

THE SMILE OF A WOMAN.

The smile of a woman—it brings back the sun When shadows drift down and the daylight is done!

THE TRESPASSERS

The young man paused before the cottage and stared at it in surprise. It was a pretty cottage with a well-kept lawn, and roses climbing on the porch.

But before he could ring the bell he was confronted by a young woman who suddenly came around the house.

"How do you do?" she said. Her voice was very pleasant. "I'm reasonably well, thank you," he answered as he removed his hat.

"May I ask if you represent Mr. Grisco?" "Yes," he replied, "I represent Mr. Grisco."

She looked past him at the door. "Would you mind sitting out here under the apple tree?" "Why, no," he answered.

"There was a bench under the apple tree, a stout bench painted the same shade of green as the house. There was a light rocking chair near the bench.

"I can't promise you will move, because we have nowhere to go." "I understand that, too."

"What will you say to the owner?" "The owner?" "Mr. Grisco."

"Oh, yes, Mr. Grisco isn't well. That's the reason I came down in his place."

"Lo you look after all his places?" "To some extent."

"Doesn't it burden you?" "I hope not."

"They say he owns half the town. But that wouldn't prevent him from missing even so small a cottage as this I wish you'd tell him that I have tried to improve the place. Look at my hands."

"I'm afraid this would be of no avail with Mr. Grisco," he said. "He's very near sighted."

"Do you know," she said, "that I believe my story made very little impression on you. Rent collecting certainly has hardened your sense of sympathy."

"You can't mean the sort of collecting I am doing here," he said. "There is nothing hardening about this."

"I would have to look that up," said the young man. "The laws change frequently, you know."

"Of course it doesn't make any difference," said the girl. "If it's a fine I couldn't pay it—do it will be imprisonment either way."

able relative. The place where my father is going is quite remote from postoffice facilities. We knew we might not hear from him for several months and we haven't heard from him since.

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"I suppose I'd better tell my real name. Otherwise you'd have to call me Jane Doe in the legal papers, wouldn't you?"

"Yes," he gravely answered. "It would have to be either Jane Doe or Roberts Roe."

"I don't like either name," she said. "I am Helen Deering. My mother is Mrs. John Deering. We are trespassers, one of us being deliberately guilty and the other entirely innocent. Please keep this distinction in your mind. I alone am guilty."

He nodded. "Are you aware that what you say may be used against you?"

"Yes, and I realize, too, that I am acting without advice of counsel. But now for my story. My father is Prof. John Deering. He has been in ill-health for some time and not able to work. He had when he left the university several thousands of dollars, most of this he put into an Alaska mining scheme, by the advice of a friend. There were others who invested at the same time, and when returns failed to come they left a meeting and decided to send my father to the mining district to investigate. When my father started for the far Northwest he and I moved into this subterranean house. He was cheerful. We had a small house about a mile from here. I was with my mother. She was without means. This is a trespass-

"Not out yet?" he said in affected surprise. "Nowhere to go," she answered. "All the empty houses seem to be filled. How is Mr. Grisco?"

"No better. He has turned his place over to me. It will be in my charge until he gets well."

"Did you tell him about the trespassers?" "Certainly not. That's my guilty secret."

"What is your name?" she asked. "My name?" "Yes, that's not a guilty secret, too, is it?"

He flushed. "My name is Arthur Evans."

"Well, Mr. Arthur Evans, will you accept a seat on my porch—I mean your porch—or rather, Mr. Grisco's porch?"

"Thank you. It will give me pleasure."

"But don't let any false hopes buoy you up," said the girl. "We have heard nothing from father."

So the young agent became a regular visitor at the home of the Deerings. He came professedly to see if the premises were in order, really to see Helen. And still no letter came from the absent father.

She had warned the young man that he might get into trouble in protecting them. He had laughed and said there was no risk. The house was not suffering from their occupancy. It was only a case of non-payment of rent.

Then one day she met him at the gate. He saw that her usually good spirits were depressed.

"What's wrong?" he asked. "I had a letter from father this morning. It is very discouraging. He isn't coming home for some time. And he says nothing about money."

