

FLIGHT OF PUP SHEA

The Surprise He Experienced In the Upper Air.

By ALFRED C. PICKELLS.
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"Pup" Shea woke up. As far as his vigilance over his wireless apparatus was concerned, it mattered little whether he had dozed twenty minutes or all day. The day was that kind which puts wireless stations on land temporarily out of commission. A half hour before and at like intervals during the morning he had been unable to hear anything but the sputtering of atmospheric electricity.

"8-0-8" It may or may not have been meant for the distress signal—the letters were so long drawn out. Pup waited. Presently his own call, "Qn," broken and mingled with a confusion of sounds, came struggling through the receiver, and finally a long rumble of nature's electricity that destroyed any semblance of code signals.

Pup thought of the high power station at Cape Hatteras and without waiting longer switched in the sending apparatus. He repeated "Ha" many times, slowly and distinctly, and again changed over and listened. Except for the same sputtering and jumble of letters there was no response, and once more, after adjusting for all the power his station was capable of, he sent Hatteras' call rushing through space.

The unusually loud crackling of the sending outfit brought Shultz from the engine room.

"What's the matter, Pup?" asked the chief, wiping the black engine grease from his hands with a ball of waste. Pup repeated what he had heard.

Shultz's face became serious. "It's worth looking to, anyhow," he said. "I'll go over to the signal station and see if I can get Hatteras on the wire."

He returned in a short time and said: "It's all right, Pup. There ain't no business offshore. Hatteras says he's been trying to talk to Diamond shoals lightship all morning, but he can get



A VESSEL LAY FAR OUT AT SEA.

nothing through. And if they can't work in that short distance we might as well take a vacation. But never mind, Pup," he added teasingly, lapping his assistant on the shoulder; "you'll get your opportunity yet. Somebody's always doing something startling."

Cape Henry was to be the scene of a balloon ascension and a parachute cap that afternoon, an event which had awakened more than the ordinary interest in Pup. In his varied career he had handled balloons, once assisting his elder brother, who did not only fly air, but, according to Pup, high grade, acts in a valve balloon with which, when the upper currents permitted, he ascended and descended several times for the amusement of his spectators before he made the final cap in his parachute. Then, too, Pup had served an enlistment in the signal corps balloon squad of the army, and, though the total experience was confined to manual labor on terra firma, the presence of a kindred subject magnified his knowledge, and he surveyed the preparations with the critical eye of an authority and discoursed upon aeronautics among his associates.

At the conclusion of his watch at the station Pup strolled over to the casino. A glance at the balloon attendants told Pup that something had gone amiss, and, diving under the ropes, he asked, "Where's Flynn?"

"Too much heat," came the immediate reply. "They got him over there." In the casino office Pup found that the professor had been returned to consciousness, but that he had been made too weak to attempt an ascent.

"I guess it's up to you to make a speech," he said when later he and the casino manager emerged from the office and walked across the lower portion to the balloon inclosure.

"We're in a devil of a fix, Pup, that's ure," replied the manager, glancing at the crowd. He seemed undecided or the moment.

While he pondered over the matter Pup surveyed the balloon tugging at its ropes, then suddenly turned to the manager. "Mr. O'Keane," he said, "let me pull the show off for you."

"I know you sailors have the nerve to do all sorts of stunts, but you're up against it hard when you tackle a balloon."

"That's all right," replied Pup, unrolling his clipplings, but I ain't green a balloons. Glance over them."

O'Keane glanced, and when he read Pup's army papers he said: "That's a big temptation, Pup. You'd save the day for us."

It was agreed that Pup should make the ascent, then descend to within a few hundred feet of the earth with the

open valve before making the parachute leap.

Pup hurried across to the station. When he returned he was clad in a brilliant red bathing suit, and he took his place on the double bars of the trapeze, eager and confident.

O'Keane grasped his hand. "I appreciate this, Pup," he said warmly. "Keep your nerve and be careful. All ready?"

Pup nodded. The ropes were released, and he sailed rapidly skyward. Below, the pilotboat, which had agreed to come after him in case he went offshore, was heading in his direction. It seemed down there as if the world had flattened out, making a great level map. Old Point Comfort, Norfolk, Virginia Beach and Cape Charles were all in view, and he unslung his marine glasses. As he adjusted them and turned them first on the cape and red and black double squares of the United States hurricane signal flashed back at him through the lenses. It had been hoisted since his ascent, and he glanced skyward anxiously. Overhead there were long mare's tails and in the northeast a rapidly gathering thickness. He had been stationed on that coast long enough to know its signs, and this one had proved its truth.

