

SEVEN-YEAR-OLD BOY MORTGAGED FOR \$2,500

The Strangest Financial Transaction Ever Known in This Country.

A ROMANCE IS BACK OF IT ALL.

Capt. Milo Green, Jilted by the Girl He Loves, Advances Money, with Her Child as Security, When She Gets in Financial Difficulties—Claim Is Due September 27 of This Year.

Peasam, Vt.—One of the strangest mortgages ever recorded in this country is held by Capt. Milo Green, a rich recluse farmer, living near this place. The amount of the debt is \$2,500, and the security given is a bright-eyed, seven-year-old boy.

The mortgage falls due on September 27 of this year, and if it is not paid promptly on that day no one who knows of the case doubts for a minute but that it will be foreclosed, and little Claire Lesueur will pass from his parents to Capt. Green.

That it may not be paid is more than a possibility.

To tell the story of this remarkable transaction, and the strange romance which is back of it, it is necessary to go back a number of years, and to the town of St. Johnsbury, where all of the characters, with the exception of the boy, lived 20 years ago. At that time Capt. Green was but beginning to

The birth of Claire was fatal to his father's good resolutions. The day after the child was born Jacques went out to celebrate. He returned home drunk and for most of the next two years he remained drunk. He lost his savings, his little home, his employment. The mother worked desperately, taking in washing and ironing, doing anything to support herself and child. But the strain, the worry and the shame told on her beauty.

Then the drunkard husband fell sick, and affairs came to a crisis.

Green to the Rescue.

How Milo Green ever heard of the plight of the girl who jilted him no one knows, but one morning he appeared in Guildhall and inquired the way to the home of the Lesueurs. The mother, worn out by night's vigil at the bedside of her sick husband and the care of her child, answered the knock on the door, and saw her old



amass the wealth which is now his; at that time Jacques Lesueur had but just crossed the American border from Quebec and was beginning to thrive in the lumber business; at that time Marie Mercier, daughter of poor French-Canadian parents, was one of the beauties of the district around St. Johnsbury, and among her admirers were Milo Green and Lesueur.

Green had lived a hard life. Born up in the northern hills of Vermont, of poor parents, he had had to fight for a little education, and had succeeded. He was a reserved, cold, silent man—as forbidding and cold to most people as his native hills in winter, but to Marie Mercier all the warmth that was in his nature was turned.

Wealth was beginning to come to him then, and the little, black-haired, black-eyed girl perhaps was flattered at the silent, unassuming adoration of the man who was so hard to others. She could turn him with a smile, or draw him from his office or his desk with a nod, and she knew it. In the Lesueurs was a strong, handsome, young man, given to drinking and gayeties.

Green jilted by the girl.

There never was any promise, so far as men knew, from Marie Mercier to Green, but every one supposed she would marry him for his money—if not for himself; and some thought perhaps she would love him because he was so opposite. There was surprise, therefore, when she was married to Jacques Lesueur.

Never before in his life had Milo Green held a child in his arms. It was reputed among the little boys and girls of his neighbors that he ate children, after boiling them alive, and in substantiation of this charge there are several small boys who declare he growled at them when he caught them in his apple trees.

Yet, with the infant in his arms, the man appeared happy and the child, which had been fretful and peevish, seemed to find something to trust in the hard, stern face above it, and fell asleep with its arms clasped around the man's neck.

Three hours later, when the mother awoke, refreshed, the house was cleaned, a nourishing meal ready for her, the woman had gone to employ a nurse for the sick man, and Milo Green was sitting before the fire with the boy, sound asleep, clutched in his arms, and he seemed happy. Marie said he was almost smiling as he watched the boy.

When the boy was in bed Milo turned upon Mrs. Lesueur. "Well," he said, "what are you going to do?"

The Mortgage Given.

"I cannot leave him—he is my husband," she said.

"You cannot live this way," he said. "I have paid the woman and the nurse for a month, and the grocery bill, but you must have more money."

"He will soon be able to work—" she began.

"Not for months—perhaps longer."