"He looked away across the pretty garden."

"I think it is time for you to move."

"Yes."

"Don't think I'm a brute. I—I have another house in view for you."

"But you know our circumstances. We can't go into another house as we have come into this one. You—"

They paused where a view could be secured of the valley.

have been very kind, but you have no right to burden yourself with our troubles."

"Wait," he said. "To house I refer to can be occupied by you on one condition. I am empowered to make the arrangements. You would only have to deal with me."

"But the owner?" "The owner is a little eccentric. I can't think I can point out the house to you."

She looked up at him eagerly. "Yes," she murmured. Then her old manner suddenly returned. "Anything to avoid paying the rent," she laughed hysterically.

"Well, he said, 'the first thing for the rent collector to do is to eject you from this house. Then you will have to move into the house he pointed out before that blessed storm came up. The house with the white pillars.'"

"The Everett house?" "He laughed merrily. "Yes," he answered. "The rent will be the same."

She stared at him dumbly. She could not comprehend. "I haven't been quite frank with you," he said. "I told you my name was Arthur Evans. That's true as far as it goes. But it is also Everett—Arthur Evans Everett, if you want the whole mouthful. And the Everett house—and some other things—happen to be mine."

He strode to the window and pushed up the shade. A patch of blue sky showed above the western hills. A ray of sunshine touched the girl's brown hair. W. F. Ross, in Cleveland Plain Dealer.

WOMEN OF JAPAN. Know Their Rights and Insist on Having Them.

As I sat at a formal dinner in the city of Osaka, Japan, not long since I asked a Japanese gentleman beside me—a highly educated and polished man of the world, who is adviser to the Chinese government—if, with the great advancement in Japan in so many respects, the status of woman is advancing, says Henry George, Jr., in The Circle.

"Which woman?" he asked. "The laboring woman? Yes. The woman bred abroad or of necessity part of the diplomatic world? Yes. And it is to be doubted if their advancement to the state of woman in Europe and America will add to their attractiveness or their happiness, since conditions here are and must be so different. As for the women of the domestic circle—the wife, the mother, the sister, the daughter in the great middle class of Japan—her status is not changing. Nor should it. Any change that will bring her out of domestic retirement will expose her in a field for which nature unfits her. The wife is the home minister, with full jurisdiction in the home circle. Her husband is premier. He, besides, attends to all things outside the household. This is as it should be, for in this way there is, and only in this way can there be, perfect domestic happiness."

At another time I sat at luncheon with a fascinating Japanese lady of high standing in Tokyo. She had graduated from Vassar College, of which New Yorkers are so proud—I shall not say how many years ago. Suffice it that she possessed the ease of speech and frankness of manner of an American girl. I repeated to her the substance of the Osaka gentleman's statement and asked her opinion.

"Both," she exclaimed, with smiling vivacity. "We Japanese women are coming to know our rights and the men are afraid of us."

Here are two viewpoints or, rather, two attitudes—that of a conservative man and that of a radical or progressive woman. Which is right may at first puzzle the newcomer to determine. But we reach clear ground when we study the new Japanese code, which certainly indicates a very decided advance for woman.

KING OF THE MOSQUITOES. His Power in Keeping White Men Off Part of Caribbean Coast.

Dr. J. E. Flanagan, a former citizen of Charlottesville, Va., but who has for the last five years been living at Cape Gracia, an important town on the east coast of Nicaragua, is at the Belvedere. The doctor is a friend of Gen. Zelaya, President of the republic of Nicaragua, and has been honored by him with several important offices, according to the Baltimore American.

"There is probably no richer country in the world than Nicaragua," said Dr. Flanagan. "It is, however, almost in a virgin state, as has been scarcely any development of its great resources. President Zelaya, the able and energetic chief executive, is giving the country a most excellent administration and enjoys the absolute confidence of the people. The natives of the Mosquito coast, as my section is called, are known as Moscos, or Sambo Indians, and are a queer mixture of Indian, negro and Caucasian elements, with the native Indian type predominating, though most of them show their strain of African blood by a kinkiness of the hair, while others are fair-haired and light of skin, as a remainder of Scotch buccaneer progenitors. Not one in fifty of these Sambos ever slept in a bed and not more than one in five ever handled a piece of money. The older members of the family sleep in hammocks woven from the fibers of the hammock or the banana stalk, while the juveniles curl up on the floor. They are about as near to nature as any people under the sun, for nature supplies them with everything necessary to sustain life."

