

YOUNG LAWYER'S HARD LUCK

Joint Stock Company That Was a Failure

To the Man Who Got Out and Russtled in Collection of Debts Owed by Dead Men.

Jenkins is a bright young lawyer, who has sat before a big empty desk for nearly two years without earning enough to buy a whole suit of clothes. Of course he's busy. It takes him about ten hours a week to study out the diplomatic possibilities of his next encounter with his landlady. Then there is his affair at the restaurant. He has to keep watch of the holes in his meal ticket and look for change, trying to get to more sumptuous meals. It took him nearly a year of finance with Chinese laundrymen before he adopted celluloid. What leisure he had was until lately occupied with a sort of credit correspondence with his father, upon whom he is at liberty to draw only in cases of extreme necessity. Jenkins has written home many really able definitions of "extreme necessity."

All this may not prove that Jenkins is willing to work, but he is, and he proved it last week. He "offices" with an eminent lawyer. This means, in his case, that he gets deskroom in exchange for his services as office boy, court messenger and a few more important vicarious duties. In the same office with Jenkins there is Stack, the clerk, whose chief excuse for being there is that he is nephew to the afore-said eminent one. Then there is Harkins, the stenographer, who really works and who is the envy of both Jenkins and Stack because he draws a good salary and is allowed postage on his own mail. Stack's salary is \$7.50, but as he lives with his uncle and pays no board he is really the aristocrat of the office. Jenkins gets 2 per cent on the bills he collects.

Two weeks ago, however, somebody bought him a good dinner and then such an unaccounted courage rose up within him that he decided to approach the eminent lawyer with whom he "offices" and ask advice. To the lawyer Jenkins said:

"Mr. Lord, I'm not getting along very well, and I don't know exactly what to do to improve my affairs. Of course I don't want to leave you, but the fact is if I don't commence to take in a little more money I'll have to get a situation, go into some trade—quit the law."

"Now, see here, Jenkins," said Mr. Lord. "I'll tell you what I'd do in your place. I'd start a collection agency. You can do it right here in my office. Take in the other boys; get up a little stock company. It doesn't require any capital, and if it's run right it ought to pay. I'll give Stack all my old accounts, and you can get as many more as you want by advertising."

and then ran out of car fare. Any answers to our dunning letters?"

"Not a glimmer," mourned Harkins. Stack looked glad of it. He loaned Jenkins a half dollar for car fare, charged it up on the company's books and resumed his warm place in the corner.

When the young lawyer was gone out, the clerk sidled up to the stenographer and said:

"Say, Hark, I think we're on a dead one, don't you?"

"I hope not, for Jenk's sake. He's so in earnest," said the stenographer.

"Well, it's Jenk's doings. He suggested it, and I guess he needs the money worse than we do."

"But if it fails?"

"Well, if it fails I think Jenkins ought to stand the losses. I'm out five fifty already, and it's his fault."

"But he's doing all the work," suggested Harkins.

"Well, so he ought." And Mr. Stack went back to his novel.

The young lawyer worked like a fiend. When car fare was gone, he walked, even ran, after his supposed victims. He quit going back to the office and worked far into the night. He pestered the life out of every debtor who showed the least sign of paying up, and if they offered him a dollar he took it and asked for two. In the meantime, a few answers to advertisements came into the office, but Mr. Lord seized upon them as "too deep for the boys."

Nobody called. Stack began and finished three paper covered novels. Harkins plodded away indoors, both wondering how long Jenkins' nerve would stand the hardships of chasing his prey through ice and snow.

At noon on Saturday Jenkins appeared at the office. He looked thinner than ever. His shoes were worn out. He had a piece of red flannel round his neck and his voice was a husky whisper. Harkins didn't have the heart to ask him how he fared, but Stack yelled:

"Hello, old man! We thought you had absconded with the firm's money!"

Jenkins was very silent. He sat down at his desk and began to make out his statement. Stack watched him with curious interest as he piled up the few checks and greenbacks which represented the first week's business of the Calumet Quick Collection Company. He had collected \$240, and the net earnings of the company at 10 per cent amounted to \$24—just \$8 for each of the three stockholders.

