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THE MAN OUTSIDE

By CLARENCE BOUTELLE.

CHAPTER XXVI.

Picked Up—in London.

As soon as Lurline Bannette 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 little thing—an unimportant thing—but 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 which were almost valueless, and very heavy. She cut small holes in the sides of the valise, so that the water might enter freely; she was careful that the holes should be so small that the articles used to weight it could not escape through them; she was not going to run the risk of having that valise found floating anywhere on the broad Atlantic. Think how strongly she built for safety; think of the walls of caution and cunning she erected against danger and suspicion; that of her art and her skill! Wonderful!

And yet—think of the trivial chances against which she provided: Suppose Lyman's valise found and identified, who could say that she had ever had it in her possession? Suppose it proved that she had had it in her possession, who could guess that it had contained the money from the Boomville Bank, or that her ownership of it began in force, and on the night when Samuel Lyman walked the heavy path of torture to the debris-heaped fields of oblivion? Suppose the valise picked up at all, who would be likely to have any curiosity regarding its owner? Who would be likely to think of it as belonging to some one who had met his death by the power of fire instead of by the might of water? To whom would the knowledge that it had been the property of Samuel Lyman give any further doubts or wonderings? Suppose the valise, how many chances in a million were there that it would ever be seen again by any human eye? How many in a billion that any human hand would ever touch it? The eye of God would watch it; the Hand in whose hollow are all the waters of all the seas would hold it. Would not that be all?

But Lurline Bannette was careful, very careful. She brought the weighted and perforated valise up on deck, one night, concealed under the thick folds of her heavy shawl. She waited until her heavy shawl, except the all-seeing Eye which never sleeps. She cast the valise overboard, and the waves seemed to reach it down into the depths of the sea, and eager to conceal her secret from the handsome woman who learned over the vessel's side and looked down at them.

Well, Lurline Bannette, you have done well! The effort 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 from a human standpoint, you have not so cleverly provided. You must not forget that she who tells another her wishes and her deeds—tells the world. You must not forget that she who writes down what she has done proclaims it as though from the house-ropes. And—you must not forget that beyond human laws, human acuteness, and human justice—there is God!

Miss Bannette's journey was a pleasant one. She arrived in London safely, found ways in which to dispose of the diamonds—and without arousing 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 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 in the Boomville Bank, and which she had stolen from him—the securities which could not be safely offered for sale—she burned them. No matter to her if they were of no use to her; no matter to her if they represented fortunes to those to whom they belonged; no matter to her if the return of them would have been easy—and not very unsafe; no matter. She would not trouble herself to do even a partial charitable justice. She burned them.

Miss Lurline Bannette was now rich. She had told those who cared for her interests in London (for a liberal compensation, of course) that a friend—a distant relative, I believe she said—had died in the United States. She showed her cautious ingenuity by giving him a name which was new to them; as new to them as to herself; and she located his business in a thriving city which isn't down on the maps, and for the name and some account of which you would look vainly in any gazetteer with which I am acquainted. In her story for Mrs. Senn—for Miss Bannette intended to take no risks by having to invent her explanations on the spur of the moment—she recently deceased friend had lived in some unheeded place in Scotland. She had a million of dollars invested in London. She and Mrs. Senn, see Miss Elsie Barron, had seen such firm friends for so many long years, that it was fortunate—though, perhaps, no more fortunate than strange—that she had become rich enough for both (as the other's father, and, later, herself, had been rich enough for both), at just this time. For, long before Lurline Bannette reached London on her return journey from America, she had been flashed the news of the burning of Barron's Boomville Bank to the shores of the Old World. It had been the hard task of Walter Aldrich, in the absence of the dead-and-gone Lyman, to send the terrible story of her

horse over the head with his stout cane, there, and took advantage of the momentary drawing back caused by the blow; he sprang over an obstacle in one place; he darted beneath some seemingly final barrier in another; he took advantage of a narrow opening between a horse and wagon, at his right; he found his way through, in some way, when there seemed no crack or crevice large enough for a man, at his left. In less time than it takes to tell it this man was at the side of the frightened and danger beleaguered woman, and had one strong arm about her waist.

