Obadiah Oldway on Art of Hoppicking

OUR HOAXVILLE CONTRIBUTOR DISCLOSES THE SECRET OF MAKING BIG WAGES AT LIGHT WORK

OAXVILLE, Or., Sept. 20 .- (Mr. Editor.)-I'm all alone this afternoo and peace reigns supreme, as Shakespeare says. I'm a-feelin' pretty well considerin' the circumstances, but at the same time I don't know what this world is a-comin' to. Things keeps a-gettin' worse and worse as time goes on. Women ain't got no sense of duty any more, but I've made up my mind it ain't no use to say nothin', and my days is glidin' swiftly by to the time when Hanner will be a lone widder and a sorrowin' with a great and mighty remorse for the way she's done gone and left me for the fleetin things of this world.

A week or two ago she come to me and says, says she: "Obadiah, bein' as Becky Ann's pa has got her the planner, it stands us in hand to give her some lessons so's she can play for company and

as I know that we ain't got the means to throw away on planner lessons. Taxes is high and crops is poor, and we're goin' down hill like sixty. I don't believe in no such hifalutin things as planners no how, and Becky Ann's pa is doin' a wrong thing encouragin' of it."

"Well." says she, "Becky Ann says she wants to go hoppickin' to earn money for her music lessons, but I don't like the idea of her agoin' without some of the rest of us, and I told her so."

"Now see here, Hanner," says I, "you ought to be glad if the girl has took a notion to earn something for herself. I think it would be a good thing if her and Sammy both would go and make a little, even if it wasn't but a few cents; it would be quite a help in buyin' clothes

"Obadiah Oldway," says she, "be you plumb crary that you'd send them two youngones down there alone to the hop-If they're a-goin', I'm goin' too,

"What do you say, Hanner," says I, "to us all a-goin'? I'll bet I can pick hops along with anybody, and 50 cents is a big thing when it comes to you every little while durin' the day." Well, Mr. Editor, she didn't much think

we could make anything, but the chil-dren, they put in and begged so hard that we finally up and went. We took our camp outfit and our team and went down-country somewheres nigh Independence, where there's more bopyards than can shake a stick at, as the poet

I never see such a lot of dust in all my born days as we got into down there. We had to camp right by the side of some ore folks as was forever a-moving ound and stirrin' of the dust whenever it did take a notion to settle. It got between my teeth, and I could hear it grit whenever I chawed, but that wasn't all I had to contend with.

The morning after we got there, I had to get up to start a fire outdoors in one of them air consarned sheet iron camp upwards to get the ashes out, and it was so derned foggy it chilled a feller to the bone, and to cap it all, I couldn't find the matches. After I'd nigh about were myself out, Hanner she got up and bustled around and found them, and got breakfast and made such a commotithat I lost my appetite before I'd et half enough, and then we went off to the

The folks had kinder poked fun at me about my pickin', and so I wouldn't pick into the same box with the rest.
"No, sir," says I, "you'll be claimin' that you done all the work and I'm just -goln' to pick by myself to show ye that

ain't no small nubbins if I am gettin' along in years."

along in years.

Hanner and the children had went and spent a lot of money to get 'am some leather gloves and rubber nipples to put on their hands, but I reckoned my hands Well, Mr. Editor, I began to pick on the row that the yard boss set me at, and I declare my hands was so namb I could hardly move 'em, still I got along midlittle bit to blow my nose-it beats all natur' how chilly it gets down on the river. As I was a-sayin', I got along middling well, and was a-pilln' the hops barrel pretty lively till the sun come out, then it just seemed as if I couldn't make no show at all. I must have got kinder confused or something, or else the yard boss had give me the tangledest row in the whole field, for it wasn't long till everybody else was way yonder ahead of me. Every little while some bloomin' fool would sing out "box-ul" and "check," and by 10 o'clock they was a-whoopin' and a-yellin' all over

everywheres,
I picked and picked, but it just seeme as if there wasn't no bottom to that old barrel. It would get just so full and no

When noon come, Hanner, she comes slong and says: "Why, Obadiah, ain't you got a boxful yet? We've got five

