

FOREWARNED.

A Family Resemblance That Brought About a Wedding.



NOT WITH- STANDING that Uncle George could not come till later in the day, Mrs. Elliott was kind enough to insist that I should go to lunch. And I enjoyed myself extremely—not only at lunch, but also while Adelaide showed me round the picture-gallery afterwards. Adelaide was really enchanting; tall, stately yet slender, pale with relief of delicate rose. I had met Adelaide once or twice before, and the second time had been unnecessary; therefore this third was an opportunity.

We were alone in the picture-gallery. I had just thrown the cigarette, which had been graciously allowed to me, out of the window, and (seeing that we were, as I say, alone) I was just about to—But suddenly Adelaide spoke.

"Do you see that picture?" "What, the fat old lady?" "Yes, the fat old lady," said Adelaide, laughing. "It's mamma's sister, Lady Hamlyn."

"Oh, I beg pardon," I murmured. "I took her for a more remote relative."

Adelaide threw her charming head back and surveyed Lady Hamlyn.

"Mamma always says," she observed, "that Aunt Lucia was exactly like what I am now, when she was a girl."

I started violently.

"Oh, it's preposterous," I began, but the word fell unfinished. I drew near to Lady Hamlyn's portrait.

"The features are just the same," observed Adelaide. "And that sort of complexion gets—"

"Deeper," I put in, pleading for a merciful word.

"Yes, deeper. And I believe Aunt Lucia was a very slim girl; thinner than I am, even."

I was silent now; not in indignation, but in speechless recognition of irresistible, mournful truth.

"I daresay you don't see the likeness," said Adelaide, archly. "But the family does."

Alas! I did; even as the family did. "Do you see the likeness?" asked Adelaide, with the slightest hint of uneasiness in her tone.

"There—there's a look," said I, apologetically.

Adelaide looked at me, and then at Lady Hamlyn's portrait. But I could not meet Adelaide's eye, nor now, for the matter of this, Lady Hamlyn's either.

"Just a look," I repeated, guiltily. "I wish I could deny it altogether."

There was a pause. Then Adelaide said, tentatively:

"I don't call her bad looking for an old lady, do you?"

"She looks good-natured," I managed to gasp.

"Oh! that means you think her very ugly," and Adelaide turned a shoulder on me in high indignation.

"Not ugly," I cried; "but rather—"

"Well, Mr. Danby?"

"Rather—rather stout and—and—"

"Well, Mr. Danby?"

"Homely," I murmured, stealing a furtive, fearful glance at Adelaide.

There was a long silence. Then Adelaide said very coldly:

"Do you care to see any more pictures, Mr. Danby?"

"Not for the world," I cried, impulsively.

We walked out of the gallery in gloomy silence. I was enraged at myself—full of sorrow for the wounded

pride which was evidently oppressing Adelaide—full of resentment against that unaccountable old lady, who had her portrait painted with the express object (so I accused her) of spoiling my romantic dreams.

"What did she want to be painted for?" I exclaimed petulantly, as we reached the door which led into the garden.

Adelaide said nothing at all. She kept her face turned away from me.

The tension of our uncomfortable attitude to one another—so different from what it had been when we entered the gallery—was happily relieved by the approach of Mrs. Elliott. I saw a question in Mrs. Elliott's eye, and I avoided her eye, as I had avoided Adelaide's eye and Lady Hamlyn's eye. I knew that we had not been sent round the picture gallery together for nothing.

"Well, Mr. Danby, I hope you like our pictures?" said my hostess.

"They are delightful," I answered. "I'm so grateful to Miss Elliott for showing them to me."

I could hardly have put it more unfortunately. Adelaide shot a glance of angry scorn at me. "I know you're grateful," the glance said.

AN INDIAN'S GREAT FEAT.

A Medicine Man Whose Arrows Never Returned to Earth.

Harry Kellar, the magician, tells of a singular feat which he witnessed in the Rosebud agency, in South Dakota, several years ago, which was as wonderful in its way as anything related of the east. Among other things of note among the tribe who were pointed out to the party was a morose, rather flabby-looking Indian, the high priest, or medicine man, of the Ogalallas. The magician endeavored to secure an interview with him, but the old man was silent and unapproachable. At last, after obtaining the friendly intercessions of the chief, Red Cloud, the party made its way to the medicine man's wigwam and drew him forth.

