Vanderbilt and Gould.

The Standard Oil and Western Union Mag-

nates Inherited Nothing.

THEY WILL SOON BE BILLIONAIRES.

ICORRESPONDENCE OF THE DISPATCH.

NEW YORK, March 8 .- There are at least

four men in America richer than the richest man in Europe. They are John D. Rocke-

feller, the President of the Standard Oil

Trust; William Waldorf Astor, who has

just succeeded to the fortune of John Jacob

Astor, his father; Cornelius Vanderbilt, the

derbilt, who, at the time of his death, was worth \$200,000,000. John D. Rockefeller

has made money faster in the past few years than any other mortal ever made it. He is

so rich that he cannot count his own mill-ions. He said under oath in a legal pro-

ceeding not long ago, that he could not esti-mate his fortune within \$10,000,000 or \$12,-

000,000. The estimate of \$135,000,000 is not considered excessive. If anything, it is

ONCE A NEWSPAPER REPORTER

Rockefeller was once a newsper reporter

and less than two decades ago was a busi-ness man of only moderate means in Cleve-land, O. His attention was attracted to the

opportunities for making money in the handling and refining of the product of the

John D. Rockefeller. Pennsylvania oil fields. He started a com

has extensive natural gas interests in Ohio.

and in addition is a large owner of Govern

sepulchral. He lives in a handsome house

in West Fifty-fourth street just around the corner from Fifth avenue. It is in this

neighborhood where the Vanderbilt mansions, the finest in New York, cluster.

HE KEEPS VERY QUIET.

His diversions are few. Little is heard of

him and less is seen of him. He is inaccessible at all times. He wields the enormous power of the Standard Oil Trust from

behind portals. And this power is proved by the irresistible way in which opposition to the Standard in all forms has been crushed out. There is, however, one thing

to be said of the Standard. If an opposition pipe line or refinery is started and assumes

proportions sufficient to make it formidable,

an offer, and a fair one at that, is made for

its purchase. If the offer is refused the Standard puts down prices, interferes with facilities and makes its competitor's busi-

ness unprofitable. The competitor in the end gives up. The Standard never was a

under the actual amount.

Roger Casement's Unsuccessful Hunt for Elephant.

FIRED ON BY THE RONKIS.

The Start From Equator for a Land Unknown to White Men.

CEREMONY OF BLOOD BROTHERSHIP

[WESTIEN FOR THE DISPATCH. ]



E. J. Glave, was in charge of our station, and was

the "blood broth-the grass raft and gradually settling down er" of many of the surrounding chiefs, and in the sedge until I expected every moment the friend of all the natives. They daily erowded the precincts of the station, carrying spears and shields and other implements of war, yet with friendly smiles on their faces and good will apparent in all their

They brought us fowls, goats, palm wine and eggs, either as presents, receiving in return suitable gifts, or to sell for beads, cowries (small seashells, which are the current money of many Central African tribes) brass wire or strips of different-colored cotton cloths. Rarely during my three months' stay at Equator was the peace of the district disturbed by strife between neighboring villages or attacks from outsiders; and although we heard of the decapitation of slaves in villages not far distant, executed to accompany their masters to the spirit world, our presence and oft-expressed abhorrence of this custom restrained our more immediate neighbors from indulging in their headcutting propensities.

THE TRIBAL DIFFICULTIES.

Sometimes a cance full of Ronkis-natives of the banks of the great tributary of that name, the Rouki or Black river which enters the Congo only tour miles above the equator would pass by our station, keeping well out in stream and challenge the natives of Waugatta, our nearest village, to come to their river in search of ivory and see the sort of reception they would get, and the Wangatta men lining the banks would shout themselves hoarse in hurling back in-sulting epithets at the Ronkis, their mothers, grandmothers and entire line of female an Sometimes at night a descent of Ronki

cannes would be made on some unprotected women or children captured and cannot be shared in the second of the sight of any one bearing that the sight of any one bearing the sight of a white man to that river, and we were any of a white man to that river, and we were any of a white man to that river, and we were any of a white man to that river, and we were any of a white man to that river, and we were any of a white man to that river, and we were any of a white man to that river, and we were any of a white man to that river, and we were any of a white man to that river, and we were any of a white man to that river, and we were any one an Waugatta settlement and two or three women or children captured and carried off islands or seder sandbanks which stud the placid bosom of the Congo at this point. A NIGHT IN CANOES.

