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CHAPTER L.

Old Jason Fanshaw sat at an open window, his fat legs on the sill. As he talked, his hearers in the big bare room drowsed, nodded or stared at him with lack-luster eyes. He usually held forth on Sundays when the law and the Lord prohibited work and there was nowhere to go.

On this sultry afternoon his theme was his own misfortune in being burdened with a family that contributed naught to his desires. He had never, in exact words, voiced their shortcomings, but in his secret soul he would have had them perhaps less like himself, certainly less like his wife, who weighed 200 if she weighed a pound.

The two girls, Mary Lou, aged 18, and Ann Josephine, 20, threatened, as their bedslats continued to break, to surpass their mother in the flesh they were heir to, and in addition to this impediment to activity and encourager of sloth, they had come honestly by a combination of their father's tow-colored and their mother's red hair, which little suited their florid complexions. They had, also, freckles as big as pockmarks, which a diligent application of "stump water" had failed to dim.

Fanshaw had two sons. Ronald, the eldest child, was not in the room. David, a lusty fellow built on his father's plan, but with a more cheerful face, was lying on the high-posted bed in the corner of the room. He always hurled into his father's tirades against his family comments in favor of his brother, whom he admired intensely.

"You cayn't complain of Ron," he said this afternoon, as he fanned the flies from his face with his big straw hat lined with blue calico. "He looks after his own business. Mr. Hague said Saturday before last that he'd ruther have Ron rent land from 'im than any man in the country. He 'lowed Ron paid every dollar he contracted to pay an' that the niggers liked 'im so much that they'd work twice as hard for 'im as they would for

anybody else." "That don't do me no good," snarled Fanshaw

Dave went out into the back porch, where a stream of water shot from the end of a hollow log into a trough; the water came from a spring on a billside half a mile distant. The inventor of this crude aqueduct was Ronald Fanshaw; he was only a boy when he conceived the idea, but he gave every spare moment to its construction. He had

felled the trees, dug the long ditch through the meadows and fields, taken the level and completed what was still considered a marvel of convenience by the neighbors. While it was building. Jason Fanshaw had contributed many peevish objections to the work, which he considered a waste of time, but when the clear, cold water gushed out at his door, he melted under a blaze of wonder, and now no stranger ever came to his house who was not shown "the waterworks."

"Huh," he would exclaim with pride, nobody else has got a spring on his land high enough fur such a thing. Col. Hasbrooke would pay no end o' money ef he could have it. He has to keep two niggers busy fillin' his tank an' then the water's stale an' hot. You see, we sunk our pipes so deep that the water's as cold as ice."

A hundred yards from the house was a dense wood which stretched on to a small river a mile away, and further on to a high mountain, and here Dave found his brother lying on the grass "eading his Blackstone. In his unlikeness to his family he was an anomaly; he was over six feet in height, well built, slender, dark of complexion, hair and eyes. There was in the shapely prominence of his brow a suggestion of strong mentality one might look for in vain in any of the other Fanshaws; his limbs had the slight, strong look of a blooded horse; a palmist would have said that his hands indicated the possession of a refined, sensitive spirit.

"Oh, I had no idea you was heer!" exclaimed Dave. "I jest thought I'd take a walk to git away from all that clatter up at the house. An' to tell that stump thar; don't you want to wet yore whistle, as the feller said? you the truth, I've got a quart hid in ting her to the test before the oth-I have to keep it hid from the old man; ers. But Capt. Winkle knew by sight he's too all-fired stingy to buy whisky, (he did not bother himself with their but he loves it like a hog does slop." names) nearly all of what he jocularly "You know I never drink," replied the termed "the white trash" of that section, and he usually addressed them striking contrast to the dialect of his without ceremony or courtesy. For a brother; there was a vague sadness of moment he paused watching Ronald's tone in his voice, and his eyes drooped line, and then he asked: as if they were weary of the print upon "Are they biting, my man?" which they had been resting. Ronald felt the hot blood of anger "Well, I reckon you won't mind ef I rush to his face and his fingers tighttake a pull at it," said Dave. "I'm dry ened on his rod. It was on his tongue as a powder-horn." He removed a flat to retort sharply, but Evelyn's presstone from the hollow of the stump ence helped him control his temper. and took out his flask. "Here's lookin" He made no reply. Capt. Winkle curled at you," and the neck of the bottle went his mustache with his white fingers; into his mouth. he thought the fisherman had not heard "I suppose they made me the subject his question. of their talk, as usual," said Ronald, "I see you have some bait, my good when Dave had replaced the flask under fellow," he said in a louder tone. the stone and sat on the stump, his legs you let me have some of your crickets? crossed. the how has not come with ours." and

