REPUBLIC, SATURDAY EVENING, NOVEMBER 19 1887.

ALLAN QUATERMAIN.

By H. RIDER HAGGARD.

AUTHOR OF "KING SOLOMON'S MINES," "SHE," "JESS," "THE WITCH'S HEAD," ETC.

CHAPTER XXIV.

BY ANOTHER HAND.

A year has elapsed since our most dear friend Allan Quatermain wrote the words "I have spoken" at the end of his record of our adventures. Nor should I have ventured to make any additions to that record had it not happened that by a most strange accident a chance has arisen of its being conveyed to England. The chance is but a faint one, it is true, but as it is not probable that another will arise in our lifetimes, Good and myself think that we may as well avail ourselves of it, such as it is. During the last six months several frontier commissions have been at work on the various boundaries of Zu-Vendis, with a view of discovering whether there exists any possible means of ingress or egress from the country, with the result that a channel of communication with the outer world hitherto overlooked has been discovered. This channel, apparently the only one (for I have discovered that it was by it that the native who ultimately reached Mr. Mackenzie's mission station, and whose arrival in the country, together with the fact of his expulsion, for he did arrive about three years before ourselves, was for reasons of their own kept a dead secret by the priests to whom he was brought), is about to be effectually closed. But before this is done a messenger is to be dispatched bearing with him this manuscript, and also one or two letters from Good to his friends, and from myself to my brother George, whom it deeply grieves me to think I shall never see again, informing them, as our next heirs, that they are welcome to our effects in England, if the court of probate will allow them to take them, inasmuch as we have made up our minds never to return to Europe. Indeed it would be impossible for us to leave Zu-Vendis even if we wished to do so.

The messenger who is to go, and I wish him joy of his journey, is Alphonse. For a long while he has been wearied to death of Zu-Vendis and its inhabitants. Oh, oui, c'est beau," he says, with an expressive shrug; "mais je m'ennuie; ce n'est pa chic." Poor Alphonse! we shall be very sorry to part with him; but I sincerely trust, for his own sake and also for the sake of this history, which is, I think, worth giving to the world, that he may arrive in safety. If he does, and can carry the treasure we have provided him with in the shape of bars of solid gold, he will be, comparatively speaking, a rich man for life, and well able to marry his Annette, if she is still in the land of the living and willing to marry her Alphonse.

Anyhow, on the chance, I may as well add a word or two to dear old Quartermain's narrative.

He died at dawn on the day following that on which he wrote the last words on the last chapter. Nyleptha, Good and myself were present, and a most touching and yet in its way beautiful scene it was. An hour before the daybreak it became apparent to us that he was sinking, and our distress was very keen. Indeed, Good melted into tears at the idea—a fact that called forth the last gentle flicker of humor from our dying friend, for even at that hour he could be humorous. Good's emotion had, by loosening the muscles, naturally caused his eye glass to fall from its accustomed place, and Quatermain, who always observed everything, observed this also.

"At last," he gasped, with an attempt at a smile, "I have seen Good without his eyeglass."

After that he said no more till the day broke, when he asked to be lifted up to watch the rising of the sun for the last time.

"In a very few minutes," he said, after gazing earnestly at it, "I shall pass through those golden gates."

Ten minutes afterward he raised himself and looked us fixedly in the face.

"I am going a stranger journey than any we have taken together. Think of me sometimes," he murmured. "God bless you all. I shall wait for you together," and with a sigh he fell back dead.

And so passed away a character that I consider went as near perfection as any it has ever been my lot to encounter.

Tender, constant, humorous, and possessing many of the qualities that go to make a poet, he was yet almost unrivaled as a man of action and a citizen of the world. I never knew any one so competent to form an accurate judgment of men and their motives. "I have studied human nature all my life," he would say, "and I ought to know something about it," and he certainly did. He had but two faults—one was his excessive modesty, and the other a slight tendency which he had to be jealous of anybody on whom he concentrated his affections.

Good read the burial service over him in the presence of Nyleptha and myself, and then his remains were, in deference to the popular clamor, accorded a great public funeral, or rather cremation. I could not help thinking, however, as I marched in that long and splendid procession up to the temple, how he would have hated the whole thing could he have been there to see it, for he had a horror of ostentation.

And so, a few minutes before sunset, on the third night after his death, they laid him on the brazen flooring before the altar, and waited for the last ray of the setting sun to fall upon his face. Presently it came, and struck him like a golden arrow, crowning the pale brows with glory, and then the trumpets blew, and the flooring revolved, and all that remained of our beloved friend fell into the furnace below.