"Good boy!" said Stack, picking up his share. "You're a wonder. I didn't think you'd make it go."

Harkins, being what Stack calls "a chump," blushed when Jenkins handed him his share of the profits.

"I'll tell you, Mr. Jenkins," he said. "I don't feel as if I was entitled to any of this money. You and Stack here did all the work, and you ought to keep my share for stamps and car fare, eh?"

But Jenkins insisted, and the stenographer yielded.

"All right," he laughed; "I'll take it on condition that you take dinner with me this evening. We'll celebrate the week's success—kind of christen the business. What do you say?"

Jenkins and Stack promised, and at 7 o'clock that evening the three partners were sitting together at a restaurant table christening the collection company.

When they got to the coffee, Jenkins let his bomb fall upon the festal board in this wise:

"Now, Hark and Stack, as to this collection company, I don't care whether it is 'the quick' or 'the dead,' but I want to announce that, so far as I am concerned, it is dissolved, evaporated, vanished. Here are our accounts." He pulled out the package. "They are supposed to represent \$3000 of good accounts. You can have them. I wouldn't give \$4 for the bunch."

His partners looked at him in astonishment. "You're joking!" they chorused. "Why, we have just got to work!"

BASUTOS REMAINED LOYAL

To British Regardless of Boer Pleas and Threats.

Sold Horses For Imperial Mounts and Were Ever Ready to Protect Their Country Against Invasion.

The annual report for Basutoland for the year 1899 1900, just published, says the London Times, is of special interest owing to the peculiar position of the country and of the Basutos with regard to the South African war.

Sir Godfrey Lagden points out that even before the outbreak of the war it was a matter of common talk among the Boers on the Free States border of Basutoland, who were continually assuring the Basutos that war was inevitable, that its result would be fatal to England, and that the Basutos had better take care to be on the winning side.

Sir Godfrey does not doubt that the Basutos were at least more inclined towards England, but he points out that South African history had already taught the natives the danger of being on the losing side.

Generally speaking, I do not believe that there were any chiefs in Basutoland who were not approached by the Boers with the object of misleading the power of England and of courting them to the republican side by means of threats and seductive promises.

Both the Paramount Chief and Jonathan Molapo confided to me that they had received from Free State officials messages in the name of the president to the effect that the Basuto chiefs must quickly choose their side; if they took the English side it would be fatal to them.

In the opinion of Sir Godfrey Lagden the conflicting accounts that were received by the natives of the fighting did more to steady them than anything else. The Boer reports were so manifestly exaggerated or untrue that the Basutos at length began to discredit all reports, becoming bewildered by the magnitude and varying conditions of the war.

Sir Godfrey's own instructions from the high commissioner are as follows: "That the chiefs be informed that this was a white man's war, in which natives were not to take part that if Basutoland were invaded by the Boers the natives were entitled to defend themselves and hold the country for the queen; that the border was not to be violated by the Basutos."

These instructions, personally communicated by the resident commissioner to the whole nation, were throughout obeyed in principle. But receiving information of the Boers' design, after their first successes, to seize and depose the Basutoland magistrates, and recognizing the importance of holding securely Maseru, the headquarters of administration, Sir Godfrey Lagden resolved to take some measures for its defense. Some small forts were constructed, armed and provisioned, and the force of 37 white men and 50 native police was augmented by some 60 men under Lerothodi's brother, Mojela. The Paramount Chief had offered 1000 men, but the resident commissioner, wishing to avoid any warlike demonstrations, was content with the smaller number, keeping the rest in reserve. His resolute attitude efficaciously deterred the enemy from attempting an attack in conjunction with some disaffected chiefs, which at one time seemed imminent. When information was received by heliograph by the besieged British garrison at Wepenaar that the Boers contemplated a flank movement which would necessitate military use of roads and occupation of positions in Basutoland favorable to the investment, the commissioner arranged immediately with the Paramount Chief to throw a large body of Basutos upon that point of the border. In less than 24 hours several thousand men were on the spot, a movement which not only averted any violation of the border, but also gave confidence to the besieged garrison.

