

ORACULUM

Wouldst live? Then suffer much!
Drink deep the draught of pain,
He has not lived, or he has lived in
vain,
Who knows not sorrow—has not felt the
touch
Of pity for another—wary strife,
False gilded hopes, and love;
These things are life.

Wouldst hope? Look not behind!
But step upon the past to higher things,
And seek the sunshine, upon fortune's
wings
You yet may soar, and fortune can be
kind,
Why not? All life is change—
To all who truly hope,
Naught is too strange.

Wouldst dream? Look in the west!
Drink in the glories of the dying day,
Where cloudy headlands dot the glowing
bay
Where lie the heavenly "Islands of the
Blest!"
There love is true and things are as
they seem,
And all is good and fair—
'Tis sweet to dream!

Wouldst rest? Keep conscience clear,
Do well thy work; nor heed the hurrying
throne
That tempts aside or bars the way. Be
strong;
Keep faith, go bravely on without a
fear
In conscious virtue. They alone know
rest
Who labor long and well
And do their best.

Winning a Million.

BY W. B. HENNESSY.

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The man had a sharp look that was not altogether hidden by the broad expression he wore habitually as he took the yellow envelop the bellboy handed him.

"Wait," he said. He tore the cover off and read this:

"Paris, France, Dec. 11, 1900.

"To John H. Tressor,

Hotel Metropol, New York:

"You might spend a few months in France for the good of your health and make it worth your while. Do you need funds?"

"PENARD."

Mr. Tressor swung off the bed with more agility than the boy expected, for he dodged back.

"Got a blank?"

"No, sir," said the youth.

"Get one; hurry," said Mr. Tressor. When the boy came back the man moved over the rickety marble top table and wrote:

"Penard, Paris, France:

"I might; I will; I do. Cable.

"TRESSOR."

Two weeks later Mr. Tressor got out of a train at the Gare du Nord and said: "Hullo, Jacques" to a tall man with a very long face adorned with a black Vandyke beard.

"Any luggage?" he asked.

"I have," said Mr. Tressor, "but your cussed fellow-countrymen at Havre wanted to charge me toll for bringing over everything in the United States and I left it with them."

"Any letters or names, I mean in your trunks?" asked Penard, sharply.

"Do you think I'm altogether dotty?" asked Mr. Tressor, in an aggrieved tone. With which answer M. Penard seemed to be satisfied.

An hour later they pushed back from the table which contained the remains of a dinner to which Mr. Tressor had paid rather more attention than his companion.

"Now, Jacques," said Mr. Tressor, "what is it, my boy? You didn't send for me because you were worrying about my health. I hear you have been getting along."

"Yes," said the dark man; "yes I have got along to that stage where I think that I can help you to what you most need—money."

"I don't suppose you need it yourself," said Mr. Tressor, amiably. "How much is there in it?"

"What would you have said to a million francs?"

"That is two hundred thousand dollars and expense money. I don't

Tressor, throwing away his cigarette.

"What's the game?"

Penard's sharp eyes went sharply, but with apparent carelessness, about the room. There was nobody within ten feet of the pair.

"For eight years I have had no trouble," began Penard. "I have sold some works of art, enough to make a living. It is safe enough, for your fellow citizens, who are my principal customers, think too well of themselves to admit that they have bought smoked chromos for old masters. I have indulged in one luxury. I have bought lottery tickets.

"You know, my friend, your favor-

able gold brick industry has never

thriven here because the government

keeps a monopoly of good things to

itself. Every arrondissement in Paris,

the city, the republic itself, has a lot-

tery whenever there is money to be

had—and the pickings are not bad.

One day when I was hard up I bought

a lottery ticket for twenty sous and

got twelve thousand francs. Since then

I have become a patron of the lottery

and I have something coming. I have

been watching the method of conduct-

ing the lottery and you and I, my

friend, are about to draw a capital

prize. On the fifth of February the

lottery of the Fifteenth arrondissement

is drawn. The capital prize is a

million francs. The drawing is public.

