

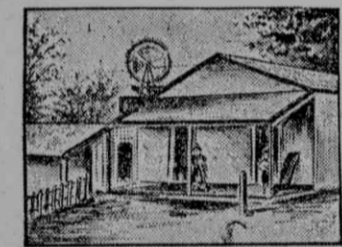
## WEALTH IS USELESS.

### MILLIONAIRES OF ARIZONA WHO LIVE IN SQUALOR.

**Copper King Who Sleeps on a Blanket on the Floor of His Cabin—Another Millionaire, Whose Chief Luxury Is Plug Tobacco.**

There are several rich men in Arizona, some of whom far exceed the million mark, who live lives as plain as the half-breed Mexicans among whom their lot is cast. One of these is James A. Robinson, whose home is in the little Mexican hamlet of Oro Blanco, close upon the boundary between the United States and Mexico, and who is worth \$1,800,000, his possessions consisting in copper mines, cattle and lands.

Oro Blanco is about the last community in the country where one would look for the residence of a millionaire. It is a mere huddle of one-story frame and adobe structures dignified by the name of houses. They are built on the sunbaked earth and there is not a wooden floor in the hamlet. Two little stores, each with a saloon adjunct, and a blacksmith shop, make up the business section of the town. The sparse population is four-fifths Mexican, and the community is not at all American in any of its ways. Yet Black Jim Robinson, as he is known all over the region because of his marked swarthy complexion, has made his home in Oro Blanco for thirty years and probably will never live anywhere else. He is from Poughkeepsie, N. Y., and was on his way with an ox-team wagon to the Pacific coast by the Santa Fe trail when the possibilities of making money in cattle came to him. Forthwith he abandoned the emigrant train



HOME OF JAMES A. ROBINSON.

to California, and has been living in Arizona ever since. He was blessed with a wonderful constitution and nerves of iron. He has been through Indian campaigns that would have killed most men, and has had fights for his life and property with Mexican vaqueros and with outlaws that would make hair-raising narratives. All the financial ups and downs of frontier life have been his.

**Chief Luxury Is Plug Tobacco.**  
For twenty years Robinson has been having an average net annual income of \$45,000, while he and his family have been living on less than \$500 of it each year. He has a Mexican wife, whom he married thirty years ago. There are four young men and five girls in the family, but only three of them remain at home. All the others have married into Mexican families and gone out to live in shanties and mudhouses among the cattle along the border, just like the sons and daughters of the poorest cowpunchers and sheep herders in the region. The home of this millionaire from New York would be dear at \$250. All the furniture and household effects in it could be repacked for \$300. The floors are of hard-packed adobe, the windows and doors are of the cheapest, crudest pattern, and a drop of paint was never applied inside or out. The old couple dress in the same coarse, rude garb as of old. The old man wears overalls and a "hickory" shirt all the time, except occasionally when a buyer for a Chicago or a Kansas City packing house journeys from Nogales railroad station, thirty miles across the hot, dusty plain, to talk over a \$30,000 or \$40,000 cattle transaction in the kitchen of the old house. Then Mr. Robinson may put on a threadbare and faded coat that he bought twenty years ago in Tucson. There is not a book in the house but a Cattleman's Guide and a volume of recipes for curing horse and cattle diseases. This millionaire's family never takes a newspaper, buys no furniture, never tastes such things as ice cream, candy, fish or fancy groceries. The old man saw a banana for the first time a year ago, when he was in Nogales. His only luxury is plug tobacco.

**Sleeps on the Floor.**  
Another millionaire who lives in what may be termed squalor is John M. Watson, of Globe, in Gila County. He owns a half interest in the Durham mine along with a syndicate of New Yorkers, and his dividends from the property come from the company's office in New York every ninety days. They vary from \$17,000 to \$38,000 four

times a year. Besides, he owns a smaller mine in Yuma County, for which he has at present a standing offer of \$200,000, which yields several thousand dollars profit every month.

The rise of Watson to wealth was as unusual as it was sudden. Five years ago he would gladly have sold all his mining interests in Arizona for a few thousand dollars and have forever quit work. He used to go about Phoenix and Tucson importuning everyone who had any interest in mining to give him an offer for his copper, and let him have a little money with which to take care of his invalid wife and a crippled son. A little later copper began to appreciate and old developed copper mines began to reopen all over the Territory. Presently all the old copper mines were booming, and with the price of copper at 16, 17 and 18 cents a pound, there was nothing more profitable in mining. A New York syndicate gave Watson \$45,000 for a half interest in his Durham mine, which he would have sold in 1893 for \$2,000, and then went ahead with the development of the property. At 47 he was poor, and at 50 he was easily worth \$300,000. Such are the marvelous transformations in some men's fortunes in the mining regions the world over.

