

Four men who have just become millionaires



Geo. L. Lonsdorf



LEONIDAS MERRITT

R. H. FAGAN

FRANK W. EATON

During the last few days there has been a meeting of unusual interest in Duluth. It was composed of only four men, and when they appeared on the street together many people regarded them with special interest, and somebody would be heard to say: "There go the four newly made millionaires—Frank W. Eaton, Leonidas Merritt, R. H. Fagan, and George J. Lonsdorf." They are the four fee owners of the 320 acres of iron ore lead in "section 30," near Ely, Minn., which was involved in the recent decision of the United States Supreme Court, in *Midway Co. vs. Frank W. Eaton et al.*, which went in favor of the defendants. The immediate effect of the decision was to create four new millionaires out of men of moderate means, men who had fought hard and denied themselves as few do in the struggle for wealth.

Frank W. Eaton is easily the "character" of the quartet of newly made millionaires. He was sitting in an office chatting with an acquaintance the day that the news was wired from Washington that he and his associates had won the great suit for the iron ore land. A mutual friend entered the office and gave Eaton his first news of the result. Eaton was smoking a cigar and had one foot on a small table in the room. He listened to what the caller had to say with an interest that was manifest only in his eyes. He continued to smoke, and after a moment said: "So the horses have got back to the stable at last. It was a long, hard race." A moment later a messenger, who had been hunting for Eaton, arrived with a telegram confirming the report. The news spread like magic,

and congratulations poured in to Eaton and Fagan, the only fee owners of the property at that time in Duluth, and to their attorneys, L. C. Harris and J. L. Washburn. "Lon" Merritt was in Nebraska, and the news reached him there the same day. What will the newly made millionaires do with their wealth? They do not know themselves.

This is the second time that Lon Merritt has been a millionaire, but he has passed through some years that would have crushed out the spirit from a man of less resolution and ambition. He lost his wealth, practically all of it, during the bad years from 1893 to 1897, but he hung on to his prospective wealth in section 30, as did his three associates. His name is familiar in the mining districts of Mexico and Arizona, but he slid into smooth water only when the news came from Washington that the defendants had won the section 30 case. R. H. Fagan was an explorer for years before he struck it right. He and Lon Merritt are among the men who used to carry heavy packs from Duluth into the wil-

derness now traversed by the great iron ore roads of northern Minnesota. They sought for pine land and minerals, and while they passed through many hardships and privations and the outlook for years was discouraging and ready money was scarce and hard to get, they have been richly rewarded in the end. Mr. Fagan is still in the pine land business, associated with Edward Lynch, another former and well-known explorer, and during recent years they have made some money. Mr. Fagan says that he has struggled hard for the last ten years to get such a start that in the event the section 30 case was decided against the fee owners he would not be too discouraged to try and acquire an independence.

George J. Lonsdorf is a son of the late Nicholas Lonsdorf of Milwaukee. George was born in Marquette, and the family was in comfortable circumstances at the time of the section 30 decision.

L. C. Harris, who was attorney for Eaton and Lonsdorf, says that the former seldom came to the office. There were times when the attorney did not

see his client for six months at a stretch. J. L. Washburn & Bailey was the active attorney for Merritt and Fagan. Washburn and Harris are leading attorneys of the Northwest, and it is understood that each will receive a fee of about \$100,000. The litigation is estimated to have cost \$1,000,000.

Cotton Grown in Five Months.
An interesting illustration of Hungarian enterprise is furnished in the government experiments now being made in that country with the object of introducing the cultivation of the cotton plant. Although the climate leaves only five months (from the middle of April to the middle of September) for all the necessary operations from sowing to picking, it is calculated that by special measures the usual seven months can be shortened by two. These consist of a special preparation of the seeds and the addition of certain ingredients to the soil.

Lucky persons are those who see and grasp opportunities.

Fashion's Latest Frills.

