

pot, and he and his wife, after a very affectionate and tearful farewell, were on their way to Milwaukee.

The first thing that I did was to find my way to the corner of Eleventh and Chestnut Streets. Standing there amidst the bustle and noise of a large American city I began to muse. "One thousand dollars—it may mean hundreds of thousands for doing my duty—rescuing a human being from drowning. No more foundry life for me. But remember, ten years from this date I must be here. Yes, be here I will, I swear it, sick or well, poor or rich, dead or alive." I must have grown very eloquent in my musings, for a policeman seeing me, inquired if he could help me in any way. I thanked him and told him no, but asked him if he remembered a young man from Milwaukee being recently killed in the city? Almost immediately he told me that a young Mr. Johnson of Milwaukee had been killed about four months ago, "right there," a few feet from where we were standing, in rescuing a lady from under the wheels of a fire engine.

I went to a hotel and put up for the night. Naturally my thoughts turned to my change of fortune. During one of our talks together Mr. Johnson had told me that the larger part of his fortune was made in Florida phosphate lands. It flashed through my mind then, "Why cannot I also become successful in the same field?" To think was to act. Taking the boat on the return trip I was soon back home and three days later I was in Florida. I at once began speculating in phosphate lands. I met success on every side. My one thousand dollars had grown to be in the neighborhood of a hundred thousand. I married. Time passed quickly and brought happiness and wealth. Three years, a half a million, five years, a million, nine years, a multimillionaire. Nine years? Yes! Time drawing near for me to fulfil my promise, my self-imposed pledge. On April 2nd, we left our home in St. Augustine for St. Louis. How happy we were. It seemed that all, even to the youngest, knew or felt that we were going to see the man who had made it possible for us to be in such good circumstances and so happy.

At last the 29th, rolled in, bright and beautiful. One hour before the appointed time I was standing on the corner of Eleventh and Chestnut Streets. It was the longest hour in my life. The hands on the city clock moved slowly but surely. The clock struck three—thirty-one minutes to wait. The minutes seemed years—nevertheless they passed. Five minutes more, and then for the first time in those ten years I wished that the appointed day, hour and minute would never come, disappointment seemed so certain. I stood on tiptoes, I stretched my neck, I strained my eyes in looking for my friend. But no, the time appointed was not up. The clock struck half-past—only sixty seconds to wait, but still no sign of him. I was beginning to shed tears of sad disappointment, when, looking down the street, about fifteen yards from where I was standing, I saw an old, gray-haired, ragged-dressed man, approaching the corner, his eyes on the clock. At last! there is my friend come to