

# STORY OF A TRUST.

THAT HAS MADE NOTED MAGNATES OF THREE MEN.

The Great Standard Oil Company—Highest Corporation in the World, With Over Ten Millions of Dollars Worth of Useless Lines and Tankage.

(Special Letter.)

THE richest and best managed corporation in the world is the Standard Oil Company, the stock of which amounts to \$150,000,000 and during the last 30 years has made its holders all fabulously rich men. In view of the recent operations of these men to consolidate all the gas companies across the East river, New York, as they have already done those in Brooklyn, a movement which has driven up New York gas stock all the way from 40 points to 200 in three months—a study of the means by which this corporation has grown into its enormous power and wealth is timely and interesting. Such a study is given below.

The history of the origin and growth of the Standard furnishes material for one of the rarest romances of the century. At the close of the civil war Samuel Andrews, a recently arrived immigrant, was porter for a small produce house in Cleveland, O. Andrews was of an inventive turn of mind, and in his leisure hours devised a plan for the refinement of petroleum much more economical and effective than the ones then in vogue. One of the partners of the firm which employed Andrews as porter was John D. Rockefeller, then 26 years of age. Rockefeller kept the books and looked after the sales of the house. When Andrews told him about his invention the bookkeeper looked into it, and concluding that it promised well, invested what money he had been able to save in pushing it.

As a result of the combined efforts of the two young men, and with the aid of borrowed capital, a small refinery was built and put into operation. The refinery made money from the first, and in a year or so Rockefeller sold out his interest in the produce house and gave his entire time to the new venture. He induced his brother William to start a refinery, which was soon consolidated with the one owned by him and Andrews. Then a warehouse was opened in New York city for the sale of the manufactured product of the two refineries.

The Rockafellers and Andrews saw millions within their grasp. All that was needed was a little ready money, and this kindly fortune at the right moment threw in their way. Young Henry M. Flagler had married a rich man's daughter, and his father-in-law had started him in the lumber business in Michigan. Flagler, thought a bright fellow, was not intended for a lumber man. In some way Rockefeller got the ear of Flagler's father-in-law and told him his plans, which even then contemplated the control of the entire oil production of the country. The old man gave the matter careful consideration. His son-in-law was not making money as a lumberman and Rockefeller's plan seemed on the face a good one. In the end he gave Flagler \$50,000 and told him to go in with the Rockafellers and Andrews.

Thus the Standard Oil Company was formed with a capital stock of \$150,000, with John D. Rockefeller as its president. It at once began to buy out and crush out rival refineries, and now its pipe line system is something pro-

idea of the magnitude of this branch of its business can be obtained from the recent statement of a Standard magnate that \$10,000,000 would not cover the cost of the lines and tankage rendered useless during the last five years by the failure of the fields in which they are located.

The Standard, takes the oil of the producer as it comes from the ground, measures and pays for it, transports it to its refineries, refines it, pipes it to market, and sells it. Until recently it has never figured as a producer, but its complete and perfect system gives it absolute control of the oil trade. All this has grown since 1866 from an original investment of less than \$75,000 made by four young men, who saw a grand opportunity for money making, and were brazen and shrewd enough to take advantage of it.

The railroad companies were at the mercy of the great monopoly. The late President Scott of the Pennsylvania road acknowledged on the witness stand that his company dare transport only the oil of the Standard, and Commodore Vanderbilt said a year or two before he died that there was only one man he would allow to dictate to him, and that man was John D. Rockefeller.

Absolute in its command of the refining trade, the Standard forced the railroads to do its bidding until 1880. Then they rebelled and the Standard reduced their revenues and rendered it impossible for them to figure as a factor in the control of the oil trade by building pipe lines, and through them transporting to tide water its oil, both crude and refined.

It built and operated its own acid and glue works, and barrel factories, while its enormous volume of business gave it a commanding influence with the railroad companies. At one time the Pennsylvania road in seventeen months paid it over \$10,000,000 as rebates on the oil carried over its lines. It is indeed a gigantic corporation.

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# FROM A LIVING TOMB.

CONVICT WAS BURIED ALIVE FOR EIGHTEEN YEARS.

Sentenced to Life Imprisonment for Arson at Nine Years of Age and Turned Over to a Contractor—Paroled by Gov. Atkinson.

