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## THE PARTISAN

### A Romance of the American Revolution

By W. GILMORE SIMMS

#### CHAPTER III.

"It is a written bond—write in stripes. And let it be in our blood. Like beat- en hounds. We crouch and cry, but elench not— That strikes and scourges."

Hastings turned furiously at the interruption; but the stranger though entirely unarmed, stood his ground firmly, and looked on him with composure.

"That's a bright sword you wear," said he, "but it is scarcely a good stroke, and anything but a gallant one, Master Sergeant, which you make with it. How now, is it the fashion with British soldiers to draw upon unarmed men?"

The person addressed turned upon the speaker with a scowl which seemed to promise that he would transfer some portion of his anger to the new comer. He had no time, however, to do more than look his wrath at the interruption; for among the many persons whose noise had brought to the scene of action was the fair Bella Humphries herself. The maid of the inn—accustomed probably to quell such conflicts by her beauty and persuasions—waited not an instant to place herself between the parties, and, as if her own interest in the persons concerned gave her an especial right in the matter, she fearlessly passed upon the raised weapon of Hastings, addressing him impudently, "What was that for, you scoundrel? Why, what was that for, you scoundrel? Why, what was that for, you scoundrel?"

"Now don't strike, Sergeant—don't I pray! John is only foolish and don't mean any harm. Strike him not, I beg you!"

"Beg for yourself, Bella Humphries—I don't want any of your begging for me. I'm no chicken, and can hold my own any day against you in particular— you had better keep away."

The countryman spoke ferociously; and his dark eyes, long black hair, and swarthy cheek, all combined to give the expression of fierce anger which his words expressed, a lively earnestness not ill-adapted to sustain them. The girl looked on him reproachfully as he spoke, though a close observer might have seen in her features a something of conscious alarm, and a something of indignation, which she hid from the parties. Her eyes were now; and the young stranger, about whom the coil began, saw in an instant the true situation of the affair. A smile passed over his features, but did not rest, as his eye took in at a glance the twofold expression of Bella's face, standing between her lovers, preventing the fight—scowled on furiously by the one, and most affectionately leered at by the other. He appealed to the sergeant with a complacency that even there he was not half- ashamed of what he had already done in commencing a contest so unequal, he must have yielded to it and forborne. Some of his moderation, too, might have arisen from his perceiving the hostile jealousy of spirit with which his rival regarded her preference of himself. His vanity was enlisted in the application of the weapon, and with a becoming indifference of exterior, he glanced, turning to the coquette, he gave her to understand, while thrusting his sword back into the scabbard, that he consented to mercy on the score of her application. Still, as Davis held out a show of fight, and stood snugly ensconced behind his chair defying and even inviting assault, it was necessary that the sergeant should draw off honorably from the contest. While returning to the sword to the sheath, therefore, he indulged in a few words of unkindly warning, and was unmixed with the military threats common at the period—

"Hark you, good fellow—you're but a small man to look out for danger, and there's too little of you, after all, for me to look after. I let you off this time; but you're on ticklish territory and if you move but one side or the other, you're but a lost man after all. It's not a safe chance to be straddled on the king's highway, and you have an ugly squinting at disaffection. My eyes are on you now, and if I but see you wink, or hear you hint treason—ay, treason, rebellion—I see it in your eyes, I tell you—but wink it or look it again, and you know it's short work, very short work, and a shorter journey, to the tight rope and the branching tree."

The speaker looked round significantly upon the company as he uttered a warning and threat, which, though addressed particularly to the refractory countryman, were yet evidently as much meant for the benefit of the rest. Not that the worthy sergeant had any reason for uttering language which, in all respects, seemed so gratuitous; but this was of a piece with the wantonly injudicious habit of his superiors, from whom, with the readiness of inferiority and sycophancy, he made free to borrow; and, with a little discrimination, not quite so frequently employed it, not less for the gratification of his vanity than for the exercise of his power. The speech had something of its usual effect—keeping in silence those whose love to talk might have prompted to occasional remark, though without any serious feeling in the matter; and subduing thoroughly all demonstrations of dislike on the part of the few, who, feeling things more deeply, might be disposed rather to act than to speak.

old man's ear his objections to the large degree of intimacy existing between the British sergeant and his pretty daughter.

"Oh, go, John! there's no harm boy. You've only me jealous 'cause she turned you off."

