The Salt Lake Herald.

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BRET HARTE'S NEW STORY.

THE SUNDAY HERALD has received the unmistakable seal of popular approval. Each succeeding Sunday marks an increase of circulation—the best evidence that the paper pre-eminently supplies the variety of interesting matter which Sunday readers demand.

Yesterday's Herald was an excellent paper; it was the superior of that issued seven days before, but it will prove inferior to The Herald of next Sunday. One feature alone of next Sunday's Herald is worth far more than the cost of the paper. It is a new story by Bret Harte, "A Buckeye Hollow Inheritance," a fascinating story of pioneer days in California, abounding in the grace and felicity of diction, the local color, the naturalness and the human interest which have made Bret Harte a favorite author with the entire English-speaking race.

SHALL WE HOARD OR SQUANDER?

SECRETARY GAGE'S RECENT INTERVIEW on the condition of the United States treasury contains some instructive data. From the comprehensive character of the questions, it looks very much as though Mr. Gage had followed an ancient habit of his and interviewed himself. There is now in the treasury a surplus of $40,000,000. By the last of June this will be increased to $60,000,000, and had not the last congress been so extravagant in its appropriations, June 30 would have seen not less than $80,000,000 of the country's money tied up in federal vaults.

Mr. Gage practically admits that the locking up of so great a volume of the money of the country is apt to have a prejudicial effect on business, and he believes that the only way out of the difficulty will be for the government to buy up bonds. He fears, however, that such an attempt would shove up the price of bonds to a point where it would not be profitable to buy them, and adds that as the time of year is approaching when money is usually most plentiful, it might be better policy to let the reserve keep piling up.

All this is interesting to the taxpayer who is being assessed to the limit for the protection of million and billion dollar combinations that manage to get along fairly well in foreign markets without any protection and with a positive handicap in freight rates. He finds himself being mulcted for the privilege of occupying a position between the devil of excessive treasury reserve and the deep sea of congressional extravagance. The condition of affairs that Mr. Gage discusses must have been known while congress was in session, and could have been easily remedied, had the administration so desired, by a much needed lessening of the protection now accorded the good trusts. As it was the only attempt the administration forces made to relieve the situation was to attempt steals that would have wiped up the excess to the benefit of none but the captains of industry and some eastern dredging companies. It can be truly said that it is no fault of the administration that an excessive reserve exists. Mr. Hanna, for one, did all in his power to have it depleted.

IRRIGATION IN EGYPT.

FROM A CABLEGRAM in the New York Sun it is evident that the thrifty Britisher is turning his attention to irrigation and the redemption of desert lands in a way that overshadows any efforts that have hitherto been made in this direction. The scene of British activity in irrigating is Egypt. At the present time the only portion of that country that is under cultivation is a belt of land on either side of the River Nile that at certain seasons of the year is flooded. The waters of the Nile contain a valuable fertilizing sediment, so that the floods not only water the desert sands, but leave behind a deposit peculiarly conducive to vegetable growth. Year after year the river has been permitted to pour its contents undisturbed into the sea.

Whether taking the hint from America or from India, where irrigation is also extensively practiced, the British have decided to make use of the Nile by artificial methods. South of the cataract at Assuan a granite wall a mile and a quarter long and ninety feet above the level of low water, with a width that is said to equal that of Fleet street, is being built across the river. When completed it is estimated that this enormous dam will form a lake in the river 144 miles long and bottle up not less than a billion tons of water. The wall will be pierced by 188 sluices provided with steel doors, so that the flow of water for irrigation purposes can be regulated to a nicety. By this means thousands of miles of Egyptian desert will be transformed into fertile fields. Although the work is being done with British capital, the expense will ultimately fall on the Egyptian government, which will pay for the work on the installment plan and will be given thirty years in which to complete its payments. Labor is cheap and the cost of the undertaking is estimated at $5,000,000.

An interesting fact in connection with this giant enterprise is that the granite blocks used in constructing the wall are being taken from the quarries whence are supposed to have come the stones with which the temples on the sacred island of Philae were built. The stones will bear the marks of the chisels of thirty centuries ago. One of the effects of the dam will be to submerge the sacred isle and its temples.

TOM L. JOHNSON.

