

THE SONG AND THE DEED.

There was never a song that was sung by thee, But a sweeter one was meant to be.

When Cupid Stopped a Drive. A Stock Market Story.

THE magnate was a satisfied man. As he sat in his library that night, November 11, 1902, to be exact, he could not help but think that things were well with him.

One thing alone troubled the magnate who sat in his library. To be sure the Western pool had been taught its lesson, but there was another "outside pool" that this particular magnate hated mightily.

"What is it that you're thinking of so hard, daddy?" asked the girl who sat in the big red leather chair opposite the fire.

"Oh, I guess not—not—come in!" This last as a knock at the door attracted his attention.

"Tell him to come up here. No, don't go, Dottie, it's only Ransom. We can talk with you here just as well. I want to see him in particular. You needn't go."

"Well, I'll listen to your stock talk. I wish I knew something about it. It's all Greek to me. How do you do, Mr. Ransom! I'm going to stay and hear all the funny things you say."

"Toronto, Mr. A.—to be exact. Here is the situation: He is carrying about all the C. P. that he can carry at present, and it averages him about 135. He will hold it on slight recessions, I know, and we may get him. One of them will do, of course, for the pool's so limited in number that one of them going will break the stuff probably fifteen points, and that will get number two. We can force this one out at 125. I am sure of it. I saw a transcript of his books. In fact, I have it here. Would you like to see it?"

"Oh, no. You have done very well. We shall do the trick on Thursday and Friday. Wire Knowlton to clean up the cash in Toronto as well as he can to-morrow. He has all the collateral to get five million or so out of the banks. That will make it surer. We shall put Canadian Pacific to 120 if necessary. It will be a relief to clear them out."

"Daddy, what are you going to do?" she asked, when they two were alone. The magnate chuckled. "Just a little bit of strategy, my dear, in the market. We want to make some Canadians sell their stocks, that's all. We are going to do it on Thursday."

"And will they lose much money?" she asked. "Probably what they have in the market. They won't let go. They will hold on. I guess, looking for a rally. The stock always rallies."

their dropping stocks. Therefore he smiled. Five minutes later she kissed him good night and went away to her room.

"I am in Canadian Pacific for every dollar I have in the world. It's down, but we all think it will soon go up again. If it does not—well—I hate to think of the things it means for me, sweetheart. If it doesn't—you don't know how long a time you and I must wait. Perhaps for always."

The letter was dated Toronto, November 8. It was signed by the man she had met in Wisconsin the summer before. It was the clue to a secret that none knew except herself and him. She let it drop on the couch and sat there thinking.

"And daddy will break that stock, he says, and ruin every one that has it. Oh, dear, what shall I do?" She sat there half an hour, thinking desperately. At the end of that time she sat down at her desk and wrote a telegram, writing on plain paper because she had no blanks.

"They are going to put your stock away down. Sell out. I know this. It is going to 120 on Thursday. They want to ruin some one. I don't know who it is. DOTTIE." She went to sleep after that. On Wednesday morning she drove down to the telegraph office herself and sent that message away.

That is the reason strange things happened in Toronto. That also is the reason Canadian Pacific never reached 120 during that bad week. Of course Dottie, who knew nothing of stocks, could not be expected to know that when a man gets tips that are startling and wonderful he is apt to consult his friends. Nor did she know that the man to whom she sent that wonderful wire was hand-in-glove with the man at whom the drive of Thursday was to be aimed.

In the office of Mr. A.—, of Toronto, there was a rush and bustle on that Wednesday morning that had had no parallel even in the most exciting boom days of the summer. It was true that the resources of Mr. A.— were nearly exhausted. It was true also, and this fact the spy had missed, that a new bank was on the very verge of flotation in Toronto. The President of it was to be Mr. A.—. In the ordinary course of events it would have been opened within two weeks or so.

Herein lies the cause of the bustle. On the hint that a drive at Canadian Pacific was intended Mr. A.— had sent around to the banks asking prospects for loans. He had been met by the reply that heavy loans that morning had pre-empted a great deal of the available cash, and that, while the banks were very sorry, etc., etc. To throw his stock in the market would only precipitate things. That bank must be opened. It must be opened at once. All preliminaries had been gone through with two weeks before. The executive staff alone was incomplete.

That day in Toronto a bank was created. The staff was more or less temporary, and could not be called efficient, but there was money, lots of money. On Thursday night, November 13, the magnate received a telegram that filled him with wrath and amazement.

"New bank Metropole opened here with Mr. A.— President. Said to be to protect his loans. Money cased off at close rapidly. What shall I do?" "KNOWLTON."

The ticker told the rest of the story, all except what was in a letter that reached Dottie on Friday night. There was no especial drive at Canadian Pacific.—New York Times.