Fashion has little regard for the calendar, and we wear autumn leaves on our evening gowns in January with as serene composure as we perch the airiest kind of hats of tulle and chiffon on our heads. Small distinction is made between summer and winter hats now; the latter are as light and fantastic as though we were about to enter the month of June rather than February. A pale-blue hat hemmed with folds of brown chiffon turned up at one side with a bunch of edelweiss and held at the other with a buckle of gold and paste may be quoted as a typical specimen of the millinery of the moment. On the other hand, we seem to have exhausted our affection for summer flowers on our fur toques, although the latter look the best when draped with a scarf of lace.

For Occasions of Ceremony.
Typical of Parisian ceremonious modes of the moment is a toilette of black velvet. The Louis Seize bodice is double-breasted in front and having long coat tail behind; round the



Transparent Gowns.
Every well regulated wardrobe must count at least one transparent woolen gown, and in spite of strenuous efforts of manufacturers and modistes to introduce other less hackneyed colors, some shade of blue is the general preference. From dark Holland linen to bright jay blue the women select these gowns, and a good many of them betray a warm liking for veillings that are woven with hemstitched stripes or with little satin or silk dots and wiggles and diamonds and stars. On another side a preference is shown for

decolletage is a deep white lace collar, almost reaching to the waist behind, passing over the shoulders and forming a point in front. White mousseline transparent sleeves, long and loose, are confined at the wrist by a band of black velvet. With this gown was worn a large white picture hat with sweeping plumes.



Transparent Wool Over Colored Silk
big and little velvet disks applied to the rough surface of the veiling, and this last is quite the smartest frivolity of the moment.

Fashion's Frills.
Brown tulle veils with chenille dots to match are worn with toques trimmed with mink and sable fur and also when wraps or sets of these furs are worn.

The camelia is the favorite flower for hats in Paris, not only in white, but in colors as well. Pink and white camellias with a knot of black velvet decorate one hat, and again you see a bunch of bright red ones with glossy green leaves on a sable hat.

Plain rich silks are now becoming fashionable. These are said to be especially well adapted to the prevailing costumes and those in touch with the spring styles claim that while the material used will be new the styles in the cut of costumes will remain almost the same.

The latest designs in fancy underskirts flare more than ever at the lower edge, while the upper part fits as closely as possible. Accordion plaiting is much used to obtain the flare. The finest of these skirts are fastened with buttons, but the majority are finished with drawstrings.

DINNER GOWN.



Felt Hats a Fad.
Colored felt hats will be worn with tailor-made gowns, and with the heavier felts quite high crowns are permissible, though in others nothing is thought of but the wide, flat shape. The colors of the felts are as varied as the shades of pastel dresses. For good, hard wear the cape-lines are most sought after, and they are waved and bent to the face, and are often trimmed with wreaths of silk or roses softened with lace. The Marquise hats are very pretty in white bound with black velvet. White felts are fashionable, many of

them having large feathers standing out at either side of the front, giving them breadth, the edge of the hat swathed in lace. Feutre satin is one of the novelties in felt, and an acceptable one, too.

Many pretty hatpins are being made out of those old earrings which most people are burdened with and regard only as a superfluous. Small cameos set in gold, onyx or corallians require only a strong pin attached to them to turn them into useful as well as ornamental hatpins.

Romance Brought to Light.

William Knowles Bailey, heir of Ponden hall, one of the most famous estates in England, is now and has been for years a resident of the United States. The solicitors of the estate have but recently discovered him and he will shortly return to the land of his nativity to take possession of his property. He left Keighley, in Yorkshire, when but a young man on account of a love affair and landed in Philadelphia during the progress of the centennial exposition. Since then he has been practically lost to his English relatives.

Mr. Bailey even after coming to the United States forswore his allegiance to Queen Victoria and became an American citizen. He was living in blissful unconsciousness that he was the object of an earnest and untiring search, the purpose of which was to establish his right to inherit the estate of Ponden hall and the equally famous Stanbury moor.

