

A Morning Call

"WHAT'S the matter, Viola?"

"I'm bothered to death!"

"By what?"

"With these horrid bills—it's quarter day or something—I believe every year has 16 quarter days!" and she brought down her white hand angrily upon a packet of freshly opened bills lying before her on her writing table. A pretty-looking woman sitting in a pretty room, perfectly dressed, with fair, well-arranged hair, and delicate white hands. Opposite to her was seated a man—young and good looking, stretched idly in his easy chair.

"Tell George about them," he said. "George's wife looked troubled."

"He makes such a fuss now, and would, and is so disagreeable that I hate asking him for money."

"Borrow of me."

"You dear, kind Jack, certainly not! The beggar can't rob me any more. You've no idea of the awful sum I want. Oh, dear! I'm so miserable!" And big tears stood in the lovely eyes that had given her the name of Violet.

"Don't worry," he said turning away, as if not to see her tears, "I'll get the amount you owe, and tell me what it comes to."

"I've done that already. I've been at it all the morning—it's a frightful amount—it comes to \$2,000."

Jack gave a low whistle.

"Great Scott! Why nothing like that. How much do you allow you?"

"A thousand a year."

"And can't you manage on that? Why, once we should have thought it a fortune!"

"Of course, but you see, I can spend a lot upon my clothes—no one can dress so nicely upon such a small salary, but that's not the fact, it's that I have an awful drain upon me. Oh, Jack! I'll have to tell you, for I must confide in somebody, and you are such an old friend. I wouldn't if you were rich, because then you would want to help me; but perhaps you can help me with advice."

"Tell me," he said quietly.

"Well, you remember, don't you, the dear old days at home when you were so much with us?"

"I should rather think I did! That was a jolly little home mother had on the river? We did have good times, didn't we?"

"Yes; but I'm afraid Molly and I both got the name of being rather fast."

"Beastly scandal!"

"Yes, but I'm afraid we gave cause for it. Look how you and I used to go for moonlight excursions on the river, to come back and find Molly and Captain Dacres walking in the wood."

"There was always that horrible old woman, Madame Devonne, about!"

"Hateful creature!" Violet exclaimed angrily.

"And after all, what harm did we do? Why, I never even kissed you except once!" and he sighed.

"Yes—only once," and she laughed and blushed; "but I must go on with my story. You remember the first time Captain Dacres brought George to see us?"

"Perfectly," he said, brightly.

"And how mamma called me up to her room and told me, with tears in her eyes, that she felt sure that she had not long to live—didn't look at me, Jack, for I can't help crying when I talk of mamma—didn't look at me, and I would be when she died, because some pension stopped at her death, and then she said that she had heard that George was a good man and very rich, and that her one prayer was that he might take a liking to one of us."

"And he plainly showed me the very first night that he had taken a liking to me!"

"Yes, I think he did. Well, to go on—I'm awfully ashamed of what I have to tell you!—and a deep flush spread itself up to the roots of Violet's hair, that lovely dark gold hair that was part of her charm.

"All right; don't mind me."

"You know," she went on, nervously, "just about that time, in spite of our brotherly and sisterly protestations, I had begun to be a little—just a very little—fond of you—at least" (with an awkward laugh) "I fancied I was."

"By Jove!" and he turned quickly in his chair and looked with a strange

and have a little something to eat before you go," Violet interposed.

"I couldn't eat anything till I've tackled that fiend of a woman."

In a few minutes Jack was driving rapidly across London in the direction of Notting Hill. "I'm glad she never got that mad love letter of mine," he said to himself with a sigh. "I suppose that vile French woman got hold of it. Well, I shall go back to India, and stay there till I feel cured of my folly."

Lord George Maitland at the same time was driving far ahead of Jack in the same direction. Arrived at a certain door in a small street in Notting Hill, he asked for Madame Devonne, heard she was in, and was admitted.

"Let no one else come in while I am here," he said to the servant, slipping a sovereign into her hand.

Madame Devonne was seated by the fire, knitting, with the remains of a dainty little dejeuner-a-la-fourchette on a table at her side. "Ah! milor, it delights me to see you," she said, rising and holding out her hand.

Lord George bowed. "Sit down, Madame," he said sternly. "I have one thing to say—give me at once the two letters of which you sent me copies, one written by Lady George Maitland and the other by Captain Stanton."

"Ah, milor, but I have them not."

"It is useless to lie. Give them to me at once, or I will have you arrested on the charge of blackmailing, chantage you call it in your country."