"These Sambos are nominally under the Nicaragua government, it is true, but they pay direct allegiance to a king, a monarch of their own tribe. His authority extends over many villages and settlements, embracing a coast line of 150 miles, and he is by means a figurehead, for in periodical revolutions he often holds the balance of power and dictates terms to the contending leaders. The Mosquito coast is the most backward, commercially and industrially, of all the regions bordering on the Caribbean, and for this the Sambo king is directly responsible. He is shrewd enough to know that wherever the white man gets a footing the native soon vanishes, and therefore has refused the granting of concessions for the exploitation of the valuable forests of his kingdom, nor will he allow his subjects to sell their lands. Thus this wily Indian ruler, who can't write his name, has managed to hold his territory in its prime state against the avaricious schemes of the white man. His people obey him unquestioningly and the general government is content to let him alone."

He read aloud: "Mine worthless. Scheme a swindle. Am coming home. J. D."

The girl was looking up at the coming storm. There were tears in her eyes.

"We are in for a lively blow," said the man. "Where is your mother?" "At a neighbor's. They'll take good care of her."

A sudden boom of thunder came across the valley. The rain fell faster. "There is only one thing I fear," said the girl. "It is lightning."

And then a white glare filled the room and a terrific crash seemed to drive the roof above them.

"Arthur!" screamed the girl, and flung herself against the man and pillowed her head on his breast. He held her close and soothed her with gentle words.

END OF JIM HARGIS.

Autocrat of the Kentucky Mountains Murdered by Son He Was Proud. In the mountains of Kentucky stands Jackson, 'The City of Sudden Death.' It is a squalid, dreary little town, built on a mud flat, inconspicuously mean against the steadfast splendor of the hills. Here old Jim Hargis was killed by his own son, and another tragedy has been set down in the series of deaths that gave Jackson its name.

Judge Hargis was one of three brothers, Jim, Alex and Albert, who have been the acknowledged leaders of the mountain men of Breathitt County for years. All of them were active in politics. They conducted a general store at Jackson and were the wealthiest men in the mountain country, much of their wealth being invested in land. They became known outside the confines of the mountains because of the bitter and bloody Breathitt County feud with which the Hargis name has been identified. In their attitude toward strangers and non-combatants the Hargis brothers were peaceable, quiet men, but in their relations to the Cockerills, leaders of the opposing forces in the feudal strife, there was intense bitterness.

The animosities between Judge Hargis and his brothers and the Cockerill brothers, Jim and Tom, had its origin years ago in political rivalries that became intense as the Hargises gradually acquired control of party affairs in the county. Personal encounters were numerous, but the first victim of assassination was Dr. Ben D. Cox, a practitioner who had been the guardian of the Cockerill boys. He was shot from ambush. The second victim of the bushwhackers was Tom, one of the Cockerill boys, who had secured his election as Marshal that he might apprehend the slayers of his former guardian. The third victim was Attorney J. B. Mar-

cus, a fearless young mountain attorney, who had the hardihood to undertake the prosecution of the slayers of Dr. Cox and Tom Cockerill. Marcus was shot down in the courthouse by Curt Jett, who later confessed to the killing and is now serving a life sentence with Abe White, implicated in the same crimes. The Hargises and their brother-in-law, Ed Callahan, were charged with complicity in these cold-blooded murders.

Judge Hargis was tried in connection with each case and, after many delays, finally acquitted. Although acquitted in the criminal courts, Judge Hargis was found responsible for the death of Attorney Marcus by the civil courts, and gave a check for \$1,000, of which \$8,000 was given to indemnify Mrs. J. B. Marcus for the loss of her husband, the last victim in the feud.