the roads, told him constantly what he quaintance," he stammered, red in the German classics? Well, when I got and his family were not. Up to his lace. twenty-fifth year his fancy had dared to play only about the exterior of this old family seat, but of late his imagination -call it ambition, if you will, had led him beyond the mystic portals, and he walked there with men and ladies; he dined there; he discussed topics he had read with the white-haired host; he stood near the piano and heard Evelyn Hasbrooke play and sing; he saw her white hands flit over the keys, and felt her smile up at him. And then the bubble would burst and the grim, sordid contrast of his real existence would grasp and wring the gall from his soul.

Evelyn Hasbrooke was unwittingly esponsible for these later dreams. He had rendered her a service the preeding summer when she was home from school. Io him the act was nothing, but when it was over she had hung white and quivering on his arm, and in that wonderful cadence of hers had told him that he had saved her life. He had helped her over the fence and felt the warinth of her breath on his face. They had stood and chatted for awhile and then they had parted. He had not seen her since, for she was at school in Boston, but he had never forgotten the glory of her deep, gray

eyes, the infinite sweetness and beauty of her face. A thousand times since that moment he had wondered if she, too, remembered. Sometimes when his hopes were brightest he fancied that she did-that she must if only because his mind was on her so onstantly.

CHAPTER II.

About a week after this he heard that she was home again to remain, her school days being over. His informant also told him that Carnleigh was to have visitors - Mr. James Hardy, a cotton merchant of Charleston, who was supposed to be a suitor for the hand of the colonel's eldest Caughter, Caroline, and Capt. Charles Winkle, who owned a fine plantation five miles beyond the mountain and

was believed to be an admirer of the young debutante. Ronald was longing to see Evelyn again, but he met the two sisters and their escorts sooner than he desired. He had taken his books and fishing tackle to a shady nook on the river bank and was just getting settled when 'a heard merry laughter in the wood between the river and the road and a moment later the two couples emerged from the tangle of cane, vines and foliage. Instinctively Ronald drew his wide-brimmed straw hat down over ber again unless she showed a dispo-

quaintance, and he was averse to put- off."

Ronald was conscious that Evelyn and

Mr. Hardy had moved on and that Miss

"I should hate to see ladies lose their

"Oh, no, Capt. Winkle!" objected Miss

very much obliged, I hear the boy com-

"You don't tell me," laughed the cap-

of vc'ces told him that the fishing party

had paused about forty yards away. The

lifted his basket of crickets.

sport."

ing now."

said with a sneer:

A pained expression passed over her beautiful features. "I can't remember anything I have done to make you think so ill of me, Mr. Fanshaw."

She seated herself on the root of a tree and opened the novel she held in her hands. He found himself unable to formulate a suitable reply and he drew in his line and put another cricket on his hook.

"I am afraid," she said, searching his face, "that Capt. Winkle offended you just now. I am sorry that a guest of our house should fail to treat anyoneyou especially-with due courtesy, and am glad you rebuked him as you did." "You are very kind, Miss Hasbrooke."

"My sister is Miss Hasbrooke," she said, with a little laugh. "I am still little Evelyn, even if I have laid my chool books away."

Again she had made an unanswerable remark, and silence fell between them. He broke it after a moment's pause.

"But you have grown; you are" (he wanted to say more beautiful) "different."

"I presume a year does change a girl, but you are just the same, Mr. Fanshaw-exactly the same."

It would have been impossible for him to believe that she was not speaking to him as she would have spoken to an old friend, and this drew him to her. The irritation of a short while before was swept away. He found himself telling her that he had feared she would never remember him, and that she had made him very happy by coming back to speak to him.

