

A TRAMP.

THE TRUE STORY OF A MAKER OF SADDLES IN PROHIBITION NORTH DAKOTA.

There was an irresolute knock at the back door. "I'll answer it, Mary," said Jackson, getting up from the breakfast table as he spoke.

"Can you give me something to eat, Mister?" asked a middle-aged man, in a quavering voice; "I'm almost starved."

"Why don't you fellows go to work, instead of begging and beating your way?" asked Jackson, the rancher, banker, and all around successful Western business man.

"There isn't anything that I can do in this forsaken country; there is nothing doing in my line," answered Dillon.

"What is your line?" demanded Jackson.

"I am a saddler, sir; I can make as fine a saddle as any man ever rode," said Dillon.

"Why did you come to this country?" demanded Jackson. "You certainly did not expect to find saddle factories on North Dakota ranches nor in towns of one hundred people."

"Mister, I came to North Dakota to get away from drink; when I learned that I could escape from the drink devil by coming here, I did not stop to inquire about work, but came at once. I paid my fare as far as I had money. Since then I have walked and walked, and starved and shivered until I can go no further."

"Come in and have some breakfast, and get warm," said Jackson, with an uncomfortable lump in his throat, which made further speech difficult.

After Dillon had finished his breakfast, Jackson said to him:

"I am going to test the truth of what you say; there are a lot of cowboys on my own and on the neighbouring ranches; they are always buying good saddles; there is a vacant room in the rear of the building in which our bank is located. I'll buy whatever you need to begin work in a small way; if you do what you say you can do, I'll finance you further."

Jackson wired Minneapolis for leather, tools, and other necessary equipment for the proposed saddler's shop. Two days later the one hundred and ninety-nine inhabitants of Sentinel

City were on the qui vive concerning the outcome of Jackson's new venture. He was always starting some new thing, but setting up a tramp in business, and that a saddlery shop in Sentinel City, was certainly the craziest undertaking of them all. Any man with average intelligence should know that the saddler's business belongs to the big city.

"Jackson is dead easy," said one man. "If he knew men, he never would have financed that tramp."

"Jackson is a young ambitious idealist," said another. "He'll be more practical after he loses a lot of money."

On Saturday morning Dillon called Jackson into the shop to show him his first saddle.

"Splendid!" he exclaimed. "I should like a saddle as fine as that for myself. The cowboys will be in town this afternoon, and I'll bring a dozen of them in here to see your sample."

"She's a beauty," exclaimed Bill Jones after he had carefully examined the new saddle. "I'll give you twenty dollars for it," he said, taking out a roll of bills.

"Hold on, there; not quite so fast, if you please, Mr Jones," shouted Ed. Smith. "I'll give twenty-five dollars for that saddle. This isn't bargain day at the saddle counter; you can't bluff the gentleman out of the profits on his goods while I am around."

"Gentlemen," said Dillon, "this saddle sells for eighteen dollars, and no more; I'll take orders for as many saddles as you care to place at that price."

The boys stared at the speaker, as if to make sure of his sanity; then there was a general rush for orders.

Some months later Dillon said to Jackson:

"I can't keep up with the orders."

"Then we will get help," was his prompt reply. "This is a paying business. The thing that pleases me most, Dillon, is that you have made good your promise."

"Thank God for a State where you can't get liquor," said Dillon. "I have always made money; but the drink got it away from me, and I was left poor. My employers always said, 'Drink is your besetting sin; get away from drink, and you will do well.'"

"You have a good-sized bank account, Dillon; we will organise a company, and you can take as much

stock as you like. 'My tramp has made good.'"

The Jackson Saddlery Company, Limited, was organised under the laws of North Dakota, with a paid-up capital stock of fifty thousand dollars. Since September, 1914, they have had contracts with the British Government for all the saddles they can make.

"Doesn't it beat all how everything that man Jackson touches turns into money?" said one of the former wise ones to his companion, as they stood looking at the new factory.

"Yes," said the other, "and to my mind the biggest thing he has made is not money, but that man Dillon, who came to this town a tramp, and now he is a successful business man."

—Rev. Frank Hampton Fox, D.D., in "Christian Endeavour World."

ARE ALL THE CHILDREN IN?

The darkness falls, the wind is high,
Dense black clouds fill the western sky,

The storm will soon begin;
The thunders roar, the lightnings flash,
I hear the great round raindrops dash—
Are all the children in?

The future days are drawing near,
They'll go from this warm shelter here,

Out in the world's wide din;
The rain will fall, the cold winds blow,
I'll sit alone and long to know—
Are all the children in?

God knows it all; His will is best;
I'll shield them now, and yield the rest

In His most righteous hand;
Sometimes the souls He loves are riven
By tempests wild, and then are driven
Nearer the Better Land.

If He should call us home before
The children to that blessed shore,
Away from care and sin,
I know that I shall watch and wait
Till He, the Keeper of the Gate,
Let all the children in!

GOD-SPEED!

For us—The parting and the sorrow;
For Him—"God-speed!"
One fight—A noble deed—"Good-night!"
And no to-morrow.
Where he is, in Thy peace, Time is not,
Nor smallest sorrow.