RYDER Hilliard, a young negro, is a victim of Georgia's pernicious penal system, which, happily for the sake of hundreds of miserable convicts, will soon go out of existence, according to a recent act of the legislature. For eighteen years Hilliard never saw the light of the sun. In that time he never gazed on a human face, except by the uncertain glare of a flickering lamp. He never heard the language of the soil, except from the lips of newcomers as ignorant and miserable as himself. Hilliard was born in Atlanta 33 years ago. His parents, industrious colored people, kept a small grocery store. In 1873 the boy, then only 9 years old, with some mischievous companions, set fire to a building. Although hardly old enough to appreciate the gravity of his offense, he was indicted for arson, found guilty and sentenced to imprisonment for life. In Georgia there is no penitentiary. A prisoner convicted in a criminal court is sent to what is called the "chain gang." In other words, he is farmed out to some contractor by the state. Hilliard was sent to the coal mines in Dade county, in the extreme northwest corner of the state, near that spur of the Blue Ridge mountains which ends abruptly in the precipitous front of Lookout Mountain, towering above the great crescent of the Tennessee river. Being only a boy, he was unable to perform manual labor, and for six years, according to his statement, he was kept around the stockade, doing chores and waiting on the men in charge. Finally he grew to be a lusty lad, and was put to work in the mines. He was 15 years old, black and muscular, and his owners, under the law, saw in him a valuable possession. One memorable day in the fall of 1879 he descended with the cage into one of the mines. Never after that did he see the light of day until a week ago, after the lapse of eighteen years.

Governor Atkinson, in looking over the prison record, noticed the name of Hilliard and the age at which he was convicted, and observed that his record was remarkably good. Twenty-four years, thought the governor, was surely sufficient punishment for a boy convicted at the age of nine, and he investigated at once. When he learned the remarkable circumstances attending the case, he issued a pardon forthwith. Hilliard's friends, or, rather those who remembered him, for he had no friends, were notified, and a few days ago they took him to Atlanta. The negro is a wreck. It is with the greatest difficulty that he can express himself in the English language or understand it. He speaks an unintelligible gibberish that sounds idiotic. A few words he still retains, but most of them are so corrupted as to be unrecognizable. Where he obtained the suggestions for the new ones he has coined is a mystery. He speaks mostly in monosyllables. His voice is shrilled and cracked. His eye is dull, and he is densely ignorant. When he hears a word that particularly strikes his mind, he pauses and buries his head in his hands, as if endeavoring to recall it. To him it is like a strain of music which one tries in vain to place. Hilliard has already picked up a few words with which he was once familiar, and it is believed that after he has had time to familiarize himself with the language and his surroundings he will again be able to speak intelligently. Those who remember the case say that he was bright as a boy, and they see no reason why he should not be able to retrieve the past in part, in spite of the long years through which body and brain

have alike been stunted. In the best way he could he told the story of his long imprisonment. It is like a saga torn from the history of the Dark Ages. The convicts, he says, are chained together in gangs of 15 or 20. They sleep on blankets spread on a rock floor and live by the light of torches and lanterns. Food is served to them in tin pans, without forks, knives or spoons. Each convict is required to mine 12 tons of coal a day. Should he fall below this amount, he is turned over to the "whipping boss" at night and flogged until he howls with pain. There is hardly a form of cruelty which these unfortunate men are not called upon to endure. To all intents and purposes they are slaves of the meanest order. Day after day, month after month, year after year, with no means of reckoning time, with no knowledge of the Sabbath or of holidays or of the seasons, with no voice of encouragement in his ears, a stranger to pleasure, the bed-fellow of

pain, with nothing but impenetrable blackness ahead of him, and only the memory of a few brief years of boyhood, he labored like a galley-slave scoured at night to his dungeon, stunted in mind, broken in spirit, hopeless, damned. Hilliard's parents are dead. The few friends that he had in his brief childhood have either moved away, died or forgotten. He cannot even locate the place where he once lived, so sweeping have been the changes. There is no face to which he can look for a smile, no lips from which he can expect a kind word, no heart to love him. In the march of humanity he has been left behind. He is a derelict in the ocean of life. His career is anarchistic. He is like a disembodied spirit that has surged forward after a lapse of years, lost in the whirl of the incomprehensible.

