

The fact that he had not paid his rent and that he was cheating him seemed to make no difference.

OTHER MONEY KINGS.

Seattle has a large number of men who have made fortunes in money and mines. Judge Thomas Burke, the great lawyer of this region, is worth a million. L. D. J. Hunt, the owner of the *Seattle Post-Intelligencer*, and one of the big holders of the Monte Christo mines, came here worth \$30,000 and he is now quoted at from three to five millions, and there is a baker's dozen of other Seattle men who are rich beyond the dreams of avarice.

SOME TACOMA MILLIONAIRES.

It is the same with Tacoma, Seattle's rival city, which is only forty miles further up the sound, and which is filled with the homes of rich men. During my visit there I met a number of them and I heard of others. What surprises me most is the number of young men who have grown rich. Mr. Hunt is not over thirty-three and Allen C. Mason, one of the big millionaires of Tacoma, is under forty. Mason's wealth illustrates the value of newspaper advertising. Just ten years ago he was teaching school in Jacksonville, Ill. He borrowed \$3,000 for three years to come to Puget sound, settled at Tacoma and went into the real estate and loan business. During five years his transactions amounted to more than three millions. He is now building a house in Tacoma which will cost \$125,000, has given the city a public library of 20,000 volumes and owns all sorts of valuable property. He considers the newspapers one of the secrets of success. He put all his money at first into newspaper advertising. He started in by advertising his real estate in religious papers, spending at first \$100 a month and increasing till he was spending about \$500 a month in this way. Then he tried the big eastern dailies and one Sunday he spent \$10,000, all that he had at the time, in putting two-page ads in the big Sunday newspapers of New York, Boston and Philadelphia. The result was that the letters came in by the bushel and half of them contained money, and Mr. Mason says he is still getting business from the advertising of that time. About two years ago Mr. Mason and a friend of his, Mr. Charles Reeves, who has also made a fortune in Tacoma real estate, went round the world together. They carried a camera with them and photographed themselves in all sorts of shapes. They brought back a lot of plunder and among other things Mason bought a mummy and smuggled it out of Egypt and across here to Tacoma.

CHIEF JUSTICE FULLER'S SON-IN-LAW.

Hugh Wallace, who married Mildred Fuller, is fast making a fortune in Tacoma. He is under thirty years of age, but he must already be worth \$200,000, and he is, I am told, a good business man. He is especially happy just now in the possession of a son who is said to look much like his grandfather, the chief justice.

The biggest individual property owner of Tacoma is, I am told, C. B. Wright, who used to be president of the Northern Pacific railroad and who owns over \$10,000,000 worth of Tacoma buildings and lands and stocks. Mr. Wright is said to be worth \$50,000,000. He pays one-eighth of all the taxes in Tacoma,

and he recently bought the Hunt system of railroads and paid \$25,000,000 for them. He is now about seventy years old, and he is called the father of Tacoma. He had the tunnel built through the Cascade mountains and thus made Tacoma the terminus of the Northern Pacific railroad. He made many of his friends rich at the same time, and the big business blocks, the magnificent homes and the solid improvements of Tacoma, with its forty or fifty thousand people, stand there as a monument to him.

FRANK G. CARPENTER.

WAKEMAN'S WANDERINGS.

LONDON, April 24, 1893.—For the purpose of illustration there is as little difference between the Irish fair and the Irish market-day, as there could be found between "a ale drop of the right sort" and "a drop of the ale right sort," which from time immemorial has been inseparable from the proper conduct of either. The actual difference is this. The Irish fair, whether held at the little village in Donegal or Kerry, or attended by thousands, as at Ballinasloe, Athlone, Cork, Belfast or Dublin, is an affair for the display and sale of animals only—horses, cattle, asses, pigs, sheep, goats, and occasionally poultry. Perhaps eighty Irish towns and cities hold from one to four fairs each year. Some are for the sale of one class of animals only; of hogs as at Limerick or Athlone, or cattle, as at Ballinasloe; of horses, as at probably the greatest annual horse-fair in the world, that of Dublin, or as at Cushendun, for the exclusive sale of the noted Cushendun ponies bred on the heathery mountains of Antrim, overlooking the weird and stormy Irish Sea. But at most of the Irish fairs all animals bred in Ireland are exposed for sale; at many others farm products may be found; while the great butter fairs of Cork would almost give one the notion that half the world's butter is made in the sunny vales of Ireland's south.

