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Wealth is simply one of the greatest powers which can be entrusted to human hands; a power, not indeed to be envied, because it seldom makes us happy; but still less to be abdicated or despised; while in these days and in this country, it has become a power all the more notable, in that the possessions of a rich man are not represented, as they used to be, by wedges of gold or coffers of jewels, but by masses of men variously employed, over whose bodies and minds the wealth, according to its direction, exercises harmful influence, and becomes, in that alternative, mammon either of unrighteousness or of righteousness. —John Ruskin.

SOUND THE ALARM.

Delay and defeat the building of the portage road by the state, the opening of the Columbia River to navigation, is the cry! The effort is being made to create sectional jealousies, to turn the people of the different sections against the project by using the referendum as a club, while selfish interests direct the wielding of it.

Brazen voiced agents are being sent out over the state to secure signatures of voters to referendum petitions with this end in view. Why? Because the sum appropriated by the last Legislature is to be used to the freeing of the river above The Dalles to navigation. If this money was certain to be wasted, as is alleged; was inadequate in amount for the purpose, there would be no cry against the expenditure by the parties at interest, but since it is to be spent resultfully and with full fruits to the people of the great Inland Empire, to those of Portland and the rest of Oregon, the hand of Esau appears to direct affairs while the voice of Jacob is heard in the land.

It would not do, you know, to have the Columbia River open. To hurry forward that enterprise is a crime, in the eyes of those profiting from present conditions, and the people—a certain number of them—are to be used as cat's paws to save the corporation's chestnuts from the fire.

Those interested in this movement against the portage road, against the opening of the river, are like the cuttle fish, busy inking the waters in which they are swimming, so as to blind those most vitally concerned in making this great waterway free in this decade. Those behind the movement even go so far as to deny any connection with it; in fact pretend to be ashamed of the "dirty work" being done, and yet it is self-evident that the braying against the portage enterprise would not be kept up a minute by those who are playing the part were it not for the sinews of war supplied so mysteriously and yet so freely.

Who is this man W. C. Cowgill representing? He pretends to be a citizen of Eastern Oregon. Think of the ignominy of such pretense, while he is proving a traitor to that section, which so needs the stimulus that an open river would afford!

And The Journal wants to know why the Portland Morning Organ and its Evening Tail do not assist in arousing the people of Portland, at least, to such action as will prevent this conspiracy against cheaper transportation through an open river? Why do these papers lend encouragement, by giving so freely of their space to Cowgill et al., for communications written and published with the view of delaying and preventing the carrying out of this important public work, either by the state or the general government?

Such a service, on the part of these newspapers, is valuable to Cowgill et al., but, surely, it has doubtful value to the people of Portland to whom the opening of the lordly Columbia means a swelling tide of trade, coupled with the coming of more millions—yes millions—of bushels of wheat to be handled here and elsewhere on the river, and to be shipped out of its mouth to the markets of the teeming world.

Shall the shackles and thongs remain forever on our limbs, and the crown of thorns upon our heads, put there by these time-servers, just because we will not rise to that pitch of energy and independence which must possess free men and a free people before they can value their liberties, exercise their rights and build a great city and rear a great state?

Those who sit in silence while the shackles are being welded tighter and tighter, while trade that belongs to Portland is being diverted to other points, and against natural provision, deserve to be in bondage forever; deserve to hear the braying of the hired wild-asses, who sell their birthrights to corporate interests for barely a mess of porridge; deserve to occupy the rear ranks in the march of development and progress in this Almighty endowed Oregon of ours!

A MODEL PUBLIC OFFICIAL.

Joseph W. Folk, the Prosecuting Attorney of St. Louis, who has gained national fame by his fearless prosecutions of boodlers, has given an illustration of his high ideal of public office in his recent refusal to accept a handsome residence tendered to him by grateful and admiring fellow citizens. They wished to give him some substantial evidence of their appreciation of his magnificent fight for purity in municipal affairs, but Mr. Folk declined to accept it. He gave as his reasons that his salary as Prosecuting Attorney is sufficient for his requirements and that in prosecuting the boodlers he was simply doing his sworn duty.

"No officer of the law," said Mr. Folk, "should be honored with a monument, living or dead, when he merely does his duty."

