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M'CARTY AND SUTHERLAND.

It is not overstating the case to say that the most interesting feature of the very interesting newspaper put out by The Herald yesterday, to Utah people, was the correspondence between Justice McCarty of the supreme court and George Sutherland, United States senator, and one of the mainstays of the Smoot machine. It pains The Herald exceedingly to observe this friction among the Republican brethren, for Justice McCarty spoke out as a Republican, but we are trying hard to bear up.

If the people of the state had followed the advice The Herald has been giving them there would have been no public row between Justice McCarty as Justice McCarty and Senator Sutherland as a senator of the United States. They might have fought sincerely and bitterly as citizens, but not as officials. There would not have been any Smoot machine to run rough shod over the necks of Justice McCarty and other Republicans; instead, there would have been peace and quiet and order.

Now the boys can lam each other as heartily and as lustily as they please over the distribution of the political leaves and fishes. They can lay on from now until the cows come home.

PRISON FOR LYNCHER.

A man who participated actively in the lynching of three negroes has just been convicted of conspiracy at Salisbury, North Carolina, and sent to the penitentiary for fifteen years, there to perform hard labor until the expiration of his term. This is decidedly an innovation in North Carolina and, indeed, in the south generally. There may have been similar convictions in other states, but they have been accomplished so rarely that the total is very small. Fifteen years is not a very heavy penalty for a lyncher.

The law does not regard it as murder, in the strict sense of the word, to join a mob and hang or burn a prisoner, but morally it is murder. The victim has no chance whatever for his life and the mob often does not take the trouble to ascertain definitely that the alleged criminal is guilty. Innocent men have been made to suffer death at the hands of mobs, and, innocent or guilty, every prisoner is entitled to an unprejudiced trial, a fair hearing before an impartial judge and jury.

North Carolina has vastly enhanced its reputation for law and order by convicting this one lyncher. It seems a pity that he could not have been punished more severely, but an example has, nevertheless, been set up. Another point in this case is worth noting. The convicted man was not the "prominent citizen" that, according to the press dispatches, is usually first and foremost in promoting mobs. He was an ex-convict, with perhaps a private grudge against one or more of the lynched negroes.

This "prominent citizen" business has always been wildly exaggerated. The really prominent citizen is nearly always a good citizen, and good citizens have the highest regard and respect for the law of the land. They do not organize mobs and they do not become members of mobs. There may be occasional exceptions, but as a general rule mobs are made up of the lower stratum of society, of men with criminal instincts, ne'er do weels, loafers and drunkards.

This class can and will be deterred from joining mobs by fear of the penitentiary. Let them once understand that they are likely to be sent to prison for a considerable period of time for their unlawful acts and they will soon acquire a fixed and settled aversion for mobs.

THE IRRIGATION CONGRESS.

At the request of F. J. Kiesel, executive committeeman for Utah of the national irrigation congress to be held at Boise next month, The Herald again directs attention to the official call for the formation of that organization. The dates of the meeting are Sept. 3-8 inclusive, and it is expected that a large delegation will be present from Utah. In some cases those entitled to appoint delegates have not taken that action. This is doubtless the result of an oversight. Now, in order that no mistake can be made, The Herald presents herewith the personnel of the congress:

The permanent officers of the congress.

The president, vice president and members of the cabinet.

Members of the United States senate and house of representatives.

Governors of states and territories.

Ambassadors, ministers and other representatives of foreign nations and colonies.

Members of state and territorial irrigation commissions.

Fifteen delegates appointed by the governor of each state and territory.

Ten delegates appointed by the mayor of each city in the United States of more than 25,000 population.

Five delegates appointed by the mayor of each city in the United States of less than 25,000 population.

Five delegates appointed by each board of county commissioners or boards of county supervisors in the United States.

Two delegates duly accredited by each chamber of commerce, board of trade, Commercial club or other commercial body in the United States.

Two delegates duly accredited by each regularly organized irrigation, agricultural or horticultural society in the United States.

Two delegates duly accredited by each regularly organized society of engineers in the United States.

Two delegates duly accredited by each irrigation company, immigration society, agricultural college and each college or university having chairs of hydraulic engineering or forestry in the United States.

These appointments, in cases where they have not already been made, should be made at once and the names of the appointees forwarded promptly to M. B. Gwinn, chairman of the executive committee, at Boise. This is necessary in order that suitable arrangements for the reception and entertainment of the delegates can be made. The greater part of the time at Boise will naturally be given over to the business of the congress, the reading and discussion of subjects pertinent to irrigation.

