

TELEGRAPHIC SUMMARY.

An Epitome of the Principal Events Now Attracting Public Interest.

A number of cases of scarlet fever are reported in Cole's valley, Southern Oregon.

Eighteen young army officers have been sentenced to various terms of exile in Siberia on charges connected with a revolutionary plot against the government at St. Petersburg.

Rev. Mr. Tate, while boat riding on a small lake, near Waisenburg, Col., capsize the boat and was drowned in the presence of his wife, children and several men standing on the bank, who were powerless to render assistance.

Kneeland's hotel at Shelton, W. T., was burned to the ground, and also a saloon adjoining. The hotel was rented by a man named August McLean, and it is thought by the people in that vicinity that he set it on fire from motives of revenge. An unknown man was consumed in the building.

A fatal collision occurred at Brenner station, on the Atchison & Nebraska railroad. A passenger train coming south crashed into the rear of a freight, telescoping the caboose, which was occupied by six graders on their way to Arkansas. John Worth was scalded to death. Wm. Robinson was seriously scalded and will probably die. T. McDowd, Chas. Pullman and A. F. Wilcox were badly scalded.

The Canadian Pacific overland sleeper, leaving Vancouver, and passenger car were thrown off the track, tumbling down an embankment thirty feet high at a place between Grassetto and Otter, about half way between Port Arthur and Cartier. The cause of the accident was a broken rail and the fact that the train was trying to make up lost time. The drawing room car was full of sleeping passengers, and considering that the car was a complete wreck, it seems providential that beyond a few cuts and bruises all escaped uninjured.

August Spies, Adolph Fischer, Adolph Engel and A. T. Parsons, the anarchists, were hanged at Chicago. A petition with eleven miles of signatures was presented to Gov. Oglesby, praying that the condemned men be reprieved. The request was granted in the cases of Michael Scwab and Samuel Felden. Meantime Louis Lingg had committed suicide by blowing his head off with a fulminating cap. The other four paid the penalty of their crime on the scaffold with remarkable coolness. Engel, Parsons, Fischer and Scwab were printers.

A Montgomery, Ala., special tells a horrible story of the burning of two colored men. They had assaulted a young white woman, and were captured by a posse of farmers. The young woman identified them on sight. A trial was had and the people decided that the two men should be burned to death. A log pile was built on the side of a public road, and the negroes were chained each between two heavy logs and then the four logs were chained together, so that the wildest contortions of the wretches could not shake them. A fire was kindled, which soon blazed up and enveloped them. Their writhings and screams were not heard long, for the flames soon put an end to life.

The trouble with the Crow Indians is ended. Gen. Ruger gave them one hour and a half in which to consider his demand to surrender. They refused, and a red-hot skirmish then resulted, in which Corporal Charles Thompson was killed, Private Eugene Malloy slightly wounded, and Private Clark thrown from his horse and his shoulder dislocated. A running fight ensued, the Indians retreating, some to a peaceful gathering near the agency, and others crossing the river and taking a final stand at the crossing of the Little Horn, about one mile below the agency, in which he and probably three of his followers were killed. "Swordbearer's" body was brought into camp, but the other Indians are only reported dead. Most of the Indians circled about and returned to the agency, mixing with the other camps. There are now supposed to be from twenty to fifty on the outside.

At St. Louis an explosion of gasoline in the rear cellar of Michael Newman's grocery store, lifted the two-story building from its foundation and dropped it back again in a mass of ruins, beneath which were buried twelve persons. They were Michael Newman, aged 52; Mrs. Newman, aged 40; Mamie Newman, aged 18; Nellie Newman, aged 15; Kate Newman, aged 11; Eddie Newman, aged 13; Charles Devere, Mrs. Charles Devere, Hattie Devere, of Columbus, Ky., Charles Elford, Miss Brynary, and Mrs. Bergeley. The explosion was followed by a fire, which was with great difficulty put out by the firemen. They then began the search for the dead. All of the upstairs was occupied as a tenement. Newman and his family lived over the store. The force of the explosion was terrific. An entire block of buildings north of and across the alley from the building in which the explosion took place was gutted by the blast. The Newman block was crushed in and was covered by the roof, which had settled down upon the ruins and formed a barrier through which the rescuers had to cut away the beams and walls, which impeded their progress. In the same building lived Charles Devere, a traveling salesman, and his wife. Visiting them was Miss Hattie Brown, of Columbus, Kentucky. She was badly injured, but miraculously escaped death, and was the only person who passed through the horrible ordeal and lived to tell the story of her escape.