Seldom do public officials place before themselves ideals so stern and so lofty as this. Mr. Folk deserves that higher honor, greater than any material reward, the lasting respect and gratitude of his fellow citizens. Few men of his age, for he is but 35, are able to accomplish so much for the good of the community in which they live. The story of his achievements is full of interest.

Joseph Folk was born in West Tennessee, studied law in the evenings and hoed corn during the day. He is a Democrat of the Jefferson school and first attracted attention by his vigorous speeches in the campaign of 1896. Later he was nominated for Prosecuting Attorney in St. Louis, the ring then in control of the city finding it necessary to give an air of respectability to their ticket and believing that Folk would "look out for the boys." His declaration that if he accepted the office he would do his duty was regarded by the bosses as merely a campaign promise.

His first act after his election was to indict a number of ward workers for stuffing the ballot boxes. He was warned at once by some of the machine leaders that the cases must be dropped, but Folk replied that he proposed to enforce the law. Before the gang realized what had happened, the ballot box stuffers were convicted and sent to the penitentiary.

Still more sensational developments followed. Acting on the information given him by a newspaper reporter, Folk began an investigation of the City Council and suddenly half a dozen Councilmen were placed under arrest and a dozen more fled from the city. Folk had unearthed a mass of corruption probably unparalleled even in the worst governed of our American cities. The boodlers were wild with consternation, but Folk did not stop with the Councilmen. Millionaire business men were arrested for offering bribes. A millionaire brewer fled to Europe, and other rich men found refuge in Mexico. A Kansas City banker was sent to the penitentiary. To cap the climax, Ed Butler, the king of the boodling ring and the owner of five millions of dollars, was arrested, tried, convicted and sentenced to the penitentiary for five years.

Desperate efforts were made to swerve Folk from his pursuit of the criminals, but neither persuasions, promises nor threats of assassination proved of the slightest avail. He kept on relentlessly in his work of sending big thieves and little thieves to the penitentiary.

Mr. Folk has now turned his attention to the task of cleansing the state Legislature, and he has already carried dismay into the ranks of the lobbyists and the boodlers. He knows no distinctions of party when engaged in the pursuit of crime. His one purpose is to ferret out the wrong doers and bring them to justice. Rarely is public office honored by an incumbent with such high principles, such fearlessness and such devotion to his ideals.

WILL CLEVELAND BE NOMINATED?

The belief is general that if the Democratic nomination for President should be tendered to Grover Cleveland next year he would accept it. While his own utterances on the subject have been extremely guarded, and have been confined in the main to the statement that he is not now a candidate, his friends believe that he would again become the standard bearer of his party if he should prove to be the choice of a majority in the national convention.

Barring any personal disinclination of Mr. Cleveland's to making the presidential race for the fourth time, the chief obstacle to his nomination lies in the bitter opposition of that faction of the party which is headed by William J. Bryan. Mr. Bryan has declared in emphatic language that Cleveland is an "impossibility," and has given ample evidence that he proposes to fight him with all the resources at his command. Deeply as such a factional strife is to be regretted, it is extremely doubtful whether the two wings of the party can unite on any candidate entirely satisfactory to both and strong enough to give reasonable hope of victory. Twice the Democratic party has followed Mr. Bryan to defeat. A powerful reaction has now set in against the views which he represents and upon which he has made his campaigns. It needs no prophet to foresee that if the party should again go before the people upon the free coinage issue, it would meet with a defeat even more crushing than that of three years ago.

A very large and influential element in the Eastern and Southern states is demanding Grover Cleveland's nomination. If this demand continues to grow and if Mr. Bryan persists in his determined opposition, a serious conflict in the convention seems inevitable. The question at once arises whether the old line Democrats or the Bryan Democrats will then be in the ascendant.

An accurate forecast of the complexion of the convention is, of course, impossible at this time, but appearances indicate that the Bryan delegates will be in the minority. Cleveland sentiment has been making extraordinary progress throughout the Southern states. Many careful observers predict that the South will be solidly arrayed in the ex-President's support. It is true that Henry Watterson is vehemently opposed to his nomination, but more potent influence than that of the Louisville editor will be required to stem the tide of Cleveland sentiment.