Through these days of death Jim Hargis had one cause of worry greater to him than the indictments for three murders and the shifting of public opinion against him. This was his son, Beach, a reckless, dissolute young fellow. Beach Hargis had all the family faults without any of the family strength. Old Jim Hargis had many violent quarrels with his son because of his habits. Both had terrible tempers, and their conflicts were like the fights of the wild things of the mountains. Finally the quarrels between the two culminated in one terrible struggle, where his father had to use violence to restrain his son. Beach Hargis cherished the resentment of this for days. Then he had wrought himself up to the frenzy in which men kill. He went to his father's store, went behind the counter with him, and after a few words shot him down.

His Own Brand. Beerbohm Tree had a laugh on himself toward the close of the production of "Colonel Newcome" at His Majesty's theater. At one of the rehearsals a young stage recruit was reciting his part much to the manager's dissatisfaction. He went up to the offender and said:

"You don't seem to have grasped the meaning of the words you are speaking. Your intonation is at fault. And, as for your elocution, where on earth did you pick it up?" "I've just come from your school, Mr. Croc," was the trembling reply.—Boston Herald.

A Philosopher. Askitt—Why do you consider Smiley a philosopher? Noit—Because of his ability to bear other people's troubles with fortitude.—Kansas City Independent.

Perhaps some men go to the dogs because the poor canines are chained and can't get away.

A LITERARY CURIOSITY.

The Moving Tale of Esau Buck and the Bucksons. An old farmer of Arkansas, whose sons had all grown up and left him, hired a young man by the name of Esau Buck to help him on his farm. On the evening of the first day they hauled up a small load of poles, for wood, and unloaded them. The next morning the old man said to the hired man: "Esau, I'm going to town to-day, and while I am gone you may saw wood and keep the old ram out of the garden."

When the old man had gone, Esau went out to saw the wood, but when he saw the saw he wouldn't saw. When Esau saw the saw he saw he couldn't saw with that saw. Esau looked around for another saw, but that was the only saw he saw, so he didn't saw. When the old man came home he said to Esau:

"Esau, did you saw the wood?" Esau said: "I saw the wood, but I wouldn't saw it."