ONE OF THE MOST UNIQUE FIGURES of prominence in politics is Tom L. Johnson, recently elected mayor of the city of Cleveland. His election was a phenomenal personal success. The other city offices and the majority of the seats in the municipal council went to the Republicans. Mr. Johnson, the Democratic nominee, opposed by a Republican of good reputation, swept all before him, and stepped into the mayor's chair with a good, comfortable majority to his credit.

During the campaign Johnson's opponents treated him as a good deal of a joke and hooted at his having any chance of success. He was abused and villified to the limit of the campaign stumper's ability. He is a believer in the Henry George theory of single tax and he did not hesitate to give emphatic utterance to his views on this subject during the campaign. Although a wealthy street car magnate he made one of the planks of his platform a pledge to fight for 3-cent fares for working people. If the Republican politicians affected to take him as a joke the majority of the voting public of Cleveland has taken him seriously, and his victory was so overwhelming that should he go after a senatorship or a gubernatorial nomination his popularity with the masses would undoubtedly make him a hard man to beat. In the meantime Mr. Johnson's municipal administration will be watched with interest all over the country. Should he be as successful in retaining the confidence and good will of the voters as he has been in securing them, he may, before many years, become a prominent factor in national politics.

DO ANIMALS REASON?

THE LONG-DISPUTED QUESTION as to whether or not dumb brutes are capable of reasoning has at length become the bone of contention in a law suit and has been passed upon by the supreme court of Iowa. The judges decided in favor of the reasoning power of animals.

The question came up in a case where a man was suing a railroad company for cattle run down and killed by a train. It was proven that the engineer did not whistle when he saw the cattle on the track, and this the plaintiff's attorney held to be negligence. The defense argued that the whistle was used to warn people to get out of the road, that animals could not understand the warning and that it was not necessary to whistle when they were seen on the track. The lower court held that the whistle was equally as much intended to serve as a warning to animals and that it was the duty of the engineer to whistle when they were upon the track or when there was danger of them crossing in front of the engine.

No one who has had much to do with animals or who has ever kept pets will doubt the soundness of this decision. If animals are not endowed with reason there are many of them that have a faculty so nearly resembling it that it may well go by that name. It is safe to say that beasts living habitually near a railroad track will soon learn that the whistle means the approach of danger and scamper out of reach when they hear it. The Iowa supreme court, at any rate, seems to believe that if there is any doubt, the animals are entitled to the benefit of it.

HOW THE SWINDLING IS DONE.

THE PITTSBURG DISPATCH quotes a returned army officer on the methods employed to swindle the American government in the Philippines. This unnamed officer is quoted as saying:

"Somebody is making himself rich at the expense of the government in Manila, and it is being done in a way which will make it difficult to bring the charges home. For that reason those who are in a position to be certain of the facts are remaining quiet, as they do not wish to be involved in a scandal where they may find it impossible to produce legal evidence when cases against the parties involved might come to trial.

"According to official report, there is more United States property at the bottom of Manila bay than has ever been lost in the water, and if a close inspection were made I have no doubt that much of this property could be found stored in the town of Manila. As far as I could learn while on the island, the method of proceeding in a case where an officer or other person in charge of stores desires to accumulate a little property of the government is as follows:

"The harbor at Manila is of such a nature that transports cannot come to the piers to unload, and the merchandise consigned to the army is taken off in lighters, called cascoes by the natives. A casco will hold about 4,000 pounds of freight. The stores are all marked and when passed over the side of the vessel the bill of lading or list of stores is checked by a clerk in charge, and on delivery at the pier it is receipted for.

"While on the way from the shore to the ship an empty casco is overturned. The next trip it makes to shore its load is delivered, not to the officer in charge of the commissary supplies, but at another pier, and the officer or other person on the boat makes a report of the upsetting of the casco with stores on board. This report passes through official hands and the commissary office is relieved of responsibility on account of the loss of property which did not occur by the overturning of the casco."

The April Bookman is one of the breeziest, brightest numbers ever sent out from that breezy publication. From the chronicle and comment to the book reviews there is not a dry line in it, and Harry Thurston Peck's contribution to the discussion of the Stanford University scandal is about the most caustic bit of literature that has appeared this year. One short specimen will give a good idea of his views: "It is obvious that Mrs. Stanford practically owns Stanford University and treats it as a proprietary school. In other words, a professor in that university must teach only such economic doctrines as are approved by an illiterate old lady, who regards both president and professors as her hired men, whose opinions and teaching and intellectual independence she has bought with her money."

