

FROM DAY LABORER TO MULTI-MILLIONAIRE

AND UNITED STATES SENATOR

From the depths of a silver mine in which he wielded the pick as a day laborer, obscure and unknown, to a seat in the United States Senate, the possessor of millions in ready cash and mines—all that within ten short years—has come to Thomas Kearns, a native of New York. The "Silver King" of stage fiction has been dedicated in favor of the "Silver King" in real life, for the lurid drama with which Wilkes Barrett roused us years ago has been outdone by the tale of "Tom" Kearns' life achievements.

The man who has been received into America's highest legislative body as a representative of the State of Utah has had a most extraordinary career. Brain, brawn and "backbone" brought him from the level of the "hired man," the plodding, dragging "Man with the Hoe" of Markham to the plane of the man of large affairs, the employer of many men and a maker of the nation's laws.

He had pluck and perseverance, and, though less than ten years ago he was



SENATOR THOMAS KEARNS.

working as a laborer for something like \$3 a day, those qualities, coupled with that elusive thing known as good luck, finally brought him to the position of the foremost mine owner in the State, a leading railroad director and Senator, with a fortune of from \$3,000,000 to \$5,000,000.

In his earlier years, according to a candidate for the place which went to Kearns, the new Senator was a master of the fist art, and the manner in which he applied his knockout tactics in the defeat of his late senatorial adversaries, skilled and determined as they were, would indicate exceptional fighting qualities.

Mr. Kearns bowed over Mr. Salisbury, a newspaper editor; Mr. McCormick, a banker; Mr. Brown, a lawyer, the leading candidates, and several lesser lights. The Democratic members gave their honorary support to A. W. McCune, the leading candidate when there was a deadlock in the Legislature two years previous.

The advancement of Thomas Kearns began with his connection with the Ontario mine and with David Keith, who is now his partner in the ownership of the most famous of Utah's producers, the Silver King group of mines at Park City. This property is worth more than \$10,000,000, it is estimated, and last year alone paid more than \$1,000,000 in dividends.

After working for seven years as a laborer in the Ontario mine, Mr. Kearns, with Mr. Keith and others, took a lease on the Mayflower, in the same camp. It was a good venture, and Mr. Kearns there laid the foundation for his future great success as a mine owner. Later on other claims were acquired and the Mayflower group was extended and rechristened the Silver King, and Mr. Kearns is now known as the "Silver King" through this association.

from the epoch when the Spaniards, at the zenith of their glory, made the conquest of America.

These Panama pearls rival the most beautiful pearls of the Orient. Quite recently, in the spring of 1889, a lad of 15 years found an oyster containing a pearl which was sold at Paris for 50,000 francs. For his portion he received 20,000 francs.

A considerable quantity of pearls procured at Panama are sent to New York, where they do not lack purchasers, says the Jeweler's Weekly. One consignment exceeded in value 750,000 francs. The island pearls are thus denominated on account of the archipelago in which the oyster fisheries are carried on. It is opposite the Bay of Panama.

The archipelago is composed of sixteen islets, in which are thirty or forty small villages of negroes and Indians. The soil is fertile, but the principal occupation is that of the fisheries. The largest isle, called Rey, alone embraces half of the population. San Miguel is the chief place of the fisheries, and there is a very fine church. The inhabitants are nearly all blacks. They are descended from the negro population, from whom the Spaniards learned the advantage they could derive from the island riches. In certain of the islands there must have been diamond beds. Some fine rough diamonds were formerly procured.

There are two systems for carrying on pearl fishing in the Bay of Panama. In certain spots, where the yield is the most abundant, it is necessary to pay the government a very high tax. At other points the tax is small, but a percentage on the pearls discovered is added to it. Generally these pearls are rather small. They usually bring from 5 to 50 francs each. Those which reach 150 to 300 francs are already much less in number.