The citizens of Boise have, however, prepared a most interesting program of entertainment. Every visitor will find something that will interest him after the sessions are over. Those who know Boise need not be told of the unlimited hospitality of her people. Those who have never visited Idaho's altogether delightful metropolis have before them a treat that they cannot afford to miss.

JAPAN IN MANCHURIA.

Viscount Hayashi, in an interview cabled from Japan, has found it necessary to deny the stories about the unjust, unfair and discriminating methods pursued by his country in the Manchurian trade. It was promised, as most people will remember, that Manchuria would be thrown open to the merchants and manufacturers of the world. The statement was made that Japan would not interfere in behalf of her own people or against any other nation. Yet complaints that exactly the opposite course is being pursued have become so frequent that they are accepted as well founded.

In his interview Hayashi enters a denial of all the charges. In his bland, oriental way he declares it is still Japan's policy to afford equal opportunities and fair competition to all comers in Manchuria and that the door will very shortly be opened to all this. Viscount Hayashi proceeds to explain, somewhat elaborately, that unusual conditions confronted his nation when the war with Russia came to an end. There were considerably more than 1,000,000 soldiers and non-combatants who had to be supplied at once with food and the other necessaries of life.

Japan was the nearest source of supply, and it was but natural that her merchants should take advantage of their opportunity. Some tradesmen, the viscount admits, may have been unfair in selling to merchants goods intended for the soldiers. He does not explain, however, that this would have been impossible without the connivance of the Japanese government. That government certainly would not permit the diversion of goods consigned to soldiers unless it expected its tradesmen to establish business connections in that way, and so control the trade of the country. It is hardly to be expected that anybody will be deceived by Hayashi's talk.

And, after all, if it were not for the promises that have been made, Japan would have some color of right to a practical monopoly of the Manchurian trade. Her geographical advantages are tremendous, she offers subsidies to her merchants and endeavors in various ways to promote the opening of foreign markets. Besides, Manchurian soil is in a way sacred soil for the Japanese, for it has been watered with the blood of thousands of her bravest sons.

The objection that the world makes is that Japan should not make promises if she has no intention of fulfilling them. Her statesmen should not issue proclamations to the effect that there is to be full, fair and free competition in Manchuria when all the time those same statesmen are planning measures which will give to their countrymen, not a shade the better of the argument, but all the best of it.

The Trans-Atlantic Fire Insurance company of Hamburg, Germany, has refused to pay its San Francisco losses on the ground that it cannot be held responsible for an act of Providence. Kindly jot down the name of that company where you can remember it. And be sure to remember to forget it when you have fire insurance to place. No honest corporation would take the step this company has taken, and it is greatly to be hoped that it will be compelled to retire from business in the United States.

If Russia really wants to whip her revolutionists in jig time she will send over to Japan for a general.

But there is at least one kind of tithing that the "American" organ can see nothing wrong in.

CLEVER PARAGRAPHS.

He Saves Just $9,999 This Campaign.

(Philadelphia Inquirer.)
President Roosevelt has given his dollar to the Republican campaign fund.

Chancellor Day Will Take Notice.

(Houston Post.)
Mr. Rockefeller brought a severe cough with him from Europe.

Heaven Help the Inspectors!

(Baltimore Sun.)
Secretary Wilson has placed mincemeat on the inspection list.

It Is High Enough Already.

(Philadelphia North American.)
Drs. Ottinger and Fulton say that ballooning is good for the nerves. Won't somebody please buy an airship for the Ice trust.

Have They Crowded the Iceberg Out?

(Chicago News.)
Secretary Taft will please stand aside now and allow Secretary Root to have a little of the limelight.

Is That Another Name for Vodka?

(Baltimore Sun.)
If the revolutionists want the Russian peasants to rise they ought to feed 'em on baking powder.

Will Never Equal the Schooners.

(Milwaukee Sentinel.)
The cruiser Milwaukee is another one of the things which will tend to make this city famous.

Did He Stand Pat All the Time?

(Chicago Record-Herald.)
"Uncle Joe" Cannon has been visiting John W. Gates, and he says he had a good time.

Name Will Remind Him of New York

(St. Louis Republic.)
The Chilean cruiser Almirante O'Higgins is to meet Secretary Root at Santiago.