"It was evening," said Kellar. "The sun had set, and the Indian village stood forth in the white light of a full moon. The medicine man heard our petition in silence, and then, without a word, took down a beautifully-fashioned bow which hung from his tent pole. He selected carefully seven finely-finished arrows, the shafts of which were of wood and the points of flint. The old man examined his weapons closely, and then strode out on the prairie a short distance, followed a little in the rear by our party. It was bright moonlight, and a practiced eye could readily follow his movements."

"Drawing an arrow to the head of his bowstring and looking up a moment into the sky, as if to locate the exact spot which he wished to pierce, he let go the powerful bow. The arrow went swift and straight into the air, so perfectly perpendicular that it seemed as if in its return it would almost fall upon the very head of the archer. We tried in vain to follow its course, and as we waited for the whistle of the returning arrow a perceptible smile crept over the old man's face. After waiting several minutes he dispatched a second shaft after the first, in exactly the same manner and toward exactly the same point. We waited in suspense and still there was no indication of the return of either."

"The third, fourth, fifth and sixth shafts were drawn from his quiver and dispatched at intervals. When he had shot them all the medicine man unstrung his bow and leaned upon it thoughtfully. A glance at my watch showed me that fully fifteen minutes had elapsed since he had shot the first arrow, and not one of them had returned to earth so far as I could tell. We waited five minutes more, and the old man returned to his teepee."

"I followed, but the old man had disappeared. I waited for a long time, hoping that through the use of money I could obtain his secret. But he did not return any more than did his mysterious arrows. The only explanation I could ever give for this really remarkable performance was one suggested to me by a friend. The Indians have long known the existence of magnetic iron ore, and have used their secret among themselves for the performance of a number of feats. My friend suggested that the hollow center pole of the medicine man's teepee was made of magnetic iron, and that the old man was an archer of such wonderful accuracy that he was able to direct his shafts one after another, so that upon their return to earth, unseen in the pale moonlight, they buried themselves in the ground, at the bottom of the center pole, swerved, it might be, a few inches by the magnetic attraction."

"Unfortunately this suggestion was made to me after my opportunity for examination had gone by, and the old archer's performance is still to me a profound mystery. There is nothing very improbable though in the suggestion, provided that no wind was blowing at the time. I have seen Indian archers at a long distance drive an arrow into a mark and then split this arrow with a second repeatedly."—N. Y. Herald.

SAMOANS ON SUNDAY.

Hollow Logs Used as Bells to Call the Worshippers.

On Sunday mornings the church members file down the street to the church dressed in their finest apparel, all manner of costumes being visible. The swells wear in addition to their lona-lava a white shirt, collarless and flapping unrestrainedly in the breeze. The women wear their best mother Hubbard of brightest color and perch on the top of their heads hats of a fashion obsolete in Noah's time.

The chimes of bells used to call the members to service are very unique. As a substitute for bell metal hollow logs are used. Each village has large one dug out of some great tree, with natural partitions left in each end to form heads. The aperture is long and narrow, and the bell is rung by striking the edges in a peculiar manner with a short, heavy club, producing a dull booming sound that can be heard a long distance. The large bell is sounded for worship Thursdays, Saturdays, Sundays and the first day of each month. In addition to the large bell the village has several small ones, dug out of small logs of varying sizes, producing different tones. These are held in one hand and struck with a small hardwood stick; the performers marching about the village and drumming a time as a call to worship. Small children play these, but it requires a certain knack to sound large ones. Churches are built of coral rocks and boulders laid in plaster made of burned coral; they have low open windows and doors. A good share of the congregation make their entrance and exit through the windows. These little churches have sugar-cane thatched roofs and are located, some of them, on the extreme points of the beach.—N. Y. Advertiser.

"What will its title be?" "H'm'm. I hadn't thought of that. I guess I'll call it my ought-to biography."—Washington Star.

"The word bumper, signifying a drink or pledge, was originally a toast to the pope in Roman Catholic countries, drunk in a full glass just after dinner at Bon Pere.

"Some day," said the morose man, "I am going to write a book. I'm going to make a record of my wasted opportunities; a compilation of the things I should have done and didn't do."

"What will its title be?" "H'm'm. I hadn't thought of that. I guess I'll call it my ought-to biography."—Washington Star.

