



Thirty-one years ago the town of Dickson, Tenn., was a village of eleven houses, with a population of thirty-seven whites and fourteen negroes. It was just such a hamlet as can yet be found along the rapidly extending branch lines of the Louisville and Nashville Railroad system; rough board houses, rail fences around small garden spots, an 8x12 depot and post-office and the inevitable tavern—a log structure containing two rooms and an attic, presided over by Old Squire Jim Dickson, whose wife furnished accommodations to the few travelers who by chance came that way. "Squire Jim," as he is yet called, was the original settler, the leading man of the settlement, and dealt out such justice and legal opinions as were necessary for the maintenance of the peace of the village he had founded and which was named for him.

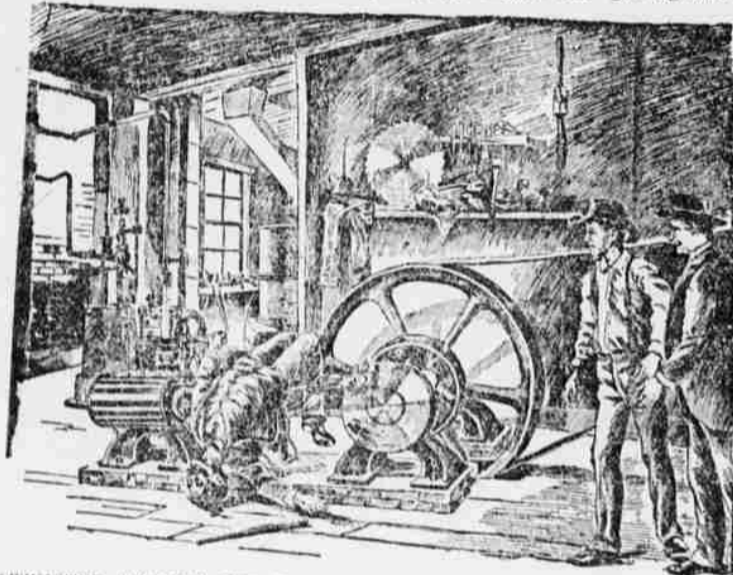
Three times a week a train would come out from Nashville, forty miles east of Dickson, and go down the crooked tracks of the Nashville, Chattanooga and St. Louis Railroad to Johnsonville, on the Tennessee River. The arrival of a train by no means a certainty on any particular day was a signal for Dickson's entire population to gather at the little depot and postoffice to await the opening of the mail. The train usually consisted of three freight cars and the still familiar caboose, with its rough wooden seats, cook stove and bunks for the crew. In this passenger were hauled, and many were the jars they received.

It was seldom that a stranger stopped in Dickson, and the advent of one always created excitement. But one day a man stepped off the Nashville train and inquired for a tavern. He appeared to be about 40 years of age, was neatly dressed and was peculiar in that he talked only when it was unavoidable, brought with him no baggage and carried a cane nearly two inches in diameter and apparently very heavy. "Squire Jim" answered the stranger's query and led him to the

cepted a situation as boss carpenter on the new mill. It was a big undertaking, and attracted attention from all the papers of the State. Men began flocking to Dickson, and other smaller industries were commenced. Meanwhile King remained non-committal. He had no friends, no visitors, told his business to no one and said nothing of his former life. His workmen were paid weekly, and his supply of money seemed inexhaustible. No one could tell where it came from, and finally it was accepted as a matter of course, though one or two detectives came from the city to take a look at the man whose past was so well concealed. In December, 1867, the mill was completed. By this time Dickson could boast of a population of nearly 300, with a brick church and school, all the result of King's mill. No sooner was the final touch of the painter's brush applied to the huge sign that covered the entire four-story front of the building than King gave up his room at the Dickson Inn and moved into his big creation. It was not known when the mill would start. Everything was in readiness with the exception of engaging help and obtaining product to grind. Men had asked King for work and had been told that he had sufficient help. One venturesome farmer offered to sell him wheat, and was told that none was required.