Mr. Peck does not regard the fault as wholly belonging to Mrs. Stanford, and he does not limit his criticism of the subsidy system in universities to this one institution. By inference he includes Chicago University and one or two others in the same category as Stanford. While his denunciation of Mrs. Stanford seems altogether biased, there can be no doubt about the force he puts into his language nor of the bitterness with which he views the influence of money alone in university education.

The literary and biographical features of the magazine are unusually interesting. Horace Greeley is the subject of a most entertaining review by one who worked with him and knew him familiarly. Cable's New Orleans, the city of the old French quarter, is pictured charmingly by Walter Hale, and Queen Alexandra is described attractively by an anonymous author, who gives a pleasant impression of the new queen's character and personality.

"The Root of the Evil," by Count Leo Tolstoi, is the leading article in the North American Review for April. In it the vigorous old Russian makes a strong appeal for a return to the primitive Christian doctrine of non-resistance of evil. He finds nothing but injustice in the present social fabric. He condemns the tyranny and luxury of the few and the slavery of the many. This condition, he says, is made possible by the existence of standing armies in the hands of the rich minority. The army exists because people believe it an honorable calling, and the people believe this because Christianity has been perverted by the churches to suit the exigencies of the wealthy and the powerful. Throughout the count argues that the root of the evil lies in a false Christianity, and that the only true remedy for existing conditions must consist in a return to pure religious doctrines.

Following "The Root of the Evil" is a brief letter to the American people from Count Tolstoi, in which he returns thanks for the help he has received from the writings of Americans who flourished in the middle of the last century. Next comes a review of Tolstoi and his "Resurrection," by Clapotkanev and Edward Garnett, who place the Russian at the head of the present day novelists. Mark Twain pays his respects to the Chinese missionaries who have criticised his criticisms of their conduct. The article is full of stinging sarcasm and rare humor, but the latter only serves to make the lash fit the closer to the backs of those whom Mr. Clemens has seen fit to castigate.

In "Cuba and Congress" Senator Beveridge makes a technical argument in justification of the Platt amendment—such an argument as sometimes gets off a prisoner but never convinces anyone of his innocence. A second instalment of "Some Perils of the Postal Service" comes from the pen of Henry A. Castle, assistant postmaster of the postoffice department. Alleyne Ireland discusses "The Victorian Era of British Expansion," with particular relation to the growth of trade in the "tight little island" and its emerald neighbor. The federal bankruptcy law is the subject of an article by W. H. Hotchkiss, who believes that with proper amendments, the federal law is much preferable to state legislation on this subject. Rear Admiral George W. Melville speculates on the possibilities of the submarine boat, and Dr. Louis Robinson, under the heading, "A Curious Human Document," makes the corn a subject of minute examination, showing that it is the result of a misdirected effort on the part of nature to prevent lameness. "Babism," the modern religion of Persia, is interestingly written about by E. Denison Ross, and Professor Barrett Wendell's "Literary History of America" is reviewed at considerable length by W. D. Howells.

The April number of Cassier's Magazine opens with an article on the Russian volunteer fleet. This fleet now consists of some fifteen modern ocean liners, capable of being transformed into cruisers and commerce destroyers in the event of war. The boats are operated as passenger and freight steamers by the government, their earnings being used to secure additional ships. This establishment of boats is the result of a patriotic movement during the Turko-Russian war, when Russia's inferiority on the sea being noted, a fund was raised and three ocean liners purchased and presented to the government.

Day Allen Willey has an article on American soft coal, with especial references to the growing demand for it among European nations. The future of modern urban transportation is discussed by Alton D. Adams, who believes that vehicles of the automobile type will ultimately supplant the trolley car. His reasons for thus prophesying are that independent vehicles, by being able to use any street and to pass one another, will be less liable to blockades, can better handle crowds during the rush hours and, according to the writer's figures, can be operated at half the original cost and half the annual expense entailed by an equally efficient trolley line. British locomotives are dissected by C. J. Bowen Cooke, and the handicaps of low tunnels and close tracks under which the English engine builders labor are explained. Part II of Dr. James Douglas' article on "American Transcontinental Railways" describes the Sante Fe, the Great Northern and the Canadian Pacific. James B. Alliott has an article on British trade supremacy in which he charges adverse legislation and trades unions with retarding the growth of England's commerce. "Hoisting Engines" are discussed by Joseph Horner; the electric motor receives attention from Dr. S. S. Wheeler, and James Gayley, managing director of the Carnegie Steel company, whose picture serves as the frontispiece to the number, is given a brief biography.