It happens that the mayor of the

arrondissement is so exactly like you

in appearance that it took me a month

to satisfy myself that you had not set-

tled down with us and gone in for

respectability. The poor man is, how-

ever, deaf and dumb—his selection for

the magistracy was due to sympathy for

his affliction. He presides over the

drawing. This is the procedure:

"A great wheel containing copper

tubes, each holding the duplicate of

one of the numbers in the lottery is

placed on a platform in the hall of

the mayoralty. A boy taken from one

of the orphan asylums is set before

the wheel. The disk is given a sharp

turn. As it stops the boy thrusts his

hand into an opening in the wheel

and brings forth one of the cubes. He

hands it to M. le Maire, who takes

out the enclosed paper and writes the

number printed upon it on a great

blackboard beside him. The first num-

ber drawn wins the capital prize,

which may be secured upon presenta-

tion of the ticket containing it.

"Do you follow me, Tressor? A man

as clever in palming things as you

were when you sold little cubes of

soap wrapped up in fifty dollar bills,

actually sold them, for fifty cents each

without losing any money, and who is

the exact replica of the mayor of the

Fifteenth arrondissement should have

no trouble in winning the capital

prize—if the mayor were out of the

way."

"It looks easy," said Mr. Tressor,

"and I certainly need the money. You

buy the ticket and show me how.

It was cool enough in the hall of

the mayoralty of the Fifteenth arron-

dissement of Paris to account for the

shiver that was induced by M. Pe-

nard as M. Vignerot—who would have

been hailed as Mr. Tressor by at least a hundred men way afternoon on that part of Broadway lying between Twenty-seventh and Thirty-fourth streets, New York—stepped on to the platform.

Nothing had happened. The real M. Vignerot had been taken care of the night before. He had been so rejoiced at meeting the American art connoisseur, M. Tressor—who looked so very much like him—that it was not the least trouble in the world for his double to insinuate "knockout drops," by Mr. Tressor—into the green glass filled with absinthe that M. Vignerot was sipping. M. le Maire was comfortably disposed of where he would be very certain to get another drink with more choral, at any time these next three days.

M. Penard had among a little bundle of tickets in an inside pocket one bearing the number B118,059—which was destined to win the million franc prize.

Mr. Tressor was superb in the aplomb with which he saluted the fellow citizens of the mayor of the Fifteenth arrondissement. M. Penard was very certain that he could see the morsel of paper held by Mr. Tressor between the third and fourth fingers of his left hand. Mr. Tressor knew that nobody could possibly see it.

He bowed to the man at the wheel and the monster disk was sent whirling. The interesting little boy who had been brought forth from his home in the orphanage maintained by the citizens of the arrondissement, thrust an attenuated hand and arm into the opening in the wheel and drew out a little, glistening copper tube. He bowed as he handed it to M. le Maire.

Mr. Tressor was in his element. He thrust out his arms and pushed back his sleeves—as he was wont to do when assuring purchasers of soap that he had really no means of deceiving them, even if he was so disposed. He received the copper tube gingerly between thumb and forefinger of his left hand, extracted the bit of paper it contained, and opening it before the staring eyes of the multitude—after exchanging it for that other morsel which had been concealed between his fingers—turned to the blackboard and wrote:

B118,059.

Whereupon every man in the crowd examined his bunch of tickets, and the drawing went on.

It was remarked afterwards that M. le Maire had never conducted a drawing with more empressement.

Three days later two smooth-faced, well-dressed men met at the Adelphi Hotel in Liverpool. They secured a room together.

When they were alone the fair man turned to the dark one and said:

"Got the coin?"

"Yes. Did you save that ticket that was first drawn?"

"I did not; I ate it. I don't believe in being found with the goods on me."

"No? Well, my dear Tressor, you can order me a gallon of your cursed American whisky. Then read that."

He handed Mr. Tressor a copy of Le Temps of February 7. Mr. Tressor read:

"It is now practically settled that the impersonation of M. Vignerot at the drawing of the lottery of the fifteenth arrondissement, and the kidnapping of that gentleman, was the result of a wager or an odd practical joke. An examination of the contents of the lottery wheel shows that B118,059, the winning ticket, was regularly drawn."

TO FIND THE MAGNETIC POLE.

Capt. Amundsen, the Norwegian, to Lead an Expedition in 1903.

Captain R. Amundsen, the Norwegian, who was first officer of the Belgica on that ship's trip to the Antarctic in 1897, proposes to start next spring with an expedition to locate the magnetic north pole.