OREGON NEWS.

Everything of General Interest in a Condensed Form.

Over 400 pupils are now enrolled in the Eugene public school.

Grass is growing nicely on the ranges and stock of all kinds is doing well in Umatilla county.

Joe Johnson, boatswain of the British bark Andross, fell into the river and was drowned at Albina.

There is more mountain fever in this valley at present than ever before known, says the Wallowa Chief.

R. E. Marple, the murderer of D. I. Corker, was hanged at Lafayette. This was the second legal execution in Yamhill county.

A great deal of fall plowing is being done, and there is a constant demand for men to work on farms, says the Weston Leader.

In Umatilla county prairie chickens, grouse and pheasants never were so scarce. The cold rains in the spring killed the young.

Stockmen throughout Baker county are well supplied with feed for the winter, and there is every probability that stock will pull through the winter safely.

Sylvester, son of Wm. Black, driving on a load of wood, near Risburg, was crushed under the wheels of a woodshed, inflicting serious, but not necessarily fatal injuries.

The Coos Bay Fishermen's Protective Union has filed articles of incorporation with the Secretary of State, Capital stock \$1,000. Also the Congregational Church of A. Value of property, \$800.

Land Commissioner Sparks projected sections of the Oregon and California Railroad of about 62,000 acres of land in Oregon within the quarter formed by restoration to the public main of the forfeited portion of Oregon Central railroad grant.

One by one Company B of the Regiment of Oregon Volunteers engaged in the Indian war of 1856, passing away to join the great majority, says a Jacksonville paper. Of the eighty-four men that composed that company, rank and file, but seven remain.

The oldest editor in Oregon or Washington Territory is the editor of the Ellensburg (W. T.) Localizer. He dates back to September 12, 1850, a little more than thirty-seven years, when he took charge of the Spectator, the only paper in Oregon, in the summer of 1850.

A few days ago a man was found at Rock creek, Grant county, under a wagon that had turned over on and seriously injured him. He was a German named Peter Hows, who had been deserted by his wife at Malheur, and with his little daughter was coming to Upper Ochocho to his friends.

Work has been resumed at the Cascade locks, and those in charge claim they have 240 men at work. The lower end of the canal is filled with sand which is being taken out. A gang of about twenty men are employed in recutting some of the stone which was cut several years ago, and another gang is putting up some buildings and repairing others.

C. C. Coffinberry, of Union, was thrown from a buggy by a fringed team in Grand Ronde valley, and so seriously injured that he died the following night. The La Grande Gazette comments on the accident as follows: The mortality caused by runaway teams and fractious horses in this county is something frightful, there being almost an average of two persons killed every year in this way, and the death rate from this source seems either on the increase than otherwise.

Alonzo Morris, engaged at a logging camp near Pine creek, Baker county, was killed instantly and horribly mangled and crushed by the falling of a tree. He had just commenced logging that day and had driven his ox team to a standstill near the tree he was about to fell. The tree was ready to fall, when the oxen started up, and fearing they would get in harm's way, he attempted to stop them. He had only gone a few steps when the tree fell on him, striking him in the back and head.

A young man named Cal. Winningham, aged about 18 years, met his death in a singular manner at the home of himself and brother, in Florence River precinct, says an Ashland paper. His brother, about 21 years old, had a homestead claim there, and the two boys were chopping wood. Cal. had a very sharp ax, and in a fall backward over a log the ax struck his neck under the chin and severed the jugular vein. His brother ran to a neighbor's for help, and the young man was dead before his return.

In the office of the Secretary of State clerks of the following counties have filed copies of the assessment rolls of their respective counties, and from them it is learned that the amounts of taxable property are as follows: Washington, \$2,687,090; Morrow, \$1,172,318; Tillamook, \$2,120,380; Grant, \$2,814,124; Clatsop, \$2,990,633; Columbia, \$699,371; Klamath, \$1,015,559; Crook, \$1,257,178; Baker, \$1,617,683; Coos, \$1,315,838; Lake, \$1,636,294; Clatsop, \$1,265,295; Douglas, \$2,886,460; Malheur, \$963,002; Josephine, \$716,061; Curry, \$470,222; Multnomah, \$20,454,405; Benton, \$3,772,571; Clackamas, \$2,547,829; Lane, \$4,076,579; Linn, \$5,492,960; Polk, \$2,822,188; Wasco, \$3,085,360; Marion, \$6,421,684; and Wallowa, \$558,524. The amount of taxable property in the entire State will be in round numbers \$86,000,000, against \$79,000,000 last year. Multnomah shows by far the greatest gain, its increase being over \$1,700,000.