"Indeed, indeed!" responded the other, indignantly and aloud—"turned me off! No, Master Humphries—not so bad neither. But it's no use talking—you'll know all in time, and will wish you had minded what I told you. But go your own gait, you'll grow fatter upon it; and with this not very nice proverb the disappointed lover turned away without taking the offered Jamaica."

This scene had not been lost on the stranger youth, though little regarded by the other personages; who had each made his speech and taken his drink and departure. There was much more spoken that he did not care to record, but which, duly noted by the one observer to whom we have made especial reference, was held not unworthy in his mind of proper consideration. He had seen a dogged disposition and quarrel with the British sergeant; and though he clearly saw that much of this disposition arose, as old Humphries had asserted, from a jealous dislike of the intimacy between Bella and the person in question, he yet perceived that many of the phrases made use of by the countryman indicated anything but respect or good feeling for the British authority. There was a sturdy independence in his air and manner, when the other spoke to him of treason, which said that the crime was, after all, a venial one in his mind; and this disposition, perceptible as it must have been to the sergeant, not less than to the stranger, might doubtless have prompted much of that violence on his part which had been so happily and in time arrested. Nor was there anything precipitate or uncommon in what the sergeant had done. Such exhibitions were frequent in the bitter and unscrupulous warfare of the south. The word and the blow, and usually the blow first, were the habitual mode of silence of opposition; and this was the injudicious course by which the British, regarding South Carolina as a conquered province, revolted the popular feeling from all sympathy with their authority, and provoked that spirit of determined resistance and hostility which, in a few weeks only after this event, blazed up throughout the whole colony, from one end to the other, and commenced that series of harassing and spiteful operations, which, in the hands of the British, were the forerunners of the British army, destroyed its resources, diminished its exercise, contracted its sphere of operations daily, and in the end, drove the invader to the seaboard, and from thence to his departing vessels.

"Old Humphries followed Davis to the door, and again renewed his exhortation. The landlord seemed to have a good feeling for his guest, who had probably been a crony of his own, and a favored lover of his daughter, before the British army had made its appearance to compel a change of political sentiment in the one, or a British sergeant in the red coat and round bosom of the other. His object seemed to be to persuade Davis into a more cautious utterance, when speaking of the existing powers; and he warned him of the unhesitating nature of the enemy when punishing what they held rebellion, and of the severe kinds of punishment put in exercise on such occasions. But, whether it was that the youth really felt sorely, or that he was really reflecting, the loss of his sweetheart—or whether the assault of the sergeant had opened his eyes to the doubtful tenure by which the American held his security under the rule that now prevailed throughout the land—may not well be said; but there was a reckless audacity in his replies to the friendly suggestions of the landlord, which half frightened the latter personage out of his wits.

"I'd rather eat acorns, now, Master Humphries, I tell you, and sleep in the swamps in August, than hush my tongue when I feel it's right to speak. They shan't crowd over me, though I die for it; and let them look out; for I tell you now, Dick Humphries, flesh and blood can't stand their persecutions. There's no chance for life, if lone property. Look how they did Frampton's wife, and she in such a way; and only three days ago they tied up Tom Rayson's little boy Biddy, with hickories thick as my thumb, and all because the boy wouldn't tell where his father was hiding."

"But you see, John, that all came of the hiding. If Frampton and Rayson had not taken to the swamp, the old lady would have been let alone, and the boy wouldn't have been whipped. Aint they in arms now against his majesty?"

"Yes; and if his majesty goes on after this fashion there will be a few more, I can tell you. Now, you yourself, Dick Humphries, I put it to yourself, whether the thing's right, and whether we ought to stand it. Now, I know you of old, and know you're no more a loyalist than—"

"Hush! Bless us, John Davis, how you talk, boy! hush, hush!" and with an air of the greatest trepidation, looking round and perceiving that though the stranger appeared to be reading very earnestly from the pages of the "Royal (Charleston) Gazette," he was yet within hearing, the landlord left his companion farther from the door, and the conversation, as it proceeded to its conclusion, was entirely lost to all ears but their own. It was not long before Humphries returned to the hall, and endeavored to commence a sort of desultory dialogue with the stranger guest, whose presence had produced the previous quarrel. But this personage seemed to desire no such familiarity, for scarcely had the old man begun, when throwing down the sheet he had been reading, and thrusting upon his head the rakish cap which all the while had rested on his knee, he rose from his seat, and moving rapidly to the door of the apartment, he pursued his way along the river. The path was clear in this quarter; not a solitary being, but themselves was to be seen—by a bridge—a crazy structure of ill-adjusted timber thrown over a point of

the stream where it most narrowed—the pursuing stranger overtook the moodily-wandering countryman. He stopped him in his progress, and he could come up with him by a friendly hand; and, freely approaching him, tendered him his open hand in a cordial salutation. The other grasped it with honest pleasure.

