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ANDREW CARNEGIE.

How I Made My First $1000.

Choose at random almost any self-made American millionaire, get if you can his real life-story, and in studying it you will find that the hardest part of the work of building a great fortune is the laying of the foundation,—the first $1000.

Andrew Carnegie, for instance, spent perhaps the best years of his life accumulating his first $1000,—years of hard, constant work. He began saving pennies at the age of twelve, but not until he was thirty did he stand forth owing no man and owning $1000.

On the twenty-fifth of November last Mr. Carnegie celebrated his sixty-first birthday by making himself a present of a $1,000,000 plot of ground, two blocks long, on Fifth Avenue. Here he intends to spend another $1,000,000 building a "plain, roomy, comfortable home," to be presented to his daughter two years hence.

Since that proud day thirty-one years ago when he deposited the thousandth dollar,—the corner-stone of his present $25,000,000 fortune,—in the bank at Pittsburg, Mr. Carnegie has become the largest manufacturer and exporter of steel products, and one of the largest employers in this country.

The steel and coke companies of which he is the head, and, as such, the controller of $60,000,000 capital, include seven distinct plants within seven miles of Pittsburg, and 40,000 acres of coal lands in the Connellsville district. He employs 15,000 men in the steel works, in mines and in transportation. His monthly pay-roll exceeds $1,125,000, or nearly $50,000 for each working day.

Orator and essayist, he is besides, the author of three books of noticeable success. Vexed if called a philanthropist, he has given Pittsburg a $1,000,000 library, and has promised to spend $4,000,000 more in the city in which he has made his fortune. For libraries in other Pennsylvania towns he has given another $1,000,000, and to Scotland, his native land, half a million.

"Everything comes to him who works while he waits" is one of Mr. Carnegie's mottoes. Waiting, but working meanwhile, he began laying up his first $1,000 while making $1,20 a week as "bobbin-boy" in a cotton-mill in Allegheny City. His father, mother, younger brother and himself,—the family,—had just come from Scotland, and had hardly got their two-room house "to rights" when "Andy" brought in his first contribution to the family earnings. But the lad of twelve was doing a grown man's work, finding his way to the mill and beginning on his bobbin while it was still dark outside, every morning except Sunday, and working until after dark every evening, with only forty minutes interval at noon.

Seven steps above this, eight steps in all, he had to climb before he finally put that thousandth dollar in bank.

The second step was made in his thirteenth year. He became a dummy-engine tender in a bobbin factory, also in Allegheny City. But his work there was even harder than in the cotton-mill; for he was put to firing the boiler in the cellar, as well as to tending the little engine which ran the machinery.

The full responsibility of keeping the water at the right temperature, and of running that little engine, the danger of making one mistake that would bring the building crashing down upon him;—he stood the strain and this worry very bravely, for one reason, namely: that he was contributing $2.50 a week toward the expenses of the Carnegie household. Even then he managed to keep out a few pennies every week for himself, and, instead of spending them, put them away in a bureau drawer that was all his own.

After months in the cellar he was at last promoted to the office, and his income increased to three dollars a week. As he was skillful with figures, and could write a legible, schoolboy hand, he became his employer's only clerk, making out bills and keeping crude accounts, Thus he stood firmly on the third step, and nickels instead of pennies were deposited in the bureau drawer bank.

The fourth step, at the age of fourteen, brought him into a new realm. The family had moved to Pittsburg, and here he found a "job" as messenger boy. A stranger in the city, his great anxiety was that he might lose his position because he knew so little about the name and addresses of the men for whom telegrams came pouring in.

He spent the evenings, therefore, wandering up and down the streets, and before long he could start at the head of any given street and, with his eyes shut, name every firm on either side all the way down. He was now earning only a percentage on each message delivered or called for. When, at the end of the week, the amount exceeded $3.50 he added the surplus to the fund in the drawer; when less, he drew on the private bank to make up the deficit.