Not When His Name Is Nicholas.

(New York Commercial.)
No sensible man will envy one ruler his throne or what may be thrown.

When Leaving a Street Car.

(Providence News.)
In the current issue of one magazine is an article on "Woman's Progress in the Twentieth Century," which fails to mention the fact that a good deal of the progress is being made backward.

Depends on How the Wind Is Blowing.

(Houston Post.)
Galveston has provided for the separation of the races in the street cars, the three rear seats going to the negroes. The white men will swear that the negroes have been given the best of it.

Why Didn't He Join the Society?

(Philadelphia Ledger.)
A Chicago man is suing for divorce on the ground that his wife belongs to a society each member of which is pledged to be "a jolly good fellow."

Is Fairbanks Still in Indiana?

(New York Commercial.)
A giant iceberg is reported to be floating around outside the Straits of Belle Isle.

The Cubans Are Learning Fast.

(St. Louis Republic.)
The mayor and aldermen of Havana have just been ousted for graft.

Men Should Like the Pitcher's Curves.

(Denver Post.)
A female baseball team is booked to play a Denver men's nine soon.

Well, It's Nearly All His.

(Baltimore Sun.)
John D. Rockefeller says he is glad to be back to "his own country."

AN OPTIMIST.

Ah! Gooda-morn', Signor! Ees fina day.
Eh? 'Scusa me, but wa't ees dat you say?
You see, ees many words een 'Merican
I am too old an' dumb for ondrastan'.
O! yes, I know eet rains, but w'at ees dees
New name you call? Eh? W'at ees "Opticmees'"?
O! dat'sa mean I am "so always glad?"
Ah! wal, Signor, eet ees no use be sad.
Da days weell come, an' eef dey rain or snow
Ees mak' no deefferance; dey soon weell go.
An' I am glad, Signor, you aska why?
I lika mooch for tal you, but, you see,
I am afraid dat you weell laugh at me.

You mak' so mocha fun weeth me bayfore
I am afraid you do eet now, Signor.
Eh? No? Wal, den, my frand, I tal you why
I am so glad for se da days go by,
You see, dere eesa sweeta, pritta girl
Dat I am lova more dan all da worl',
An' she ees gatta love for me so great
She tal me she be true an' she weell wait—
O! please, Signor, an' don'ta smila so;
You promeese me you weell no laugh, you know.
Ah! yes, you theenk baycause I am so old
My heart eet should be dead, my blooda cold,
An' so I should no speak, baycause I see
You no can help, Signor, from laugh at me.

No? 'Scusa me, I theenk you laugh. Ah! wal,
My story ees no verra mooch to tal.
Dees pritta girl I speaks 'bout to you,
She tal me she ees lova me so true
Ees notheeng evra gona stop her be
Forevra an' forevra jus' for me.
So, dat ees all, Signor, an' dat ees why
I am so glad for see da days go by,
Baycause da time ees soona comin' w'en
I gona hold dees sweeta girl agen.
Eh? No, Signor, she's no een Betaly.
O! No, you no can guess who eesa she;
Eet ees no posseeble for you to know,
Baycause she die so many year ago.
I s'pose ees forty year, an' mebbe more,
Since time w'en she ees gon' away, Signor;
Dat's why you nevva hear of eet bayfore.
Ah! thanks, Signor, for speaka so. You see,
I was afraid dat you would laugh at me.
—T. A. Daly, in the Catholic Standard and Times.

LIFE AND DEATH.

So he died for his faith. That is fine—
More than most of us do.
But, say, can you add to that line
That he lived for it, too?
In his death he bore witness at last
As a martyr to truth.
Did his life do the same in the past
From the days of his youth?
It is easy to die! Men have died
For a wish or a whim—
From bravado or passion or pride,
Was it harder for him?
But to live—every day to live out
All the truth that he dreamt,
While his friends met his conduct with doubt
And the world with contempt.
Was it thus that he plodded ahead,
Never turning aside?
Then we'll talk of the life that he lived,
Never mind how he died.
—Ernest Crosby in the Standard.

AT THE FOUNTAIN.

(Louisville Courier-Journal.)
Hear the gurgle of the fizz—
Sparkling fizz!
Singing songs of soda, biz—
Good cash biz,
As it spurts, spurts, spurts,
What a lively stream it squirts—
Stuff that cheers, but never hurts,
Hear it sizz.
Note the draft tube's merry gush—
Aqueous gush!
All around there is a push
And a crush.
Never were such throngs, I wis;
Stately dame crowds pretty miss.
Certainly such wine as this
Needs no bush.