"Then I must work," she said, desperately.

"You shall not. It will kill you. I will advance you money."

"We cannot accept it from you. We have nothing to give as security."

"Yes, you have," said Milo Green. "There is the boy. I'll advance you \$2,500 in cash for a mortgage on the boy."

ter will not listen to anyone who speaks of Capt. Green's hardness. It is peculiar, also, that the lawyer down in Peasam, who drew Capt. Green's will, chuckles whenever the subject of the mortgage is mentioned.

Jacques Lesueur, over in the lumber yard, is working desperately and feverishly. "It will kill my wife," he says. "I must pay it!"

The Mother Only Smiles.

And, stranger than anything else, a few days ago Marie Lesueur was sewing on a little blue jacket for Claire, and she said to a neighbor:

"Don't let Jacques hear of it, but I'm making this so Claire can go over to Peasam for a visit this fall."

"Then the old skinflint is going to foreclose the mortgage?" asked the indignant neighbor.

"You mustn't call him a skinflint. He's been kind to us, and, whether the mortgage is paid or not, I'm going to let him have Claire for a time. I think it will do them both good."

Misfortunes in Abundance.

Things went badly with the Lesueurs from the first. A boy was born—Emil, and three years later he died. Then business went rapidly to the bad. Lesueur drank heavily. His wife stood by him bravely, even after he was forced to leave St. Johnsbury and seek work—day labor—at Guildhall. What the little woman suffered in the first ten years of her married life she alone knows. Her beauty changed—but she still was beautiful. Trouble and hard work could not change everything, and her eyes were just as flashing and her hair as black as ever. The husband still drank hard, but for a time she thought she had won the victory. He quit drinking, settled down to work, and there were three years of comparative happiness. Then Claire came, and the mother's heart, hungering for years for her lost boy, was satisfied.

One Case.

"Do you believe in divorces?"

"In some cases."

"Cite me a case where a divorce is excusable."

"There's the case of Chollie Kahlschick."

"But he isn't married?"

"He has told me that he was wedded to his art."—Houston Post.

A True Genius.

"Failed, did he?"

"Yes. Liabilities were half a million."

"Goodness! What are his assets?"

"Not a cent."

"And yet you denied that he possessed true financial genius!"—Cleveland Leader.

"Before the Almighty," he declared, "if you don't brace up and be a man and support this woman and child I'll foreclose the mortgage the minute it falls due. I did this in the hope of making a man of you. I wish you'd die—but, if she wants you to live, I'll give you a chance. If you drink and fail to pay that mortgage I'll take the boy."

From that day on Jacques was sober. As he slowly regained his health he sought work and found it in a lumber yard, and he and his wife settled down to save money to raise the mortgage on their boy. Every six months they paid



"I'll Foreclose If You Don't Pay."

the interest, and the little fortune in the bank grew larger.

They do not know it yet, but every cent of interest money that has been paid is in a bank at St. Johnsbury to the order of one Claire Lesueur.

Working Hard to Pay.

The struggle has been a hard one, but the couple is certain that, by extra work and extra saving, they can almost accumulate enough to settle the debt by September. The father is worrying over the prospect, and working harder and harder to get money enough to settle the debt, but, strange as it may seem, the mother is not worrying a bit.

During the four and a half years that have elapsed since the mortgage was given Milo Green has never been near Guildhall. He is living down at Peasam, on his farm—a little older, a little harder, a little grayer than at that time. His neighbors do not like him. They say he is a hard man.

Philanthropist in Disguise.

There are stories of grim treatment accorded persons who have had financial dealings with him. He has demanded his pound of flesh from scores and foreclosed mortgage after mortgage.

But there are also stories of baskets of food left secretly on doorsteps of needy persons, of gifts of a cow to a woman who lost hers and needed one to supply milk for her children, and money to a hard-working man who lost all by sickness.

Nine out of every ten persons in the community vow Milo Green is a Shylock and the others say:

"There is a soft spot in his heart if you ever touch it. The world has treated him coldly and he knows no other way to treat it."