"Ah, but Violet is clever!" she has confessed to her good husband, she says she means nothing, and milor believe, and yet she loves the handsome Jack, and—"

"Silence!" thundered Lord George. "Not another word! You have been blackmailing my wife for many months; you have made her life miserable and mine a hell upon earth! You tried to make me believe that Captain Stanton was receiving from my wife the hundreds of pounds that you were compelling her to pay you as hush money. But all this villainy has come to an end. Your letter of this morning has led to a happy result. You told me what you were up to, and according to your advice I went home unexpectedly. I stood unseen in the conservatory behind the boudoir, and lowered myself, through your slanderous tongue, to spy—yes, to spy—upon my own wife! But I learned the whole of the whole truth, if you were a man, Madame, I should have done so. As it is, you will give me those two letters immediately. I advise you to give them up quietly."

Madame Devonne rose without a word, and unlocking a drawer, took out two letters which she handed to Lord George. He glanced over them quickly, and then put them into his pocket. "I think you will leave London shortly," he inquired in a meaningful tone as he rose to his feet.

"Probably," she answered coolly, "your vile climate will do me no good, the grain, the spleen, and, as you say in your ugly language, 'the game is up.' Ah!" she exclaimed, suddenly changing her tone. "I understand, you would frighten the poor Frenchwoman; but you dare not send her to prison, no! you remember the delicate reputation of the English, and how the English hate a scandal! And you, milor, have you not been a fool? So easy to trick, so ready to believe; and so patient, yes, patient. Ah! how I hate the English virtue, patience! You believe all, but you wait!"

Lord George, without another word, left the room and went out into the street.

"That vile woman was right," he said to himself. "I have been a fool—a blackguard to have believed anything wrong against my darling little wife, and to have said upon her, 'Brute that I was!' But I will make it up to her—my VI, my darling, never again shall you have an unhappy moment!" And he called a hansom and drove rapidly home.

"Dear VI—I went to Madame Devonne's house yesterday and found her out. I went again in the evening, when the servant told me that she had left for Paris in a hurry. Shall I follow her up? Yours ever,

"John Stanton."

"Did you ask the doctor if you had malaria?"

"Not on your life; he's treating me for five other expensive maladies now."—Chicago Record.

ROBERT H. COLEMAN AND HIS MILLIONS

PART THEY PLAYED IN LEBANON VALLEY.

Vast Fortune Dug Out of the Cornwall Ore Hills and Distributed in Works of Benevolence or Public Enterprise—Fair Play for a Man Who Has Met Reverses.

Lebanon Letter, Philadelphia Press.

The stories of millions are always interesting, and tales of the loss of wealth are always read by the American people. The story of the Coleman millions is an old story, but many facts of interest in connection with the failure of Robert H. Coleman have never been published.

The Coleman family was one of the best known in Pennsylvania. The history of the family is a long one, which the Colemans have always been associated, is not so well known, and many Pennsylvanians do not know of the vast quantity of iron ore which is locked up in them at Cornwall. For the kind of ore; the size of the bed, and its quality are equal to the best. There are three hills of ore. One rises 212 feet above the water level, another 98, and another 78. A drill has been sunk into the ore for 200 feet below water level, without reaching the bottom of the deposit. Since 1740 this bed has been mined, and about 8,000,000 tons have been dug out. The ore is of the best quality, while they may appeal to the imagination, do not give an adequate conception of their vastness. To realize what is at Cornwall the triple mountain of ore must be seen, and re-peatedly viewed. It is a wonderful and admiration of the beholder.

Up to the time when Robert H. Coleman assigned his estate this mountain was largely the property of the Coleman estate. No one knows who first discovered the presence of the ore or who first appreciated its value. The first discovery was made by the Indians, and when the first white settlers gave them iron the aborigines quickly discovered what to them seemed miraculous. The mysterious dirt was clinging to their hatchets and steel beads would hold fast to the ore. The savages carried this magnetic property with awe and concealed it from the whites.

HISTORY OF THE TRACT.

In 1732 John, Thomas and William Penn assigned a warrant for 200 acres, in which territory the yet virgin hills were included, to Joseph and James Turner. From them it passed to William Allen, who, in turn, sold it, in 1737, to Peter Grubb for £135. It was the biggest bargain Mr. Grubb ever struck in his life. He believed that Mr. Allen, who did not like the barren hills, was not aware that they held such a princely revenue. Peter Grubb, having had his curiosity aroused by various rumors, dug up some of the earth and ascertained from an expert in Philadelphia that it was half iron. In 1740 he built a blast furnace, and smelted the first ore.