We shall never see his like again if we live a hundred years. He was the ablest man, the truest gentleman, the firmest friend, the finest sportsman, and, I believe, the best shot in all Africa.

And so ended the very remarkable and adventurous life of Hunter Quatermain.

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Since then things have gone very well with us. Good has been, and still is busily employed in the construction of a navy on Lake Milosis and another of the large lakes, by means of which we hope to be able to increase trade and commerce, and also to overcome some very troublesome and warlike sections of the population who live upon their borders. Poor fellow! he is beginning to get over the sad death of that misguided but most attractive woman Sorais, but it is a sad blow to him, for he was really deeply attached to her. I hope, however, that he will in time make a suitable marriage, and get that unhappy business out of his head. Nyleptha has one or two young ladies in view, especially a daughter of Nasta's (who was a widower), a very fine imperial looking girl, but with too much of her father's intriguing, and yet haughty, spirit to suit my taste.

As for myself, I should scarcely know where to begin if I set to work to describe my doings, so I had best leave them undescribed and content myself with saying that, on the whole, I am getting on very well in my curious position of king consort—better, indeed, than I had any right to expect. But, of course, it is not all plain sailing, and I find the responsibilities very heavy. Still I hope to be able to do some good in my time, and I intend to devote myself to two great ends, namely, to the consolidation of the various clans which together make up the Zu-Vendi people under one strong central government, and to the sapping of the power of the priesthood. The first of these reforms will, if it can be carried out, put an end to the disastrous civil wars that have for centuries devastated this country; and the second, besides removing a source of political danger, will pave the road for the introduction of true religion in the place of this senseless Sun worship. I yet hope to see the shadow of the cross of Christ lying on the golden dome of the Flower temple; or, if I do not, that my successors may.

There is one more thing that I intend to devote myself to, and that is the total exclusion of all foreigners from Zu-Vendis. Not, indeed, that any more are ever likely to come here; but if they do, I warn them fairly that they will be shown the shortest way out of the country. I do not say this from any sense of inhospitality, but because I am convinced of the sacred duty that rests upon me of preserving to this, on the whole, upright and generous hearted people the blessings of comparative barbarism. Where would all my brave army be if some enterprising rascal were to attack us with field guns and Martini-Henrys? I cannot see that gunpowder, telegraphs, steam, daily newspapers, universal suffrage, etc., have made mankind one whit the happier than they used to be, and I am certain that they have brought many evils in their train. I have no fancy for handing over this beautiful country to be torn and fought for by speculators, tourists, politicians and teachers, whose voice is as the voice of Babel, just as those horrible creatures in the valley of the underground river tore and fought for the body of the swan; nor will I endow it with the greed, drunkenness, new diseases, gunpowder and general demoralization which chiefly mark the progress of civilization among unsophisticated peoples. If in due course it pleases Providence to throw Zu-Vendis open to the world, that is another matter; but of myself I will not take the responsibility, and I may add that Good entirely approves of my decision. Farewell.

December 15, 18—. HENRY CURTIS.

P. S.—I quite forgot to say that about nine months ago Nyleptha (who is very well, and, in my eyes at any rate, more beautiful than ever) presented me with a son and heir. He is a regular curly haired, blue eyed young Englishman in looks, and though he is destined, if he lives, to inherit the throne of Zu-Vendis, I hope I may be able to bring him up to become what an English gentleman should be, and generally is—which is to my mind even a prouder and a finer thing than being born heir apparent to the great house of the Stairway, and, indeed, the highest rank that a man can reach upon this earth. H. C.

NOTE BY GEORGE CURTIS, ESQ.

The MS. of this history, addressed to me in the handwriting of my dear brother, Henry Curtis, whom we had given up for dead, and bearing the Aden postmark, reached me in safety on December 20, 18—, or a little more than two years after it left his hands in the far center of Africa, and I hasten to give the astonishing story it contains to the world. Speaking for myself, I have read it with very mixed feelings; for though it is a great relief to know that he and Good are alive and strangely prosperous, I cannot but feel that for me and for all their friends they might as well be dead, since we can never hope to see them more.

They have cut themselves off from old England and from their homes and their relations forever, and perhaps, under the circumstances, they were right and wise to do so.