A number of the good railroad studies published in McClure's Magazine have been collected and published in book form under the title of "The Railroad." All of the tales are readable, and all show a technical knowledge that is satisfying. The splendid familiar figure of "Bucks," the superintendent of the mountain division in "Conductor Pat Francis," is of itself fine enough to carry a larger volume of mediocre matter, and none of these stories is mediocre.

"Bucks" is as thoroughly typical of the western railroader as Lin McLean is of the cowboy or as Bridger was of the frontiersman. It would be hard to find a more entertaining volume than this compilation of prose vignettes.

"The Nineteenth Century, a Review of Progress," is the title of a most valuable volume just issued by G. P. Putnam & Sons. Under eight general divisions, the whole range of human activity for the past hundred years is recorded succintly and thoroughly. Beginning with "Law and Government," and concluding with the "Science of War," each department is divided into topics and these topics are all reviewed by competent authorities. Naturally, the discussion is limited to the really significant facts, but the reviews are remarkably complete. History, sociology, literature, education, applied science, transportation—all are comprehended in the range of subjects, and the volume as a whole is invaluable to the student or general reader as a work of reference.

A. R. Dergo & Co. are the Salt Lake distributors.

"Life and Sport on the Pacific Slope." By Horace Annesley Vachell. (Dodd, Mead & Co.)

Mr. Vachell, by his own report, is an Englishman who spent some years on a ranch in California, and his volume is a record of personal observations. Incidentally it contains many, many humorous anecdotes familiar to the men who lived in California, say, twenty years ago. This penchant for ancient witticisms and the obtrusion of the author's political views, however annoying, cannot obscure the genuine worth of the work. It is not literature, but it seems to perpetuate the memory of a great period in the Golden state's development—the boom days in southern California. The philosophizing and moralizing on American, or Californian, peculiarities, is interesting as affording a new point of view. The descriptions of social customs, business methods and local life are done well and very fairly. The chapter devoted to the Anglo-French Californians gives a curious glimpse of life in a San Francisco coterie of rich people whose like is known nowhere else in America—fortunately for America. That part of the volume dedicated to sport on the coast already reads like a tale of another century. No such sport as he describes is found in California now, though it was common enough twenty years, even ten years, since. His description of a quail hunt is splendid, as are many of the passages where the author's enthusiasm lets him forget politics and the necessity for humorous touches previously only a haunt for bats and rats and a resting place for sea birds has become a basis for the output of one of the most valuable fertilizers known to modern agriculturalists. Within a single year after the commencement of operations, England, Germany, Australia and Japan were absorbing its manurial treasure and calling for increased supplies.

This upraised top of a submarine mountain, round which sea run down almost perpendicularly from its shores to a depth of three English miles, is but ten miles long and seven miles broad, with an area of forty to fifty square miles. As already indicated, it rises out of waters deeper than those which surround any other tropical island. Moreover, from a scientific point of view, it is the most interesting island on the face of the earth. When the pioneer inhabitant pitched his tent on the virgin shoreland on the isle he could only discover two species of bats, two species of rats and a shrewmouse. These were the only mammals.

Down to the very water's edge the surface of the island is covered with vegetation. Slopes, clad with trees, "tall as Norwegian pines," through which nothing is visible but gilnts of the sky, lead to a great central plateau, some 800 to 900 feet above the sea level, and the highest peak in the island, called Murray point, is 1,100 feet above the level of the Indian ocean. The plateau is covered with excellent soil, so rich that all tropical fruits and plants grow luxuriantly, and a special form of cargo may yet find its way to the markets of the world from Christmas island. The plateau is one long succession of blocks of phosphate varying in depth down to forty feet. At present these blocks are picked up from the roots of the trees and exported. They are white almost as snow and full of pure phosphate or lime to the extent of 85 per cent. Great difficulties were for a time encountered in obtaining an anchorage, and as many as ten barges have been lost, but these difficulties have now been overcome in Flying Fish bay, and on shore a line of railway two miles in length carries the phosphate to the point of embarkation.

