At the schoolhouse there had been a lecture in sweeping denunciation of all wealth. Shaking his black mane and seeming to pop his forefinger, the lecturer, in a sort of frenzy, had declared the dollar to be the enemy of the human race. There was no hotel in the neighborhood, so the lecturer went home with old Limuel Jucklin. Several of the neighbors dropped in.

"I always like to hear a man talk when he appears to believe what he has to say," remarked old Lim. "The fact that the fiddler is in earnest adds a good deal to the quality of the fiddlin'. But a man may be sincere and at the same time fiddle out a tune that there ain't much music in. So, professor, you say that the dollar is the curse of the human race?"

"Well, yes, I may so concentrate the trouble of the world into the dollar."

"Ah, hah. But don't you think that the dollar represents the concentration of man's incentive to work? The greatest curse that could fall upon man would be idleness. In all ages, so far as I have been able to gather, work has been the salvation of man. Enjoyments and all sorts of sports and pleasures wear out, but labor endures."

"You forget," said the professor, "that labor was first put upon man as a penalty, as a curse for disobedience."

"No, I don't forget that. I don't forget that it may appear that way. But Adam wasn't thoroughly satisfied with idleness. If he had been he would have let good enough alone. He wouldn't have eaten the forbidden fruit when Eve offered it to him. He didn't have anything to occupy his mind and he yielded. But leavin' the things that we can never know much about and comin' down to man of today, we see the virtue of work and the evil of idleness. Money is the essence of industry. Without it all life would be confusion."

"But the love of it has been aptly termed the root of all evil," said the professor.

"Yes," admitted Lim, "that's so. But the love of money ain't money itself—ain't the use of it. We commend a man for savin' his dollars, but if every man were to save to the very closest life would hardly be worth livin'. That's where an abundance of money comes in as a virtue whereas a little money might be an evil. When we have a great deal we are inclined to spend, and this makes others prosperous."

"Very true," admitted the professor, "but don't you believe that in America the present struggle for money is about to ruin the country?"

"When men race at full speed for money they drop out some that is already in their pockets, and those who pick it up profit by it. And, when the end of the mad race is about reached, the racer halts, draws a long breath and then decides to build a college or found a library. He wants to leave a footprint. He wants to be remembered by the racers who are to come after him."

"Ah," sighed the professor, "but how about those who are run over—whose lives are crushed out? How about the millions that are ground down? How about the man who is not willing that labor should have its due?"

"He is an evil until he is dead, and then he may become a blessin'," old Lim replied. "Poverty-stricken men have committed murder. But murder is not the principle of the poor. Riches have oppressed, have been heartless, but that is not the spirit of money. Money is every man's servant. If he permits it to become his master he suffers for it. Money discovered America, and you must admit that this country has been a blessin' to the human race. Columbus was looking for a road over which he could transport wealth. Men seeking for fortunes have made about all the discoveries on the face of the earth. The rudder of the ship is the universal tongue of the gospel. Science may sail and discover and come back and report; but commerce halts and builds up the country."

Then the professor thought to sound a deadener with the following: "But do you think it right to marry for money?"

"Well," drawled the old man, winking slyly at one of his neighbors, "not unless you love the woman that has money. Most of men love women on account of beauty or some other attraction, and money has the faculty of makin' both men and women powerful handsome. I recollect an old maid that used to live not far from here. She was so ugly that hosses would get scared at her. And her homeliness wa'n't goodness, either. She had a disposition like a porcupine. No matter from what direction you might approach her, there was a quill. Folks didn't like to pass her house, for she'd come out on the veranda and shout vitriol at them. The hip bones of poverty stuck up through her farm. She just about made a livin'. But one day her old uncle died, report said, and left her a hundred thousand dollars. Then the folks began to travel by her house. Some of them stopped to pay their respects. Among them was 'Squire Goodall. He pretended that he hadn't heard of her good fortune. He asked her how her uncle was gettin' along, and remarked that if she needed a side of bacon or two he would willingly fetch it over to her. She beamed on him and he dodged, but stood it. He told her he'd like to make her a present of his horse, and she thanked him and took it, and he walked home. He dreamed about her that night and it was a nightmare, but he decided that he was in love with her. Two days later he went back and made her a present of a cow. She smacked her mouth and took the cow, and 'lowed he was the sweetest man. He thought so, too, but didn't say so. Well, shortly afterward he proposed and she accepted. They were married and the folks came in to drink cider and eat ginger cake. Just after the ceremony up comes a feller an' says to her: 'Miz Goodall, I was in the Sycamore country the other day and met your old uncle, and he told me to tell you that he was mighty in need of help and that he wished you would send him a dollar or so if you could spare it.'

