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ESTABLISHED 1855.

YORKVILLE, S. C., TUESDAY, MAY 12, 1908.

that Walter Aldrich had no right to

and womanly nature expand glorious-

she would have-over the authority she

would grudgingly bestow-over the

bend to her devilish wishes, or break!

She suddenly looked up, and remem-

He was looking down at her, a smil

novance curling his fine lips. She ask

She asked her question hurriedly.

She only asked the question to mak

she was not conscious of having the

"What was your private secretary

"His name was Gilbert Senn," he

To be Continued.

DOG VARIATIONS.

Pointers and Setters Are of the Canine

Aristocracy.

It is a mistake to suppose that dog

are anywhere near alike in character

Even those of the same breed vary

and about as much as men and women

of the same nationality. As to the

are to a great extent the result of

their contact with man, and they de-

the other hand, it is impossible to

dog, just as it is out of a mean spirited

person. Dog instinct is about the same

smell, which makes up to him in some

perience a thing to know it, and his

until they have reached their present

A dog has not the power of speech

with which to conceal his thoughts.

Consequently he is franker than man.

any athlete, and have a power of dis-

of one of these breeds for a man who

flushing them before the hunters came

worth of some dogs in their carriage,

the poise of their heads and the ex-

pression of their eyes. A dog of ster-

ling character never steals any more

than a human being of this kind steals.

BISMARCK'S ANGER.

Franco-German War.

The Princess Bismarck, so the story

but the Empress Eugenie hoped with

her beauty to influence him so that the

little trouble with France and Ger-

The Incident That Made Certain

up, had fallen back out of sight.

-Amateur Sportsman.

crimination and thought.

He has the keen sense of

vation.

erfection

and a snob.

slightest or remotest interest.

She was glad-glad.

wish to use him.

THE MAN OUTSIDE

By CLARENCE BOUTELLE.

CHAPTER XXVI. Picked Up-In London.

As soon as Lurline Bannottie was safely at sea she transferred the money and diamonds from Mr. Lyman's valise to her own. She knew the possession of that old valise was only a which she would not have a penny to beautiful than any I ever saw before! little thing-an unimportant thing-but offer in payment. she knew that little things were sometimes liable to develop and grow into great ones. She did not mean to let this relic of Samuel Lyman's life be fraught with danger to hers.

When the valise was empty, she filled it again. She put in various articles and ease for both? which were almost valueless, and very heavy. She cut small holes in the cape through them; she was not going

against which she provided: Suppose to have taken "Thank God" upon her Lyman's valise found and identified, lips. who could say that she had ever had ed that she had had it in her possession, who could guess that it had con-Bank, or that her ownership of it began in force, and on the night when have any curiosity regarding its ownon the waves of the sea, how many How many in a billion that any human hand would ever touch it? last time she honored it by a visit. The eye of God would watch it; the

Would not that be all? But Lurline Bannottie was careful, very careful. She brought the weighted and perforated valise up on deck, one to assist her; she had no gentleman of her heavy shawl. She waited until valise overboard, and the waves seemed to reach up for it, as though anxious to drag it down into the depths of from the handsome woman who learn- her grasp. ed over the vessel's side and looked down at them.

Well, Lurline Bannottie, you have done well! The crime against Samuel Lyman's life and against Elsie Senn's property shall never come home to you. But-you must not forget that there are other things, other serious things, against the penalties for which, even But, turn in whatever way she would. from a human standpoint, you have not so cleverly provided. You must danger to limb and life menaced her. not forget that she who tells another her wishes and her deeds-tells the You must not forget that she above her head in an agony of terror, fore: "but it is your power. Did no who writes down what she has doneproclaims it as though from the house tops. And-you must not forget that beyond human laws, human acuteness and human justice-there is God!

Bannottie's journey was pleasant one. She arrived in London of the diamonds-and without arous ing suspicion on the part of the gentlemen who had her London business in their charge, and invested the money she had brought from New York, as well as that received for the diamonds and for some bonds and other securities which she dared sell. As for the rest of the securities which Mr. Lyman had stolen from the great safe had stolen from him-the securities which could not be safely offered for sale-she burned them. No matter to those to whom they belonged; no matter if the return of them would have beauty in your face and a smile on been easy-and not very unsafe; no matter. She would not trouble herself dragged and trampled on, with the mud to do even a partial charitable justice. She burned them

