

PRICE FIVE CENTS.

INDIANAPOLIS, SUNDAY MORNING, APRIL 27, 1902.

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THE CIVIL SERVICE

CHANCES OF RUNNING ITS GAUNTLET UNDER PRESENT CONDITIONS.

Why Applicants Are Especially Anxious to Have Places in Washington Rather than Elsewhere.

ENORMOUS CIVIL PAY ROLL

PERMANENCY OF THE POSITIONS A GREAT ATTRACTION.

Thirty-Three Department Clerks in Their Eighties—Percentage of Successful Applicants.

Correspondence of the Indianapolis Journal.

WASHINGTON, April 25.—They tell me at the Civil-Service Commission that of the 47,300 hopeful individuals who have taken the government's examinations this spring and last fall about 32,000 have passed and that of the latter no more than 11,000 will be appointed. Only from 6 to 7 per cent of those appointed will be women. In these figures you can read the horoscope of your chances of reaching a government desk.

The public little appreciates the tremendousness of this struggle for Uncle Sam's minor offices, waged spring and fall each year. Within the past decade a vast army of 212,000 men and 21,000 women have successfully run the gauntlet of the civil-service examinations, as far as the mere honor of becoming "eligible" is concerned. But of those who have seen the word "passed" noted opposite their names, only one in four of the men and one in seven of the women have actually realized the exquisite pleasure of driving a government salary.

There need be no wonderment at this greed for a government berth from him who realizes what a colossal employer Uncle Sam is. He is now paying 255,000 office employees, all included in what is commonly called the civil service. If all of these should mass they would form a vast city very nearly as populous as Washington itself. One hundred and nine thousand of these hold positions which can be refilled only through the semi-annual examinations.

Uncle Sam's civil pay roll amounts now to \$121,000,000 a year. If he would shut down his big mill for twelve months and invest this vast sum at 5 per cent, the interest would thereafter suffice to create six millionaires per annum. But Uncle Sam's great mill never shuts down. He is "sure pay" and his wages are handed out at the middle and end of each month in brand-new greenbacks, fresh from the Bureau of Printing and Engraving; sometimes in gold pieces.

Those who will be appointed to clerical positions as a result of this spring's examination will begin work probably at a salary of \$300 a year, or \$5 a month. This is the usual entrance salary, although \$300, \$25 or even \$200 is sometimes given at the outset.

Washington employes fare better as to pay than those outside. The average salary which Uncle Sam pays here at the Capital is about \$1,125 a year. But the average salary paid in his entire civil establishment is but \$572.24 per annum. No wonder, then, that Washington is the particular goal for which every civil-service contestant is striving. It is, indeed, a vast city of clerks. One out of every fourteen of its population holds civil office under the federal government. In fact, its government clerks could establish for themselves a city as populous as Austin, Tex. And yet for every civil employe situated here Uncle Sam pays eleven outside.

The President now has the privilege of personally appointing but 1,502 officials under him. Only a fifth of these are situated here at the capital.

LARGEST DEPARTMENT. Postmaster General Payne can brag of having under him the largest civil force working in a single department. His employes, numbering 136,000, would form a body greater than the army as now organized, and might form for themselves a city more populous than Denver. Over half of these are fourth-class postmasters. Secretary of the Treasury Shaw comes next, with 29,000 civil assistants, while Secretary of War Root ranks third, with 27,000. But even adding the standing army of 100,000 military, is still less than the postmaster general's. The Navy Department ranks fourth as to number of employes, having over 17,000, and following it comes the Interior Department, with nearly 16,000. At the foot of the numerical list are the Agricultural Department, with 2,400; Department of Justice, with 901, and the Department of State, with a few less than this last number. In the White House offices there are but twenty-eight employes.

Men and women who enlist in the civil service now are practically as sure of retaining their positions as those who enter any other establishment in the country. While Uncle Sam is giving office work—through examination—to 570 new persons each year, he is discharging men and women of the classified service at the rate of only sixty-three per annum. In other words, the chances of staying in are nine to one. Although the war has cut down the number of employes of the government at the time, Andrew Jackson during his first year in the White House removed 2,000. That year was a reign of terror for department clerks. John Quincy Adams in his diary observed that on Henshaw, a War Department clerk, cut his throat from ear to ear "from the mere terror of being dismissed," and that Linneus Smith, a State Department clerk, went "raving distracted," while many others were "threatened with the same calamity."