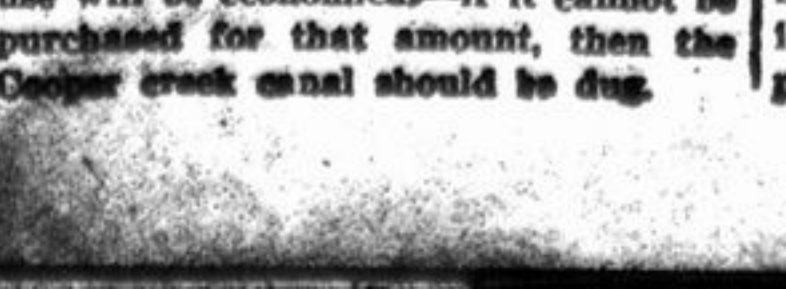
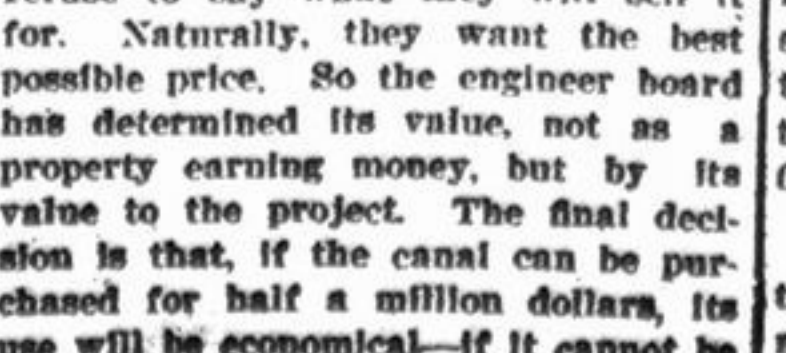
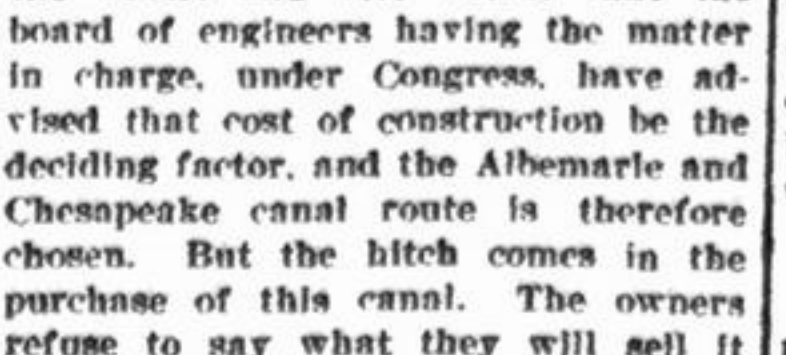
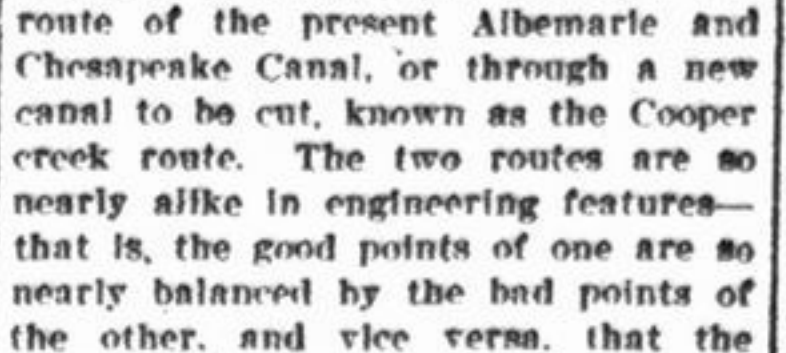
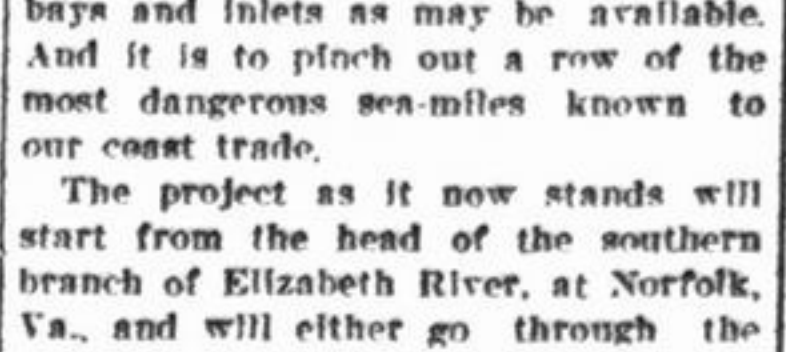
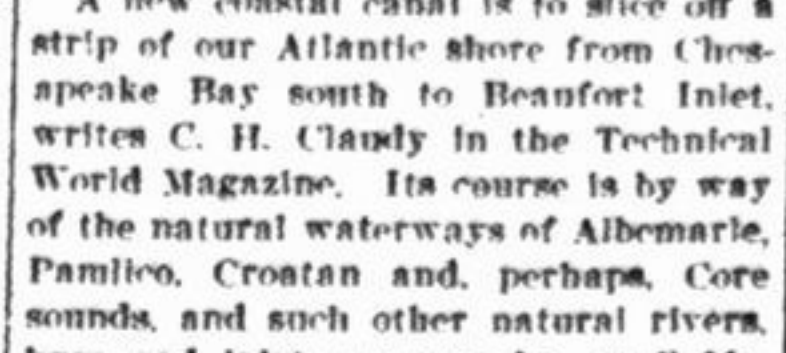
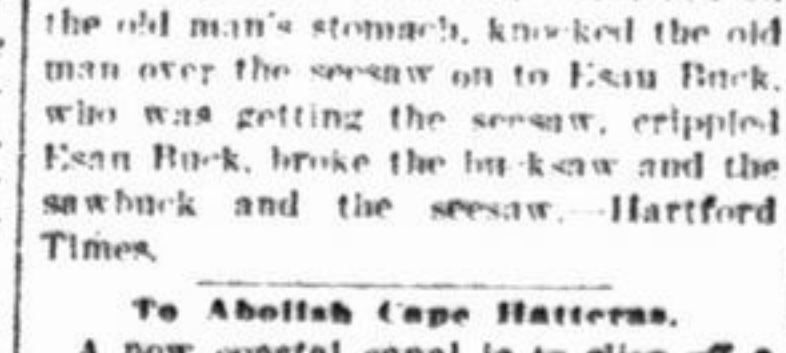
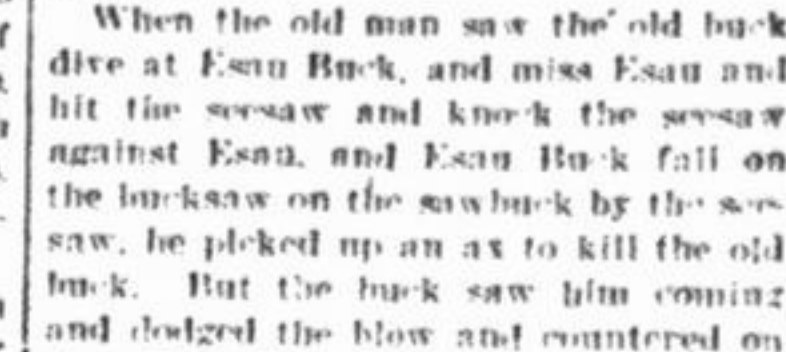
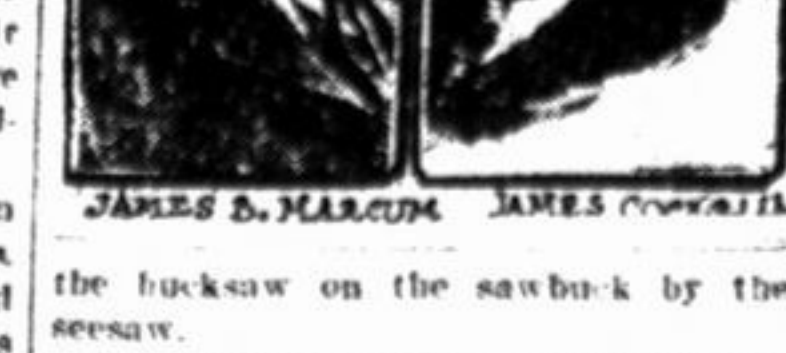
The old man went out to see the saw, and when he saw the saw he saw that Esau couldn't saw with that saw. When Esau saw that the old man saw that he couldn't saw with the saw, Esau picked up the ax and chopped up the wood and made a seesaw.