"No," says I, "I ain't got a sight of a check yet, and I ain't likely to have as long as I'm shoved off here to myself, with this old barrel like the bottomless pit, and the poorest row in the yard to At that she dived her arm down into

my barrel and begun to stir up the hops.
"Quit that," says I; "my back's tired enough now without stoopin' down to pick up what you're a-spffin' over."
"Obadiah." says she, "you want to stir
'em up, that's the way the rest of the

pickers do. Make 'em out as big as you can. The sun wilts 'em, and a-pickin' by yourself this way you can't make nothin' if you let 'em settle. You'd better pick with the rest of us this afternoon, and all of us together can get a boxful before they have time to wilt much. There's lots of families here doin' that very thing, and they tell me that's the way to make

Been a-spendin' your time a-gossipsays I, "while I've been a-working like a Turk all the mornin'. I'll pick where I derned please." I was bound to show her that I wasn't goin' to be laughed at for taggin' around after her

before all them hoppickers. After dinner I went out again, and kept at it. Along toward evenin' the boss come up and says he: "You're behind on your row. You'll have to keep up or I'll have to get some one to come and help you "You mind your own business, says I. "I sin't askin' no help of you

nor no one else as I knows on." "That may all be," says be, "but you'll get so far behind that the others will be on the other side of the field before you get through with your row, and we've got to keep the work up somewhere near even." Then off he went as if he was the Caar of Russia and owned the earth, with Japan throwed in. Pretty soon here he me back again with an Injun family and set 'em to work with me. That riled me to the uttermost. "See, here, mister," says I, "I am a decent and law-abidin citizen, but I'll be hanged if I am a-goin' to pick hops along with them Injuns. If you ain't got more respect for old age than that, give me my hire and I'll go and leave ye with your kinfolks to finish up what you picked out on pur-pose for me because it was the worst mess in the whole yard, and thinkin' because I come from a distance I wouldn't know any better. If there was a speck of manhood about you, you'd be ashamed of

for I wanted him to know that Obadiah Oldway couldn't be run over by any



he measured up my hops and said as how there was about half a box, but he'd give me a check seein as I'd worked all day.

I guess he saw he'd carried things foo far, and thought he'd better compromise the matter before I reported him to bead.

The matter before I reported him to bead. far, and thought he'd better compromisethe matter before I reported him to head-

By this time people had begun goin' to

ents, but I didn't say nothin'.

That night my hands and face smarted myself.

The hardest of the cookin' is to make the hardest of the get the holes into it.

a-eatin', and Sammy says: "Why, gram-pa, what are you a-goin' to do with the horses?

"I'm a-goln' home," says I "Home!" says says Hanner.

"Because I want to," says I. "I ain't a-goin' to stay here and be treated like a victuals so's we can load up."

The scene that followed is too sad to be told outside of the family. The chil-dren made such a fuss and the way

stand everything, and he was the one that had to be run over, but nevertheless he measured up my hops and said as how

listenin'.
"Let 'em listen," says I; "you can stay

Well, the upshot of it was that I went, and here I be. There wasn't a thing to eat cooked in the house when I got here, camp, and I went over to where my folks was. They was gettin' ready to quit, and had made \$5, they said. You can see, Mr. Editor, how I was imposed upon, for there I'd worked right along without stoppin' to talk to nobody and had only \$6 cents, but I didn't say nothin'.

That night my hands and face smarted

That night my hands and face smarted so I could scarcely sleep a wink. Them pesky hopvines had scratched and pi'soned me till I felt like I'd been scalded. Hanner, she got up and worked with me and rubbed me with mutton taller, but even that didn't help much. I tell you, I was glad to see mornin' come.

While Hanner was a-gettin' breakfast I strong off down to the pasture for the situated off down to the pasture for the strong of the cookin' is to make breakf. The hardest of the cookin' is the hardest of the cookin' is the When I got back the children was baked it that way. It does pretty well with a little sait. Hoppicking won't last with a little sait. much longer, and I guess I can manage some way until Hanner gets ashamed of herself and comes home.

Of course, they'll all make quite a bit down there, if the boss don't get π spite tt 'em like he did me. I'd n-stayed if it hadn't been for that, for we need the money, but as the business is carried on I dog. There sin't anything in hoppickin', money, but as the business is carried on I nohow, so hurry up and swaller your don't think there's any honesty in it, and Yours truly.

OBADIAH EVERAT OLDWAY hopyard I come by a fence as had some man ears. She threw out that it was me that wanted to come to the hopyard, and she didn't, and now that she was there she was a-goin' to stay till she made truth if ever anything was."