People of Bedford, Ind., who have known Miss Belle Schaffer for any length of time will readily understand why she has at last gained notoriety as the "boy tramp," since she has always had a decided preference for masculine ways and association with the sterner sex. Even when a little girl she was a "tom boy." Now with-out any compunction whatever she disregards all laws of society, and whenever opportunity offers masquerades in male attire and seeks the company as well as the habiliments of men. She cannot do this at home—people know her there, and, besides, it is a violation of Indiana laws. Miss Schaffer talks willingly of her adventures and seems willing to become notorious. She was not satisfied with local notoriety, and last June she appropriated a suit of her brother's clothes and went out into the world a full-fledged tramp. Her peregrinations have covered most all

southern Indiana and a part of Illinois. The first heard of her by her parents was in a telegram from the city marshal of Charleston, Ill., saying Belle had been arrested there and was held as a vagrant, also that she was clad in male attire. This was no surprise to Mr. Schaffer, and he did not interest himself in his daughter's case. The Charleston authorities released the girl after having equipped her with a wardrobe more suitable to her sex.

She left Charleston and was next heard from at Casey, Ill., where she had discarded her skirts and substituted men's clothing. From Casey Miss Schaffer wandered eastward, carefully avoiding the towns, and escaped further detection as a masquerader. She arrived in Bedford about a week ago, wearing a pair of blue jeans trousers, a red sweater, bicycle shoes and a jaunty little cap. Belle is a girl again now and may be seen in the streets almost every day. She is about 20 years old, but rough life has had its effects upon her and she looks several years older. Her physique is effeminate in every detail and in feminine apparel she is quite a handsome girl. She makes up well as a boy also, and for this purpose she has had her dark wavy hair clipped close to the scalp. When asked if she had had enough experience in ways of men, she replied: "No, I won't be a woman; I despise the house, I want to be outdoors. I want to travel and see the country. A woman can't do that like a man, and I'm going to be a man. I know I can't do a man's work, but I can wear his clothes and be a tramp. I came home because winter is coming on and I didn't want to travel around during the cold weather. In the spring I expect to go away again, but I won't be caught next time. There are several reasons why I prefer men's clothing. It is not such clumsy toggery as skirts in getting on and off trains, and besides is a protection from rude men."

# THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

LESSON VIII.—NOVEMBER 21—EPH. 6:10-21.

Golden Text: "Be Strong in the Lord, and in the Power of His Might"—Eph. 6:10—The Christian Armor and How to Wear It.

The Epistle to the Ephesians is the first in order of those written from Rome. Paul's first visit to Ephesus is recorded in Acts 18:19-21. It was very short, and his work was carried on by Apollos and by Aquila and Priscilla. After visiting Jerusalem and Asia Minor he returned thither (Acts 19:1), and remained three years (Acts 20:31). On his last visit to Jerusalem he sailed by Ephesus (Acts 20:17). Some time later he left Timothy at Ephesus (1 Tim. 1:3). The object of the epistle is general, the only special circumstance alluded to being a mission of Tychicus, and his own imprisonment (probably at Rome, about A. D. 62).

Contents of the Epistle.—The Epistle to the Ephesians has two great divisions: 1. Chapters 1, 2, 3, doctrinal; 2. Chapters 4, 5, 6, practical. The object of the former part is set forth the foundation, growth, purpose and destiny of the Christian Church; the latter deals with the momentous responsibilities and consequences resulting therefrom. It is, perhaps, the most sublime of all the epistles of Paul.