During last year 30,000 tons of phosphate were exported, giving a profit of 75 per cent on the capital. Within a year, it is confidently hoped, the output will rise to 100,000 tons. Even then the wealth of phosphate will only be tapped, and the supply, at a much greater rate of output, will easily outlast the term of the lease.

The colony on the island has gradually grown, and today the inhabitants number thirteen white people (including a mine manager, a doctor, a chemist, three ladies and children), 500 Chinese coolies, thirty Malay boatmen and thirteen Sikh policemen. The Straits Settlements government has just voted the sum of $22,500 for official buildings on the island, and when these are completed there will be an immediate augmentation of the population, which will go on increasing with the extension of the phosphate business and the development of agriculture and other industries.

The scientist to whom the discovery of the value of Christmas island is due is Sir John Murray, K. C. B., who has just returned from a visit to the island. Attracted to it by its coral formation, his researches led him to the conclusion that the process of time under existing conditions must have transformed the calcareous substance into phosphate of lime, the value of which to agriculture is well known. Indeed, the optimistic calculation has been made in such a case that the value of this islet in phosphate alone is $1,500,000,000. Sir John Murray, in addition to discovering the commercial value of the island, is nursing its scientific side with assiduous care.

A Human Lamp.

(Denver Post.)

That gifted Kansas liar seems to have gone over on a Nebraska paper for a change of base and climate. This is his first effort, as printed in the Nebraska City News: "A little girl in Palmyra drank a pint of coal oil and the doctors thought she would die until one of them hit upon a happy expedient. He slipped a yard of candle wick down into the oil, lit the upper end, and during the evening she lighted the room nicely and then went to bed all right."

AMUSEMENTS.

"Fatinitza," by the Salt Lake Opera company, will be the attraction at the Theatre again tonight.

The New Grand offers Travelle, the magician, and a company of entertainers tonight and tomorrow night.

The sale for Daniel Sully in "The Parish Priest" begins at the Theatre this morning.

THE RICHEST OF ALL LAND.

One Tiny Island That is Worth Two Billion Dollars.

(Chicago Inter Ocean.)

Far away in the southern seas, some 200 miles from the coast of the ancient "land of gold," and almost 1,000 miles from the sunny country of the Golden Fleece, there may be descried a little speck of land. Scientists regard it as an upraised coral atoll, and take a peculiar interest in it from the fact that it is the only known tropical island of any large extent which up to the last few years had never been inhabited by a savage or a civilized race. It is called Christmas island. Why, no man living can tell. As to the date of the first discovery, the past is equally oblivious; yet it has been an object of spasmodic attention on the part of voyagers on the high seas for at least two and a half centuries. In 1666 the wandering Dampier of Holland sighted this small "woody island," and since that date it has appeared in Dutch maps, but it was not until 1886 that a British surveying vessel succeeded in finding an anchorage and in landing and partially exploring the island. The following year H. M. S. Egeria made further explorations, and the conclusion of the commander, in the light of what has happened since, is interesting:

"Man has never lived on Christmas island, nor would it be a pleasant residence, as, apart from the fact that there is no water—the rains sink into the limestone rock—the extreme discomfort of locomotion and the absence of any harbor whence the product could be conveniently shipped, will deter any settler from seeking a home there until other more favorable spots are occupied." Within ten years or so after this prophecy the island had a population living and thriving on it of some 600 souls, and from the phosphate deposits found on it a Pactolean stream of gold is flowing into the pockets of British shippers, commission agents, agriculturists, insurance agents and stockholders of the company working it.

The story of the island, which is situated in south latitude 10 degrees 25 minutes, east longitude 105 degrees 42 minutes, is romantic and of more than passing interest. Its discovery in the commercial sense dates from the days of the Challenger expedition. That expedition cost England $15,000,000, and there have been many who carped at the expenditure of so large a sum for results which apparently were of little value in an ordinary utilitarian sense. The expedition has, however, been the indirect means of adding Christmas island to the British crown, and in years to come Singapore, and the mother country also, are likely to receive from it alone much more than the cost of the expedition. Christmas island was formally annexed by the British government in the following year, a lease extending over 100 years was granted to Dr. John Murray and Mr. Clunies Ross of the Cocos-Keeling islands, jointly, at a yearly rental of $750. The prospecting of the island covered fully a decade, and finally a small private company was formed. What was

LOUBET'S BENDED KNEE.

The Row Stirred Up by His Genuflection at Paul Deschanel's Wedding.