Children of the Soil. The Cape of Good Hope was discovered by Diaz, the Portuguese navigator, six years before Columbus saw San Salvador. In the middle of the seventeenth century the Dutch East India Company formed a permanent settlement at the foot of Table mountain. The first settlers were French Huguenots, Dutch Protestants and German Lutherans. As immigration increased the hardy pioneers moved north from Table bay on the great prairies called veldts. Here as pastoral shepherds they began that lonely life which has developed in its followers courage, self-reliance, love of independence and of solitude, the leading traits of the boer of today. They were called "boers," which is the Dutch word for farmer.

Odd Way of Dividing Wealth.

A wealthy Greek who recently died in Corfu hit upon a novel way of disposing of his wealth. According to his will he has left in trust his money to the archbishop of the island, who is to hand over the interest of it to one poor Cretan every year, who will be selected by lot. Each year the names of claimants will be sent in to the archbishop, who is required to make full investigation into the merits of the case. Those thus chosen will then ballot for the coveted charity.

When a young man has a hole in his glove all the girls in town are very solicitous, which makes their fathers, who have unnumbered holes in their clothes, marvel.

No difference how short a woman's skirts are, she will hold them up in going over a crossing.

WORLDLY BEAUTY.

Don't grieve over friends departed, If lost or living or dead; Be jolly and bright and happy And you'll find many more instead.

And the world is full of beauty For those who can suffer and smile, While the sweetest task is duty, Though adrift on a barren isle.

If you're worthy of love, you'll get it, And there never was yet a day That I couldn't see some beauty As I traveled my worldly way. —John A. Joyce, Washington Post.

TWO POINTS OF VIEW.

A MOCKINGBIRD, drunk with sunshine and the scent of apple blossoms, was flying from tree to tree and caroling ecstatically—an animated spring song gone mad. From the door of the little brown house at the head of the orchard emerged a wee, rosy maiden, herself as dainty and sweet as an apple blossom. Her hair was primly brushed back and tightly plaited, and her gingham dress was a miracle of crisp starchiness.

She ran down the steps, across the yard, and peered through the lilac hedge. A lanky, slovenly boy of 14 was stretched upon the grass, deep in a book. "Rob," she said in a stage whisper, "come here."

"What do you want?" drawled the boy, without moving. "Come here! I've something to tell you."

He arose slowly, shaking back his unkempt hair, shuffling his unlaced shoes into place, and slouched across the yard.

"Mr. Ames proposed to Aunt Lucy last night; I heard him."

"Oh, go way!"

"He truly did. You see, I was in the hammock in the grape arbor, and they didn't know I was there."

"Listening!" said the boy, scornfully. "I was not! I was listening to the mockingbird. It was spinning among the apple blossoms and singing like a crazy thing just as it is doing now. I think it sang all night, for I heard it whenever I woke. What do you suppose it does that for?"

"I dunno. Bee stung it maybe. Get on with your rat killing."

"Well, I didn't notice a word they said until I heard a chair scrape across the porch, and he cleared his throat tremendously. Then I peeped through the leaves. He was sitting very close to her, and he said:

"Miss Phillips, I—I—you must have seen—I—that is, you must know—I—"

and then he kissed her."

Her eyes were exclamation points!

"Well," said the boy, breathlessly. "That's all."

"What!"

"Shh! Don't talk so loud. That's all I can tell you. Then they were engaged."

"Gementally! Why, how'd she know what he meant?"

"Why, she knew!"

"Must be a mind reader, then."

"Pshaw! She knew from the way he acted. She's known a long time," said the miniature woman, with a wise look.

"Well, of all the fools. And he took a prize for oratory last year, too. He isn't much like a feller I was reading about yesterday. He went down on his knees, so—"

And the youngster stopped down on the grass with the grace of a jumping kangaroo, and rolled his eyes like a cow. "And he said: 'Qu-ween of my heart' and a lot more stuff that I can't remember. It was silly," he added, falling back into a lounging attitude.

"Lend me the book."