"The word bumper, signifying a drink or pledge, was originally a toast to the pope in Roman Catholic countries, drunk in a full glass just after dinner at Bon Pere.

"Some day," said the morose man, "I am going to write a book. I'm going to make a record of my wasted opportunities; a compilation of the things I should have done and didn't do."

"What will its title be?" "H'm'm. I hadn't thought of that. I guess I'll call it my ought-to biography."—Washington Star.

"The word bumper, signifying a drink or pledge, was originally a toast to the pope in Roman Catholic countries, drunk in a full glass just after dinner at Bon Pere.

"Some day," said the morose man, "I am going to write a book. I'm going to make a record of my wasted opportunities; a compilation of the things I should have done and didn't do."

"What will its title be?" "H'm'm. I hadn't thought of that. I guess I'll call it my ought-to biography."—Washington Star.

"The word bumper, signifying a drink or pledge, was originally a toast to the pope in Roman Catholic countries, drunk in a full glass just after dinner at Bon Pere.

"Some day," said the morose man, "I am going to write a book. I'm going to make a record of my wasted opportunities; a compilation of the things I should have done and didn't do."

"What will its title be?" "H'm'm. I hadn't thought of that. I guess I'll call it my ought-to biography."—Washington Star.

"The word bumper, signifying a drink or pledge, was originally a toast to the pope in Roman Catholic countries, drunk in a full glass just after dinner at Bon Pere.

"Some day," said the morose man, "I am going to write a book. I'm going to make a record of my wasted opportunities; a compilation of the things I should have done and didn't do."

"What will its title be?" "H'm'm. I hadn't thought of that. I guess I'll call it my ought-to biography."—Washington Star.

"The word bumper, signifying a drink or pledge, was originally a toast to the pope in Roman Catholic countries, drunk in a full glass just after dinner at Bon Pere.

"Some day," said the morose man, "I am going to write a book. I'm going to make a record of my wasted opportunities; a compilation of the things I should have done and didn't do."

"What will its title be?" "H'm'm. I hadn't thought of that. I guess I'll call it my ought-to biography."—Washington Star.

"The word bumper, signifying a drink or pledge, was originally a toast to the pope in Roman Catholic countries, drunk in a full glass just after dinner at Bon Pere.

"Some day," said the morose man, "I am going to write a book. I'm going to make a record of my wasted opportunities; a compilation of the things I should have done and didn't do."

"What will its title be?" "H'm'm. I hadn't thought of that. I guess I'll call it my ought-to biography."—Washington Star.

"The word bumper, signifying a drink or pledge, was originally a toast to the pope in Roman Catholic countries, drunk in a full glass just after dinner at Bon Pere.

"Some day," said the morose man, "I am going to write a book. I'm going to make a record of my wasted opportunities; a compilation of the things I should have done and didn't do."

"What will its title be?" "H'm'm. I hadn't thought of that. I guess I'll call it my ought-to biography."—Washington Star.

"The word bumper, signifying a drink or pledge, was originally a toast to the pope in Roman Catholic countries, drunk in a full glass just after dinner at Bon Pere.

"Some day," said the morose man, "I am going to write a book. I'm going to make a record of my wasted opportunities; a compilation of the things I should have done and didn't do."

"What will its title be?" "H'm'm. I hadn't thought of that. I guess I'll call it my ought-to biography."—Washington Star.

"The word bumper, signifying a drink or pledge, was originally a toast to the pope in Roman Catholic countries, drunk in a full glass just after dinner at Bon Pere.

"Some day," said the morose man, "I am going to write a book. I'm going to make a record of my wasted opportunities; a compilation of the things I should have done and didn't do."

"What will its title be?" "H'm'm. I hadn't thought of that. I guess I'll call it my ought-to biography."—Washington Star.

"The word bumper, signifying a drink or pledge, was originally a toast to the pope in Roman Catholic countries, drunk in a full glass just after dinner at Bon Pere.

"Some day," said the morose man, "I am going to write a book. I'm going to make a record of my wasted opportunities; a compilation of the things I should have done and didn't do."

"What will its title be?" "H'm'm. I hadn't thought of that. I guess I'll call it my ought-to biography."—Washington Star.

THE VALUE OF FORESTS.

Their Destruction Brings Disaster Upon the Country.