The market-day, on the other hand, is a universal and interminable affair. Hardly a day passed in my nearly a year's wandering in Ireland when I did not come upon some town or village where the fair or the market was in full progress. The area of Ireland is 23,125 square miles less than that of the State of Illinois; yet Ireland boasts of 266 market towns where market-days are held from one to three times every week in the year. All this is picturesque and interesting to the traveler; but my observation leads me to believe that there is vastly too much market, of the sort, and vastly too little to market, of any sort, in Ireland. The shopkeepers, petty traders, and "shebeen" men like it well enough; for it brings the people together for trimming at both ends of the yardstick; but the tenant system behind it naturally renders this very custom a necessity to the peasantry.

The tenant-farmer, particularly one with a tiny holding, must have, because his condition is never else than precarious, a handy means of ready money. The market-harpies discern with unerring scent all who are pressed for rent or interest money, and they instantly combine against his need and dependency with matchless cunning and blarney. Thus those most needing fair return for the pitiable trifles they are forced to sell are invariably plucked at both ends of their need—by the constant necessity of

providing rent money for the landlord, and, at the small market-towns by the buyers who, just as fortune telling Gipsies, learn all the closet-ghosts of half a county before they begin operations, knowing that this one or that one from this place or that, dare not return home without money, contrive to send him back "o'er an aisy road for the lightness that's in his pocket."

Still another reason makes the Irish market-day popular, though disastrous to the acquisition of means among the masses of the people, if better opportunity for securing comfort and competency were possible. The stranger to Ireland can hardly conceive of the barrenness of diversion or incident in the lives of the Irish peasantry. Education and books there are not, save in favored regions. Something must occupy the human mind aside from the scourings of everyday toil. The market-day, in its exchange of countryside greetings, information, forgivable gossipings, simple excitements and general hurly-burly, with this primitive folk stands entirely in the stead of the weekly paper of our own remoter country districts. Indeed it is far more.

The telegraph and the railway penetrate nearly every country of England and America. In more than one half of Ireland, there are country folk who have never seen a railway car. The market village is still the ultimate of their horizon. The little holding on the mountain-side or in the valley, the little chapel where they gather for Sunday mass, the little village where market-day brings them all together, the rustic dance or wedding with their rude and boisterous convivialities, the wake which most powerful priest or prelate cannot prevent by direct sacerdotal thunderings, and finally the little graveyard where all must eventually come, provide the farthest metes and bounds of their humble lives.

One may wish it different, but it is idle to discuss it all save on the exact line of their uneventful lives; and because the warm Irish heart occasionally yearns for something more "heart-some" than it knows in its scanty cabin surroundings, I do not want the regard of that better-conditioned man who would deny every soul environed as these, every hour of diversion and lightness that can be got from either fair, wedding or wake, even if the poor souls return to their dreary homes "a thrife hearty and soft" for the day's or night's "divarison."

Whatever trifle the tenant-family may have for disposal on market or fair day, the entire family accompanies it. The old mountain-but of a cart is got out and sparingly greased the night before; the ragged donkey or illy kept horse, is given an extra portion of food and additional combings and scraping, that his old bones may gain new luster; and long before day-break, from mountain bores and mist-hidden valley chattering groups begin moving towards the village.

"The childre dear" are stowed away alongside the pigs, ducks, chickens or vegetables, for the common excitement has kept them awake all night and now over the stoniest of Irish roads they are "slapin' rings around their swate selves;" the youths may be trudging hopefully alongside; but the "ould woman" and "ould man," are ever found lovingly humped together upon