"As if I could forget the first time I ever saw you!" she exclaimed, clasping her hands over her knee and lookingoutover the stream. "I had actually given myself up for lost, Mr. Fanshaw. Being a man, it may not seem that you did much for me, that day, but I have seen that frightful bull in my dreams and heard his awful bellowing a thousand times. I remembered that he had gored a little boy almost to death

the spring before and when I saw him coming I simply could not run. Then saw you rush into the very arms of death and catch it by the horns. Ah, have seen that awful struggle in my dreams, too! You don't know how terrible it was; the veins of your face and neck stood up like cords under the skin and your eyes nearly left their sockets. Once your foot slipped and I screamed as you went down. I thought it was all over then, but you held onto his horns his eyes, and Evelyn did not recog- and when he flung up his head he nize him for a moment. He had re- raised you. Then I saw the gleam of a solved that he should never speak to set purpose in your eye as you slowly backed him to the big stick near by and then I saw you grasp it and beat him

back to school and was tempted to neglect my studies I recalled the efforts you were making to educate yourself and I became ashamed of myself and really I profited by your ex-Rich Men Saved From Small Wages. ample. I took two medals. I should

never have won them but for you." week, especially when this munificent Her companion laughed softly. salary is the whole means of existence. "I did not have such good fortune in Even James J. Hill could not. He was adding a teacher of Italian to my facworking at an inn in a little hamlet up ulty," he told her. "He was making in Canada, when he read in a stray his way over the mountain with a handnewspaper that "there were splendid organ and a monkey and told me he chances for a young man out west." was out of money. My answer to him was that I needed a man to pick cot-His capital consisted of his coming week's wages. Borrowing \$10 from a ton and that I would pay him the friend, he started west. The \$5,000 wages of an experienced hand if he which he afterward returned representwould stay with me through the seaed the rate of interest with which he

ceeping.

telegraph operator.

swered promptly:

for each share.'

did she ever fail?

Carnegie Bought Stock.

"One day Mr. Scott (the superin-

endent of his branch division), who

was one of the kindest of men and had

taken a great fancy to me, asked if I

had or could find \$500 to invest. I an-

"'Very well,' he said, 'get it. A man

has just died who owns ten shares in

the Adams Express company, which I

want you to buy. It will cost you \$60

must be done. We will mortgage our

home. I will take the steamer for Ohio

tomorrow and see uncle and ask him

course the visit was successful-when

"'Yes, sir, I think I can.'

son. He readily consented and everyalways repaid kindnesses. thing might have worked out to the When he reached St. Paul he tot glory of my perseverance, but he invages no larger while he was a "roust sisted on working with the monkey about" on the wharf. When he soon afon his shoulder, and the two together proved such an attraction that all the negroes in my field gathered around ness for himself. him. I gave them the first day off, but when the next came and the pickers came in holiday attire accompanied by hosts of neighboring negroes I called



a halt. I paid the stroller for the day he had not worked and dismissed him. This infuriated him, and I received my first gratuitous lesson in Italian-a beautiful string of oaths which may never be worth what I paid for them.'

Evelyn laughed long and heartfly. "You are the most original man ever met." she declared. "What funny experiences you do have. And did your Italian master forsake you?" Ronald laughed drily.

"After he had got his organ out of dividends of one per cent, and the first the barn, he began to play it in the main road, and it wasn't twenty minutes check arrived. The next day being Sunday, we boys-myself and my ever till every negro, young and old, for a

Miscellancous Reading. history of his first Christmas in State street, Boston, illustrated his life. It

was then that he received his first HOW THEY STARTED. lump sum of money. He was twelve years old and had come into the office

of Armory Stevens & Co. in reply to a sign of "Office boy wanted." He was One cannot save very much on \$2 a so little his chin barely came to the table top and was greeted with laughter, but he got the job. At Christmas he was given a present of \$100. About this money he says: "I went up State street to buy presents for my brothers. and sister, and after spending \$87 of it on something for my sister was bitterly disappointed that I couldn't get three such presents as I wanted out of my \$100."

> Lawson started out for himself as a trader while with the same firm, and when he was seventeen had \$60,000 in the bank. Out of this money he gratified what had been the desire of

his whole life and bought a buggy and ter got to be shipping clerk he saved a a team of black horses. Soon after this little money with which he set up bushe was in a deal in which the stock rose so fast that before he could "cover Perhaps one of the secrets of the er in" he had dropped \$59,841 of his way in which the business prospered \$60,000. "I remember," he says in tellwas that back of it was a high hopeing of this, "that I decided to make a the hope of having beautiful and winclean sweep and gave a dinner at some Mary Mahegan for his bride. At Young's to a few friends with the purany rate, out of the first earnings of the pose of getting rid of the \$159 left. little business Mr. Hill furnished the When the dinner check was paid there money to send the girl to an eastern was still \$4.30, which I gave to Horace, boarding school and to equip the home the head-walter. I was broke at sevin which they afterward set up houseenteen, after making what some peo-

ple would be satisfied with as a fortune, and started in again to pick up Mr. Carnegie tells the story of the what I could here and there." irst money which came into his pos-