How the MS. came to be posted I have been quite unable to discover; but I presume, from the fact of its being posted at all, that the little Frenchman, Alphonse, accomplished his hazardous journey in safety. I have, however, advertised for him and caused various inquiries to be made in Marseilles and elsewhere with a view of discovering his whereabouts, but so far without the slightest success. Possibly he is dead and the packet was posted by another hand, or possibly he is now happily wedded to his Annette but still fears the vengeance of the law and prefers to remain incognito. I cannot say. I have not yet abandoned my hopes of finding him, but I am bound to say that they grow fainter day by day, and one great obstacle to my search is that nowhere in the whole history does Mr. Quatermain mention his surname. He is always spoken of as "Alphonse," and there are so many Alphonses! The letters which my brother Henry says he is sending with the packet of manuscript have never arrived, so I presume that they are lost or destroyed.

GEORGE CURTIS.

THE END.

AN OCEAN RACE.

In the spring of '68 or '69, I forget which now, I was mate of the schooner Willington, 279 tons register, in the Bermuda trade. At that time our vessel was comparatively new, having only been in commission about a year, and was considerably ahead of anything else in that trade in the way of speed. We had a first rate captain and a good crew, whose personnel was superior to the majority of coaster crews; also we were better manned for our size than most of those vessels are, and our owners were liberal in everything conducive to the comfort of the men. The Willington had the record of the fastest passage from Bermuda, and we were all proud of our beautiful schooner.

During the winter sundry rumors were afloat of a vessel building in Boston for a rival firm of produce dealers, of about our tonnage, and, as it was supposed, she was to be put on the line at the opening of the season of which I am writing.

On arriving at New York from our first trip of the year, we heard that the Invincible (for so had her owners named her) had arrived from Boston, been put in commission and cleared for Bermuda the day previous. She was apparently a beauty and our captain was very anxious to try conclusions with her, but somehow it seemed a difficult matter to get a trial, and during the busy season all rivalry had to give way to the pressure of business.

However, patient waiting was at length rewarded, and, one day after we had finished unloading and were awaiting orders, the skipper came aboard with his weather beaten face all aglow with excitement. "We've got a chance to show our mettle at last, Joe," he said, as he joined me on the deck. "Smith & Co. (our owners) have heard a good deal of blowing about that new craft and asked my advice about putting up $1,000 or $2,000 on the Willington. I told them that I had not tried her against the Invincible at all yet, but, from what I had seen of the latter, I thought we could win his money for him. Anyway we would try mighty hard. So he has taken a bet of Brown's (the Invincible's owner) of $2,500 for a race from our pier, around Bermuda and back, the start to take place a week today."

This was short notice to prepare for a race with a vessel just off the stocks and clean below the water as a new pin. Nevertheless, we set to work with a will, and that very evening had her hauled up and a gang of men cleaning her bottom, the crew, under my directions, seeing to her rigging and spars.

Monday was the day fixed for the start, and on Saturday at noon we tied up at Smith's pier ready and anxious for Monday to come.

A good twenty-four hours' rest after the exertions of the week prepared the crew for anything, and on the call for "all hands" in the morning as fine and sailor like looking lot of men trod the deck as ever manned a coaster of our tonnage.

The start was to be by a powder flash from opposite our pier in the North river at 10 o'clock a. m., so as to get the ebb tide through the Narrows. By 9:30 both vessels were maneuvering about the line for a start, standing back and forth across the river under all their canvas, the breeze being of fair strength from the south. The Invincible was a beautiful craft to look at, and I had my doubts as to our victory (for win we must, being an easy one as I watched the way she plowed through the smooth waters, although not being sailed full half the time.

Our skipper stood near the helm, watch in hand, the rest of the crew being at their posts, ready for the beat down the upper bay and through the Narrows.