Uncle Sam is appointing boys as young as fourteen to such positions as page, messenger boy, apprentice and student in various departments. But he employs no clerks, stenographers or typewriters under twenty. In the departments here there are 140 employes still in their "teens," 254 in their seventies, thirty-three in their eighties. One employe of the treasury has remained there thirty-four years. Another in the Navy Department has seen fifty-two years of service. He entered when twenty-one years old and is now getting \$1,900 a year. The Nestor of the Interior Department has kept his place forty-nine years, that of the Department of Agriculture forty-one years, that of the Department of Justice thirty-six years, that of the State Department thirty-five years. A great majority of the entire departmental service have seen at least ten years of constant service.

It costs Uncle Sam about \$1450 for each appointment which he makes through the Civil-Service Commission. If a reasonable percentage of those examined were to receive appointments this expense would, of course, be insignificant. As it is, the Civil-Service Commission comprises a personnel of only sixty-seven clerks. This year they conducted examinations in 126 cities. The government now has in complete running order a separate civil-service board at Manila, which is holding examinations in this country during the present spring. This board is entirely distinct from the Civil-Service Commission here, and among its peculiar restrictions is that applicants must furnish medical certificates setting forth that they are fully qualified to work in that enervating tropical climate. They must be between the ages of eighteen and forty years. In Hawaii Uncle Sam has another civil-service board, while he is making arrangements to hold examinations in Porto Rico. The department buildings in Washington are, generally speaking, among the finest government structures in the world. But Uncle Sam is fast outgrowing all of the older ones. For the Department of Justice he is now hiring a hotel up on K street next door to the mansion owned by the father of the Duchess de Arcoz, wife of the Spanish minister. Even this is too small, and the old Corcoran Art Gallery holds part of the office equipment of Mr. Knox's department. The great State, War and Navy building is literally overflowing. A veritable village of buildings is now rented as offices for the war and navy clerks. The proposition now is to remove the State Department into a new building to be

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FAMOUS AMERICAN AUTHOR ILL.



MRS. FRANCES HODGSON BURNETT.

The well-known author of "Little Lord Fauntleroy" and many other stories and plays, is said to be suffering from overwork. She went to a Peckskill, N. Y., sanatorium recently for treatment.

shared also by the Department of Justice. The Postoffice Department recently doubled up with the new city postoffice, and the Interior Department, besides overflowing into the old Postoffice Department, extends its jurisdiction over the great pension office and occupies a number of large buildings rented for the clerks of the census and bureau of education. The Department of Agriculture rents annexes on practically every street in its vicinity, but soon an imposing marble structure will include its many laboratories and offices.

That Washington is "a city of government clerks" can best be realized in the spring and summer season, when baseball games are always called at 4:30 p. m., to allow their best patrons time to reach the grounds. Throughout the year physicians and dentists fix their office hours between 8 and 6 p. m., and between those hours the shopkeepers do their best business.

EASY HOURS OF WORK. No one can gain say that Uncle Sam's hours are the most generous in the world. His clerks can sleep until 8 a. m., or even until 9:30, in most instances. They need not reach their desks until 9, but are expected to be there on the minute. In each department the employes are given a card or blank on which must be entered a record of the minutes they are tardy or late each day. Recently an official exhibited to me two of these time reports, inscribed by a wag who, giving the required excuse for one minute's tardiness, wrote:

"The preceding nocturnal precipitation of congealed atmospheric humidity and the subsequent dissemination of the crystalline by boreal disturbances necessitating a reluctant compliance with obnoxious municipal regulations conspired to cause a slight tardiness, to say nothing of the physical lassitude consequent upon unwonted manual exertion."

Another's excuse for ten minutes' tardiness was this: "I waited for the motor." "While I waited for the motor," the language which was uttered "Was quite unfit to quote." As promptly as the time hall on the State, War and Navy building announces the noon hour a flood of clerks issues from the portals of all government offices and sweeps into the dairy lunch rooms lining each department square. In the attic of the State, War and Navy building, in the basement of the Interior Department and treasury and in nooks or corners of the other department buildings are well-patronized "cafes," with domes spread with pies, sandwiches and steaming coffee tanks. The proprietors of these establishments receive generous concessions from the government and do a thriving business.

At 12:30 each clerk returns to his desk and there remains until 4. In hot summer months he is usually allowed a half day off each Saturday. In the course of each year he enjoys thirty days' leave for diversion and can be away thirty days more on account of illness without losing his pay. In the Washington departments 127 different salaries, ranging from \$158.60 to \$5,000 a year, are paid to the President's subordinates.

The women of the departments offer an overhauled them, but nowhere have been presented to the popular mind figures showing their dwindling chances for entering the departmental service here. Last year there were appointed as clerks four

quarters a hearty invitation was extended to take in a picnic. "But I've just eaten a hearty dinner," said Mayor Jones. "Then," said Mr. Porch, "it is a good time for you to take a glass of champagne with us. I hope you will join us, Mr. Mayor."

