

THE MISTRESS of the Mine.

By Robert Barr.

CHAPTER XXV.

When Edith Longworth entered the office of George Wentworth, that young gentleman somewhat surprised her. He sprang from his chair the moment she entered the room, rushed out to the door, and she who answered him; whereupon Wentworth returned to the room, apparently in his right mind. "I beg your pardon, Miss Longworth," he said, laughing; "the fact was, I had just sent my boy with a telegram to you, and now, you see, I have saved sixpence."

"Then you have heard from Canada?" said the young lady.

"Yes, a short message, but to the point." He handed her the cablegram, and she read: "Mine purchased; shall take charge temporarily."

"Then the money got there in time," she said, handing him back the telegraphic message.

"Oh, yes," said George, with the easy confidence of a man who doesn't at all know what he is talking about. "We had plenty of time. I knew it would get there all right."

"I am glad of that; I was afraid, perhaps, we might have sent it too late. One can never tell what delays or formalities there may be."

"Evidently there was no trouble. And now, Miss Longworth, what are your commands? Am I to be your agent here in Great Britain?"

"Have you written to Mr. Kenyon?"

"Yes, I wrote him just after I sent the cable message."

"Of course you didn't?"

"No, I didn't say a word that would lead him to suspect who was the mistress of the mine. In my zeal I even went so far as to give you a name. You are heretofore to be known in the correspondence as Mr. Smith, the owner of the mine."

Miss Longworth laughed.

"And—oh, by the way," cried Wentworth, "here is a barrel belonging to you."

"A barrel?" she said, and, looking in the direction to which he pointed, she saw in a corner of the room a barrel with its head taken off. "If it belongs to me," continued the young woman, "who has taken the liberty of opening it?"

"Oh, I did that as your agent. The barrel contains the mineral from the mine which we hope will prove so valuable. It started from Canada over three months ago, and only arrived here the other day. It seems that the idiot who sent it addressed it in some way by New York, and it was held by some jack of office belonging to the United States customs. We have had more diplomatic correspondence and trouble about that barrel than you can imagine, and now it comes a day before the fair, when it is really no use."

Miss Longworth rose and went to the barrel. She picked out some of the beautiful white specimens that were in it.

"Is this the mineral?" she asked.

Wentworth, laughing, "Think of a person buying a mine at an exorbitant price and not knowing what it produces! Yes, that is the mineral."

"This is not mica, of course?"

"No, it is not mica. That is the stuff used for the making of china."

"It looks as if it would take a good polish. Will it, do you know?"

"I do not know. I could easily find out for you."

"I wish you would, and get a piece of it polished, which I will use as a paper weight."

"What are your orders for the rest of the barrel?"

"What were you thinking of doing with it?" said the young woman.

"Well, I was thinking the best plan would be to send some of it to each of the pottery works in this country, and get their orders for more of the stuff, if they want to use it."

"I think it is a very good idea. I understand from the cablegram that Mr. Kenyon says he will take charge of the mine temporarily."

"Yes, I imagine he left Ottawa at once, as soon as he had concluded his bargain. Of course, we shall not know for certain until he writes."

"Very well, then; it seems to me that the best thing you could do over here would be to get what orders can be obtained in England for the mineral. Then I suppose you could write to Mr. Kenyon, and ask him to get a proper person to operate the mine."

"Yes, I will do that."

"When he comes over here you and he can have a consultation as to the best thing to be done after that. I expect nothing very definite can be done until he comes. You may make whatever excuse you can for the absence of the mythical Mr. Smith, and say that you act for him. Then you may tell Mr. Kenyon, in whatever manner you choose, that Mr. Smith intends both you and Mr. Kenyon to share conjointly with him. I think you will have no trouble in making John—that is, in making Mr. Kenyon believe there is such a person as Mr. Smith, if you put it strongly enough to him. Make him understand that Mr. Smith would never have heard of the mine unless Mr. Kenyon and you had discovered it, and that he is very glad indeed to have such a good opportunity of investing his money, so that, naturally, he wishes those who have been instrumental in helping him to this investment to share in its profit. I think you could make all this clear enough, so that your friend will suspect nothing. Don't you think so?"

"Well, with any other man than John Kenyon I should have my doubts, because as a fabricator I don't think I have a very high reputation, but with John I have no fears whatever. He will believe everything I say. It is almost a pity to cheat so trustful a man, but it's so very much for his own good that I shall have no hesitation in doing it."