Owing to the great heat in the daytime we decided to start at night and paddle the greater part of the way before morning. Manning two canoes with about 20 men in



A Brush With the Ronkis

all, friendly natives of Waugatta who were always eager to accompany us on hunting journeys, for the sake of the fun and the meat we were likely to secure, we started at 9 P. M. one night early in October, 1887. A chief named Mongessi, with one of his wives and two slaves, helped to swell our party, for Mongessi was ever ready to show his liking for the white man, and it was a feather in his cap to be a sharer of our hunt-My servant "Tati" (a coast native I had brought up with me) and Glave's little native cook, a youth of 12 or so named Mochindu, came also to attend

We paddled steadily on for several hours between thick walls of foliage through narrow channels or out upon the broad stretches of the river lit up by a glorious moon, Toward 1 a. M., the men feeling tired, they suggested a halt for an hour or two's rest, and seeing fires shining amid the trees on an island some half a mile off, we made toward them. As we drew in nearer the shore we could see many figures squatting around the fires, which lit up the bare tree trunks of the forest background and re-vealed several little grass huts scattered on the edge of the clearing. As our approach became known, the gathering round the fires broke up. Wild yells arose from a score of lusty throats, and voices in the Ronki dialect shouted to us not to dare to land, and that we should all have our

throats cut if we put foot on shore. A THREATENING DEMONSTRATION.

Spears and knives were brandished, guns seized and pointed at us (old flintlock muskets from tar down the river which had passed through a dozen tribes in reaching their present owners) and an indescribable hub-hub ensued. We called out that we only wished to rest for a few hours, that we were friends and would do no harm, but it was all in vain.

The fires were scattered and only a few red ashes remained, and we could see that any attempt to land on our part would mean fight. So, calling out that we were going sway, we shoved off and commenced paddling out into the stream.

As we got about 30 yards from land, bang!

with our headmen Bionelo and Bakunn, two Waugatta natives who carried extra rifles Congo opposite the village. with our headmen Bionelo and Bakunn, two
Waugatta natives who carried extra rifles
of ours, we replied with our Express and
Martini-Henry rifles, while the other canoe,
of which Mongessi took command, noured
in a dropping fire from four or five flintlocks.
We were out in the full light of the moon,
while our foes were completely hidden in
the darkness of the lorest bank. Loud cries
of derision and shouts from the shore of derision and shouts from the shore greeted our fusilade and, paddling up stream, we gave another broadside in the direction of the smoldering fires, which this time was

A REST ON THE SEDGE-GRASS. Feeling we could do nothing that night, while if we remained near we offered a cap-ital aim to our hidden foes, we determined to make for the opposite bank of the chan-

to make for the opposite bank of the channel, about 300 yards across. A thick, floating mass of interlacing sedge grass clinging to the bank prevented us reaching the shore. Accordingly, fastening our canoes to this, we stepped out onto the grass, which bore our weight, although it rose and fell beneath each movement. We promptly stretched ourselves out on this grassy couch, and although a leg would sometimes break through and synchronized to keep afloat and get some sort of rest in spite of mosquitoes and a drizzling shower of rain. I had an india-rubber ground sheet with me, useful for stretching on the floor of one's tent or sleeping on at a er reaches of the river. My friend, pinch, and this I now endeavored to rig into a shelter from rain and mosquitoes by throwing it over my head and huddling my knees up to my chin, while I could feel my-self slowly making a deeper impression in

> to go through altogether and take a plunge in the river.
>
> My comfort was of short duration, for Mongessi objected to rain and mosquitoes as much as I did—and observing that it was an unpleasant night for an al fresco entertainment on a floating island, he, followed by Congo. We were anxious, too, to pen-his wife and two or three of the men, etrate the country of the Balolo, the

MONGESSI'S UNLUCKY EXPEDITION. The cance wobbled fearfully owing to Mongessi's wild attempts to stand upright in it, and long ere the cance we promptly dispatched after him for the recovery of the rifle had been able to overtake them, he and his wife were floundering in the river; but the rifle, fortunately enough, was safe at the bottom of the cance. Mongessi returned somewhat damped, and the poor wife consoled herself for her ducking by spoiling his evening meal and making herself generally disagreeable for the remainder of the evening. Mongessi's wild attempts to stand upright

By this time we had had enough of Ba kanga, so we departed an hour later for the equator by a new route, through a different net-work of islands, in the channels between which we came upon herds of hippos, but very wild, owing to the presence of many fishing canoes. We succeeded in shooting a couple, but, although they were badly wounded, we could not tell it we had suc-ceeded in killing them outright or not, and were obliged to continue our journey in orwere obliged to continue our journey in or-der to reach our station before night, where I arrived suffering from a severe touch of

farrived such in the sun during our long passage of the river.