Not only do trees modify climatic conditions and tend to purify the air, more particularly in the neighborhood of large towns, but experience shows that they have also a very valuable economic influence on the growth of vegetation. Among other things, Mr. Nisbet tells us that the Russian famine of 1892 is attributed largely to the absence of trees. Prof. Geffeklin declares that the principal cause of the dearth was the drought during the spring and summer of 1892, and this absence of rain was greatly due to the absence of trees. The area formerly covered with timber was enormous; but with the abolition of serfdom and the introduction of railways, the woods were abandoned to speculators, and no one thought of replanting. Too late has the government issued a law for the protection of forests. Such a devastation, going on for twenty years, not only exhausts a source of wealth but has also other bad consequences. When the country is deprived of its trees the earth is dried and crumbles from the hills; the water coming down from heaven cannot be kept back, as is the case with the woods, which act as a sponge, but rushes in torrents into the rivers and disappears into the sea; and the consequence is a gradual diminution of the fertility of the soil and the disappearing of numerous brooklets and small rivers. The black soil region of Russia was formerly hedged in by a belt of trees, which sheltered it from the desert winds and increased the humidity of the climate. The forests no longer exist. The black soil is often scourged by devastating blasts from the steppe and not infrequently baked by prolonged droughts. Many writers who have visited Russia agree that the main cause of the recent famine was the denudation of the land of its trees. American investigations prove that, though the influence upon the general climate which depends upon cosmic causes can with reason be expected from a forest cover, yet local modifications of climatic conditions may be anticipated. These modifications, if they exist, are of great practical value, for upon them depend success or failure in agricultural pursuits and comfort or discomfort of life within the given climatic climate. The same conditions prevail with reference to forest influences upon overflows, which can exist only as local modifications of water conditions, which are due, in the first place, to climatic, geologic and topographic conditions.—N. Y. Ledger.

BRUIN WAS MEEK.

A Black Bear Versus an Umbrella Plus a Woman.

How much danger is there to the pound in a wild black bear when you meet him in his haunts, accidentally and at close quarters? Mrs. M. F. Latham, wife of mine host at Oak Lodge, on the Indian river peninsula (Brevard County, Fla.) can tell you exactly. There is a cleared trail leading from this same lodge in a vast wilderness to the beach, half a mile away. It runs through a dense and fearfully tangled jungle of cabbage palmetto, live-oak, and saw palmetto which forms a living wall on each side of the trail.

About twelve months ago, Mrs. Latham was returning from the beach alone, and armed with an umbrella. When just a quarter of a mile from this very porch, she heard the rustling of some animal coming toward her through the saw palmettos. Thinking it must be a racoon, she quickly picked up a chunk of palmetto wood, and held it ready to whack Mr. Coon over the head the instant he emerged. All at once, with a mighty rustling, out stepped a big black bear within six feet of her! The surprise was mutual and profound. Naturally Mrs. Latham was scared, but not out of her wits, and she decided that to run would be to invite pursuit and possibly attack. She stood her ground and said nothing, and the bear rose on his hind legs to get a better look at her, making two or three feints in her direction with his paws. Feeling that she must do something, Mrs. Latham pointed her umbrella at the bear, and quickly opened and closed it two or three times. "Woof!" said the bear. "Turning about he plunged into the palmettos and went crashing away, while the lady ran homeward as fast as she could go. So much for the "savage and aggressive" disposition of the black bear.—W. T. Hornaday, in St. Nicholas.

Flower of the Holy Spirit.

A dainty flower is appropriately named the "Flower of Holy Spirit," the "Espirita Santo" of the Spaniards, who discovered it in Panama in 1826. In its native soil it blooms naturally from July to September, but further north only erratically. Out of twenty plants owned by one man in Philadelphia only one has flowered this year; but in many respects this one is still rarer, as the flowers have been pure white, whereas a slight tinge, approaching purple, appears on the inner side of the leaves in the form of minute specks. The flow is one and one-half inches across, almost globose, and the spikes of the plant grow to a height of three feet. It is an orchid, "Peristeria Elata," of the rarest variety, and each year casts out new bulbous roots, from which the following year's plant grows. It is commonly called the Holy Ghost Plant, and produces in the center of the flower, in place of stamens, a clear representation of the head and breast of a dove, with outstretched wings and a tiny yellow beak.—Philadelphia Times.

She Wanted a Clutch.

"Are you certain that you love me?" "I am." "But are you sure that you are certain?"—N. Y. Press.