"Pa got it," he said, indignantly. "I hid it behind a row of books in the bookcase, and he got a-huntin' some'n and found it and chucked it into the fire. I don't care. I can write a piece just as good, an' get it by heart. Catch me a-makin' such a fool if myself as that college dude."

"When you have written it may I read it?"

"Yes," he replied, condescendingly. "I'll let you see it. It'll be a cracker-jack, you bet."

"Maybe I could help you write it," she suggested, humbly.

"Oh, I shan't need any help," he said, complacently. "I know just how it ought to go."

THE CASE OF THE SOUTH.

COMMERCIAL ACTIVITY BELOW MASON AND DIXON'S LINE.

Section Is Becoming a Trade Magnet, Taking Business Toward the South Atlantic Coast and Gulf of Mexico and Away from New York.

"The half of the continent lying south of the Ohio and the Platte is looming up as an unconquerable trade magnet, with probably unshakable determination to do business on the nearest salt water. The Southern States, in their remarkable industrial achievements of the last eight years, are more than reinforcing the territory of the Mississippi and of the Red River of the North. Between the iron, coal and timber of the South and the agriculture of Southwest there has arisen a spontaneous interchange that seems to grow by its own force. The cotton mills below the Mason and Dixon line, contrary to former custom, send their output straight to the dry goods and denim merchants of the Mississippi and the Missouri, instead of the regions dispatching their orders to Boston and New York. Wagons from Georgia are making their way into the States of Oklahoma and Arkansas, while Kansas City flour and St. Louis corn, Kansas City hides and St. Louis shoes go as far as North Carolina and Eastern Tennessee. Coal and iron from the vicinity of Birmingham and Knoxville are taking the contracts for the building of the steel freight cars to ply on the Southern roads. St. Louis has long since made use of the hard woods of the South to fortify its position as the principal manufacturer in the United States of car furniture, of street cars, and the like.

"Since the Spanish War has brought the trade with the West Indies into prominence, the heavily capitalized and determined Illinois Central has been seconding the efforts of the people of New Orleans to make that point the principal port of entry for trade with not only the adjacent island but with South America. To some extent the pressure of this movement has been felt among the South American firms whose headquarters are at New York. Mobile, as the terminus of the Southern Railway and as the nearest seaport for the iron industries of Alabama, is growing in the volume and variety of its articles of commerce. Pensacola is strengthening as one of the principal ports for the tramp steamship traffic in the South—a traffic which went to New York and Boston, Philadelphia and Baltimore before the awakening of the South and the perfecting of its railroad lines.

"Again, along the Atlantic Coast north from Florida to the Chesapeake Bay, Brunswick, in Georgia, is becoming the largest shipper of hardwood lumber. Charleston and Savannah are carrying cotton manufactures, furniture, etc., to Europe. South America and South Africa. At Norfolk is a harbor naturally the strategic point for the trade of the whole South Atlantic slope. Five or six railroad systems concentrate in the city, and it has recently been fixed upon by a number of co-operating railroads as a live stock shipping center. With Newport News, it drains the coal and iron fields of West Virginia, southwestern Pennsylvania and eastern Ohio. The commerce of Newport News itself advanced from \$3,250,000 in 1885 to \$28,400,000 in 1899.

"Over on the western boundary of the Southern States, Memphis moves along swiftly with its lumber mills and its interstate traffic, justifying its assumed name, 'the Gate City,' and practically completing a cordon of active, advancing cities around the area in which was waged the civil strife of the sixties. All these cities are competitors of the North and East. They are carrying business toward the South and West. Where the States in the vicinity of St. Louis and Kansas City lack manufacturing establishments to support their position as Jobbers, these communities supply the lack and join forces in the Gulfward tendency and velocity in the tendency toward the South Atlantic. Where the States in the vicinity of Atlanta or Jackson may lack in the staples of the soil, the West supplies them. The geography of it all is against New York."

—Ainslie's.

THE GREENLANDERS' BOAT.