rich. She had told those who cared said-had died in the United States and she located him and his busines in a thriving city which isn't down or ly in any gazetteer with which I am ning of such a trouble and the end of acquainted. In her story for Mrs. Senn it, one way or the other, will be few -for Miss Bannottie intended to take -her recently deceased friend had livunheard-of place in Scot- accident, were pulling this way and had over a million of dollars invested ing a bad matter worse. One or two She and Mrs. Senn, nee horses were already beyond control: Miss Elsie Barron, had been such firm one of two vicious brutes were beginfriends for so many long years, that it ning to kick and struggle, unmindful we may either, if we are brave enough, was fortunate-though, perhaps, no of the harsh cries of command uttered guess. more fortunate than strange-that she by their drivers. It looked, with a wohad become rich enough for both (as man thus surrounded and attacked. the other's father, and, later, herself, and especially as she had lost her had been rich enough for both), at wits, as though it would be the end of this life a strange one? Who would just this time. For, long before Lur- the world-for her. And then-some bave supposed that I was to come line Bannottie reached London on her one sprang from the sidewalk into the across the Atlantic-to save you?" return journey from America, the ca- very midst of the sudden turmoil and "To save me?" ble had flashed the news of the burn- danger in the street. He caught a ing of Barron's Boomville Bank to the horse by the bit, here, and forced the have I done?" he asked. shores of the Old World. It had been rearing animal back on to his haunchthe hard task of Walter Aldrich, in es, while he darted beneath the forethe absence of the dead-and-gone Ly- legs of the furious beast and went on that I have not known you long a man to brave the storms of the man, to send the terrible story of her his way unharmed; he struck another enough, and that I do not know you ocean, as this gentleman's private sec-

that she was a beggar!

A beggar, did I say? that! The story that besides her own not notice it, and perhaps did not hear give him. They faced each other thus, losses there was more than a half- it at all: "my God, it is the same face

Fortunate wasn't it, that Miss Bannottie had inherited, at this crisis in less surely than he had fought his way the life and needs of Mrs. Senn, a sum into the midst of the dangers in which of money that would enable her to of- she had been placed, he fought his fer her old friend the means to be generously just, and still leave luxury

Fortunate? Bah!

Miss Bannottie had been in London sides of the valise, so that the water a week. Her business was all done. might enter freely; she was careful that Her money was all securely invested. the holes should be so small that the and in such a way as to give her a articles used to weight it could not es- very large income. She was very well satisfied with herself and with the to run the risk of having that valise world. She even felt thankful-thank- nottie in safety up on the sidewalk; he found floating anywhere on the broad ful for dangers passed and benefits Think how strongly she bestowed, though, as I do not believe built for safety; think of the walls of in the idea of a personal Devil, I don't caution and cunning she erected against exactly understand to whom her emodanger and suspicion; that of her art tions of thankfulness went out; bad giving him one of her marvelous and her skill! Wonderful! Wonder- as she was, I scarcely think she would have dared rise to the height of need of asistance." And yet-think of the trivial chances blasphemy it would have been for her

In London a week. And tomorrow did you not?" it in her possession? Suppose it prov- Miss Bannottie was going to leave for

Naples She was slowly walking home-that tained the money from the Boomville is, to the hotel she called homethrough the gloom of an early evening in London, with the atmosphere grow-Samuel Lyman walked the fiery path ing more and more full of fog. She did of torture to the debris-heaped fields not mind the darkness-she was used of oblivion? Suppose the valise pick- to that, you know; she did not care for ed up at all, who would be likely to drifting mist and floating fog; she was quite sufficient unto herself, this quiet er? Who would be likely to think of and self-possessed young woman of it as belonging to some one who had the world, and as much at home in met his death by the power of fire in- London as in Naples; as much at home stead of by the might of water? To in the streets as she would have been whom would the knowledge that it had in a palace; as much at home in the been the property of Samuel Lyman night of the world's metropolis as she alike: a gentleman whose face indigive any further doubts or wonder- had been in-(but, on the whole, and the interests of exact truth and per- the world, and an acquaintance with fect accuracy, perhaps I had better say chances in a million were there that it almost as much at home, and almost as thoroughly in her element)-as she had been in Barron's Boomville Bank, the

She came to a place where she wish-Hand in whose hollow are all the wa- ed to cross the street-one of those ters of all the seas would hold it. streets where the traffic of morning begins before that of evening ends, and any man who had crossed her path in have saved your life, should I?" There was no policeman at hand

night, concealed under the thick folds friend to whom to appeal for protection; and she felt no need of either. no eye saw her, except the All-seeing She stepped off into the whirling vor-Eye which never sleeps. She cast the tex of trade, into the crush of hurrying teams and shouting men. She was cool, calm, collected-for she had done this thing scores of times before-unthe sea, and eager to conceal her secret til a team struck some tiny parcel from