It was three days before Christmas, 1867, that King moved into his mill. He barred the doors and until New Year's eve was not seen or heard. At just 12 o'clock New Year's the town was startled by prolonged whistling from the mill. Running to the scene the astonished natives saw great volumes of smoke pouring from the chimneys and heard the rumble of machinery, although not a light appeared. The great mass of machinery continued to run until morning. This was repeated every night for a week, and still no door was opened.

Then one night all was quiet. The next day "Squire Jim" got together a



"TWISTED AROUND THE PISTON, HIS HAND STILL GRASPING THE VALVE."

tavern, where he gave his name as Frank King, paid in advance for a stay of three months, and requested that he be left to his own devices and not asked to join in any of the convivial affairs for which the Squire's hostelry was deservedly famous.

Down in what is now a thickly populated residence district there is a spring that furnishes water for half a dozen factories and their employes. At that time it was surrounded by a dense growth of underbrush, and was a favorite spot for hunters, game of all kinds abounding. To this spring Frank King would go every morning, rarely returning for dinner, and frequently staying there all night. He carried with him nothing except his cane, which, indeed, was never out of his reach. Squire Dickson spent many hours guessing what might be the business of his reticent guest. At last, convinced that it was his duty to investigate, he said one evening:

"Mr. King, we want to know what brings you to Dickson and why you go so frequently to McFarland's spring."

"Well, sir," replied King. "I'm going to build the biggest flour mill this side of New York."

He said no more, but began writing letters to lumber and machinery houses in the East, the destination of which "Squire Jim" shrewdly guessed at the postoffice. In a few days workmen appeared from Nashville and began the laying of a foundation that covered half an acre. King directed operations, knew just what he wanted and how he wanted it done. Car loads of lumber and machinery began to arrive, and every man and team for miles around was engaged to help build the mammoth mill. Even "Squire Jim" left his tavern to the care of Mrs. Jim and ac-

crowd of men and broke down the door of the mill. In the engine room they found the lifeless body of poor King, twisted around the piston, torn and maimed, his hand still grasping the valve, where he had bravely shut off steam after being caught. On the floor lay the familiar cane. In his pocket no letters were found, and in the mill he had created he had died, a mystery to the world, perhaps a mystery to himself. At the inquest the case was examined. It was hollow, and in it was found \$9,000 in United States government bonds. This was evidently where his money had been taken from to erect the mill. The jury gave a verdict of accidental death, and at the head of his grave yet stands a rough stone, upon which are cut these words:

.....
 "FRANK KING.
 A mystery in life;
 Brave in death."

Under direction of "Squire Jim" the mill was closed and the money retained to pay taxes until some heir came to claim it.

Last week a pale-faced woman, whose every movement spoke of long-endured and great sorrow, registered at the now metropolitan Anderson House, which stands on the same spot once occupied by "Squire Jim's" primitive tavern. She is perhaps 60 years old, though her silvery hair and careworn expression gave the impression of 70. On the register she inscribed: "Mrs. Annie Welland, Northampton, Mass." While curiously enough the

old mill sign is plain: "Annie Welland Mills." Mrs. Welland tells her story this way:

"Just after the close of the war, while living in Boston, I met and was married to Frank Welland, a Lieutenant in the Federal army. His home was at Northampton, where we at once moved. He had been wounded during the war, and had just recovered after a long attack of brain fever. He was heir to a large fortune, a portion of which he insisted upon making over to me. The rest he converted into government bonds and carried in a large case made for that purpose. We had lived together but a few months when Frank was again afflicted with brain trouble. One of his hallucinations was that he had charge of a large mill which he must run without help. One day he disappeared, and though I have spent thousands of dollars and traveled all over the country, I could find no trace of him. In June of this year I came to the Tennessee centennial. While in machinery hall one day I heard two men who were looking at the milling machinery exhibits talking of the old Annie Welland mill. I asked them where the mill was located, and they told me the story of its building. I listened to Dickson, and am now satisfied that my husband and Frank King are one and the same. How he got to Dickson I will, perhaps never know. I shall not do anything with the mill. He must have named it from the memory of his love for me, and it shall stand as he left it until time or accident has worked its destruction."