Wanamaker Bought a Salesman. ession over and above the salary of John Wanamaker tells that his first \$25 a month which he was earning as incentive toward self-denial came to

him with his first pennies. "The first money I received," he says, "was seven copper cents, which seemed to give me the idea that if I was ever to do better than my comrades I would have to learn to save." 'The small wages he got while in his first position in a publisher's office he saved religiously. At the same time he developed the faculty of spending generously and effectively when he chose, as a pretty story is told of his buying his mother a present every pay day, which, though small

"The matter was laid before the was really a substartial one as comcouncil of three at home that night and pared with the pay he earned. the oracle (his mother) spoke. It

His first large sum of money was both acquired and expended along the same lines. In the few years in which he worked in a clothing store and actto arrange it. I am sure he can.' Of ed as secretary for the Y. M. C. A. he saved \$2,000. He and a friend with the same amount of capital decided to

"The money was procured; paid start a clothing store of their own. over; ten shares of Adams Express The way in which he handled his capcompany stock were mine, but no one ital at this time seemed like the most knew that our little home was mortreckless extravagance to his business contemporaries. He engaged as a "Adams Express then paid monthly salesmen one of the best men he knew, to whom he offered a salary of \$1,350, which he had to guarantee for the first year out of his capital. He again drew on his expense account by ta

salesman with him when he went to

New York to buy goods. The associa-

tion with this salesman was his invest-

How a California County, Twice the

Size of Connecticut, Was Reduemed.

Writing in the February World's

Work on "Building a Wonderful Com-

munity," French Strother tells the

story of a remarkable western coun-

Thirty-two years ago there was but

one house in the town of Fresno, in

the central desert of California. A hole

was dug under it, forty feet deep, into

which the inmates lowered themselves

by a bucket and a windlass, to escape

the heat of the day. Around it, as far

as the eye could see, stretched the



"No, I reckon not," admitted Dave, "but you won't ever be ashamed of 'im, if you are of the rest of us. He's been readin' and studyin' every spare minute sence he was knee high to a other, firmly. His words formed a grasshopper. For the last six months Mr. Redding, the best lawyer in Danube, has been providin' 'im with books, an' my idea is that he is goin' to make a lawyer out'n hisse'f. You cayn't hold 'im down; he'll rise like a cork; au' as fur good looks, geewhilikins! Did I ever tell you-uns what happened at campmeetin'? I was a settin' under the bush arbor about four benches from the front last Sunday was a week when Ron come in dyked out In his best Sunday clothes. You ort to a-seed how the folks turned their heads. A young dude behind me axed a man next to 'im who in the thunder that was, an' the fellow said he wasn't certain, but he 'lowed it was some chap visitin' at Col. Hasbrooke's from Boston or New York. Then it was my put in. I bent over an' informed 'em that it was Ronald Fanshaw, the oldest son of Jason Fanshaw. An' you ort to a-heerd 'em giggle. Then the man that had axed the question come back at me fairly slobberin' in the mouth to keep frum laughin' out loud.

"'You're away off, my friend.' sez he; 'you shorely ain't acquainted 'bout heer. Old Fanshaw is the daddy of the sorriest lay-out on the face of creation. I hain't never been to his sideshow myself, but I krow a heap o' folks that has paid the'r way an' never axed fur the money back, nuther.'

"Then I jest punched my face over to his yeer an' said, I did: 'I ort to know 'im,' I says, tetchin' the butt o' my pistol. 'He's my brother, an' when meetin' is over me'n you'll go into the sideshow fur a minute: the tent's stretched right out thar in the hushes an' the latest addition to it is a Buffalo Bill dead shot.'

"He wilted an' got as white as the inside of a cucumber, an' then the preacher axed everybody to kneel down and pray. I was axin' the Lord to an' that's all the time. But, honest, bless my purpose when them two riz I don't see why they won't let you an' poled it out over the straw. I half | alone. You want to read an' study, beway got up, but the preacher broke off in his prayer an' begun to talk about the law agin disturbin' public worship, an' I sunk down on my knees an' seed them two mount an' gallop off like the woods was afire."