In 1831 Sir James Clark Ross reached a position where the dipping needle was only deflected one minute from an absolutely vertical position, but the question has been raised whether the magnetic pole is actually only a point or whether the peculiarity of the needle assuming a vertical position extends over a large area, and further whether the magnetic pole changes its position. With the object of solving these two questions Capt. Amundsen has purchased the Gjoa, one of the strongest and best sailing vessels of the Norwegian arctic fleet, and will start for the north in the spring of 1903. The Gjoa is to be fitted with a petroleum engine and will carry a crew of seven men.

It is proposed to leave the ship either at Matty Island or King William Land, says the New York Mail and Express, and as soon as the severest part of the winter is over to continue the journey with sledges to the place on Boothia reached by Ross.

King Edward a "Fire Fiend."

King Edward, from childhood, has always shown the keenest interest in fires and firemen. Of all the entertainments provided for him by the city of New York, he has most often remembered, and says he most enjoyed, a parade of the volunteer fire department in his honor. There were 6,000 firemen in uniform, and all, save those in charge of ropes and tilters, bore torches. It was a great spectacle, and the Prince, as he looked at the brilliant display in Madison square cried repeatedly: "This is for me; this is for me!" with unaffected glee. During many years of his life he used to be informed whenever a really big blaze was signaled, and he has attended, incognito, most of the big fires in London during the last thirty years.—Everybody's Magazine.

Many a man falls because he would rather make money quickly than honestly.

Rose in Eight Years from Poverty to Immense Wealth

From the poor debtor's oath to a fortune of \$20,000,000 in less than eight years is a good deal of a jump, but Mr. Albert C. Burrage has cleared the leap successfully and to-day is one of the richest men in Boston and head of the copper business in that city.

Mr. Burrage is now forty-one years of age. Eight years ago he was struggling along on a very meagre income gained by his efforts as a lawyer. But he is one of two things—either a man of destiny or the possessor of great brain power. He prefers to be called the latter. Had any one prophesied that he would become within seven years a multi-millionaire, he would have had nothing but the deepest pity for the prophet, yet the financial romance of this young lawyer reads more brilliantly than an Arabian Night's tale.

To learn how very poor Mr. Burrage really was ten years ago, one has only to turn to the records of the poor debtors' court for the years of 1891 and 1892, which shows three cases where he had defaulted in judgments obtained against him.

