

## WELL ENOUGH VERSUS FAME.

Down in the valley of "Well-Enough" men are careless and joyous and free; They toil and they eat and they love a bit, and they grow old happily; While off in the hazy distance gleam the peaks of the unknown, "Fame," And none that has traveled that difficult steep can enter the valley again.

The way is o'er rocks, sharp and jagged and cruel; through fierce heat, with a deadening thirst;

While the water drips cool, far below in the depths of the way that to him is accursed.

How he longs, all in vain, for a friendly hand-clasp, for the smiles that were ready and true!

But he may not turn back, so he struggles along, with the joy of achievement in view.

And at last, oh, long journey!—see torn hands and feet, and face drawn and wrinkled with pain—

He stands at the summit of great desire, to dwell on his priceless gain.

And then—ah, the sadness of heart-break!—was not that a man's cry of woe? For he longs to return to the land he has lost—to the "Well-Enough" valley below.

—Grace C. Bostwick.

## LACY'S LUCK

LACY was the unluckiest man on Oil creek in the early sixties. He left his desk resolved to make a fortune in oil. Others were getting rich—why not he? He had an incentive. The brightest, truest face in the world rose before his eyes as he toiled at his well. It was his own now. His partner grew heart-sick after working six months. He had invested an equal amount, both added their brawn. They drilled it themselves. But the tools "stuck." More than a month was lost. Then they struck a "nigger-head," a hard rock disheartened them. After that they struck a clay vein that ran in on them like soap. Weeks were lost again. It was then Hank Waters from Butler, said to the young man:

"Here, Lacy, I'm going to quit."

"But how am I to manage alone, Waters?"

"I don't know. You'll fool away your time if you hang on."

"I won't give up."

"Well, I'm done for good."

"But if I get oil?"

"It's yours and welcome."

To show that he meant just what he said Waters made out a release, giving all right and title to Lacy in



"WHEN'S YOUR LEASE EXPIRE?"

regular form. Lacy was left to fight it out alone.

He was made of the stuff that heroes are made of, but Lacy would have laughed if any one had hinted at it. He employed a man to assist him, borrowing the money to pay him and giving a note to the lender.

The day when he was wondering how much further he would have to drill to reach oil rock Dick Hartly rode past. Dick was a successful operator and boatman. He transported his own oil down the Allegheny in barges. Dick checked his horse and called Lacy to him.

"Do you know Archibald is trying to get your release?"

Lacy could not speak for a moment, his surprise was so great.

"Well, he is. Overheard it. When's your lease expire?"

"On the twentieth."

It was one of the early leases which stipulated that the land should revert to the owner in the case the lease did not obtain oil within a given time.

"That's bad, Lacy. Archibald's offering \$100 and money for an option of 30 days. He's got a company pipe's drove. All on the quiet."

"That finishes me. I've borrowed all I can. In debt \$100 now."

"How far are you down?" Hartly flicked a twig with his whip carelessly. He liked Lacy; everybody liked him.

"Six hundred and forty-four feet."

"Thunder!" Hartly sat bolt upright.

"Why that's farther than Saunders, and allowing for the difference up the creek you must be in the rock."

At that moment Lacy's assistant called to him:

"I think we've run again another nigger-head, Mr. Lacy."

Hartly dismounted and followed Lacy on the derrick. There the slack cable indicated an obstacle.

"Like as not you're on the shell of

the oil rock now. Bet \$10 on it," said Hartly in his excitement.

"Take in the slack and try awhile," said Lacy in his first glow of new-found hope. Hartly waited until the assistant screwed the slack up. He waited until it pierced the rock and the sand pump brought up yellow clay again.

"You see," said Lacy, "I don't think there's many men would hang on to it the way I've done. But if Archibald's after it—"

"Tell you what, Lacy. I'm making a pond fresh. With Andrews and Pitts. If you'll give me four days I'll make it worth \$200 to you. I saw you helping Potts the first pond fresh he was in. If you do as well by me I'll be ahead of the game if you'll drop this and take hold. Then you will be able to stave Archibald off. You've lots of time—eight days."

Lacy was not looking at him. He was staring apparently through the trees. He saw a bright fireside, an old, but sweet-faced lady sat sewing; near her, flitting about humming a low tune, was another figure, neat, trim, alert, lithe—a girl with a sweet face.

"You don't want a hatful of money to see what's in this now—only a few feet further to go. Might strike the rock any minute now."

The face Lacy saw there on that bright sunny day was hopeful. It smiled confidently; her eyes looked proudly into his own. That was the look that had held him up in all his misfortunes. It said as plainly as words could say: "You will succeed. I know you will."

"We can get out to-morrow. With or without more rain. That last rain was heavier than anybody thought."

Now back to the first picture Lacy saw another. Archibald was riding into Granklin to record a new lease. Lacy's creditors were behind him.