Mongessi endeavored to share with the wounded native the honors of the expedition, but the production of the piece of stone shot from the Ronki gun from the latter's thigh finally raised him so high in popular estimation that Mongessi was compelled to admit he was not the hero of our fruitless elephant hunt.

THE TRIP TO THE MALINGA. On October 28 the long-expected Florida appeared in sight, steaming round the point below our station. We had been wearily waiting for her, Glave and I, to make our eagerly desired journey up the Lulungu river, which, with its main feeder, the Malings, native report described as being the richest ivory-producing affluent of the



UNPLEASANT NIGHT QUARTERS.

fine day on shore when the wind was in the right direction and they were bearing well to leeward of me, but he only replied by digging me in the ribs and asking me for some tobacco and a match to light up his pipe and smoke. I abandoned the ground sheet to this happy family, and slowly the night were away, while Glave and I dezed or chatted alternately. Our Ronki friends across the water having relit their fires on our departure under the shelter of one of the huts were now dancing round them and singing wild war songs, brandishing spears and knives as they hurled defiance at us neross the intervening channel.

With the earliest dawn we re-entered our canoes, loaded every gun and rifle and commenced paddling across to renew the fight, determined to punish the Ronkis for their unprovoked attack of the previous night. They saw us coming, and renewed their wild dance and song, but as we came within 100 vards or so of the shore they one by one sidled off behind the tree trunks and into the forest, so that by the time our cances grounded on their beach we could not see a single loe.

REVENCE UPON THE RONKIS. We sent a volley in between the trees and then landed. Our natives promptly seized all the huts, which contained only a few paddles and some fishing tackle, and setting fire to them we pushed off, taking with us two cances which we found up a little creek. These we sank in mid-stream, and then catching sight of two big canoes full of men making off up river about 800 yards above us we gave chase, thinking them to be probably of the party which had fired on us. However, after half an hour's hard paddling we found we were no nearer, so we contented ourselves with seeing them turn up a side creek and disappear from view in the thick bushes of the island we had been skirting, and feeling that, having dispersed our enemies and sufficiently punished their wanton attack by the capture of the two canoes and the burning of the huts, we returned down stream and continued our journey to the north bank mainland, passing the scene of the conflagration, on which the Ronkis were beginning to reassemble to see what damag

we had done. We paddled all that day under a burning sun until late in the alternoon, before we reached the mainland of the north shore. Camping for the night in a thick torest, Glave shot a couple of monkeys, which the men cooked for their supper, and Bukunu bagged a horn-bill, which served Glave and

myself an evening meal. NO ELEPHANTS OR BUFFALO. We spent the two next days paddling through a long succession of narrow channels of the great river, searching for traces of elephant ground—and although we landed the others, and contented himself with sneerat one or two spots and had some hours of hard tramping through torest and swamp with squatting in the bows of the steamer up to our waists in water and mud, or scrambling over roots of trees, we could find no recent tracks of either elephant or buffalo. The natives of a village we came to in our wanderings, named Bakanga, to in our wanderings, named Bakanga, assured us that the buffaloes were so numerons in the woods around that they were obliged to fence in their manioc and banana plantations with logs and felled trees to keep out these intruders, and following two of the men, who offered to guide us to a spot where we should certainly find game, we spent three hours in a terribly hot crawl through a thick wood with dense undergrowth to an open patch of long grass with-out coming across anything worth shooting. Returning to the village, we determined to remain there all night and have a try at the

buffaloes in the early morning, when the natives assured us their manioe plantations would be overrun by them.

troducing a quarrelsome foreign element we left the regular Zanzibari and coast-native crew of the Florida at Equator, replacing them by the best and most capable of our native friends from the surrounding villages. There still remained the two Lagos men, from the British colony on the Gold coast, who acted as assistants to our white engineer in looking after the engines and firestwo or three Loango firemen from a district north of the Congo mouth-and my Loango servant Tati, as well as one Zanzibari, An



Making Blood-Brothers. drew, who had been educated at a mission in Zanzibar, but who unfortunately proved a great thief.