"'What uncle is that?' the new husband inquired; and the wife answered: 'Why, the one that was reported dead some time ago. Poor man; I think, lovey, we'd better send him a cow.'

"Goodall sneezed out some ginger cake and was never known to smile after that. So, you see, professor, even the love of money did good in that instance. It got a husband for a deservin' woman."

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"But Do You Think It Is Right to Marry for Money?"

He Proposed and She Accepted Him.

TILLMAN MAY QUIT

Rumor Says That Picturesque Senator Will Resign Seat.

Is Ill at His South Carolina Home of General Nervous Debility—His Stormy Career in Upper House of Congress.

Washington.—The shrill voice of Senator Benjamin Ryan Tillman of South Carolina may never be heard in the senate chamber again. Senator Tillman is ill at his home, a farm near Trenton, S. C. The rumor that he contemplates resigning his seat is revived, but Mr. Tillman is following the same course he did last summer and refuses to confirm or deny the rumor.

Senator Tillman has not fully recovered from the attack of partial paralysis which seized him last summer. He tried to cure this by an extended tour of several months in Europe. The health resorts of the continent helped him greatly and he returned to the United States much stronger than he was when he left. While the paralysis has not returned, a general debility from nervousness has made his life unhappy in the last few months.

The going of Tillman will take from the senate one of its most picturesque characters. "Pitchfork Ben," as he is called, is feared of all other senators for the sharpness of his tongue and the keeness of his wit. No man in the United States senate is an abler rough and ready debater than Tillman. While his remarks have never carried much weight they have appealed to the galleries and looked well in print. His logic might have been poor and his speeches inferior to those of his opponents, but his mannerisms have won the victory for him in the popular mind.

Senator B. R. Tillman.

Senator Tillman's brother, the late George R. Tillman, was a congressman from the Second South Carolina district. In the house he was known as one of the most quiet and unemotional men that ever sat in the body. During his service he seldom talked and when he did he spoke simply and to the point. The name of Tillman was practically unknown until Senator Tillman was elected governor of South Carolina in 1892. He celebrated his election by forcing through the legislature the dispensary liquor law in that state.

Always interested in education, he founded his second college in the state after the inauguration. The first school established through his effort was the Clemson Agricultural and Mechanical college at Calhoun's old home, Fort Hill, S. C. The second school is the Winthrop Normal and Industrial College for Women at Rock Hill.

The successful canvass for the gubernatorial chair encouraged Mr. Tillman to try for the senatorial election against Gen. Butler. The two men canvassed South Carolina county by county, and Tillman won in the legislature with 131 votes against Gen. Butler's 21. He took his seat in the senate on March 4, 1895, and has been re-elected twice since. His term of office would expire in 1913 if he continued to serve.

In his career in the senate Mr. Tillman has had a stormy time. Always ready with his voice to attack or defend as the mood was, he got into a wordy war with Senator McLaurin of his state over a new brand of Democracy which Tillman preached in South Carolina as "commercial Democracy." McLaurin dubbed it plain Republicanism. The two senators clashed over some trivial matter in the senate chamber and were soon pummelling each other like school boys.

Senator Tillman suffered the worst slight of his career after this fracas. President Roosevelt had invited him, along with the other members of the foreign relations committee, to dine with him when Prince Henry of Prussia was the guest of honor. When the president heard of the fight in the senate chamber he recalled the invitation to Mr. Tillman. The senator never has forgotten the snub and until President Taft occupied the White House never entered the White House grounds.

His fight with Roosevelt was long. The president scored in the last encounter when he replied to Tillman's criticism of his secret service policy by publishing letters which tended to show that Senator Tillman was interested in a land deal in the west whose interests were being furthered by his activity as a senator.

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Silas (disconsolately)—Yas, by gum, an' thet seems t' be all he lived far!

Fifty cents per acre is the price at which the State of Colorado is selling land in the Little Snake River valley, Routt County, Colorado, which is open for entry under the Carey Land Act.

Purchasers of land must also contract for a water right, to be paid for in ten annual assessments, the total cost including a perpetual water right in the Little Snake river canal system, being thirty-five dollars per acre.

This is pronounced one of the most fertile valleys in Colorado, and record crops of all grains, grasses and roots are now being raised there. Both the Moffat Road and the Union Pacific are building into the district.

Persons desiring full information about the land and water should write to the Routt County Colonization Co., 1734 Welton St., Denver, Colorado. The land is sold in tracts of 40, 80, 120 and 160 acres.

Those desiring land will have to act quickly, as the applications being received indicate that the desirable land will be quickly disposed of. The canal plans, water supply, etc., are all investigated and approved by the State Engineer.

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