

THE YOUNG MAN FROM WYOMING AT EAGLES MERE.

A SULLIVAN COUNTY NOVELLETTE.

BY THOMAS J. HUGHAM.

"So I reasoned; and proceeded in the investigations by which I hoped to discover methods which could be practically applied to prolong life. I made searching analytical examinations of all kinds of blood, until I well knew its chemical constituents at all ages. I made searching analytical examinations of all kinds of food, and also of a large variety of medicinal herbs and roots.

"I gradually elaborated a system which enabled me to counteract the change in the corpuscles of the blood, which we call age. I found I could restore the blood to its normal condition in youth. I could not turn the tide of time backwards and obliterate changes already scored upon the body, but I could hold my own against it, and prevent the years from scoring new marks upon me.

"In many respects I found it desirable to prevent the changes in my blood, which pointed towards old age and death, by withholding the disturbing elements so often introduced in improper food and impure air. With my utmost care in these matters, however, I found it impossible for me to dispense wholly with the use of chemical solvents adapted to the specific condition of the blood. A chemical analysis of a few drops of my blood showed when the specific remedies were needed. They were always safe and certain. I soon found it as not more difficult for me to preserve my youthful appearance, with all of my youthful vigor, than it is for people generally to preserve ordinary health.

CHAPTER TWENTY-FIVE.

"Although my chemical studies had cost me considerable, I still had a thousand dollars at the end of each year, which I always invested in favorably located suburban lots. I enjoyed my four hours of daily study, and did not stop it after I had made my discovery.

"I took up other scientific branches, and pursued them with no other object except to gratify my appetite for knowledge. My discovery, for reasons which were satisfactory to me, I kept rigidly secret.

"I retained my place in Mr. Golding's store for several years after that. One day, while I was engaged as usual at my counter, a businesslike man stepped up to me and said:

"'Are you—' he hesitated for a moment as if trying to recall my name, and as I did not help him out with it, he continued 'the young man from Wyoming?'

"I suppose someone about the store had referred to me by that name.

"'Yes, sir,' I replied, 'and my name is Lessingham.'

"'Ah, yes, excuse me; I recall it now,' he replied, speaking with a decided German accent. 'You own a farm, I believe, beyond the Swamp?'

"I answered, 'I do.'

"'What price do you ask for it?' said he.

"'I have not fixed a price upon it,' I replied, 'as I have not put it in the market.'

"'Not sell at any price?' said he, smiling.

"I laughed as I replied, 'I don't hold it so stiff as that. Money will buy it.'

"'How much?' said he.

"'I am not prepared to name a price to-day,' said I.

"'Well,' he replied, 'I not care much for it, only I have some land just beyond it, and if we put both pieces together it would make quite a big farm. Maybe I turn farmer.' He smiled a very engaging smile; 'perhaps you buy mine?'

"'Very well,' said I, 'what will you take for yours?'

"He was evidently hardly prepared for the question, as he probably thought I was not prepared to buy, but he added hesitatingly, 'I think I ought to have as much as twenty thousand dollars.'

"'I will give you twenty thousand dollars,' I replied without hesitation. I knew the land very well, the extent of it, and the owner, and knew it was worth twice that.

"He winced a little. 'I not say I would take that; I must consider more. Now what you take for yours?'

"'I think,' said I, 'I ought to have as much as a hundred thousand dollars for mine.'

"'I give you a hundred thousand,' said he.

"'I only said I ought to have as much as that,' I replied, laughing; 'but seriously, Mr. Astor, I don't want to sell my farm at present.'

"'How do you know my name?' he asked.

"'A great many people know you,' said I.

"'Well,' said he, with a shrewd twinkle in his eye, 'I send somebody else to make a bargain with you next time.'

"'It is not at all necessary,' I replied; 'when I want to sell I shall be happy to deal with you.'

"'With a quick 'Good-bye,' he went away.

"A few days after that I learned that the City Council had determined to fill up the hollow swamp between my farm and the city, and open new streets in that direction. It may be Mr. Astor knew this when he called. In due time the city did fill up the hollow and the swamp, and streets were opened across my farm. For the land thus taken I received a fair compensation from the city. My land was now all laid out in building lots, and I perceived that my real estate business would take so much time that I could not remain in Mr. Golding's store. I therefore, with considerable regret, relinquished my place behind the counter.

"Within a year I had sold one-third of my building lots for a hundred thousand dollars. This money I put into six per cent. government bonds. During the time I had owned the farm, which was only fifteen years, the population of the city had increased from less than thirty thousand to over seventy-eight thousand. It was still rapidly increasing. I advanced the price on the remainder of my lots, and did not make haste to sell.