Mrs. Welland has gone home, after ordering a monument placed at the head of her husband's grave. Meanwhile, the old mill stands bleak and bare, its timbers falling away, its doors and windows gone, a habitation for rats and mice, bats and owls, a ghostly, weird skeleton, rising high in the midst of progress, itself an echo of the mysterious man who builded to his own death, and the life-long heart sickness of a loving woman.

How a Rich Man Started in Business
 "I made most of my money by hard knocks," declared the old resident who has no financial troubles even in these dubious times, "but I once made some very easy money just when I was sorely in need of it."

"I had managed to buy a little stretch of lake shore with the idea of disposing of it as a summer resort. No one was looking for that kind of an investment and I had a dead duck on my hands. I happened down there just at the breaking up of winter, when I had nothing else to do and no money to do it with if I had. There was a big raft of logs tied up at my beach and it had been there since the late fall; at least, that is the view I took of the situation. It was a bold violation of private rights. How had they dared to thus invade my premises without permission? I learned who the owners were in the East and sent them a bill of \$300 for dockage. Their reply came through a representative, who wanted me to settle for a trifle, but I would hear to nothing but the full amount. There was a principle involved that I would not sacrifice. He left with the threat that I would never get a dollar.

"I bribed the man in charge of the raft to notify me when it was to be moved and as soon as I heard from him I had the sheriff there to make a levy. I had a check for \$300 as soon as it could be got to me. It proved the thin edge of the wedge with which I entered into the business that made me rich. Six weeks later I discovered that the raft had not been on my land at all. It was forty feet beyond my line. But what could I do, with my money tied up in an investment? So I said nothing."—Detroit Free Press.

Cases of Fire in Theaters.
 Mr. Sachs details the causes of fire in 193 cases which have broken out at the back of theaters. Forty-four have been due to defects in the gas installation, 37 to open lights, 32 to defects in heating apparatus, 31 to fireworks, 18 to lamps, 17 to explosions, 7 to defects in the electric installation and a similar number to gases. In the case of 789 the time of outbreak is reported. Forty-two per cent. occurred in the night, 24 per cent. in the daytime, 17 per cent. within two hours after a performance and 13.5 per cent. during the progress of an entertainment. Of the total number of outbreaks chronicled 584 have occurred in Europe (139 in Great Britain) and 531 in the United States. New York has the largest proportion—41 fires at 27 different establishments—and London comes second with 35 at 27 establishments and Paris third with 31 at 28 establishments.—London Saturday Review.

His Brotherly Love.
 An apostle of brotherly love of Wichita, Kan., went to Topeka to lecture, and this is the way he talked: "Why, if a hare-brained, silly, mimicking, foolish, sleek, well-groomed dancing man should waltz around a ballroom with his wife, I would hunt him up the next morning and kick him around the public square, if I could do it. If I couldn't do it I would hire the biggest dork in town to do it for me. It would be done."

Our idea of a good time would be to have so little to do that we could never remember what day of the week it is.

HINTS ABOUT DIVING.

HOW TO ACQUIRE ABILITY IN THIS RECREATION.

Rules to Be Followed When Rescuing One Who Cannot Swim—A Knowledge of This Art Is Essential to Life Saving.

Saving Persons from Drowning.
 The whole secret of making a dive at the first attempt is to have plenty of confidence. Beginners, as a rule, are so nervous that they start to make a dive, but change their mind before reaching the water and turn it into an awkward tumble. It has often been found a good plan for two persons to hold a



DIVING.

towel out in front of the diver to show how high he must throw his legs in order to make a clean dive.