The westerly breeze had died out. Seeing the pilotboat almost beneath him, Pup grasped the valve rope to begin his descent when a few isolated bits of sea came from out of the northeast, a puff of air fanned his cheeks, and the balloon swung slowly around, facing him eastward. At the sight which met his astonished gaze his eyes widened, and he exclaimed, "Holy Mike!"

Again he unslung his glasses. A vessel lay far out at sea, miles beyond the sea level limit of vision from the coast and even barely visible to his naked eye. But through the magnified view through the glasses he saw that great clouds of smoke were rolling not only from her funnels, but from fore and aft, and an occasional bit of flame leaped through them. At her bows there was no white foam, indicating that the steamer was at a standstill. The few tiny dots to the east and north proved to be small boats filled to their capacity with humanity.

The parachute was the quickest means of descent, and Pup chose it without hesitation. But in his haste to shake it out he let go the rope which held it upright to the trapeze. It ran out swiftly, the canvas toppled over downward, and before he was aware of it he had jerked itself loose from his hands and turning completely over, shot downward through space with the swiftness of an arrow.

His brain whirled for a moment; then, excited and eager to descend, he grasped the valve rope and gave it a violent pull. In an instant, gasping and choking with the air roaring past his ears and the blood rushing to his head, he dropped toward the blue sea.

"There he comes!" The cry came from scores of lips as the spectators saw the parachute start in its descent. But the cheer that broke forth died away to a tense silence. They watched with bated breath while the bit of canvas continued to fall at the same high rate. Then something like a groan filled the air.

"My God, what's the matter?" exclaimed Shultz, turning to the professor. "It doesn't spread out. He'll be killed!"

The professor was already training a pair of glasses on the parachute. "He is not in there," he said. "He must have dropped it."

As he spoke the big sphere dropped suddenly, and he swiftly watched in frightened silence, until within about 200 feet of the earth it slackened its pace and came to a stop. By this time it had drifted farther westward with the shifting wind and was shaping a course for the Chesapeake bay. But they could easily see the red clad figure of Pup on the trapeze.

"A few more pulls on the valve will bring him down," said the professor. "Can you signal?"

Shultz stripped his big navy neckerchief from the collar of his blouse and tied it to a cane.

"He's signaling now," he said, waving an acknowledgment. Then he repeated with a pause between each word: "Passenger—liner—about—hundred—miles—offshore—bearing—east—by—south—on—fire—disabled. Passengers—in—small—boats. Send—help."

Shultz darted across the sandhills to the signal station. In a few moments the news was telegraphed to Norfolk and flying from the signal masts in brilliant colors. The pilotboat barely waited to answer it, then steamed swiftly seaward.

It was nearly an hour before Pup worked the balloon slowly downward. Just as he plunged into the water to escape the collapsing canvas the cruiser "Frazier" raced out the capes, heading eastward.

"See that, Pup!" shouted Shultz as they steadied the surfboat in the sea-way until Pup grasped the gunwale. "Bully for you! What did I tell you this morning?"

Pup scrambled over the side. "Cut it," he said, floundering wrenly into the bottom of the boat. "I guess I've lost my nerve. No more balloons for me."

CANADA HAS NATIONAL PARK.

Almost Entire Eastern Slope of Rockies Now Conserved.

The entire eastern slope of the Rocky mountains from the international boundary northward to just above the fifty-fourth parallel is now reserved by the Canadian government. It will be administered with a view to the proper utilization and reproduction of the forest, the protection of the water supply of the prairie provinces and other related objects.

The area of the district is about 14,000 square miles, of which 4,850 square miles have just been put under reserve for the first time.

What He Lacked. "They tell me," said the innocent maid, "that your marriage was the result of love at first sight. Is it true?" "It is," answered the round shouldered man sadly. "Had I been gifted with second sight I'd still be in the bachelor class"—Chicago Record Herald.

ABERNATHY BOYS MEN IN COURAGE

Teach Self Reliance From Cradle, Says Captain Jack.

CORRAL BEST KINDERGARTEN.

But Youthful Horsemen Will Have Harvard Educations, as Did Roosevelt, Their "Catch 'Em Alive" Father Promises—Trip to Mexico Preliminary Center For Cross Country Ride.