While he sat on the bench in the office, waiting his turn, the other boys talked, but "Andy" listened to the click of the telegraph instrument. At last one of the men taught him the mysterious alphabet, and very soon he became one of the very few persons in the United States who could take messages by ear,—at that time extraordinary.

This led to his taking the fifth step. He was made an operator, and his salary became enormous, —$25 a month. With this he could and would take almost entire care of the whole family. But how was he to pay the bills and save money—even a little,—at the same time?

One evening, reading as usual, he came across the words "extra compensation for extra work." He began thinking. The six newspapers in Pittsburg were receiving their telegraphic news in common. Six copies of each dispatch were made by the operator at the next table, who received six dollars a week for the work. The next day the ambitious young Carnegie told the six-dollar man that he, "Andy," would copy the dispatches for one dollar a week. The offer was accepted, and thus a hundred cents a week went into the bureau drawer.

One day a locomotive came bellowing over new tracks into a new station, bringing the first train over the Pennsylvania Railroad into Pittsburg. The Superintendent rushed over to the telegraph office, and gave Carnegie a message to wire to the General Manager at Altoona.

The operator, who was then only sixteen, clicked of the message as fast as the Superintendent talked. Later, when the Pennsylvania strung a wire of its own, that Superintendent chose "Andy" as "clerk and operator," and subsequently as train-dispatcher, at $35 a month.

What a fortune was this to come with his sixth step upward! The family, with money from other sources, was doing nicely with his $300 a year; but here was $420,—tremendous sum! One Saturday night the hoard in the drawer was augmented by a whole two-dollar bill, later by a crisp five-dollar note, and finally $10 were deposited in a lump. Thus, by dint of "Andy's" persistent work did the Carnegie family rise.

With the seventh step Andrew Carnegie became a shareholder in the Adams Express Company, and for the first time he earned money by other means than work. He was told that a man had died who owned ten shares of the Express Company stock, and that shares could be had for $60 each. Carnegie, then past twenty, jumped at the opportunity. But how was he to get the $600?

He went home, and the family, in joint session, decided that the brave son must be given a start. They had bought a home in order to save rent. Mr. Carnegie's recollection is that the house cost $800; anyway, they mortgaged it, and thus, with what "Andy" took from his bureau drawer, the $600 worth of shares were paid for in cash. The Express Company was then paying monthly dividends of one per cent. The day on which he received his check for the first two months' dividend "Andy" understood that he was a capitalist.

Mr. Carnegie remained with the Pennsylvania Railroad for thirteen years. The important incident, the eighth step, which led to "his first $1000," occurred on a train as it rushed toward Altoona. A tall gaunt man, who looked like a farmer, came and sat beside Mr. Carnegie, and handed him a model of the first sleeping-car. The tall, gaunt man was Mr. Woodruff. Instantly Carnegie understood its value. He took it to his employer and friend, the Superintendent of the road, and a contract was made with the inventor, who thereupon offered Carnegie a share in the enterprise. He accepted; but to his dismay he was told that his first monthly payment would be $217.50.

Perplexed yet determined, he went to the local banker, who knew him well, and boldly asked for the loan, declaring that he would return the money in small monthly payments. The banker agreed, and Mr. Carnegie signed his first note.

The receipts from his sleeping-car investment more than covered his monthly payments due at the bank, and within two years Andrew Carnegie, free of debt, had to his credit in that bank his first $1000.

SENATOR DEPEW'S SEAT.

Chauncey Depew will probably feel much at home in the senate. it has been announced that a seat has already been selected for him, and its location has been given, but the important significance of the selection has not been remarked. The greatest delicacy and regard for the fitness of things is always observed in matters pertaining to the arrangements of the senate.