In the Eastern states where Bryanism was never strong, Cleveland's popularity in his own party is unmistakable. It is there that the conservative element of the party is strongest and there that the reaction from Bryan's leadership is most marked. There can be no question that Cleveland is today the choice of the New York Democracy. In Pennsylvania petitions urging his nomination have already received the signatures of 10,000 Democrats. In the New England states the sentiment in his favor has received a powerful impetus from the growing distrust of Roosevelt's policy towards the trusts and the knowledge that Cleveland would receive the support of many thousands of independent Republicans. The Middle West may be debatable ground, but even there the ex-President would receive some support and the remarkable reception recently accorded to him at St. Louis gives ground for the belief that he is gaining rather than losing ground in that portion of the country.

Bryan's greatest strength lies in the West and Northwest. There his forces are thoroughly organized and fully prepared for a desperate fight against Cleveland's nomination. The party machinery is in Bryan's hands and his determination to use it to the uttermost has been declared.

It would seem, therefore, that in the national convention the West is to be arrayed against the East and the South. If such should prove to be the case the victory must rest with the latter, whose greater population gives them a heavy preponderance of representation.

It is easily to be seen that Cleveland is more feared by the Republicans than any other possible candidate who has been mentioned. The Republican press is filled with ponderous arguments to show that he cannot be elected if nominated and with predictions that under his leadership, the Democracy is foredoomed to a hopeless division.

The animus of these arguments is easy to understand. Republican leaders are keenly alive to the fact that with Cleveland as the nominee, they would be threatened with a repetition of the great popular upheaval of 1892, which swept into the Democratic column New York, Connecticut, New Jersey, Delaware, Maryland, West Virginia, Indiana, Illinois and other states which in subsequent elections have been accounted Republican strongholds.

The chief indictment which Mr. Bryan brings against Mr. Cleveland is that he bolted his party in 1896 and 1900. To suggest that Bryan and his followers would bolt Cleveland if he should be the nominee in 1904, would be to charge them with the grossest inconsistency.

MORE HOTELS NEEDED.

Everyone who visited St. Louis for the dedication of the World's Fair came away deeply impressed with the city's imperative need of increased hotel facilities. The accommodations were utterly inadequate for the crowds. Even many of the distinguished invited guests, governors, senators and others, were crowded together like cattle, lucky to find so much as a place to sleep. The hotels marked up their rates to most extortionate figures, and the luckless visitors were mercilessly plucked. It was scarcely an auspicious preliminary to the opening of the exposition next year, when St. Louis will invite all the world to visit her.

The occurrence should afford an object lesson to Portland. The Journal has repeatedly pointed out the need of enlarging the city's hotel facilities, and the subject is one that demands serious consideration. Doubtless it has been held in abeyance through the labor troubles, and the agitation against the Lewis and Clark Fair, but both of these may probably be regarded as merely temporary obstacles. It is but reasonable to suppose that some adjustment of the present industrial difficulties will soon be reached, and as for the anti-Fair agitation it is not seriously to be feared. Even should the referendum be invoked, the appropriation will be sustained, for the great majority of the people of Oregon are strongly in favor of the Fair.

It will be humiliating in the extreme if Portland is unable to give comfortable accommodations to her visitors in 1905. No time must be lost if new hotels are to be built. Plans should already be well under way and the work of construction can then be commenced as soon as it is definitely established that the Fair is to be held. Our visitors will expect to fare somewhat better than did Lewis and Clark a century ago.

Oysters for King Edward are being obtained from the west of Ireland.

WORK FOR THE BOARD

PORTLAND, May 12.—(To the Editor of the Journal.)—Permit me a portion of your valuable paper in which to place myself before the community so that they may judge of the position I have assumed in the Board of Trade.

When I became a member of that organization it was for the purpose of building up a strong organization which would have the interests of the city at heart and would endeavor to improve the conditions under which our municipality is burdened. One of my leading ideas was to have the city government run on a just and economical basis, and when outrages were perpetrated, such as your valuable paper has so conclusively shown, in regard to the matter of the county finances, and particularly in regard to public improvements, the contracting for the improvement and building of streets, and to prevent the great waste of the public money. When a contractor builds a street he should give a security bond for a certain number of years, and should he fail in his contract to furnish a street such as was expected, then the taxpayers should have the right either to have him forfeit his bond or reconstruct the street according to contract. An organization that would devote its attention solely to civic improvements and that would take pains to show when the taxpayers were being defrauded and were not receiving value for the money expended should also see that the books of all public officials were exported every six months, showing the amount of money received and for what disbursed. This would add greatly to the up-building of our city.