Eel Spearing in Winter. Nearly all the eels in market in winter show the marks on their sides where the spear has pinched them. Eel spearing goes on everywhere there is ice strong enough to bear, a muddy bottom and salt water not too deep to permit of handling the spear.

The spear which generally finds favor is the Sag Harbor pattern, consisting of a dull, oval blade in the center and three, four or five barbed prongs on either side. None of these members is sharp. Their intention is not to penetrate the eel, but to straddle him and hold him as would a pair of spring forceps.

The owner of a spear affixes it to a spruce pole fifteen or twenty feet in length, and, armed with an axe, goes out upon the ice, carrying a feed bag to hold his catch. A hole is cut through the ice in a likely place, and the spearer begins to jab the mud at the bottom in a systematic manner.

If he is an expert he can work through an eight-inch hole and probe every foot of bottom in a circle ten feet in diameter. When he strikes an eel the slightest motion of the creature imparts a thrill to the pole, which is communicated to the spearer. The prize is then drawn to the surface and slipped into the bag, or, if the weather is extremely cold, the eel is allowed to lie on the ice and stiffen.

Eel spearing seems to be considered as sport by some who indulge in it, but with the mercury at ten or fifteen degrees, and a nipping wind blowing down the river, it is difficult for the tyro to see just where the sport begins.

OUR BUDGET OF HUMOR.

Golf. You get yourself a uniform; You buy a lot of sticks. You have yourself awakened At a quarter after six. You go out in the country. And you walk until you're lame, But you're sure that you will like it. When you've learned to play the game. —Washington Star.

Man's Adaptability. Jimble—"There's something wonderful about man." Jumble—"So well adapted, for instance, to carry an umbrella."—Boston Transcript.

Feminine Conversation. Blobs—"Women talk about nothing but their dress." Stobbs—"Oh, I don't know. It seems to me I've heard some of them talk about their hats."—Philadelphia Record.

Who Could Have Placed Them There?



Landlady (severely)—"Nora, I found three hairpins in the hash at breakfast. I hope—"

Nora—"Faith, now, an' who'd ever drame uv lookin' fur 'em there! O'Ve been missin' 'em all mornin'." Thank you, ma'am, fur lettin' me know."—New York Sun.

Wise Mañana. "I don't like that young man's contemptuous way of speaking of wealth," said Mrs. Cumrox. "But that shows his generous and superior nature."

Possibly, in his case. But it ordinarily indicates that a man hasn't any."—Washington Star.

Inseparable Words. "Say," asked the red-faced man in the hotel writing room, "how do you spell 'unmiffigated'?" "Why," replied the stranger next to him, "it's u-n-m-i-f-i-g-a-t-e, my friend, I wouldn't advise you to call a man a liar of any sort in a letter. You'll get yourself in trouble."—Philadelphia Press.

Simplicity of Genius. "But," we asked the great detective, "have you not had some guiding rule through life?" "Yes," he replied modestly; "I have first made sure I was wrong and then gone ahead."

Marveling at the simplicity of the man's genius we reverently withdrew. —New York Times.

Teacher's Faults. "See here, your teacher says you're at the foot of your class." "But, ma, mebbe she counts from the wrong end."—New York Journal.

Balked! Pocahontas was pleading with the Indians. "What!" grunted the braves, "give him up after we've taken the trouble to pick him out from all the other Smiths in the directory?"

Fearing, however, to injure themselves with Fenimore Cooper, the noble red men were persuaded to desist.—New York Times.

Belt Made of Pennies. One of the most original of belts and also a necklace were finished during the week for a woman who is enthusiastically interested in Indians and their progress.

These latter were of fanciful disks of copper, the copper used being all United States pennies. There were thirteen large disks in the belt, each made of twelve pennies. An idea of what was required was given the Indian workman, and he made his own designs. The necklace was of smaller disks, each made from a penny, but thinner and larger in circumference, and made in a design to match the belt.

To wear with the necklace and belt a gown of golden brown cloth was bought which exactly suited the ornaments. The work was so entirely satisfactory that the originator of the idea immediately ordered another belt and necklace for a friend. Indian workmen do not always work by scale, and the disks of the second necklace were slightly larger than those of the first, and the chain was made longer to give it a better proportion.

The only person who was not pleased with the work when it was completed was the Indian. He is a Navajo, and a particularly intelligent man, but he is a silversmith, and he does not believe in working in "the red," as he calls the copper, and which he considers to be very commonplace. As a matter of fact, the Indian work in copper is more artistic than that in silver.—New York Times.

Order of the Silken Cord. In Turkey diplomatists can take "silk" like lawyers in England, but in the Ottoman Empire it is the result of a dismal failure, and it takes the form of a cord.