The searcher was none other than his own cousin, Anna Knowles Heaton, the heiress and owner of Ponden hall and its surrounding moor, who was anxious to find her long-lost cousin, and in her last will and testament declared him the successor to her rights and titles. William Bailey was her

only surviving relative, the playmate of her childhood and the cousin in whom she delighted as a young woman. She was fearful lest her famous property that had descended from one generation of the Heaton to another for nearly 400 years would at her death pass into the hands of strangers. Her research was constant and faithful. At regular stated intervals she sent her letters out to America to the last known address of the missing cousin. As regularly did they return.

Then, in despair, she wrote to the newspapers. Somehow or other William Bailey had disappeared and the search dragged itself to the weary length of nearly eighteen years. In all that time William Bailey had never written home. Finally Anna Heaton gave it up in despair, settled herself in the belief that her favorite cousin was dead and ceased writing.

Last August Mr. Bailey made up his mind to take a journey. He would visit England, seek out the old scenes and find out whether he was alone in the world or whether time and Providence had spared to him some of his own kith and kin. He had no idea that he would meet any of his own blood this side of eternity. He went to London—for the first time in nearly

thirty years—and from London to Keighley, his old home in Yorkshire. There he found his half-brother, whom he had not seen since the day he turned his back on England and his face toward America.

His appearance at Keighley was like the rising of some one from the dead, for a quarter of a century works many changes in the chart of time. When the welcomes had been extended his half-brother told him of the state of affairs at Ponden hall—how Anna Heaton had become mistress of the old Heaton estate and how she had searched for nearly two decades for her cousin.

It was about eight miles in the country on the moors from Keighley to Ponden hall, but William Bailey covered the ground before sunset, and that night found him in Anna Heaton's dwelling—famous Ponden hall.

It was a joyful reunion—that of the cousins.

Miss Heaton has announced her intention of coming to America with Mr. Bailey, but the two intend to return to Ponden hall and its famous moorlands in the spring.

Perhaps the skill of a Philadelphia lawyer may be called into service to make the will that shall cause the re-

nowned spot to pass into an American's hands at Miss Heaton's demise. For she is anxious that, having found her cousin, the necessary documents shall also pass into his possession before he may lose himself again.

Ponden hall as it now stands was built in 1834, but the first house in which the Heaton family lived stood on the spot over 400 years ago.

Haworth church, where old Patrick Bronte was the rector, and adjoining which was the Bronte home, stands near. It is a stanch relic of the past and has stood since the year 600 A. D. Its chief claim to historic fame lies upon the fact that it was the only church left standing in Cromwell's time after the reformer had swept through England.

Winston Churchill's Comparison.
In an after-dinner speech at the London Savage club recently on the purity of the English tongue Winston Churchill remarked: "I have written five books, the same number as Moses—but I will not press the comparison."

New Jersey is one of the states which retain the custom of making their treasurer an appointive instead of an elective officer.



TALES ABOUT HEREDITY.
Two Stories That Would Seem to Prove Its Existence.
Doctors disagree as to the influence of heredity, says the New York Sun. Some hold that a great deal hinges upon it; others believe the contrary. There was a loan collection of old portraits exhibited in London lately and a young girl was among the visitors. She was an orphan and wealthy, but without near relatives. As she passed through the gallery one particular portrait attracted her

attention, and she went back to it more than once. "It is such a nice kind face," said the girl, rather wistfully. "I imagine my father might have looked like that had he lived." As most of the pictures were ticketed the visitors had purchased no catalogue, but before going away Miss B. bought one at the entrance and made a last visit to the portrait for which she had felt so strong an attraction. To her astonishment she found her own name opposite to its number and

learned on inquiry that the original was one of her direct ancestors. Another occult coincidence or psychological phenomenon happened a few years ago to a southern statesman and financier whose family had always been of rank in his native state. This gentleman was overhauling old letters and documents which had been stored in a musty chest for years and intended to publish any of value. To his surprise he unfolded a letter yellow and time-stained which was

written in his own peculiar handwriting, or seemed to have been written by him, although the date was two generations before his birth. The signature of the surname, which was the same as his own, was so markedly characteristic that he could scarcely believe his own hand did not pen the letters. There is nothing that so gives skill to the hand and confidence to the mind as a difficult undertaking diligently prosecuted to success.