IN THE GOSSIP'S CORNER.

Another trial of a Kentucky Republican accused of complicity in the killing of William Goebel has held the boards in Frankfort for the past ten days. As heretofore, T. C. Campbell, whose life is not yet altogether safe in Cincinnati, was chief inquisitor under the terms of the Goebel murder reward fund enactment. The result of the trial is neither here nor there. He did not answer the question, "Who killed Senator Goebel?" nor yet the question, "What has become of the woman who was going to swear that she saw Jack Chinn shoot the senator?" nor that other question, "Why were threats of lynching Chinn so prevalent in Lexington a few days after the shooting that he suddenly postponed a promised visit to the 'Heart of Bluegrass'?"

I had something to say a few months ago about the treatment of Henry Youtsey in prison. Well, I know some more things about it now. As I said then, Youtsey, who is of delicate physique and never did a stroke of manual labor in his life, was one of the most expert stenographers in the State. Three firms with prison con-

CAMELS IN THIS COUNTRY

Local philatelists who remember the visit of Mr. Warren H. Colson, of the New England Stamp Company, to Indianapolis in February, will be interested to know that he is in Europe. In company with Mr. A. W. Bacheider, manager of the company, he sailed from Boston on the 16th. They are now in London and will visit Manchester and Birmingham and make a return visit to London; thence to Paris, Brussels, Cologne, Frankfurt, Leipzig, Dresden, Berlin, Hanover and Hamburg, returning to London for five days in June, before coming home. They have taken with them a big collection of unused British colonials, including a vast number of expensive rarities, and the famous Curtis collection of stamps of the Colombian Republic, probably the only complete collection of these stamps in existence. Before sailing Mr. Colson wrote me that he expects to be in Indianapolis in the fall and probably will make a second visit in the late winter or early spring.

The Salt Lake Tribune notes that "There will be no strike in the Indiana black coal fields, district No. 8, this year." Nor will there be a strike in the white coal fields. A gentleman who recently returned from a visit to Washington broke bread with the President while there, and he reports that Senator Hanna, who was one among a number of guests at the informal meal, told a story on Secretary Shaw, of the treasury, which was, in substance, as follows: Mr. Shaw is something of a farmer, as well as a banker and lawyer, and withal is much of a Methodist and something of a Prohibitionist. Several of his fellow-members were at the capital, most of them farmers and all of them cold-water men, and Mr. Shaw gave them a dinner. As a novel feature for the season he secured some watermelons by great effort, and as a still more novel feature he had them plugged and a pint of champagne poured into each and allowed to stand and soak in. At the close of the dinner the melons were served, a half to each guest. They sampled the luscious-looking fruit and looked wonderingly from one to another. Another mouthful and another wondering look. "And then," said Mr. Hanna, "Shaw's waiter told me that he saw them, one after another, carefully slipping the seeds into their vest pockets."

THE GOSSIP.

In all the prisons of the world silence is the rule; but in the Kentucky penitentiary a special guard has been detailed for Henry Youtsey, whose sole duty is to be with the prisoner and talk to him. Day and night a garrulous warden keeps the young man company. At his work, in his rest periods, even aroused from sleep, Youtsey has a scoldable companion. And why? In the hope that he may some time, in some way, say something that the Grand Inquisitor can use in furthering the vengeance of Arthur Goebel and also further trench in power an oligarchy that has gone so far that it dare not look behind, and dare not contemplate a possible day of reckoning.

And these are facts—cold, hard, indisputable facts. That was a pleasant meeting of Mayor Capdeville, of New Orleans, and Mayor Jones, of Toledo, during the meeting of the Manufacturers' Association. From every standpoint but one the two men are dissimilar, but on the basis of that one they stand together—they are manifestly sincere men in all that they would imply. And they found much in common to speak of concerning the governance of their two cities. Seen apart, the courtly dignity of the Southern makes him appear decidedly the larger man; seen together, it is noted that Jones is measurably taller and broader and undoubtedly heavier, though he has lost much in weight recently.

"How shall I know Mayor Jones when I see him?" asked a member of the reception committee of Mr. Harris, and Harris replied: "Pick out a man who looks as if he had lost fifty-two pounds since the first of the year." And yet Mayor Jones does not look like a sick man. His color is good, his figure erect, eyes bright, step quick and alert.