She turned to get it, stooped to pick up. And then-one wagon jostled her on this side, and almost ran her down, another struck her on that side, and bruised her cruelly. She staggered to her feet, more than content t et the almost worthless bundle go, and attempted to get out from her danger. there seemed no escape. On every side She lost her self-control, her quiet good sense, and raising her hands

ne ever tell you that? She let her head fall forward a little Ah. Lurline Bannottie, do you remember what is true of the way of upon her breast. She made him no the transgressor? The danger is, in- answer. How could she answer that? deed, great when those hands which Men had been telling her of her beauty-all her life. But no one had ever so steadily shut Samuel Lyman into quite dared, before, to tell her just an earthly hell, and which have done what he had. Power? How much she other terrible things without trembneeded it! How much more than even ling, are raised in helpless terror. The we, my dear reader, know or can know danger is, indeed, very great when your And she knew he told the truth. And voice, which spoke treacherous acshe had lived years enough to see quiescence to the man who was once beauty fade-in the faces of others your husband, and later gave him scorn though the mirror had never had but unmixed with pity, is raised in a desone tale to tell her since the happy. pairing cry for help. It would be a vivid illustration of the certainty of girlish years of the long ago-ere yet she had left innocence behind her, ere Divine Justice, Miss Lurline Bannottie vet she had found womanhood, and an if you were to die in the London street: unavailing love to curse it—ere yet she you were to die here with dozens look-

had let passion burn and sear her very What answer could she make to this bold man? What answer, indeed? She made him none to be trampled and crushed until no

But she spoke again, after a little. one could tell whether you ever had She came back once more to the thanks she felt—or at least spoke, "I can never repay you," she said, earnestly. and mire and the nameless filth of this London street soaking into and through your rich silks and delicate

The man drew a quick, long breath "I suppose not," he replied; "but why you try? Pass the benefit on him quite so soon." laces, and leaving its awful foulness in cannot think of danger escaped having flecting on some events in the life of a nly one inappropriate thing in it at all wisely designed unless it has planted nore of love and the spirit of brave and devoted self-sacrifice in the heart tile and dishonor it, would still be and soul of the one from whom it was white and nure and beautiful to look actions, and I shall be more than bless-

d and more than content." hat. The seconds between the beginshould not be responsible for any fatal what would have been cour fate if I had been dead?"

> The woman shuddered again "I-I do not know," she said. "No," said the man, "nor do I. But No one else attempted your the time ever came when doing that

"I-I don't like to think of it." "I should think not. And yet, is not Aldrich-or against the other!

"Yes. What more important thing ter Aldrich would stoop to raise her to

Miss Bannottie laughed

"I don't know. You must remember

horse over the head with his stout cane, well enough, to know much about retary had done. How glad she was here, and took advantage of the mo- what you have done or may do." "Well," continued the man, speaking be Elsie's friend, while she had a right mentary drawing back caused by the blow; he sprang over an obstacle in slowly and gravely, but with an admir- to pretend to be. How happy it made one place; he darted beneath some ation shining in his eyes which he could her to feel that Walter Aldrich could

seemingly final barrier in another; he not - perhaps would not - conceal; not bring this unfortunate creature to

for a little; then her eyes faltered, and

took advantage of a narrow opening "well, what more important thing could between a horse and wagon, at his I do?" "I don't know, I'm sure," replied ly. How she gloated over the power right; he found his way through, in ome way, when there seemed no crack Miss Bannottie. "Nor I," asserted the man, with ferr crevice large enough for a man, at his left. In less time than it takes to vent emphasis. tell it this man was at the side of the "Certainly nothing

frightened and danger beleaguered for me." woman, and had one strong arm about "Nor-for me? He faced her with this sudden quesher waist. ion. She flashed her marvelous smile "My God," he exclaimed, as eached her side, though she was so and glance down upon him. He stood thoroughly beside herself that she did waiting for the answer she did not

-the very same face-but more beaushe turned away her head. Miss Bannorally-at least-held, and toward tiful than I supposed possible-more nottie had met men who had made love to her on very short acquaintance, men who had found an early opportu-He caught her firmly. He held her tightly. And then, more slowly but no nity to protest that they had loved her at first sight; she had had most men of her acquaintance (we must make some exceptions) at her feet-figuratively speaking. But she had never way out with her. He met and conmet just such a man as this. Her proquered brute force on this side by his saic day in London was having an own physical strength; he eluded danending quite unique-even in her exger on that side by a quick and alert exercise of cautious cunning which was perience. She did not answer. He took it upmarvelous. Little by little, now mov-

took off his hat and bowed to her.