Minister Takes a Hand.

A few weeks ago the minister heard of the strange mortgage that Capt. Green held on the little boy up at Guildhall, and he drove over to remonstrate with the captain about such unnatural traffic.

What Capt. Green said to the minister is not entirely known. But it is a strange thing that the next day, on meeting a neighbor, Capt. Green remarked that the preacher was a pretty decent sort of a fellow, and the minister



Rocking the Child to Sleep.

Don't say "settle" for "pay." Example: "I settle my bills promptly," should be "I pay my bills promptly."

Don't say "since" for "ago." Example: "It was ages since," should be "It was ages ago."

Note—"Since" looks forward from a definite past time until now; as, "He went a month ago, and I have not seen him since." "Ago" looks backward from the present; as "Years ago, it happened."

Don't say "sinks down" for "sinks." Example: "Lead sinks down in water," should be "Lead sinks in water."

DON'T'S For Speaker and Writer

BY EDWARD B. WARMAN, A. M. (Author of "Practical Orthodoxy and Criticism," "The Voice: How to Train It; How to Care for It," Etc.) (Copyright, 1905, by Joseph B. Bowles.)

Author's Note.—It is one thing to record errors, quite another to avoid them. He who waits for the faultless one to cast the first critical stone waits in vain; therefore, as one of many working for the betterment of the English language, I shall be pleased to receive kindly criticism, if perchance, I, too, have erred.

One's theory often is better than one's practice. This was exemplified by the teacher of language when he said to his class: "Never use a preposition to end a sentence with."

Many years ago I began to be watchful of errors. I noted them in a little book; the book grew as the years passed. I printed much; shall profit more, I now record them that I may benefit others as well as myself. Many of them are recorded for the first time.

Don't say "reply" for "answer." Example: "In reply to your letter," should be "In answer to your letter."

Note—Replies are given to statements, accusations, arguments, etc., whether verbal or written; therefore, in general correspondence, the word "answer" should be used.

Don't say "reprove" for "rebuke." Note—These words are often used interchangeably, but erroneously. A reproof is kindly given with a desire to aid; a rebuke is not always prompted by the best motives; hence, is often unkindly given.

Don't say "reputation" for "character." Note—These words are not synonymous. A man's character is what he makes it; his reputation is what his friends or his enemies make it. A good reputation does not always bespeak a good character. One with a noble character may have a bad reputation. One's character is what he is; one's reputation is what he seems—sometimes viewed "through a glass darkly."

Don't say "return back" for "return." Example: "We were compelled to return back," "The army retreated back many miles," should be "We were compelled to return," "The army retreated many miles."

Don't say "rig" for "conveyance." Example: "They had a fine rig." Note—The use of the word in this sense is questionable taste.

Don't say "right here" for "just here." Example: "Right here let me say," should be "Just here let me say."

Don't say "rinse off" for "rinse." Example: "Rinse off your hands," should be "Rinse your hands."

Don't say "rode" for "ridden." Example: "I have rode several miles on my wheel-to-day," should be "I have ridden several miles on my wheel-to-day."

Don't say "run" for "ran." Example: "He run to the train," should be "He ran to the train."

Don't say "rung" for "rang." Example: "He rung the bell," should be "He rang the bell."

Don't say "savage" for "ferocious." Example: "That man is often quite savage," should be "That man is often quite ferocious."

Don't say "saw" for "have seen." Example: "It was the largest I ever saw," "I never saw it but once," "I never saw such a parade," should be "It was the largest I ever have seen," "I never have seen it but once," "I never have seen such a parade."

Don't say "see more of you" for "see you more often." Example: "I should like to see more of you," should be "I should like to see you more often."

Don't say "see out of his eyes." Example: "He can hardly see out of his eyes," should be "He can hardly see."

Don't say "seen" for "saw." Example: "I seen him when he did it," should be "I saw him when he did it."

Don't say "set" for "sit." Set, set, setting or set. Sit, sat, sitting or sat.

