

The Great Rush I Had Last Week Caused Me To Increase My Capacity For Filling and Delivering Orders

SAW HIS OPPORTUNITY

FOUNDATION OF WILLIAM A. CLARK'S IMMENSE FORTUNE.

Multimillionaire Has Never Forgotten the Incident That Gave Him His First Boost Toward His Wonderful Success.

The power to foresee and predict the future, to take advantage of that foresight, and the ability to pile up millions out of an event that other men blindly pass by is a factor in the lives of many important men.

He was keeping a trading store in Salt Lake with flour at \$1.50 for a 50-pound barrel, and ham at \$1 a pound, when his lucky moment arrived.

He had toiled for nine months with his back bent double over promising streams, often up to his knees in ice-cold water, to find himself with \$1,500, all told, as the result of this heart-breaking and mile teams in all sorts of weather across a wild country.

Then the incident occurred which brought him luck. The citizens of Last Chance Gulch (now Helena) were threatened with a tobacco famine.

Clark saw all this, and he saw, too, that it was his time to act. He harnessed his horse, and in the middle of winter, with the thermometer 28 degrees below zero, started to ride the 250 miles that lay between Last Chance Gulch and Boise City.

Has Made Valuable Discovery. By means of that invaluable little creature, the guinea pig, Prof. Rutterledge Rutherford, a physiologist of Chicago, has finally unearthed and identified a remarkable substance which he has named "trophogen."

Long-Drawn-Out Battles. Whereas it was "the day" that was lost and won, it is now anywhere from the week to the fortnight, and one wonders what must be the "state of soul" of officers and men during these all but never-ending battles.

Tiger Hunting and War. In the last year for which statistics are available, 767 human beings in India were killed by tigers. Along one line of Himalayan railway, the depredations of these ferocious brutes have been so great that the company is building tiger-proof stations for its signalmen, many of whom have been carried off and devoured.

Willie H. Allsbrook Life Insurance. Representing the Metropolitan Life Insurance Co., of New York.

ON A SINGLE ROD

By A. HERSCHIN.



As he walked across Burnside street bridge, his hands plunged deeply into his pockets and his head sunk far into the turtle neck of his soiled sweater.

He had his fourteen years of exile brought him? he mused. What was there to show for his long dissociation from the conventional world and its endeavors?

He stepped away from the station lights and crawled into the narrow space between a long, high pile of ties and a steep embankment, some distance from the tracks.

He awoke suddenly in a cold shiver, amid a confusion of noises, to see the broad patches of color reflected from the Pullman windows moving swiftly away from him.

The greater bulk of the train stretched far in front. Faster and faster it took its way, leaving the tramp with a choice of only two cars to negotiate.

He saw the uselessness of trying for the handles of the vestibules, and, impelled by the fascination of motion and the anxiety to succeed, he stooped half over. Running close to the smoker with all the power of his lithic limbs, and with a fierce burst of strength and speed, he darted forth to the single, outside rod under the last coach.

His outstretched hands struck the steel brace, and, instinctively doubled about it. His body was yanked horizontally into the air like a feather in a gale.

There he sprawled like a frog asleep, hugging his hold, rocking from side to side with the wide oscillations of the speeding car.

This was a new one on him, he said. This hanging on to a single piece of flying steel. If there was only some way to maintain a little better balance, he could surely stay with it until Woodburn was reached.

Say! It was cold! He drew one arm in and crooked it across the rod to serve as a balancer, a face-protector, and a rest; the other he held in a rigid grip straight ahead.

What was that strange lassitude coming over him? He yawned and gently released the tension on his numbed hands and legs. Again he yawned, and his droopy head sagged. It wasn't cold now, and something was saying: "Go to sleep; it's all the same."

He jerked himself in horror back to his right position when he realized what tricks his imagination was playing. He must stay awake! he almost screamed.

What's the use? May 's well quit now," he rambled to himself. His clutch of the rods relaxed and slipped away somewhere. He didn't care. He could feel his legs break their cramped hold and glide away. It seemed as if his body was just kind of anxious to drop off easy into the foot-path by the tracks.

A scream of agony merged with the shriek of the air-brakes as he jerked back a crippled knee from the ties. He seemed to curl around his narrow purchase like a caterpillar winding itself around one's thumb.

With another cry of agony, he tightened his grip on the rod—and knew no more.

He stared at his surgeon with a grin of pain distorting his face. "It's pretty tough, at that!" he gasped, as the perspiration formed in thick, tiny crystals on his forehead.

ORGAN GRINDER'S DAY

HARVEST REAPED BY WASHINGTON STREET MUSICIAN.

Story From the Capital Concerning French and German Ambassadors Is a Good One, Though It is Not Official.

It was before the war came in grim earnest, of course, but here is the form in which a perfectly respectable old story used to be told over the cigarettes in Washington.

The strains of France's great national air fell upon the ears of the German ambassador, Count Bernstorff, as he sat within, deep in the diplomatic puzzles of his office, and a frown overspread his brow; for the Germans, though a music-loving people, love not the tune of the Marseillaise.