Capital Perfecto, best 2 for 25c.

Revived Stories of Russell Sage.

(Indianapolis Star.)

Wall street teems with anecdotes of Russell Sage. His thriftiness became a byword all over the country. That Mr. Sage was thrifty there can be no gainsaying. Wall street has an old joke about Mr. Sage to the effect that hanging framed in his office was the first dollar bill he ever made, which he cherished so much that he would not part with it except on the best collateral.

It used to be an event in the financial district when word was passed along that Mr. Sage had bought a new piece of clothing. Some were unkind enough to say that no such report could be true, as he had never been known to buy anything new. At any rate, his personal appearance indicated that he believed in the adage that only a rich man can afford to look shabby.

* * *

Daily for years Mr. Sage used to go from his Wall street office to the Western Union building at 195 Broadway, to partake of the free lunch that was served to the company by its directors. Once a newspaper man followed him there to try to obtain an interview on an important financial matter. Mr. Sage showed that he did not want to talk about it.

He boarded a Broadway car down town, and the persistent reporter, still hopeful of a talk, followed. The conductor came around and asked for fares. Mr. Sage never budged. The conductor was getting impatient, and it was evident that some one would have to pay. The reporter had fished up a nickel for himself, but he dived into his pocket again, so no one was put off the car. Mr. Sage, brightening up perceptibly, said, "Thank you," but did not offer to reimburse for the fare. The reporter got his reward, however, in the sought-for interview.

Once again this newspaper man encountered Mr. Sage at the corner of Broadway and Cortland street on his way to the elevated railroad station, homeward bound. A newsboy had proffered his evening papers, and Mr. Sage had taken one. He offered a dime. The boy could not change it, and was trying to secure cents for it from near-by banana and peanut peddlers. Mr. Sage was keeping a watchful eye upon him all the time. Said the reporter to the aged financial magnate, "I'll treat you."

"Thank you, thank you," said Mr. Sage, and calling loudly "Boy! Boy!" he summoned back his dime, and, as smiles overspread his face, the reporter handed over a cent for the paper. It used to be a standing joke of this newspaper man that he had "invested 6 cents in Russell Sage."

* * *

Contrary to general Wall street opinion, Mr. Sage was quite sensitive about newspaper stories reflecting on his thrifty habits. The newspaper man who had invested 6 cents in him had a sample of this one day when he was accused by Mr. Sage of having written a story which had appeared in one of the morning papers purporting to tell of a cock fight in Mr. Sage's office. As a matter of fact, some chickens, crated, had come to the office the day before, addressed to a clerk of Mr. Sage's who lived in the country, and the story told how they had escaped and how two roosters had fought over heaps of bonds worth millions of dollars.

It also told how Mr. Sage had reached the office after the fight and had wanted to know all the particulars and which bird had won, and how he had searched about his office and found a fresh-laid egg in his waste paper basket, which he had carefully wrapped up for his breakfast next morning. The newspaper man tried to convince Mr. Sage that he could not have written the story, as it had appeared in a paper that did not employ him; but Mr. Sage would have none of it.

He said he had been told that the newspaper man had been in the office the day before, and that he did not know of any other reporter who had been there. So suspicious and exasperated was he that he gave instructions that his heretofore newspaper friend should not be admitted to his office again.

This was a nuisance to the latter, as Mr. Sage was at that time still an active power in Wall street. The reporter was kept out of the office for two years, until one day Mr. Sage had told him the way the story had reached the paper that had printed it. Another reporter had happened to visit the office for a few minutes and had noticed the chickens.

* * *

Before the bomb explosion that very nearly cost Mr. Sage his life, it was comparatively easy for strangers to reach him and converse with him. After that event, in which the crank bomb-thrower, Norcross, was blown to pieces, bars and gratings were put up in the Sage office, and no one who could not fully explain his business had any chance of getting in. Wall street got to calling the office "Sage's bomb-proof."

* * *

That Mrs. Sage was not in her husband's confidence as to money matters is further illustrated by several stories that are related by persons who know the family affairs. Sage gave $5,000 to the San Francisco sufferers' fund, and Wall street stared and gasped. It was a vast fortune for Sage to give away without a possible chance of a return. That night Henry Clews, who lives next door to the Sages, at 634 Fifth avenue, thought he ought to tell Mrs. Sage what her husband had done for charity.