O. E. O.

Two Views of a Racetrack Plunger

WE heard a lot about the ups and downs of the regulars who make a business of following the horses," said a jewelry saleseman whose territory embraces the Pacific Coast, "but I never had such a close, first-hand view as I had at San Francisco more than a year ago and at Sheenshead Bay only the other

"The story had its beginning at San Francisco a year ago last March. One rainy, gloomy evening during the month I dropped into a Kearney-street pawnshop to price some vallees that were displayed in the window.

day.

"I was looking over the stock when tall chap who looked considerably up against it came into the pawnshop. Despite the raw weather, he wore no overcost, and his clothese looked shabby and thin for the season. His collar was frayed and his cravat appeared to have

and a lot of wear.
"He needed a shave badly. His shoes were broken at the sides. He was a good-looking, well-built man; but he had a gaunt, underfed appearance, and there was a certain cast in his eye that attracted my attention as soon as he entered the

pawnshop "But the fact about him that chiefly attracted my eye was that he carried a very fine Gladstone alligator bag-just the article that I was looking for. It had hardly been used at all, as I could easily see, and I judged it to be worth at

"When its owner placed it on the pawnshop counter I was surprised to ob-serve that on one side, in small, neat gold letters, was a tidly stamped set of initials, three of them, exactly corresponding

to my own initials.
"Til take ten on that," said the gaunt

chap to the pawnbroker.

"The pawnbroker shook his head with the aggravating smile of some men who drizzle."

"Ill a like the same with the same men who will be the same m

loan on vallees.'
"'Just look this one over,' said the man without an overcoat, 'and see if it calls

right, said the pawnbroker, "but we around a corner. I carried the bag to my can't get anything for bags. They're a drug, like fiddles. Besides, your initials are stamped on it. That spoils it for me.

"Well, at Sheepshead Bay the other when a pushed and have been enjoying the use of it ever since." The leather's scraped away for the sten-ciling, and there's no erasing stendied letters. Five is all."

by the throat. But he swallowed a gulp or two of pretty visible wrath, and I could see with what an effort he restrained himself. "He was perhaps thinking of the big

amount of interest money he had paid out to pawnbrokers in his time and it made aim sore. But, as I say, he kept his anger down, and he started to stake the pawn-"It was as good a talk of that sort as I

ever heard-the talk of an educated marpretty nigh down and out. "He had been with the horses in San

Francisco all Winter, it seemed. The horses had got him, as, of course, they get everybody who stays with 'em long "He wanted to get East for the begin-

ning of the Eastern racing season. But he was all in, and he needed a front to enable him to go out and get the price of the ride over the mountains to the Atlantic seaboard. "He couldn't do much with a five spot.

But with a 10 note he could go down the bay and get enough tog stuff to put up some kind of an exterior. "That was the way it stood with him.

He'd be getting the bag out inside of a
month—there was no manner of doubt
as to that. Would the pawnbroker let

him have the sawbuck?

"No, the pawnbroker wouldn't.

"There's no use in talking about it, said the three-balls dealer. "I'm staked to talks like that 20 times a day. If I listened to all or half of 'em I'd have go out of busines. Five for the grip, and

"The gaunt man with the grip picked it up-and he was pretty ashy about the mouth, too-and walked out without another word. I followed him out. grip he was carrying seemed to have been made to order for me, initials and all, and, beides that, I wasn't unwilling to help the man if he cared to be helped my way. "I'll give you \$20 outright for that bag." I said to him, halting him in the misty

"He turned around and looked me over "'Five,' he said. 'That's all we ever for a minute, and then he passed over the bag. "'All right, pal,' he said, 'and thanks

to you.'
"I handed him over a \$20 bill. He took Oh, I can see that it's a good bag, all the money with a ned and disappeared to, said the pawnbroker, "but we around a corner. I carried the bag to my

afternoon I was being pushed and hauled yourself."
Yes, sir, I walked right straight at him, for I wanted him to know that Obadiah Oldway couldn't be run over by any whipper-snapper boss of a one-horse hop-

probably the most tastefully dressed man on the grounds—swung through the crowd and began to bet \$500 at clip with every bookmaker he could reach on the horse

Caughnawaga.

"The bookmakers accepted his bets, without the money—he had merely to hold up his fingers to indicate the amount he wanted to bet, and the sheet writers clapped the figures down without the interchange of any money. terchange of any money—the method, in short, whereby only the recognized plung-ers make their bets.

"I recognized the tail man instantly as the fellow from whom I had bought the Gladstone bag in the drizzle outside the San Francisco pawnshop a year and a haif ago.
"As he strode by me I couldn't refrain from giving him a bit of a nudge and say-

ing to him:

"Useful and ornamental traveling article, that bag of yodrs."