Were there a strong body of men organized for this purpose there can be no doubt but it would be greatly beneficial. Were the public money judiciously expended taxes would be materially lessened and the public benefits would be increased proportionately.

When I became a member of the Board of Trade this was my chief reason for joining it, but instead of making civic improvements a leading feature it attempts to do what is already done by the Chamber of Commerce. As matters now stand the Board of Trade is simply an impediment to the real progress of the city. If the citizens of Portland would act as the citizens of Seattle and Spokane, and have one strong organization such as the Chamber of Commerce, where every individual of this city who has the welfare of the city at heart would interest himself and become a member of such body, the benefits conferred upon the city would be incalculable. THOMAS GUINEAN.

WOMEN EMPLOYED AS TENEMENT INSPECTORS

In the flat and tenement districts of New York one encounters blue uniformed men wearing badges and hat bands inscribed with the words "tenement inspector." There are 170 odd of these men employed by the New York tenement house commissioner. But very few, one might venture to say, come across young women dressed in blue uniforms and decorated with the same kind of official bands and badges as the men. There are seven feminine inspectors of tenements and they are the first to have been appointed in New York.

All of these inspectors are college or university graduates and most of them have been actively interested in associations for the betterment of the condition of the poor.

"You see," said inspector 182, otherwise Mary R. Sales, "after we were regularly installed the seven of us held a meeting and decided upon this uniform. We wanted service as well as style, and it had to be cut in the most comfortable fashion for our work."

It was made of dark blue serge, with a reefer coat and ankle length skirt, and was extremely plain and tailor-like. From the breast pocket of the square-cut jacket hung a large circular gilt badge of the commission. This was fastened on the end of a short strap, so that it could be slipped out of sight in the pocket. The black ribbon band, on which was embroidered in gold letters the words, "Tenement Inspector 182," encircled the left arm above the elbow, instead of being worn on the hat as the men wear theirs.

"How do the people greet you, and do you ever encounter difficulties in the way of gaining entrance?" was asked.

"Sometimes, but not often," she replied to the latter part of the question. "You see the uniform inspires a great deal of respect and fear."—Kansas City Star.

LOYAL TO EASTERN OREGON.

The ringing resolutions issued in support of the portage road, and in condemnation of the betrayers of the people of Eastern Oregon, by the Portland Board of Trade, are encouraging to this section of the state.

It is the most refreshing bit of Oregon literature written since the portage road bill itself came from the pen of the author.

* * * *

Portland will be the greatest individual beneficiary of this road, from a commercial standpoint, and she is showing her appreciation of this fact by an activity that is characteristic of her.

The efforts of selfish interests to defeat this measure are direct thrusts at the trade of Portland. Those who are endeavoring to keep Eastern Oregon in bondage to high freight rates would willingly stop the settlement of that vast district where it now stands, and would cause Portland to remain a city of 120,000 population, instead of growing, by virtue of increasing trade and commerce, to be a city of 200,000 souls within the next 10 years, as she would with an open river and competitive freight rates which will permit the settlement of the interior districts.

* * * *

The people of Willamette Valley who are signing the petitions for a referendum vote on the portage road do not certainly appreciate what the construction of this road means to the entire state.

* * * *

They are happily situated themselves, in the way of transportation facilities. They are near the market center and metropolis of the state. They enjoy the benefits that follow the complete settlement of the country. They have no long stretches of mountain wagon roads over which to tediously convey their products to market and they have competition in freight handling which reduces the cost of delivering their product at the market to a minimum.

* * * *

Willamette Valley should remember these things before she willingly strikes a blow at the welfare of this section. The loyal stand taken by the Portland Board of Trade in favor of the oppressed counties of Eastern Oregon should be a rebuke to those who are willing to defeat the advancement of the state to further the narrowest personal aims.—Pendleton East Oregonian.

