

THE YOUNG MAN FROM WYOMING AT EAGLES MERE.

A SULLIVAN COUNTY NOVELETTE.
BY THOMAS J. INGHAM.

"My next movement was to secure a teacher. I determined to commence with Anatomy and Physiology, and take a complete course in Medicine and Surgery, to be followed by Botany and Chemistry and such sciences afterwards as I could find time for. I could not enter Columbia College as a student, because I could not give all of my time for it, but I thought I could employ the learned professors as tutors by paying them for their services. I succeeded in making the desired arrangement with them, one at a time, as I needed their help. I bought the necessary books and gave four hours a day to persistent study. I recited and reviewed regularly and made every week count its full six days. As I would not pass anything until I fully understood it, and fixed it well in my memory, I got high praise from the professors for my thoroughness. I gave three years to what was called the Medical Course in Columbia College, and was assured by the professors who acted as my tutors that no student ever left the college with a better knowledge of the studies in that course than I had.

"I next pursued the study of Botany, and gave much attention to the medical properties of plants of all kinds. I spent a year on this branch, which gave me more knowledge of these subjects than medical students usually deem necessary.

"I was now ready for the study of Chemistry, and as I had determined to have a laboratory with apparatus of my own, I found it necessary to realize on some of my real estate, and looked about to see what I could best afford to sell.

CHAPTER TWENTY-FOUR.

"The yellow fever which had touched New York lightly in 1791 did not return in either of the following years. The city had aroused from its lethargy. The reign of peace and the stimulus of a free and just government had nerved the arm of industry, and sent the tide of prosperity to every farm and workshop in the Union. New York felt the beating pulse of national prosperity and was stirred by a new vitality. The old city was being rebuilt, and a new city was being built far beyond its ancient limits. Its population had increased more in nine years than in a hundred years before.

"The lots on Boston Road, which I had bought nine years before for one thousand dollars, had been much sought after, and as soon as I put them in market were sold for twenty thousand dollars. With a small part of this money I erected a neat one-story brick house on one of my vacant lots, for a laboratory, and the rest of the money I invested in six per cent. government bonds.

"Including interest and rent, I now had an assured income of fourteen hundred dollars a year, without counting my salary. I could have lived without pursuing my business as salesman, but I liked the business and was not in a hurry to give it up, especially as my true friend and patron, Mr. Golding, was anxious to have me stay longer.

"The professor who acted as my tutor in Chemistry was a man of note and an enthusiast in science. I was interested in it from the first lesson. It was the most absorbing study I had engaged in. I completed the course prescribed for college students in a few months, but the professor told me I had just learned enough to commence learning the science. I fitted up my laboratory with all needful apparatus and followed experimentally in the footsteps of the great discoverers who had gone before, until I got a deeper insight than the untrained imagination can conceive of, into the creative methods of the Great Creator.

"The primary object of my studies I never disclosed to any of the professors who had treated me so kindly. My thoughts and theories about prolonging life I kept secret. I did not wish to be considered a visionary or monomaniac. I had gradually formed a theory which I concluded it was time for me to test.

"I reasoned thus: The blood contains all of the atomic constituents of the body. From the blood proceeds the continuous re-creations of the particles of the human organism, which the action of life destroys. While the blood, in its atoms and corpuscles, remains the same, the re-created particles will be the same, and the body in its entirety must remain the same. The change in the body, which we call age, can never take place unless it is preceded by a change in the corpuscles of the blood. This change can be detected by chemical analysis. It can be prevented by withholding the molecular elements which cause the destructive change. It can be counteracted by restoring the required atomic affinities. As long as the blood is kept in its normal state, as in youth, the vital action cannot diminish, the human organs remain the same, and we have PERPETUAL YOUTH. A fire which is continuously supplied with uniform fuel will maintain the same steady heat, and will not go out.