DOGS OF THE EXPEDITION. And last, but not least, I must mention the canine members of the crew, Paddy, Snooks and Spot, a fox-terrier belonging to my friend, the engineer. Paddy, although in reality the uncle of Snooks, regarded the

latter in the light of a son, and was rewarded by the unfaltering devotion of the younger animal, who never shirked an attempt to urge on his supposed father to wan-tonly assault some snarling or fleeing native cur, when he would at once profit by the disturbance to lay hold of a hind leg or take a piece out of the fleshy part of the thigh of the unfortunate native dog. Spot was an older animal than either of

and looking forward to the time when we of our crew. Bionelo, our native head man, and one or two of the other natives brought a wife each with them to look after cooking

arrangements. Amid the cries of farewell and the waving of cloths from the crowd on shore we steamed off up against the strong current of the Congo. Soon passing the wide mouth of the Ronki, which pours a dark flood of water nearly a mile broad into the Congo, we arrived off the grassy shores of the Ikelemba, a smaller tributary, and continued our way to toward I planger, a large will see situated. up toward Lulangu, a large village situated at the mouth of the Lulangu river, which we hoped to reach ere nightfall.

A USEFUL GUIDE. As we got about 30 yards from land, bung!

As we got about 30 yards from land, bung!

Mongessi, who labored under the delusion that he was a great sportsman, had meanwelf a gun in among the trees and a charge of shot whizzed past us, followed almost immediately by another report, and this time one of our men was wounded in the thigh.

Glave and I were in the same cance, and, well of the morning well and the was a great sportsman, had meanprocured a guide who had made several trading and slave-raiding expeditions up as far as Malinga town on the main branch of the land of the morning calm, these ears and a charge quite possible that soon, in a fit of friendlish ness, the Japaness may send back to Kores, the land of the morning calm, these ears and acceptance. He was add agreenble in manner. He wears eye quietly.

Con arriving at Lulangu next morning we quite possible that soon, in a fit of friendlish ness, the Japaness may send back to Kores, the land of the morning calm, these ears and acceptance and acceptance

was Eleng Minto, literally "Young Man," and we subsequently found him a very useful companion.

The Lulangu people had been accustomed to the sight of an occasional passing steamer going up the Congo to Bangala or Stanley Falls; but we were now leaving the great highway and following where only Grenfell and Vaugeli (a Belgian officer who ascended the Lopori, a second and smaller tributary of the Lulungu than the Malinga) had gone before us many months previously. The Lulangu natives were very friendly, and crowded the banks in long lines of aged and youthful loveliness as we steamed past the two or three miles of huts fronting the Lulungu. Lulungu.

At noon we arrived off a village we were informed by Elenge Minto was called Bolongo, on the left bank. We put in here and halted for the day. The chief, an old man named Nžemba, insisted on making "blood brothers" with us, and then regretted his inability to give us anything save firewood on account of the singe his village was wood, on account of the siege his village was enduring, owing to the attacks of a neighboring settlement. NOVEL PROTECTION AGAINST INVADERS

Landing, we found that the place consisted of about 200 huts, surrounded by a high barricade of tree trunks, old canoes and hannan stems, and beyond this lay a cleared space and then an encircling wall of forest. Climbing over the fence I jumped on the ground outside, but cries from the natives who followed my movements arrested by steps. One man climbing the barrier came after me, and stooping down, barrier came after me, and stooping down, with a smile, reveated many sharp splinters of bamboo hidden beneath the grass, and so pointed that they would enter the unprotected teet of an advancing enemy.
I thanked the friendly natives, but showed

them the thick soles of my shoes, which were a sufficient protection against bamboo.

I saw, in Bolongo, the highest and biggest native house I ever came across in Africa.

The center pole was a good thick tree about 30 feet high, the roof was of grass thatch, aircular and reaching to within our feet of 30 feet high, the roof was of grass thatch, circular, and reaching to within one foot of the ground where it was supported by a circle of upright bamboos, with two low entrances into the interior. Inside was a blacksmith's shop and room for a couple of hundred people if closely packed. We quitted the friendly Bolongo people early next morning, and steamed up between forest-clad islands, and banks of high trees amid which troops of silver-gray and black monkeys were sporting. monkeys were sporting.