"Teach a boy self reliance from the moment he tumbles out of the cradle, make him keep his traces taut and work well forward in his collar and ninety-nine times out of a hundred his independence will assert itself before he is two years old. Then guide him with a firm but tender hand; instill into him the principles of right and wrong, and the rest is easy. If there is no taint in his blood and he doesn't possess a yellow streak he will develop into a fine man. That's my rule, and if you don't think I've taken the right tack talk to my boys for five minutes and they'll convince you that they are men in principles even if they are babies in years. God bless 'em."

This is the theory of John R. Abernathy, marshal of Oklahoma and father of Louis and Temple Abernathy, the two "kiddies," aged respectively ten and six years, who made a triumphal entrance into New York astride the cow ponies they rode across country from their father's ranch to greet Roosevelt. There are five little Abernathys at home—all girls. And according to their daddy each and every one of them is just as wonderful, just as self reliant and just as grown up as Louis and Temple.

Is Man of Strength.

Marshal Abernathy might best be described as a "great big little man." He is about five feet six, well set up and shows every inch of his height. He is broad of shoulder and tapers down to the perfect V. He shows power, great strength and determination in his every gesture and move. Aside from the wide brimmed, tan colored felt hat there is nothing about him to suggest the man who "catches volves with his bare hands and strangles them to death."

"When Mrs. Abernathy died," said Captain Jack, "I called the children around me and had a heart to heart talk with them. They knew of my frequent and protracted absences from the ranch, so I mapped out the work and gave each his or her task. Each was made to feel that unless they lived up to their part of the work the ranch would go to the devil. Wild horses couldn't have held them back then."

Corral Their Kindergarten.

"Perhaps your boys would have had better educational advantages had they lived in the city?" was suggested. "No, they wouldn't," the captain quickly answered. "They have lived close to nature and they have studied it. Their book learning hasn't suffered either, for they are just as well advanced in their studies. I find, as the average city child of their age."

"Their kindergarten course was obtained in the ranch corral. Horses, dogs, wolf and bear cubs were their playmates from infancy, and their knowledge of the traits and habits of each of these animals is as intimate as my own, and I have been studying them forty-five years."

"Each shall have a college education, Harvard will be their alma mater unless they suffer a change of heart. You know, they fairly worship Colonel Roosevelt, and he is a Harvard man. Anything the colonel does or has done is perfectly all right in their eyes, for next to their daddy he is the greatest man in the world."

Harder Trip Last Year.

Whereas the country at large is amazed at the feat of the boys in riding to New York, Captain Abernathy does not think it as hazardous an undertaking by one-half as the trip to Mexico the boys took last year.

"You see, nothing was written about that trip, and the boys were just as anxious to keep their present movements as secret as they did when going to and from Mexico. Those little chaps bunked in with Indians, brigands and outlaws all down through the alkali country, and not a hair of their little heads was harmed. They weren't afraid for a moment. They returned with more money than they started out with, and they made it all by swapping horses. Can you beat that?"

BURIED TREASURE GOOD "AD"

London Nearly Torn Apart Seeking Sir George Newnes' Gold.

The recent death of Sir George Newnes, proprietor of the Westminster Gazette, founder of the company owning Tit-Bits and the Strand Magazine, and donor of the international chess trophy bearing his name, will recall to many the "buried treasure" method by which he advertised his publications in London a few years ago.

It was announced that a tube containing 500 sovereigns had been buried in some secret place, the clue to which was contained in a story published in the Strand. The resulting excitement can be imagined. All England was turned upside down. Then came the announcement that another deposit of ten lots of £100 each had been made. Something in the story seemed to point to Trafalgar square as the place where the treasure was buried, and the police had to be called out to stop the eager treasure hunters. Houses were pulled down, shops invaded by persons who insisted that they be allowed to burrow under the floors, and traffic was held up while the gold crazy horde measured off distances with tapes.

Finally it looked as if they might tear down the Nelson column. It was then that the police intervened and put a stop to the plan, but the Newnes publications had already gained a tremendous amount of free advertising

CONGRESS GRIEVES FOR KEIFER'S SWALLOWTAIL.

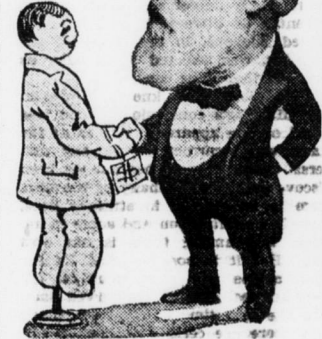
Veteran Ohioan Drops Dress Coat in Everyday Wear For Modern Sack.