Clews stepped into the Sage house and gleefully reported to Mrs. Sage the news. "He only gave $5,000?" said Mrs. Sage in surprise. "He ought to have given $100,000," she added, in a regretful way. It was explained to her by Clews that Wall street thought it was a lot of money for her husband to give away and that the financial men all rejoiced that he had shown tendencies toward charity.

* * *

One of Sage's idiosyncracies in regard to the expenditure of money was to borrow newspapers when he could. It is related of him that he would stand on a street corner searching through his pockets in the hope of finding a cent, so that he would not have to break a nickel. This occurred only when he had to get the paper quick and saw no way of getting his information from somebody's else paper. He would twist the nickel about in his fingers and part with it regretfully, if he could not turn out a penny from his pockets, and, grabbing change and paper, would look as grim as though about to foreclose a mortgage. Another of his habits in this respect was to leave his house every night and walk—he hated to pay car fare as much as anything else—to the Grand Union hotel, where he would gather up the evening papers on the tables and chairs and use the hotel reading room until he had read them all.

MORE STORIES OF SAGE.

There is hardly a man in New York who was better acquainted with Russell Sage and is more replete with interesting anecdotes of the earlier days of the multimillionaire's career than Giovanni P. Morosini, the banker, once the business associate of Jay Gould, says the New York American.

Seated Monday on the big veranda of his magnificent country place in Riverdale-on-the-Hudson, Morosini, who bears a deep scar won in his fights under Garibaldi, recalled the days when Sage, then a business partner of Gould, occupied offices adjoining his in No. 71 Broadway.

"The death of Mr. Sage brings to my mind the escape he had from death in 1893. It is recalled the more vividly," said Mr. Morosini, "because at the time of the bomb explosion I nearly lost my own life. Look, here on my hand is the scar that a piece of glass made as it struck me when the explosion occurred.

"I was sitting in my office with only a partition wall between me and the room in which Norcross threw the bomb. Piled on my desk were thousands of dollars in bills. Suddenly I heard a great noise, and the wall caved in and fell in every direction. I ducked my head, and my roller top desk saved my life. I rushed to the window, thinking the building was giving away.

"A tremendous crowd had gathered in the street, and as I stepped out upon the window coping and looked down, I saw them carrying Russell Sage into the drug store. Someone in the crowd recognized me and shouted, 'Speech, Morosini! speech!' Imagine such a remark at such a time; but it seemed to prevent a panic.

"Finding the building was safe, I hurried back, gathered up the money and pushed my way into the room where the dead anarchist had lain, on every side of which was the wreck of the explosion.

"I do not believe that Russell Sage ever felt his life to be free from danger from that day.

"Mr. Sage was counted by Wall street solely because of his money. He could always be relied on for ready cash. His stinginess has not been exaggerated. His free lunch habit was proverbial. He was fond of eating, but he took 20-cent luncheons because he did not want to spend more. He ate heartily enough of the luncheons which Gould provided.

"It was through his love of cucumber salad that I once was able to make him sign his name to some papers at a time when nothing else upon earth would have gotten him away from his desk.

"Gould had a man from Kansas with whom he had been trying for days to close a big deal. The day arrived and the man came, but the hitch was with Sage. He persistently refused to leave his desk to sign the papers. Gould saw the deal was about to fail through and he appealed to me to get Sage into the office.

"'Tell him I'm too busy,' was all Sage would say. Gould then winked and said, 'Get him in here, Morosini.' That wink meant diplomacy. I thought hard for a moment and an inspiration struck me.

"'Why on earth don't you come in?' I said to Sage, 'the luncheon is in there waiting piping hot and the cucumber salad—why, the very smell of it makes my mouth water.'

"That did the business. Down went the papers and in Mr. Sage rushed. 'Where is the luncheon, Gould?' he asked precipitately. 'Just a minute, Mr. Sage; this is Mr. Blank of Kansas and we want to get that little deal closed. Just sign your name.'

"Sage, impatient at the delay over the salad, hastily took the pen and signed. Then he walked into the inner office for the luncheon. He came out perturbed, according to Mr. Gould, and I quickly got out of the way.