The habits of many dinners cling lovingly about the new senator from New York. If he had been given a remote seat in the senate chamber, along the outer edge or grouped with the common assemblage, he would have felt out of place. The seat of honor is always his at table. There is no seat of honor in the senate—or all are seats of honor—but long continued custom has its influence upon the mind, and he was given a seat, therefore, just at the right of the presiding officer, where he is sure to be at home.

This delicacy of consideration was carried even further. He was surrounded by a group of the most gifted and brilliant talkers in the senate, among whom he will shine forth as a star of most peculiar brilliancy. Assembled about him will be Foraker, Spooner, Beveridge and Kean, and the little triangular section at the right of the vice president will be known as the temple of eloquence.

Spooner and Foraker were regarded as the best speakers in the senate during the last congress. Beveridge's reputation as an orator is national, and he sailed into the senate on the wings of eloquence by a quicker flight than Depew. Kean is an elegant, smooth and poetic talker, who charms by the softness of his speech, elevates by his poetic fancy and thrills by an outburst of eloquence at the close. Though he and Beveridge, as well as Depew, will on the assembling of congress, appear for the first time in the senate, they will not come as strangers.

With such environments Depew's time in the senate promises to pass as agreeably as an endless round of dinners all at the speech making period of the repast.—Washington Star.

One man is probably just as good as another, but he usually considers himself a little better.

WEIGHT OF KAFIR CORN.

We are indebted to Prof. John W. Fields, Director of the Oklahoma Experiment Station, for the following article on Kafir corn. It is a leading crop in some sections of the west. We saw a nice lot growing on the farm of Eli M. Peck near Emmaville, this county, a year or two ago. From the appearance of that, there would not seem to be any reason why the farmers of Fulton county might not produce it to advantage.

"A bushel of Kafir corn, fairly well cleaned, weighs 56 pounds, and this is the legal weight adopted in Kansas; but this point has not been passed upon in Oklahoma. The above is pretty generally known, but what weight of heads is neccessary to make a bushel of grain, and how to ascertain the amount of grain in the heads by measurements are questions very frequently asked. The last two questions are not so easily answered and considerable judgment must be exercised in each case in determining the proper answers. Are the heads with stems from eight to twelve inches long, containing more or less leaves, or are they cut close and free of trash? Are the heads, to be measured, lying loose in a box, or have they been tramped in or settled by a long haul? Refering to data obtained in thrashing out several hundred bushels of Kafir corn from weighed heads, and extending through several seasons, the percentage of grain in a hundred pounds of heads varies from 20 to 35 per cent. This would mean from seventy-five to eighty pounds of heads are required to produce a bushel of grain. The average runs about 30 per cent., or eighty pounds of heads to produce a bushel of grain. The maximum amount was obtained in a case where the heads were extra large and well developed, cut close and well cured. The minimum amount of grain was obtained where the heads were rather small with long stems, and not well cured having some leaves among them. The past fall the station has received some 200 bushels of Kafir corn in the heads, and the heads were weighed before and the grain after thrashing. Eighty pounds of the heads were required to produce fifty-six pounds of grain, with very little variation.

"Roughly, every two inches in a common box, "120 inches by 36 inches by 41 inches deep," contained one bushel of grain. This determination was made with but one man's Kafir, consisting of seven loads. In this case it was tramped in the wagon as loaded, and then hauled several miles."

An old citizen of Juniata county tells the Mifflinburg Herald a story of the old pine tree in the Concord Narrows that once marked the place of meeting of the four counties of Franklin, Huntingdon, Juniata and Perry. A sturdy Path Valley teamster had his watch stolen and afterward caught the thief in the Narrows near the tree that then marked the corners of the four counties. Tying the culprit to the tree, the teamster proceeded to castigate him, walking around it while the operation went on. Thus the whipping was administered in four counties. The whippee afterward tried to prosecute the whipper in all four counties, but succeeded in none. Another story from the same sonrce, is that of a man named Leaston who lived in a house in the same neighborhood, partly in Franklin and partly in Perry county. A Fannett township constable tried to serve a warrant on Leaston, but he stepped from his dining room in Franklin county to his kitchen in Perry and was safe.