The house of representatives gasped as one man recently when General J. Warren Keifer of Ohio, who is known as the only living dress suit statesman, appeared on the floor wearing a simple sack suit. For many years he has, sartorially speaking, turned night into day. A regulation evening swallowtail and a waistcoat cut low enough to show three buttons on a broad expanse of snowy linen have been part of his daylight costume.

General Keifer's new suit is not one of the Kollege Klothes kind. It is sedate in color and conservative in cut.

"I am going out to Ohio in a few days," said he. "The tailor persuaded me that this would prove more comfortable traveling attire than my swallowtail. I will not promise that the change shall be permanent."

Speaker Cannon noted the change with deepest emotion and trusted that



GENERAL KEIFER, FAMED FOR ARCHAIOS ATTIRE, WOOES MODERN CLOTHES.

General Keifer's insurgency would extend no further. General Keifer was speaker in the early days of Mr. Cannon's services in the house.

Representative Stanley of Kentucky said:

"It is eminently proper that General Keifer should appear in his natty garb of gray. He is getting younger all the time. About this time in the next century, I confidently hope to look down upon the youthful general disporting himself in knickerbockers."

KING GETS ALL STURGEON.

Welsh Captain Followed Old Custom With George V.

The Welsh captain who caught a sturgeon in Pwllheli harbor and offered it to King George was doing no more than his duty. His majesty is entitled to every sturgeon landed in the United Kingdom, and one of them, caught in the Thames, graced the festive board at Queen Victoria's wedding banquet. The king also has the right by statute to the head of every whale caught on the coasts of his kingdom.

The tail of the whale is Queen Mary's perquisite, the object of this curious division being that her majesty shall always be well supplied with whalebone, although singularly enough the whalebone is the king's bait. Among other things which the king is entitled to receive are a pair of white doves, a pound of cumlin seed, a pair of scarlet hose and a silver needle from his tailor.

THIS POET IN CLOUDS; HE SINGS OF AVIATION.

A novel poetic contribution to aeronautic literature recently appeared in the Harvard Monthly, signed by J. Gordon Gilkey. It deals with the thoughts of the aviator while sky scudding, as follows:

Over the sea wastes twinkling free,
Above the cities of sleeping below,
In a veil of clouds the airings go
On the top of the winds we never know.
To the lands we never see.

There's a touch and a spark and a thrill,
And I share
The breath of life with my steed of air,
And the lowest clouds rush up and away
As I swing through the night to the bounds of the day.

Althwart the empty blue I rest
On double wings of silk and steel,
Beside me throng the wandering clouds,
And frightened eagles round me wheel.

To wide horizons never crossed
A level path lies clear for me;
Above the slopes of doming sky;
Below, the fields of wrinkled sea.

MANY RULERS ARE SMOKERS.

Cigarettes Lead in Devotees, but Pipe Has Followers.

The late King Edward was a great cigar smoker, but in the privacy of his workshop at Buckingham palace and Sandringham he liked a pipe. King George is also a cigar smoker, but he does not disdain a pipe, for which he formed a liking when he was an active naval officer.

The czar of Russia contents himself with cigarettes. Formerly the kaiser was an inveterate cigar and pipe smoker, but on the advice of his doctors he has almost given up the habit. In spite of his eighty years the Austrian emperor is fond of a pipe, and smoking does not affect his health.

King George of Greece smokes quantities of cigarettes, which he usually throws away half consumed. King Victor Emmanuel is a moderate smoker of cigars and cigarettes. King Peter of Serbia prefers a pipe, a habit he contracted when he was at the military school of St. Cyr.

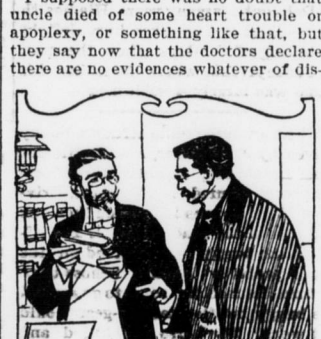
HOW HER FORTUNE CAME.

Also Her Husband, Who Proved an Important Element.

By ANNA BENTLEY.
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May 10. We have all received a dreadful shock. When uncle's valet went to his master's room this morning he found uncle on the floor dead. Poor, dear old man, to die all alone, without any wife or child to soothe his going! If he had only let me live with him I might, at least have been within call at the moment when he was stricken. But, no, though I offered repeatedly to be a daughter to him, he steadily refused, persisting in living alone with no one but servants in the house. But uncle was very eccentric.