The Apostle.—To give this remarkable passage its full force we must try to picture Paul's situation when he wrote it. He is a prisoner at Rome, some time during the "two years" of Acts 28:30; not (as afterward) in the dungeons of the Mamertine prison; but in "his own hired house," probably quarters in the barracks attached to the Pretorium (the "palace" of Phil. 1:13), on the Palatine Mount, which, as a "Roman citizen," he was permitted to have separately. He was in solitary confinement, but with the "military custody" which was not confinement in common jail (as at Philipp). In this "military custody" he had been ever since that day at Jerusalem when Lycaias and his soldiers rescued him from the Jewish crowd. Now, although considerable liberty was allowed to a prisoner of this kind—of which we have several instances in Paul's case, for example Acts 24:23; 27:3—there was one hard thing seldom or never dispensed with. The prisoner was kept chained by his right hand to the left hand of a soldier, who was responsible for his safety, and incurred death if he escaped. Again and again do we find allusions to this, both in the Acts and in Paul's own letters during the period; see, particularly, Acts 28:16, "suffered to dwell by himself with a soldier that kept him;" also Acts 24:27; 25:14; 26:29; Eph. 3:1; Phil. 1:7; Col. 4:18; Phil. 1:10, where the words "bond" and "bound" refer to this chained condition. In Acts 28:20 the stronger word "chain" itself is used; and so, in the Greek, it is in our present passage, for verse 20 is literally, "I am an ambassador in a chain."

The Roman Soldier.—As we have seen, for three or four years the apostle had never been alone. A rough Roman soldier was always close to him. Not the same soldier, of course. Day after day the guards in the Pretorium would be changed. They were the emperor's own guards; so that a man might be employed in the morning in executing one of Nero's friends (perhaps his wife Octavia) and in the evening in keeping hold of Paul's chain. We see at once how the faithful apostle would use such an opportunity, and how the Gospel spread "in all the palace" (that is, Pretorium) (Phil. 1:13). But as the weary days and weeks passed away Paul's active mind was charging itself with "the care of all the churches." Messengers went and came to and from Asia, Macedonia, Greece. Letters were dictated and signed with the chained hands of the apostle. He was not only a prisoner, but a prisoner of the emperor's own guards; so that a man might be employed in the morning in executing one of Nero's friends (perhaps his wife Octavia) and in the evening in keeping hold of Paul's chain. We see at once how the faithful apostle would use such an opportunity, and how the Gospel spread "in all the palace" (that is, Pretorium) (Phil. 1:13). But as the weary days and weeks passed away Paul's active mind was charging itself with "the care of all the churches." Messengers went and came to and from Asia, Macedonia, Greece. Letters were dictated and signed with the chained hands of the apostle. He was not only a prisoner, but a prisoner of the emperor's own guards; so that a man might be employed in the morning in executing one of Nero's friends (perhaps his wife Octavia) and in the evening in keeping hold of Paul's chain. We see at once how the faithful apostle would use such an opportunity, and how the Gospel spread "in all the palace" (that is, Pretorium) (Phil. 1:13).

The Christian's Enemies.—We have a very powerful enemy. That enemy does not, indeed, find it easy to overcome you now that you have to some extent subdued the flesh, which is the traitor within that opens the city gates to the foe; but there he is, nevertheless, as bitter and subtle an adversary as ever; and he brings new weapons and new engines of temptation, which he does not need to resort to with the unconverted man, to wear upon the Christian. It is not to wear upon and Sabbath-breaking that he invites you now—that would be like firing a pistol at an ironclad—but it is to ambition and vanity in religion, to slothfulness in the spiritual life, to contempt of others making less professions, to party spirit, to using religion as a lever for the attainment of selfish ends. How many a true Christian falls into sins like these in absolute unconsciousness! How few are ready on their guard against them! Now, Paul knew all this. In 2 Cor. 2:11 he speaks of Satan getting "an advantage over us," and says, "We are not ignorant of his devices." As he looks at the stern soldier in his chain, he thinks of the Rhine or the Danube, he thinks of the more arduous conflict that Christ's soldiers must wage. "We wrestle not with flesh and blood, but with"—and here follows a mysterious list of adversaries, the full meaning of which our limited knowledge of the invisible world does not enable us to fathom, but which gives us a startling glimpse of the unseen powers that are at work for our ruin.

Lesson Hymn.—Soldiers of Christ, arise, and put your armor on. In the strength which God supplies Through his eternal Son; Strong in the Lord of hosts, And in his mighty power, Who in the strength of Jesus trusts is more than conqueror. Leave no unguarded place, No weakness of the soul; Take every virtue, every grace, And fortify the whole; Indissolubly joined, To battle all proceed; But arm yourselves with all the mind That was in Christ, your Head.