"Previous to the time I made my discovery I had a letter

CALEB CONOVER RAILROADER



A STORY OF LOVE, POLITICS, INTRIGUE, OF A RICH & POWERFUL BOSS AND AN INTREPID YOUNG REFORMER.

ALBERT PAYSON TERHUNE.

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"Allright! Let him go! Never mind the hat."

Dunderberg, his head free, leaped forward as from a catapult. Master and man thundered away down the drive, and were swallowed in the blackness. The double roar of flying hoofs grew fainter, then was lost in the solemn hush of the autumn night.

CHAPTER XXV.

Dunderberg Solves the Difficulty.

CLIVE STANDISH had spent the evening at the Clive League headquarters, awaiting reports of the day's battle. The rooms were full of the League's minor candidates and officials, with a fair sprinkling of women. Anice Lanier, chaperoned by her aunt, with whom she now lived, was there, her high color and the light in her big eyes alone betraying the fearful suspense under which she labored. The belated returns, which should have been telegraphed at once to the League headquarters, were still fur-

ther delayed by the fact that the one wire now running into town had been preempted by Conover. Hence, it was not until well after one o'clock that Clive received definite news of his own election. Throngs of friends and supporters had, on receipt of the final figures, flocked about him with congratulations and good wishes. To all he had given seeming heed, yet among the crush he saw but one face, read in one pair of brown eyes the praise and infinite gladness he sought.

And as soon as he could be detached with Anice and her aunt for the latter's home, where a little supper for three was to celebrate the victory.

They formed a jolly trio about the dainty supper table. Late as it was, all were too excited to feel sleepy or wish to curtail by one minute the little feast of triumph.

"To the next Governor of the Mountain State!" proclaimed Anice solemnly, as she lifted her glass. "To be drunk standing and with—No, no, Clive," she reported as the Governor-elect also rose. "You mustn't drink it. It's—"

"I'm not going to," retorted Standish indignantly. "I'm getting up to look for a dictionary."

"But what on earth—"

"I want to find the feminine for Governor. And—"

A whirr of the telephone bell broke in on his explanation.

"Some stupid political message for you," hazarded Anice, taking down the receiver. "Yes, this is 318 R. Yes. Yes, this is Miss La—Oh!" with a changed intonation, "Mrs. Conover?"

A longer pause. Then Anice gave a little exclamation of sympathy, listened a moment and said:

"Yes, we will come at once. But I hope you'll find it's not as bad as you think. Don't break down. I'm sure it will be all right."

"What is it?" asked Clive and her aunt in a breath.

"I'm not quite sure," answered the girl. "He was so upset I could hardly understand her. Besides, the wires are still in bad condition. But it seems some accident or injury has happened to her husband. Gerald is

away, and there is no one the poor woman can turn to so she telephoned for me. And Clive, she wants to know

from 'Cretia, stating that the Legislature of Pennsylvania had confirmed the titles of the old settlers, and Obed had obtained a patent. With a perfect title their land had become marketable and they had determined to sell out and go to Ohio. They had purchased a large farm on the river in the immediate vicinity of a small village called Cincinnati, and were doing well.

CHAPTER TWENTY-SIX.

"I now concluded to build a dwelling house for myself upon one of the most elevated of my lots. I had ideas of my own about it, but I consulted with a skillful, practical builder. I told him in making the plans the first consideration must be the health of the occupants; second, adaptation to the uses I have for it; third, general convenience. To attain these ends no expense must be spared. In other respects strict economy must be used. The outside must be in plain good taste. The inside must be finished with the best materials. Floors and walls must be such as can easily be cleaned. In arrangements for heating, ventilation and sewage, expense must not be spared. Arrangements for water must include an apparatus to distill all that is needed for cooking and drinking. There must be no useless splendor or gaudy superfluities. I added to the architect, in general terms: 'In all you do never forget that the health of the occupants demand, in living rooms and sleeping rooms, a full supply of pure, life-giving air.'

"Nothing makes destructive changes in the blood more rapidly than foul air. How could it be otherwise? The blood circulating in the thin films of the lungs is every moment in chemical action with the air which we breathe into the air cells. In sleep especially, when so many important life processes are going on, pure air must be abundantly supplied.

"As to water, that is nature's great solvent. It will take up every impurity within its reach. It will harbor myriads of animalcules of many kinds. It will hold in solution substances which will produce the most injurious chemical changes in the human system; some rapid—then we call it poison; some slow—then we call it chronic disease. It is a potent deceiver: it looks so innocent when it is bringing to us the seeds of death. It must always be watched, and when it needs it, purified. The surest purifier is the still.

