

THE BEAR AND THE LARKSPUR

By J. W. Scott.

AND he wanted to get married. That was where he was foolish. But he wanted to, any way. The Larkspur mine was his fortune, and his sweetheart's name was Miss Diane Cary. Diane lived at Featherbend, down the river with her brother Joseph, who was a quartz mill man. Joe owned a custom mill, crushing ore for who came. But he handled none of Saugus' ore, because Saugus had owned the Larkspur for three or four years before Joe came from the east with Diane and bought the mill at Featherbend. Saugus, Diane's lover, and Diane had lived across the street from each other in the east during the time they were boy and girl.

Saugus intended to transfer his patronage to Joe and to marry Diane as soon as he could make arrangements. But the lease with the man who milled his ore was yet to run out, and also his mine was worrying him, so that he could not think clearly about his marriage.

The Larkspur was a very wet mine, and in order to work it, water had to be pumped out all the time; and the pumping had come to cost a thousand dollars a month, and it was eating the profits up.

Right next door to the Larkspur, up the gulch among the pines, was the Bear; and it belonged to Christopher Mumeling, the tri-millionaire. Christopher never bought a new hat until the old one had faded into several shades of russet, mauve and ashes of roses, and at Bargold, which lay just behind the two ridges north of the Bear and the Larkspur, his pinched ancient visage and gaunt features were pointed out to strangers as features of the man who typified all misers to the Bargoldian mind.

The Bear and the Larkspur sat side by side on the same ledge, so Christopher's mine was wet also. But the fact cost him nothing, for he did not have to pump.

The reason for this was that Saugus pumped for him. The water ran through all the ledge, trickling through fissures in the rock, and when Saugus' shaft went down it drained it all off. So Mumeling, perceiving what benefit there was in that, kept his shaft behind Saugus' in its descent into the earth, and thus the water was all gone out of the rock by way of Saugus' pumps ere his shaft reached it. That was nice for him, saving him money.

When Saugus observed this beautiful plan he damned Mumeling sotty and then went to his office and represented to him that it was his duty to pay for half the pumping that so effectively cleared both mines of water.

"Pay for pumping?" Mumeling snarled. "I've got no pumps." "No, but I have, and they're lifting your water," Saugus said. "Huh. Don't see it," Mumeling growled, and turned his lean back with all possible rudeness.

Saugus went away hastily to keep from showing his temper. Then he closed his pumps down so that both mines were flooded. He thought that that might force Mumeling to terms. But Mumeling did not need his income from the Bear—he had other mines, and mills and brokerships elsewhere, and those were sufficient. So he suspended operations at the Bear and went about something else.

Then Saugus ground his teeth, and reopened the Larkspur, for that was the only one he had in the fire, being young and struggling.

When his pumps had drained the 600-foot shaft of the Larkspur to its bottom, then Mumeling coolly reopened the Bear also; the Bear was 500 feet deep, having been incidentally cleared of water again in the re-draining of the Larkspur. At that the Bargoldians hooted, saying that Mumeling was an old cold devil without a soul. Being helpless, Saugus bit his nails and went on with his own work. The law could do nothing for him, because the running of the water from the Bear into the Larkspur really was not Mumeling's fault.

Now, the expense of pumping having reached a point where there was no margin between the cost of operating and the income from the ore mined, Saugus was bothered.

So when he visited his sweetheart at

Featherbend she said: "You are worried, Alexander. What is it, dear?" "Mumeling," Saugus said. "Old Mumeling. Nice old man. Running his mine at my expense. Refuses to pay for any pumping. It's beginning to look bad for me."

"How, dear?" "Why, the pumping gets heavier as I go down, you know, and it's got to be about nip and tuck to pay expenses now. The 600 level is nearly exhausted of ore, and I'll have to run at a loss if I sink to the 700; and I'll have to do that pretty soon in order to go on with the business—or close down."

Miss Cary wrinkled her brows in sympathy.

"If Mumeling would pay for his half of the pumping everything would be

wing and was tripping down to her brother's mill. In the entry room to the office she passed Mumeling coming out.

"What did that horrid old man want here?" she asked Cary.

"Oh, he's still bothering me about that ore contract he wants to make with me at reduced prices," replied Cary.