THE VILLAGE OF BUKUTILA. Toward 9 o'clock, as we steamed up the broad channel of the Lulungu, we observed a long line of brown huts crowning the high left bank of the river, and almost overshad-owed by the bright green foliage of the banana and plantain groves which here supply the natives with the ciric article of their The district we were approaching, we

learned from our guide, was Bukutila, and on drawing near we were greeted by an immense crowd of men, women and children, calling out to us to come on shore, and by a regular flotilla of small canoes which put off On putting the steamer in to the bank, and coming to anchor alongside the shore, we were crowded by the numbers of people

desirous of seeing us and selling us pieces of firewood (of which our stock was never too ample), and eggs. These latter we purchased for a single cowrie shell each, which gives about 22 or 23 eggs for 2 cenis. The population of Bukutila struck us as being of a somewhat finer build than th Bolongo or lower river people, although they cut their features with the same tribal marks as do the natives of the Equator and Lulanga districts—a series of horizontal in-

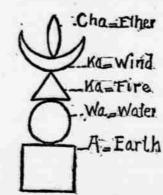
strips of dried grass, dyed either black, red or yellow-brown, reaching to the middle of the thigh, and entirely encircling the per-Some of them were not content with only

one such costume, but had supplemented the original black garment by attaching a second red, and even a third yellow herbal arran gement on top of it, so that they pre-sented the appearance of a row of lightly-clad premieres dansenses of the comic opera stage; and the agility with which they changed their reposeful attitudes of rapt ad-miration or wondering regard of our strange miration or wondering regard of our strange-looking selves when the engineer blew the steam whistle, into frantic attempts to es-cape up the bank or disappear behind brushes or huts, heightened the resemblance. How we laughed at this sudden disappearance, and how timidly the affrighted ladies, after quiet had been restored, would peep out to see if the coast was clear, or if there was any likelihood of a recurrence of that dreadful sound ere they recurrence of that dreadful sound, ere they again surrendered themselves to their nat ral curiosity to observe the strange white creatures who had come to their village and returned to their posts of vantage on the river bank. The men were nearly as rightened as the women on first hearing the steam whistle-and we found it a neverfailing source of amusement. And then it was we learned the true value of a steam whistle on board a steamer ROGER CASEMENT.

HISTORY OF AN EAR TOMB.

A Curious Japanese Monument That Recalls Barbarisms of the Past. Detroit Free Press.]

Near by the temple of Sanjinsangendo, in Japan, is a curious monument called Mimi-Zuka, or ear tomb. It is a small artificial hill or soil, on the top of which is a monument, the form of which dates back to Arvan times. The Aryans used to express unlimited time and space by a circle; a tri angle with apex upward signified fire, or with the apex downward, water; and the creative power, a composition of fire and water, was denoted by two triangles



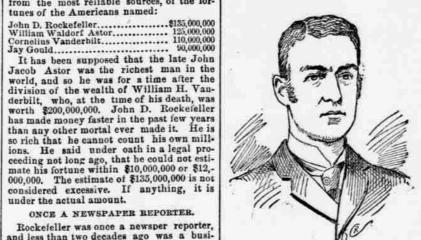
side by side. The Hymalayans modified it by inventing a five in one (see sketch.) The Mimi-Zuka is very nearly the form of the sketch and similar symbols are found on many Japanese tombs.

The story of this tomb—one founded on fact—is that the two Japanese Generals, Konishi and Kato, who invaded Korea, near the end of the sixteenth century, cut off the ears and noses of their prisoners. off the ears and noses of their prisoners, brought the trophies back to Japan and buried them in this hill. In those times prisoners of war were not spared. Their heads were kept as trophies of victory. In this case the Japanese victors, being so far away from home, could not even transport the heads of their enemies, so had to content themselves with the noses and ears. This

FOUR VERY RICH MEN. The Fortunes of Rockefeller, Astor, RICHER THAN THE ROTHSCHILDS.

THE VANDERBILT WEALTH.

father. He is an excellent business man His methods are conservative. Vanderbil is unassuming. He has never sought political preferment, nor, for that matter, has any member of the Vanderbilt family. He is



an ardent churchman and his contributions for church work are large. He attends the fashionable St. Bartholomew's Church in Madison avenue, and may be seen any Sunday afternoon on his way home from service with his prayer book and hymnal in hand.

NOT A PUBLIC SPEAKER.

him, and he is as fond of Mr. Depew's clever sayings at an assemblage of ban-

The estimate of Jay Gould's fortune is made up on the "market value." In one way it is a precarious fortune. It is composed almost entirely of the securities of the corporations controlled by him, and these are speculative in the extreme. A panic in Wall street might reduce his fortune one half. Gould has practically retired. His health is not good and he has put the active management of his properties Pennsylvania oil fields. He started a com paratively small refinery, and from that cisions about an inch in length extending down the forehead from the hair to between the eyes, with similar incisions on each temple.

HOW THE WOMEN DRESS.