The low dive is about three feet from the surface. With the hands over the head take a deep respiration, and in leaving the solid surface throw the feet above the level of the head. In entering the water turn the hands upward and you come to the surface. The prettiest high dive is made when you spring far out, the body almost in a horizontal level, and allow the head and arms to decline toward the water. In making a very high dive the performer changes the position of his body by giving a peculiar quirk to his legs, which has the effect of shooting him into the water head first.

Headers are taken by running and jumping off a springboard. The body is straightened out as in a high dive, and there is but little splash on entering the water. Diving feet first and the sitting jump, with hands clasped over knees, are also sometimes practiced. Flippers are single or double somersaults make backwards or forwards from a board or solid surface.

The plunge differs from the dive in that the former is made head first from a firm take-off, the body being entirely free from spring. You simply plunge into the water and rise to the surface



RISE TO THE SURFACE.

by the guiding of the hands, which are held out in front as in a dive. While in the water the body is perfectly motionless. Good plungers can glide seventy-five feet in this way with little difficulty.

Diving is absolutely essential in life saving, it being necessary frequently to dive for a drowning person. It is also essential to know just how to approach and grip a drowning person and how to release oneself from their oft-times fatal clutch. The following meth-

od is nearly about that adopted in the life-saving service of England in the United States. Experience has proved it to be most effective, and it is not more generally known. Briefly it is as follows:

If held by the wrists take a deep breath and turn both arms simultaneously against the drowning person's thumbs outward, and attempt to hold your arms at right angles to your body. This will dislocate his thumb and compel him to let go. If clutched around the neck, bring the knees against the lower part of your opponent's chest. Then give a quick sudden push, straightening out your legs at the same time, and throw the whole weight of your body backward. This will press the air out of his chest as well as push him off, no matter how tightly he may be holding.

If clutched around the body, arms, lean well over your opponent and throw one arm in an upward direction at right angles to the body, or the one arm up between your body and his. Then, with thumb and forefinger, pinch his nose and pinch the nostrils at the same time placing the palm of your hand on his chin and push outward. This will cause him to open his mouth for breathing purposes, and he, under, will swallow water. Choking ensues, and not only is the rescuer free, but the other is left so helpless that he is completely under control. clutched high around the body, arms, lean well over and turn one arm in an outward and upward direction which move will free the arm. Then proceed as in the other case.

About the easiest way of towing a person to shore is to grasp him by the clothes or under the arm and swim your back with a fast side stroke. You swim better with the broad stroke turn over on your face and let the drowning one lie on his back and his arms about your neck. Or, if you



RESCUING.

are very strong, hold him up with one arm and swim with the other.

A Timely Rebuke.

A lady, riding on a car on the New York Central Railway, was disturbed in her reading by the conversation of two gentlemen, occupying the seat before her. One of them seemed to be a student of some college, on his way home for a vacation. He used most profane language, greatly to the lady's annoyance.

She thought she would rebuke him, and, on begging pardon for interrupting, asked the young student if he had studied the languages.

"Yes, madam, I have mastered the languages quite well."

"Do you read and speak Hebrew?"

"Quite fluently."

"Will you be so kind as to do me a small favor?"

"With great pleasure. I am at your service."

"Will you be so kind as to do your swearing in Hebrew?"

The lady was not annoyed any more by the ungentlemanly language of the would-be gentleman.

A Congressman's Horseshoes.

Congressman Russell, of Connecticut, has something like a bushel of horseshoes which he has picked up. Six or eight fine specimens ornamented or disfigure his apartments at the Hamilton in Washington, and the remainder of the bushel, except a few, are stored in an old box at his home in Killingly. The few which are especially reserved from the collection in the box are hanging on the port wall at our hotel. Russell used to pull a winning string with in the old six-oared crew of Yale College in '73.

IN STATES SHOWN BLACK BICYCLES ARE CARRIED AS BAGGAGE



—New York World.