Woman Cut in Two. A trolley car on the Point Breeze division of the City Suburban Traction line in Baltimore, Md., ran down a wagon on the Mount Carmel road two miles from Baltimore the other afternoon and immediately killed Mrs. Frederiek Heim, Jr., and severely injured her two boys. Mrs. Heim was on the rear seat of the covered wagon when the car ran into it, and becoming entangled in the front seat were thrown 20 feet, but escaped with severe bruises and contusions. The conductor and motorman were arrested.

Murder Mystery Unsolved. Although two arrests have been made for the murder of Mrs. Emma Zane and her daughter, Mrs. Sarah M. Shaw, at Camden, N. J., the mystery remains unsolved. The suspects are Pennsylvania railroad employes who have been on a drunk.

Chronic Patient.—"Doctor, what do you consider my worst trouble?" Physician.—"My friend, it is entirely frank, the worst trouble there is about you is that it takes too long a time to collect a bill from you."—Chicago Tribune.

# NOTED FORGER IS CAUGHT.

J. H. Morris Placed Under Arrest at Shelbyville, Mo.

J. H. Morris, wanted in Chicago and several other cities on charges of forgery, kidnapping, and breaking jail, was arrested recently by the police of Shelbyville, Mo. For the last four months officers have been searching for Morris and Miss Fanny Rutherford of Minneapolis, who, it is claimed, was kidnapped from her home and kept in concealment by the alleged forger. Jailer John L. Whitman of Chicago has also been on the lookout for Morris, he having escaped from the county jail over a year ago.

The police received a tip last May from Miss Rutherford's mother that Morris and her daughter were in Chicago and had been seen here by persons acquainted with the young woman. Officer Allen Ames of the Cottage Grove avenue police spent a month running down Mrs. Rutherford's clues, and learned that the couple had left Chicago and were somewhere in the West.

Circulars containing the pictures of Morris and Miss Rutherford and offering a reward for their apprehension were sent broadcast all over the West, and the arrest of the couple in Shelbyville resulted. Morris will not be brought to Chicago, but will be taken to Memphis, Tenn., where he will have to face a dozen charges of forgery. While an inmate of the Memphis jail Morris escaped, and a large reward was offered by the Memphis authorities for his apprehension. Miss Rutherford was with him at the time of his arrest and was detained in Shelbyville to await the arrival of an officer from Minneapolis, who will return her to her home.

Miss Rutherford was the daughter of Captain George Rutherford, who recently died, and comes from one of the leading families of that city. She is an heiress. The young woman is broken down in health. She tells a long story of her wanderings with Morris, but denies that she was kid-

napped. She first met him last winter on a river steamer while she and her mother were spending the season in the South. Morris represented himself as a wealthy planter, and last April he appeared in Minneapolis, and induced her to go to Geneva Lake, Wis., with him. She soon learned the true character of the man, but feared to run away from him. From Geneva Lake the couple came to Chicago and stayed for two months. Morris learned that the police were searching for him and with Miss Rutherford fled to San Francisco. They staid in San Francisco until a cousin of Miss Rutherford's met her on the street with Morris and notified the Minneapolis police. It was then learned by the police that the couple had left for Kansas City. The Chicago police circulars were sent all over Missouri, and from them the Shelbyville police recognized Morris and arrested him and Miss Rutherford. Morris had half a dozen aliases. He was known in Chicago as Morse, Thurman and Tuttle. While imprisoned in the Cook county jail he impersonated an attorney and escaped. He had been an inmate of the jail several times, and at the time of his escape was under a dozen indictments for forgery.

Robbers Big Hunt. The home of Francis H. Scott, president of the Century Magazine company, in Orange, N. J., was entered by thieves the other night and articles of wearing apparel and household goods amounting to \$10,000 in value were carried off. The police arrested three persons in connection with the crime, and have recovered most of the property. One of them is a woman, Mary Rogers, alias "Chicago May," and when the detectives broke into her room two revolvers were lying on the bed. She tried to pass them to the men, but was overpowered before she could cause any bloodshed. One of the men is Cyrus Hyland, a Westerner, and reputed husband of "Chicago May." The third person is George Bennett, alias "the New York Kid," an associate of two criminals who are now in the Indiana state prison for robbing in the house of General Harrison.