COAST CULLINGS.

Devoted Principally to Washington Territory and California.

M. Alexander, a clothing merchant, was found dead in his store at Bellevue, Idaho.

Nellie Ahart, a four-year-old daughter of Peter Ahart, was fatally burned at Lincoln, Cal.

There are said to be fifty-eight cases of measles on the Puyallup (W. T.) Indian reservation.

At the ranch of T. A. Hulan, near Visalia, Cal., Leroy (colored) shot and killed Henry Fridgen.

Bears are said to be making very free with the orchards in the vicinity of Port Townsend, W. T.

Fred Numan, a young man of Seattle, was drowned near Coupeville, W. T., by the upsetting of a steam launch.

W. F. Borchers, an old resident of Sacramento, accidentally shot and killed himself with a breech-loading gun.

Up to November 1 of this year, 1235 bales of hops, with aggregate weight of 226,000 pounds, were shipped from North Yakima, W. T.

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A night watchman found the body of a laboring man lying at the foot of the embankment of the railroad track at Stockton, Cal. The coroner found a deep cut over the right eye, which it is believed resulted from being hit by a freight train which passed through there.

The bridge over the Columbia river, at Kennewick, W. T., is only temporary work, for use until the permanent bridge shall have been finished. It will be some time before the permanent one will be built. It is said the bridge will be similar to the one at Ainsworth across the Snake river.

Three children, all suffering from smallpox, were found in an old building repaired by only two walls from the Broadway school house, where a hundred or more children attend school at San Francisco. The parents had seemingly attempted to conceal the presence of the disease. They are Italians.

Mount Constitution on Orcas island, W. T., is 2400 feet high, from the top of which some grand scenery is discernible. It has two fine lakes, pretty well up. A correspondent writes that a movement is being organized to grade a road to the top of the mountain in order to open a summer resort at the summit.

The residence of Emil Hansen, a butcher, with the contents, burned at Fresno, Cal. Hansen's two-year-old son, in the building, burned to death. The mother and two remaining children barely escaped with their lives. One boy four years old was badly scorched. The origin of the fire, it is supposed, was a defective flue.

John Cutler, a laborer engaged in whitewashing a store on Montgomery street, San Francisco, while standing on a board, and attempting to white wash a corner of the room reached too far, his feet pushed the plank from under him, and he fell to the floor with a crash. He fell on his head, receiving a shock that caused concussion of the brain.

The boys on the day force of the Western Union telegraph messenger service struck at San Francisco for ten hours' work a day, instead of thirteen and fourteen and sometimes more. They also asked that regular "night boys" should be employed to work during away with the former system of alternate "nights on." The company's managers at first positively refused the demands of the youthful strikers, but as an appalling array of telegrams began speedily to accumulate, with no prospect of delivery, reconsideration was soon taken, and the little fellows resumed work victorious.

The other day, says a Spokane paper, five of the leading Indians of the Cour d'Alene tribe left this city for their reservation, some fifty miles distant, with a brand new improved threshing machine and a handsome buggy. These Indians have 70 acres of grain each, ready for harvesting, and the condition of their neighbors is said to be similar. These Indians were well dressed and intelligent, and drove well kept ponies.

William Kleinschmidt tried to kill his wife at Tacoma, and then committed suicide. He was arrested three months ago while trying to kill a police officer, and has been in jail ever since, after having had one trial with no result. The sheriff allowed him to go and see his wife and change his clothing. He attacked her in her bedroom with a razor and cut her face fearfully. She broke away from him and ran. When he was discovered he had cut his throat from ear to ear. He was 55 years old. His wife is a young woman.

I LOVE THEE.

A young girl walking by a stream in silent thought, a maid's day dream. She looked down upon the glancing sand and there came with her soft, white hand: "I love thee!"

Just lay in a great tree's shade, To the border of the glade, And when the maid had gone away He wrote below the self same way: "I love thee!"