The Eskimo Kajak Is a Most Difficult Craft to Handle.

There is no craft so difficult to handle as the Eskimo "kajak." The only boat familiar to us which in any way resembles it is the racing shell; but if a crack oarsman of one of our crack regattas were tied into a kajak and told to shift for himself even in smooth water, he would have a hard time of it. The "kajak" has been evolved through hundreds of years of necessity. Without it the Greenland Eskimos, at least, would not be able to provide their daily bread, or more properly speaking, their daily blubber.

It is singular that all the materials used in the construction of the kajak come from the sea; driftwood for the frame, seal-skin for the covering, thongs for the harpoon and dart, ivory and bone for bow, stern and keel, and for the various implements. The women prepare the skin covering and stretch it over the frame till it is as tight and firm as the head of a drum; on such occasion there is great excitement in the community; a regular "kajak bee" is held; even refreshments are not lacking, for the owner of the "kajak" treats to coffee all around when the work is satisfactory done. The completed boat is a triumph of ingenuity and skill. It is about eighteen feet long, sharply pointed at each end. Its greatest depth is six inches and its width about eighteen. It is entirely covered save for little round hole into which the owner slips, pushing his feet underneath the skin deck in front. This hole is fitted to the person for whom the boat is designed, and his thighs completely fill it up. When he is seated in it and his waterproof jacket is tied securely round the edge, he is able to defy the waves which dash over him or the rain which beats upon him. The six thong loops arranged on the deck in front and the three or four beehind hold his implements—bird darts, lances, knives and, most important of all, his harpoon. A little stand is arranged directly in front of him, upon which is coiled the harpoon line, and behind him on the "kajak" is the harpoon bladder which is attached, inflated and ready for use, to the line.

The most expert are apt sometimes to be overturned; it may be by the attack of a walrus or even a seal, by a careless movement or an unexpectedly large wave. If he does not right himself at once he is inevitably drowned unless a comrade comes to his assistance. The usual method of turning the "kajak" upright again is by using the paddle as a lever, holding it along the side of the boat, pointing it toward the bow, then sweeping it through the water; but those who are thoroughly proficient are able to do it by means of their throwing stick, their arm or even their hand.—Philadelphia Inquirer.

GOOD Short Stories

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Marcus Clark, the author of "His Natural Life," the greatest book ever written south of the equator, related to a friend that he had once discovered a French novel that he considered a work of genius. He translated it into English, and when a Melbourne firm brought it out, publisher and translator were astounded at discovering that he had merely Englished a French translation of one of George Elliot's works.

Robert Browning and Joachim met one evening at a friendly gathering in London. The violinist had "obliged" without satisfying certain ladies, who entreated the poet to obtain from him another solo. Browning, feeling the delicacy of the task, discharged it diplomatically, and spoke, as sometimes he wrote, to conceal his thoughts; while the violinist, not understanding, bowed and smiled, and did not play. As they left the house, Joachim asked, "What did you mean just now?" "Oh," said the poet, "I wanted you to give us some more music." "Then why did you not come and say, 'Joe, old boy, give us another tune?'" returned the amiable violinist.

A resident of New York named Hugh Hawthorne hid a number of bank-notes between the leaves of his Bible, and fancied that it must be a hardened criminal indeed who would look for material wealth instead of spiritual riches among the sacred pages. But just such a thief discovered the money. However, he took only \$25 of the \$50 there. Before leaving Hawthorne's room the thief made several alterations in the scriptural text. Under one of the bank-notes he discovered the golden rule, and with his lead pencil made it read: "Do others or they will do you." At another point he added a few words to the commandment, and substantiated his particular conduct in this manner: "Thou shalt not steal more than enough for current expenses."