To see him one would never suspect that the Goddess Fortune had so much as glanced at him. He rides about Globe on a scraggy old bay horse, with a bunch of greasy, tattered blankets for a saddle. A short, black clay pipe is generally between his lips. He sleeps in a blanket on his cabin floor. He never reads, never goes anywhere except to a saloon. He dresses like a ranch laborer, but wears an elaborate Mexican sombrero with a gold and silver threaded band about it. That is the sole personal indication of his rise in the mining world.

**Never Entered a Church.**  
Still another man to whom wealth has not brought corresponding comforts is William Soggs, a Texan and a cattle king in Yavapai County. He is worth half a million. He cannot read or write; indeed, he cannot do any sum in arithmetic that involves more than plain addition or subtraction. His success is an illustration of what ceaseless devotion to one purpose may accomplish. There is probably no one who knows cattle ranging in Arizona better than Soggs. He has a wonderful memory, an iron constitution, and quick comprehension of business propositions in the line of cattle growing and profitable ranges. Since he became a cowboy on the Texas Panhandle, when less than 15 years old, he has given every day of his life to cattle raising. It is said he knows at sight more than 4,000 cattle brands, and there are some he does not see once in five or six years.

He was reared on the border of civilization. His mother was a Creek squaw. He never had even one lesson in school. Had he had a common school education, the Arizona cattlemen say, he would have been the greatest cattleman in the whole West. He has a wife and five children. The family live in a log cabin forty-five miles east from Jerome, with no neighbors nearer than six miles. Every day is like every other in the Soggs home. The wife works like a poor settler's wife, the boys are out on the range with the cattle and the girl's help at times at branding the cattle, and at other times work about the home. Sundays, holidays and all the work goes on steadily.

Neither he nor any of his family ever has seen a drama, ever heard a concert or been in a church. Some years ago the Soggs family went to a circus in Prescott, and to this day the events of that visit are related as enthusiastically as if the family had peered into the open gates of heaven.

**Ancient Proofreading.**  
The editions of books printed two or three hundred years ago are almost entirely free from typographical errors, which may be attributed to the fact that early publishers were generally eminent scholars, and themselves gave much attention to the revision of their proofs. After reading the proofs they frequently turned them over to other scholars with the request to revise and correct, and as the printer's time was then deemed a matter of small consequence, a perfection was attained which is seldom equaled by modern printers.

**Why They Are Vegetarians.**  
Vegetarian—Don't you know that the strongest animals are all vegetarians, the elephant being the most powerful? Carnivorous Friend—That's all right. If they weren't so strong they never would be able to stand a vegetable diet.—Boston Transcript.

It's awfully hard on some men's eyes when they look for perfection in themselves.

The hard-working clerk is usually working for a raise.

## WAYS OF LONG AGO.

Last night I dreamed I was awake;  
Then, waking up, I dreamed,  
My mind just went without a break  
To where the waters gleamed  
And dimpled down beside the road.  
I saw the willows trail  
Along the stream, just like I knowed.  
I saw the teeter-tail,  
And heard the bluejay call, and call,  
And saw the eddies swing  
In curves below the waterfall,  
An' heard the ribins sing.

And I was just a boy, and walked  
The ways o' long ago.  
The catbird came again and mocked  
Just like I used to know.  
And in the orchard loaded down  
The heavy branches swung,  
And in its coat of sober brown  
The thrush its matins sung.  
And breezes moved the ripening grain  
In billows to and fro,  
And I was just a boy again  
In ways of long ago.

O, welcome dreams that take us back  
To childhood's happy days!  
Along some well-remembered track  
In pleasant woodland ways!  
O, welcome song of orioles  
And thrush's matins clear  
That bring us back the orchard knolls  
And days of yesteryear.  
Till we can hear the lullabies  
And feel the rhythmic swing  
That used to lull our tired eyes  
When mother used to sing.  
—Houston Post.

## HIS SECOND WIFE

SIT down, dear, and while I am waiting for John, I will tell you all about it. I know people wondered when we were married, and said I was an old flame, and that it was preposterous for old people like us to marry. But, my child, I don't care. Yes, you do seem like a child to me; eighteen, did you say? And this is your engagement ring. Pretty, isn't it? How it brings back the old times when I was just your age, and John and I was courting."