"Then you will write to him about getting a fit and proper person to manage the mine?"

"Yes, I don't think there will be any necessity for doing so, but I will make sure. I imagine John will not leave there until he sees everything to his satisfaction. He will be very anxious indeed for the mine to prove an great success as he believes it will be, even though at present he does not

know that he is to have any pecuniary interest in its prosperity."

"Very well, then, I will bid you good-by. I may not be here again, but whenever you hear from Mr. Kenyon I shall be very glad if you will let me know."

"Certainly, I will let you know everything that happens. I will send you all the documents in the case, as you see the original papers, don't you?"

"Yes, I suppose I do." Miss Longworth lingered a moment at the door, then, looking straight at Wentworth, she said to him:

"You remember you spoke rather bitterly to my father the other day?"

"Yes," said Wentworth, coloring, "I remember it."

"You are a young man; he is old. Besides, I think you were entirely in the wrong. He had nothing whatever to do with what his nephew had done."

"Oh, I know that," said Wentworth, "I would have apologized to him long ago—only, you know, he told me I shouldn't be allowed in the office again, and I don't suppose I should."

"A letter from you would be allowed in the office," replied the young lady, looking at the floor.

"Of course it would," said George. "I will write to him at once and apologize."

"It is very good of you," said Edith, holding out her hand to him, and the next moment she was gone.

George Wentworth turned to his desk and wrote a letter of apology. Then he immersed himself upon the strange, incomprehensible nature of women. "She makes me apologize to him, and quite right, too, but if it hadn't been for the row with her father, she never would have heard about the transaction, and therefore couldn't have bought the mine, which she was anxious to do for Kenyon's sake—lucky beggar John is, after all!"

CHAPTER XXVI.

After the business of transferring the mine to its new owner was completed, John Kenyon went to the telegraph office and sent a short cable message to Wentworth. Then he turned his steps to the hotel, an utterly exhausted man. The excitement and tension of the day had been too much for him, and he felt that, if he did not get out of the city of Ottawa and into the country, where there were fewer people and more air, he was going to be ill. He resolved to leave for the mine as soon as possible. There he would get things in as good order as possible and keep things going until he heard from the owner. When he got to his hotel he wrote to Wentworth, telling the circumstances under which he secured the mine, rather briefly, and dealing with other more personal matters. Having posted this, he began to pack his portmanteau preparatory to leaving early next morning. While thus occupied the bell boy came to his room and said: "There is a gentleman wishes to see you."

He imagined at once that it was Von Brent, who wished to see him with regard to some formality relating to the transfer, and he was, therefore, very much astonished, in fact, for a moment speechless, to see Mr. William Longworth enter and calmly gaze round the rather shabby room with his critical eyes.

"Is this the mineral?" she asked.

Wentworth, laughing, "Think of a person buying a mine at an exorbitant price and not knowing what it produces! Yes, that is the mineral."

"This is not mica, of course?"

"No, it is not mica. That is the stuff used for the making of china."

"It looks as if it would take a good polish. Will it, do you know?"

"I do not know. I could easily find out for you."

"I wish you would, and get a piece of it polished, which I will use as a paper weight."

"What are your orders for the rest of the barrel?"

"What were you thinking of doing with it?" said the young woman.

"Well, I was thinking the best plan would be to send some of it to each of the pottery works in this country, and get their orders for more of the stuff, if they want to use it."

"I think it is a very good idea. I understand from the cablegram that Mr. Kenyon says he will take charge of the mine temporarily."

"Yes, I imagine he left Ottawa at once, as soon as he had concluded his bargain. Of course, we shall not know for certain until he writes."

"Very well, then; it seems to me that the best thing you could do over here would be to get what orders can be obtained in England for the mineral. Then I suppose you could write to Mr. Kenyon, and ask him to get a proper person to operate the mine."

"Yes, I will do that."