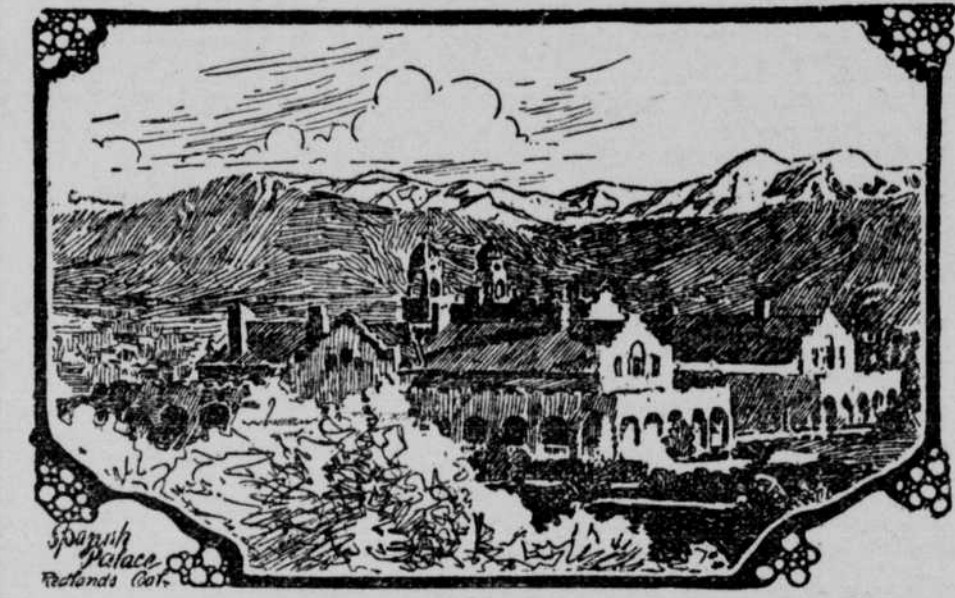
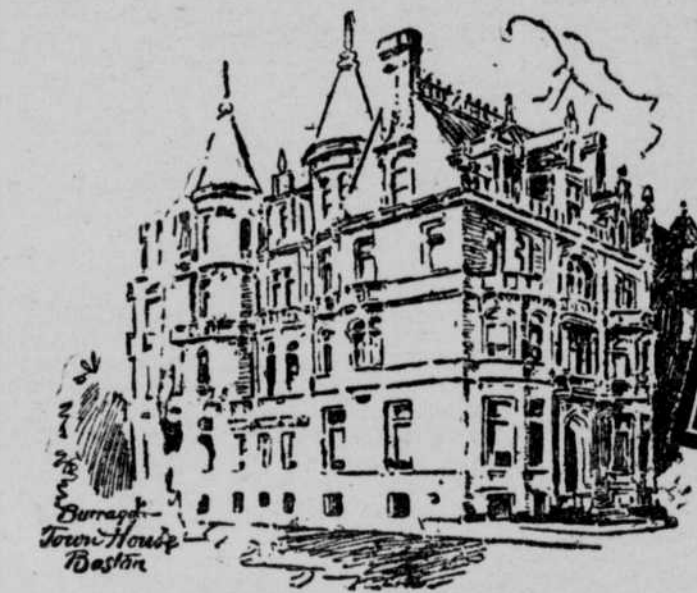
Mr. Burrage owes his good fortune in the very beginning to his industrious reading of the newspapers. It was ten years ago that he saw an account of the legal fight in Brookline, Mass., between Henry H. Rogers and Edward Addicks, who had conflicting gas interests in that town. Mr. Addicks, in addition, had a large gas interest in Boston. Being interested in this fight as an outsider, Mr. Burrage looked up the charter of the old

his millions. He was born in Ashburnham, Mass., but went with his parents to California at the age of three years, returning when eighteen years old to enter Harvard. He graduated four years later and commenced the study of law, being admitted to the Worcester county bar.

In 1885 he married Alice H. Haskell of Roxbury, near Boston, a very pretty girl, of humble parentage, like Mr. Burrage himself, and she made a pleasant home for him on his meager

low-browed, heavy-jawed ruffian, in one's room in sufficiently frightful to curdle almost any man's blood into a dish of living blutwurst or crimson schmierkase, goodness knows.

But to merge from sweet sleep and fix the startled gaze upon an intruding shape which all the disguises in the world cannot prevent from betraying its femininity—oh, brothers, who among us shall undergo this experience and not feel his reason tottering from the shock?



Miss May Willard, professional burglar and male impersonator, has materialized a terror of appalling portent to the masculine soul. For generations we have laughed at women because of their timorous bedtime habit of looking under their couches for a possible man. It is safe to say that hereafter no St. Louis man will be able to retire tranquilly without first having satisfied himself that there is no woman under his bed.

Even then, alas, his sleep will be fitful and feverish because of the fear that ere daylight the woman who failed to hide herself under his bed will come to him through the window!

LAWYER WAS PERSPICUOUS.

Eloquent and Amusing Declaration of a Country Attorney in Ohio.

When Congressman Tompkins of Ohio was practicing law in his younger days in the buckeye state and was winning his spurs he occasionally found it profitable to accept a case in a justice's court in the country. He tells the following story of the argument made by a rural barrister before such a magistrate.

The case was one in which the plaintiff sought to recover damages from a railroad company for the killing of a cow. During the course of his argument the country lawyer used this expressive sentence:

"If the train had been run as it should have been ran, or if the bell had been rung as it should have been rang, or if the whistle had been blown as it should have been blew, both of which they did neither, the cow would not have been injured when she was killed."

Mr. Tompkins does not state whether the man recovered damages for his bovine.

Two Ways to Teach Parrots.

"There are two ways," said a bird dealer, "of teaching a parrot to talk. One way is to put him in a darkened room, to sit in a corner and to repeat over and over again the word you want him to acquire. A clever parrot will learn a word or a phrase after some four hundred or five hundred repetitions; while for some it takes a week or more. You must keep still in the room. No sounds from within or without the house, save your voice monotonously repeating the phrase to be acquired, must reach the parrot's ear. Some people teach their birds in a well-lighted room, speaking from a place of concealment in a closet or behind a door. This method is not so good, because, in the light the parrot's attention is distracted."