There was a pause, and one small, wrinkled hand was raised to brush away a tear. Then the sweet old voice continued—

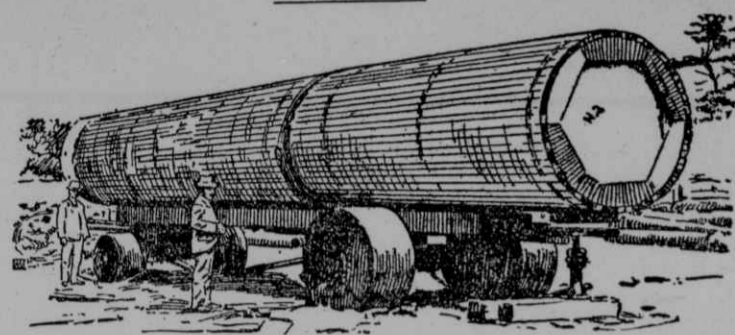
"You see, John was what they call a bound boy. He was just eight years old when he came to live with us; and he stayed until, well, until he married her. You knew Eunice? She was a handsome girl, if I do say it. Far prettier than I. I never did count much for good looks, but for all that I took pretty well with the beaux. But I didn't care a jot for any one of them but John. He was five years older than I, and from the time I was a mite of three, my constant companion and protector. How he did stand by me if there was any fracas at school, as there always was more or less with part of us on one side, and part of us on the other. Well, matters went along smooth enough until I was nearly nineteen. Then the first and hardest trial I ever had to contend with, came like a thunder-bolt from a clear sky.

"John and I became engaged on my eighteenth birthday, and father and mother were well pleased. Don't very often happen that way, does it? But it did in our case. You see, I was the only child, and John was a fine, many-fellow, fully capable of making his own way in the world, and always like a son to father and mother. How they loved that boy! They never seemed quite the same after he disappointed them so. And to think they never knew the truth. Oh, it was shameful! But there, I must not judge her. She was young and thoughtless, and sorry enough in after years. I'll show you the letters some time. It was them that wrought all the mischief. They were written while I was West, visiting my mother's brother and his family. You see, dear, Eunice and I were the best of friends, and I never suspected till afterward how much she cared for John, but I never blamed her for taking him when he wanted her.

"I tried to think it was the Lord's will, and stayed West two years trying to reconcile myself to the inevitable. Then mother was taken sick, and I came home, John and Eunice had a little one by that time, and somehow those baby fingers helped to heal the breach; and before I knew it I was loving John's baby as well as I did him, only in a different way, perhaps, for there would come times when it seemed as if my life was a blank. They were apparently so happy, I so lonely, trying to crush out the love I now felt it a sin to harbor. Somehow, though, it survived the years; for John is as dear to me to-day, my child, as in the long ago; when beneath the apple-boughs he placed this ring upon my finger. It was in the fair spring-time and the old orchard was like a dream of fairy-land."

Again the sweet voice quavered and broke, and a tear dropped from the down-cast eyes and glittered like a diamond on the worn circlet of gold. Once more memory carried her back to the time when she was a light-hearted girl, with not a cloud to dim the

## TRANSPORTING A NINETY-TON GRANITE COLUMN.



The construction of the great Cathedral of St. John the Divine, Morning-side Heights, New York, now going on, is one of the biggest architectural tasks undertaken anywhere in recent years. The work is progressing slowly, owing to lack of funds, but even, if unlimited money were at the disposal of the trustees, the enormous building could not be constructed in less than fifteen years.

Eight gigantic granite columns for the choir recently arrived in New York from Vinalhaven, Me., and attracted great curiosity, while being transported from the dock to the Cathedral grounds.

Each column is a memorial gift, and they cost about \$25,000 each. An enormous lathe was built to turn them. Unfortunately, they could not be true monoliths, as they broke in the lathe during the polishing operation, one of them fracturing within a few hours of completion. Therefore it became necessary to make the columns in two pieces. The larger section is 37 feet 6 inches in length by 6 feet in diameter, and weighs 90 tons. The smaller section is 17 feet long, 5 feet in diameter at the smaller end, and weighs from 40 to 45 tons. The columns were transported from Maine, on a lighter, two columns being carried at one time. No very great difficulty was experienced in unloading them, but the carrying of them to the Cathedral grounds, a distance of two miles, is proving a heavy task. A special truck was built for the purpose, which is one of the largest ever constructed. The frame of the truck is 30 feet long, and weighs 10 tons. The axles are 7 and 8 inches square, and are made out of cold-rolled steel. The wheels are built up of seven thicknesses of 3-inch white oak plank. There are four 5-inch tires on each wheel.

A 40-horse power traction engine is used to transport the columns to the Cathedral ground. Progress is, of course, rather slow; for instance, it required nineteen days to carry the first column from the dock to the Cathedral grounds.

sunshine of the hour; when beneath the apple-boughs she plighted her troth to the man she loved.