"When he comes over here you and he can have a consultation as to the best thing to be done after that. I expect nothing very definite can be done until he comes. You may make whatever excuse you can for the absence of the mythical Mr. Smith, and say that you act for him. Then you may tell Mr. Kenyon, in whatever manner you choose, that Mr. Smith intends both you and Mr. Kenyon to share conjointly with him. I think you will have no trouble in making John—that is, in making Mr. Kenyon believe there is such a person as Mr. Smith, if you put it strongly enough to him. Make him understand that Mr. Smith would never have heard of the mine unless Mr. Kenyon and you had discovered it, and that he is very glad indeed to have such a good opportunity of investing his money, so that, naturally, he wishes those who have been instrumental in helping him to this investment to share in its profit. I think you could make all this clear enough, so that your friend will suspect nothing. Don't you think so?"

"Well, with any other man than John Kenyon I should have my doubts, because as a fabricator I don't think I have a very high reputation, but with John I have no fears whatever. He will believe everything I say. It is almost a pity to cheat so trustful a man, but it's so very much for his own good that I shall have no hesitation in doing it."

"Then you will write to him about getting a fit and proper person to manage the mine?"

"Yes, I don't think there will be any necessity for doing so, but I will make sure. I imagine John will not leave there until he sees everything to his satisfaction. He will be very anxious indeed for the mine to prove an great success as he believes it will be, even though at present he does not

know that he is to have any pecuniary interest in its prosperity."

"Very well, then, I will bid you good-by. I may not be here again, but whenever you hear from Mr. Kenyon I shall be very glad if you will let me know."

"Certainly, I will let you know everything that happens. I will send you all the documents in the case, as you see the original papers, don't you?"

"Yes, I suppose I do." Miss Longworth lingered a moment at the door, then, looking straight at Wentworth, she said to him:

"You remember you spoke rather bitterly to my father the other day?"

"Yes," said Wentworth, coloring, "I remember it."

"You are a young man; he is old. Besides, I think you were entirely in the wrong. He had nothing whatever to do with what his nephew had done."

"Oh, I know that," said Wentworth, "I would have apologized to him long ago—only, you know, he told me I shouldn't be allowed in the office again, and I don't suppose I should."

"A letter from you would be allowed in the office," replied the young lady, looking at the floor.

"Of course it would," said George. "I will write to him at once and apologize."

"It is very good of you," said Edith, holding out her hand to him, and the next moment she was gone.

George Wentworth turned to his desk and wrote a letter of apology. Then he immersed himself upon the strange, incomprehensible nature of women. "She makes me apologize to him, and quite right, too, but if it hadn't been for the row with her father, she never would have heard about the transaction, and therefore couldn't have bought the mine, which she was anxious to do for Kenyon's sake—lucky beggar John is, after all!"

CHAPTER XXVII.

After the business of transferring the mine to its new owner was completed, John Kenyon went to the telegraph office and sent a short cable message to Wentworth. Then he turned his steps to the hotel, an utterly exhausted man. The excitement and tension of the day had been too much for him, and he felt that, if he did not get out of the city of Ottawa and into the country, where there were fewer people and more air, he was going to be ill. He resolved to leave for the mine as soon as possible. There he would get things in as good order as possible and keep things going until he heard from the owner. When he got to his hotel he wrote to Wentworth, telling the circumstances under which he secured the mine, rather briefly, and dealing with other more personal matters. Having posted this, he began to pack his portmanteau preparatory to leaving early next morning. While thus occupied the bell boy came to his room and said: "There is a gentleman wishes to see you."

not acting your part well at all. I'm astonished at you."

"Mr. Longworth, I wish to have nothing whatever to say to you. If you have anything to ask, I wish you would ask it as quickly as possible, and then leave me alone."

"The chief fault I find with you, Kenyon," said Longworth, throwing one leg over the other, and clasping his hands around his knee, "the chief fault I have to find, is your painful lack of a sense of humor. Now, you remember last night I offered you the managership of the mine. I thought certainly that by this time to-day I should be the owner of it, or, at least, one of the owners. Now, you don't appear to appreciate the funniness of the situation. Here you are, the owner of the mine, and I am out in the cold—left, as they say here in America. I am the man who is left."

"If that is all you have to talk about," said Kenyon gravely, "I must ask you to allow me to go on with my packing. I am going to the mine to-morrow."

"Certainly, my dear fellow, go at once, and never mind me. Can I be of any assistance to you? It requires a special genius, you know, to pack a portmanteau properly. But what I wanted to say was—why didn't you turn around, when you had got the mine, and offer me the managership of it? Then you could have had your revenge. The more I think of that episode in Von Brent's office, the more I think you utterly failed to realize the dramatic possibilities of the situation."

