekeepers at bargain prices. Once a tailor who was anxious to transmit his features to posterity asked me what my price was for a half-length. I told him \$100.

"The picture was painted and approved. Then the knight of the thimble took out his pocketbook and wanted to know how much he should pay.

"I told you before we started," I replied, "that my charge for a head was \$100."



Tomfoolery

FRENZIED FINANCE.
Lives of great men oft remind us,
If we only owned a trust,
We could squeeze each smaller dealer
Till he'd pay our price or bust.
—Princeton Tiger.

WEIGHTY GREATNESS.
The Soubrette—"So you consider her a great actress, do you?"
The Comedian—"Sure. She has tried a dozen obesity remedies, but they don't seem to have had any effect on her."—Chicago News.

ALL HE COULD STAND.
"I don't like your story," said the Billville reader.
"Maybe not now," said the author, "but it will grow on you."
"I hope not; I have three carbuncles now!"—Atlanta Constitution.

HIS PERIL.
"Is your husband a criminal lawyer?"
"Mercy, no! But he has to associate so much with those awful men he defends that really I'm sometimes afraid he soon will be!"—Cleveland Leader.

REASSURED.
"I am afraid some of the dates in my historical novel are inaccurate."
"That is all right," answered the publisher. "It will never be noticed. People who read history have too much literary taste to read historical novels."—Washington Star.

FRIEND IN NEED.
Tom—"My watch is a poor time-keeper, but I can rely on it just the same."
Jack—"Why, how's that?"
Tom—"The case is solid gold, so I can always rely on getting at least \$10 on it."—Chicago News.

SOMEWHAT UNUSUAL.
"He's quite a collector. He has a number of rare pictures of Washington."
"I got hold of one myself to-day."
"You don't say! A rare one?"
"It was rare for me. It was on a ten-dollar note."—Chicago Journal.

POPULAR BELIEF.
"Bacilli," remarked the boarder who had been reading the scientific pages in a patent medicine almanac, "are invisible."
"Right you are," rejoined the cheerful idiot. "At least, those in kisses are simply 'out of sight.'"—Chicago News.

TWO TALES.
Nodd—"I tell you that auto of mine is a great success. Runs like a dream."
Todd—"Why, I understood it was breaking down every night and kept you up until mid-night."
Nodd—"Yes, so my wife thinks."—Life.

UNDER SUSPICION.
"What do you think of that college professor who says he never kissed a girl?"
"Possibly," said Miss Cayenne, "it is the simple confession of an unwidly soul; and then again it may be a very sly way of advertising for bids."—Washington Star.

GETTING BACK AT HIM.
Mrs. Benham—"I wonder what people will wear in Heaven?"
Benham—"I suppose you will want the most expensive things, the same as here on earth."
Mrs. Benham—"That needn't worry you; you won't be there to pay for them."—Brooklyn Life.

ONE WAY.
Hicks—"He'll never succeed in life—never make a living, in fact."
Wicks—"Why do you think that?"
Hicks—"Oh, every time he opens his mouth he puts his foot in it."
Wicks—"Well, that's one way at least of making both ends meet."—Catholic Standard and Times.

THEIR CHIEF AIM.
Citiman—"What kind of people have you out at Swamphurst?"
Subbubs—"How do you mean? Some of them are very nice."
Citiman—"Oh! I mean what's the general run of the people?"
Subbubs—"Oh! for the 7.38 a. m. train to the city."—Philadelphia Press.

FROM ONE WHO KNOWS.
Peckham—"You can't eat? Why what's the matter with you?"
Younger—"Well, to be perfectly frank with you, I'm so much in love I don't feel like eating anything."
"Huh! After you marry the girl you'll be the same way," only it will be indigestion then."—Philadelphia Press.

Florida State News.

Proposed Road Tallahassee to Tampa.

The manager's office of the Tampa hotel was the scene one night the past week of an important gathering of New York capitalists and prominent business men of Tampa, who met to discuss the proposed railroad between Tallahassee and Tampa.

Among the party, New York gentlemen interested in the movement and present at the meeting, were General B. M. Whitlock, manager of the National Steel and Wire company; William McComb, Jr., a prominent New York attorney; R. C. Caples, a well known leader in railroad enterprises, and the father of the project which led to the building of the Seaboard Air Line railroad to the Manatee section. Mr. Whitlock, Mr. McComb and Mr. Caples represent certain bankers in New York city who are anxious to construct a railroad from Tampa to the state's capital. On this occasion they met with members of the Tampa board of trade, besides other prominent citizens, and the matter of the project was discussed. It was finally decided to call a full meeting of the board of trade to take up the matter. In talking on the subject the New York gentlemen stated that it is proposed to build a standard gauge road equipped with the most approved passenger and freight rolling stock, and to have it traverse a route which will give the quickest transit from south Florida points to Tallahassee.

The Florida East Coast Railway company has announced its intention to dredge a route in the inside of the numerous Florida keys from Miami to Key West for the accommodation of the smaller craft plying between the two places and for the benefit of tourists in the winter season. This will enable the owners of houseboats to enjoy perfectly smooth water, with scenery unsurpassed anywhere in any tropical country. The waters are teeming with fish of various kinds and the sport will be at hand all the time. From a commercial standpoint it will be of much value to the two cities, Miami and Key West, shortening the distance and making it safe in any kind of weather.