"What made you borrow that five dollars of Grabbers when you had plenty of money with you?" "I wanted to be sure I'd meet him when we went up to the city."—Inter-Ocean.

"The baker gave her the stalest he had."—Vogue.

"The baker gave her the stalest he had."—Vogue.

"The baker gave her the stalest he had."—Vogue.

"The baker gave her the stalest he had."—Vogue.

"The baker gave her the stalest he had."—Vogue.

"The baker gave her the stalest he had."—Vogue.

"The baker gave her the stalest he had."—Vogue.

"The baker gave her the stalest he had."—Vogue.

"The baker gave her the stalest he had."—Vogue.

"The baker gave her the stalest he had."—Vogue.

"The baker gave her the stalest he had."—Vogue.

"The baker gave her the stalest he had."—Vogue.

"The baker gave her the stalest he had."—Vogue.

"The baker gave her the stalest he had."—Vogue.

"The baker gave her the stalest he had."—Vogue.

"The baker gave her the stalest he had."—Vogue.

"The baker gave her the stalest he had."—Vogue.

"The baker gave her the stalest he had."—Vogue.

"The baker gave her the stalest he had."—Vogue.

"The baker gave her the stalest he had."—Vogue.

"The baker gave her the stalest he had."—Vogue.

"The baker gave her the stalest he had."—Vogue.

"The baker gave her the stalest he had."—Vogue.

"The baker gave her the stalest he had."—Vogue.

"The baker gave her the stalest he had."—Vogue.

"The baker gave her the stalest he had."—Vogue.

"The baker gave her the stalest he had."—Vogue.

"The baker gave her the stalest he had."—Vogue.

"The baker gave her the stalest he had."—Vogue.

"The baker gave her the stalest he had."—Vogue.

"The baker gave her the stalest he had."—Vogue.

"The baker gave her the stalest he had."—Vogue.

"The baker gave her the stalest he had."—Vogue.

FOR YOUNG PEOPLE.

A LITTLE HOUSEMAID.

Wanted—a little housemaid. Just to help mamma to-day. Hair tucked neatly in a braid. Aproned, capped and smiling gay— Here she comes—as prompt and neat As a household fairy sweet!

Chairs in every round and think Shall be dusted perfectly. Hearth swept clean, before you think Baby's scattered toys will be Quickly put away in place By this fairy household grace.

Then she has her wages paid Promptly every penny, too— Trusty, winsome little maid! She gets paid in coin so true— Praises, kisses, loving words, Till she's happy as the birds! —Lulu Curran, in Good Housekeeping.

BILLY'S LESSON.

Tommy Leigh and Billy Connor were neighbors. That is, they lived quite near each other. Tommy was eight and Billy was ten years old. I am sorry to say they were not alike. Tommy was warm-hearted and kind, while Billy was not always so. But this excuse must be made for Billy; he had no mother to teach him right from wrong, so his bad little nature often ran away with him. But I will tell you what set him to thinking he would do better.

One morning Tommy rescued a little dog, to whose tail Billy tied an old milk-can "to see him go," as he told the boys and girls standing by to enjoy the cruel sport.

He was very angry at Tommy for spoiling the fun, and a little while after, seeing Tommy's kitten sunning itself on the porch, he caught her up and ran with her under his jacket out of the village toward the mill pond with Rover, Tommy's water spaniel, close at his heels.

The cruel boy had a small bag in his pocket and put the kitten into it, Rover all the time looking on and whining, as if to say: "What are you doing with my pet, you bad boy!" for the kitten was Rover's playmate and he loved her dearly. But Billy did not heed the pleading look, and with a toss, threw the bag out into the pond.

But Billy tried to throw so far that he lost his balance and fell off the bank into the pond. It was not very deep near the shore, and Tommy, who happened to walk by just then, helped him up the steep bank.

In the meanwhile Rover had plunged in after the kitten. The bag did not sink very far, and grasping it in his mouth, Rover swam with it to the other shore. There he laid it down, and with his sharp teeth quickly tore open the bag. He began to lick and fondle the poor little kitten, that wet and cold, mewed sadly.

Billy sat down on a stone. Something—maybe it was Rover's reproachful eyes—told him that he had done a cruel act. He tried to watch the dog, but he could not see for the quick tears that would keep coming, though he winked fast and wiped his eyes with his jacket sleeve.