"My God," he exclaimed, as he reached her side, though she was so thoroughly beside herself that she did not notice it, and perhaps did not hear it at all; "my God, it is the same face—the very same face—but more beautiful than I supposed possible—more beautiful than any I ever saw before!"

He caught her firmly. He held her tightly. And then, more slowly but no less surely than he had fought his way into the midst of the dangers in which she had been placed, he fought his way out of them. He met and conquered brute force on this side by his own physical strength; he eluded danger on that side by a quick and alert exercise of cautious cunning which was marvelous. Little by little, now moving to the right, now to the left, now standing still for a moment, and then hurrying forward, he won his way. He set the feet of Miss Lurline Bannette in safety up on the sidewalk; he took off his hat and bowed to her.

"Shall I have the pleasure of seeing you to your home?" he asked.

"If you will be so kind," she replied, giving him one of her marvelous smiles; "I am really very much in need of assistance."

"I do not wonder. You were in no little danger."

"True. I suppose you saved my life, did you not?"

"I think so. Perhaps it was not so serious as that, but—"

But it looked as though it would be "is that it?" inquired Miss Bannette.

"Yes," replied the gentleman.

He offered his arm. She took it, and leaned heavily upon it. Perhaps her nerves were really so much shaken 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. Here was evidently a gentleman; a gentleman who was brave and quick—quick with his thoughts and his hands; a gentleman whose face indicated experience, a large knowledge of the world, and an acquaintance with hardship and suffering.

Perhaps one might excuse a woman for clinging to such a man as this, a man whose strength and dignity—maturity and manhood—proved him "a foeman worthy of her steel." But I suppose Lurline Bannette would not have hesitated to play her pranks with any man who had crossed her path in London. "I can never thank you enough," she said, earnestly, turning her glance upon him again; "you saved my life, and life is very sweet to me."

Her rescuer looked at her. Admirable, respectful and chivalrous, but ardent and earnest, shone in his eyes. Bluffy and frank, perhaps half in mischief and half in carelessness, he spoke the thought in his mind, "I saved her beauty, your face—I saved that too."

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 moment, in spite of herself. Then, with a light laugh, she faced him once more, and saucily answered him:

"My face is not my fortune, sir," she said.

"Perhaps not," he replied, gravely, but as frankly and carelessly as before; "but it is your power. Did you ever tell you that?"

She let her head fall forward a little upon her breast. She made him no answer. How could she answer that? Men had been telling her of her beauty—all her life. But no one had ever quite dared, before, to tell her just what he had. Power? How much she needed it! How much more than even she, my dear reader, know or can know! And she knew he told the truth. And she had lived years enough to see beauty fade—in the faces of others, though the mirror had never had but one tale to tell her since the happy, girlish years of the long ago—ere yet she had left innocence behind her, ere yet she had found womanhood, and an unavailing love to curse it—ere yet she had let passion burn and sear her very soul.

That answer could she make to this bold man? What answer, indeed? She made him none.

But she spoke again, after a little. She came back once more to the thanks she felt—or at least spoke. "I can never repay you," she said, earnestly.

The man drew a quick, long breath.

"I suppose not," he replied; "but why should you try? Pass the benefit on to another. Save and assist the next needy one who comes in your way. You cannot think of danger escaped for any selfish purpose for which it was wisely designed unless it has planted seeds of love and the spirit of brave and devoted self-sacrifice in the heart and soul of the one from whom it is averted. Let my act bear fruit in other actions, and I shall be more than blessed and more than content."

"I speak strongly. It is only a short time since my own life was saved under very singular circumstances; only a short time since I myself have escaped, you remember your own escape, what would have been your 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 we may either, if we are brave enough, guess. No one else attempted your rescue. What if no one had?"