For Opening Registered Letter.

Arthur R. Whitner, a prominent young man of a good family at Jacksonville, pleaded guilty in the federal court of taking \$5,000 from a registered letter addressed to William T. Sprecker of Croom, Fla. Young Whitner was employed in the Jacksonville postoffice as night registry clerk, and the larceny was committed last summer. Immediately after the theft was committed, he left for south Florida, to be married, and was arrested by officers at the station, where he was met by his affianced bride and friends. He was given a preliminary hearing, placed under bond and left town. He was sentenced to one year in the penitentiary.

A few days ago, George C. Crom received notification from Postmaster General Cortelyou that he had been appointed postmaster at Ocala, and that his commission will be forwarded as soon as his bond is received and approved. Mr. Crom came to Florida twenty years ago from Ohio. For five years he was in the express service in Jacksonville and for ten years was route agent for the company. Mr. Crom has been living in Ocala for two years, and during that time has had charge of the Atlantic Coast Line freight depot since his residence in Ocala.

Judge Liddon Exonerated.

The famous case which has been pending in the circuit court of the first judicial district, whereby disbarment proceedings were brought against ex-Chief Justice Benjamin E. Liddon of the Florida supreme court was decided a few days ago when Judge Parkhill handed down a decision exonerating the ex-chief justice on all the twelve charges.

Judge Liddon was very prominent in the prosecution of Judge Charles Swayne before the senate, being associated with the managers in the case.

Prominent citizens of Palatka are agitating the formation of a stock company for establishing an electric car line from East Palatka to Hastings. It is estimated roughly that a plant could be installed for \$25,000 or \$30,000. So feasible and so obviously beneficial would the project be to both Palatka and the great potato section on the east side of the St. Johns river that the chief promoter of the proposed line stated that he would take a generous slice of stock to start with.

At the caucus of the legislature Monday night at Tallahassee, Hon. Park Trammell of Polk county was unanimously nominated for president of the state senate. Hon. T. T. West, the opponent of Mr. Trammell, withdrew from the race when he found he could not win. Hon. Albert W. Gilchrist of De Soto county was unanimously nominated for speaker of the lower house. Watson and Pirrong withdrew from the race Monday afternoon after a caucus of the Gilchrist people showed the latter to be the winner.

At Tampa the Hutchinson-Cotter Drug company, which recently purchased the big Morton drug store for \$20,700, has filed a suit against Dr. Isaac N. Morton, its former owner, for \$10,000, alleging that he had not carried out the terms of the contract of sale, in that he failed to turn over to the purchasers certain formulae for proprietary medicines which the house makes a specialty of, and that they have been made liable for several hundred dollars of indebtedness of the old concern.

Judge Wall at Tampa after argument for complainants and for the city dissolved the injunction secured by Adolphus Busch of St. Louis to prevent the sale of the Tampa Bay hotel to the Kauffman syndicate. Judge Wall held that complainants had no cause of action. It developed that Robert Mugge, saloon magnate, was behind the suit, he furnishing the bond of five thousand dollars required by the court. There is now no obstacle to the sale.

The Florida state fair, which it is proposed to hold in Tampa next winter, is creating much enthusiasm wherever the matter is talked of, and it is an assured fact already that the fair will be an unqualified success. The committee on promotion has received a very warm letter of commendation from Mayor J. Hamilton Gillespie of Sarasota, accompanied by his subscription of \$1,000 to the stock of the association.

Jesse Piner, a negro, living at the camp at Hough's still, between DeLand and Lake Helen, shot his wife with a shotgun. Other negroes who were near attempted to arrest him, when he opened fire on them and, in self-defense they had to kill him. The officers commend the men who attempted the arrest, for had they not acted promptly the murderer would have escaped.

Superintendent Holloway has found it necessary to change the date of holding the convention of county superintendents from April 18 to May 9, due notice of which change will be given to the county school officials. After reviewing all of the circumstances it was found that a much more profitable convention could be held in May than in April.

Shipments of lumber from Jacksonville during the month of March came near being a record breaker. Most ports compute crossties as lumber, but this is not done at Jacksonville, and the showing made separately shows a total of 16,921,000 feet of lumber, in addition to the 65,800 crossties.

William D. Ball, ex-postmaster at Orange Park, fourteen miles from Jacksonville, has been indicted in the federal court for embezzlement. He was short in his accounts at Orange Park, as postmaster, and it is also alleged that he is short in his capacity as treasurer of the city.

The bill to validate \$300,000 bond issue of the city of Tampa for the extension of its paved streets and sewerage system has been prepared by City Attorney Whittaker and approved by Judge Dillon, the bond expert of New York.

During the year 1903 the charter taxes received by the secretary of state were \$15,679, and for 1904, \$16,827, and the total receipts at the office for the past year, aggregated \$33,112.16, which has been paid into the state treasury.

Letters patent have been granted for the Hernando state bank at Brooksville, with a capital stock of \$15,000, to conduct a general banking business.

Attorneys are now drawing up articles of incorporation of the Fernandina Hotel company, which company will undertake the erection of a \$50,000 hotel in Fernandina.