When the musician, having reached the end of the Marseillaise, proceeded to adjust his machine and play it over again, the ambassador grew restless. And when the third round began, Count Bernstorff's patience broke under the strain.

The valet, swiftly making his way to the street, addressed the organ grinder. "Can you play 'Die Wacht am Rhein'?" he asked.

"Yes, sure, Mike, I play him," replied the son of Italy, in the lingo of the country.

"Do you know where M'sieur Jusserand, the French ambassador, lives?" now queried the servant.

"Yes, yes, sure, Mike, I know," responded the dago.

"Well, here's a half-dollar," said the servant, handing him the coin. "I want you to go up to Ambassador Jusserand's house and play 'Die Wacht am Rhein' for 15 minutes without stopping. Understand?"

"Today, beg day; today I make de best moon," Ambassador Jusserand, just now in a giv' me one dollar to come here and play de Marseillaise for 15 minutes."—New York Evening Post.

The Dam Bill. It was a legislative field day in the house, and a call for a quorum had been sent forth. Wearily the members dragged themselves forth from the cool office offices into the heat of a summer day.

Deposits of Phosphate Rock. While the states of Florida, Tennessee and South Carolina have for many years been the principal sources of phosphate rock in the United States, it is believed that the main production in the future will probably come from the great deposits of phosphate rock on public lands in Idaho, Utah, Wyoming and Montana.

Cat Had the Advantage. Cherry Kearton, the famous photographer of wild animals, says that during the bombardment of Antwerp a dog and a cat followed him down the street.

Leap of Old 637. Half an hour before train time, I passed through the gate and sat on a baggage-truck near the iron fence in the Ninth and Broadway streets station, Louisville.

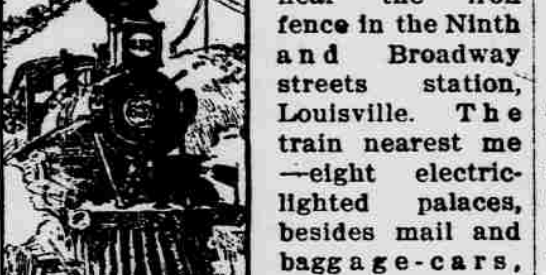
Activities of Women. It is claimed that women medical students complete their course much quicker than men.

Waterproof Cement. It is said that the United States army engineers have long used the following mixture for water-proofing cement: One part of cement, two parts of sand, three-quarters of a pound of dry powdered alum to each cubic foot of sand.

LEAP OF OLD 637

By EMMET F. HARTE.

Half an hour before train time, I passed through the gate and sat on a baggage-truck near the iron fence in the Ninth and Broadway streets station, Louisville.



Modern newspaper enterprise has somewhat dwarfed the importance of the London Gazette, Britain's oldest newspaper, which for 250 years has officially chronicled the history of the country.

Nowadays such announcements, while being sent to the London Gazette, are simultaneously communicated to the more important newspapers.

One of the most curious facts regarding the London Gazette is that while it is Britain's oldest newspaper, it is also one of the youngest, in the sense that it was not until 1908 that it was registered at the general post office for transmission by inland post as a newspaper.

It is the proud boast of Messrs. Harrison, who for more than one hundred and thirty years published the London Gazette, that although kings and cabinet ministers contributed to its pages during the time they published the paper, and although thousands of employees were engaged on the work of producing the Gazette, no official secrets sent to them for publication have ever leaked out.

The Gazette is probably the only paper which returns the original copy to its authors along with the proof. This is done in the case of communications from sovereigns and cabinet ministers.

It was about seven o'clock of a summer evening, quiet and peaceful, the freeman standing in the gangway enjoying the breeze; everybody feeling comfortable.

"The rest of the train went through, the box cars dropping and crashing, end over end, to the valley below, and the farmers used them for kindling wood afterward.

"I took my engine in and resigned. I haven't been in a cab since."

OLD LONDON JOURNAL

GAZETTE IS MOST VENERABLE BRITISH NEWSPAPER.

Publication Has for Two Hundred and Fifty Years Officially Chronicled the History of the Island Empire.

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TO OLD & NEW CUSTOMERS

I wish to thank each and every for your liberal patronage, and will show my appreciation by handling nothing but THE BEST.

Tenderloin and Round Steaks Beef Roasts, Liver, Pork, Sausage, And everything kept in a First-Class Market

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E. A. ALLSBROOK The Fish Man

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Administratrix Notice

Having qualified as administratrix of the late J. H. Hopkins, this is to notify the persons having claims against his estate to file same with me on or before the 10th day of August, 1915, or this notice will be pleaded in bar of their recovery. All persons owing said estate will please make immediate payment. This 10th day of August, 1914. MARTHA HOPKINS, Administratrix PAUL KITCHIN, Atty. 8-13-6t

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J. J. Pittman Livory

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Allen Allsbrook House Mover

Scotland Neck, North Carolina If you are thinking of having a house of any kind moved see me at once. Prices reasonable.