"I—I don't like to think of it."

"I should think not. And yet, is not this life a strange one? Who would have supposed that I was to come across the Atlantic to save you?"

"To save me?"

"Yes. What more important thing have I done?" he asked.

Miss Bannette laughed.

"I don't know. You must remember that I have not known you long enough, and that I do not know you

well enough, to know much about what you have done or may do."

"Well," continued the man, speaking slowly and gravely, but with an admiration shining in his eyes which he could not—perhaps would not—conceal; "well, what more important thing could I do?"

"I don't know, I'm sure," replied Miss Bannette.

"Nor I," asserted the man, with fervent emphasis.

"Certainly nothing more important for me—"

"Nor—for me?"

He faced her with this sudden question. She flashed her marvelous smile and glance down upon him. He stood waiting for the answer she did not give him. They faced each other thus, for a little; then her eyes faltered, and she turned away her head. Miss Bannette had met men who had made love to her on very short acquaintance, men who had found an early opportunity to protest that they had loved her at first sight; she had had her love of her acquaintance (two must make some exceptions) at her feet—figuratively speaking. But she had never met just such a man as this. Her prologue day in London was having an ending quite unique—even in her experience.

She did not answer. He took it upon himself to speak again. He did not press his impudent question. He did not put some other impertinent question in the place of it. He did not look into her face, trying to determine whether she wished he would. He looked straight ahead. He walked a little faster—just a little. He brought the conversation abruptly back to himself—like the egotist he was showing himself to be.

"Shall I tell you what happened to me?" he asked; "shall I tell you how I escaped?"

"Yes," she said.

"I was picked up at sea."

"How?"

"An ocean steamer cut us down."

"Yes."

"And they were too cowardly and inhuman 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 almost the hour. She knew what that meant, and at once. It was her desire that had cut her from the life of the world, and had left him to his thoughts and the forces of the winds and waves.

She turned away her head. I hope she did not lie when she spoke again. "I—I am very sorry," was what she said.

"I am not. Every event in the voyage, from its beginning to its ending, has been a link in the chain which drew me across the ocean to London, and gave it into my hands to be the fortunate man to rescue you. If I had not crossed the sea, I should not have saved your life, should I?"

"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 if I had not at first been wrecked?"

"I suppose I must."

"Very well," that proves my case. I am very glad to be cast away—glad for myself, I mean."

"Glad for yourself? What do you mean?"

"I am sorry for the others."

"What others?"

"The crew, and—"

"The crew was lost?"

Even the voice of this supremely selfish and superlatively wicked woman shook a little as he asked it.

"All lost; and all my one."

"Yes; my private secretary."

"Ah? A friend, too?"

"Yes."

"Of many years' standing?"

"No; I had only known him a short time. But he had a grandly pure and noble soul."

"Indeed?"

Lurline Bannette was not well calculated to judge of purity and nobility of soul. Perhaps for that reason—and perhaps for some other—she usually lost interest, temporarily, in any conversation into which such topics intruded themselves.

"Yes, indeed. And, in spite of the terrible trouble in his life, a trouble which would have soured most men—and 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 not commit. He escaped being unjustly punished, but it turned almost every one against him."

"And now he is gone?"

"Yes, he is gone."

"And undoubtedly better off than when living—living with the world against him?"

"I believe that firmly. But he was too good a man for the world to lose him quite so soon."