The women were generally clothed in grass string cloth—a costume consisting of a belt of woven grass the thickness of a piece of twine from which depended innumerable strips of dried grass, dyed either black, red fortune is represented in the trust. He also roads in New York.

HIS SIGHT HAS FAILED

ment bonds and the securities of railroads rold-bowed spectacles almost constantly and other corporations.

It has been said, and it is probably a fact, that the Standard Oil Trust is the best managed corporation in the world.

John D. Rockefeller is the directing spirit. He looks and acts more like a preacher than a schemer. He is in fact a deacon in a Baptist church. He has stooping shoulders, drooping eyelids and a face that is almost

YEARLY AND DAILY INCOMES.



William Waldorf Astor. secure all the productive territory, and now ontrols the situation there absolut William Waldorf Astor's wealth is principally in real estate. The original John Jacob Astor bought farm after farm along the King's Highway, the old post road, ex-tending from the Battery in New York to Albany. The King's Highway is now known as Broadway. His heirs followed his example, and thus it is that the Astors have, at one time or another, owned

People who desired to put up residences or business structures would obtain ground leases from the Astors, and on corn fields and potato patches reared buildings, which, at the expiration of the leases, reverted to the Astors. As a rule these leases ran for 21 years. The Astors have never been speculators, and as a consequence their fortunes have never been impaired by the mutations of Wall street. They have never been obtrusive and the only one of the family who has ever aspired to political honors is William Waldorf, who served in both branches of the State Legislature and was also Minister to Italy. He is not likely to figure in politics again. He madesomething of a name as a novel writer, but his literary as well as his political aspirations seem to have recently subsided. He is under 40, tall, well-built

large and substantial, but rather old-fashloned house. The Astor property is easy to manage, for it involves merely the collection of rents with the occasional sale or purchase of a building or lot. Probably no individual fortune of any magnitude, either in America or Europe, is so secure as William Waldorf Astor's. Only an earth-quake devastating Manhattan Island could wipe it out.

Cornelius Vanderbilt inherited \$80,000,000 from William H. Vanderbilt. He was pre from William H. Vanderbilt. He was pre-viously the possessor of about \$5,000,000. Interest and appreciation in the value of the bonds and stocks left him by his father make up the balance of the \$110,000,000 with which he is credited. His fortune is very sagaciously invested. It is principally in stocks and bonds, but of a class that in Wall street are known as "gilt edged." Even a panic in the stock market would not be apt to diminish the value of his for-tune over 10 per cent, and this impairment tune over 10 per cent, and this impairmen

would not be permanent.

He was the favorite grandson of old Commodore Vanderbilt, whose name he bears, and he was likewise the favorite son of his



He is never heard as a public speaker ex-He is never heard as a public speaker except at the meetings of the railroad branch of the Young Men's Christian Association, which he provided with a handsome building. He and Chauncey M. Depew lunch together every day that they are both at the general offices of the Vanderbilt roads in Forty-second street. He depends on Mr. Depew for counsel, as his father did before him and he is as found of Mr. Denew's

o such an extent recently that he wears He has grown rather tired of his yacht, but in the summer finds it convenient in going between New York and his country place at Irvington-on-the-Hudson. Rockefeller and Gould have made their fortunes in a single generation. Astor's fortune represents the conmulation of four generations and Vanderbilt's of three generations.

Rockefeller's fortune probably yields, at its estimated value, 5 per cent. Vander-bilt's yields about the same. Astor's for-tune is calculated to yield 6 per cent. Inasmuch as many of the stocks and bonds owned by Gould pay no interest at all, it is not probable that he derives 3 per cent on his total wealth. Taking these figures the annual and daily income of the four men, compounding the interest semi-annually to allow for reinvestment, are as follows:

| Name, | Itearly | income, | Science | Scienc If the rule of natural increase were followed, the four great fortunes would be as follows at the end of the periods named, ounting the interest at the rates named above and compounding it semi-annually: JOHN D. ROCKEFELLER.

Jay Gould.

If he lives 25 years, as every one of the four great millionaires is likely to do, and his success keeps up, there is no telling how rich he will be. He may be a billionaire.



THE BEST PART OF BROADWAY.

COZY corners in hotels are hard to find, yet any one stopping at the Sturtevant House, Broadway and Twenty-ninth st., N. Y., will be able to find a good many of them, Moderate prices and central location,



SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.