"This was unanswerable reasoning; but, I asked myself, is it possible practically to withhold from the blood the atomic constituents which cause the destructive change which we call age; or, if they reach the blood, can we supply the atomic affinities to restore it to its normal youthful state? I considered that it MUST BE practically possible, for the Scriptures, which we have no reason to doubt, inform us that Noah, Methuselah, and other patriarchs lived eight or nine hundred years. The record does not teach that they were miraculously prolonged. The conditions under which they lived at that early day must have supplied the essential condition of atoms to maintain the blood in its normal state, or the destructive elements were not yet within easy reach. At a later date, when the conditions of existence were more unfavorable, Abraham lived only a hundred and seventy-five years, while Jacob was cut off prematurely at a hundred and forty-seven. I did not forget that modern experience has been against long life, but the reckless conditions of living in modern times have been such as to prove nothing except that the great mass of people die prematurely—knowingly violating the established laws of existence. One-third of the race dies in childhood, and one-third of the remainder before they reach middle age. If a general average could fix the natural limit of human life it would not exceed twenty years. It is clear, therefore, that the Creator has not fixed a specific limit to human life, but individuals live long or short lives according to conditions which are more or less favorable. It appeared to me that an enlightened self-control, aided by modern science, could so modify and mould the conditions as to prolong life as long as it could be desired.

(To be continued.)

CALEB CONOVER RAILROADER

A STORY OF LOVE, POLITICS, INTRIGUE, OF A RICH & POWERFUL BOSS AND AN INTREPID YOUNG REFORMER.
BY ALBERT PAYSON TERHUNE.
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"You for one," sounded a sneering voice from the dressing-room doorway behind them, "you for one, friend Bourke, were starting on the street when I took you in and fed you and got your kids out of the Protectory and gave you a job."

At the first word the mumbled assent to Staatsz and Bourke's opinion, that had welled up in a dozen throats, died into a scared silence.

"You for another, Dolphe Staatsz," went on Caleb, still standing on the threshold and viewing the group of malcontents with a cold disgust. "You were on the road to the 'pen' for knowing too much about that 'queer paper' joint on Willow Street, when I got the indictment quashed and squared things with the district attorney and put you on your feet."

"Caine," turning to the Star's editor, "I think I heard you agreeing among the rest, didn't I, hey? Diff'rnt sound from the kind you made when you come to me twelve years ago and cried and said the Star was all in, and would I save you from going bankrupt by taking it over? And there's plenty more of you here with the same sort of story to tell."

He strode forward and was among them, forcing one after another to meet his eye, dominating by his very presence the men who had sought to dethrone him. In his hour of stress all the old power, the splendid rulership of men, surged back upon the Railroad. He stood a king amid awestruck serfs, a stern schoolmaster among a naughty band of scared children.

"Some one spoke about being tired of wearing my collar," he said. "Is there a man here who put on that collar against his will, or a man who didn't beg for it? Is there a man who hasn't profited by it? A man who hasn't risen as I have risen and benefited when I benefited? Don't stand there, munchance, like a lot of dago section-hands! You were ready enough to speak before I came in. Why aren't you, now? Is it because you're so sorry for this poor, broken old man, who talks too much and ain't fit to run the Machine any longer, eh? Spit it out, Staatsz! If you're qualifying for my shoes you got to learn to look less like a whipped puppy when you're spoke to. Stand up

and state your grievance like a man, you Dutch crook that I lifted out of jail. You, too, Bourke! Where's your tongue? And all the rest of you that was on the point of choosing a new Leader."

No one answered. The Boss's instinct power rather than his mere words held them sulky and dumb. Over each was creeping the old subservience to the peerless will that had so long shaped the Mountain State's destinies and their's.