"My house was erected on a corner lot, and on the other end of the lot I built a comfortable tenant house. I hired a professional male cook, who moved his family into the tenant house. His wife took charge of my chamber work. I also had a suitable man to attend to the fires and such other service as I needed.

"I soon taught my cook that no highly seasoned, unhealthy food was required on my table, but that it must be supplied with the freshest and best fruits, vegetables and meats that the market afforded. I could then select the kinds which I knew my system most needed. My cook also found that 'cleanliness was next to Godliness' in my household. I occasionally took a look into the kitchen myself, and no dirty corner escaped my eyes. I talked in a pleasant manner to him, but he well understood how I wanted my work done, and that it must be done so. The house-cleaning, which some men dread so much, came oftener than is usual in my house. No seeds of malaria or poisonous particles were allowed to harbor about the floors or walls. I knew pretty well how to combat such destructive elements as reached my blood, but I considered it much easier and safer to keep them out.

(To be continued.)



"To the next Governor of the Mountain State!"

If you won't come, too, please, go. You're the only relative she has. And she's so unhappy."

"Just as you wish," acceded Standish, with no great willingness, "but I'll be sorry to have to-night's happiness marred by another row with Conover."

"I gather from what she says he is in no condition for a 'row' with anyone. I told her we'd come at once. Please hurry, dear. I hate to think of that frightened little woman trying to meet any sort of a crisis alone."

In the great, comfortable drawing-room of the Mausoleum, on a couch hastily pushed into the centre of the room under the chandelier, lay Caleb Conover, Railroader. Two doctors, who had been working over him, had now drawn back a few paces and were conferring in grave undertones. At the foot of the couch, clad only in nightgown and slippers, as she had been aroused from bed, her sparse hair tight-clumped in a semicircle of kid-curlers, Mrs. Conover crouched in a moaning, rocking heap. Scared, whispering groups of servants blocked the doorways or peered curiously in from behind curtains. The air was thick with the pungent smell of antiseptics.

The Railroader, lying motionless beneath the unshaded glare of a half-dozen gas-jets, was swathed of head and bandaged of arm. He was coatless, and his shirt and waistcoat were thrown open disclosing his mighty chest. Across the couch-end his feet, still booted and spurred, protruded stiffly as a mannikin's.

It was upon this scene that Anice and Clive entered. At sight of the girl, Mrs. Conover scrambled to her feet, and with a wild outburst of scared sobs, scuttled forward to meet her, the bedside slippers shuffling and sliding grotesquely along the polished floor. Anice took the panic-stricken, weeping creature into her arms and whispered what words of comfort and encouragement she could.

Meanwhile Clive, not desiring to break in on the doctor's conference, turned to the doorway again and asked a question of one of the servants. For reply the groom, Giles, was thrust forward and obliged to repeat, with dolorous function, for the tenth time within an hour, the story of the accident.

"You see, sir," he said, lowering his voice as though in the room with a corpse, "Mr. Conover sent word for me to ride with him. We started off at a dead run, and my horse couldn't noways keep up with Dunderberg, so I follows along behind as fast as I could, but I couldn't keep up to the right distance between us to save me. Mr. Conover turns out of the drive, up Pompton Av'n'oo, sir, and on post the Mumason place, me a-followin' as fast as I could. All of a sudden I catches up. It's in that dark, woody patch of road just this side the quarries. The way I happens to catch up is because Dunderberg was havin' one of them tantrums of his an' Mr. Conover was givin' it to him for all he was worth, crop an' spur, an' Dunderberg a-whirlin' around and passagin' an' tryin' his best to rear. An' every time that horse's forelegs goes up in the air Mr. Conover'd bring his fist down between his ears an' down'd come Dunderberg on all-fours again. They was takin' up all the road, wide as it is, an' Dunderberg was lashin' an' plungin' like he was crazy, an' Mr. Conover stickin' on like he was glued there an' sendin' in the spurs and the whacks of the crop till you'd 'a' thought he'd kill the brute. Then, Dunderberg makes a dive ahead an' gets out alongside the quarry-pit an' tries to rear again. Right on the edge of the pit."

"Yes," said Clive excitedly, as the groom paused, "and then?"

"Why, sir, I can't rightly tell, the light was bad. If it'd been anyone else but Mr. Conover, I'd say he lost his nerve, an' when Dunderberg reared up he forgot to bring him down like he'd done those other times, or maybe he did hit the horse between the ears again an' didn't hit hard enough. Anyhow, over goes Dunderberg backward—clean fifteen feet drop—into the quarry. An' Mr. Conover under him. An' then—"

But Clive had moved away. The doctors had finished their consulta-

tion, and one of them—Dr. Hawes, the Conover family physician—had again approached that silent figure on the couch.