Four-fifths of the people of the Southern states live on farms, but not one-third of the land is being tilled, says Hoke Smith.

THE MONEY MAKING SOW

It is not the sow pig of fanciest color and finish that always makes the best brood sow of such litters. In fact, we believe the gilt that will prove the best mother and suckler will not be the one that is the shortest in neck and leg and is fattest at the time of sale. The successful brood sow, like the successful milk cow, does not excel in the pork or beef pattern, writes F. C. Holme in American Swineherd.

If one is buying for show stock he will select the gilt that will scale the greatest number of points and has the fancy color markings that please the eye. But the young beginner and farmer can let the showman pay for this fancy. In the sow and cow it is "handsome is as handsome does."

Select for a breeder rather than for show. It is notorious that some of the most noted brood sows that have produced some of the highest priced animals have not had the form to fill the scale of points as show animals. There is a lightness in neck and shoulders that discounts them in the company of show animals. They have a roominess in the middle piece and a little more activity and length of limb than is desirable in the feeder or show animal.

These are the gilts for fine litters or choice breeding that the farmer and beginner will do well to look after. Study all the good brood sows one can and see wherein they differ from the standard form of the boar and show sows. When once we find a promising breeder we have better property than the average claim in a gold mine.

After we have found a promising brood sow we must remember she is to produce pigs, and we must do our part, so far as feeding for vigor and strength is concerned. It is the strong active sow, and not the over-fed lubber that is likely to do us the best service in the breeding pen. She must be a great eater, but we must give her bulky rather than concentrated feed. Her powers of digestion are the basis of strength, health and production of milk. It is too much to expect of any animal to excel at two things of opposite nature.

The milch cow cannot excel at the pail and in the beef show at one and the same time. She must be fed differently for each. So the most profit is to come from brood sows fed and handled for breeding and not for show.

The young sow that is to give us the best service, farrowing and suckling for years to come, must not be fed with barrows that are to go to the butcher at eight or 10 months. By that age the gilt is to be ready for mating. Instead of being fat as a barrow she needs to be strong as an ox and active as a deer, and she will be both strong and active if allowed all the exercise and variety of feed the farm can furnish.

As to breeding under a year old, and for more than one litter, we have tried both, and now claim the sow that is ready to farrow soon after she is 12 months old and then to produce at least three litters in two years, will make a more regular breeder and better suckler than if not bred until a year old and after that for only one litter.

The sow is a money-maker, and, like our capital, must be kept busy within the bounds of safety.

We want to see more young men at our sales ready to pick up the bargains that may add value to their herds.

AMERICAN WOMEN

Here is a typical article from an English journal, Black and White, on American women. It is by an Englishwoman:

The American woman unquestionably considers herself a queen, and as in this world people are for the most part taken at their own valuation, she is possibly well advised in doing so. American girls whom I have met on being introduced to strangers adopt immediately a deliberately fascinating manner and plunge into personal reminiscences and self-revelations with so simple an art and so ingenious a belief in the admiring sympathy of their audience that the audience, in spite of itself, falls into the expected attitude of appreciation. American girls assume, almost invariably, that all the men that they know or meet are their admirers and insensibly this seems to become more or less the case. While an English girl assumes for an indefinite period in the acquaintance that the men that she meets are mere casual strangers and hides a really modest diffident feeling as regards her own charms under a mask of reserve and shyness, the American girl steps in and with an airy assumption of the all-conquering manner which is natural to her, she wins, apparently without an effort, a certain amount of allegiance. For this sort of thing English girls are apt to be jealous of Americans. A fit of this nature I treat with consoling words. "Surely," I say, "you wouldn't care to be Miss Penelope R. Browne, sitting there and holding forth in that dictatorial manner through her nose, even though it is a pretty one!"

The self-consciousness of American women in these days is noticeable. Seldom have I met one—and I have met a good many—who has not been ready to analyze the type of "American woman" and to throw all the light of which she is capable on her psychological workings. Sometimes it is a clear and penetrating light, but often it is more than a little misty. To me this self-consciousness is rather repellant.

TRAMP TOOK A SPECIAL.