"I talk too much, eh?" mocked Conover. "Well, to prove that's so, I'm going to give you curs a little Sunday-school talk right now. You say I cut out the old methods, this campaign. I did. And why did I do it? Because if these reformers had thought they were licked unfair there's so many of 'em they'd carried the case to every court in the land, and 'a' drawn the whole country's op'ra-glasses onto this p'ticular Machine, and started another such wave as swamped Dick Croker and Tammany in '94. And then where'd the Machine and you fellows have been? There's got to be reform in a State just so often, just like there's got to be a group in a nursery. Every other State's had it. And each time they've fished up something queer about their local Machine, and that same Machine's never been so strong again. Well, the Mountain State's turn for reform was overdue. It had to come. And this was the time. I thought maybe I could beat 'em on their own ground. If I had, that'd 'a' ended reform here, forever and amen. Even if I was beat I knew the people would get so sick of one term of reform, they'd come screeching to us to take 'em back. And then's the time my kid-glove stunts of this campaign would shine out fine against a rotten reform administration. The Machine would escape any investigation of the kind that follows a crooked campaign, and we'd simply be begged to take everything in sight for the rest of our lives. Maybe you think a chance of one term out of office was too much to pay for such a future cinch?"

The speech—reasons and all—was improvised as he spoke. And again it was the Boss's manner and his brutal magnetism rather than his words that carried conviction.

"Because I didn't print this all out in big letters and simple words that you dolts could understand," resumed Caleb, "you forget the holes I've got you and the party out of in the past, and go grousing about my 'breaking up.' Maybe my brain is softening a bit, just to keep company with the ninnies I travel with. But it's still a brain. And that's more'n anyone else here can boast of having. Now, I've showed you how the land lays. Which of you would 'a' carried the Machine over it any safer, and how would he'd 'a' done it? You, for instance, Staatsz?"

The big German sheepishly grumbled something unintelligible under his breath.

"Sounds about as clear and sensible as most of your ideas, Dolphe," commented Caleb. "You'll have to learn more words'n that before you're Boss. Now, then," he resumed, throwing aside his stolid bearing and hammering imperiously on the table with his riding crop, "we'll proceed to choose a new Leader. It's irregular, but there's easy a quorum of district leaders here. Who'll it be that steps into Caleb Conover's shoes? Who'll say he's strong enough to hold the reins he thinks I'm too weak to handle? Who'll it be? I lifted the party and every man here from the dirt to a higher, stronger place than anyone dreamed they could be lifted. Who'll hold 'em there now that I stand aside? Speak up! Choose your leader!"

"CONOVER!" yelled Billy Shevlin ecstatically.



"Shut up, you nang, little tough!" fiercely ordered Caleb.

"Shut up, you mangy little tough!" fiercely ordered Caleb; but a half-score of eager voices had caught up the cry. About the Railroad pressed the district leaders, smiting him on the back, striving to grab his hands, over and over again voelferat-

ing his name; crying out on him to stand by them, to lead them, to forgive their ingratitude and folly.

And in the centre of the exultant babel stood Caleb Conover, unmoved save for a sneering smile that twisted one corner of his hard mouth, the only man present who was not carried away by that crazy wave of reactive enthusiasm.

"Staatz," observed the Railroad, as the hubbub at length died down, "I'm afraid you'll have to wait a wee peckle longer for that leadership. But cheer up. Everything comes to the man who waits—till no one else wants it. I've got one thing more to say, and then my 'talking' will be done for good, as far as you men are concerned. I resign, I'm out of politics for good. As far as I'm concerned the Machine is smashed for all time. Now clear out of here, the whole kenelful of you. Be on your way!"

Still the furious volley of protest that had arisen on all sides of his announcement, Caleb flung open the outer door of his study. Several of the dazed politicians essayed to speak, but the quick gleam in their self-deposed Leader's eye halted the words ere they were spoken. Obedient, cowed to the last, the Machine's officers and henchmen finally yielded to that look and to the peremptory gesture of the Railroad's arm. One by one they fled out, Staatsz in the van, Bourke with averted gaze slinking along in the rear.

With a grunt of ultimate dismissal Conover closed the door.

CHAPTER XXIV.

Billy Shevlin's Loyalty.

GLANCING over the scene of the late conflict before departing for his ride, his glance fell on a solitary, ill-dressed figure seated at one corner of the deserted table.

"Billy!" exclaimed Conover, exasperated, "why didn't you get out with the rest?"

"'Cause I don't belong with that cheap-skate push. I belong here with you, Boss."