During the two weeks that our non-descript force was in the field nothing was done by it in contravention of orders. The men took a keen interest in watching the effects of shell fire and skirmishing, but made no attempt to intervene. On one occasion Lerothodi appealed to me as to whether it was right to stand by and see the queen's soldiers pounded in such a way. I bade him let the matter alone and await the issue, which was beyond doubt, and he said no more.

In some instances the natives jeered at the Boers for want of pluck in attack, but steps were taken invariably to curb undue levity.

With regard to the attitude of the various chiefs, there seems to be little doubt that the Boers had hopes of either getting their assistance or at least of insuring their neutrality by causing civil war among them. Mocheko, who was the first to attempt rebellion against the Paramount Chief, was easily suppressed very early in the day. Joel Moisoop gave more trouble. Indeed, Field Marshal Rautenbach informed

President Steyn that Joel was on their side. It was commonly believed that he had received, as an earnest of his bargain, a quantity of Mauser rifles from the Free State government. He began his operations by making an attack upon another chief, Hlasea. The resident commissioner prudently did not interfere. "Later information confirmed my impression that it would have been a disastrous move and have led to the tribal confusion which had been designed. Joel was, therefore, left to stew over his mistakes and the defeat of the Boer scheme." He did nothing worse than oscillate uncomfortably from side to side with the varying fortunes of the war.

"He supplied horses, cattle and harvesters to the enemy; but in these respects he was not exceptional, for many chiefs did the same secretly, some to make profit and others to court the friendly offices of the Boers in case of their ultimate ascendancy." Joel's disloyalty helped to confirm the loyalty of his rival and brother, Jonathan Molapo. To such an extent did Jonathan incur the threats and anger of the Boers by his unreserved professions of British sympathy that, fearing an attack upon himself, he joined the camp of the Thlotsi magistrate with a strong body of men, an action which did much to strengthen the administration and sway native opinion. Of the Paramount Chief Sir Godfrey Lagden says: "I can only speak as of a man who had to face a trying ordeal and braced himself up to endure it. He was threatened and cajoled by Boer emissaries, was tempted by his own people to throw off the yoke of government, and generally taunted by all those who saw a favorable opportunity for gaining points out of the white man's struggle. But in word and deed he never stirred from his allegiance to the queen, deciding to stand or fall by his choice."

Not the least of his services was the permission he accorded his people to sell horses for imperial purposes, by which not much fewer than 10,000 remounts were secured for the army.

Great Men Are Smokers.

King Edward has never attempted to hide the fact that he enjoys his "whiff." Once a certain well known society lady, a violent anti-smoking nuisance, said to his (then) royal highness: "Sir, as the leading gentleman in England, do you not think that you ought not only to refrain from smoking yourself, but encourage others to give up smoking?"

"Madam," he frigidly and emphatically said the prince, "many years ago I commenced smoking. I have smoked ever since. I enjoy smoking. In all probability, madam, I shall keep on smoking as persistently as 'Charley's Aunt' keep on running."

The Duke of Connaught, on being asked by an American beauty whether he approved of smoking, answered: "Yes, indeed. There are two things which I trust I shall never lose—my honor and my tobacco pouch!"

When the khedive of Egypt visited England some months ago he suffered, it will be remembered, from some throat trouble which kept him on his yacht for a few days. After a careful examination, Sir Douglas Powell, the great throat specialist, said: "I believe your highness does not smoke in any shape or form?" "You are right, sir. I do not smoke. Well indeed do I remember the first and only time I was ever persuaded to try a pipe. After the experiment I reclined in a most indignant position in a certain room in my palace, making most unkindly gestures and grimaces. You English people, are you not? Ah! well, you in England never do anything in a half-hearted manner."

During some recent internal disturbances in Turkey the sultan was very much worried. One day he sorrowfully said to his leading physician: "Ah, how awful are my troubles, to be sure! Life would be quite intolerable if it were not for my cigarette and my wives!"

The Duke of York is, as every one knows, a great cigarette smoker. He once said to the young czar of Russia: "A short time ago I had an idea that cigarettes were bad for me, so I determined to limit myself to five a day. The first day I was successful. The second day I smoked all five before lunch and felt very miserable during the rest of the day. The third day I smoked the five judiciously, but still felt a great 'wanting.' The fourth day I couldn't stand it any longer, and so smoked 15 cigarettes to make up for my self-denial during the other days."