At precisely thirty seconds before 10 our captain again measured with his eye our distance above the line, replaced his watch in his pocket and gave orders for the start: "Stand by to haul your wind—luff you may, now—flatten all sheets fore and aft," and, as the helm was put down and sheets hauled in, the good schooner Willington came up to the wind in beautiful style and lay over at an angle that showed she meant business as she headed for the line on the starboard tack. "Keep her full, now," roared the skipper, "another pull on that fore sheet—so, that will do," and as a cloud of smoke rose from the end of the pier showing that time was up, we dashed over one line ahead of our rival, who crossed on the port tack several seconds later. Down the upper bay we sped, keeping almost tack and tack, through the Narrows, past Forts Hamilton and Lafayette and out into the waters of the lower bay. Then a breeze from the east brought the wind abeam, sheets were started, and, with the Invincible a couple of cable's lengths astern and to windward, we reached down for Sandy Hook. The buoys inside the Hook were rounded soon after 1 o'clock p. m., and we settled down for a beat out to the lightship. That was rounded in due order, and with a fresh breeze blowing east by north the two schooners were headed, close hauled on the port tack, on a southeast course for Bermuda, and the race had fairly begun. Our position was now about three-quarters of a mile to leeward of the other craft, which gain she had made in the beat out to the lightship, we having almost lost the wind when under the Hook. There was a choppy sea on, the increasing wind crossing the long Atlantic swell and kicking up considerable of a pother, and once clear of land, and at the mercy of the "rolling forties," the schooner began to get pretty lively. The sky had become overcast, the clouds seemed to be getting lower, and the wind increased as it gradually headed us off, and it began to assume the appearance of what would now be called "cutter weather."

I was watching the other vessel through a glass when I saw her luff and come up in the wind. "She's taking in her topsl's," I shouted, and when she fell off and again headed on her course it was under mains'l, and forse'l and the jib only, and even then seemed to have all the sail she wanted.

And, indeed, it was high time we were doing something, too, for our skipper was driving his vessel beyond what I thought advisable, and I expected something to go every moment. She lay over at a fearful angle, the water to leeward hissing and bubbling along her rail, while clouds of spray broke continually over the forecastle, varied occasionally by a huge wave flooding her deck fore and aft. The crew, with the exception of a couple of hands at the wheel, were crouching under the weather bulwarks, every one of them wet to the skin, when at length the expected order came: "Stand by to take in your gaff topsl's and outer jibs, helm-a-lee, get them stowed smartly, now," and hardly were sheets slacked off and halliards manned, ere at a sign from the captain, the helm was put up and we were again tearing through the surges while the light canvas was being stowed. This eased her considerably for a time, but by sundown it was blowing half a gale while we plowed the whitecaps in grand style under a couple of reefs in main and fores'ls, our goal bearing about three points to windward of the best course we could lie. Before night closed in I took another squint at the other vessel and had the satisfaction of seeing that we had weathered on her some and were also gradually drawing ahead. The view around us was superbly grand, but things were rather too lively for any one not a seaman to enjoy it. The wind was blowing half a gale—good measure—the whole surface of the seething waters had that opaque, gray tint which the froth and bubbles of a heavy blow always give. Monstrous seas rose and fell and rose again, their tops torn to shreds as they broke into foam and spray under the fury of the gale, while the schooner, under her shortened canvas, was pitching in a way to make a landsman's hair stand on end as one moment her sharp stem split a huge wave in twain, her forefoot the next moment suspended clear of the water over the succeeding trough of the sea as her stern sank deep in the embrace of the divided wave.

As darkness came over the scene our last sight of the Invincible showed that we were at least holding our own, and, it being my watch below, I turned in, after changing my wringing wet clothes, to make the most of what bid fair to be only a short rest.

I was awakened by the hoarse shout of "all hands on deck," and tumbled up in a hurry to find the wind abating and the crew busy shaking out the reefs in the fore and mains'ls. It being nearly my time to take charge the skipper went below, while I walked the deck in command, occasionally stopping to glance at the compass to see how we kept our course. About midnight we got the gaff and jib topsl's on her and before the captain again appeared we had the flying jib set as well.

By daylight it was only blowing a gentle breeze, but the swell was still heavy, and as the schooner had all sail set, including a maintop mast stays'l, all that could be done was to watch and wait. It is needless to tell that, as daylight broke over the still heaving surface of the ocean, every eye aboard the vessel was eagerly searching the expanse of water for a sight of our competitor, but, from the deck, there was not a sail in sight. A hand sent aloft to the fore cross trees hailed the deck with the news of a bark off the port beam, heading to the northwest, but that was all. Speculation was rife as to the whereabouts of the other craft, the generally accepted theory of her absence from view being that she must have laid to to weather out the gale and that we had consequently run her out of sight. This idea imparted a pleasurable feeling to every one on board, as each one of us had the promise of a liberal share of the winnings in case of crossing the line first—this being an offer of our owners as an inducement to the crew—besides the natural desire to win against a crack new boat.