"You ort to a-mashed 'is teeth down his throat," said Mrs. Fanshaw. "Folks has poked too much fun at us to suit me. In war times you wouldn't a-stood it, Jade." She called her husband Jade, not because he was tired or was a horse, but because it was the only abbreviation of the name she knew.

An expression of hot fury lay on Fanshaw's wrinkled face as he looked out into the yard where half a hundred ducks, turkeys, guinea-hens and peacocks were feasting on the remains of the watermelon the family had just eaten. ""My Lord," he grunted, "ef I took folks to taw ever' time they joked about you-uns, I'd have my hands full." "Well, they'd better not let me heer 'em throwin' off on us." declared Dave, and he stood up and stretched himself. "But when you come to think of it. Ron is so different from the rest of us that it's no wonder folks take 'im for one o' that highfalutin' crowd. I tell you he's no slouch!

"Not any more'n common, Ron; the captain tossed a silver coin on the they've got to talk; talkin' comes as grass near Ronald. There was a pause.



better go further down the stream; he'll be diving for that money and will frighten all the fish." WELL ! RECKON YOU DON'T MIND.

natural to women as cluckin' does to guarded voice above the rustling of the hens; the only difference is hens cluck when they are busy, an' cackle when "You ought not to have noticed him," they've laid; the time to git away from she said; "that's one of old man Fana woman's tongue is when she's idle, shaw's sons; he has taken up the study of law, and it seems to have given him the big head." cause it suits you, an' I am with you, tain, "haw, haw!" tooth an' toe nail. Now, I had my head set on ranch life out west, because . liter'ly love hoss flesh an' cattle-raisin'. but they all come down on me like a landslide an' I's had to hoe corn an'

cotton like a nigger fur about forty cents a day, when I might a been makin' two dollars an' a-had my independence." Ronald Fanshaw smiled genially, but he made no reply, and Dave sauntered away to the river to see if his trout lines had caught anything. When he found himself alone our hero fell to dreaming of his past life. Above the

tree-tops half a mile to the east, or a slight elevation, he could see the high, steep roof and dormer windows of the chief mansion of the locality, "Carnleigh," the splendid home of the Evelyn Hasbrooke and she came to him county's greatest planter, Col. Henry with hand outstretched. Hasbrooke.

The house, in its silent grandeur, rep resenting wealth and power, had been a potent factor in the struggles of this young man towards the acquisition of was you till sister mentioned it just and by hiring a man to work for you things above and beyond him in the now."

dreamy blue realm of possibility. Its He stood up, dropping his bat on the worked in the field together, and that massive Corinthian columns, its vast ground.

inmates, whom he saw driving along would care to-to renew our slight ao- his tongue to you and lent you the delphia Press.

She paused out of spoken so rapidly. "I see you have not forgotten," he

laughed, modestly. "My arms ached for a week after that. I don't think I ever gave my muscles a greater test." She gazed at him admiringly.

"I think a strong, manly man is God's best creation"-her tone was almost reverent. "No, I have not forgot-I never shall forget that you offered your life as readily as Capt. Winkle" (she sneered slightly) "would hand me glass of wine. You were so exhausted afterwards that you could not speak and yet you helped me over that high fence; I know you were exhausted, for you sank down and could not rise."

Ronald flushed slightly. "I hoped you would forget that," he said. "It is what I want to remember most," the girl declared, "because it proves how very much you did for me.' Her voice was low, and it quivered as if strong emotions were working in her breast. The branches of the trees were moving overhead, and a shaft of shifting sunlight fell on her glorious, gold-

"Will

Caroline was waiting for Winkle. Then en brown hair. The breeze coming from our hero picked up the piece of silver the east brought the strain of a planand tossed it into the stream, at the tation melody sung by the negroes same moment he doffed his hat and working in one of her father's cotton "You are welcome to them," he said. fields. For one instant the eyes of these

two met, and then, like a man in a blissful dream, he turned and picked up his rod. His cork was under water and he Caroline, "do not mind them; we are could see the slack line being drawn here and there. It was a fine trout

and he laughed merrily as he drew it As she turned away and the captain out of the water. She sprang up and stood by him as he took it from his was following her he looked back and hook and put it into his basket. "I think, Miss Hasbrooke, that we'd "I am afraid I am disturbing your

sport," she said, tentatively. "You see you have given me good

uck," he made answer. "I have wanted another talk with Ronald's ear had never been so acute;

he heard Caroline Hasbrooke's low, you for a long time." She cast a glance in the direction of her party. "I preleaves against her stiff duck skirt. sume I ought to join them, but I have really not said all I wished. It seems half a lifetime since we met." Later that day he actually shuddered

over the boldness of his reply to this, and yet I am convinced that it was one of his remarks which she remembered in its entirety.