"Gould had quite a time pacifying Sage, I afterward learned, but the deed was done, the papers signed. Gould afterward laughed heartily at the joke.

"During the Columbian Centennial celebration here in 1892 I bought five tickets for the banquet at the Lyceum. The tickets cost $20 apiece. I had an extra one and gave it to Mr. Sage. 'What a lot of money to pay for one meal,' he said. 'I never in all my life have been to anything like that, but I'm going.' Well, he went and drank heartily of every wine that was served. Toward the end of the evening he got what the boys call a 'joyous and spectacular jag,' and he sang to the top of his voice and was altogether happy and hilarious. That was the only time I ever heard of him attending anything like that. He told me the next day that his head felt about ten times too big for his hat."

"During the Memphis yellow fever epidemic," said Mr. Morosini, "Mr. Gould had subscribed $10,000, and nearly everyone else in the district contributed generously. Sage, as usual, did not give a sou. Some wag started the report that Mr. Sage was going to sing 'The Star Spangled Banner' on the steps of the stock exchange at 3 o'clock that day for the benefit of the fund. It got into the afternoon papers and a huge crowd filled the street.

"Sage did not see the papers, and at 3 o'clock—the hour he left the office—he started down the street, and was amazed at the mob.

"'What is all this about?' he asked.

"'Why, aren't you going to render "The Star Spangled Banner" on the stock exchange steps?' was asked.

"'Well, Sage was piping hot, but the next day he, too, saw the humor in the joke, and I believe afterward was wont to tell it on himself."

OLD TIMES, OLD FRIENDS, OLD LOVE.

There are no days like the good old days,
The days when we were youthful!
When humankind were pure of mind,
And speech and deeds were truthful;
Before a love for sordid gold
Became man's ruling passion,
And before each dame and maid became
Slave to the tyrant Fashion!

There are no girls like the good old girls—
Against the world I'd stake 'em!
As buxom and smart, and clean of heart
As the Lord knew how to make 'em!
They were rich in spirit and common sense,
And piety all supportin';
They could bake and brew, and had taught school, too,
And they made such likely courtin'.

There are no boys like the good old boys—
When we were boys together!
When the grass was sweet to the brown bare feet
That dimpled the laughing heather;
When the pewee sang to the summer dawn
Of the bee in the billowy clover,
Or down by the mill the whip-poor-will
Echoed his night song over.

There is no love like the good old love—
The love that mother gave us!
We are old, old men, yet we pine again
For that precious grace—God save us.
So we dream and dream of the good old times,
And our hearts grow tenderer, fonder,
As those dear old dreams bring soothing gleams
Of heaven away off yonder.
—Eugene Field.

GIRLS ARE SO QUEER.

(Chicago News.)

"When are you going to be married, Hilda?"

"Me? Why, what an absurd question! Haven't I always told you I hate the very sight of men?"

"Yes, but I thought you were joking and—"

"It is no joking matter. I am a bachelor girl, and I am proud of it. I would not be wedded to the best man on earth."

"How interesting! Do you remember that handsome Jack Dashing? Well, he told me he admired you more than any girl under the sun, and he would like to make you his wife."

"And—and what did you say?"

"Why, I told him you were a bachelor girl, hated men and he might as well leave town."

"What? How dare you interfere with my love affairs! Why couldn't you tell him to call around? I shall never speak to you again as long as I live."

Pierpont School of Oratory and Physical Culture; fifth year. Miss Burkella Pierce, principal, 37 E. No. Temple.

QUEST FOR $500,000,000

Millions Guarded by the "Gilded Man" in a Lake.

(London Express.)

In a small city office situated in London-wall news is anxiously awaited from a man who is sitting on the edge of a mountain lake in Colombia, Central America, waiting for rain.

Heavy rain may mean to him, and for those in the city in London-wall, the recovery of treasure worth, so experts say, of at least £100,000,000. The hero of the vigil is H. Knowles, managing director in Bogota of Contractors, limited. The story of the company is one of the most amazing romances of treasure seeking in history.

The Lake of Guatavita, in Colombia, lies in the basin formed by the cone of an extinct volcano. It stands 9,000 to 10,000 feet above the sea level, and is but a few miles from the thriving little coal city of Bogota. Many centuries ago it was the Sacred Lake of Chibchas, a race which at the time of the Spanish conquest numbered over 1,000,000 individuals.