Years after, in a great arm chair, A woman sat with silver hair; A manly form stood by her side, And said: "I love you still, my pride; And so the gray haired dame replied: "I love thee!"

Donald R. McGregor in New York News.

"FOOL JIM."

If we may trust general opinion, it was a series of follies, beginning in boyhood and continuing during life. James Foljambe—"Fool Jim," as the boys nicknamed him at school—and the epithet clung to him—did, in popular judgment, the most silly things, and yet prospered. At school he was noted for his folly as well as for pluck and coolness. If a big boy maltreated a little one, instead of minding his own business, as a sensible boy should, Fool Jim would take it up and thrash the bully.

When that wretched little Dick Greene, the son of old Corney Greene, a sort of odd job man about town, broke his leg by a fall from a cherry tree, Fool Jim used to go around and cheer up the little brat, and spend his pocket money, of which he had plenty, for Dick's benefit. All the leading big boys of the school thought him a fool, but no one dared tell him so, for, though he was not quarrelsome, he was quick to resent an insult, and was a tough customer in a rough and tumble fight.

Foljambe left school for an academy where they prepared boys for college, and went afterward to college. I left it at the same time to become under salesman and general drudge in the grocery shop of Figg's & Calchizez. I lost sight of him then, except at vacations, until he was graduated, and had come home. His father, a confirmed invalid, was very rich, and made a great fuss over Jim when he returned, and was very proud of the fact that Jim was at the head of his class. There was an immense about Jim, I must say. He remembered all his old school mates, and put on no airs. He would come into our shop at all times and talk with me when I was not busy, and as he would be very rich in time, old Figg, though he did keep his people's noses close to the grindstone, never grumbled at it.

Not that Jim was an idler. He took a vast deal of his sickly father's hands in managing his large plantation. No little job that was, either. Foljambe place embraced over 1,200 acres, and with the exception of 100 acres of woodland, and about 200 of pasture and meadow, was closely cultivated. There was a fine herd of Jersey cattle, there coming into vogue, and over forty blooded horses, besides others for plow and wagon.

For four years there was nothing worthy of note, except that I got to be head salesman and a sort of general manager in my concern, which, considering my age, was a big lift for me. But old Foljambe died at this time, and as James was motherless and an only son he succeeded to the property. Then began the follies of this son, which made talk for the country around for years.

The first exhibition was in the matter of the Peabody mortgage. There had been two Peabody brothers, Nathan and David; but David, the younger one, on his father's death had taken \$1,000 in cash for his share, and gone off to Mexico to seek his fortune. He was not heard of afterward, and was believed to be dead. Nathan stayed on the old place. He was a shiftless man, and though he married Ben Merritt's daughter, who was a tidy housewife and a prudent woman, he could not get along. The farm was pretty well worn out and he did not improve it at all.

The crisis grew less and less, and Nathan grew a crop of debt. To wipe that out he borrowed another \$1,000 on bond and mortgage from the same party who held the first mortgage to raise David's money. Things grew worse, and at last the mortgage remained unpaid for two years and proceedings were taken to foreclose the mortgage. Nathan took sick over it and died. The doctor said it was typhoid fever, but every one thought it was the trouble and that Nathan had given up the ghost because he could not face his difficulties. At all events, he died, leaving his widow with one child, a girl of 14. She was very pretty—the image of her father—and all the Peabodys were fine looking people; but she had her mother's ways.

Everybody pitied the widow, for it was well understood that the farm would bring no more than the debt and law expenses; in fact, that the mortgage would be obliged to buy it in. With the exception of one spot, the farm was a worn out sandy loam, overrun with sedge grass, the sign of sterility. The exception was a hill, covered about forty-two acres, apparently composed of a tough, gravelly clay, unfit for even brick making, and incapable of cultivation. To be sure, the five acres around the house, which was at one end of the place, had been used as a vegetable garden, and that was in a little better order. It was a sorry piece of property. So when sale day came, and I happened to be over at the country town, I dropped into the court house where the sheriff was to sell. I found only a half dozen persons, and one of these was Foljambe and another was Phipps, who held the mortgage.

The sheriff, taking that every one knew the place, which had been with the Peabodys for over 100 years, asked for a bid. The amount against the property, including the legal costs, was \$2,384. Phipps put that in as a bid, but remarked that he didn't want it at any price, and any one advancing on that might have it.