"He gased down at me for half a minute in a puzzled sort of way, and then his face spread into a smile and he held out his hand."

hand.

"'Why, you're the decent chap that passed me the twenty for that grip out in 'Frisco, aren't you?' he said. That was the biggest twenty I ever saw before or since. I've never known a broke minute since you passed it over,' and with a goodnatured nod he swung down along the line of bookmakers.

natured nod he swung down along the line of bookmakers.

"After he had got some distance away, however, he hurried back to where I was standing. He bent close to me, and said in a matter-of-fact tone:

"Caughnawaga's people think a lot of him for this race-if you're playing them, that is, and he was away again.
"I only visit the racetrack occasionally.

"I only visit the racetrack occasionally, but I know enough not to take all the tips that are handed out on racetracks. This one, however, looked too good—there was cerely reason to suppose that the tail fellow who fancied I had done him a kindness wouldn't swing me wrong if he knew the front as dainty a milkmaid as ever sung a gice or firted with a shepherd.

CHAPTER III. it. Moreover, wasn't he making \$500 bets all down the line on Caughnawaga him-self? I put down \$50 on Caughnawaga at 3 to 1, and the horse walked in.

"After the races were over, I saw that tall man step into a swell French automobile, take the wheel himself and treat the pretty women in the seats behind to a fine apurt down the boulevard."

"I was great to see him in such good."

"I was glad to see him in such good feather—glad as I could be. "But all the same, I couldn't drive out of my view the mental picture of him standing, shivering and overcoatless, in a mean March drizzle in San Francisco, and I fell to wondering how long it 'ud be be-

fore he'd land that way again.
"Never, I hope, of course. But you know those ponies and what they do to folks who stay along with them."

PROVERBS ABOUT RUSSIAN CZAR

DIPLOMATIST who has been at the A DIPLOMATIST who has been at the Russian Court for a long time has collected some interesting Russian proverbs concerning the Czars. Here are a

"The Czar himself can get muddy if he steps in the mud." "Even the crown of the Czar cannot cure

"The Czar's cows cannot have more "An active Czar puts wings upon his Ministers' feet.

"A Czar who limps can nevertheless make some long strides." "A drop of water in the eye of the Czar costs the country a great many handkerchiefs.

"A Czar in the desert is only a man."
"When the Czar is a rhymster poets are unhappy. "When the Czar makes you a present of an egg he expects of you a hen.

"When the Czar wishes to cut some thongs the people should furnish their skins." "Even the hens of the Crarina cannot lay goose eggs."
"When the Czar squints the Ministers

are one-eyed and the people blind."
"The Czar never hurts his finger but what everybody carries his arm in a aling. "That which the Czar cannot accom plish is only accomplished by time.

"The Czar can disturb the earth, but he cannot move it from it axis."
"The Czar knows not misery because he the Czar is long but it cannot reach to the sky.'

"The valet of the Czar believes he has ome right to the crown. "The voice of the Czar has an echo even when there are no mountains. The ukases of the Czar are worth

nothing if God says not 'Amen.' "
"The horse which has once been mount ed by the Czar neighs continually.

Our Red-Headed Kid

(Continued from Page 33.)

the satchel an' march, an' he didn't wait for the count, neither. An' dad knew when he was licked, too. Say, they was easy, wasn't they? That's him now,

He was bleeding to death, and I thought the doctor would never come. It seemed pretty tough luck after what he'd done His parent was lying on his back, cursing like an Irish Gatling gun, and when I got to a point where I had to do something or make a fool of myself, I hunted up

Williams, and we kicked them both on to their feet and put them in the lock-up. When I got back the doctor was making his examination. It was a solemn crowd that stood around and watched him. Bob was the only cheerful one in the lot. For-

tunately the bullet had gone clear through so there was no probing to do.

When the last bandage was fixed Bob tried to get up again, and had to be held down while Doc Richards explained to him that he would probably bleed to death if he didn't lie still. Then we put him on an improvised stretcher and took him up to Martin's. I waylaid the doctor.

"Yes," said the doctor, 'i think so. He lost a lot of blood, but he's pretty tough, and with Mrs. Martin and the girls to nurse him he'll be around before long." I waited till I got a block from the house, and then turned loose one long, up

roarious yell, and doubled for the bank with the news. "Well, say," said Tom, "isn't that kid about 24 karats fine, though? Lay on, MacDuff. He'll be president of a bank while we're still footing columns.