"The meeting in itself seemed Then the negro boy, carrying a baswhole lifetime to me," he said, in a ket of crickets, passed at the top of his speed. Ronald baited his hook and full, tense voice-"the beginning, the flung the line into the stream; his end-a short, beautiful life, for l hands were quivering; he was almost thought I might never, perhaps never, beside nimself with rage. The drone see you again.'

"You thought we should never meet again!" she spoke in slow surprise, as the import of his words dawned on

reflection of the sunlight on the face her, and then he saw her eyes go down, of the water was maddening. This, and a fresh shaft of bitterness pierced then, was his long dreamed of meeting with Evelyn; she would hear her sis- his heart. He knew she was thinking of the gulf which lay between them. ter's account of what had taken place after she had moved on. Half an hour The look of pain which crossed her face passed; a fish nibbled at his bait, taking almost distorted it. Still it was only his line round in a circle, but he did to add new character to her beauty. "I want to tell you more than all, not notice it. Suddenly there was a light step on the grass near him. It was she shrugged her shoulders, as if to shake off the unpleasant thought he

had just read, "how very much good your example has done me You re-"You must pardon me, Mr. Fanshaw," member you told me how you had she faltered. "I did not recognize you under that big hat. I did not know it learned French by studying it at night,

who spoke the language to you as you you used to walk three miles after "I really did not presume that you supper to an old German, who spoke

mile around was dropping his money into the monkey's cap. The trouble is blamed me with the commotion and called me a greater crank than ever."

There was a sound of some one coming through the woods, and David Fanshaw, barefooted and coatless, emerged carrying a gun and a bag of game. Seeing them together he stared in astonishment, and shifting his gun he blurted out: "I didn't know anybody was heer: I was after a flyin

"I wouldn't shoot here," his brother admonished. "There is a party fishing

Without saying more the great illplunged again into the wood; this time headed for the main road.

"It is my brother David," explained Ronald to Evelyn.

polite, for she reddened.

came to her relief. "In fact, people over in farm property in spite of the are constantly remarking that I am unlike my whole family."

"I-I think you are very unlike them all," agreed Evelyn-"all that I have

There the conversation paused. A merry laugh came from the fishing trio and then there was a low muttering of voices, in which Evelyn's name was spoken by her sister.

has become of me," said the girl. "I'd

He held the vines which hung over the path out of her way, and when she had gone he went back to his fishing; but he found himself casting an unbaited hook into the water and holding his rod in tense, quivering hands. John W. Gates. How much he had lived in those few moments! He took a deep breath. "My God," he said, "I don't know what has terance.

fool enough to think-to hope-?"

though his eyes rested on the page for twenty minutes, he read not a word. The sun went down slowly; he saw its light on the brown side of a distant cliff creeping upward; he heard the distant crack of his brother's gun, and, picking up his things, he started home-

TO BE CONTINUED.

ARCHBISHOP RYAN'S WIT .- One wintry day, shortly after Bishop Horstmann of Cleveland had been caused considerable trouble by the Polish Catholic element in his diocese, he visited Philadelphia, his native city, and dined with Archbishop Ryan, who was also entertaining an ecclesiastical visitor from New England. The latter inquired of the bishop of Cleveland regarding the weather in Ohio.

compa ns-took our u Sunday afternoon stroll in the counthe farmers in the neighborhood try, and, sitting down in the woods, I showed them the check, saying, 'Eureka, I have found it.'

gaged to 'give our boy a start.'

ment upon which he expected to real-"Here was something new to all of ize in credit. The result was even us, for none of us had ever received more successful than he foresaw .-anything but from toll. A return from Chicago Tribune. capital was something strange and new. "Some of the boys who had met in THE DESERT TRANSFORMED.

the grove to wonder at the \$10 checkawkwardly from one hand to the other "My indispensable and clever companions" he called them-were afterwards his partners in his famous company. Allerton Worked for Farm.