"I do not wonder. You were in no

"True. I suppose you saved my life,

"I think so. Perhaps it was not s

"But it looked as though it would

e? Is that it?" inquired Miss Bannot-

He offered his arm. She took it, and

leaned heavily upon it. Perhaps her

nerves were really so much shake

that she felt she needed this support.

More likely she had taken it into her

wicked little head to play the clinging

and dependent woman with this man.

gentleman who was brave and quick-

hardship and suffering

man whose

quick with his thoughts and his hands

Perhans one might excuse a woman

the populous wilderness of London.

"I can never thank you enough,

she said, earnestly, turning her glance

upon him again: "you saved my life

Her rescuer looked at her. Admira

ion, respectful and chivalrous, but

Bluffly and frankly, perhaps half in

nischief and half in carelessness, he

"And your beauty, your face-I saved

She thought of the danger from

which she had just come, and of what

an iron-shod hoof might have done for

her, and still have left her many long

years of life. She shuddered, for a mo-

nent, in spite of herself. Then, with

a light laugh, she faced him once more,

"My face is not my fortune, sir

"Perhaps not," he replied, gravely

but as frankly and carelessly as be-

and saucily answered him:

she said.

and life is very sweet to me.'

spoke the thought in his mind:

strength and dignity-

was evidently a gentleman; a

erious as that, but-"

you to your home?" he asked.

little danger."

on himself to speak again. He did not cause she did not think. ing to the right, now to the left, now standing still for a moment, and then press his impudent question. He did nurrying forward, he won his way He set the feet of Miss Lurline Ban- tion in the place of it. He did not even look in her face, trying to determine whether she wished he would. He looked straight ahead. He walked "Shall I have the pleasure of seeing little faster-just a little. He brought the conversation abruptly back name?" she asked. And the gentleman "If you will be so kind," she replied,

to himself-like the egotist he was answered, as carelessly as she had askshowing himself to be. "I am really very much in "Shall I tell you what happened to me?" he asked; "shall I tell you how

> "Yes; do." "I was picked up at sea." "How was that?" "An ocean steamer cut us down."

escaped?

"Yes." "And they were too cowardly and inuman to attempt to rescue us." The woman winched. But she came back to the task of the conversation again-if task it was.

"When was that?" He told her-told her the night, and manners and the morals of dogs, they almost the hour. She knew what that neant, and at once. It was her desire that had cut this man's yacht in velop along the same lines. And, on two: it was her desire which had left nim to his chances with the forces of make anything out of a mean spirited the winds and waves. She turned away her head. I hope

she did not lie when she spoke again. as human instinct. A dog reasons, cated experience, a large knowledge of "I--I am very sorry," was what she learns, judges by facts, exactly as "I am not. Every event in the voyfor clinging to such a man as this, a age, from its beginning to its ending, has been a link in the chain which

of human beings. The dog must exnaturity and manhood- proved him drew me across the ocean to London, a foeman worthy of her steel." But and gave it into my hands to be the fortunate man to rescue you. If I faculities have been trained by generasuppose Lurline Bannottie would not had not crossed the sea, I should not tions of observation, of taking note, have hesitated to play her pranks upon "No."

"And I should not have crossed the sea, should I, except in the steamer whose officers and crew saved me?" "I presume not."

"And you will grant, will you not, that I should not have been rescued one. ardent and earnest, shone in his eyes. if I had not at first been wrecked?" "I suppose I must."

"Very well. That proves my case, I of the aristocracy of the dog world, am glad I was cast away-glad for and they have gentlemanly qualities.

myself, I mean." "Glad for yourself? What do you nean?"

"I am sorry for the others." "What others?" "The crew, and-"The crew was lost?" Even the voice of this supremely sel-

fish and superlatively wicked woman shook a little as he asked it. "All lost; all lost."

"And-and any one else?" "Yes: my private secretary." "Ah? A friend, too?" "Yes."