"I always did think that boy had some thing in him," said Harvey. "He sort of looked like it to me the first time I saw him."—(Copyright by S. S. McClure Company.)

Adventures of a Commuter. McLandburgh Wilson. Each night a small commuter goes

Where fragrant fields a-bloscom He He takes the train in Mother's arms No scenery bedecks the route

To please the weary traveler's eye; He only hears the station sung And knows he is in Lullaby

The sleepy town of Lullaby,

And then it is, with sudden cry, In wild alarm he seeks a train To go once more to Luliaby, In Father's arms to Ituliaby. What's this? A tack is on the track!

The train, derailed, rolls down the bank Conductor calls the station out, He hears he is in Blanky Blank!! The torrid town of Blanky! Blank!! The accident at once brings aid And helpers to their rescue fly; ommuter takes another train, And starts again for Lullaby.

tion answered:

CLIMBIN' UP DEM RAZOR STAIRS

AN ELIZABETHAN ROMANCE NOT TO BE CONFOUNDED WITH SIR GILBERT PARKER'S "LADDER OF SWORDS

villain. Right well did he love to drain a dram, wreck an English merchantman, or carry off a maiden from England the south logue of his possessions. to his seignourie in the Isle of Jersey. Withal he was of a kind heart. weighed 350 pounds. His nature was simple and direct. He was a man, every pound of him, and had a man's laugh, although there were those of his enemie that likened it to a hyena's. He was hereditary shoe-shiner to the Kings and Queens of England, and had the privilege of never being tagged while touching wood in Rosin. As body servant, he had one Despair, an amiable cut-throat, whose depredations upon the sea had made Drake of Devon gnash his teeth ere now.

CHAPTER II. Angele de la Lumiere Rouge was but lately escaped out of a convent in Britt-any, where she had fretted the Mother Superior by over-frequent renderings of "Bedella" upon the virginal. Beautiful she was; fair as the sun and clear as a

Angele was at her knitting in the dovecot when a shadow fell across her feet and gave her corns a twinge. Looking up, she saw that it was de Rosin.

"Lady," said he, awkwardly, but with a simplicity that bespoke his good heart, "I am shoe-shiner to the Queen her majesty.

Angele suspected what was coming, but she could not flee, for the dovecot was ten long feet above the ground.

"Also I may never be tagged while touching wood on my estate," de Rosin "You can never be It, then," answered

Angele with ready feminine wit.

Pausing to meditate upon this sally, de Rosin's face grew purple with the effort of attempting to think. Soon he gave up opeless task and resumed his wooing. "I have three dovecotes," he went on,

said the flattered suitor, now convinced that the girl was influenced by the catu-

"Wilt be mistres of all these?" he asked with a great smile. "Nay, that cannot be," replied Angele.

"I love Michel d'Albina."

De Rosin staggered. "Thou hast turned me down cold, then?" he muttered.

"I love another," said Angele, standing tiptoe on, the dovecote and kissing de

Rosin's cheek "She gives up the Queen her shoe-shiner," muttered the huge seigneur in

amazement.

A sail hove in sight over the horizon. In the boat belonging to the sail was Michel d'Albina. Angele knew it, although the boat was yet 20 leagues away. Climbing d'Albha. Angere and it, attrough the boat was yet 20 leagues away. Climbing upon the dovecote, she waved her em-broidered kerchief to the daring mariners. "He must have obtained a pass from the O. R. & N.," she murmured, "for his pouch has been bare of gold pieces these many days."

The boat came nearer. She distinguished Michel d'Albina leaning over the side. A rock jumped up and struck the boat abaft the binnacie. The crew fell into the water. Angele closed her eyes. When she opened them she saw de Rosin riding his horse into the foaming billows. He caught Michel by the neck and dragged

him ashore at full gallop.
"I present him to you," cried de Rosin, throwing the man whose life he had saved at the feet of the girl who had rejected the Queen her shoe-shiner.
"Mike!" cried Angele, and fainted. CHAPTER V.