To the boy Samuel W. Allerton working as a farm hand the ownership of a farm represented the sum total of hu-

man delights. Next best in the line clothed fellow shouldered his gun and of coveted possessions was the rental of a farm with the horses and implements to run it. For these he hoarded as other boys will for guns and fishing tackle. These savings were invested in equipment and the rental of one farm after another until he was ready to buy one outright.

glaring desert, unbroken by any culti-"It was just \$100 which I had gotten vated spot of green. The whole country seemed a hopeless waste-dea together and with which I paid the rental on my first farm. It kept growand profitless.

Today this spot is the centre of a ing larger by being turned over and cheerful community of 8,000 homes, in a land made fertile by irrigation. Ten fact that friends at first warned me I thousand children attend its public was embarking on a foolish venture." schools. The industries there yield That he would compel success was \$14,000,000 annually. The rais'n crop the answer Allerton made to this. He worked the land he had rented for five of 1902 put into the farmers' bank accounts \$2,300,000. All the raisins imyears, saved more money, bought a ported into the United States in 1902 farm for his father, and invested in amounted in value to only \$400,000. In more tools and horses for his own use. 1902 the oil wells of Fresno county He then rented more land, out of which yielded 570,000 barrels of crude petrohe made \$3,200 in three years. This leum, worth \$200,000 before refining. was invested in his first stock farm in Eighty-nine thousand head of cattle

When Gates Saved Money. "Laboring men of the best class

graze on its rich alfalfa. When a few straggling fortune hunters came to the county late in the should be able to save out of the wages '60's, they were welcomed by this sign, they earn now," is a statement for hung over Fresno's one building: which men, unions, labor organizations "Bring your horse. Water, one bit; and even corporations have challenged water and feed, three bits." Fresno

was a "watering station" only. In The fierce light which beats upon his career as a money spender is the one 1872, however, Mr. M. J. Church conceived the idea of bringing water in which is always turned upon this utditches from King's river, twenty

miles away to irrigate the land. His John W. Gates' record as a speculaproposal was laughed at as a dreamtor, instilling it upon his son's mind to look lightly upon money and regard er's scheme. But persistence won; in 1876 he had water on land within it as dross; as a poker player, in which three miles of the town of Fresno, and the \$200,000 won from Leiter and the the first year's crop proved the soil \$35,000 lost at Saratoga were mere to be fertile. The area of watered ground was rapidly extended. Today there are 360,000 acres under irrigation.

> HAS A BUSLIESS-LIKE LOOK .-- We see it stated that former United

Earlier records, however, tell of the States Senator J. L. McLaurin, of days when he traveled in Texas on a South Carolina, chairman of the comhundred dollars a month. Here he was mittee appointed by the Southern Ininventing ways hitherto unheard and ter-State Cotton convention to wait undreamed of for selling goods. All on President Roosevelt and ask him to the time out of this salary he was sav- form a commission to introduce Amering the money which afterwards was ican cotton into the Orient and other the nucleus of the little capital with undeveloped markets, will visit the which he accomplished his grand coup president February 29. Mr. McLaurin of the moonshiner factory. Later, when thinks that if China may be induced to he married upon \$3,000 yearly, he still use American cotton, it is not unreaadded savings enough to this nest egg sonable to believe that 25,000,000 bales so as to have a considerable sum when of the American crop will be consumthe inspiration came to him to start ed after five years. Somehow, this proposed visit of Mr. McLaurin to the

president has to us a business-like

Illinois.

squirrel in that tree thar."

a little way down the stream.'

"I thought he was," she said, look-

ing down, "but I don't think he is at all like you," and then it seemed to strike her that the comparison was too great a reflection on David to be quite

"No, we are decidedly unlike," he

happened to see."

"I think they are wondering what

better join them."

come over me! Am I mad? Am I

He checked himself, and opened the law book he had brought with him. But

ward.

"It has not been unuspally severe, replied Bishop Horstmann. "No." said Archbishop Ryan, "just a few breezes from the Poles."-Phila-

bagatelles; as a financier, buying million dollar mills by telegraph, with negotiations opened and concluded all in the half hour's stopover on a railroad trip, are incidents which make the story of his first savings pale into insignificance.

his barbed wire plant.

Lawson Showed Gameness. Thomas W. Lawson once said the look. -Charlotte Chronicle.