A friend of Baron Stockman went to an evening party at Frankfurt, where he expected to meet Herr von Radowitz, who was somewhat inclined to pose as a scientist. On his way he saw a barn burning, stopped his carriage, assisted the people, and waited till the flames were nearly extinguished. When he arrived at his friend's house he found Herr von Radowitz, who had previously taken a party to the top of the building to see what he supposed to be the aurora borealis, learnedly dilating on terrestrial magnetism, electricity, etc. "Have you seen the beautiful aurora?" he said to Stockman's friend. "Certainly," was the reply; "I was there myself. It will soon be out." During the explanation which followed Herr von Radowitz quietly stole away.

Mark Twain declares that when a man makes an appeal for charity it is a great mistake to get everybody ready to give money and then not pass the hat. "Some years ago in Hartford," he said, the other day, "we all went to church on a hot, sweltering night, to hear the annual report of Mr. Hawley, a city missionary, who went around finding the people who needed help and didn't want to ask for it. He told of the life in the cellars where poverty resided, he gave instances of the heroism and devotion of the poor. The poor are always good to each other. When a man with millions gives me a great deal of noise. It's noise in the wrong place. For it's the widow's mite that counts. Well, Hawley worked me up to a great state. I couldn't wait for him to get through. I had \$400 in my pocket. I wanted to give that and borrow more to give. You could see greenbacks in every eye. But he didn't pass the plate, and it grew hotter and we grew sleepier. My enthusiasm went down, down, down—one hundred dollars at a time, till finally, when that plate came round, I stole ten cents out of it. So you see a neglect like this may lead to crime."

Character Shown in Walking. Obstacly is indicated by a slow, heavy and flat footed style of walking, says the California Call, while miserliness may be suspected from short, nervous and anxious footsteps. Turned-in toes generally characterize the absent-minded, and a stoop the very studious and deeply reflective, whose thoughts are ever wandering.

Sly, cunning people walk with a noiseless, even and stealthy tread, resembling that of a cat. A proud person generally takes even steps, holds the figure upright, the head a little back, and turns the toes well out. A gay and volatile person trips lightly and easily, in sympathy with his or her nature. Character is shown by all sorts of oddities in gait, but for grace and elegance no civilian's walk will bear comparison with that of men who have received military training. No two people walk exactly alike, and the student of character finds as much to interest him in the way people walk as in any peculiarity they may have of feature. Quick steps denote agitation; slow steps, either long or short, suggest a gentle or rather contemplative turn of mind.

Petroleum as Fuel in Russia. The Russian ministry of communications has decided to adopt petroleum for generating motive power on the locomotives of all the railways.

The man who isn't true to the world isn't true to himself.



RUD A GLANCE

An Interloper. Old Gentleman—Here, sir, how is it I catch you kissing my daughter? The Lover—By sneaking in on us, sir. —Philadelphia Press.

He Couldn't Lose. Youngman—Do you? I wish you'd put in a bad word for me with them. Elderly—You mean a "good" word of course. Youngman—No, I don't. If I can only get her parents to oppose me I'll land the girl sure. —Philadelphia Press.

He Knew Better. "Oh, John," she cried, "baby's cut a tooth." "Aw, go 'way!" broke in little Willie, who was playing on the floor. "You can't cut a tooth! You may break it, but you can't cut it!" —Chicago Post.

The Other Side. "I suppose your experience is that a good many tenants find it cheaper to keep moving than to pay rent?" remarked the inquisitive man. "No doubt," replied the candid real estate agent, "and we frequently find it cheaper to keep them moving than to make the repairs they require." —Philadelphia Press.

Just Wiggled. "How did Eleanor announce her engagement?" "Just wiggled the finger that wore the diamond ring." —Puck.

AGAIN THE UNLUCKY THIRTEEN. Sykes (counting the Judge and jury)—I allus said as 'ow thirteen was an unlucky number.

His Customary State. "Your friend Tackey is 'way off in Honolulu now. Doesn't that surprise you?" "It does and it doesn't."

"Heard he was going there, eh?" "No, I didn't know he was in Honolulu, but I knew he was 'way off even when he was here." —Philadelphia Record.