Forty-three years swept by and Peter Grubb, Jr., added to the estate by purchasing 12 1/2 acres more. It was at about this time that one of the Grubbs, to satisfy an obligation, gave a privilege to take from the hills enough for "corn, and to run a water-run and grass grows." By this agreement the Robinson Iron company, near Reading, gets all its ore for nothing.

Just before the Revolution, Robert Coleman, a young Irishman of energy, came to Cornwall and entered the employ of the Grubbs. He advanced step by step until he became the practical manager of the estate. During the Revolution he made contracts with the Continental congress for casting cannon, shot and shells, and many of these he turned over to the army. Coleman kept exact accounts with the government and some of his memoranda reveal the curious fact that many of the Hessian troops, hired by the American troops, were sold in bondage for a term of years. Under date of Nov. 16, 1782, Robert Coleman credits the government with "cash value of forty-two German prisoners of war at £30 each, £1,260," and on June 14, 1782, there is another credit for "cash value of 200 prisoners of war at £20 each. These prisoners were put at work digging ore and hauling it to the furnaces. As late as 1843 Rupp, a local historian, visited one of the Hessians, who was sold for £30 for three years to Captain Jacob Zimmerman, of Lancaster county.

TRANSFERS OF THE TRACT.

Government contracts apparently proved profitable, for on May 9, 1788, Robert Coleman bought of Peter Grubb one-sixth share of the estate. In due time Peter Grubb passed away, leaving two sons, Burd Grubb and Henry Bates Grubb. Burd Grubb sold to Robert Coleman all his real estate except the ore hills for \$29,100 on September 12, 1788. He transferred his share in the hill to his brother, Henry Bates, who in turn sold four-sixths of the whole to Robert Coleman. Thus did the diligent employ of the Grubb acquire five-sixths of the property and provided for his descendants a fortune founded upon iron.

The history of the ownership now becomes most complex. Robert Coleman left as his heirs, William, James, Edward and Thomas Budd Coleman. Of these William and Edward sold their interest to Thomas Budd. James' children were Robert, George Dawson, Ann, Sarah and Harriet. The interest in the shares of the estate was divided among their brothers, Robert and George Dawson. Going back to Thomas Budd Coleman. He died, leaving Robert W. William, Anne C. Isabella, Sarah and Margaret. Isabella and Robert W. died intestate. William Coleman left two sons, Robert and George, the latter now married to Archibald Rogers, of New York. For a long time the various heirs of the estate dug ore at will from the apparently endless supply. At last, however, articles of agreement were drawn up, by which the interest in the Cornwall ore hills was divided into ninety-six shares. The ore was mined by the Cornwall Ore Banks company and sold at private rates to the proprietors. This was the arrangement before the failure of Robert H. Coleman.

Owners. Shares.

The Grubb estate (one-sixth) 15

Heirs of Robert and George Dawson 50

Robert H. Coleman and Annie Coleman Rogers 31 1/2

Heirs of Robert W. Coleman 15 1/2

The failure of Mr. Coleman made it necessary to divide what was owned by Robert H. Coleman and Annie Coleman Rogers, and now Mrs. Rogers and the Lackawanna Iron and Steel company of Scranton each own 15 1/2 shares.

CAREER OF ROBERT COLEMAN.

Robert H. Coleman, is a graduate of Lafayette College, and is now about 45 years of age. When he attained his majority, in 1877, he came into possession of his fortune, his father having died on May 5, 1861. His guardian was Samuel Small, of York, now deceased. Mr. Coleman's release to his guardian shows that when he became of age he received over \$1,000,000 in stocks and bonds, mostly United States bonds and Pennsylvania railroad stock. He immediately engaged in business, devoting all his attention thereto, and it is a singular instance of a young man with millions at his command turning his back upon the easy advantages of the world and finding delight in the development of the industry of a county.

He soon saw that Cornwall needed a railway connection with the Pennsylvania giving it the advantages of competition with the Philadelphia & Reading. Accordingly, he built the Colebrook Valley railroad from Cornwall to Conewago, on the main line of the Pennsylvania. There was a road from Cornwall to Lebanon—the Cornwall—but Mr. Coleman could not get possession of it, and then he built his own road to Lebanon. It is now known as the Cornwall & Lebanon. Meantime he built new furnaces and erected a village or two of comfortable houses for his workmen. He built a barn in Lebanon, the ground alone costing \$25,000. It is at the junction of the principal streets, Eighth and Cumberland, and upon it he erected a sandstone building, costing about \$100,000. The safe deposit vault cost \$18,000. He was president of the bank—the Lebanon Trust and Safe Deposit Bank—but when he failed in 1893 the bank was obliged to cease business. In March, 1898, this building was sold at assignee's sale to another banking institution in Lebanon for \$3,500.