The nerve of the traveling public, whether those who go to make it up travel first class or on the trucks, has been often demonstrated, but Porter Mouley, of the Pullman Car "Smyrna," which runs between this city and Walla Walla, has a story that beats 'em all.

"Hoboes," said Mr. Mouley, "are getting bolder every year. The sight of a jail or a big copper has long since failed to strike terror to their hearts and even the heavy fisted freight brakeman is sometimes defied.

"Last week when General Superintendent O'Brien's car passed through Wallula several tramps stole from the shadows of the water tank and secured hiding places on the train.

"One little fellow, carrying a roll of blankets, managed to climb to the roof of the superintendent's coach, but was obliged to drop his pack. It was getting dangerously near the time for the train to pull out, and cautiously looking over the side of the car, Weary Willie called to the porter:

"'I say there, porter, would y' mind handin' up me luggage?'

"The surprised colored man was so taken back by the words, that he slowly reached down, picked up the roll, passed it up to the man 'up stairs' and the cars moved out with Willie and his blankets on the upper deck."

Rev. Dr. Henry M. Field, the last of the famous Field brothers, reached his 81st birthday a few days ago. He is living at present at Stockbridge, but will spend the summer as usual at his Lenox home. Dr. Field was for many years editor of the New York Evangelist.

SOUVER'S LITTLE DEAL

Souver is a little, thin man, with a precise manner of speaking. Bridges is bulky and red-faced, with a loud laugh and a blunt style of conversation. Sometimes when his appetite is poor for breakfast at the boarding house where he and Souver reside he unblushingly explains to the other boarders that he has been "out with the boys."

Still, the two men were on good terms. Indeed, one day Souver asked Bridges to explain to him the mysteries of stock speculation. Bridges, being a broker, did his best. Souver was interested—almost feverishly so. "I should think," said he tentatively, "that you might give a friend a little tip, as you call it, once in awhile."

"I might," answered Bridges, "but generally that's a thing a man gets no thanks for. If I could tell for a dead sure thing which way the cat would jump I'd go down town and do one more day's work and then I'd retire. No, it's just plain gambling and a moral duck like you ought to keep out of it."

"Well," laughed Souver, "you let me know when you have got a good thing and let me try my luck."

About a week later Bridges gave his friend the tip. "It's Strawberry Mark," he said. "You can do as you like about it, but it's down to 5½ cents now and I've got a hunch that it will go nearly to par inside of a month. I'm buying."

"Strawberry Mark?"

"Yes; name of the mine. It's mining stock, and I believe it's good. I think I'm a little on the inside, but I don't know. You might try a few hundred shares, anyway, if you feel like taking a chance."

"You're sure it's a good thing?"

"If I was sure I'd buy it all up myself. As it is I'm going to be satisfied with a couple of thousand."

Souver took a notebook from his pocket and with a trembling hand made a few calculations. "I'll do it," he cried excitedly. "I'll buy—yes, I'll buy 500 shares. You get 'em for me, won't you? I'll take it as a favor."

"Well, all right," assented Bridges, after a moment's hesitation.

"I'll write you a check for it when I get down town," said Souver. "I'm much obliged to you."

The next morning Souver, looking at the papers, saw that Strawberry Mark had advanced 3 cents. He was almost wild with excitement and hurried down town to Bridges' office, where, pushing aside the detaining office boy, he burst into his friend's private room and asked if he had heard the news.

"What news?" asked Bridges.

"About Strawberry Mark. It's gone up 3 cents. Say, we've missed the chance of our lives. Why didn't you buy more? I might just as well have got a thousand or two."

"Oh, pshaw!" said Bridges. "Is that all? I thought the boarding house had burned down. Well, you can buy more if you want to."

"At 5½?"

"Haven't you seen for yourself that it's at 8½? It may go higher, though."

"But you are not sure?"

"Sure nothing. There's nothing sure about it."

"Then perhaps I'd better sell now?"

"Just as you like. I'm going to hold on, though, awhile longer."

"Then you believe it will go higher?"

"See here," said Bridges, rather impatiently, "I can't advise you all the time. You can hang on or let go when you're a mind to. I'll tell you when I'm going to sell, if you like, but that's all I can do. And, by the way, before going, you might write me that check."