At sight of Standish the second-doctor came forward to meet him.

"No," he whispered, reading the unspoken question in Clive's face, "no

possible hope. He can't last over an hour longer at most. Another man, crushed as he was, would have been killed at once. As it is, he probably won't recover consciousness. Nothing but his tremendous vitality holds the shreds of life in him so long as this."

"Does his wife know—?"

"She is not in a state to be told. I wish we could persuade her to leave the room. Perhaps Miss Lanier—"

A gesture from Dr. Hawes drew them toward the couch.

"He is coming to his senses," said the family physician, adding under his breath, so that only his colleague and Clive could hear; "It is the final rally. Not one man in a thousand—"

But Clive had caught Anice's eye and beckoned her to lead Mrs. Conover to the side of the couch.

The Railroader's face, set like carved granite, began to twitch. The rigid mouth relaxed its set whiteness and the eyelids flickered. Mrs. Conover, at these signs of life, prepared for a fresh attack of hysteria, but a gentle, firm pressure of Anice's hand in hers forestalled the outburst. With an aggrieved look at the girl, Letty again turned her scared attention to her husband.

Dr. Hawes was bending once more over the prostrate man, seeking to employ a restorative. Now he rose, and as he did so, Caleb's eyes opened.

There was no bewilderment, no surprise nor pain in the calm glance that swept his garish surroundings.

"Is he suffering?" whispered Anice.

"Or—?"

"Horribly," returned Dr. Hawes in the same tone. "He—"

The shrewd, pale eyes that scorned to show trace of physical or mental anguish, slowly took in the group beside the couch, resting first on the two physicians, then on Anice Lanier.

As he saw and recognized Anice the first change came over the dying man's hard-set features. A look of perplexity that merged into glad surprise lighted his whole face, smoothing from it with magic touch every line of care, thought or 'ime; transfiguring it into the countenance of a happy boy. Long he sought and held her sympathetic glance, that look of youth and gladness growing and deepening on his face, while all around stood silent and marvelling.

It was Mrs. Conover who broke the spell.

"Oh, Caleb!" she wailed querulously, "you said no horse could get the better of you. And now—"

At her words the beatific light was gone from Conover's eyes. In its stead came a gleam of grim, ironical amusement. Then his gaze travelling past Anice to Clive Standish, his brows contracted in a frown of displeasure. But this, too, faded. The swathed head settled lower among the cushions, the powerful body seemed to shrink and flatten. The eyes closed, and Conover lay very still.

His wife, divining for the first time the actual state of affairs, flung herself forward on her knees beside the silent figure, her sobbing scaling to a crescendo cry of terror.

Slowly Caleb Conover opened his eyes. Reluctantly, as though drawn back by sheer force from the very threshold of the wide portals of Rest, his spirit paused for an instant longer in its earthly abode—paused and flared up, as a dying spark, in the Railroader's stiffening face.

For a moment his eyes—already wide with the awful mystery of the Beyond—strayed over his kneeling wife; over the sparse locks bunched up in that halo of kid curlers; over the pudgy shape so mercilessly outlined by the sheer nightgown; over the tear-swollen red eyes, the blotched cheeks, the quivering, pursed-up mouth.

"Letty," he panted, in tired disgust, "you look—more like a measly rabbit—every day!"

Then, as though another and better thought had entered his darkening mind, he reached out his hand toward his wife, whether to signify a sentiment of protection or a desire for help no one could divine, but it fell inertly to his side and the soul of this masterful man passed behind the veil of time.

THE END.

NORWAY WATCHBOYS.

Told the Farmers of the Approach of Schools of Fish.

It is common enough to see a boy watching cattle to keep them from straying, and in days not so very long gone by it was no unusual thing for a boy to be set to keep the birds off the crops; but a watchboy whose duty it is to keep a lookout for a school of fish and who sits in a sentry box sets upon stilts is not an everyday sight. This particular kind of watchboy is Norwegian, the scene of his labors being the shores of some fiord of his native land.

His little sentry box is made of wood and perched high upon posts. Here the lad sits, gazing out across the arm of the sea, using his keen eyes for the benefit of the farmers who are depending upon him to give the alarm when a school of fish shall appear. They work contentedly enough in their fields secure in their belief that their watchboy will let them know when it is time to reap a harvest from the sea instead of from the land.

When the signal is given they leave their work, throw their big nets over their shoulders and hurry off to their boats.

Sentry boxes similar to those employed in Norway were in use among the fishermen on the shores of the Mediterranean, and it is supposed that the vikings brought back with them from some of their piratical raids the idea that has been put in practice ever since.