Angele now finds herself at the Court of Elizabeth, a necessary proceeding if Elizabeth is to be dragged in for the amusement of the reader. Needless to say, the Earl of Leicester meets Angele and would buss her. "Nay, nay, my Lord gele. Leicester, don't molest her." cried the "Br Queen, and the court roared merrily at the monarch's jest, which a historian

CHAPTER I. "Then you shall not lack squab pie," and de Rosin, who had come from Jersey to swered Angele. "No, nor muscadella to wash it down," "Art a barber, sirrah?" he asked the

"Art a barber, sirrah?" he asked the Jerseyman, espying a shoe-brush in

"I am the Queen her shoe-shiner" an swered do Rosin, in the patois of the

ere," said the Earl. The allusion to a monkey stung de Rosin, for he was in good sooth not un-

like an ape in appearance.
"Rats!" he exclaimed.
"Tomorrow morning in the courtyard?" upostioned Leicester

"It's a go," answered de Rosin CHAPTER VI. They met at daybreak. Leicester had

a cunning thrust out of Italy. He ran his sword two feet into de Roein at the second pass. "Ha, my Kuropatkin, how like you that?" cried the Earl. But de Rosin was being hauled away in a cart tirawn by ten horses.

CHAPTER VII.

"How do you like my hair, child?" asked Elizabeth of Angele. "Tis excellent well arranged," replied the tearful giri, with diplomatic ind

"And Mary Queen of Scots, is she as tall as me?" asked the Queen, with röyal disregard for grammar.

"She seemed less to me," answered Angele, with the mental reservation that Mary had been seated the only time she had seen that Queen.
"In sooth thou shalt marry thy Michel."

said the Queen. CHAPTER VIII. CHAPTER VIII.

Disguissed as Dr. Dowie, Michel had won his way into the palace. While tending de Rosen's wound. Angele entered the room. "The Queen commands me to marry three," she shyly said to Michel. "I am a loyal subject," answered Ausele.

"Brave!" cried de Rosin, "even if she does lose the Queen her shoe-shiner. the monarch's jest, which a historian noted down for later use in Punch.

Stung with fury at being made the butt of the royal wit, Leicester turned upon of Jersey on any good map.

BROTHER MASON SAVED PRESIDENT DIAZ' LIFE

Dramatic Story of Protection Amid Grave Danger and an Example of Yankee Quick Wit.

Brooklyn Eagle.

OW THE fate of the Mexican Republic once hung on the Masonic honor and fidelity of a Brooklyn man is the point of a remarkable political story that has been revived in every Brooklyn lodge by the recent visit to the Mexican capital of a member of Kings County Lodge, F. & A. M.

It is the story of a country made stable by the strength and ability of one man, and it contains every element of heroic manhood, unquestioned bravery, passionate politics and grim humor, running the gamut from the fate of a nation to that of a flatic encounter in which future President Diaz was sent sprawling across the deck of an American steamship by a purser who proved to be the greaest friend

The facts given below are vouched for by leading Masons in Brooklyn and are in detail as corrected by Rev. T. Morris Terry, of Kings County Lodge, a veteran member of the order and a past master. The member who is responsible for the revival of the story, because of recent honors extended to him both in New Orleans and in Mexico City, is another member of the same lodge, John Jerome Farley, an expert connected with the Goodyear (shoe) Machinery Company, now of 1331/2 North Front street, Columbus, O. Among those who have been prominent in an investigation of the story is Fred L. Jenkins, the head of the Veteran Masons, of 452A

Hancock street, Brooklyn.
Mr. Farley, however, though his recent visit to the Mexican lodges brought forth the story, was at the time of the series of events that are hereinafter told a babe in swaddling clothes in Brooklyn. Just who the real hero was is not yet disclosed, but on the statements made to the Eagle yesterday it seemes certain that his identity

is known to some.

In the early '70s President Diaz was not known as a patriot. Patriots in Span-ish-American Republics are successful revolutionists. Rather he was a fugitive beyond the confines of his own land, and few who saw him about the cafes and at the festivals of New Orleans paid much more attention to him than did men of later years to Cubans who talked fillbustering in Philadelphia before the war with

New Orleans and Vera Cruz an American merchantman, taking to the war-racked nation cotton, grains and foodstuffs and bringing back the tropical products and mineral wealth of Mexico. The

ser of that vessel was a young man from Brooklyn.