"I—I suppose—so," replied Miss Bannette, absent-mindedly. She was reflecting on some events in the life of a certain young woman she had seen across whose path some shadows had fallen. She was wondering whether she should do it—or when—the ex-cashier, whose life stood between his wife and a happy union with Walter Aldrich, should die. She was wondering whether she would have power then to coerce and control the unhappy woman, waiting her return so lovingly and yearningly in Naples—the woman to whom she intended to dole out the means of living—from that woman's own money—though unknown to her, as long as she could have her own way with her in all respects; that woman against whom she intended to close all avenues of honest and honorable labor, shutting the iron gates of despair by virtue of the power of gold. If the time ever came when doing that would count the weight of a feather in favor of one of them with Walter Aldrich—against the other—

retary had done. How glad she was that Walter Aldrich had no right to be Elsie's friend, while she had a right to pretend to be. How happy it made her to feel that Walter Aldrich could not bring this unfortunate creature to his own home, there to let her strong and womanly nature expand gloriously. How she gloated over the power she would exercise—over the gifts she would grudgingly bestow—over the tender girlish heart she would pour out to her, womanly will she would lead to her devilish wishes, or break!

She was glad—glad.

She suddenly looked up, and remembered that she had been very silent and must have seemed preoccupied. And she had not meant to be rude—she had meant to be very kind to this man; she might see the time when she would wish to use him.

She was looking down at her, a smile that was half amusement and half annoyance curling his fine lips. She asked him a question.

She asked her question hurriedly. It was the most unusual question, perhaps, upon which she could have glanced—I will not say the most unusual; of which she could have thought; for thought (in the proper meaning of the term) had little or nothing to do with it. She asked because she did not think.

"I only asked the question to make talk—so seem natural, and interested. She didn't care to have this gentleman answer it. It was a question in which she was not conscious of having the slightest or remotest interest."

"What was your private secretary's name?" she asked, and the gentleman answered, as carelessly as she had asked, this question which must have seemed strained and irrelevant to him.

"His name was Gilbert Senn," he said.

To be Continued.

Miscellaneous Reading.

WOMAN WHO CAN KEEP SECRETS

On That Ability Is Based Miss Giles' Business Success.

Miss Katherine M. Giles is probably the only woman in Wall street who could, were she so inclined, turn the tide of cotton speculation so that operators would win or lose millions of dollars, for Miss Giles is the cotton statistician who every now and then backs up against the government reports and comes out with flying colors, beating men grown old in the business at their own game.

It has been said that a woman can't keep a secret, but the author of that saw didn't know Miss Giles, for she is known as the sphinx among cotton speculators. She never by a word, a look or even the inflection of her voice indicates in the slightest degree of which some men would pay thousands of dollars.

It isn't because she hasn't told her secrets, many men have attempted to extract a word from her as to crop conditions. Men to whom the slightest inkling would mean heavy gains have tried ruses of all sorts to catch this young woman off guard. They have yet to be successful.

It was some six years ago that Miss Giles carried the name of the Cotton Queen. It was on that eventful December 5 when her report of the cotton crop, differing from the government returns by a large percentage, turned the tide of the cotton market and increased cotton values by some \$5,000,000.

Before that time she was comparatively 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 subscribers today have yet to learn the facts for the address on the hundreds of return postals she sends out to the big cotton growers of the south to get information as to the extent and condition of the crop is simply "K. M. Giles, statistician."

She is probably one of the very few women in the country who by 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 \$3 a week as assistant in the office of a cereal statistician in the Wall Street district.

Miss Giles was found by a Sun reporter at her office in the financial district pouring over a big pile of tabulated reports, while beside her lay symmetrical piles of return postals, some 300 of them, which had just come in the morning's mail from the cotton growers of the south. Somehow one naturally expects that a woman whose business is almost wholly concerned with figures and mathematical problems should herself be cold, dry and calculating. Miss Giles does not meet expectations in this respect.

She is youthful looking, exceedingly feminine, with a pretty, well rounded figure, real golden hair and clear, steady eyes. With a pleasant smile she greeted her visitor and explained the nature of her business and how she happened to enter into a profession which taxes even the resources of the government of the United States.

"To what do I owe my success?" repeated Miss Giles, she sat back in her revolving desk chair and thought a moment and in doing so her blue grey eyes took on a deeper color. "To the fact that I never speculate," she finally said, gazing steadily at her visitor to emphasize her words.