Then Diane asked Cary a number of absurd questions about the expenses of milling, at the conclusion of which she made some remarks that caused her brother to say:

"Well, by the Lord! women have ideas after all—occasionally. That's good, Diane. We'll see Saugus."

Saugus was grum that night, saying he had ordered his mine to be closed the coming Saturday. But after Diane and Cary had talked to him he grew cheerful and went away from Featherbend with a springy step and his head up.

The next morning he ordered supplies for the Larkspur for another quarter, and notified his foreman that the mine would go on operating, whereat the men in the mine were hugely surprised.

A couple of days afterward when a consignment of lumber was being unloaded at the Larkspur, Mumeling pass-

Saugus' pumps having stopped, he knew he could not do that.

Therefore he fell in a rage, and drove rapidly to Featherbend and sputtered at Cary.

"You schemed to rob me—you and Saugus. But I'll break the contract. You'll not get a cent."

Cary said grimly: "I think Saugus got tired of your robbing him."

"You'll never crush another pound of ore for me, and I declare the contract off," Mumeling went on.

"You'd better see Saugus. I hear the Bear fills up with water fast when the Larkspur pumps stop," Joe replied, and when he turned his back on Mumeling as rudely as Mumeling had turned his on Saugus.

Bargold learned of Mumeling's predicament and shook with laughter; and knowing that all justices would be against him and that it would cost him \$20,000 to break his contract with Cary, Mumeling compromised with Saugus.

Saugus required a settlement of the pumping matter on a fair basis. Then Saugus married Diane, who so cleverly constructed the trap that caught Mumeling and, his lease with the other mill man having run out, transferred his milling to Joe, which recompensed Joe for the loss of Mumeling's patronage, which was a part of the business that had fallen to him when he bought his mill.

A Texas Ranchman.

MAJOR GEORGE W. LITTLEFIELD of this city is probably the largest individual land owner in the United States. His ranch and farm holdings in Texas and New Mexico aggregate about 1,250,000 acres. This includes a tract of 284,000 acres of ranch land which he recently purchased from the state capital syndicate.

The lands of the latter corporation embraced 2,000,000 acres originally and were given to it by the state for building the state capitol. They are situated in the extreme northwestern part of Texas and cover several large counties. Major Littlefield's recent purchase included 5,000 Hereford cows of pure breed and the same number of Hereford calves; 40 Hereford bulls and a large number of horses and mules.

Major Littlefield cannot tell within five or ten thousand the number of head of cattle he owns. The total number is estimated from 70,000 to 80,000 head. He has sold many thousand head of beef cattle in the last few months and his ranches are now short of stock cattle. He takes great pride in his new ranch of 280,000 acres and gives it much attention.

He paid \$750,000 cash for the property, including the cattle and other domestic animals thereon. The ranch is well fenced and is well supplied with water from forty-two wells. The water from forty of these wells is pumped by windmills and two of the wells afford a never-failing supply of artesian water. The soil is rich and much of the land is susceptible of irrigation.

He also owns what he calls a little ranch near Austin. It is situated in Mason county and embraces 120,000 acres. It is well stocked with cattle and has many substantial improvements in the way of ranch buildings, wells and fences. Of all his landed possessions he takes the greatest pride in a farm of 1,200 acres in Spring River valley, New Mexico. The farm is all in a high state of cultivation and brings in a big annual revenue. All the crops are raised by means of irrigation. On this farm there is a sixty-five acre apple orchard just come into bearing. Large orchards of other fruit trees have been planted and will be producing abundant crops before many years.

Major Littlefield is 57 and a native of Texas. He served through the Civil war as an officer in the Rangers' regiment, which was made up of Texas frontiersmen who favored the confederate side. He came out of the war with a dollar and started to make a fortune for himself out of the cattle-raising business. His fortune is now estimated at from \$5,000,000 to \$7,000,000.—New York Sun.

One of Dinah's Surprises.

A Baltimore woman recently secured an old and typical southern cook named Dinah, whose unfamiliarity with city ways and her questions were a constant source of amusement to the family. One morning shortly after she arrived the door bell rang and Dinah answered it as usual. In a minute she came back with a surprised expression: "Missus," she exclaimed, "der am a man dere what wants 24 cents for de sun." Mrs. Just gave her the money and she returned to the door.