"I'd rather have you than Howe pilot for me. Lucky for you you fished on the Allegheny when you were a boy. You know it pretty well."

"I'll do it," said Lacy, suddenly coming out of his day dream.

An hour later he was giving instructions to the man who assisted him. He was to get another man whom Lacy named to take Lacy's place. That evening Lacy drove down to the creek where Hartly's boats were moored. The small rivulets and brooks had become reservoirs where they neared the creek. By morning, at the farthest, rain or dry, the pond fresh would carry the barges out.

Lacy worked harder for Hartly than he had ever worked for himself. It was his last hope, his last chance. He inspired the other men. Hartly slapped his thigh with pride as the work progressed.

About 4 o'clock the next morning rain fell again, slowly at first, but then came a downpour. The last shower accomplished more in two hours than Hartly and the other operators had accomplished in two weeks. Before the workers on the creek had their breakfast the signal to cut loose was given.

One of Hartly's boats rode out nicely, safely. A second floated off without obstacle. Now came the last—that Lacy had charge of. It was the most difficult to manage. Unless skill was displayed now one of Potts' barges lying above might stove it in. Suddenly he beheld two of the boats swinging into the creek beyond the control of the boatmen. Potts, purple with excitement, leaped on one. His chief assistant, Baird, strove with might and main to retard the other. There was a crash of timber, a tremendous rush of water, the swirling of an indescribable mass of leaves, branches and pieces of board in eddies. Above all the shouts and commands of men could be heard as they struggled with an ungovernable element.

The yellow, oily water was coming down in a comb over a log that had

swung across the creek suddenly. It was held fast there. Below this log was a long slide of clear, smooth water.

Lacy saw at once that unless this log was removed immediately two of Hartly's boats would be forced against the opposite side of the creek, in which case Potts' boat would be sure to collide with them. They would be smashed, crumpled up, their contents lost.

He seized a cant hook, caught the end of the log, the swift water whirled the log around, throwing Lacy off his feet. He fell into the creek, grasped despairingly at the log, then disappeared.

Now the fresh pond was at its merriest. It scooped stones from the bottom of the creek, rushed headlong, tossing its yellow mane as it bore the barges down swiftly to Oil City and out far into the Allegheny.

When Lacy regained consciousness he fancied he was still at the water's edge. He heard the steady flow of water. There could be no mistaking that sound. He thought he was still at the water's edge.

"How do you feel now?"

It was Watson, his assistant, who stood near.

"Did you get out all right?"

"Slick as grease."

"Where am I?"

"Where you ought to be. In your own bunk. Where'd you think you was?"

"I hear water. It is water I hear. How did I get—what does it mean?"

Lacy sat up and stared around him. He felt his head. It was bandaged.

"It means you was nigh gone when we got you out of the creek. I'd gone down to tell you the news."

Lacy was listening now intently.

"Well, if that isn't water." He rubbed his bandaged hand. "I feel kind of flighty. There, I hear it plain."

He tried to get up. Watson pushed him back gently.

"One leg sprained. Best not. We brought you up so's I could tend to you better. That's oil you hear—oil from your well. Struck it about sundown last night. The gravel flew twice as high as the derrick. The tank building will be there in ten minutes. Never was so tuckered out in my life as we was making a bank to save the oil last night. Gee-whiz! More'n a hundred barrels, and oil selling at \$8 and \$9 at the well."

Lacy wondered if it was a dream. Just then Watson backed out of the shanty awkwardly. He returned suddenly, kicked some things under his bunk, straightened up the clothes over Lacy and said in a tone of assumed indifference:

"Here's some folks that's come up to see the oil regions. Come up yesterday, they said. Been trying to find you."

Then Watson backed out and the face he always saw in his dreams stood before him. Behind her stood her mother. As she stooped and kissed him Lacy drew a long breath.

"It doesn't seem real," said Lacy, as he looked up at her.

But there could be no doubt about the pressure of that soft, warm palm on his brow.—Indianapolis Sun.

## FACTS ABOUT ARGENTINA.

Has Fourteen States and Nine Territories—Bachelors Taxed.

Argentina is the United States of South America, says the New York World. It is made up of fourteen states and territories. The population is about 5,000,000.

The Argentine states have greater power individually than ours. They may, with the consent of Congress, make treaties for the fostering of industry, immigration, colonization, railways and canals.

Argentina's constitution is modeled on ours. American teachers have been called to the schools of the republic. The country considers itself our rival in trade, and backed its pretensions in 1900 by sending to London \$3,500,000 worth of fresh beef. It exports wheat also.

Argentina has millions more sheep than we have and half as many grazing cattle. Its agricultural area is 250,000,000 acres—more than was taken up by our grain, cotton, tobacco and vegetable crops in 1900—but only about 5 per cent of this land is under cultivation.