Family Lived in a Box. In the rear end of a damp cellar in New York a few days ago an S. P. C. A. officer found Mrs. Mollie Newberg and her two children, aged 4 and 9 years. The cellar was their home, and a big dry goods box was their bedroom. Old paper and rags constituted the mattress and a piece of old carpet served as a bed quilt. Mrs. Newberg's husband eloped with another woman four years ago, and is now living with her in Hoboken.

'Footpad Kill an Agent 'Newbie.' Footpads in Chicago last Sunday morning "held up" Frank Brunstein, a newspaper carrier, 60 years old, and, after struggling with him for a few pennies and nickels, amounting to \$1.50, shot the old man and made their escape. Brunstein died shortly afterwards.

What is ambition? 'Tis a glorious cheat.—Willis. For, live how we can, die we must.—Shakespeare. He lives long that lives well, and time mispent is not lived, but lost.—Fuller. You will find it less easy to uproot faults, than to choke them by gaining virtues.—Ruskin. Dost thou love life? Thou do not squander time, for that is the stuff life is made of.—Franklin. Prayer is not conquering God's reluctance but laying hold upon God's willingness.—Phillips Brooks. The nobleness of life depends on its consistency, clearness of purpose, quiet and ceaseless energy.—Ruskin.

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WILLIAM ROCKAFELLER. months paid it over \$10,000,000 as rebates on the oil carried over its lines. It is indeed a gigantic corporation.

BRITISH CONSERVATISM. Slow to Accept the Convenience of Civilization.

"I am pretty well acquainted in London, and I know of but three hotels there where one can procure the help of a typewriter," said W. R. Sargent of New York, "and these three are hostilities that are largely patronized by Americans. For some reason our English brethren do not take to the writing machine, and, though at some period they will utilize it extensively, its introduction will be very gradual, as compared with its career in the United States. I was in the Bank of England last winter, engaged in conversation with a leading official, and noticed that quite a corps of clerks were employed, but not a typewriter in the lot. On remarking at the absence of these my bank friend said that the old-fashioned ideas of the men that controlled the great financial institution would not permit the innovation. Everything must be written out in orthodox longhand, according to the custom of centuries. I thought this a notable illustration of the conservatism of the British character."

The Pigeon in History. Pigeons have been employed in carrying messages from very early times, though there are differences of opinion as to who first so utilized them. Probably the first on record who employed pigeons in this capacity was Joshua, who, when invading Palestine in the sixteenth century B. C., used them as means of communication between headquarters and camps in lands on the other side of the Jordan. The Chinese are said to have used pigeons to carry messages at even an earlier date than this. The famous Greek poet Anacreon, who lived about 500 years B. C., mentions the use of pigeons as bearers of epistles. Pliny, the Roman naturalist, speaks of communications being kept up between Hirtius and Decimus Brutus at the siege of Mutina (Modena) by means of pigeons; and there is on record an instance of their having been employed during the crusade of St. Louis. One historian has chronicled the use of pigeons to carry messages to Mahomed Malekal-Adel Nour-Eddin, sultan of Egypt, in the twelfth century. During the siege of Paris, to come down to our own day, 150,000 official messages were carried into the beleaguered city by pigeon post.

Cuba's Manganese. Among the mineral productions of the earth which are chiefly valuable because of the part they play in the manufacture of metals for use in the arts is manganese, which is employed in making a steel alloy. There are mines of manganese around the Black Sea, and some in South America, but, according to recent consular reports, a good supply of this indispensable material is to be found in the southern part of Cuba. The insurrection in that island, has, for the present, prevented the development of the mines.

Henry M. Flagler. diguous—a monster spider's web covering thousands of miles. One line 300 miles long runs from Olean to Saddle River, N. J., within easy distance of the metropolis. Another line, 275 miles in length, runs from Colegrove, McKean county, Pa., to Philadelphia. A third runs from Midway, on the Pennsylvania, to Baltimore, 70 miles. A fourth line, 100 miles long, runs from Hilliards, Pa., to Cleveland. A fifth line, 60 miles in length, connects Carbon Center, Butler county, Pa., with Pittsburg, and another line of about the same length runs from Four Mile, Cattaraugus county, N. Y., to Buffalo. More recently a line has been laid between Lima, Ohio, and Chicago, 200 miles.