"After the man had gone Dinah asked: 'Does you hab to pay for de sunshine here, Missus? In Virginia we don't hab to pay for de sun. It's just as free as de air of hebben.'—Baltimore Sun.

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BOOTBLACK MILLIONAIRES

ANTONIO L. ASTE, better known as "Tony" on the turf, is not the only man living in New York who got his first start in life blacking boots, and can now count his wealth by the thousands and hundreds of thousands. Aste, it will be remembered, recently sold his race horse Nasturritum to William C. Whitney and James B. Haggin for \$50,000. Aste began his business career by blacking boots, and now, still a young man, he owns more than a score of show-cleaning establishments and some of the best thoroughbreds on the American turf.

Perhaps the man who has attained the most fame in political and social life while having so humble a beginning is Aste, is Thomas McDonald Waller, ex-governor of Connecticut, ex-consul general to London and a familiar figure in the legal and club world of New York. Governor Waller is a orly-poly sort of a man, smooth shaven with leonine head and a keen wit. He was born sixty-one years ago, and when 8 years old was left an orphan. The boy, compelled to earn his living, sold papers and blacked boots. The Astor house was his favorite haunt.

It was at the Astor house he met Robert K. Waller, a merchant of New London, Conn. The merchant was attracted by the boy's brightness and honesty, and took him to his home and legally adopted him. He was given an academic education, served in the civil war and was admitted to the bar later. He early entered politics, became mayor of New London, a member of the legislature, speaker of the house, secretary of state, and in 1882 was elected governor on the democratic ticket. In the presidential campaign of '84 he was a candidate for re-election, but was defeated by falling of a majority over all candidates.

A republican legislature elected its party nominee, but this was a good thing for Waller, inasmuch as President Cleveland made him counsel general to London, which, in those days, was about the fattest office in fees in the gift of the administration. In London Governor Waller gained fame as an after dinner speaker. He also formed valuable business connections, for when he returned to this country he represented many large English syndicates. He is today a man of wealth. You can see him almost any night at the Gilsey house or in some Broadway playhouse.

An entirely different stamp of man is Patrick Sheedy, but he, too, has attained distinction in his own line. He has long been known as the "nervy gambler" and the "honest gambler." Sheedy was a bootblack in Hartford when the city was known as a sport center. He polished the shoes of sporting men and one of them took him along one day to a country fair. It was owing to this Sheedy became a gambler. He was famous before he was 25 years old. He owned big gambling houses here and in Chicago. He is known to have won as much as \$150,000 in a night, and to have lost as much. He became manager for John L. Sullivan and made a fortune for the pugilist. He established elaborate gaming parlors in Cairo, Egypt, and was a familiar figure at Monte Carlo, Homburg, Ostend, Aix and in the capitals of Europe.

Sheedy used also to vary the monotony of life by bookmaking on the thoroughbred tracks. He recently came into public notice as acting as the go-between in the return of the famous Gainesborough portrait to its owners. J. Pierpont Morgan bought this picture in London a few weeks ago. Sheedy is living quietly in New York. He is not accounted a rich man now, although in no danger of starvation. There have been times when Sheedy was worth not far from \$1,000,000, but like most men

of his class he found it difficult to hold on to the money.

Two other young men who have achieved fame and wealth and who are not ashamed to admit they were once glad to get a nickel in return for having imparted a mirror-like gloss to a pair of boots are Joseph N. Weber and Lewis M. Fields. Their success has been phenomenal, as every one knows. They were boys on the East Side and used to "shoot craps" together when they were not blacking shoes and selling papers. Like most East Side boys they saved pennies in order to go to the old London theatre one night a week. One evening they went on the stage together on "amateur night" in a song and dance with a German dialect. That settled it. No more bootblackening for them. They were thoroughly stage struck and finally obtained an engagement with a burlesque company at \$15 a week to rthe team. It was a good many years before they attained any considerable fame in their line, and they do not hesitate to say that they have played in some of the "toughest" houses and concert halls in the land and were glad of the chance.