Two appeals have been filed in the office of the Clerk of the Courts of Franklin county, against the extension of the borough of Mercersburg, provided for by an ordinance recently passed by the council of that borough. The plot for the new lines were filed on Nov. 21st by H. H. Spangler, Esq., attorney for the borough. The appeals by J. C. Reed, whose paper is signed by a dozen other property owners, and from John F. Snyder. The appeals are from freeholders whose property would be taken into the borough by the enlargement of the limits.

SERVES HIM RIGHT.

Old Jealousy, editor of a newspaper published up north, growls because a young couple kissed and hugged each other at midnight in the passenger depot in his town "right before a lot of unwilling spectators" who were waiting for a train, and says they were Hobsonizing each other. "Great ginger!" exclaims one of our exchanges in commenting upon the incident. What are young people for anyway? If the spectators were 'unwilling' why didn't they put their hands over their faces and look through their fingers? Why didn't they go outside and give the young folks a chance? He says the hugging and kissing were disgusting, but we don't believe it. It was delightful and we'll bet on it. Then the pessimist threatens to give the names of the couple in print. We never saw the editor, but we picture him as a lank, dried up, wizened-faced, cadaverous galoot, an old bachelor or a tyrant of a husband. Hook-nosed, green-eyed, bald-headed, one leg shorter than the other, one shoulder down, eats onions and smokes cubebs. Must have been raised on a bottle. We'll bet the dogs are afraid of him. Kicking in the nineteenth century because the train was late. Suppose the train hadn't come at all? Suppose that poor couple had to stay in the depot two weeks waiting for a train? Going to have them sit back like bumps on a log, eye each other and never show their love, just because an old warped, leather-lunged editor with egg on his chin and cold pancake in his craw was one 'unwilling spectator,' ain't ye? Don't understand the inscrutable fascination of surreptitious osculatory co-operative juxtaposition, doyou? Never palpitated tumultuously owing to the opalescent scintillation of a pair of unsophisticated cerulean blue optics, did ye? Never indulged in nocturnal responsive, interchangeable hallucinatory embracing. did ye? Don't understand the intricate peregrinations and metaplasm psychic investigation and inebriant sinuosity of human telepathy, can ye? Oh, no, you old impecunious, rhombohedra, irascible, antiquated, inexorable caluminating quill jabber! You peevish old villifying, diabolical, acrimonious ink slinger! You satirical, old pig-headed, insidious, hollow-chested Cape Cod traducer! Confound it, why couldn't you let 'em hug?"—Windom Reporter.

Philadelphia is in high feather. She has captured the Republican national convention. Chicago is correspondingly despondent, and her newspapers are voicing the cheap witted utterances of jealousy that indicate a narrow nature. The convention will meet June 19th and its sessions will be held in the big auditorium of the National Export Exposition, which will be enlarged so as to seat 15,000 people. The Republicans declare that they feel so sure of victory that they can afford to have the convention in a Republican state. It is of great advantage also to the administration to have the meeting so near the capitol. The ticket is practically made up, although there may be some kind of a slip on the vice presidency. Mr. McKinley will be renominated for president and Elihu Root, secretary of war, is scheduled to be named for vice president. The platform will be largely upon lines laid down in the president's message. The day after the selection for the place of meeting was made the Philadelphia hotels were deluged with applications for rooms, some delegations calling for entire floors, the Associated Press securing thirty rooms and one New York newspaper alone more than that number. Headquarters will be established at the Hotel Walton.

The high hats are a great trial to men behind them in the theater, but a great convenience to the men who are behind them in church, when they want to take a quiet little nap.

Wood tar is still made as it was in 400 B. C. A bark is chosen and a hole dug, into which the wood is placed, covered with turf. A fire is lighted underneath, and the tar slowly drips into barrels to receive it.

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