The next day the old man went to town and bought a new bucksaw for Esau Buck, and when he came home he hung the bucksaw for Esau Buck on the sawbuck by the seesaw.

Just at that time Esau Buck saw the old buck in the garden eating cabbage, and when driving him from the garden to the barnyard Esau Buck saw the bucksaw on the sawbuck by the seesaw.

When the old buck saw Esau Buck looking at the new bucksaw on the sawbuck by the seesaw, he made a dive for Esau, hit the seesaw, knocked the seesaw against Esau Buck, who fell on

CHIEF FIGURES IN THE HARGIS FEUD. ENDED BY SON KILLING PROMINENT EX-JUDGE.



PACIFIC FISH INDUSTRY.

Twenty Thousand Pounds Sold Daily in Los Angeles Markets. The fish industry, extending from Vancouver on the north to San Diego on the south, is one of great importance on the Pacific coast, says the Los Angeles Herald. Locally many thousands of dollars are invested in the business and the product of the sea finds quick sales in Los Angeles and neighboring cities.

Halibut is regarded as the standard fish, ranging in weight from one to forty pounds and can be had the year round, except during the months of October, November and December.

Barracuda is next in popularity. This product is caught every month in the year from San Pedro to San Diego. Nets and troll lines are used for catching barracuda and when both methods are adopted the local market becomes glutted with the product. The average weight is five pounds.