Kenyon was silent.

"Now all this time you are wondering why I came here. Doubtless, you wish to know what I want."

"I have not the slightest interest in the matter," said Kenyon.

"That is ungracious, but nevertheless I will continue. It is better, I see, to be honest with you, if a person wants to get anything out of you. Now I want to get a bit of information out of you. I want to know where you got the money with which you bought the mine?"

"I got it from the bank."

"Ah, yes, but I want to know who sent it over to you."

"It was sent to me by George Wentworth."

"Quite so, but now I want to know who gave Wentworth the money?"

"You will have a chance of finding that out when you go to England by asking him."

"Then you won't tell me?"

"I can't tell you."

"You mean by that, of course, that you won't?"

"I always mean, Mr. Longworth, exactly what I say. I mean that I can't tell you. I don't know myself."

"Really?"

"Yes, really. You seem to have some difficulty in believing that anybody can speak the truth."

"Well, it isn't a common vice—speaking the truth. You must forgive a little surprise." He nursed his knee for a moment, and looked meditatively up at the ceiling. "Now would you like to know who furnished that money?"

"I have no curiosity in the matter whatever."

"Have you not? Well, you are a singular man. It seems to me that a person into whose lap \$20,000 drops from the skies would have some little curiosity to know from whom the money came."

"I haven't the slightest."

"Nevertheless, I will tell you who gave the money to Wentworth. It was my dear friend Melville. I didn't tell you in New York, of course, that Melville and I had a little quarrel about this matter, and he went home decidedly huffy. I had no idea he would take this method of revenge, but I see it quite clearly now. He knew I had received the option of the mine. There was a little trouble as to what each of our respective shares was to be, and I thought, as I had secured the option, I had the right to dictate terms. He thought differently. He was going to Von Brent to explain the whole matter, but I pointed out that such a course would do no good, the option being legally made out in my name, so that the moment your claim expired, mine began. When this dawned upon him, he took the steamer and went to England. Now I can see his hand in this sharp trick of Melville's, and I give him credit for it. He is a very much shrewder and cleverer man than I thought."

"It seems to me, Mr. Longworth, that your inordinate conceit makes you always underestimate your friends, or your enemies, either, for that matter."

"There is something in that, Kenyon; I think you are more than half right, but I thought, perhaps, I could make it advantageous to you to do me a favor in this matter. I thought you might have no objection to writing a little document to the effect that the money did not come in time, and consequently I had secured the mine. Then, if you would sign that, I could take it over to Melville and make terms with him. Of course, if he knows that he has the mine, there will not be much chance of coming to any arrangement with him."

"You can make no arrangements with me, Mr. Longworth, that involve a sacrifice of the truth."

"Ah, well, I suspected as much, but I thought it was worth while to try. However, my dear sir, I may make terms with Melville yet, and then I imagine you won't have much to do with the mine."

"I shall not have anything to do with it if you and Melville have a share in it. And if, as you suspect, Melville has the mine, I consider you are in a bad way. My opinion is that when one rascal gets an advantage over another rascal, the other rascal will be, as you say, left."

Longworth mused over this for a moment and said: "Yes, I fear you are right—in fact, I am certain of it. Well, that is all I wanted to know. I will bid you good-by. I shall see you again in Ottawa, as I shall sail very shortly for England. Have you any messages you would like given to your friends over there?"

"None, thank you."

"Well, ta, ta," and the young man left John to his packing.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

His Mission in Life.

"This boy is an incorrigible liar," said the father, regretfully. "What would you advise me to do with him?"

"Turn him over to me," replied the worldly professor, "and I will educate him for a political career."—Chicago Post.

—Made Point, 10,541 feet above the sea, is the highest in Idaho.

GRANT'S WHITE MOUNTAIN RIDE

Eleven Miles Over a Rough Road in Less Than an Hour.

George B. Smith tells of remarkable ride made by Gen. Grant from the village of Bethlehem to the Profile house in the White mountains. The driver was Edward Cox, and Mr. Smith describes the ride as follows:

When, about seven o'clock of that calm August evening, the presidential party stepped out of the Sinclair house, Gen. Grant's trained eye, sweeping over the team with a glance of a connoisseur, at once recognized its excellence. Walking quickly to the driver's side, he said to Cox: "If you have any objections, I will get up there with you." "It is pretty rough riding up here, general," was the reply. "I can stand it if you can," said Grant, as he climbed to the place and settled himself. The president was dressed in high silk hat, black suit and a long linen duster covering as much of his clothes as possible. The others of the party adjusted themselves in the big, heavy wagon according to their ideas of comfort, and all was ready. Sixteen people were in that vehicle, including Mr. Cox.