(Chicago Tribune.)

Poor President Loubet is in terribly hot water just at present and being overwhelmed with torrents of abuse by all that element of the French journalistic and political life which sees in everything, even indirectly religious, a danger to the republic. It seems that at the nuptial mass, which formed part of the marriage ceremony of M. Deschanel, he rendered himself guilty of bending his knee at the elevation of the host.

On analogous occasions his predecessors in office as president, excepting the gallant and chivalrous old Marshal MacMahon, contented themselves with merely bowing their heads, holding that an inclination of the latter constituted a more than adequate tribute of respect—or, rather, of recognition—to the divinity on the part of so exalted a personage as the chief magistrate of the French republic.

President Loubet, however, who had been reared not by bourgeois, but by peasant parents—that is to say, by folks who are utterly devoid of those pretensions and affectations that distinguish the middle classes in France—humbly bent his knee and knelt when the tinkle of the bell announced the elevation of the host, just as he had been taught to do when a boy by his excellent mother, who still makes her home upon the farm where she has spent her entire life since her marriage, and where she invariably wears the costume of the well-to-do peasantry in the south of France.

President Loubet was the only great republican dignitary to kneel. None of the others apparently dared to do so, fearing to compromise their political future thereby, and it is difficult to describe the sensation which this act of reverence created among all present. It was done naturally and with that simplicity and absence of pose which have characterized President Loubet in everything that he has done since he succeeded President Faure; and the only reason why he has never had any previous occasion of thus publicly manifesting his veneration for religion is because it was the first time that he had been called upon to attend a public celebration of mass since becoming president.

AN AMATEUR HOBO AT 17.

Experience of a Runaway Lad in An Alabama Coal Mine Prison.

(New York Sun.)

A lad of 17, who has just come here from Chicago, has had some remarkable adventures. He has a disposition to wander and a knack of getting along. He belongs to a good family. It has not been thought best to place too severe a check on his roving tendencies, and so he has roved a good deal about this country, and when only 14 made a six months' bicycle trip alone in Europe.

One of his experiences was brought out by his remark that he learned to smoke while he was working in a coal mine in Alabama.

"You worked in a coal mine, did you?" asked the person addressed, wonderingly.

"Yes, something of that sort," and here a faint flush overspread the youth's countenance, and he gazed silently into the fire. It was only for a moment, however, then his face cleared and he looked up brightly and went on. "I served my time there—three months," he explained.

"Do you mean to say that you worked out a sentence?"

"That's it. I ain't ashamed of it for I hadn't committed any crime—at least nothing that I call a crime—hadn't stolen anything nor tried to kill anybody, nor that like.

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"You see it came about this way. In the summer of '99 I got one of my restless fits on me and nothing would do but I must take a trip of some kind. I hadn't saved any money and I didn't want to bother father. But go away from Chicago, I must. One night I was hanging around some freight cars and got into conversation with a good-natured hobo, who told me he had just come from St. Louis on top of a mail car and meant to go to Pittsburg that night on top of another. In just that instant my resolution was taken. If he could ride on top of a mail car why couldn't I, and I would. The limited express started somewhere about midnight, and that was the train for me.

"It was an awful hot night, with a storm brewing, and I watched the lightning playing along the rails. Well, pretty soon the limited moved out of the station and as the mail car passed us, my hobo and I made a jump for the front platform. We hung there till we were well into the dark and then clambered onto the roof, lay flat and hung on like grim death to whatever we could clutch, for the swaying and tilting of the car kept throwing us from one side to the other and it was not pleasant. Every time I lifted my head to look about me a blast of air filled with hot cinders stung my face like needles, and I was glad to drop it again and pull my coat collar up.

"Riding on top of a car is a queer enough sensation to an old hand, but to a fellow that's new to that sort of thing it's—well, it's something that ain't easily forgotten. It was rushing into a black gulf, with the wind blowing like mad and the engine sending up showers of red-hot cinders just ahead. It came on to rain hard, after a while, and the hobo and I were soaked to the skin.

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"Well, that was how I started on my travels. From Pittsburg I worked my way south, sometimes walking, sometimes stealing rides. I had a few dollars in my pocket and I did a few chores. But I rode into Birmingham on top of a car and saw my finish. I was nabbed for vagrancy and had to choose between paying a good big fine or working out a three months' sentence in the penitentiary. I chose the penitentiary, because I didn't want to write and tell father of my plight and bother him for money. I'd got myself into the scrape and I made up my mind to get out of it the best way I could.