"That leaves nothing for the widow," observed Foljambe. "Suppose you bid more, then, on her account," said Phipps. "I shall," replied Foljambe; "\$3,500." "Is that your bid, Mr. Foljambe?" inquired the sheriff. "That is my bid, sir." So the farm was knocked down to him. When we were coming away Foljambe said to me: "Coffey, you go past the Peabody farm on your way home. I wish you'd stop and tell Mrs. Peabody that the place has brought over \$1,200 more than the debt, and she must take out letters of administration. And tell her for me not to think of moving. She can have the house and the garden around it free of rent. She's a shifty woman, and with that start she'll get along."

I felt that Foljambe's conduct was, though an impulsive generosity which he could well afford. But the general verdict was that he was a fool. Had he bid a hundred over Phipps, or even two hundred, it might have passed; but to throw away—absolutely throw away—\$1,200! When they absented afterward he had given the widow a life estate in the house and garden it was generally agreed that he should have a guardian over him to save his property.

Talk died out, however, to be revived again by another astounding act of folly. The Elmore iron works, about a mile from

Brantford, had exhausted the bed of ore they had been working for over forty years, and had to bring the crude material some distance by rail and water. It began to be a question whether it would not pay to build a new furnace near the source of supply and abandon the old one. Suddenly, however, a new ore bed was opened close at hand. The Peabody farm was found to cover a heavy deposit of limonite. As that ore generally contains impurities only fitting it for "cold short" iron, little attention was paid to it. But when the chemist of the company made three separate analyses and discovered that the iron phosphorus was replaced by nearly 3 per cent of manganese oxide, the thing took another shape. The company offered Foljambe a handsome royalty, which he at once declined. He would sell outright or not at all. After some chaffering and a rough survey of the bed, they took all the farm but the widow's five acres, and paid \$75,000.

"Fool for luck" was the general comment. But the reputation of Foljambe for doing right folly was at its height when he looked out afterward that he had settled \$35,750 on Mrs. Peabody—that is, the interest during her life, and the principal to her daughter afterward. No words sufficed to express the wonder, contempt and disgust at this act of folly.

Old Figg died about this time, and Calchizez offered me a share in the business if I could put in \$5,000. I had saved a little over half of that by pinching and screwing but I was puzzled about the rest. Foljambe found it out, and gave me the money on my note. Some folks may think this folly on my part, but I did not. Neither did he, for I have paid it back long since.

When the Widow Peabody got her money she sent Rebecca off to boarding school, as she could well afford to, and there the girl remained for four years, barring visits home at vacation. When she came back to stay she had grown into a handsome, self possessed young woman, and she was quite admired by the young fellows around. In addition to good looks and good manners, she would have a nice sum in hard cash in time—a good thing to add to a young man's family resources. But she was of a domestic turn, stayed at home with her mother and rarely went abroad. No suitor seemed to have favor in her eyes, though she had several.

During Rebecca's absence at school Foljambe had been going along quietly, and people had ceased to talk of him; but shortly after her return he broke out again. One day an old man in a dusty suit and boots that had been blackened a week before, and who carried a small gripsack, got out at Brantford station and inquired if the Widow Peabody lived at the old farm yet. We soon learned that he was the long lost David Peabody, who had come back after all these years, apparently as poor as a church mouse and doubtless with intent to sponge on the widow and Rebecka. He was not so very old either, but looked like a man whom hard luck and a hot climate had dried up and wrinkled.

To our surprise he was made welcome by the widow and Rebecca, and took up his abode there. He was a queer specimen. After the dust of travel had been brushed off he was clean enough, but his clothes were of ordinary material and well worn. It was evident that he was poor, but he didn't seem to mind it. He walked about and held himself up as though he owned one-half the town and meant to buy the other. He was ready with his tongue, too, and if any one said a disagreeable or impertinent thing could repay it with interest. Foljambe took a great notion to him and told me that the old man had been and had wonderfully practical business ideas for one who had not profited by his precepts, a thing I have observed to be not uncommon. A man can pick up more valuable hints from the unsuccessful around him than he can from sharp business men. So the two grew quite intimate, and almost any fine evening they might be seen in confab together on the widow's front porch, with the widow and Rebecca seated near, interested listeners to their chat.

This was in August, 1860. The whole country was in a state of excitement. It was known that reconciliation between the warring Democratic factions was impossible and that Lincoln would be elected. The question was, would there be war? Foljambe doubted, but the plantation in charge of old Uncle David and went off south. He visited Virginia, North Carolina and Georgia, and was gone about two months. When he came back I asked him: "Does the south really mean fight, Mr. Foljambe?"