"Master Davis, for such I believe is your name," said the stranger, frankly, "I owe you many thanks for so readily, though I must say rashly, taking up my quarrel. I understand that your brush with that soldier fellow was on my account, and though, like you, I must need nobody to fight my battles, I must yet thank you for the good spirit which you have shown in this matter."

"No thanks, stranger. I don't know what name to call you—" "No matter; names are unnecessary, and the fewer known the better in these doubtful times. I care not to utter mine, though it has but little value. Call me what you please. The other looked surprised, but still satisfied, and replied after this fashion—" "Well, stranger, as I said, you owe me no thanks at all in this affair; for though I did take up the matter on your hook, it was because I had a little sort of hankering to take it up on my own. I have long had a grudge at that fellow, and I didn't care much on whose score it began, so it had a beginning."

"Has he done you wrong?" half affirmatively, half inquiringly, said his companion. "Reckon he has, surely, and no small wrong neither; but that's neither here nor there, seeing there's little help for it."

"How! no help for it! What may be the nature of this injury, for which a man with your limbs and spirit can find no help?"

The countryman looked at the speaker with a curious expression, in which there was a confide, and a proper hesitancy in entrusting his secret thoughts to a stranger, were mingled equally. The other beheld the expression, and readily defining the difficulty, proceeded to remove it.

"This man has wronged your friend Davis; you are his match—more than his match; you have better make and muscle, and manage your club quite as well as he his broadsword—why should you not have justice, if you desire it?"

"If I dare it!" cried the other, and his black eye sparkled, "I do desire it, but I'm not at all before this. What odds?"

"Look there! as Davis replied, he pointed to the fortress upon the opposite hill, a few hundred yards off, where the cross of Great Britain steamed high among the pine trees, and from the entrance of which, at that very moment, a small body of regulars were pouring into the street, and proceeding with martial music to the market place."

"I see, but why should they prove odds against you in a personal affair with this sergeant? You have justice from them surely."

"Justice!—such justice as a Tory captain gives when he wants your horse, and don't want to pay for it." Davis replied truly, in his summing up of British justice at that period.

"But you do not mean to say that the people would not be protected, were complaints properly made to the officers?"

"I do; and what's worse, complaint only goes after new hickories. One man was strapped up only yesterday, because he complained that Corporal Townes kicked his wife and broke his crockery. They gave him a hundred lashes."

"And yet loyalty must have its advantages, more than equal to this usage, else—and a smile of bitter scorn played upon the lips of the speaker as he finished the sentence—"else there would not be so many to love it so well and submit to it so patiently."

The countryman gazed earnestly at the speaker, whose eyes were full of a most searching expression, which could not be misunderstood. "Dang it, stranger," he cried, "what do you mean—who are you?" "A man!" answered the speaker boldly—"one who has not asked for his hickories, nor submitted to their hickories, and the form of it to his eye was elevated duly as he spoke, and his eye was lighted up with scornful fires, as his reference was made sarcastically to the many in the neighborhood who had done both. The face of Davis was flushed when he heard this reply, the tears gathered in his eyes, and with a bitter emphasis, though in low tones, as if he felt all the shame of his acknowledgment he replied—" "God help me, but I did! I was one of those who took a protection. Here it is—here's the paper. Here's where I sold my matter of fifty lashes down in black and white, to be beaten like a dog with hickories. But it's not too late; and look you, stranger, I believe you're true blue, but if you aint, why it's all the same thing—I care not—you may go just quick as you please; but I will break the bargain."

"Take it—take the worthless life!" he cried, in low but emphatic accents. "It is worth less, but you will live to fight for it."

The other regarded him with a look of admiration sobered into calm. "Your life is in my hands, but it is safe. God forbid, Master Davis, that I should assault it. I am your friend, your countryman, and I rejoice in what you have done. You have done well and nobly in destroying that evidence of your country's weakness, and in restoring to her the equality of citizenship by her dastardly security—for one's miserable life. You have done well; but do not be rash. Your movements must be in quiet. Nothing rash, nothing precipitate. Every step you now take must be one of caution, for your path is along the steps of danger. But come with me—you shall know more."