The story opens at Bryngelly, on the Welch coast, Geoffrey Bingham, a very promising young London barrister, is taking an outing at Bryngelly with his little daughter, Effie, and Lady Honoria, his titled wife. She married him for an expected fortune, which did not materialize, has little wifely feeling, frete about poverty, and makes her husband generally miserable. Geoffrey is cut off by the tide one day, and Beatrice Granger, the charming, beautiful, but somewhat eccentric, daughter of the rector of Bryngelly, undertakes to row him ashore. The canoe upsets, and Geoffrey is knocked senseless. Beatrice rescues him, and he is taken to the vicarage to recover. Here Lady Honoria and Geoffrey have several scenes, after which the former bundles off to Garsington to visit wealthy relatives, leaving Effie with her papa. Geoffrey and Beatrice learn to admire each other. 'Squire Owen Davies, honest, stupid and very rich, is madly in love with Beatrice. She can scancely bear his society. Elizabeth, Beatrice's sister, is ambitious to become Mrs. Owen Davies. The latter makes up his mind the crisis is at hand, and appoints a meeting with Beatrice. The girl, of course, rejects him, but, touched by his wretchedness, she gives him the privilege of asking again in a year, though holding out no hope. Elizabeth, from a hiding place, sees the meeting. After Beatrice goes she comes to Owen and he tells her Beatrice has refused him. This is her opportunity and she plots accordingly. On her way home Beatrice-sineets Geoffrey and almost unconsciously confides in him the story of the meeting. A long talk on religion follows, Geoffrey seeming to make some impression upon the pretty little unbeliever. As time goes on Geoffrey and Beatrice are more and more together. The brief in a celebrated law case arrives for Geoffrey, and Beatrice helps him with it, displaying great ingenuity and really putting him on the track that afterward led him to fame. In a mob collected by an attempt to distrain a tenant Geoffrey is reported shot. Beatrice i most into insensibility by the news.

CHAPTER XV.

NOT SHOT AFTER ALL. A few yards from the path grew a stunted tree with a stone at its root. Thither Beatrice staggered and sank upon the stone, while still the solid earth spun round and round. Presently her mind cleared a little, and a keener pang of pain shot through her soul. She had been stunned at first; now she

Perhaps it was not true; perhaps Elizabeth had been mistaken or had only said it to torment her. She rose. She flung herself upon her knees, there by the stone, and prayed, this first time for many years-she prayed with all her soul. "Oh, God, if Thou art; spare him his life and me this agony." In her dreadful pangs of grief her faith was thus reborn, and, as all human beings must in their hour of mortal agony, Beatrice realized her dependence on the Unseen. She rose, and weak with emotion sank back on to the stone. The people were streaming past her now, talking excitedly. Somebody came up to her and stood over her. Oh, heaven, it was Geoffrey. "Is it you?" she gasped. "Elizabeth said that you were murdered."

"Good night, Mr. Bingham, she said.
"Good night. I hope that this is not goodby also," he added, with some anxiety.
"Of course not," broke in Mr. Granger,
"Beatrice will go and see you off. I can't,
I have to go and meet the Coroner about the inquest, and Elizabeth is always bonty in the house. Luckily they won't want you; there were so many witnesses."
"Then it is only good night," said Beat-

comfort. From constantly thinking about it, and the daily pressure of necessity, money

had come to be more to the old man than anything else in the world.

away to see about packing Effic's things. They were to start by a train leaving for London at 8:30 on the following morning. When Beatrice came back it was 10:30, and

in his irritation of mind Mr. Granger in-sisted upon everybody going to bed. Eliza-beth shook hands with Geoffrey, congratu-lating him on his escape as she did so, and

went at once; but Beatrice lingered a little. At last she came forward and held out her

"Good night, Mr. Bingham," she said.

Oh, heaven, it was Geoffrey.

"Is it you?" she gasped. "Elizabeth said that you were murdered."

"No, no. It was not me; it is that poor fellow Johnson, the auctioneer. Jones shot him. I was standing next him. I suppose your sister thought that I fell. He was not unlike me, poor fellow."

Beatrice looked at him, went red, went to her room. Elizabeth, who shared it, was already asleep, or appeared to be asleep. Then Beatrice undressed and got into bed, but rest she could not. It was only good night," a last good night. He was going away—back to his wife, back to the great rushing world, and to the life in which she had no share. Very soon he



HER THOUGHTS WENT OUT IN THE NIGHT.

white, then burst into a flood of tears. A strange pang seized upon his beart. It thrilled through him, shaking him to the would forget her. Other interests would core. Why was this woman so deeply moved? Could it be? Nonsense; he stifled the thought before it was born.