"Yes." "Of many years' standing?" "No; I had only known him a short ime. But he had a grandly pure and

noble soul." "Indeed?" Lurline Bannottie was not well calulated to judge of purity and nobility of soul. Perhaps for that reasonand perhaps for some other-she usu-

ally lost interest, temporarily, in any conversation into which such topics intruded themselves. "Yes, indeed. And, in spite of errible trouble in his life, a trouble

which would have soured most menand ruined some." "He had trouble in his life, had he serious trouble? How romantic! Tell

me about it? What was it?" "He was accused of a crime he did ot commit. He escaped being unjustly punished, but it turned almost every

ne against him." "And now he is gone

goes, changed the political history of "Yes, he is gone, France unwittingly, and but for her "And undoubtedly better off than the Franco-Prussian war might never when living-living with the world have been waged. Bismarck was unfriendly to France

against him? "I believe that firmly. But he was too good a man for the world to lose

"I-suppose-so," replied Miss Ban

nottie absentmindedly. She was re-

all avenues of honest and honorable

How glad she was that Senn was not

found her a beggar,

young woman she had seen France, and the Prince and Princess responsible across whose path some shadows had Bismarck arrived in great state at the She was wondering what she tulleries. hould do if-or when-the ex-cashier That evening there was a grand re whose life stood between his wife and ception, and Eugenie received the happy union with Walter Aldrich guests in a gown which made her so should die. She was wondering whethlovely that even Prince ravishingly er she would have power then to Bismarck, German, stolid and in love his wife, stood and gazed upon waiting her return so lovingly and with admiration. And Eugenie earningly in Naples-the woman to was not slow to observe the effect of shom she intended to dole out the her beauty upon him. She called him eans of living-from that woman's to her side and Bismarck came, with his wife upon his arm. Now, the Princess Bismarck was tall with her in all respects: that woman and gaunt, and her feet were generagainst whom she intended to close As she walked she showed a ous.

great deal of sole. labor, shutting the iron gates of des-While Bismarck stood talking with pair by virtue of the power of gold, if Eugenie an audible titter was heard along the line of ladies. Bismarck, who ould count the weight of a feathe was quick as a flash, followed the in favor of one of them with Walter glance of their eyes and saw them rest upon the feet of his wife. With her husband dead, Elsie Senn That settled the matter. The politwould turn toward Aldrich as natur-

ical history of France was altered ally as the flowers turn toward the from that moment. sun. With her husband dead, Wal-A year later, when Paris was besieged, Bismarck himself fired a canhim-"as high as his heart"-though he non over the ramparts, and those who

were near him heard him shout: "Take that for the feet of the Princess Bismarck!' The slight was avenged.

Miscellaneous Reading.

WUMAN WHO CAN KEEP SECRETS On That Ability Is Based Miss Giles's

Business Success. Miss Katherine M. Giles is probably the only woman in Wall street who would exercise-over the gifts she could, were she so inclined, turn the ly, I replied, 'I haven't sufficient retender girlish heart she would wound operators would win or lose millions -over the womanly will she would of dollars, for Miss Giles is the coton statistician, who every now and ment reports and comes out with flymust have seemed preoccupied. And the business at their own game.

she had not meant to be rude-she had It has been said that a woman meant to be very kind to this man; she can't keep a secret, but the author of might see the time when she would that saw didn't know Miss Giles, for she is known as the sphinx among cotton speculators. She never by a that was half amusement and half anord, a look or even the inflection of her voice indicates in the slightest de gree any of the secrets for a knowledge of which some men would pay was the most unnatural question, perhousands of dollars.

hans upon which she could have It isn't because she hasn't proached that she hasn't told her se rets. Many men have attempted to thought; for thought (in the proper extract a word from her as to crop meaning of the term) had little or conditions. Men to whom the slightnothing to do with it. She asked beest inkling would mean heavy gains have tried ruses of all sorts to catch his young woman off guard. They talk-to seem natural and interested. have yet to be successful. She didn't care to have this gentleman

It was some six years ago that Miss iles earned the name of the Cotton Queen. It was on that eventful Deember 5 when her report of the otton crop, differing from the government returns by a large percentage, turned the tide of the cotton ed, this question which must have market and increased cotton values seemed strained and irrelevant to him. by some \$5,000,000.