First secure those scraps; they may tell tales upon you; a quick hand and close eyes may put them together, and then your neck would be fit game for the halter your sergeant warned you of. But what now—what are the troops about?"

The countryman looked, at his companion's question, and beheld the troops forming in the market-place, while the note of the bugle at intervals, and an occasional sullen pat of the drum, gathered the crowd of the village around them.

"It's a proclamation, squire. That's the market-place, where they read it first. They give us one every two or three days, sometimes about one thing, sometimes another. If the cattle's killed by the Whigs, though it may be their own, there's a proclamation; but we don't mind them much, for they only tell us to be quiet and orderly, and heaven knows, we can't be more so. They will next go to the church, where they will again read it, and then they'll go to the school, and in time to hear what it is. Shall we go, squire?"

The other expressed his willingness, and leaving the bridge, they proceeded in the direction of the church.

"The story of Billy Holtham's costly joke illustrates that the laugh is not always on the side of the joker," said W. B. Bassett, an old time telegraph operator to a reporter of the Kansas City Star.

"The incident occurred a short time after the civil war, when Holtham was assistant operator in Denver, Col. In those days two operators did all the work of the Denver office. Holtham operated the office one morning, took the daily paper and began reading about the war between Germany and France. All at once the desire to perpetrate a practical joke seized upon him. Taking the pencil from his pocket he indited the following cablegram on one of the office blanks: "To the Emperor Napoleon, Garden of the Tuilleries, Paris, France: Colorado will not accede to the cession of Germany to France. Please let Bohemia alone. Gov. Gilpin or any other man."

Holtham called up Omaha and sent the cablegram to the man on duty there, just as he would have sent a bona fide message. The man on duty in Omaha was the repeating office for all eastern business. Holtham then tore up his copy and threw the remains in the waste basket. Then he sat down and laughed. He supposed that the man on duty in Omaha would, of course, see the joke and after laughing himself over it would throw his copy into the waste basket. But the Omaha operator was a man who took everything seriously and hanging the cablegram on the New York hook thought nothing more about it.

"This happened about the middle of the month and nothing more was heard of the fateful cablegram until about the middle of the following month when Mr. Woodward, the Denver manager of the Western Union office, received the following message from the secretary of the cable company in New York: "Please come down with the dust. Woodward scratched his head, but could not solve the enigma and replied: "Don't understand your message about dust. Please explain."

"In due time an answer was received, saying: "Your cablegram to Emperor Napoleon, Garden of the Tuilleries, Paris, France, signed Governor Gilpin or any other man, \$187.50 in gold, please remit."

"At this juncture Billy Holtham started up and pushing the message toward him, Woodward remarked: "What do you suppose that New York idiot means by that?" "Holtham read it out, turning pale, blurted out: "Why, I sent that thing to Omaha as a joke, supposing the man receiving it there would see the point and throw his copy into the waste basket as I did with mine."

"Joke!" replied Woodward, angrily. "Do you understand that gold is now worth just to one and the same cost of your little joke is \$375?" "Manager Woodward wrote a letter to the cable authorities explaining the matter to them and asking that the cablegram be cancelled, but they were inexorable and demanded payment in full. At that time cablegrams were enormously high and payable in gold. At that time that poor Holtham had to make the amount of cost of your little joke is \$375."

"By tearing up the paper; and his companion, as he spoke, he tore into small bits the guaranty of British protection, which, in common with most of his neighbors, he had been persuaded to accept from the commandant of their security, and as a condition of that return, which he pledged, at the same time, to his duty and his allegiance.

"Your life is in my hands," exclaimed the countryman, deliberately. "Your life is in my hands."

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### Miscellaneous Reading.

#### TILLMAN IN CHICAGO.

##### Has His Say and Says It on the Race Problem.

CHICAGO, Nov. 27.—The efforts of the colored citizens of Chicago to prevent United States Senator Benjamin R. Tillman from delivering an address here tonight in Orchestra Hall were unsuccessful. Arrived in Chicago early in the afternoon he was told of threatened injunction proceedings to prevent him from appearing on the platform and of a money consideration that had been offered if he would cancel his engagement, but Mr. Tillman expressed scorn for both. Until he leaves for Fond Du Lac, Wis., tomorrow, Senator Tillman will be guarded by police and private detectives. This is in accordance with orders issued by Mayor Edward F. Dunne, who was scheduled to preside at tonight's meeting, but who refused to have anything to do with the affair after a committee of colored citizens visited him a few days ago.