By and by Rover took the way slowly home, his little pet following him, still wet and much ruffled. Then Billy went home, too. Waiting by the corner of the lane, he caught the kitten as she came along and dried her wet fur on his rough jacket. Then he carried her to a sunny corner by the hedge to doze.

Do you know what Rover taught Billy that morning?—Mrs. Christine Stevens, in Our Little Ones.

LITTLE WOODEN CHAIN.

How a Handy Boy Can Make One Containing Twenty-Four Links.

A pretty experiment, which boys with a knack for carpentering will find interesting, is the making of a chain out of a single block of wood. This is how the feat is accomplished. This diagram almost explains itself:

Take a piece of very soft wood, one inch square by six inches long. Out of

this cut a piece like that shown in Fig. 2, then mark off the links as shown in Fig. 3. Hold this piece sideways and cut out the darker portions shown in the illustration. Do the same thing on the other side of the piece. A small bit of wood will be left between each of the links. Cut through this and they will loosen. Round out the pieces and sandpaper them down. The illustration shows only three links, but a chain of about twenty-four links can be made easily, and it will serve many useful purposes.

The Small Boy's Paradise.

Small boys who cannot resist the temptation to make predatory excursions on neighboring apple orchards should be transported to the Sandwich Islands, where the apples have become wild, and where forests of many acres are found in various parts of the country. They extend from the level of the sea far up the mountain sides. It is said that miles of these apple forests can occasionally be seen. A traveler is responsible for the statement that the extent of one of them is between five and ten miles in width and about twenty miles long.

Nowadays. It doesn't matter so much. Whether he's in the style. Or whether he's Irish, Welsh, or Dutch. Provided he's made his pile. —Chicago Tribune.

It doesn't matter so much. Whether he's in the style. Or whether he's Irish, Welsh, or Dutch. Provided he's made his pile. —Chicago Tribune.

It doesn't matter so much. Whether he's in the style. Or whether he's Irish, Welsh, or Dutch. Provided he's made his pile. —Chicago Tribune.

It doesn't matter so much. Whether he's in the style. Or whether he's Irish, Welsh, or Dutch. Provided he's made his pile. —Chicago Tribune.

It doesn't matter so much. Whether he's in the style. Or whether he's Irish, Welsh, or Dutch. Provided he's made his pile. —Chicago Tribune.

It doesn't matter so much. Whether he's in the style. Or whether he's Irish, Welsh, or Dutch. Provided he's made his pile. —Chicago Tribune.

It doesn't matter so much. Whether he's in the style. Or whether he's Irish, Welsh, or Dutch. Provided he's made his pile. —Chicago Tribune.

It doesn't matter so much. Whether he's in the style. Or whether he's Irish, Welsh, or Dutch. Provided he's made his pile. —Chicago Tribune.

It doesn't matter so much. Whether he's in the style. Or whether he's Irish, Welsh, or Dutch. Provided he's made his pile. —Chicago Tribune.

It doesn't matter so much. Whether he's in the style. Or whether he's Irish, Welsh, or Dutch. Provided he's made his pile. —Chicago Tribune.

It doesn't matter so much. Whether he's in the style. Or whether he's Irish, Welsh, or Dutch. Provided he's made his pile. —Chicago Tribune.

It doesn't matter so much. Whether he's in the style. Or whether he's Irish, Welsh, or Dutch. Provided he's made his pile. —Chicago Tribune.

It doesn't matter so much. Whether he's in the style. Or whether he's Irish, Welsh, or Dutch. Provided he's made his pile. —Chicago Tribune.

It doesn't matter so much. Whether he's in the style. Or whether he's Irish, Welsh, or Dutch. Provided he's made his pile. —Chicago Tribune.

It doesn't matter so much. Whether he's in the style. Or whether he's Irish, Welsh, or Dutch. Provided he's made his pile. —Chicago Tribune.

It doesn't matter so much. Whether he's in the style. Or whether he's Irish, Welsh, or Dutch. Provided he's made his pile. —Chicago Tribune.

It doesn't matter so much. Whether he's in the style. Or whether he's Irish, Welsh, or Dutch. Provided he's made his pile. —Chicago Tribune.

It doesn't matter so much. Whether he's in the style. Or whether he's Irish, Welsh, or Dutch. Provided he's made his pile. —Chicago Tribune.