Note—The meaning of the word should aid one in its correct use. To set, to place; to fix; to plant; to frame; to regulate. To sit, to rest upon the haunches; to repose on a seat; to hold a session; to incubate; to be adjusted; to fit.

Don't say "sett" for "set." Note—This error, of course, is not made in speech, but in writing. Example: "Send me your full sett of books," should be "Send me your full set of books."

Don't say "settle" for "pay." Example: "I settle my bills promptly," should be "I pay my bills promptly."

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SUCCEEDED IN BUSINESS. But Failed as a Man Because of the Various Shortcomings Here Recorded.

He stopped growing. He was not greater than his occupation.

He never learned to look on the sunny side.

He stuffed his pocketbook, but starved his brain.

He had no use for sentiment, which could not be cashed.

He never learned to take the drug-ery out of his work.

He did not live in his upper stories, but in the basement of his being.

He regarded his business as a means of making a living, instead of a life.

He lost his early friends by neglect, and had no time to cultivate new ones.

He never learned to enjoy little things, to see the uncommon in the common.

He never learned to lubricate his life's machinery with laughter and good cheer.

He made life a grind, out of which he got neither pleasure, profit nor instruction.

There was only one side of his nature developed, and that was the money-making side.

No face ever brightened at his approach, no heart thrilled at the sound of his voice.

Society bored him, children bored him, music and the drama were unknown languages to him.

He never learned to enjoy himself as he went along, but was always postponing his happiness.

He could not rise to his feet to speak at a public meeting, or to put a motion, if his life depended on it.

He used every means to develop his business, but none to develop his mind or to make himself a larger man.

When he retired from business, he found that, in his struggle to get the means for enjoyment, he had murdered his capacity to enjoy.

He knew nothing of what was going on in the world outside of his own narrow circle; another state was like a foreign country to him.

He read only market reports in the newspapers. He never read articles in magazines, and books were an unknown quantity to him.

The idea of helping others, or of owing society, his city, or his nation, any duty, outside of caring for his own interests, never occurred to him.

Recreation, relaxation, or amusement of any kind was condemned by him as a wicked waste of valuable time which might be coined into dollars.—O. S. Marden, in Success Magazine.

Dogfish for the Table.

A Cornish gourmet, following the advice of Horace about combining pleasures with utility, suggests that the destructive dogfish, which are ruining the local fishermen, would prove a valuable addition to our cuisine. When skinned and carefully cooked the dogfish is "more delicate than hake," while a peculiar "sweetness" of flavor can be remedied by lemon or vinegar. Poor Frank Buckland long ago advocated a diet of dogfish, and was once delighted at being asked by some weather-bound French fishermen: "Will you buy a dog, John?" As a matter of fact, dogfish has been from time to time eagerly eaten under the ambiguous euphemism of "fried fish" by many generations of east and south Londoners.—Westminster Gazette.

Simply Marvellous!

(1) "Strordinary thing happened the other day," said old Grinby. "My hat blew off quite suddenly in the street—"

(2) "And the wind took it along at a terrible pace—"

(3) "But the funny thing about it was the way it whirled round corners—"

(4) "And blew it straight into Temp-doz kennel!"

THE FROZEN SHIP

A BRAVE DEED OF AN ATLANTIC SAILOR.

Hurricane Off St. John's—Decks and Masts Ice-Coated—Ship Springs a Leak—Captain Destroys Schooner.

A fierce wind shrieked over the schooner Amarda, sailing from Newfoundland. On the bridge, clad in oilskins, stood Capt. Fitzgerald. Beside him was the mate. An anxious look rested on both men's faces. Before them the sea rose in a great, white-capped, heaving mass, and dark clouds moved swiftly across the sky.

Sails reefed to their fullest, the Amarda rushed forward. The waves bore down upon her, and hurled themselves against her side.

Off St. John's the gale became a hurricane. The thermometer sank low in its bulb, and the spray, dished high in the rigging, froze instantly, covering the spars and rigging with a thick icy coat. On deck the ice lay a foot



ONE BY ONE... THEY SLID DOWN TO THE LITTLE BOAT.

in thickness. Huge masses hung from the bridge, and the rails bent under the weight.