In 1888, in memory of his deceased wife, Mr. Coleman built St. Luke's Episcopal church in Lebanon at a cost of \$150,000. It is finished in highly polished brick. The floor is of English tile, the pillars are of the richest granite and the roof is of oak and other hard wood. The resting place of Mr. Coleman's first wife rest beneath the structure. Mr. Coleman re-married and has several children.

ESTATE OF 22,000 ACRES.

Ten years ago Mr. Coleman had charge of an estate which required fifty-four miles of fence to gridle, which comprised 22,000 acres, and which had a tenantry of over 1,000. It consisted from Cornwall in Lebanon county, to Speedwell, in Lancaster county. A single road through the property is over twenty miles long. The income from all this estate, it is said, was not large enough to be counted. The great source of wealth was the ore beds. The payroll of the whole Coleman estate numbered 12,000 people, that of the Cornwall property alone 1,200. At its height the income from the iron mountains and furnaces of the Coleman estate was equivalent to an income of 5 per cent. on \$10,000,000.

Mr. Coleman's home at Cornwall was built by his father, and is but a short distance from the ore hills. Over its threshold is inscribed, "Parvus domus, magna quies." The house was a little palace, surrounded with terraced lawns where fountains bubbled, and provided every amenity which art and science, governed by intellectual taste, could desire. At the time of his assignment, Mr. Coleman was building a large music hall, to cost \$100,000. At the present time can be seen shavings and other evidences of where the workingmen stopped. No estimate of the cost of the entire home can be made, but when the property was offered for sale, a year ago it was withdrawn because only \$15,500 was offered.

After Mr. Coleman had opened his new railroad he laid out Mt. Gretna Park, nine miles from Lebanon. Mt. Gretna was the point of mobilization of the Pennsylvania soldiers last year, when the call for volunteers was made. It is now the seat of the Pennsylvania Chautauqua, the camp meeting of the United Brethren in Christ of the East Pennsylvania conference; the Mt. Gretna Agricultural, Mechanical and Industrial Exposition, and the resort for many picnickers every year. It was opened to the public in 1884. In 1885 the Third Brigade, General Gobin commanding, camped there for a week, commencing July 24. The plot of ground consisted of 120 acres. It was enlarged for the division encampment, which was held there in 1862, at Camp Windfield Scott Hancock. In 1890 the Second division encampment, Camp Hartranft, was held. Regimental and brigade encampments have been held there.

THE IRON KING.

Mr. Coleman was known all over Pennsylvania as the "Iron King," but his ships were to be called the Lebanon magnate, and the building of his road from Lebanon to Conewago did not suffice to give him that title. The Jacksonville, Tampa and Key West railroad was organized some years before, but nothing was done in the way of construction until 1888, when Mr. Coleman, while visiting in Florida, acquired the possession of the majority of shares of the capital stock and the construction was begun. Mr. Coleman was president. Everything prospered. Mr. Coleman's private car was the finest that could be built, and after he always traveled to Florida. Lebanon county was more prosperous than it ever had been and the relations existing between Mr. Coleman and his employees were such that strikes were never heard of.

When the panic of 1893 came with its dreadful results Mr. Coleman was unprepared. The Florida railroad went into the hands of receivers and a note for \$100,000 held by the Lebanon bank, of which Mr. Coleman was president, could not be realized upon. Money was all tied up and the bank failed. On the eighth day of August Mr. Coleman assigned for the benefit of his creditors. The assignees, Henry T. Kendall, of Reading and the Pennsylvania Company for the Insurance of Lives and Granting of Annuities, of Philadelphia in June, 1894, sold to the Lackawanna Iron and Steel company, of Scranton, Pa., much of the property. It included the furnaces at Cornwall and Colebrook and 15 1/2 shares of stock in the Cornwall Ore Banks company, as well as other minor properties. The lump sum was \$23,509,375.

Immediately after his financial difficulties Mr. Coleman left Cornwall and now lives at Lake Saranac, New York.

Contentment of Court.

In Culpis Court said much not wed. Dan Culp filed a bill of complaint. And passed sentence on each head—The apter's fate, "Contentment of Court."—Philadelphia Record.

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