"Yes, I am quite positive that to this fact I largely owe my success. You see," she went on rapidly as the idea grew on her, "the temptation to do so is almost overpowering, but it has proved the Waterloo to more than one speculator. If one speculates it is only human nature to be biased in the direction in which you want the market to go. But you can see it is the utmost folly to do so, for though you might win and you might not, in either event you would lose the confidence of your clients."

"Another important thing is to allow no one to influence you. You must rely solely on your own judgment. This is absolutely imperative. Many persons have attempted it with me but have not succeeded, at least in the way they meant to. I will remember that one man who tried to make me believe that my calculations of the crop should be greater than they were managed to send me in the other direction. That season as a consequence my estimate was way too low."

"Do the speculators ever try to get information by strategy?" Miss Giles was asked.

"Indeed, yes," replied Miss Giles, her face lighting up in amusement at some of her experiences. "All sorts of subterfuges are worked in order to get a line on what my report will be and all sorts of stories and rumors are circulated for which I am held responsible."

"When first I started in with this work I was kept in hot water all the time by these tricks. You can fancy yourself how it would seem when you were guarding your information as jealously as I do. I have had a number of very lovely, but even Prince Bismarck, German, stolid and in love with his wife, stood and gazed upon her with admiration. And Eugenie was not slow to observe the effect of her beauty upon him. She called him to her side and Bismarck came, with his wife upon his arm."

Now, the Princess Bismarck was tall and gaunt, and her feet were generally, as she walked she showed a great deal of sole.

While Bismarck stood talking with Eugenie an audible titter was heard along the line of ladies. Bismarck, who was quick as a flash, followed the glance of their eyes and saw them rest upon the feet of his wife.

That settled the matter. The political history of France was altered from that moment.

A year later when Paris was besieged, Bismarck himself fired a cannon 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.

DOG VARIATIONS.

Pointers and Setters Are of the Canine Aristocracy.

It is a mistake to suppose that dogs 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 manners and the morals of dogs, they are to a great extent the result of their contact with man, and they develop along the same lines. And, on the other hand, it is impossible to make anything out of a mean spirited dog, just as it is out of a mean spirited person. Dog instinct is about the same as human instinct. A dog reasons, learns, judges by facts, exactly as a man reasons. He is quicker of observation. He has the keen sense of smell, which makes up to him in some measure for the vicarious experience of human life. The dog must perceive a thing to know it, and his faculties have been trained by generations of observation, of taking note, until they have reached their present perfection.

A dog has not the power of speech with which to conceal his thoughts. Consequently he is franker than man, but quite unconsciously so. When he is a dependent, he has the faults of one. He is vain, jealous, suspicious and a snob.

Pointers and setters are essentially of the aristocracy of the dog world, and they have gentlemanly qualities. They have the grand air. They will allow themselves to be admired by ordinary people, but they never give their allegiance to any except the accomplished hunter. They are elegant of form and vigorous of muscle, like any athlete, and have a power of discrimination and thought.

The well bred contempt of a fine dog of these breeds for a man who has not intelligence enough to understand his strategy in the field must be appreciated. There is a story told of a trained pointer that was taken out with a party of inexperienced hunters. She was seen to spring to the top of a wall and then fall back. It was supposed she had caught her foot, and they ran to release her. She was holding by her ears, was beaten down by a stupid dog and turned and walked deliberately home. It was finally found that she had scented a covey of birds on the other side of the wall, and fearful of flushing them before the hunters came up, had fallen back out of sight.

You can note the dignity and moral worth of some dogs in their carriage. The poise of their heads and the expression of their eyes. A dog of sterling character will give a more noble and dignified bearing than any other of this kind.

Amateur Sportsman.

BISMARCK'S ANGER.

The Incident That Made Certain the Franco-German War.