I supposed there was no doubt that uncle died of some heart trouble or apoplexy, or something like that, but they say now that the doctors declare there are no evidences whatever of dis-



IT WAS A TREATISE ON POISON.

After talking with you yesterday I went home and, taking up a newspaper, read a detailed report of the doctors who were deputed to analyze the poison found in the case of your late uncle. Suddenly my fingers released their grip on the paper, and it fell to the floor. An idea had flashed upon me. What a singular faculty is memory, and how marvellously it is awakened! I remembered a wet, dismal night a month ago when I was sitting at my desk in the library. A young man, a stranger to me, came in and asked for a rare work of a foreign author. Since it had never been called for before I should not have remembered it except for its rarity. I went to the bookshelves, where I found it covered with dust, took it down and gave it to the stranger.

It was a treatise on poisons. A group of events flashed in my brain had led me to this remembrance. My chats with you as to your uncle's death, all I have heard about it and lastly this report of the doctors—might not that book contain mention of the poison reported by them as having been used to kill your uncle, and might not this in some way connect this stranger with the murder?

I hurried to the library, found the book, which had been returned, and opened it. You remember that the first day you came here I told you how many articles are left carelessly between the leaves of returned books. Well, the book I opened contained an instance of this kind. Or running over the leaves looking for mention of the poison named by the doctors I found lying between two pages devoted to a description of it and its effects a soiled piece of paper. On it was a note written in a peculiar hand referring to the chapter and page on which this poison that killed your uncle was described.

But one thing more remained for me to do to establish my suspicion. I had evidence. I referred to the record of the book's withdrawal and found the name of the person who had withdrawn it, or at least the name he had given. I also found that the book had not been taken out since he had taken it.

The volume, the bit of paper—evidently slipped in between the pages for a mark and forgotten—and the record concerning its withdrawal are now all in the hands of the police. I write this to you before going to bed with the morning light you may have a hope of being relieved of that unspoken suspicion that you cannot but feel overshadowing you.

Isn't it delightful? If it really turns out that this man who seems to have been so interested in this special poison killed uncle I shall be vindicated and rich.

But it may turn out that he wished the poison for another purpose. They may never find him. If not, at any rate this bit of evidence proves his existence and diverts suspicion from me.

June 23. The young man who took the book on poisons from the library has been arrested. The police have been a long while about it and would not have succeeded in finding him had it not been for the handwriting on his slip used for a bookmark. The way it came about was this: Uncle has a nephew, a real nephew, his own sister's son. I have never before heard of him. He is a physician. He put in a claim as next of kin for uncle's estate. As soon as the police heard of this they secured a specimen of his handwriting. It turned out to be the same queer hand as that found in the book.

Sept. 18. The second part of the horror attending uncle's death is ended, thank heaven. Yesterday the murderer received his punishment. I did not know it till it was all over. It is all so dreadful! I don't wish another fortune to come to me in such an awful way.

Is my wedding day. And whom am I to marry? Why, the man who removed the cloud that hung over me at the time of uncle's death. Isn't it natural that I should appreciate such an act even if it came unintended? But he sympathized with me from the first. And when he made the discovery that vindicated me he could scarcely contain himself for joy.

And so ends the episode of the coming of my fortune. We are to go abroad, my husband having received a commission to examine libraries there and purchase a new lot of books for the library here. There has been a gift for this purpose. Who knows who is the giver? I do.

The "Gold Snake." A Mexican superstition, very common among miners in that country, relates to the "gold snake." This species of serpent is perfectly harmless and very handsome, being green in color and with a golden iridescence in its scales. Faith is entertained that wherever a gold snake makes its nest there is a ledge containing the precious metal, and there are many miners who will locate a claim at once if they find a gold snake.

There are a thousand persons in the world who can hurt you to one that can help you.—Billings.

knew that I was dreading a terrible misfortune. When he was telling me about the singular things he finds between the leaves of books returned to the library I forgot my trouble. He says he finds everything from a love letter to a hairpin. How careless we women are! Men seldom leave things between the pages of books, but men don't read as many books as women.