"So I was put to work with a lot of convicts in a coal mine near Birmingham. A tough lot they were, I tell you. Not the best company for a boy of 15, I guess. We slept in jail and got up every morning at 5, working until 7 o'clock at night. Our cots were hung by iron rods to the ceiling to keep the cockroaches and such off, I suppose, and two of us usually slept in a cot. Our food consisted mostly of salt pork, great greasy hunks—how I loathed it!—and once in a while we got a bowl of soup and we had a weekly allowance of tobacco. When we came in from the mine at night we stripped off the suits we wore which were black as soot, and washed in tubs of water, two men to a tub. In the morning we put on our mining suits again, each received his hunk of pork, etc., and went to work.

"Being such a big fellow, a good deal was expected of me. But I don't think anything tired me as much as the long walk each morning through passages that weren't high enough for me to stand erect carrying my two heavy pickaxes. That was awful! Three carloads of coal a day—a car held about a ton—was what was expected of me; and this I had to delve for as well as load.

"The first day I was there; owing to my not knowing anything about the work and nobody telling me, I was idle a good deal and in the evening got a thrashing for it. It was hard on a fellow—for you must remember I was only a boy, though I was so big—to be beaten with that awful strap. How did they do it? Why, they made me strip to the waist and lie down on the floor on my stomach and then they used the strap on my back and shoulders—used it effectually, too, leaving long, sore welts all down my back and in some places drawing blood! Ugh! it was nasty; but I didn't howl.

"I jammed my hand between two cars a few days before my time was up and owing to clumsy surgical treatment and my own folly in washing the wound in a pail of dirty water, blood poisoning set in and I came near dying. I wrote to my father and he sent me the money at once to come to Chicago. My family were glad to see me, of course, and I couldn't help thinking of the return of the prodigal son and the fatted calf and all that business, as they fed me up on delicacies and treated me like a prince. No, I don't think father had been uneasy about me. He isn't that kind. He knows I always land on my feet."

CARNEGIE OWES TEN DOLLARS.

Worked Four Days at the Time of the Great Homestake Strike.

(Chicago Times-Herald.)

They were swopping stories in Mayor Harrison's office the other day. Secretary Edward Lahiff was there, and "Theodore" and Donohue and some others, big and little officials. Donohue began to hum the old song of the man that owed O'Grady.

"That's right," said Lahiff. "Only it ought to be Andrew Carnegie singing the song, and he should be saying that he owed the $10 to me. Yes, it's gospel truth that Andrew Carnegie owes me $10, and has ever since the Homestead strike. Perhaps when this catches his eye, if it does, he'll send me the money.

"At the time of the great Homestead strike Ballard Smith was at the height of his fame as a New York managing editor. He was making the World known and felt everywhere, and I was working under him as a reporter. At the very outset of the Homestead troubles two women men were sent there, but, in common with all other reporters, were only permitted inside the works at 4 o'clock every afternoon. Then they found the furnaces running, the whistles blowing and signs of great activity. In consequence they daily telegraphed their papers that while a strike was in progress the Carnegie works were not affected by it, and that everything was going on with them just as if no labor trouble was at hand. Ballard Smith got it into his head that this was a lie. He came to the opinion that the Carnegie works were practically at a standstill and that the thrifty Scotchman for once in his life was hard pressed. As a result of this conclusion Smith offered a prize of $100 to the reporter who would get inside the Homestead works and stay there days and nights until he could write a true story of the actual conditions of affairs there. It came into my head that I might be the man to get the assignment, but how to work my way in I did not know. One morning I was reading the advertisements in the papers when I come upon one that struck me as being peculiar. It announced that skilled mechanics to go out of town were being hired at 755 Broadway. I immediately went to my lodging house, where I was staying with 'Jimmy' Bates, and I rigged myself up just as I am in the picture. I had his coat and I looked as near like a mechanic as a man can that does not know the difference between a rivet bolt and a go-ahead eccentric.

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"Then I descended upon 755 Broadway. The man in charge there asked me:

"'Are you a skilled mechanic?'

"'No,' says I.

"'That don't make any difference,' said he. 'You can work as a riveter's helper?'

"'Sure.'