Senator Tillman gave his address protected by forty detectives. In anticipation of trouble a number of policemen were kept at nearby stations in reserve, but they were not called for. Fifty negro policemen mingled with the crowd which blocked the streets in front of the hall.

In the audience were many negroes, but they listened to Senator Tillman's remarks good-naturedly and although he was interrupted many times, the meeting passed off without trouble.

In leading up to his address, "Shall the United States Annex Cuba?" Mr. Tillman took occasion to criticize Mayor Dunne's action in refusing to preside at the meeting. "I have been told that I have been snubbed by the majority of this city," said the senator, "I did not ask Mayor Dunne to be here tonight. If any one has been snubbed, it is the gracious ladies, who planned this meeting to secure money for the Chicago Union Hospital and who requested Mayor Dunne, the creature of a political hour, to come forward and aid his mite."

"I have been advertised to discuss the annexation of Cuba," continued Mr. Tillman, "but in view of the fact that I could not discuss the subject with the majority of this city, I am going to go on the matter with hammer and tongs. Therefore I shall discuss the race problem pure and simple from an American standpoint and not from a Cuban standpoint. Owing to my experience with the question and the diligent study I have made of it, I believe I am better qualified to discuss this question than any other man in America."

While discussing the fifteenth amendment to the constitution, which he declared gave the negro every right that a white man had, he was interrupted several times by one of his listeners, who kept asking "How about Kentucky?"

Finally Mr. Tillman seemed to lose his temper and exclaimed: "Oh, shut your mouth. You don't know the A B C of this thing. I forgot forty years ago more than you ever 'new."

"You make up your minds that equality before the law which the fifteenth amendment guarantees is right and should be enforced, notwithstanding its results. If this law was enforced it would result in two states at least being dominated absolutely by negroes, while four other states would be so near being governed by the negro that there would practically be an equal division of offices."

A voice—How about the law? Senator Tillman—The law? To hell with such law. After telling in detail how the negro is prevented from casting his ballot in the south, Senator Tillman said: "There is a great deal more to this question than the little racket here in Chicago."

A voice—How about the negro judge? Senator Tillman—Well, I will tell you about your negro judge and about your political machines putting him up their ticket and booting the poor fellow out of office. After telling how the negro afterwards you fellows who voted the ticket without knowing what it was on it, find a way to cheat him out of it, he will never be dominated by the negro and I want to tell you now that if some state should ever attempt to 'save South Carolina' we will show them it red before we make it black."

"And Almighty made the Caucasian of better clay than the Mongolian or the African or any other race. The Ethiopian is a burden bearer. He has done absolutely nothing for history, nor has he ever achieved anything of great importance."

"There are no great men among the race. Yet this people has been picked up by the fanatics of the north and lifted up to the equality of citizenship and to the rights of suffrage. No doubt many of you have listened to the oratory of the greatest colored man of this country—Booker Washington. He had a white father, however, and his brains and his character he has inherited from that father."

Senator Tillman then told his audience of the attacks on white men by negroes in the south and declared that the people of the north were in a state of affairs responsible for this state of affairs.

In conclusion Senator Tillman said: "Now, as a general illustration of the injustice that is sometimes done: President Roosevelt discharged three companies of colored soldiers without a court martial, and in doing this he punished innocent men for the crime and to the rights of citizenship. The authority of the law and he ought not to have done it."

neglected peach seed, encouraged by the warmth of the atmosphere, had burst, and a tiny sprout several inches long was growing out of it.

"Suffering Caesar!" exclaimed the New Hampshire man, as this caught his eye, "do you hatch out your peaches in this country?"—Harpers Weekly.

#### AS TO SAVING THE PENNIES.

##### An Old Saw in the Light of Modern Instances.

"Save your pennies and dimes, young gentlemen," the lecturer, a college professor, advised his audience. "Never spend a dollar if you can help it; forego the luxuries; live plainly, be economical and you will be successful."

"That was not very intelligent advice," remarked a bank president as he left the hall. "Without qualifying his directions, he was pointing those young men to a life of drudgery. Big affairs are not managed in that way nowadays."