Before that time she was comparaively unknown, but when this happened telegrams began pouring into New York from all over the country asking, "Who is Giles?" Few knew she was a woman then and plenty of her suscribers today have yet to learn he fact, for the address on the huno the big cotton growers of the south get information as to the extent "K. M. Giles, statistician."

their own efforts are earning an annual income of \$10,000. She has risen to this position by hard, conscientious work from a salary of \$8 a week as assistant in the office of a cereal statistician in the Wall street district. Miss Giles was found by a Sun redistrict pouring over a big pile of tabulated reports, while beside her lay symmetrical piles of return postals, come in the morning's mail from the cotton growers of the south. Some-

how one naturally expects that a woman whose business is almost concerned with figures and wholly mathematical problems should herself be cold, dry and calculating. Miss Giles does not meet expectations in but quite unconsciously so. When he this respect.

She is youthful looking, exceedingis a dependent, he has the faults of ly feminine, with a pretty, well He is vain, jealous, suspicious rounded figure, real golden hair and clear, steady eyes. With a pleasant Pointers and setters are essentially smile she greeted her visitor and explained the nature of her business and how she happened to enter into a They have the grand air. They will allow themselves to be admired by or- profession which taxes even the redinary people, but they never give sources of the government of the United States. their allegiance to any except the accomplished hunter. They are elegant

"To what do I owe my success? of form and vigorous of muscle, like repeated Miss Giles. She sat far back in her big revolving desk chair and for myself." thought a moment and in doing so The well bred contempt of a fine dog her blue gray eyes took on a deeper "To the fact that I never desk speculate," she finally said, gazing has not intelligence enough to understand his strategy in the field must be steadfastly at her visitor to empha-

seen to be appreciated. There is a size her words. story told of a trained pointer that "Yes, I am quite positive that to this fact I largely owe my success was taken out with a party of inexper-You see," she went on rapidly as the spring to the top of a wall and then idea grew on her, "the temptation to you can and it will come out all right. fall back. It was supposed she had has proved the Waterloo to more than caught her foot, and they ran to reone statistician. If one speculates it lease her. She was holding by her is only human nature to be biased in paws and was beaten down as a stupid dog and turned and walked deliberate- the direction in which you want the ly home. It was finally found that she market to go. But you can see it is the utmost folly to do so, for though had scented a covey of birds on the you might win and you might not, in other side of the wall, and fearful of either event you would lose the conidence of your clients. You can note the dignity and moral

"Another important thing is to alow no one to influence you. You must rely solely on your own judg-This is absolutely imperative ment. "Many persons have attempted it with me but have not succeeded, at east in the way they meant to. I well emember that one man who tried to ake me believe that my calculations f the crop should be greater than they were managed to send me in the other direction. That season as a onsequence my estimate was way too

"Do the speculators ever try to get information by strategy?" Miss Giles to return it he said, 'You take that was asked.

"Indeed, yes," replied Miss Giles her face lighting up in amusement at of subterfuges are worked in order to might be smoothed over. She get a line on what my report will be therefore invited the German prince and all sorts of stories and rumors and his wife to visit the court of are circulated for which I am held

"When first I started in with this work I was kept in hot water all the time by these tricks. You can fancy ourself how it would seem when you vere guarding your information as you would your life from the knowledge of any one, and some one came you saying they heard you had cards from the growers giving inforgiven out certain important facts. It mation certainly used to try my soul. But I answer the phone even for fear of being betrayed into a reply that, no matter how innocent it looked on the surface, could be construed into news

f crop conditions. "Why, I have had men to call me up and talk about the weather, then all. turn and twist what I said into a tenor of the general remarks of the copperplate hand you ever saw, even market up or down as the case might real conditions than the government St. Louis got tired by and be oe. Only last year a couple of days with all its special investigators. before my report came out a man Giles says, the crop killers are heard called me up on the phone saying:

out tomorrow.'

" 'Is this Miss Giles?'

they were a week ago, and we want to know whether your report agree with that rumor.

"You can see how cleverly these questions were framed. I had to do a lot of quick thinking in order not to make any admissions that I didn't wish to make. So sparring for time six shooter. This was the real secret asked, 'Who is this talking?"

"Then, making up my mind quickports in to tell you,' and closed the parently taking no aim. wire. As a matter of fact the reports were all tabulated and ready on my desk to be sent out on the following with which he could draw a weapon day, but I made up my mind that any in time of emergency and in the one who was so inquisitive hadn't a thorough self possession that made it bered that she had been very silent and ing colors, beating men grown old in right to expect the truth. This is possible for him to take advantage of only one of many similar experiences every opportunity in savage conflict. that I have to contend with.'

that a woman ever took up such an Giles to tell the story of her business in the rear.