"Ah child," she resumed, finally, "if my life could have been like that always; but it was not destined to be so. Methinks, sometimes, the trial was needed to strengthen and perfect what otherwise might have been a weaker character; one that knowing naught of trouble, failed in that deep sympathy for less fortunate mortals. How well I remember the day I received that letter. I felt sure it was from John by the writing on the outside. You see, she had imitated his hand so closely that I failed to detect the difference. If possible I was more than usually pleased to receive it, as it was several days later than on former occasions, and I was beginning to chafe at the delay.

"Humming that sweet old love song, Annie Laurie, I hastened to my room. I always wanted to be alone when I read John's letters. You understand, my dear? How my fingers trembled as I opened it, and with a sense of happiness, too great for words, bent over the closely written pages! Alas, how different from the other missives I had received from him. 'He loved me still, but it grieved him to say, only as a sister. In Eunice he had found his ideal. Would I not release him from an engagement which, if consummated in marriage, would only terminate in the ruin of three lives.' He 'begged me not to mention the affair to my parents, as he would tell them himself and thus spare me the ordeal.' Spare me! Ah, my child, that would have been nothing in comparison with what I suffered then.

"From that hour my whole being was changed. No longer a happy-hearted child, but a grave and thoughtful woman. How little I knew that at that very time, John was having a fierce conflict with his own emotions, as he read and re-read the letter supposed to have come from me. 'In the far West,' it told him, 'I had found another, and by the time he received that, I would be a wife. Would he forgive me for my fickleness, and could he not find some one to fill my place? There was Eunice. I was sure she cared for him, and would make him happy.'

"You know the rest, child. He married her. She was ready and willing to give him every encouragement; and not until she lay dying did she confess herself the author of these two letters, and how fearful she had always been that we would find out her guilty secret, and by a mutual confession learn that in our hearts we had always been true to each other. Of course he wondered why I had never married. But she told him I had been terribly disappointed, and not to mention the subject to me. The letter I wrote releasing him from his engagement she received, instead of him. Eunice was clever, very clever. It's a pity so many clever people don't put their talents to better purposes.

"On the day she died, she called him to her. 'John,' she said, 'my life has been spared many years, but I have not been happy. Knowing at last that you would never care for me, as you did for her, I was wretched—a fitting punishment for my sin—but you have always been a kind and faithful husband, and I could not die without telling you all. When I am gone may you be happy together. It is my last

request, John, promise me you will heed it.'

"Well, as you know, child, we were married in June, although he is past three score years and ten, and I was seventy instead of twenty as it was to have been. That is all dear, and here is John."

Later, as I wandered in the glen, a picturesque bit of rustic scenery, I found them sitting in an ideal spot at the foot of a beautiful waterfall, the grand verdure-covered hills towering above them. Dear old people; young in their hearts as on that spring day when they plighted their troth beneath the blossom-laden boughs of the old apple-tree.—Waverley.

## TO PENSION GIRL'S MOTHER.

Mrs. Hedwig A. Maas, of East Orange, N. J., is to be recompensed by Congress for the loss of her daughter,

Miss Clara Louise Maas, who died in Cuba in 1901 as the result of an experiment made for the purpose of advancing science in the treatment of yellow fever. She went there on returning from a hurry call to the Philippines and permitted herself to be bitten six times by a mosquito which had fed upon a yellow fever victim. The health authorities were trying to discover if the disease was carried by the insect, and gave those submitting to the test a reward of \$100.

Although she had nursed two Spaniards who subjected themselves to the test and died, Miss Maas offered herself as a sacrifice, if necessary, to science, and fell a victim to the disease as a result of the bites of the mosquito. She was taken to the yellow fever hospital, and her sister, Miss Sophia Maas, started from home to reach her bedside, but death won the race, and she reached there only to hear that her sister had passed away.

A bill has now been introduced in Congress for a pension for the mother of the girl.

## Her Retort.

He was explaining why he didn't get home until an early morning hour. "The fact is," he said, "an old college chum—a stranger in the city—came to the office, and I felt as if I ought to entertain him a little—"

"Oh, it was charity!" she interrupted.

"Why, yes," he returned, brightening at the suggestion, "you might call it charity to spend a little time and money on a lonesome—"

"But charity," she interrupted again, "begins at home."

Then he gave up the explanation business.

## Why It Passed By.

"Did Opportunity never knock at your door, my good man?" asked the kindly lady.

"I dunno, ma'am," replied Beery Bill; "mebbe so—but I never pay no attention to knockers."—Cincinnati Times-Star.

It is easy to induce a friend to laugh at your jokes, but he doesn't always do it in a satisfactory manner.