"Don't cry," Geoffrey said, "the people will see you, Beatrice" (for the first time he

do not cry. It distresses me. You are up-set and no wonder. That fellow Beecham Bones ought to be hanged, and I told him so. It is his work, though he never meant it to go so far. He's frightened enough now, I can tell you."

Beatrice controlled herself with an effort.
"What hangened" he said "I will told called her by her Christian name.) "Pray

"What happened," he said, "I will tell you as we walk along. No, don't go up to the farm. He is not a pleasant sight, poor fellow. When I got up there Beecham Bones was spouting away to the mob—his long hair flying about his back—exciting them to resist laws made by brutal, thieving landlords, and all that kind of gibberish; talling them that them could be supported by telling them that they would be supported telling them that they would be supported by a great party in Parliament, etc. The people, however, took it all good-naturedly enough. They had a beautiful effigy of your father swinging on a pole, with a placard on his breast on which was written, 'The robber of the widow and the orphan,' and they were singing Welsh songs. Only I saw Jones, who was more than half drank cursing, and awaying in than half drunk, cursing and swearing in Welsh and English. When the auctioneer began to sell. Jones went into the house and Bones went with him. After enough had been sold to pay the debt, and while the mob was still laughing and shouting, suddenly the back door of the house opened and out rushed Jones, now quite drunk, a gun in his hand, and Bones hanging on to a gun in his hand, and Bones hanging on to his coat-tails. I was talking to the suction-eer at the moment, and my belief is that the brute thought that I was Johnson. At any rate, before anything could be done he lifted the gun and fired at me, as I think. The charge, however, passed my head and hit poor Johnston full in the face, killing him dead. That is all the story."

"And quite enough, too," said Beatrice, with a shudder. "What times we live in! I feel quite sick."

Suppose that night was a very melancholy.

Supper that night was a very melancholy affair. Old Mr. Granger was altogether thrown off his balance, and even Elizabeth's

"It could not be worse, it could not be worse," moaned the old man, rising from the table and walking up and down the "Nonsense, father," said Elizabeth, the practical. "He might have been shot before

he had sold the hay, and then you would not have got your tithe."

Goeffrey could not help smiling at this way of looking at things, from which, however, Mr. Granger seemed to draw a little it merely earthly passion? No, it was e had sold the hay, and then you would not

arise, other women would become his friends, and he would forget the Welsh girl who had attracted him for awhile, or remember her only as the companion of a rough adventure. What did it mean? Why was her heart so sore? Why had she felt as though she should die when they told her that he was dead? Then the answer rose in her breast. She

loved him; it was useless to deny the truth
—she loved him body and heart and soul, with all her mind and all her strength. She was his, and his alone—to-day, to-morrow and forever. He might go from her sight, she might never, never see him more, but love him she always must. And he was Well, it was her misfortune; it could not

affect the solemn truth. What should she do, how should she endure her life when her eyes no longer saw his eyes, and her ears never heard his voice? She saw the future stretch itself before her as in a vision. She saw herself forgotten by this man whom she loved, or from time to time remembered only with a faint regret. She saw herself growing slowly old, her beauty fading yearly from her face and form, companioned only by the love that grown noted Oh. only by the love that grows not old. Oh, it was bitter, bitter! and yet she would not have it otherwise. Even in her pain she felt it better to have found this deep and ruinous joy, to have wrestled with the Angel and been worsted, than never to have looked upon his face. If she could only know that what she gave was given back again, that he loved her as she loved him, she would be content. She was innocent, she had never tried to draw him to her; she had used no touch or look, no woman's arts or lures such touch or look, no woman's arts or lures such as her beauty placed at her command. There had been no word spoken, scarcely a meaning glance had passed between them, nothing but a frank, free companionship as of man and man. She knew he did not love himman this she could see. But she had never tried to win him from her, and though she sinned in thought though her heart was coniferable. in thought, though her heart was guilty-oh, her hands were clean!

Her restlessness overcame her. See could no longer lie in bed. Elizabeth, watching through her veil of sleep, saw Beatrice rise, put on a wrapper, and going to the window throw it wide. At first she thought of interfering, for Elizabeth was a prudent person and did not like draughts; but her sister's movements excited her curiosity and see refrained. Beatrice and down on the foot see refrained. Beatrice sat down on the foot of her bed and leaning her arm upon the window sill looked out upon the lovely, quiet night. How dark the pine trees