The driver tightened the reins with a "whist!" and with a spring, in perfect unison, the noble animals were off for the Profile. The telegraph operator at the St. Clair sat with his finger on the key, looking out of the window and watching for the moment of the start. A message at once flashed over the wire to the Profile house, saying that they had gone, and the time was noted. It was precisely seven o'clock.

At the Profile a large company had gathered in the office, waiting for the driver, and a few minutes later the stage drivers, who with becoming gravity gave various opinions, as sages and oracles of profundity in road knowledge, and fully discussed the situation. It was known that Cox intended to break all records if he could; but it was the unanimous expression of the drivers, knowing every foot of the road as they did, that "Ed" could not make the drive in less than two hours, and a portion of them thought he had better make it two and a half, as the last three miles were right up into the mountain, with a steep grade at the way into Franconia Notch. But that he could make the 11 miles in less than two hours was not believed for a moment.

Those of my readers who have visited this famous hotel, the Profile, will remember Echo lake, and the little canon kept there to wake the echoes. This beautiful sheet of water, famous far and near for its echoes and their many repetitions, is about a quarter of a mile from the hotel, and the president and a few interviews with prominent people, which we heretofore publish along with the Doctor's statement regarding Pink Pills.

I am well acquainted with Dr. J. L. Limes and know him to be an honorable and straightforward man, and whatever he may say can be relied upon.

R. BENEVELL, County Supt. of Schools, Stafford County, Kansas.

St. John, Kansas, July 14th, 1896.

I have known Dr. J. L. Limes for a number of years and can recommend him as a prominent physician, and a man well liked in this vicinity.

HOWARD GRAY, Cashier Commercial Bank.

I have known Dr. J. L. Limes for several years, and as a physician I can publish his name and his reputation for honor and integrity are too well known to be questioned for an instant.

H. J. CORNWELL, Editor St. John News.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills contain, in a condensed form, all the elements necessary to give new life and richness to the blood and restore shattered nerves. They are an unfailing specific for such diseases as locomotor ataxia, partial paralysis, St. Vitus' dance, sciatica, neuralgia, rheumatism, nervous headache, the after effect of grippe, palpitation of the heart, pale and sallow complexion, all forms of weakness either in male or female. Pink Pills are sold by all dealers, or will be sent postpaid on receipt of price, 20 cents a box, or six boxes for \$1.20 (they are never sold in bulk or by the 100), by addressing Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Schenectady, N. Y.

TURKISH PROVERBS.

Two captains sink the ship. The tongue proclaims the man. The soul is the companion of the soul. A true word is more bitter than poison. A thousand sorrows do not pay one debt. A little hill in a low place thinks itself a mountain. To the lazy man every day is a "Bayram" (feet). To-day's egg is better than to-morrow's cow. The arrow which has been cast does not come back. The teeth of the gift-horse are not to be looked at. Eat and drink with a friend, but do not trade with him. He is a madman who, being rich, lives as if he were poor. The rose grows from the thorn and the thorn from the rose. If an enemy be (as small as) an ant, think him an elephant. Death is a black camel which kneels at everybody's door. Do good and cast it into the sea; if the sea does not recognize it the Creator will. He who has lived long does not know much; (but) he who has traveled much knows much. If a horse dies, his saddle remains behind him; if a man dies, his name remains. He who knows his business, he who knows his companion, and he who knows his food does not get poor. Believe not in the great; lean not on water; trust not in the dying day; do not believe a woman's word, and do not trust to the courage of your horse. —N. Y. Ledger.

CORRESPONDENCE POINTS.

Write legibly; if you cannot, you should learn to do so. Practice makes perfect. To write a good hand is an essential accomplishment which every woman should acquire. Answer every note or letter, except such as may be impertinent or insulting; these are not worthy your notice. Place the postage stamp in a straight, that is, vertical position, in the upper right hand corner of the envelope. It is a great carelessness to put the stamp on in any sort of a fashion. Avoid garishness in color and decoration in your note paper. It is exceedingly poor taste to use red or green ink, or orange-colored note paper, or paper of any other strong color.—Ladies' World.