A cry arose. The carpenter rushed to Capt. Fitzgerald. His face was white. In quick, shouted words he told of an awful discovery. The ship had sprung a leak!

The pumps were quickly manned. All night the men labored.

Morning brought no hope. There were now four feet of water in the well.

On board the ice now weighed many tons. All form of ship had vanished. It looked almost like an iceberg.

Hopelessness marked every countenance. With the water in her hold dragging her down, and the ever-growing ice pressing heavily on the deck, the ship lay on the verge of foundering.

Realizing the desperateness of their plight, the captain ordered the vessel to be lightened. Anchors were cast overboard, cables, even the cargo, in the effort to raise her a few inches higher in the water.

On the fifth day of the storm, when the crew were almost ready to throw themselves down and let Fate work its way, a long black cloud appeared on the horizon. A ship was in sight.

A large vessel approached, moving rapidly through the waves. As she drew near, the watch on board the frost-bound schooner saw she was the Atlantic Transport company's liner Mesaba. From her bridge her captain stared with amazement at the strange sight of what at first looked like an iceberg, then resolved into a little ship embedded in ice, and flying signals of distress.

A boat shot from the Mesaba's side, and made rapidly towards the Amarda. At the sight of it the wearied men raised a feeble cheer, then rushed off to collect the more precious of their belongings.

One by one they climbed over the ice-covered bulwarks and slid down to the little boat that lay tossing at the stern. Only Capt. Fitzgerald hesitated. A thought was in his mind. He dare not leave his ship—a derelict, drifting in the track of many ocean liners. The schooner must be destroyed.

Without a word he turned on his heels, and descended to his cabin. In a few minutes dense volumes of smoke poured from the hatches.

Then the captain joined his comrades.

Filled a Long-Felt Want.

"I should like to call your attention," said the salesman at the bookstore, "to this beautifully bound set of Ruskin, comprising his complete works. Book lovers have been waiting a long time for this elegant—"

"Wait a moment," interrupted Mr. Gaswell, as he took a tape measure out of his pocket and proceeded to ascertain the lateral and perpendicular dimensions of the set.

"By George, young man," he exclaimed, "that's exactly the thing I want. It just fills a couple of feet of vacant shelving in my library."—Chicago Tribune.

Hotel on the Desert.

Ogden, Utah, June 20.—The world's competition five-mile motor record was broken by E. B. Heagren, of Salt Lake City, at Ogden, Utah. The time was 5:59 2-5, which is 23 4-5 seconds faster than Heagren's former world's record, made in Salt Lake City last June.

Who is the champion of the big auto drivers at present? This is a question that is now agitating the motor racing world. Up to the present time Barney Oldfield has generally rated as the premier, but Barney was recently defeated by Charles Basl in two straight heats, who, a few days later, went down to defeat before Louis Chevrolet in a record-breaking contest. Chevrolet, in the race, lowered the world's mile record from 0:53 to 0:52 4-5 in his huge 99-horsepower machine. On June 16 he also defeated Oldfield in two heats at a meet at Hartford, Conn. According to these performances Chevrolet has the best right to claim the honor.

Barney Oldfield, by his admission, is taking no chances nowadays. Oldfield has engagements now closed which will net him \$15,000, and he has already made that much money in a busy year. With Oldfield racing is a business, pure and simple, and he has arranged matters nicely to save trouble and time. His racing and touring car are carried through the country in a special baggage car, which may be shipped as freight or express. He carries with him two mechanics, and thinks nothing of a thousand-mile trip to ride in one race. As indicating the money which may be made by a man of Oldfield's prominence, his bonus of \$2,000 for driving two days at St. Paul is cited. Oldfield rarely appears that he does not receive, win or lose, from \$500 to \$1,000 a day. His expenses are largely borne by the makers, and much of this is profit. Hereafter nearly all will be profit, as Oldfield has dispensed with his manager, Ernie Moros, and is now booking his own dates. Providing he goes through this season successfully, it is probable that South Africa and Australia will see America's most prominent driver next winter.