Souver went away from the office feeling as if he had been mistaken in Bridges. He did not like the man's manner and he seemed rather too anxious about that check. It might be well to sell at once, he thought, but then there was a chance that the price would advance still more.

The next day the stock had gone up another cent and Souver felt reassured. When the next day it went up half a cent higher he felt a little doubtful and consulted Bridges as to the advisability of selling. Some other stocks had not been doing well with Bridges and he was rather short. Souver formed a suspicion that Bridges was playing with him, with the ultimate intention of skinning him. That half-cent advance looked as if the stock was about to fail. If not, why didn't it go to an even cent?

The next day the stock jumped to 65 cents.

Then Souver made Bridges another visit and wanted to know whether now would not be a good time to sell. Bridges was a little annoyed, but he couldn't help laughing.

"Oh, yes," he replied, "I guess it's always a good time to quit when a man is ahead of the game. You've made close on to $300 now. That ought to satisfy you. If you want to sell I'll buy your stock and give you a check for it."

"But it might go higher still," said Souver, doubtfully.

"Yes, it might, and then again it mightn't."

"Well, are you going to sell?"

"Why, no," said Bridges. "But that needn't hinder you. I think if I were you I'd sell. You worry too much over a little stake."

"Three hundred dollars isn't such a trifle," said Souver. "If you had to work as hard for your money as I do you wouldn't think so. I propose to look after it anyway."

"Well, pull it out and put it in a safety deposit vault," jeered Bridges. "Then you'll be sure of it. As it is, you might drop it inside of five minutes."

Souver grew pale.

"You don't think I will, though, do you?" he asked. "Now, as a friend, Bridges? Give it to me straight. I know you fellows in this business are'nt as strict in your ideas as——"

"What the dickens do you mean?" demanded Bridges. "Do you think I'm trying to beat you because I as good as made you a present of $300? You put in a little $27.50 and then because you've turned your money over above 10 times you pester me to death and then insult me!"

"Don't get excited, Bridges, old man," said Souver. "I apologize if I said anything I ought not to. Then you wouldn't sell?"

Bridges looked at him a moment and then broke into a shout of laughter. "Oh, you're good," he said. "Now, look here, I'm not going to tell you anything about what I would do or what I wouldn't do. When I make up my mind to sell I give you my word I'll let you know. I give you my word on that, mind. Now, you can do just as you blamed please. I'll buy your stock if you say so."

"No," said Souver, "I've got every confidence in you. I'll keep it."

"All right, then," said Bridges.

"He's a deep one," said Souver to himself as the elevator took him down. "He wants my stock and he's trying to bluff me out of it, but I think I'm a little too deep for him."

He was confirmed in his belief when Strawberry Mark took another little jump of 10 cents. "I'd have been $50 out and he'd have been $50 in if I had sold yesterday," reflected Souver. "Oh, no, Mr. Bridges, you've got to get up a little earlier in the morning."

A report of water in one of the shafts of the Strawberry mark started it. The shares had gone to 80 and then in 24 hours they had tumbled and tumbled and still tumbled. A day later they were offered at 3 cents, with no takers—practically waste paper. It was then that, driven to desperation by what he said was the iniquity of Bridges, Souver went to him and gave him a piece of his mind, with beneficial results.

That is, he started to give Bridges a piece of his mind. He started quite gently, but Bridges showed a disposition to be violent.

"See here!" said Bridges at last. "I'm a chump to do it, but I want to get through with you. I've got my stock yet, but that's no matter. You claim that you have lost $27.50 as a result of my representations. It's like your gall, but we'll let that go. Give me your stock and I'll give you your $27.50 and you'll be where you were when you started."

When Souver had the check in his hand he said he felt bound to observe that Bridges had done no more than he ought to do. So it is not surprising that when Bridges had a chance a little later he sent Souver this letter:

"Mr. Elias Souver—Dear Sir: In accordance with my promise, although the occasion for it has passed, I now inform you that I am about to sell my 2,500 shares of Strawberry Mark stock at a premium of 73 cents above their par value of $1. This is in no sense advice to you to do the same in case you have acquired any more of the said stock, but to fulfill my promise and bring you to a pleasant realization of your own foolishness. Yours cordially

"HENRY J. BRIDGES."