A short time ago the queen regent of Spain was telling her son, the young king, how very poor his country was becoming and what need there would be of reform and economy in many respects. "Mother," said the young monarch, "I have quite made up my mind that we must all give up something for the sake of my country—some luxury. I, for my part, have determined to give up smoking."—Modern Society.

The water on lower Dominion creek and Indian river has raised rapidly in the last two days and it is reported to-day that travel to Eureka creek has been suspended. Two men stazed from Gold Run to Eureka yesterday but had to turn back.

SPECIAL MEETING WAS HELD

By Council of Board of Trade Last Night

When Proposed Miners Lien Law Was Discussed and Recommendations Made to Yukon Council.

From Thursday and Friday's Daily.

The council of the Board of Trade held a special meeting last night to approve the proposed amendments to the miner's lien law. The committee having the matter in charge presented the amendments and the reasons therefor, which were read and thoroughly discussed and with a few changes in minor points were adopted and ordered sent to the Yukon council tonight.

The principal change over the amendments as proposed on Monday night was made by Mr. Joslin who submitted an additional amendment to the B clause of section 20, placing a limit on the costs in lien cases, and providing for a settlement of the lien by the person whose property is attached, by paying the amount of the claim and the costs of the action before judgment is rendered.

Mr. McGowan was appointed a committee to properly draft the proposed amendments and state the reasons why they are asked and forward copies of same to the council.

Mr. Timmins, as chairman of the committee to investigate the transient traders and the amount of revenue the city had derived from them during the past year stated that out of 150 scows which had come in during the last season only three had paid any tax. He also stated that he had spoken to several members of the council with regard to the subject and they were all of the opinion that something should be done and had requested that the Board of Trade make some suggestions to them upon which they would be pleased to act. The legal adviser had also been asked his opinion on the matter and he advised that a communication be sent to the council stating what the board wished to have done. The committee presented a communication requesting the council to provide for the ensuing year a transient traders' license which it was thought would be the fairest and most equitable system for all parties concerned. The communication was discussed at some length but was finally adopted and will in all probability be considered at the council meeting tonight. And adjournment was then taken.

Paris, April 10.—The French government has published the first volume of the memoirs of Jacques de Morgan, which deal with his explorations for the site of the City Susa. M. de Morgan ran a series of tunnels into a mound at various levels and found traces of five distinct settlements. One of these he found to be the site of the Graeco-Parthian city which existed between 300 and 700 B. C. Beneath this he found the Persian city of Achaemenian kings, which existed between 500 and 300 B. C. and beneath this the older city, which had been almost wholly destroyed in 640 B. C. He proved that the city, although wrecked, had not been totally destroyed by the Assyrian, Asurbanital (Asurbanital-Sardana-paluz).

In the debris he found a cylinder of Nebuchadnezzar the Great, showing that the city had been occupied during the Jewish captivity, and possibly that Daniel had visited it, for tradition says that he was buried there. The memoirs go on to say that the discovery of brick records and charters of the Kassite rulers show that this city probably dated from the year 1800 B. C., or about the time when the Kassite rulers conquered Babylonia. One inscription supplies the whole details of the Corvee system in Babylonia.

Inscriptions of much older date were found in one chamber, the most important of which was a fine stele of Narm-sin, son of Sardan, who reigned in 3800 B. C., proving incontrovertibly the historical character of the ancient rulers. The king is represented as wearing a horned helmet, carrying a bow and spear and wearing a long beard. His countenance was of the Semitic type. He has a foot on a dead foal, while another is falling, wounded, while trying to draw an arrow from his breast. The work is most spirited.

Further down M. de Morgan found traces of a wooden city which had been destroyed by fire. This contained stone maces, a flint sickle and hand-made pottery. There was no metal of any kind and no inscriptions.

Still lower, 30 feet above the virgin soil, there was found an older settlement containing rude flint instruments and pottery. The date of the two primitive settlements M. de Morgan is unable to determine.