Price of \$50,000 on His Head. The purser did not know Diaz, nor did he know that there was a price of \$50,000 on the head of any man in New Orleans. and the full knowledge of what such a munificent headpiece means did not come back to him till later years, when, tried by fire and not found wanting, he came to his reward by the hand of the man

who, on that eventful night, he met as an exile in the Louisiana metropolis. While walking along one of the city streets, thinking of the sailing in the morning, the purser was accested by a friend who introduced a quiet-looking young man whom he asked the purser to make a passenger with him on the mor-

row. The stranger wore a magnificent "He is a fugitive," said the friend, "and must return before it is too late.' "But I can't take him. My ship and my cargo might pay the forfelt," said the pur-

ser, shaking his head. "But you must take him. He is your brother and his very life is at stake," was the stern answer. The purser wavered and then consented, promising to protect to the utmost the stranger in his cabin from sples and Mex-

can officials who might be watching for the "rebel" leader. On the morning when the ship was passing out of the muddy delta of the Missis-sippi, Diaz, who even for years afterward was unknown to the man who was befriending him, was seated at the purser's desk. He had been writing on a long, narrow strip of paper. Toying with it as the ink dried, he turned to the purser and

slowly said: "You have helped me, but I must tell you something. I am in your power. There is a prize of \$50,000 on my head. To earn that all you will have to do is to hold me till we get to Vera Cruz and deliver me to the military. Senor, you may do that if you like."

Dramatic Climax. The young purser looked steadily at the man before him, started to say something and then stopped. Clearing his throat he slowly and with a voice choked with emo-

"I don't befriend a man to betray him. I took you aboard. If I can, whatever the cost, I am going to put you on the beach in your own country."

Dias's eyes filled with tears, and all the fire of his ardent nature was in his em-brace as he exclaimed, fervently:

of stage craft ever completed another such honors was something he did not underwith so strong a climax. Handing the purser that long, narrow strip of paper on which had been written,

the Mexican said: "Here's a check equal to what they could pay you." Again the young purser looked at the man before him, almost angrily, this time, then seizing the paper he tore it to bits that were borne away by the lazy, slug-gish gulf winds and lost in the wilderness

of blue waters. His answer was:

future ruler.

"I would not take you for mo-on't take money for saving you." The next in a series of incidents in this game-where the life of a nation rather than the life of a man was at stake-happened off Vera Cruz, where the American ship came to anchor.
"You must put me ashore," begged the

"I can't do it. If you are captured I will be taken and so will the ship. And they will kill you." "I must go! I will go! I will swim it!"
young Diaz cried with that determination
that afterward made him what he is

today. "It's madness, man. You will drown. The harbor is full of sharks. You will never reach the shore." Diaz was obdurate, however, and that afternoon he divested himself of his heavier clothing, girded on a knife to de-fend himself against not only man-eating

sharks, but man-hunting soldiers, and and that an American Mason, the frostrang overboard. Taking to the water, he headed toward the beach, and the friend who had pro-tected him so far watched him with his glasses as he rose and fell with the waves now tossed on their crests, now hidde

behind them as they broke in combers on the sandbars. Quick Wit Saved a Life. Suddenly Diaz turned back and seemed swimming with redoubled effort to regain the ship. Through the breakers there plunged a boat and from it came the glint

of sunlight as the red rays struck on the drawn swords of soldiers. The man had been seen and was pursued. The race was an exciting one, but the swimmer had the start and was alongside as the purser shouted to the men in the

fo castle: "Line the starboard rail! Lower a fine!" nd made a place for that bit of the ridiculous that so persistently seems to enter into every affair of moment.

As Diaz slezed the thrown rope and was

drawn aboard the patriot soldiers were already coming up the gangway. The situation was powerful, and a false move would have meant death to the young Yankee wit, however, saved the day Seizing the wet swimmer by his frowsy hair and giving him a heavy blow behind the ear, the purser threw him to the deck, and, with an oath, pounced upon him and

grabbed him by the throat. "You drunken dog! You hound! I'll teach you to jump ship. I'll teach you to try to drown yourself," he cried.

Then, leaping to his feet, the purser gave orders to put the man in irons, and turning to the astonished soldiers asked them what he could do for them.

In broken English the leader explained that the country was in the throes of a civil war, and said that all ports were being watched for rebels who had been driven from the country, but who might at any time return. Seeing a man in the surf, they thought that he had been caught, but were glad to know they were mistaken, and that Senor El Captain had got his drunken sailor back. With many other apologies they went away.

The next danger that menaced the young

The work of loading was made as slow

as possible, and it was long after dark when the scows were filled. Hiding the fugitive as best they could, the officers of the vessels invited the crew to share their hospitality, while Diaz was rowed off into the darkness and put ashore further down coast. This effort was successful but it interrupted for years the friendship that had sprung up between the humble purser and the great Mexican leader,

The Purser's Reward.