Plain, white unruled paper is always the most refined and elegant for note paper and envelopes, though a delicate gray is not in bad taste.

A WISE PHYSICIAN.

Broad of Opinion He Throws Prejudice to the Winds.

Dr. J. L. Limes Endorses Dr. Williams' Pink Pills Because He Has Found Them Efficacious. Believes the First Duty of a Physician is to Cure His Patients.

From the Capital, St. John, Kansas.

Hearing that Dr. J. L. Limes, of St. John, Kansas, had used Dr. Williams' Pink Pills in his practice with great success, a reporter called upon and interviewed him regarding the matter.

Your reporter found the doctor a very pleasant and affable man of probably fifty years of age. We were much impressed with his manner, as it was kindly and dignified. When we broached the subject of our call, he became enthusiastic at once and proceeded to give us the following publication:

"My attention had been called to Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People by several persons of my acquaintance who had been greatly benefited or entirely cured by their use. I determined to give them a trial in my practice and if they proved to be satisfactory I would adopt them and use them regularly. Since I began prescribing them I have never again cause to regret my determination. I have used Dr. Williams' Pink Pills in a number of cases of nervous troubles, neurasthenia, rheumatism, etc., and in every case they have been exceptionally well pleased with the results, and I can honestly and conscientiously recommend Pink Pills for the above diseases."

"I shall continue to use them and recommend them to my patients, for I consider there is nothing better for the diseases they are recommended to cure than Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. If you desire to use this for publication you can attach my name. I am well known in this part of Kansas and also in Fayette County, Ohio. I am Secretary of the U. S. Pension Examining Surgeon's Board for Stafford County, Kansas, and Chairman of the Republican County Central Committee for the above-named county."

Your faithfully,
JESSE L. LIMES, M. D.

We also ascertained the Doctor's standing in St. John by a few interviews with prominent people, which we heretofore publish along with the Doctor's statement regarding Pink Pills.

I am well acquainted with Dr. J. L. Limes and know him to be an honorable and straightforward man, and whatever he may say can be relied upon.

R. BENEVELL, County Supt. of Schools, Stafford County, Kansas.

St. John, Kansas, July 14th, 1896.

I have known Dr. J. L. Limes for a number of years and can recommend him as a prominent physician, and a man well liked in this vicinity.

HOWARD GRAY, Cashier Commercial Bank.

I have known Dr. J. L. Limes for several years, and as a physician I can publish his name and his reputation for honor and integrity are too well known to be questioned for an instant.

H. J. CORNWELL, Editor St. John News.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills contain, in a condensed form, all the elements necessary to give new life and richness to the blood and restore shattered nerves. They are an unfailing specific for such diseases as locomotor ataxia, partial paralysis, St. Vitus' dance, sciatica, neuralgia, rheumatism, nervous headache, the after effect of grippe, palpitation of the heart, pale and sallow complexion, all forms of weakness either in male or female. Pink Pills are sold by all dealers, or will be sent postpaid on receipt of price, 20 cents a box, or six boxes for \$1.20 (they are never sold in bulk or by the 100), by addressing Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Schenectady, N. Y.

TURKISH PROVERBS.

Two captains sink the ship. The tongue proclaims the man. The soul is the companion of the soul. A true word is more bitter than poison. A thousand sorrows do not pay one debt. A little hill in a low place thinks itself a mountain. To the lazy man every day is a "Bayram" (feet). To-day's egg is better than to-morrow's cow. The arrow which has been cast does not come back. The teeth of the gift-horse are not to be looked at. Eat and drink with a friend, but do not trade with him. He is a madman who, being rich, lives as if he were poor. The rose grows from the thorn and the thorn from the rose. If an enemy be (as small as) an ant, think him an elephant. Death is a black camel which kneels at everybody's door. Do good and cast it into the sea; if the sea does not recognize it the Creator will. He who has lived long does not know much; (but) he who has traveled much knows much. If a horse dies, his saddle remains behind him; if a man dies, his name remains. He who knows his business, he who knows his companion, and he who knows his food does not get poor. Believe not in the great; lean not on water; trust not in the dying day; do not believe a woman's word, and do not trust to the courage of your horse. —N. Y. Ledger.