Hartford, Conn., seems to have been prolific of bootblacks who have gained fortune, for besides Pat Sheedy there are "Father Bill" Daly, the turfman; Andrew J. Welch, the owner of the famous Charter Oak Driving park, and Danny Maher and James McLaughlin, the jockeys. It was a great many years ago that "Father Bill" shined shoes—so long ago he may have forgotten it—but now he is worth a great many dollars. He owns a stock farm in Connecticut, a big hotel in Hartford and many horses.

It was "Father Bill" who found Jimmy McLaughlin on his knees polishing leather and made him one of the greatest jockeys that ever lived, and it was he who later found little Danny Maher pursuing the same calling. Maher, it is said, at the end of the present racing season in England have earned more than \$100,000 in fees.

"Andy" Welch left Hartford as a bootblack following the circuit. He used to ride with the grooms in the box care with the horses. It was at Pittsburg he made his first venture on the trotting turf. He invested one dollar on a race in the Paris mutuels and won \$46. Twenty of this he again invested, and at the end of the day he had over \$500. Encouraged by his success he threw aside all his tools of trade and became a follower of the trotters. Finally he bought a mare; she won several races, and at length he sold her to an Englishman for \$10,000.

But his great coup was made nearly ten years ago. The Connecticut legislature had passed an anti-pool law and the corporation controlling the famous Charter Oak park, near Hartford, had gone out of business. Weeds grew on the once immaculate track; the stables and grandstands were falling into decay. Then it was that Welch and a man named Jones stepped in. They purchased the property with the many acres for a mere song, ostensibly as a real estate speculation; but when the next legislature met they very quietly went to work, and on the last day of the session the anti-pool selling law was suddenly and unexpectedly repealed. Since that time circuit meetings have been held in the spring and fall at Charter Oak, and Welch and Jones have made fortunes. Welch's is estimated at from \$500,000 to \$750,000.

Numerous other ex-bootblacks could be named who have grown rich, famous or notorious, but these are a few who are known to most New Yorkers.—New York Herald.

Mrs. Leland Stanford His Victim.
Mrs. Leland Stanford has been victimized by a confidence man who, disguised as a clergyman, appealed to her generosity in behalf of various works of benevolence which proved to have no existence.

The fellow first met Mrs. Stanford in Paris and produced letters purporting to be from prominent church people of San Francisco. Later he joined Mrs. Stanford at Lucerne, where she now is. He was so plausible that he became her guest at her hotel, but after ten days he disappeared. Besides large sums willingly given, the swindler is supposed to have made away with a lot of valuable jewelry which he abstracted from Mrs. Stanford's apartment.

Mrs. Stanford is trying to keep the facts from publication. The man was known as the Rev. Mr. Norbert. He is tall, polished and about 35 years of age.—New York World.

Against Cold Feet.
The University of Chicago is to have a system of steam-heated sidewalks from one end of the campus to the other. Steam pipes are to be laid under the cement walks, which will thus be kept at a moderate temperature in cold weather.—Chicago Evening Journal.

No Kick Coming.
"Those berries you sold me yesterday were not fresh."
"That's not my fault, ma'am. I had 'em four days ago. It's not my fault that you didn't come along until yesterday,"—Yonkers Statesman.

Candidate's Blunder.
"Never, while on a jury," said the candidate for the rural office, "have I convicted a white man, an' never yet did I lynch a nigger for stealin' a watermelon."
But when, next morning, every mite had disappeared from his patch, he went around looking for rope, and muttering: "Darn 'em! I never told 'em to steal 'em all!"—Atlanta Constitution.

No Chance.
Gen. Newsweek—"You haven't tried that cigar I gave you the other day, old man, have you?"
Col. Madura—"No; I haven't met any one that I wanted to try it on."—Stray Stories.

An Important Point.
"There is no doubt that this scheme will pay," said the promoter.
"Yes," answered the purchaser of stock. "I suppose so. But who is to get the money?"—Washington Star.



J. W. Scott of the Inter Mountain staff is conspicuous among the literary workers of the state as a writer whose pen productions are in demand in places remote from the locality where he is employed. During the fore part of the present week Mr. Scott closed a deal with the Philadelphia Press, selling to that paper the serial rights of his most recent literary production "Arabian Knights Burlesques" written in slang. The price paid by the Philadelphia paper was \$250, and the negotiations were carried on by the well known authors agent, John Russell Davidson, 1123 Broadway, New York.