"It was my good fortune," she said, "to be associated in business with one of the finest men in New York city, owe all my success. He was a cereal bilities of my career, and so was in few rods distant. sistent upon my making my own way

"I started in with him as a clerk at \$8 a week ruling slips such as these, upon which were written the reports of the cereal crops. From this point rose from one position to another, time the added responsibility carrying with it an increase in salary "One of the proudest moments in my career was when I was entrusted with the key of the letter box. It seemed to me then that I had risen quite as far as I possibly could. took great pains in laying out and ar-

ranging the cards on the desk according to states and counties, so that when my employer came he would find all ready for him. It was also my duty to see that the subscribers all received their copies of the farm papers which we sent out with the reports.

"After a while I was promoted t tabulating the reports and finally to figuring, and eventually went so far as to make my own calculations, and you can imagine this made me feel is probably one of the very quite important. The thing I dreaded most of all was the composition of the report from the material at hand. I used to worry about that more than anything else, but since I have been in business for myself and write the report from my own calculations it holds no terrors for me.

> "I got along nicely until after l week for some time, when I got restless and wanted, yet feared to branch out for myself. I decided I had got in a rut and needed something heroic to bring me out of it. "One day I went to my employe and made a suggestion about the buswhich, as I look back upon i

now. I see was none of my affairs. also wanted a raise in salary. My employer looked up suddenly. "'You are dissatisfied,' he said. "'Oh, no,' I returned quickly, hav ing in mind a man in the office who

had been discharged the week previously for this very reason, and thinking that I had certainly thrown all the fat in the fire by my impetuos-"Yes." he returned, 'you are dis

satisfied, and I don't want any one in my employ who feels that way. "I insisted that I was not dissatis fied, only that I felt I had got in a rut and wanted to get out of it. Then added, 'I hope some day to go in

"My employer stared hard at me but didn't say much and the matter was dropped. I went back to my that somehow I had feeling made a fearful mess of things and ir all probability would be discharged. "I felt ready to cry, and not daring

to talk further on the subject I went home to mother as fast as I could ge there and had a good cry. But mother said: 'It'll be all right. Don't "This in a measure soothed me for the time being. But on the second morning-the day following was Decoration day-I went down to the office in fear and trembling and there,

that official envelope that I had been dreading. "I opened the letter and read it 'If you wish to go into business for yourself it seems best that you do it now.' Well, everything got black before me. The worst had Finally I plucked up courage me to leave.

he said 'I don't want you to leave. I want you to stay right You want to go in for yourself, Well, here is your oppor- game." don't you? tunity. "I thought it over, then pointed out that that would scarcely be ible for the reason that others, know-

ing I had been in this man's employ might think I favored him in affording advance information concerning He agreed that I was reports. right. "I had some \$400 belonging to him for the yearly subscriptions of the

Before I had a chance farm papers. as my contribution toward your suc "My employer became my first subscriber and has since continued as

such. away as Bombay, India.' Miss Giles has secret cable codes of it may be imagined what a cablegram "Life of Edison." to Bombay costs, as she must ent

47 cents a word for messages sent to India. Among the twelve states that grow cotton she annually distributes 25,000 postal cards, the returns from which must be tabulated. Monthly reports are sent out from now until June, but from June to September semi-monthletters are directed to her subscri-Just now she is getting return regarding the contemplated

eason Between \$25,000 and \$30,000 is angetting a line on the cotton crop from to compile its annual report, but in this. Miss Giles contends, there are many mistakes. Many small towns, she says are never reported at Then she builds much on the regarding cotton, which growers, which are a feature of her

remarks as to whether the

Each year about this time, Miss ed the key and said:

the crop is going to be before it is mer class.'
even planted. One of these recently "Well.

NO. 38.

A FRONTIER MARKSMAN.

Wild Bill Hickok's Skill In Use of the

TERMS---\$2.00 A YEAR IN ADVANCE

Six Shooter. Wild Bill Hickok was the first frontiersman who recognized the importance of proficiency in the use of the of his supremacy. He was an unerring marksman and shot as accurately under fire as when firing at a mark, ap-

Probably no man has ever equaled him in the lightning-like rapidity He had a standing order to his depu-Curious to know how it happened ties that they should not rush in on him in any of his affrays and espeoccupation, the reporter asked Miss cally should not come quickly up in