SPORTS AND ATHLETICS

To the followers of baseball among the leading western colleges, the past season has been most disappointing. With the possible exception of Michigan, not one of the big universities has shown the form displayed in previous seasons.



CAMPBELL.

Both Wisconsin and Northwestern had off years, the latter all but disbanding at the beginning of the season. The Purples' only joy lay in making the two games played with Chicago. Among the rest of the conference colleges, Indiana, Iowa and Purdue have average teams, while Minnesota had none at all. According to one critic the following men have shown up best in their various positions, and are named as the all-star western college baseball team: Sanger, of Michigan, was the best pitcher of the year, winning nearly all his games. He has great speed and combines this excellent quality with head work. Close at his heels comes Miller, of Chicago, and Opperfert, of Illinois. First-class catchers have been scarce, but Leahy, of Wisconsin, seems to have the call on the rest. Harper, of Chicago, and Hatch, of Michigan, probably stand next in the order named. As for first sack Cutting, of Northwestern, is easily the leader. His long experience at Michigan stood him in good stead. He fields his position well and is a heavy hitter. For a green man, Abbott, of Chicago, has shown exceptional form. In another year he should develop into a top-notch. For second base, Weinberger, of Northwestern, seems to fill the bill. Not only is he a fielder of skill and judgment, but can also be called upon to line out a safe hit in a pinch, which is an excellent quality in an infielder. Brooks, who played for Illinois the latter part of the season, has shown up well. For shortstop, Campbell, of Michigan, has no close rival. He is easily the best in the west in his position, and has also the qualities of a captain. Wilkenson, Northwestern's little shortstop, has shown himself to be a player of the first water, his fielding being phenomenal at times. For third Vandagriff, of Illinois is perhaps the best who has played the position this season, although Baird, of Chicago, who was put in the outfield this year, is the better of the two. O'Brien, of Michigan, also holds the third sack down like a veteran, and is a hard hitter. In the outfield there are a number of good men—Paul and Baird, of Chicago; Rothgeb, of Illinois; Wendell, of Michigan, and Cummings, of Wisconsin, all first-class players. The two Maroons are sure in their catching and are good hitters, Paul being probably the best in the latter line of the whole bunch. Wendell, of Michigan, is a steady player, and although not a brilliant batter, has a knack of lining one out when most needed. The Illinois captain, Rothgeb, has not been sticking as well as formerly, but is a well when it comes to fielding.

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Who is the champion of the big auto drivers at present? This is a question that is now agitating the motor racing world. Up to the present time Barney Oldfield has generally rated as the premier, but Barney was recently defeated by Charles Basl in two straight heats, who, a few days later, went down to defeat before Louis Chevrolet in a record-breaking contest. Chevrolet, in the race, lowered the world's mile record from 0:53 to 0:52 4-5 in his huge 99-horsepower machine. On June 16 he also defeated Oldfield in two heats at a meet at Hartford, Conn. According to these performances Chevrolet has the best right to claim the honor.

Barney Oldfield, by his admission, is taking no chances nowadays. Oldfield has engagements now closed which will net him \$15,000, and he has already made that much money in a busy year. With Oldfield racing is a business, pure and simple, and he has arranged matters nicely to save trouble and time. His racing and touring car are carried through the country in a special baggage car, which may be shipped as freight or express. He carries with him two mechanics, and thinks nothing of a thousand-mile trip to ride in one race. As indicating the money which may be made by a man of Oldfield's prominence, his bonus of \$2,000 for driving two days at St. Paul is cited. Oldfield rarely appears that he does not receive, win or lose, from \$500 to \$1,000 a day. His expenses are largely borne by the makers, and much of this is profit. Hereafter nearly all will be profit, as Oldfield has dispensed with his manager, Ernie Moros, and is now booking his own dates. Providing he goes through this season successfully, it is probable that South Africa and Australia will see America's most prominent driver next winter.

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