Filipinos for Gunboats.

New York, April 8.—According to a special from Washington to the Herald, instructions have been cable by Secretary of the Navy Long to Rear Admiral Remy, commander-in-chief of the Asiatic squadron, authorizing him to enlist five hundred natives of the Philippines for service on board the former Spanish gunboats and other small vessels which are to be maintained exclusively in the Philippines. These men will form the nucleus of an important service, composed solely of enlisted men. Rear Admiral Crow- shield, chief of the bureau of navigation, believes that besides the advantage in the government obtaining efficient service, the employment of natives will spread respect for the American flag and create a strong feeling of loyalty.

Ravages of Famine.

London, April 6.—The depopulation of India through famine and cholera is assuming alarming proportions. The latest advices from Simla says the census returns of the central provinces show a decrease of over a million since 1891, when an increase of a million and a half might have been expected. It is stated that five millions have died in India since 1896 from causes directly due to the famine.

In western India things are even worse. The Oodeypoor state returns show a decrease of 84,000 or 5 per cent of the population. The state of Bop-pal shows a decrease of 124,000 and so on.

In Bombay city the population has diminished 50,000.

The localities which escaped the plague show a satisfactory though not compensating increase. For instance, Madras has gained 8 per cent over 1891.

Women to Emigrate.

New York, April 8.—A rather unexpected result has followed Mr. Chamberlain's recent speech in support of the scheme for sending women out to South Africa at the conclusion of the war, says the London correspondent of the Tribune.

An enormous number of letters have been received from women eager to emigrate, and reluctant to wait till hostilities are ended. One woman, who wrote direct to Lord Salisbury, said she was prepared to go out at once with her mother and sisters, but she indicated no particular sphere of usefulness. Another letter to the colonial secretary is in behalf of herself and a few other "first-class lady barbers."

Naturally the colonial office authorities are doing their utmost to discourage applications from women other than those who are self-dependent, and girls of the servant type are urged advised not to go out at all. It is very doubtful whether there will be any openings for them, and the public funds cannot be used for the purpose of granting free passage to the Cape.

The Act of a Hero.

Three men came up carrying a long iron shaft, which had been cut in two, so that an iron ring could be inserted between the two halves. An empty crucible a foot wide and deep hung in the ring. The forward end of the pole held a crossbar, making it, as it were, a huge T. Two men held the T part of the pole; the third grasped the rear end. The crucible hung between. The remainder of the molten metal from the caldron was tipped into one crucible, and the men trotted off with it, the two in front with strained faces, the man behind driving them complacently, the oddest team in the world. He steered them through a doorway, and they emptied their crucible into a small mold. As they went they kept step in an unusual manner. Instead of stepping out right foot with right foot the left man's right leg and the right man's left leg went forward together, knee with knee, foot with foot. We asked why.

"That," said our guide, "is to prevent them from tripping. If they should fall, you know, that metal would pour over them."

"Of course such a thing never happened?"

"Yes, it did once. One of the men went down. The other jumped clear, but the fellow on the floor swam in it."

"Horrible! Of course he died instantly, poor man!"

"No; the foreman of the carrying gang, taking in the situation, made several terrific leaps for him, jumped right into the middle of it, picked him and threw him out of it bodily. Then he jumped clear himself, with the stuff dropping from his shoes. They both went to the hospital, but they are all right now. Heroic, wasn't it? By the way, that's him, the foreman, Jim H., over there now. He is still looking after those fellows."

We looked over to where a big muscular fellow was directing a gang of men manipulating molten metal. He was not disguised, and he did not look like a hero, but there it is the grime that covered him seemed noble indeed, and he would not say a word of his feat when we sought to talk with him about it. But Jim H. will probably never want for a job as long as Baldwin's is working. — From an Article on the Baldwin Locomotive Works in Frank Leslie's Popular Monthly.

To Destroy the Merrimac.

New York, April 5.—A dispatch from Santiago de Cuba to the Journal and Advertiser says that the wreck of the collier Merrimac, which was sunk the entrance to the harbor by Lieut. Hobson and his little band of volunteers during the blockade, will be blown up with dynamite today.