"But I'm out of it, you idiot. Out of the game for good and all. I'm leaving Granite."

"When do we start?" Conover looked at his little henchman in annoyance that merged into a vexed laugh.

"I tell you," he repeated, "I'm out of politics for good."

"So'm I, then," cheerfully responded Billy. "D'ye know, Boss, I'm kind o' glad. Sometimes I've suspicioned politics wasn't—well, wasn't quite square. Maybe it's best that two pious men like us is out of it. Now, say, Mister Conover," he hurried on more seriously, "I know what you mean. You want to shake the whole bunch. You're sore on 'em all. You're goin' to cut out Granite, too, after the lemon you've been handed. But whatever your game is an' wherever you spiel it, it won't do you no harm to have Billy Shevlin along with you as a 'also-ran.' Now, will it? Why, Boss, I've worked for you ever since I was no bigger'n—no bigger'n Staatsz's chances of becomin' a white man. An' I ain't goin' to cut out the old job at this time of day. If it ain't Caleb Conover, Governor, I work for, then it'll be Caleb Conover, Something-or-other. An' that's good enough for W. Shevlin. So let's let it go at that. I won't bother you no more to-night, 'cause I see you're on edge. But I'm comin' around in the mornin'. An' when I come I'm comin' for keeps. Just like I've always done. So long, Boss."

"Poor old Billy!" muttered Conover as Shevlin slipped out too hurriedly to permit of his Leader's framing any reply to what was quite the longest speech the henchman had ever made. "He'll never make a hit in politics till he gets rid of some of that loyalty. Next to gratitude there ain't another vice that hampers a man so bad."

Then, dismissing the recent events from his mind, the Railroad ran downstairs, lightly as a boy, and to the outer entrance, where Dunderberg was plunging and pivoting in the grip of two grooms. A third groom, mounted on a quieter steed, sat well beyond range of the stallion's lashing heels.

Late as it was, Mrs. Conover was still up. Caleb brushed past her in the hall, cutting short the feeble remonstrances with which she always prefaced one of his wild rides.

"Oh, Caleb!" she pleaded as she followed him out on the broad veranda. "Not to-night, dear! Just give it up this once, to please ME! He's—he's such a terrible horse. I never saw him so wild as he is now. The men can scarcely hold him. Oh, please—"

But the Railroad was already preparing to mount.

"Don't you worry, old girl," he called back over his shoulder; "he's none too wild for my taste. There never was a horse yet could get the best of me."

The wind was rising again. It whistled across the grounds, ruffling the puddles and stirring the dead leaves. A whiff of it caught Conover's hat as he fought his way to the plunging stallion's back. The exultance of coming battle was already upon both rider and horse.

"Your hat, sir!" called one of the grooms, as another sprang forward to catch the falling headgear. But Caleb had no mind to wait for trifles. The night wind was in his face, the furious horse whirling and rearing between his vice-like knee-grips.

"All right!" shouted Conover in glorious excitement, signalling to the struggling groom to release the bit. "All right! Let him go! Never mind the hat. Come on, Giles!"

(To Be Continued.)

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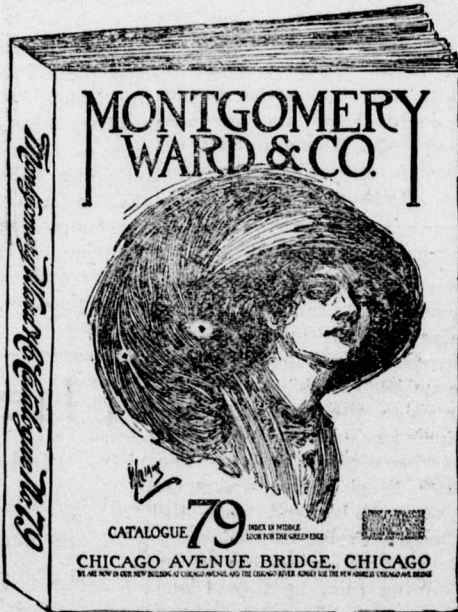
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