All these lines are owned and controlled by the National Transit Company, another name for the Standard Oil Company, which thus connects the sources of production with its numerous refineries in the great cities. These main lines it owns thousands of miles of smaller lines, running from its tanking stations to the homes of individual operators. Some



RYDER HILLIARD. have alike been stunted. In the best way he could he told the story of his long imprisonment. It is like a saga torn from the history of the Dark Ages. The convicts, he says, are chained together in gangs of 15 or 20. They sleep on blankets spread on a rock floor and live by the light of torches and lanterns. Food is served to them in tin pans, without forks, knives or spoons. Each convict is required to mine 12 tons of coal a day. Should he fall below this amount, he is turned over to the "whipping boss" at night and flogged until he howls with pain. There is hardly a form of cruelty which these unfortunate men are not called upon to endure. To all intents and purposes they are slaves of the meanest order. Day after day, month after month, year after year, with no means of reckoning time, with no knowledge of the Sabbath or of holidays or of the seasons, with no voice of encouragement in his ears, a stranger to pleasure, the bed-fellow of



BELLE SCHAFER. southern Indiana and a part of Illinois. The first heard of her by her parents was in a telegram from the city marshal of Charleston, Ill., saying Belle had been arrested there and was held as a vagrant, also that she was clad in male attire. This was no surprise to Mr. Schaffer, and he did not interest himself in his daughter's case. The Charleston authorities released the girl after having equipped her with a wardrobe more suitable to her sex.

She left Charleston and was next heard from at Casey, Ill., where she had discarded her skirts and substituted men's clothing. From Casey Miss Schaffer wandered eastward, carefully avoiding the towns, and escaped further detection as a masquerader. She arrived in Bedford about a week ago, wearing a pair of blue jeans trousers, a red sweater, bicycle shoes and a jaunty little cap. Belle is a girl again now and may be seen in the streets almost every day. She is about 20 years old, but rough life has had its effects upon her and she looks several years older. Her physique is effeminate in every detail and in feminine apparel she is quite a handsome girl. She makes up well as a boy also, and for this purpose she has had her dark wavy hair clipped close to the scalp. When asked if she had had enough experience in ways of men, she replied: "No, I won't be a woman; I despise the house, I want to be outdoors. I want to travel and see the country. A woman can't do that like a man, and I'm going to be a man. I know I can't do a man's work, but I can wear his clothes and be a tramp. I came home because winter is coming on and I didn't want to travel around during the cold weather. In the spring I expect to go away again, but I won't be caught next time. There are several reasons why I prefer men's clothing. It is not such clumsy toggery as skirts in getting on and off trains, and besides is a protection from rude men."

Woman Cut in Two. A trolley car on the Point Breeze division of the City Suburban Traction line in Baltimore, Md., ran down a wagon on the Mount Carmel road two miles from Baltimore the other afternoon and immediately killed Mrs. Frederiek Heim, Jr., and severely injured her two boys. Mrs. Heim was on the rear seat of the covered wagon when the car ran into it, and becoming entangled in the front seat were thrown 20 feet, but escaped with severe bruises and contusions. The conductor and motorman were arrested.

Murder Mystery Unsolved. Although two arrests have been made for the murder of Mrs. Emma Zane and her daughter, Mrs. Sarah M. Shaw, at Camden, N. J., the mystery remains unsolved. The suspects are Pennsylvania railroad employes who have been on a drunk.

Chronic Patient.—"Doctor, what do you consider my worst trouble?" Physician.—"My friend, it is entirely frank, the worst trouble there is about you is that it takes too long a time to collect a bill from you."—Chicago Tribune.

What is ambition? 'Tis a glorious cheat.—Willis. For, live how we can, die we must.—Shakespeare. He lives long that lives well, and time mispent is not lived, but lost.—Fuller. You will find it less easy to uproot faults, than to choke them by gaining virtues.—Ruskin. Dost thou love life? Thou do not squander time, for that is the stuff life is made of.—Franklin. Prayer is not conquering God's reluctance but laying hold upon God's willingness.—Phillips Brooks. The nobleness of life depends on its consistency, clearness of purpose, quiet and ceaseless energy.—Ruskin.

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