"But on a college professor's salary they have to be." "Probably; but business is another thing. For instance, when I bought an automobile my friends said I was indulging in wild extravagance. They foresaw that I would land in the poorhouse and pitted my family against me. I did not worry about it greatly, for the swift rides in the park did every member good, and I did not say much about the cost of the machine."

"One day there came to town the representative of the biggest contracting firm in the east, desirous of looking over the city with a view of placing investments. A dozen of us met him at the cafe and talked through a six course dinner. Then plans were discussed for the guest's entertainment the following day."

"Harris has an auto, some one said, and of course it was arranged that I should take the visitor for a ride. "I did so, spent the most of the day with him; we became well acquainted; he seemed to like me, and before he started home he offered me the west-estate management of his company's financial affairs. I had no better chance than the others—save for the automobile. That brought the opportunity."

"I am \$300,000 ahead already through the connection, with more to come. I could have got along probably without a machine, but it was an investment that paid the largest return of any I ever made."

One rainy evening a newspaperman walked along the line of railway coaches in a noisy union station. His hand was on the door of the first coach, and he was debating whether or not he should take a Pullman.

The fare in the Pullman was 75 cents. He could save that amount by riding in the ordinary car, but the ordinary car was crowded and he dreaded the crowd and the weary companions with whom he would associate in the coach. Still, 75 cents was not to be despised, and he pondered the problem for several minutes. At last he decided to take the Pullman in rest and attractions of the following day's preparation for his work won, he gave his grip to the porter, and sat back in the section assigned him in solid satisfaction.

After dinner in the dining car he went to the smoking room and found there the only other man on the sleeper, the agent for a manufacturing firm of the busy northwest.

"Have a light?" was the opening of their acquaintance. The man came from the inevitable western salutation, when the em' in the coat lapel is observed. "Where do you belong?" Both were members of the same lodge.

Following that came a friendly talk, and the manufacturer told the newspaper man many interesting experiences, not noticing that the latter kept a very eager questioning in operation. The conductor of the train stopped to take part in the conversation, and finally the supper was served, and the peculiarities of modern machinery making methods was thoroughly gone over.

It was nearly midnight when the newspaper man reached home, but he sat down to his typewriter and rattled the keys for an hour before tumbling into bed. He simply put into readable form some of the evening, and a check for \$75 was the payment that his story brought him.

He always rides in the Pullman car now when he travels and says that he will continue so to do until the \$75 gives out. He has never made so good a speculation as on the occasion mentioned, but he has mingled with people who have helped him in many ways, and will continue to help him for many years to come.

might eat in the cafe for months and make no headway financially. The young man who seeks to get ahead must have something more than opportunity. He ought to see the best way to do things as well.

Sometimes the chance of the young man depends quite as much on others as on himself, and he has reason to thank the man who throws him on his own resources. He finds that he must meet the conditions and does so, testing the fibre of his nature and proving the stuff of which he is made.

A son of a New York lawyer became so worthless that the father to separate him from the girl he wanted to marry sent him west with only money enough to pay his fare and expenses, but armed with authority to draw on a western bank for \$25,000.

"The young man drew \$25,000, landed in eastern Colorado and sought work among the sheep ranches of the irrigated lands. In a week he sent for more money and later for all that he could have. Then a few months after came a message.

"Will be in city Saturday with ten cars of sheep. Meet me." "Ten cars of sheep! What lunacy is the young man up to now?" exclaimed the father.

But the youth came, and he had ten cars of young sheep that had been fattened on alfalfa and cottonseed meal, ready for the top price in the market. He sold the bunch and showed a draft for \$12,000.

"I made some money out there and the rest is out of the sheep. I don't owe anything. Take out \$5,000, dad; I am going to call on Cotton." He had married the girl. They are now managing a big sheep ranch in New Mexico, with prospects of becoming far wealthier than the father.

Likewise little things give an index to the character of the young man. For instance, the editor of a country newspaper was called to the telephone and heard a message from a real estate man in a neighboring town.

"What will it cost to put an advertisement in red on the middle of your front page?" "Now the editor did not print a yellow journal and it meant a great deal of work to run the paper through the press twice, so he named a price that he thought would be prohibitive.

"All right," was the response. "But do you understand?" asked the editor, thinking the dealer did not get the right figures.

"Of course; do as I tell you." So the advertisement was placed in red and the bill was paid.