A few years ago, however, there came the climax, and it was brought about with all the dramatic effect of the modern melodrama. The sailor hero of this story chanced to go to Mexico, and among the places he visited was Mexico City. As he alighted from his train he was suddealy arrested by military officers. Being innocent of any wrong, he grew indignant and begged to be informed of the cause of his detention.

"This is an outrage; send for the American Consul," he cried. But the soldiers only the more pushed him along toward a carriage drawn by gayly caparisoned horses and gave the order to the driver to orace as he exclaimed, fervantly:

"Thank you."

The scene was dramatic, but no master I and shouted. Being arrested with martial better than he what to de

stand. His amazement grew as the procession drew up in soldierly ranks before the plaza and the American was politely as-sisted to alight and escorted into the cen-tral room of the palace, where there stood before him, dressed in a finely-fitting frock coat, a thickset man of small stat-ure, in whose eyes he saw a look of

friendly recognition. An officer in uniform, still like the stage his story goes, then broke the clouds:

The friend of years ago, the exiled rebel, the brother in trouble, was President Diaz, for years the head of the Mexican Republic. It all came back to him, even the head price was explained. But how did you know I was here?"

asked the American.

"My friend, never since the day I left you have I falled to know where you were. I have followed you and watched you prosper. You saved me and you saved Mexico. I could do no less than wait for you to come back to ken." you to come back to her." Recently the Masonic papers contained the announcement of the honors bestowed upon an American, but Brooklyn was not

connected with the matter till the New Orleans and Mexico City ledges sent com-munications to Rev. Mr. Terry about the visit of Brother Farley. The Masonic announcement was, how-ever, that the \$50,000 which floated away on the warm waters of the Gulf stream 30 years ago was paid later as a present, and that or wareless.

sible office under the Mexican govern-

ment. MASTER OF GRAFT.

Machen Robbed His Partners and Government as Well.

William Allen White in McClure's. When one turns from Beavers to Machen n the Postal Department it is as though one walked from the room where the young woman with pig-tails down her back was practicing one-and-two-andthree-and-four-and on the plane into the room wherein the master was playing a sonata. For if ever there was an artist in graft, one who reduced graft to a

really beautiful handicraft, it was August W. Machen. He not only robbed the Government, but robbed his partners who were robbi the Government, and would have robbed himself sooner or later if he hadn't been caught. He came from Toledo, O., in President Cleveland's second term, and was made superintendent of the free-delivery service in 1883. He left an unsavory reputation in Toledo, where he had been Assistant Postmaster, and was a bankrupt-which is not particularly to his discredit—but in addition to that he was a deadbeat. He was a borrowing swindler in Toledo, and as Assistant Postmaster was in league with money-sharks to collect usurious interest from postoffice ployes. How he imposed himself on ex-Governor Campbell and ex-Congressman Ritchie, who indorsed him, is one of a thousand similar stories of politics. He was morally incompetent for the place he held, and was living by his wits when he got it. No railroad company or insurance company would have given him responsible employment, but the Government gave him one of its most important places. Before leaving Toledo he in-augurated a grand borrowing carnival and cleaned up about \$3000, using the fact that he desired to move his family to Washington as an excuse. Little of this money was repaid, and those who were paid only got their money after threat-ening to sue, although while they were man was when two lighters came alongside to take off the cargo. These had aboard, besides their crews, emissaries of the government, and it was with a good deal of difficulty that the situation was fliched from the Government by making an appointment date back several months from its actual beginning, and by forging the indorsement on the warrant and pocketing it. But these were mere jim-cracks and cornices to an edifice of graft that was the admiration and marvel of official Washington.

The Pony That Knew Best.

"Jim, dear, I think that the pony knows better than you what to do in this case, said Jimmy's mother.

Jimmy eat on his little Shetland pony and was kicking his heels into its sides, trying to force the pony to wade the brook. But the pony only shook its rough head and tried to go across the little rustic bridge.

"Get up, you!" said Jimmy forcing the pony into the brook. The pony snorted and plunged. The water came up to his flanks and then up to its shoulder. The next minute Jimmy was shouting "Ho, Ho!" with all his might, for the water was cover the control of the many was shouted. was over the pony's back and Jimmy was getting very wet with ice-cold fluid. But the pony would not "Ho!" It splashed through the brook, and it was a wet and shivering Jimmy who admitted