May 21. The will has been found. I am heir to a great fortune. I have been congratulated. I hinted to one of my congratulators that I shall be respected of having I would at least have "millions for defense." But that would not remove the charge, the trial and the stain to follow. The same person did not worry. He says that detectives have been watching my every act since the crime was committed and they have admitted to not getting a single item of evidence against me. I knew it. That woman who insisted on coming in to make a dress for me for a song was one of them. That man I saw at so many places, in the shops, on the street, everywhere, was another. I am not reassured by the person who has comforted me, but I have finished my book and will go for another. I long to talk to my friend the librarian about what is on my mind. He has become my only confidant.

I am electrified by a spark of hope. This morning I received a letter addressed in a strange hand. I studied the superscription a long while, but I could not make out from whom it could be. It was postmarked as sent from this town. Finally it occurred to me to open it. I suppose I would have done so before had my mind not been so tortured by the frightful specter that has been hanging over me. What was my surprise to see at the bottom of the letter, "Your friend The Librarian."

This is what he says: After talking with you yesterday I went home and, taking up a newspaper, read a detailed report of the doctors who were deputed to analyze the poison found in the case of your late uncle. Suddenly my fingers released their grip on the paper, and it fell to the floor. An idea had flashed upon me. What a singular faculty is memory, and how marvellously it is awakened! I remembered a wet, dismal night a month ago when I was sitting at my desk in the library. A young man, a stranger to me, came in and asked for a rare work of a foreign author. Since it had never been called for before I should not have remembered it except for its rarity. I went to the bookshelves, where I found it covered with dust, took it down and gave it to the stranger.

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UNION OF SOUTH AFRICAN STATES

How Cecil Rhodes' Dream of Empire Was Realized.

GREAT NEW ERA OPENED UP.

Whole United Country Expected to Be a Wonderful Strong Amalgamation. Business of Its Provinces Will Be Immense—Administrative Offices of the Government in Power.

Cecil Rhodes lies buried these eight years on one of the Matopo hills that he loved and left a fund to preserve and beautify, and yet so clear was his vision of the future that in his will he left his estate and house, De Groote Schuur, "for a residence for the prime minister of the federal government of the States of South Africa when constituted." The Union of South Africa has now been formed, and where Rhodes foresaw an inevitable federation a closer tie has bound the erstwhile colonies of the Transvaal, Natal, Orange Free State and Cape Colony, reducing them to provinces and raising them, welded as one, to a state of high dominion.

The fourth South African customs and railways conference at Pretoria on May 4, 1908, for the purpose of drawing up a new customs agreement and settling some interprovincial disputes over railway rates, but the delegates turned at once to the far greater issue which lay behind these and on May 5 passed the resolution to form a draft constitution.

This national body met at Durban on Oct. 12, 1908, and the delegates included such men as Generals Botha, Smuts, Hertzog and De Wet and Dr. Jameson, Dr. Smarrt and J. W. Sauer.

Constitution Carefully Revised.

In a secret session they agreed to unite, and the convention was adjourned Nov. 5 to reconvene at Cape Town on the 23d of November. There this closer union convention in February brought its deliberations to a close, having successfully elaborated a draft constitution, which was submitted in March to the parliaments of the different colonies sitting simultaneously.

The chief difficulty was in reconciling the interests of the coastal and inland states, but finally the thing was settled to the satisfaction of each separate parliament, and July 1, 1909, saw nineteen delegates, including the four prime ministers, from the colonies in London to watch the passage of the bill through the Imperial parliament.

Only minor changes were made in it, and it received the royal assent on Nov. 20. It provided that a royal proclamation might be made within a year of the passing of the act to the effect that the four colonies should be united in one government under the name of the Union of South Africa, and provision was made for other territories joining the union later.

The administrative offices were to be a governor general appointed by the king at a salary of \$50,000 a year and an executive council, which would be a cabinet of advisers; the legislative branch, a senate composed of eight members from each province and eight appointed by the governor, and a house of assembly with fifty-one members from Cape Colony, thirty-six from the Transvaal, seventeen from Natal and seventeen from the Orange Free State.

Great Business Outlook.

The membership in both houses is limited to persons of European descent. The new union will have an area of almost 500,000 square miles, taking in the southern end of Africa and extending from the Atlantic to the Indian ocean. It will have a population of about 5,500,000, one-fifth of whom are whites.

The combined business of its provinces will be immense. In 1907 the imports of Cape Colony amounted to over \$240,000,000 and the exports to over \$222,000,000. Natal in 1907 had imports amounting to \$33,000,000 and exports to \$18,000,000. The Orange Free State in the same year figured its imports and exports both in the neighborhood of \$18,000,000.