By forgetting this a man named Williams met his death at Abilene. Hickok taking him for an enemy and firing so rapidly that it left no opporand to him, I am very frank to say, I tunity for recognition. He readily killed a wild goose across the Smoky statistician and his office is now Hill with his revolver. Riding at his scarcely a stone's throw away. He horse's highest speed, he fired shot could look ahead and see the possi- after shot into a tin can or a post a

Standing at one telegraph pole he yould swing rapidly on his heel and fire a pistol ball into the next telegraph pole. These were some of the simpler feats he performed day after day on the street to settle little wagers. He could shoot a hole through silver dime at fifty paces and could drive the cork through the neck of a bottle at thirty paces and knock out the bottom without breaking the He could do what the fancy shots of the present day do, and possibly some of them equal him as marksman with a revolver, but it must be remembered that he was the first to acquire the skill, and the so called crack shots of his day were poor imitations at best, although most of them boasted of their fame.

He shot just as well with others hooting at him and at a man as steadily as at any other target. There were certain traits of his character, however, that were almost womanly. He was fond of children, and they liked him. He declined to quarre with the peaceful settlers of the community, the business men, on any provocation. There was no foolhardy brayado about him -- Denver Field and Farm.

THRILLING SPORT.

Rafting Down the Canyons of an Unmapped Glacial River. With provisions for only ten days a

party of explorers in Alaska found one and take their chances of letting the swift river carry them to settlements where food could be obtained; otherwise ice and snow would shut them in from all hope of rescue. In "The Shameless Diary of an Explorer," Robert Dunn tells of the journey on the roughly made rafts.

"At 11 o'clock today began the most thrilling sport I know, rafting down the snaky canyons of an unmapped glacial river.

"Fred and I captained the Mary Ann II, the other three the Ethel We rasped and hauled them May. over the gravel shadows of our tributary, shot out between the main walls of the stream and seized upon that boiling current.

"We reached silently from cliff to liff, jammed pike poles into the slate shelf overhead, twirled out of eddies. We bumped and grounded. We ed her across shallows. We tugged half an hour to make an inch at each shove through the gravel, suddenly

ed free as we scrambled on. "Bowlders rose through white ruffs water in midchannel. We might or might not hang on them for a perpendicular minute.

plunged in to our necks, and she leap

"You must be very handy with a You must have a hair fine eye for moving angles, the strength of an just as I expected, on my desk lay eddy, the depth of foam ruffling over You must be surer of the stump. length of your pole than a polo playmust be quicker than a Siwash dog. You must know the different weight of each log down to ounces, the balance to ask my employer when he wanted of the duffel piled high like a dais, covered with the tent and the bean pot, the mackinaws and the ax lashed to all the lashings. It's a pretty

EDISON THE VICTOR.

He Humbled the Pride of the Fast Telegraph Operator.

21

Edison made his first record as a elegraph operator in Memphis. A contemporary says he came walking into the office one morning looking like a veritable hayseed. He wanted a job, prepossessing, the office was short handed, and he was assigned a desk at though today I have subscri- the St. Louis wire, the hardest in the bers all over the world, even so far office. "At the end of the line was an operator, who was chain lightening and her own, one for each customer, and knew it," says Francis Arthur Jones' "Edison had hardly got seated be-

fore St. Louis called. The newcomer responded, and St. Louis started on a long report which he pumped in like house afire. Edison threw his leg over the arm of his chair, leisurely transferred a wad of spruce gum from pen, examined it critically and started in about fifty words behind. He didn't acreage, the condition of the soil and stay there long, though. St. Louis let out another link of speed, and still another, and the instrument on Edison's table hummed like an old style Singer spent by the government in sewing machine. Every man in the office left his desk and gathered around the jay to see what he was do-

ing with that electric cyclone.
"Well, sir, he was right on the word and taking it down in the prettiest crossing his 't's' and dotting his 'i's' nd punctuating with as much care as would be quite sufficient to put the lieves she comes nearer getting at the a man editing telegraph for printers. gan to slow down.

from. They are men who tell what ing to get a hustle on? This is no pri-"Well, sir," said the gentleman in

"'We hear your report is coming ut tomorrow.'

said that there was likely to be a big conclusion, "that broke St. Louis all up. He had been rawhiding Memphis for a long time, and we were terribly "As a matter of fact," said Miss sore, and to have a man in our office "'Yes, and we get rumors that conditions are better in the south than out of the ground."

"Yes, and we get rumors that conditions are better in the south than out of the ground."

"A matter of fact, said Miss sore, and to have a man in our office who could walk all over him made us feel like a man whose horse had won the Derby."