—Chicago News.

THE SOLVING OF A RIVER MYSTERY IN SOUTH AFRICA

The Mobangi River, emptying into the Congo from the north, is the largest tributary of that river. It is 1,500 miles long and larger than any river of Europe except the Volga and the Danube. Colonel Van Gele, one of the famous explorers of the Congo basin, has just written the story of his discovery of the mouth of the great river in 1884.

This discovery was actually made by the missionary traveler Grenfell as well as by Van Gele about the same time, neither of them knowing what the other was doing. It was one of the remarkable finds in the second greatest river basin of the world. A brief summary of the story told by Col. Van Gele is worth recording.

He heard from the natives that there was a great river called the Mobangi emptying into the Congo on the northern bank. He had lived on the Congo for years as a member of Stanley's staff, he had repeatedly steamed up and down the river, but he had never heard of the Mobangi. He had considerable doubt that such a river existed, but finally decided to take the little steamer En Avant and probe the mystery to the bottom. There were four Belgians in the party and 10 Zanzibar deckhands. The information they had received was very vague and the only course before them was to keep close to the right or northern bank of the Congo till they found the mouth of the Mobangi or proved that it did not exist. The Congo is miles in width, for a long distance above and below the confluence of the Mobangi, and it is strewn with hundreds of islands separated from one another by a myriad of channels.

The party left Equatorville, above the Mobangi, steamed down the river, and in two days found themselves amid this tangle of islands. It was difficult to find the north bank of the Congo. Sometimes they skirted for miles what they believed to be the shore of the river, only to find at last that they had been following the edge of an island.

Finally they found a fishing village, where the natives, with some hesitation, consented to have dealings with them. They bought some fish, but the man refused to guide them out of the labyrinth or supply them with information.

Their confidence was gained at last and two of them were detained aboard the steamer. A pile of brass rods and cloth was shown to them and they were told that the treasures would be given them if they would pilot the white men to the mouth of the Mobangi River. The men promised to do so and again the En Avant started down the Congo under the conduct of the two guides.

"Under their direction," writes Col. Van Gele, "we steamed in and out among the islands and after four hours of progress at full speed we found ourselves in a swift, wide current of yellow water. I was at the bow of the boat and looking back to Capt. Hansens I shouted:

"'Captain, we are in a new river.'

"'We are, sure enough,' he replied.

"It was true. We were in the Mobangi, and soon we saw along its left bank a vast agglomeration of villages. The people were a Mobangi tribe whom we had never met before.

"Before we touched the shore we loaded the two fishermen with the presents we had promised to them and they sped down the river back to their village in a canoe. The same day we were the guests of N'koko, the principal chief of that region, and the following morning we signed the treaty with him and the other important chiefs of the lower Mobangi tribe.

"This is the way in which the Belgians discovered the mouth of the Mobangi and entered into pacific possession of the country by treaties concluded with the native chiefs."

At the same time Grenfell was starting up the Congo on his little steamer The Peace to find new sites for mission stations. He lost his way among the islands and by the merest accident got into the mouth of the Mobangi and did not discover until he had proceeded 100 miles up the river that he was on one of the tributaries instead of on the Congo.

"The fact is," he wrote, "the Mobangi has so wide a channel, so many islands and a course so nearly identical in its lower branches with that of the Congo that the mistake, though apparently absurd, is comprehensible."

As soon, however, as he had passed beyond the first parallel of north latitude and failed to find the town of Libongo, where he had expected to obtain provisions, it was clear that he was not on the Congo. It was very difficult to induce the natives to sell him any food. But they finally became his friends, and a little later he steamed 400 miles up the great river.

His report of this exploration was the first news the world received of the greatest Congo tributary. The news came to Europe just in time to enable Stanley to insert the mouth of the Mobangi on the map he published with his large book, "The Founding of the Congo Free State." Stanley had lived five years on the Congo and had never heard of its most important tributary.

Three years later Van Gele ascended the Mobangi some 700 or 800 miles and proved that the enormous river was identical with the Welle of Schweinfurth, discovered by the German explorer 17 years earlier. The sources of the Mobangi were found to be not far from the Nile. The mystery of the great river was at last solved.