"It really does," he replied, sadly. "I don't think they'll be able to keep it up more than a year or so, unless England interferes, for we have the most money and the most men; but it will be fierce while it lasts. It is going to disturb values very much, as well as domestic relations."

The first thing Foljambe did on coming home was to build a number of long wooden sheds, some of them inclosed, and he kept the carpenters going day and night. The whole neighborhood was aroused. Was he going into sheep raising on a large scale, or what was he doing? Foljambe said he was going stark, staring mad. But the excitement grew to a hubbub when there came carload after carload, by the railway, of barrels of rosin and bales of cotton—the former stored under the open and the latter in the inclosed sheds. The cotton did not excite so much excitement, but the rosin! Such an amount of it! Some one had the curiosity to nose around and count the number of barrels piled in one of the long and high sheds. Ten thousand of them! And there were five more such sheds, and jammed full. Sixty thousand barrels of rosin! And no end of cotton bales! What would he do with it? What could he do with it?

The only partisan he had, as I have said, was myself, and I picked up a dozen quarrels about it. Some one asked old Peabody about it. "Uncle David, is Fool Jim going to set up a cotton factory on a ship yard? He'll be 'sen' by his ships down by the railroad." "Sonny," said David, "pack your head in wool. James Foljambe knows more in ten minutes than you're likely to know in a year."

In the midst of this clamor came a lot of gossip not too pleasant. There was venom in it. Bill Cowan, who was always nosing about, and kept his eyes open and his tongue busy, came into the shop one day to get a plug of chewing tobacco. "Tell you what, Calchizez," he said, addressing my partner, "I guess they'll call Fool Jim, 'villain Jim,' afore long."

"What do you mean, you scamp?" I demanded angrily. "Scamp yourself, an' see how you like it," he retorted. "What do I mean? I'll tell you, an' I ain't afraid to. I was crossing by Widow Peabody's last night, and what does I see but Jim Foljambe with his arm around Becka Peabody's waist, an' she a-learin' up to him like a sick kitten to a hot brick. Stands to reason he's fooin' the girl. Every body knows he's sweet on Miss Elton, an' she's got dollars to Becka Peabody's dime. You don't suppose Foljambe means anything but fooin' Becka, do you? That's why he was so liberal with his money to the widow. It's well enough for you to stan' up for him, an' we know why, but fax is fax."

And off went Cowan, with his tobacco, in triumph. It did not stop there. The news spread, and a spasm of virtuous indignation

stock Brantford. It soon came to the ears of Foljambe himself. He had paid no attention to the popular comment on his purchase, but this was a different matter. He hunted up Bill Cowan and found him in our shop, where he and some of his cronies were discussing the thing at the time.

"Mark you, Cowan," cried Foljambe, his eyes blazing with wrath, "you have been talking too freely about me in connection with a young lady. If I learn of your wagging that long tongue of yours in the same way again, or find you eavesdropping, I'll give you a pounding, and you know that I can do it. Things have got to a pretty pass in this community when slander is set afoot because some sneak sees one bestow a crumb on a young lady who he is to marry within a month. And I'll hold any other man who meddles with my affairs to a strict account."

Here was a settler. Becka Peabody to be married by a Foljambe! Why, the Foljambe turned up their noses at the country folk, and took their wives from abroad. Gossip left the rosin and cotton, and took to the match. But it was admiring, and not offensive.

The wedding came off and was a great affair. Miss Elton was first bridesmaid, and the gentleman she married with afterward, a Mr. Lemington, was Foljambe's best man. There was a reception at the house—the young couple took no tour, but remained at Foljambe place—and I, of the few Brantford folk invited, was there. So was David Peabody, of course. He was got up in a suit of fine broadcloth, and his shoes shone like a jappaned waiter. Every one knew this raiment came from the bridegroom. Oh, of course! There were a number of costly and elegant presents displayed. But these came, with the exception of an odd looking Japanese cabinet, given by the Widow Peabody, from the Foljambe friends and connections. Uncle David examined them.

"Becky," he said, loud enough to attract attention, "the Peabodys don't seem to shine in the way of making gifts to the bride. Your Uncle David'll have to put in his mite." Then he drew a bulky package from his capacious breast pocket, which it fitted so tightly that he withdrew it with difficulty. "Oh, thank you, Uncle David," said the bride. "Anything from you?"