They Improve with Age. Belle—I have a violin that I played on when I was a little girl. Nell—Gracious! It must be a fine one.

A Married Man. Jasper—Why do you consider Bond-locks so especially lucky? Jumpuppe—Why, all his friends had gone back on him before he had succeeded, and he was able to begin life with a clean slate.—Life.

Well-Merited. "I understand Miss Goode took piano lessons at the conservatory." "Oh, yes. She's got a gold medal."

"Yes, I was paying a visit at her house last night and she positively refused to play; said she had decided to give it up."

"Yes, that's what she got the gold medal for. The neighbors gave it to her." —Philadelphia Press.

Charity Needed. Kind Lady—You say you have such a hard time supporting your three daughters. What do they do? Hush Brown—Two is havin' der voices cultivated and de odder is in Europe studyin' art.

Ligh. "You used to say," she bitterly complained, "that I was the light of your existence." "I know it," he replied with almost brutal frankness, "but that was before I had to pay for the gas you consume by sitting up till midnight reading fool love stories." —Chicago Times-Herald.

But I don't bear him any grudge; I jes' take off my hat. He's made this of 'world brighter, an' I'm bilged to him for that. I listen to his stories (an' at some I'm laughing yit). An' try to git off jes' as cheap as reason will permit. Fur it's with a little somethin' to have some one comin' out. To make you feel that you're the real thing without a doubt; A regular steppin', thoroughbred—much swifter than the throng— You feel that you're right in it when the Jolly-er comes along. —Washington Star.

Not Alex's Earth. Alex Smart—The earth is merely a speck in the universe. Prof. Squelcher—While your statement is true, young man, that does not justify your apparent theory that you own it.—Ohio State Journal.

An Artistic Distinction. Mr. Spangle—Mr. Wozzen seems badly smitten at that young lady pianist. "Music hath charms," you know. Miss Gebbigh—Yes, and in this case it must be the music which hath the charms." —Baltimore American.

A Reformer Rebuked. German Child—I don't believe in emperors, mamma. German Mother (shocked)—Oh, you little infidel!—Puck.

The "Jolly-er." I'm allus kind o' glad to see the "Jolly-er" come along; The feller that kin tell a joke or mebbe sing a song; The man that puts up lightnin' rods you really didn't need Or sells you ground that isn't wuth the paper in the deed. He has a way o' shakin' hands an' sayin' "Howdy do!" That jes' convinces you he thinks the world an' all o' you, He doesn't keener for money; he is sech a generous elf! An' purty soon he has you feelin' jes' that way yourself!

But I don't bear him any grudge; I jes' take off my hat. He's made this of 'world brighter, an' I'm bilged to him for that. I listen to his stories (an' at some I'm laughing yit). An' try to git off jes' as cheap as reason will permit. Fur it's with a little somethin' to have some one comin' out. To make you feel that you're the real thing without a doubt; A regular steppin', thoroughbred—much swifter than the throng— You feel that you're right in it when the Jolly-er comes along. —Washington Star.

FACTORY BEGINS DAILY TOIL WITH RELIGIOUS SERVICE.

L. H. Creager, who operates a stove and heading factory in Washington, Ind., employed the Rev. Mr. Gorby, pastor of the Presbyterian Church, to deliver fifteen-minute sermons to the factory hands every morning. The idea proved such a success and had such a wonderful influence upon the workmen that Mr. Creager placed the choir of the First Baptist Church upon the pay roll. The choir now assists the Rev. Mr. Gorby in the daily religious services at the factory. Before the fifty workmen about the place begin the day's toil they assemble in the factory for a short religious service. This novel idea originated with L. H. Creager. The Rev. Mr. Gorby, who is a local Presbyterian minister, says that the plan has been a big success, and he expects to see it spread to other factories and to other cities. Mr. Gorby's name appears on



NOVEL FACTORY INNOVATION. the factory payroll with that of the other men.