The remainder of our run to and around Bermuda was uneventful, light winds prevailing all the way, and our course was laid for New York with the expectation of meeting the other craft on her outward journey. But no Invincible did we see, and on the early morning of the ninth day out Sandy Hook light was sighted. By noon we were running up the lower bay under a light, baffling breeze, shifting from east to east southeast and anxiously scanning every schooner in sight, but nothing was seen of the beautiful craft for which we looked. We reported at the finish and found that we had won our money, as the other vessel was not yet in, and right well were we satisfied with the race.

When did the Invincible arrive? some one asks. She was never heard of again. Whether she struck a floating wreck, or whether thrown on her beam ends and foundered, or sprung a leak under the pressure of the gale of the first day and night, has not, nor never will be known. Her fate is one of those mysteries in which the life of a mariner abounds, and, until the sea gives up its dead, naught will never be known of the crew who manned the good schooner Invincible in her ill fated race with the now old and weather beaten coaster Willington.—Carl Torp in Detroit Free Press.

The Politician and the Fisherman.

The politician's up and doing,
And working with a will;
The fisherman, his sport pursuing,
Is lying still. —Boston Courier.

The Experience of Mrs. Peters.

Mrs. Peters had ills,
Mrs. Peters had chills.
Mrs. Peters was sure she was going to die;
They dosed her with pills,
With powders and squills,
With remedies wet and remedies dry.
Many medicines lured her,
But none of them cured her,
Their names and their number nobody could tell;
And she soon might have died.
But some "Pellets" were tried,
That acted like magic, and then she got well.

The magic "Pellets" were Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Purgative Pellets (the original Little Liver Pills). They cured Mrs. Peters and now she wouldn't be without them.

Michigan has an overplus of 1,000,000 barrels of salt.

Old and reliable Medicines are the best to depend upon. Acker's Blood Elixir has been prescribed for years for all impurities of the Blood. In every form of Scrofulous, Syphilitic or Mercurial diseases, it is invaluable. For Rheumatism, has no equal. Frank H. Coblentz, corner Market and High streets.

The ear-ring for street wear has gone.

To ladies: For pains in and around the small of the back apply a *Hop Plaster*. Sure cure.

THREE WESTERN MEN.

GOVERNOR OGLESBY, JULIUS S. GRINNELL AND NATHANIEL S. JONES.

The First Two Have Lately Been Especially Prominent Because of the Anarchist Case—The Last Named Has Become a Rich Man.

[Special Correspondence.]

CHICAGO, Nov. 15.—There are some men in the west I want to tell you about. One of them is a person very well known in Illinois, where the familiar patronymic of "uncle" is quite universally applied to him, and whose fame has in a measure spread throughout the country—Governor Oglesby. On him as court of last resort for the anarchists the eyes of the world were for some days turned to see what the sole arbiter of seven lives would do in one of the most perplexing cases ever known in this country. Governor Oglesby—"Uncle Dick" everybody calls him out this way—has a kindly face, an eye which twinkles with good humor, a tongue which delights to say pleasant and knows how to utter felicitous things. One's first impression of the governor is that he could not say a harsh or cruel thing, even to his enemy, to save his own neck; yet those who know him better know that on occasion he can be as stern and unbending as he pleases, with all due grace and naturalness. He likes to tell stories and nothing pleases him better than to sit up till midnight in the office of the Republican headquarters in Chicago—the Grand Pacific hotel—exchanging views and swapping yarns with a number of his friends. He can play the violin, too, with a good deal of dash and spirit, and it was in this hotel some years years ago that I saw "Uncle Dick" one evening take from the hands of a colored musician a black violin and upon it play, to the liveliest possible time, an old country "break down" tune. The politicians and traveling men who were present formed impromptu cotillons, and there was plenty of fun.

It was in Kentucky that Oglesby learned to play "the fiddle," as he has always called it and as he calls it to this day. He there learned several other things, some of them of a great deal more importance. Among them was to hate slavery. He was a slave himself—to poverty and toil. To say that the parents of a great American were poor and honest is to tell a fact that was easily guessed; but Oglesby's parents were very, very poor, and moreover, when the cholera swept through the Ohio valley in 1833, peculiarly fatal throughout that whole region, the father and mother died within three days, leaving half a dozen orphans without much in the way of property to start them off in life. Richard was 8 years old then, and when the executor auctioned off the estate of his father, consisting principally of an old colored man called "Uncle Tim," who had been kept more as a member of the family than as a slave, the boy shed many and hot tears, and in his brave juvenile way declared that "Uncle Tim" should one day have his freedom. He kept his promise, too, some dozen years later, and the old negro died free. An uncle took the boy Richard and did the best he could by him, but that was not much, and young Oglesby received but a scant common school education.