Immigration is Argentina's great need. The possibilities and promises of the land are tremendous. Thus far we have allowed Great Britain to dominate its trade. Germany has beaten our print-paper makers out of a business amounting now to nearly \$2,000,000 a year.

In 1899 Argentina had 4,291 primary schools, with 427,311 pupils. There are two national and three provincial universities.

Argentina reaches into the equatorial hot belt on the north and through the temperate zone on the south, having thus wide ranges of temperature. Two-thirds of its people nearly are native. Italians to the number of almost 500,000 lead the foreigners.

In one of the Argentine states a graded tax on bachelors is provided to drive men to matrimony. If, however, a man can prove that he has been three times rejected he is exempt.

## PROPOSED KANSAS GULF CANAL.



To provide a great canal from the heart of the grain belt to the Gulf is a project of David W. Blaine, of Kansas. He has evolved a scheme which, he says, will solve the rate situation with regard to the transfer of grain from Western fields to the seaports, and he is now touring the country to educate the people, and obtain the co-operation of Texas, Oklahoma and Kansas.

Mr. Blaine said: "If we had a canal to the Gulf, we could deliver our wheat to the southern seaboard for less than eight cents a bushel."

The starting point of the canal would be Cheyenne Lake, an artificial reservoir now being excavated in Central Kansas, with a depth of fifty feet, fifteen miles long and six miles broad. This lake will be sustained by the flood waters and flow of Smoky Hill and Arkansas rivers, and will be the head of the waterway. As the canal passes through Kansas and Oklahoma to Texas, the waters of the Red, Canadian and Camaron rivers and numerous creeks and small streams will reinforce the original water supply.

"This," said Mr. Blaine, "will furnish sufficient water to maintain the canal throughout the area, with the possible exception of two months, when the northern portion will be closed by freezing weather. What we are asking Texas to do is to carry out the plan of opening the Trinity River for navigation to Dallas and Fort Worth and extend this waterway seventy-five miles north to the Red River. Oklahoma and Kansas will build the rest of the canal, the head of which will be in the center of the wheat belt of Kansas. When this canal is completed and water transportation opened to the Gulf, a saving in freight rates on wheat raised in Kansas—as compared to the freight rates now prevailing—will be something like \$15,000,000 for Kansas; half that amount for Oklahoma and many millions more on other farm products. While the cost of construction would probably be about \$40,000,000, the amount saved in freight rates would pay back the money invested."

## DISAPPEARING WINDOW SASHES.

An Unobstructed View Obtained from the Interior.

The modern window sash with its large panes of glass does not obstruct the view very much when opened, as it did in the old days, when the glass manufacturers only knew how to make the small panes then in vogue, but nevertheless the open door, in summer, is always more inviting than the open window. Of course the double sash window, as commonly designed, only



DISAPPEARING SASHES.

admits of being half opened, that is, it may be put either up or down, but affords an opening but half the size of the frame. The illustration shows a new conception in window architecture, in which the sashes disappear entirely at will. A casement or pocket is provided below the sash, into which they disappear, and a movable sill covers the sash in this position, giving a suitable finish to the opening. This sliding sill carries in its ends recesses for the retention of the sash cords, locking the sash securely in the concealed position. When the weather is

warm the window is transformed into an unobstructed opening, and when the weather is cold or stormy the sill is adjusted and the sash raised and locked in position, when they resemble the ordinary window construction.

## An Odd Compliment.

There is in Chicago a tall and slender young lady, straight as an arrow and of a wonderful symmetry. But an experience, related by the Record-Herald, has convinced her that personal charms may have their drawbacks.

One day she was engaged in shopping, when she chanced to meet a girl friend, who had to visit the cloak department of a large establishment. There the young woman was standing in silence while her friend made a selection, when suddenly she felt herself grasped by the shoulder. Slowly she was turned about, while the woman who was spinning her gazed up and down her pretty costume, evidently admiring every detail.

For an instant the young woman was too amazed to speak. Then, summoning her dignity, she asked, "Madam, is there anything you wish?" Her assailant jumped aside. "Oh!" she exclaimed. "Oh! I thought you were a model!"

## Innate Perverseness.

The neighbors were discussing the peculiarities of an eccentric old resident. "I do think," remarked Mrs. Higgins, "that old Mr. Tightun is the contraryest man on the face of the earth."

"What's he doing now?" asked Mrs. Joggins.

"Doing? You remember he used to say that when he had accumulated fifty thousand dollars he was going to quit saving money—the old skinflint—and settle down to the enjoyment of it?"

"Yes."

"Well, he's actually doing it!"

It has happened before now that women have insisted upon kissing their husbands when they came home, for the purpose of finding out a trace of liquor on their breath.