After the civil servant has received it, the subsequent proceedings of his own country or elsewhere interest him no more. One of the latest recipients of this emblem of the "happy despatch" is the wily military attaché of the Sultan in Berlin, Hamdi Bey. This gentleman seemed to get on very smoothly in the German capital, until one day he was summoned to return in haste.

The news caused a great sensation throughout Germany, but especially in the social circles of Berlin. The explanation given, was that his nerves had become shattered and his reason a trifle unhinged. He had gone, his compatriots said, to a remote part of the empire to vegetate and get better. Then the intelligence came that on the way to his place of banishment he had jumped overboard, and had never been heard of again.

London's Kinkajou. A new specimen of this curious little bear-like creature from South America has just been added to the collection of live beasts in the Regent's Park.

The kinkajou has the odd character of looking like almost anything in the mammalian line rather than that which it actually is. The older zoologists suspected it to be a lemur, by virtue probably of its large eyes and generally lemur-like head. It is, however, of the bear kind, and lives among trees, holding fast by its prehensile tail.

Reciprocity. The simple principle that one man's opinion is as valuable as that of his neighbor, did not meet with the approval of the professional man in this story from the Chicago Tribune.

"These shoes, doctor," said the cobbler, after a brief examination, "aren't worth mending." "Then, of course," said the doctor, turning away, "I don't want anything done to them."

"But I charge you fifty cents, just the same." "What for?" "Well, sir, you charged me \$5 the other day for telling me there wasn't anything the matter with me."

Cold Comfort. "I was sitting here with the creatures of my brain for company," said the budding poet and playwright to a visitor who had found him before a dying fire.

REFRIGERATOR CARS MADE THE BEEF TRUST POSSIBLE

Development of the Chicago Stock Yards --More Than a Billion Pounds of Dressed Meat Leave the Windy City Annually.

Chicago's meat industry had its real origin in the refrigerator car, some what more than a score of years ago. The Capital Union Stock Yards Transfer Company was chartered in 1865, and it soon grew to be an institution of magnitude. But it could never have been more than a slaughtering place and market for Chicago and a "clearing house" for live cattle destined for other markets save for this invention.

A steer weighing 1200 pounds contains about 880 pounds of useful product. Only about 600 pounds of this is directly salable as meat. In shipping cattle on the hoof it is necessary to pay freight on the whole 1200 pounds. Ability to slaughter in Chicago and save the freight on 600 pounds gave the Western man an advantage the Easterners could not meet.

Refrigerator cars are expensive. There are many trunk lines of railroad running east from Chicago, and no one of them could afford to build and own enough refrigerators to carry the output of the big packing houses.

There are many trunk lines of railroad running east from Chicago, and no one of them could afford to build and own enough refrigerators to carry the output of the big packing houses. The leading packers built the cars for themselves, and, having the cars, were able to ship by what line they would, and charge the railroads a stiff price for the rent of the cars.

CHICAGO'S GREATEST INDUSTRY. Thus it is that of all the beef slaughtered in this country more than forty per cent.—nearly one-half, in fact—is killed in the packing houses about the Chicago Stock Yards.

These millions were not the rank, long-horned Texas cattle, that formerly met their death in Chicago, but blooded stock, mostly hornless, though numbering many fancy short-horn, and they reached the yards fat and sleek from the feeding farms of Iowa, Illinois, Missouri, and, in fact, from nearly every part of the country.

Iowa, Nebraska and Kansas raise corn by millions of bushels. The greater part of that corn they feed to the cattle from the grazing country. These corn-fed cattle have made American beef famous. And in the dressing and shipping of that beef at Chicago centres the labor of not only the herders of Texas and the short-grass country—all of Western Kansas and Nebraska—but the corn raisers as well, who form middlemen between the plainmen and the packers.

The farmers are swiftly learning that corn in the shape of good beef is worth more than corn on the cob. So not only from the West, but from the South and even from the East, fancy cattle go to Chicago. It is not uncommon for a blooded cow or bull to bring \$2000 at the stock yards. Farmers who ten years ago had not a beef animal on their ground now number their herds by hundreds, and have found that a small herd of fancy stock can be raised and marketed profitably where the long-horn of happy memory would have been an utter failure.

FIVE HUNDRED BUSY ACRES. This meat trade of the country centres not only in Chicago, but in a restricted area in that city, in the old town of Lake. In that area, where last year forty per cent. of the cattle and a third of the hogs of the country were

marketed, there has been a stock yard for thirty-seven years. In those years the \$400,000,000 of stock that has been marketed there has aggregated the stupendous sum of more than \$6,000,000,000, and that is merely the raw material that has come there to be manufactured into meat. The value of the manufactured product is incalculable.