"'All right; you report at Jersey City at 10 o'clock tonight. Your train will be there. You'll be paid $2.50 a day.'

"I knew then that I was going to Homestead, that I would soon be inside the works, and that I was in the employ of Andrew Carnegie. I walked out into Broadway dressed as I was, and chanced to meet one of the World's reporters who knew me fairly well, and he was so dazed at my garb that he flew to a telephone and informed the office that I had gone crazy. But I had not. I had my photograph taken—this picture—and gave it to Ballard Smith, so that in the event of anything happening to me I could be duly illustrated in the story. That night I left Jersey City with fifty of the vilest roustabouts that I ever saw brought together at one time. They were scum of the earth, weak, dissipated, irresponsible wretches hired to go to Homestead, ostensibly as skilled labor, but literally to evade the law of Pennsylvania, which forbade an armed force being brought into the state.

"We were locked in our cars, and remained in them until 5 the next morning, when we were taken off near Swissvale, and at McKeesport loaded on the steamer Little Bill and conveyed to Homestead. This Little Bill is the steamer on which the Pinkerton men were killed in the fight with the strikers. We were formed into companies, and each man given a club, a pistol, a belt and a holster. On the holster was worked a thistle, and we were called, in honor of Carnegie's Scotch blood, the 'Thistle Brigade.' We looked like thistles, too. But we represented Carnegie's determined effort to beat the law and get an armed force inside his works, and we were put inside the stockade which surrounded the works.

"There a Colonel Nugent drilled and worked us night and day. When we were not drilling we were doing guard duty. I found out before I was inside of Homestead an hour that Carnegie had fooled the American press and public as to the activity of his furnaces. No work was going on, and the activity shown at 4 o'clock every day was simply to blind the reporters let in at that time. I had my story, and had proved the theory of Ballard Smith to be a fact. My object was then to get out and get my story into New York as soon as possible. I served four days at $2.50 a day, which makes $10, and this amount Mr. Carnegie or any of his subordinates never paid me. Owing to being taken sick from drinking poisoned water, and food poisoned by the strikers, I got out and made my way to Connellsville, where I was cared for by a priest. I was deathly sick for a week, and then left for Hot Springs, where I recovered my health.

"My five-column story went on to New York and was read in the copy by 'Doc' Cohen, one of the celebrities of the city. He recommended that I be paid $500 for the trip, and eventually I did receive $150. But, strangely enough, the story was never printed. It has always been believed that Ballard Smith, about this time, lost that control of himself that had made him famous. The course of the World in the matter of the Homestead troubles became almost anarchistic. Mr. Pulitzer was cabled to Paris as to Smith's condition, and cabled back:

"'Print nothing in the World of Homestead but Associated Press matter.'

"This order arrived the day before my story was to be published. My five columns were thrown away, and this is the first time that the skeleton even of the story has ever been told. It is the explanation of why Mr. Carnegie owes me $10. If in his giving away of libraries he should remember this, I would be pleased. Not that I want the ten, but I'd make a souvenir of the draft or check."

Mr. Lahiff, although about as well known as a mayor's secretary or good newspaper man can be, will be remembered by Times-Herald readers as the journalist who secured the famous Gladstone interview in 1895 while abroad. From fighting for Irish freedom in Ireland to braving Homestead and political campaigns in Chicago his career has been a remarkable one.

How One Family Saves Postage.

(New York Times.)

Chicago—E. W. Reynolds of this city and his brother, McPherson Reynolds, of Washington, and their cousins, aunts, uncles and other relatives, have solved the problem of letter writing. By writing one letter a month nineteen different Reynolds families in six different states have been kept posted as to all the family happenings. No member of the family, moreover, has had to spend more than 6 cents postage a month.

McPherson Reynolds, who is a government bacteriologist, sat down and wrote a letter to the whole Reynolds family, in six states, telling all the news in his own family. This he sent to E. W. Reynolds, who read it and then wrote a general family letter, which he attached to his brother's letter, and sent both to George J. Reynolds at Carrollton, Mo. The latter followed suit and the package went to a niece at Coloma, Mo., then to a sister at Latch, Mo., then to the parents of Mr. Reynolds, at Harper, Kan.

After more additions the whole packet came back to Washington. Mr. Reynolds tore off his own letter, read all the others and then wrote a new letter and attached it, giving all that had happened in his own family since he wrote the first letter.

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