Oglesby springs from that stock which gave so much good blood to several of the western states, particularly to southern Illinois. There were then in Kentucky two classes—the rich planters and the poor whites—and wide was the gulf between them. The poor men continued for a while the unequal struggle against wealth backed up with slavery, and then looked about them for a new field. Illinois presented many allurements, and hither great numbers came. Thus Kentucky gave to Illinois some of her best blood and most illustrious names. Thus came Lincoln, Yates and Oglesby. In 1836 young Richard's uncle settled at Decatur, and the boy was sent to learn the carpenter's trade. At 20 he began the study of law. When the Mexican war broke out he went to the front in the regiment commanded by Col. Baker, who was afterward killed at Ball's Bluff. The gold fever of '49 sent him to the valley of the Sacramento, where he toiled for two years in search of riches, which came not. Returning to Illinois he began the practice of law and entered politics. The very beginning of the rebellion found him in the saddle as a colonel, and before receiving a grievous wound at Corinth, at the time thought to be mortal, he had enjoyed the pleasure of riding into Fort Donelson at the head of the brigade which had borne the honorable brunt of the battle. Before resigning from the army he was made a major general.

Elected governor in 1864, he has since been United States senator, and has three times been re-elected to the place he now occupies, and upon which the fates this year threw so great and peculiar a responsibility. Governor Oglesby is a conscientious man, and yet one who strives to be with the majority. His disposition is a composite of softness and asperity, pliability and stubbornness. He is a keen lawyer, a wit, an orator in a blunt and effective fashion, and as great a lover of good cigars as ever Gen. Grant was.

Another man to whom the anarchist case brought a good deal of reputation is now about to ascend the bench in this city. Judge Julius S. Grinnell, as state's attorney in Chicago during the last three years, has had the luck of unexampled opportunities and the genius to improve every one of them. Like fully one-half of the successful men of Chicago, he is from New England stock, tracing his lineage, however, to French and Welsh sources, his remote ancestors living at Grinnelle, a village near Paris. But in physique, mental composition, character and traditions he is a typical New Englander—a Vermonter—though himself born in New York state. That was forty-five years ago. He studied law with Hon. William C. Brown, of Ogdensburg, taught school in Ogdensburg academy, came out to Chicago and began the practice of law in 1870, was elected city attorney as a Democrat, twice re-elected, and in 1884 was elected state's attorney to succeed Charley Reed, who defended Guiteau. The last three years have been busy ones for him. He sent to the penitentiary "Dutchy" O'Keefe, a notorious local ballot box stuffer. Then came the Joe Mackin case, quickly followed by three Italian murderers, whose fate was death. These were no sooner dispatched than the bomb exploded in Haymarket, and Grinnell found himself the center of the anarchist prosecution. How he performed that difficult task is well known. Surely these four cases of surpassing public interest were enough luck for one term as public prosecutor, but still another great opportunity came Grinnell's way. The county thieves—the "boodlers"—were to be made to feel the halter of the law, and Grinnell was the man to do it. In this same Cook county jail, on which the gaze of civilization has so recently been turned, are confined a half dozen former county commissioners and other public officials, convicted of conspiracy to rob the people. Another is in Joliet prison, and still another an exile in Canada. No wonder there was great curiosity in the supreme court room at Washington some weeks ago to see and get to know Julius S. Grinnell, of Chicago.

Another Chicago man has come to the front. Wall street gossips say fourth place in the speculative world now belongs to a westerner. The order of power, as given by them, is: Gould, Sage, Cammack, Jones. "Nat" the last named is usually called, though he is down on the letterheads of Jones, Kennett & McCormick, a Chicago board of trade firm, as "Nathaniel S." The career of Jones is another illustration of what a little luck combined with a little shrewdness and a good deal of nerve will do for a man. Only seven years ago this new Wall street magnate was working on a salary for the grain firm of William Young & Co., Chicago. He had, however, the privilege of doing some trading for himself through the house. This privilege he availed himself of so often and with so much shrewdness that when he left the employ of the Youngs, in 1881, he had $[illegible] in clear cash, all made in "scalping" operations. This pretty stake he had made by cautious, steady work, jumping in and out of the market, ever satisfied with a small profit, just so it were a profit.