The Chibchas worshiped the "Gilded Man," and devoutly believed that their deity made his home at the bottom of the Lake of Guatavita. Periodically they are declared to have made pilgrimages to his lake, when they cast every imaginable kind of treasure, gold, silver and jewels, into the waters with the object of propitiating the "Gilded Man," who, through his army of priests, threatened all kinds of pains and penalties unless the treasure were offered in sufficient quantities.

The story of the Chibchas has many times been investigated by travelers, and all agree in believing that the lake contains untold treasure. Humboldt, the famous traveler and historian, was one of those who estimated its value at £100,000,000.

An Early Failure.

Quesada, the Spanish conqueror of the Chibchas, was told the story of the treasure, and succeeded in reducing the water of the lake, then 214 feet deep, to fifteen feet. Then the sides fell in, and all his labor was wasted. Further attempts were abandoned, and the lake regained to a very large extent its former depth.

Where the great Spanish adminstrator failed, however, Contractors, Limited, a prosaic British syndicate, formed just over six years ago, has determined to succeed.

The syndicate was formed for the purpose of exploiting a concession obtained from the Colombian government to drain the lake and recover for their own uses the treasure believed to be hidden by its waters. Among its directors are R. J Price, M. P. for the eastern division of Norfolk, chairman, and C. J. de Murietta. Its capital was originally £30,000, and was increased to £35,000 in 1903.

After six years of hard work, however, some of those connected with the company are beginning to believe that the "Gilded Man" is still at the bottom of the lake guarding his treasure. Encouraging finds of isolated gold and silver gods and jeweled goddesses have from time to time supported the tradition of the treasure, but so far the dreams of untold wealth have not materialized.

First the lake was drained. It was not an easy task, for it is some nine miles in length, and unforeseen difficulties were continually confronting the workers. The most harassing of these was the constant rain, which, winter and summer, hardly ever ceased.

At last, however, toward the end of 1905, the welcome news reached London that Mr. Knowles and his staff of engineers and workmen had succeeded in cutting through the basin of the lake, and the water had been drained off successfully. There was great jubilation, and preparations were made for the large consignments of gold, silver and jewels which might be expected to arrive by the next boats.

Unfortunately, however, the water is not the only barrier on which the "Gilded Man" has to rely for the safe keeping of his treasure. The jubilation in London-wall was summarily ended by a cablegram stating that twenty-five feet of solid mud, or some 30,000,000 cubic feet in all, still lay between the treasure-seekers and their quest.

But what is 30,000,000 cubic feet of mud when £100,000,000 is at stake? A new engineering feat was decided on—the construction of a great dam across the hole made in the side of the basin, terminating in a shaft through which the mud should be washed and carefully precipitated, so as to secure the gold and silver treasures as they were disturbed from their hiding place of centuries.

The dam was constructed, and with it the cleansing shaft, but while the work was in progress a strange thing had happened. The "Gilded Man" was evidently at work again.

For over three years the engineers had worked in the rain, in such a downpour, indeed, as was unprecedented in Central America. As the water ran from the lake, however, the rain had stopped, and a drought equally without a parellel in the history of the country set in. For more than two and a half years not a drop of rain has fallen at the scene of the operations, and when the engineers had completed the construction of the dam it was only to find that the sun had baked the 30,000,000 cubic feet of mud into the consistency of hard rock

Hidden Wealth.

Then, metaphorically speaking, the engineers sat down and wept. The rock-like substance still lies as an impenetrable bomb-proof lid over the golden gods and the silver dishes and ornaments, to say nothing of the jeweled goddesses and their glittering handmaidens.

The few natives in the region, remnants of the great race of Chibchas, occasionally visit the scene and smile cheerfully at the downcast Englishmen. "It is all the work of the 'Gilded Man,' who is watching over his treasure mountain," they say, and they plainly hint that when the rain comes—if ever it does come—to soften the mud, some other obstacle will defeat the desire of the treasure seekers.

Letter after letter from Mr. Knowles to the little office in the city dejectedly refers to the determined opposition nature has placed in his way.

"I regret to say rain absolutely refuses to fall here," he writes in one of his letters. "This is all the more heart-rending as it falls all around. I have been here hoping against hope, hearing the thunder and seeing the storm pass us by, which is an awful trial, as you can imagine."

"We really ought to get all the water we want in May," he wrote again, "but nobody can guarantee this."

So far his pessimism has been justified. The "Gilded Man" is taking care of his own.

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