The Princess Bismarck, so the story goes, changed the political history of France unwittingly, and but for her the Franco-Prussian war might never have been waged.

Princess Bismarck was friendly to France, but the Empress Eugenie hoped with her beauty to influence him so that the little trouble with France and Germany might be smoothed over. She therefore invited the German prince and his wife to visit the court of France, and the Prince and Princess Bismarck arrived in great state at the tulletries.

That evening there was a grand reception, and Eugenie received the guests in a gown which made her so ravishingly lovely that even Prince Bismarck, German, stolid and in love with his wife, stood and gazed upon her with admiration. And Eugenie was not slow to observe the effect of her beauty upon him. She called him to her side and Bismarck came, with his wife upon his arm.

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A FRONTIER MARKSMAN.

Wild Bill Hickok's Skill in Use of the Six Shooter.

Wild Bill Hickok was the first frontiersman who recognized the importance of proficiency in the use of the six shooter. This was the real secret of his supremacy. He was an unerring marksman and shot as accurately under any circumstances as a mark, apparently taking no aim at all.

Probably no man has ever equaled him in the lightning-like rapidity with which he could draw a weapon in time of emergency and in the thorough self-possession that made it possible for him to take advantage of every opportunity in savage conflict. He had a standing order to his deputies that they should not rush in on him in any of his affairs and especially should not come quickly up in the rear.

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 opportunity for recognition. He readily killed a wild goose across the Smoky Hill with his revolver. Riding at his horse's highest speed, he fired shot after shot into a tin can or a post a few rods distant.

Standing at one telegraph pole he would swing rapidly on his heel and fire a shot into the next telegraph pole. These were some of the simpler feats he performed day after day on the street to settle little wars. He could shoot a hole through a 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 neck. He could do what the fancy shots of the present day do, and possibly some of them equal him as a 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 his fame.

He shot just as well with others shooting 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 quarrel with the peaceful settlers of the community, the business men, on any provocation. There was no foolish bravado about him—Denver Field and Farn.

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 September that they must build rafts 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 Shamesdale 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 captured the Mary Ann II, the other three the Ethel May. We rasped and hauled them 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 cliff, jammed pipe poles into the slate shelf overhead, twisted out of eddies. We bumped and grounded. We dashed overboard and on the run eased her across shallows. We tugged half an hour to make an inch at each shove through the gravel, suddenly plunged in to our necks, and she leaped free as we scrambled on."

"Powders poured through white ruffs of foam in midchannel. We might or might not hang on them for a perpendicular minute."

"You must be very handy with a pole. You must have a hair fine eye for moving angles, the strength of an eddy, the depth of foam ruffling over a stump. You must be surer of the length of your pole than a polo player of the reach of his mallet. You must know the different weight of each log down to ounces, the balance 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 game."

EDISON THE VICTOR.

He Humbled the Pride of the Fast Telegraph Operator.

Edison made his first record as a telegraph operator in Memphis. A contemporary says he came walking into the office one morning looking like a veritable hayseed. He wanted a job, and although his appearance was not prepossessing, the office was short handed, and he was assigned a desk at the St. Louis wire, the hardest in the office. "At the end of the line was an operator, who was chain lightning Jones' 'Life of Edison."

"Edison had hardly got seated before St. Louis called. The newcomer responded, and St. Louis started on a long report which he pumped in like a house afire. Edison threw his leg over the arm of his chair, leisurely transferred a wad of spruce gum from his pocket to his mouth, took up a pen, examined it critically and started away fifty words behind. He didn't stay about fifty words behind. St. Louis let another link of speed, and still another, and the instrument on Edison's table hummed like an old style Singer sewing machine. Every man in the office left his desk and gathered around the jay to see what he was doing with that electric cyclone.

"Well, sir, he was right on the word and taking it down in the prettiest cursive hand you ever saw, even crossing his 't's and dotting his 'i's. He had been rattling Memphis for a long time, and we were terribly 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."