But now his methods changed. Feeling unlimited confidence in himself, and perhaps overestimating the relative power of his "stake," he at once began speculating on such a huge scale that his friends predicted his downfall and endeavored to "pull him up" while he still had a thousand or two left. But he wouldn't be "pulled up." He "tailed" after the great pork deal of 1882 with such plunges that a great many traders thought Jones the actual leader of the corner, when he was only trying to make an honest dollar by imitating the tactics of the real manipulator. Anyhow, pork went up from $8 to $21, and Jones made a fortune. He anticipated the collapse of the McGeoch lard corner and made a pot of money out of it.

On the shore of Lake Michigan, north of town, is a row of splendid houses. Potter Palmer's castle is one of them, Robert Lincoln's mansion another, Nat Jones' a third. Jones made that house out of one deal in Pullman stock. He and Pullman bought together on joint account when the stock was under par and held on until they realized 140. The profits of the venture were $250,000, and with his share of the pool Jones paid for his new house.

Nat Jones is still a young man and a popular one. He is nervous, active, restless and never but once, so his friends say, went into a deal requiring patience, and that was in the Pullman venture just mentioned. He wants quick results, moves on his impressions rather than his logic, and has long been the leader of a clique of operators in Chicago.

He is not so very rich, perhaps $1,000,000 or $1,500,000 is his rating, but he is a speculative power far beyond the force of his money. A keen speculator himself and willing to plunge large sums, he is at the same time a leader of men who at the word are able to exert a tremendous influence upon the market. Just now Jones is a bear.

Notwithstanding his great and rapid success, Mr. Jones puts on no frills. He is essentially a modest man. Not above taking a stock hint or opinion from a clerk, he was never known to be vain of his success nor of personal appearance. "I have never had a photograph taken," he says, "because I have such an ugly phiz. I wear a veil in the daytime." WALTER WELLMAN.

SOME LAWN TENNIS PLAYERS.

Philip S. Sears, the College Champion. Cummins and McClellan.

[Special Correspondence.]

NEW YORK, Nov. 14.—"The noblest of outdoor sports" is what its patrons call lawn tennis. No game is now so popular. They claim that it is a lady's and gentleman's game; that it has not been, as they say, degraded from the rank of a noble pastime by being handed over to professionals, and that, excess aside, it is extremely healthful. But though not given up to "professionals," lawn tennis has already gone far enough in America to produce several champions, among whom are some ladies of wit and beauty. Mr. Philip S. Sears, of Boston, lately won the championship of the colleges, he playing for Harvard in the intercollegiate games. It is a family trait, as there are five of the Searses now holding championships, R. D. Sears holding that for the United States at singles, and being partner with James Dwight for the national championship at doubles. Philip, who now holds the intercollegiate championship for the United States, is 20 years old, 5 feet 11 inches in height, and weighs 145 pounds.

PHILIP S. SEARS.

In his attempt for the national championship at Newport, he was defeated by W. K. Slocum, son of Gen. Slocum, of the Army of the Potomac. Harvard has won three times in the singles, against twice for Yale and once for Trinity, the Sears brothers scoring the victories, while in the intercollegiate contests of the year the Sears family was represented four times on the winning teams.

M'CLELLAN.

Henry W. Slocum, of Brooklyn, is noted for the very rapid improvement he has made this year. He is 23 years old, and secretary of the National Lawn Tennis association. His playing attracts much attention for grace and activity. He is extremely active, volleys hard and indulges in no fancy strokes or drives; but even in his most intense action there is a pleasing show of youthful grace.

Most of the famous players are eastern people, but two westerners, Cummins and McClellan, made such a record for themselves at a match played at Mountain Station, N. J., on the Orange Lawn Tennis club grounds, as to place themselves in the front rank of players. The games were, in fact, a contest between the west and the east, champions Sears and Dwight for the latter and B. F. Cummins and E. W. McClellan for the west. The western men started in well, but soon showed their lack of fine practice, and after the first two sets the New Englanders had it all their own way. Staten Island ladies hold the championship of their sex, several enthusiastic players residing there. The game is peculiarly suited to ladies fond of outdoor sports, as it is absolutely safe, and unites science, strength and activity in almost equal proportions.

B. F. CUMMINS.

A London newsdealer says the circulation of American magazines in Great Britain exceeds that of all the leading home publications of a like character.

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