"Open it, child." The newly made Mrs. Foljambe undid the cord and removed the wrapping. It was a Russia leather covered casket, with the letters R. P. F. on it. When she opened it she gave a cry of delight. "They are old mine stones," said Uncle David, quietly. "Don't drop that scrap of paper. I don't want you to be running to your husband for pocket money, and you'd better invest the amount of that check for yourself, as he advises you."

This was a surprise. Few had seen such a set—a necklace, bracelets, ear rings and pins, made up of the finest brilliants, some of them quite large. They must have cost enormously. Where did Uncle David get the money? I found out before any one else. I was down in New York to purchase ten, and Carleton, of the jobbing firm with which I did business, said to me: "David Peabody is rusticiating at Brantford, ain't he?"

"Old Uncle David?" I said. "Yes, he is a sort of hanger on to his sister-in-law. She feels him, I fancy." "Feeds him? What do you mean? David Peabody could feed a dozen sisters-in-law and not feel it." "Well," I said, "I recently began to suspect he was rather well off."

"Rather well off?" exclaimed Carleton. "That's the best joke out. David Peabody well off! Is it possible you don't know how rich he is? But he hardly knows himself. He has been for over eighteen years the principal stockholder in a great Mexican mine. It is an English company, and he is the only American in it. But he owns two-thirds of it. Why, it is one of the most successful mines in the country. Well off! Why, he is away up in the millions, and it keeps pouring in."

Of course this was too good to keep. Brantford had the benefit of it, and, except an occasional dash at the rosin and cotton, David's great wealth was the subject for discussion and comment.

The civil war had come and was going on, and Foljambe and his follies faded before it. At last, in 1862, Foljambe's cotton began to be moved. It had risen in price exceedingly, and Brantford found that there had been method in the madness. But there, though it had risen too, remained undisturbed. At length, I think it was in August, 1863, 300 barrels of the rosin were shipped to Boston. The next day 150 went to Philadelphia, and a 100 went to Baltimore. The next day 300 were sent to New York. And so it continued to move, sometimes in smaller, sometimes in larger quantities, until by the latter part of November, every barrel was gone. I took up The Price Current and ran over the file for the quotations on naval stores. To my surprise the price had varied from August to November from twenty-five to forty-four dollars per barrel. And then it went down below the first figure. Foljambe had stocked the market.

There was little talk about Foljambe's follies after that in Brantford. On the contrary, the Brantford people admired the shrewdness of "Fool Jim," and that name dropped. Well they might admire him. He and Uncle David between them have built up the place, which has doubled in population and is thriving in every way. As for Foljambe himself, he is very quiet for a man so immensely rich. Beyond a year's visit to Europe, and two or three months' travel every year to some part of the country, he stays principally on the Foljambe place, where he has enlarged the old mansion and devotes himself to his family. Rebecca Foljambe is a handsome, I think, as ever, though more plump than she used to be. They appear to be as fond of each other as ever, and I dare say that they are.

One day, when he dropped into the shop, I happened to say something complimentary to his foresight. He laughed. "Coffey," he said, "most of my successes were unexpected. I had, it is true, a suspicion amounting almost to a certainty that there was a bed of iron ore on the Peabody farm, but I bought it solely to give the widow a lift, for Nathan Peabody had petted me when a boy, and was always ready, poor fellow, to leave his farm work to join me in hunting, or fishing, or nutting, or anything else. The fact that I was almost certain, however, made me divide the profits with the widow as a matter of equity. I never suspected Uncle David's wealth; but the cotton and rosin purchase was a matter of calculation, particularly the rosin. It was then a drug in the market. It had accumulated in large bills wherever they made turpentine. It could be had almost for the taking away. I knew that war would come, but I never dreamed that rosin would go beyond \$5 or \$6. I built the sheds at Brantford, because that was cheaper than storing it in New York, and that's all the foresight I had."

"You must have made a good thing out of it, anyhow," I rejoined. "It is not my business, and I don't ask, but you must have netted a good round sum."

"Oh, I don't mind telling you," said he, "I have figured it up. On the cotton and rosin together, I netted just \$2,700,010. But I am not so rich as David Peabody, by some millions."—Thomas Dunn English in The Epoch.