Sea bass are caught from Santa Barbara to San Diego. This fish is one of the best products of the sea. Weight from four to fifty pounds.

The red snapper or rock cod is in active demand in the winter season. The fish is caught around Catalina or on "the banks" known to the fishermen. Weight one-half to ten pounds. Sardines are used for bait.

Bonita and yellowtail are fine table fish that are caught in nets and set lines. Bonita, four to eight pounds; yellowtail, six to thirty pounds. Albicore is an oily fish popular with epicures.

Rock bass is a choice fish caught in the kelp; weight one-half to six pounds. What is known as horse and American mackerel is in the market during the spring months. Mackerel run in schools; are caught with hook and line; weight one-half to three pounds.

The smelt season is from Sept. 1 to Jan. 1, smelt being used most successfully. Surf fish, or suckers, croakers, clinkfish and perch are among the surf fish. The sandfish is caught with hook and line along the coast; herring is caught at San Pedro, San Diego and Santa Barbara from January to March. Herring is fine bait for the professional fisherman.

The pompano is a delicious fish that retails at 40 cents to \$1 a pound. It is one of the choice articles of the menu cards in the best restaurants. The pompano is equally popular.

Codfish, scallops and other fish are brought to the market. Lobsters are in the market from Sept. 15 to April 1.

Tom is a fish caught by sportmen at Catalina. It is not marketable. The fish are among the heavy-weight denizens of the deep at Catalina. Big drags always follow the catch of a 300 or 400 pound tom.

Turtles of heavy weight come from the Mexican waters. Professional fishermen make big money if they have good luck. Their losses are chiefly due to damage to nets and seines by sharks and seals.

SLAVES IN MASSACHUSETTS. Early Church Discussion on Slavery Identified Negro Water.

The colored "runaway," devoted, loyal and auto-rath, one thinks of as belonging to the South and the days before the war, but in the far-away time of slavery in New England she was known there also, says the Youth's Companion.

One such mammy, happy and beloved, but despotic, was Violet, the slave of the Rev. Moses Parsons of Ryfield, but the real ruler of the household and his lively brood of boys. Her husband, Primus, belonged to their neighbor, Deacon Noyes.

The revolution was scarcely over, but even then in that quiet corner of Massachusetts the anti-slavery spirit was stirring and its first result was to precipitate a violent church quarrel. Deacon Colman had scruples against slavery and he expressed them with vigor and not always with entire respect for his slave-owning pastor. He was suspended; there were meetings, discussions, appeals and denunciations and only at the death of Mr. Parsons was he so far softened as to admit, while yet maintaining his principles, that he had erred them with "undue vehemence and asperity." He was then restored to the church and his office of deacon.

In the neighboring town of Newburyport were a number of slaves and freed slaves, conveying some of whom ancestors have been handed down to the present day. One negro man, being bare-foot in the fields, struck suddenly with his hoe at what he took to be a large toad in impudently close company with him. It was his own naked big toe, as he learned painfully when he had neatly sliced the top off with the blow.

Another colored man of much higher station and more complete and elegant attire was a dandy waiter employed in the old Wolfe tavern. Noting an especially fine pair of boots owned by one of the patrons, a local magnate, Ebenezer Mosley, he went to the shoemaker to order a pair of the same sort. "Let 'em be jes' like Squire Mosley's," he commanded, magnificently, "only a quarter-dollar better!"

The Great Bustard. The great bustard is the rarest bird that comes under the head of game. This bird formerly hunted all the level counties of England and was particularly common on Salisbury plain. From the reign of Henry VIII, repeated measures were passed in order to protect it, and it is expressly included under the first year of the reign of William IV, which codified and reformed the laws relating to game.

Mysteries of Scent. The mysteries of scent will probably never be solved, and it is a matter of everyday observation that, while the trained shooting dog will pass a sitting partridge, a terrier or a fox will find the nest.—London Times.

"We are having an argument about the financial situation," said one of two men to a reporter to-day. "If there is no prospect of a fight," said the reporter, "I will not wait."