Mr. Scott is beyond question on his way to the very top of the ladder up which aspiring authors are obliged to climb. Beginning newspaper work as a reporter he has directed his spare moments to writing fiction. At the close of a hard day spent in recording the matter of fact happenings that go to make up a record of the daily news his fancy eagerly seizes upon the incidents of the day and around commonplace characters his imagination weaves the fabric of a fascinating plot. "The Bear and the Larkspur" is a story that reflects fairly well Mr. Scott's literary style and method. He possesses versatility that is remarkable. During the period of a month's work he assays a wide range of subjects and each is given treatment that reflects good ability along nearly every line of work. Wierd and mystic themes possess fascinating for him and he is equally at home in the treatment of the sentimental and the heroic. Humor he has in abundance and the implied creations of his brain are well liked by the editors into whose hands they are consigned for examination. The sale of the serial rights of Arabian Knights Burlesques in slang has created renewed interest in Mr. Scott's work among his fellow workers in the newspaper business in Butte and friends of the author are jubilant at his success.

all right. Then, the ore body may enlarge farther down, and if it should, that would fetch my head above water—both kinds. Mumeling's half now is five hundred a month and it's running me," Saugus went on with a scowling face.

"He's a greedy old man, isn't he, Alexander?" Diane said severely.

Saugus growled in his neck. His feelings were altogether too violent for expression.

Then Diane's brother Joe came in, and when he heard how the situation was pressing Saugus he said: "Mean man, old Mumeling. You know, I mill his ore. Well, he's trying to break my price now. Wants me to mill for five dollars—pays six now. Saw me yesterday and wanted me to take a contract for a thousand-ton crushing at five dollars. Told him no. He can take his ore away. But it's hard on you, Al. Too bad you can't reach him."

"Well, I hate to close the mine, and I'm not inclined to sink on my pocket. But I'll have to do one or the other after the first. Still, I've got a couple of weeks yet; something may turn up," Saugus replied. And then he went back to Bargold.

But nothing turned up, and a week later he told Diane he would have to close the mine in a few days, and that that would delay their marriage.

So Diane was made anxious, and she walked in the garden and thought. Three days later, while she was stooping over a Marshal Niel rosebush that was specially loaded with beautiful roses, her eyes suddenly lighted, a queer smile came into her face and her hands clenched, and she said tensely: "Ah! I wonder if we could do that," and looked out into the blue sky in a fixed stare for a few seconds. Then she laughed as if there was a good joke in the idea.

In a few minutes she had donned a jaunty hat decorated with a grey bird's

ed, and his little dog's eyes twinkled in-scrutably as they crossed with Saugus' scowling ones. Saugus had made a last appeal to him for aid with the pumping, and had declared that the Larkspur would be forced to close down. The preparations for continued operations gave the lie to Saugus' declaration.

That day Mumeling offered Cary \$5.50 a ton to crush a thousand tons of ore. Cary said: "No. No. Six dollars or nothing. And I don't want to discuss the matter any more, Mr. Mumeling."

Mumeling argued, and then Joe said: "I'll tell you what, Mr. Mumeling. I'll take a contract at \$5.50 for 5,000 or 10,000 tons."

"Haven't got the ore," Mumeling said. "Very good. That settles it," Cary rejoined, and Mumeling went away.

But Mumeling came back again next day and offered to pay \$5.00 for 5,000 tons.

"Five-fifty," Cary said. "Five dollars," said Mumeling. Cary deliberated. Then he said: "There isn't a cent in it, but I'll take it."

Whereupon Mumeling, knowing as a mill man himself that Cary could hardly clear expenses, hastened to have the papers drawn and signed. When they were placed in Cary's hand he went home and told Diane, and while she scanned them eagerly he laughed softly to himself. That night a telegram went up to Saugus, and the next morning the Larkspur closed down tight as a drum.

So that when Mumeling drove by the deserted works he was so shocked at the sight that he stopped his horse dead still in the road. The reason for this was that while he had a thousand tons of ore in his bins, he needed to get four thousand more out of the mine to fulfill his contract with Cary; and

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