The Title of "Doctor."

The title of "doctor" was conferred in the twelfth century and conferred for the first time upon Inerzus, of the University of Bologna. The first "doctor of medicine" was Gualtiero Gordeno, who received the honor from the College of Aosti, also in Italy, in 1220.—Metaphysical Magazine.

Brookline gas company merely out of curiosity, and learned, to his surprise, that the company had, by legislative enactment, the right to extend its pipes into Boston at will.

Mr. Burrage saw his opportunity. Hoping for much, but never dreaming of all that was to come of that little notice, he made himself known to Mr. Rogers and revealed his discovery, together with the statement that an option for the purchase of the Brookline gas company could be obtained.

Mr. Rogers was delighted. It gave him a weapon against Mr. Addicks, and the Brookline gas company passed into the hands of the Standard Oil company.

To make matters clear it must be explained that Mr. Addicks had for years been enjoying a virtual monopoly of all the gas business in Boston. The people were protesting against the high prices charged.

The contract for lighting the streets of Boston was about to expire and the mayor invited Mr. Addicks to meet him and consider a proposition for a reduction of rates. Mr. Addicks did not see the mayor.

This little incident and the reorganization of the Brookline Gas company were almost coincident. Mayor Mathews realized that the greatest foe to monopoly was competition, and when the Brookline Gas company came forward and offered to light the city for far less than the Addicks company its offer was gladly accepted.

Mr. Addicks was thus pushed to the wall and gladly came to terms in the end. As counsel for the Brookline Gas company and the Standard Oil company, Mr. Burrage was given the enormous fee of \$800,000, said to be the largest ever known in legal history anywhere in the world.

This was the beginning of his Aladdin-like wealth. The Standard Oil people appreciated the worth of so brainy a man to such an extent that they not only invited him to embark with them in some of their copper deals, but when the Amalgamated Copper company was formed, he was appointed to represent New England in the directorate, a position which he holds to-day.

And that is how Mr. Burrage made

salary and shared his poverty with fortune.

To-day they live in the most lordly mansion in all New England, a superb palace on Commonwealth avenue, which was built at vast cost and furnished with the best that Europe and America could afford.

He has a beautiful Italian villa at Cohasset and a palatial home in Redlands, Cal., surrounded by thousands of acres. Here he spends his winters with his family, traveling in his palatial private train, with numerous servants and the costliest of appointments.

Mrs. Burrage is a pretty woman, tall and slender, who is as yet bewildered with the vast wealth that has come to her. She has no social ambitions. Her husband loads her with jewels and fine clothes, and she drives about in very splendid carriages. He is as much her lover as ever. They have four children, who, once forced to know poverty, now revel in the glory of riches. They have the most superb playrooms and toys and are keen in their enjoyment of the fairy-like things that come to them.

Mr. Burrage's steam yacht Aztec, which was launched from the Crescent Shipyards at Elizabethport recently, is the largest steamer built this season, and when finished will be one of the most elaborate afloat. It was built for Henry Clay Pierce of St. Louis. Mr. Pierce finally decided that the yacht was not as large as he wanted, and she was purchased for Mr. Burrage, for whom she is being completed. The yacht cost about \$340,000 to build and equip. She is to be ready by Aug. 1.

A WOMAN UNDER THE BED.

Awful Possibilities Which the New Century Has Brought Forth.

Beyond all possibility of a reassuring doubt to the contrary, the terrifying story developed by the arrest of May Willard, a St. Louis young woman, who confesses that she has been in the habit of burglarizing houses, disguising herself in man's attire, will strike a panic to all masculine souls, says the St. Louis Republic.

Waking in the dead of night to espy the ordinary housebreaker, a burly,



"Do you think I'm altogether dotty?"

think," said Mr. Tressor, meditatively, "that there are many things that could not be done for two hundred thousand dollars, short of carrying off the Louvre—if it was only to be split between two people," he added sharply.

"There are two of us," said Penard, sententiously.

"Then let's get busy," remarked Mr.