I said he and Mayor Capdeville were alike in sincerity. They have another thing in common. Mayor Jones's illness has been due to stomach trouble, and that is Mayor Capdeville's chronic ailment. "I don't see how the mayor keeps up," Mr. Tom Richardson told me. "He eats two eggs when he gets up, and not another bit of food passes his lips until dinner at 6:30 in the evening. But he accomplishes a vast amount of work on that regimen, which would mean starvation to me."

The New Orleans crowd dispensed the broadest hospitality. When the Toledoans escorted Mayor Jones to the Southern head-

to drink the same kind of brackish water which is started to exist in some portions of our Western deserts. The bill was lost—19 years and 24 days. The appropriation of \$30,000 to buy camels with a reckless extravagance that the senators could not sanction.

OTHER ARGUMENTS OFFERED. Then the newspapers of California took up the scheme, and the more they agitated it the brighter it became. They demonstrated that it was possible to form a lightning dromedary express, to carry the fast mail and to bring Eastern papers and letters to California in fifteen days.

It would be possible, too, if Congress could only be induced to import camels and dromedaries, to have fast camel passenger trains from Missouri river points to the Pacific coast. The camel, loading up his internal water tank out of the Missouri and striking straight across the country regardless of watering places and boarding himself on sage brush the plains across, would take his next drink of the trip out of the Colorado river; then after a quiet paserac across the desert he would land his passengers in the California coast towns in two weeks from the time of starting. No more running the gauntlet of Panama fevers and thieving natives on the isthmus. No more dying of thirst on the deserts. No freezing to death in the snows of the Sierras; no more shipwrecks on the high seas. The double-decked camel train would do away with all these and solve the transportation problem until the Pacific Railroad was built.

In December, 1854, Maj. C. Wayne was sent to Egypt and Arabia to buy seventy-

five camels. He bought the first lot in Cairo and taking these in the naval store ship Supply, he sailed to Smyrna, where thirty more of another kind were bought. These had been used on the Arabian deserts. They cost from \$75 to \$300 each, somewhat more than had been paid for the Egyptian lot. The ship Supply, with its load of camels, reached India, Tex., on the Gulf of Mexico, Feb. 10, 1857. Three had died during the voyage, leaving seventy-two in the herd.

About half of these were taken to Albuquerque, N. M., where an expedition was fitted out under command of Lieutenant Beale for Fort Tejon, California. The route lay along the thirty-fifth parallel, crossing the Mojave desert. The expedition consisted of forty-four citizens, with an escort of twenty soldiers, the camels carrying the baggage and water.

The expedition arrived safely at Tejon and the camel caravan made several trips between Fort Tejon and Albuquerque. The other half of the herd was employed in packing on the plains of Texas and in the Gadsden purchase, as southern Arizona was then called.

At the breaking out of the civil war, some thirty-five or forty of the camel herd were herded at the United States forts—Verde, El Paso, Yuma and some of the smaller posts in Texas. When the Eastern forts were abandoned by the government, the camels were turned loose to take care of themselves. Those at Yuma and Fort Tejon were taken to Benicia, condemned and sold at auction to the highest bidder. They were bought by two Frenchmen, who took them to Reese river, Nevada, where they were used in packing salt to Virginia City. Afterward they were taken to Arizona and for some time they were used in packing ore from the Silver King mine down the Gila to Yuma. But even the Frenchmen's patience gave out at last. Disgusted with their hunch-backed burden-bearers, they turned the whole herd loose on the desert near Maricopa wells.

Free now to go where they pleased, instead of straying away beyond the reach of their masters, the camels were seen lingering near the haunts of men. They stayed near the line of overland travel and did mischief. The appearance of one of these ungainly beasts suddenly loomed up before the vision of a team of mules frightened the drivers and scattered freight and drivers over the plains. The mule drivers, out of revenge, shot the camels whenever they could get in range of them. In 1862 several wild camels were caught in Arizona and sold to a menagerie, but a few have survived all enemies and still roam at large in the desert regions of southern Arizona and Mexico. The international Boundary Commission that recently surveyed the line between the United States and Mexico reported seeing wild camels on the alkali plains amid sage brush and cactuses. These are probably descendants of the imported ones, as those seen appeared to be in their prime. Occasionally the soldiers in the garrisons of New Mexico and Arizona catch sight of a few wild camels on the alkali plains. All reports agree that the camels have grown white with age. Their hides have assumed a hard, leathery appearance and they are reported to have hard prone hoofs, unlike the cushioned feet of the well-tamed camel. Whether these are some of the survivors of the original importation brought into the country nearly fifty years ago, or whether they are wild beasts, virtues proved to be his worst virtues. He could travel sixteen miles an hour. Absurdly that was a virtue, but when

JEFFERSON DAVIS RESPONSIBLE FOR THEIR INTRODUCTION.

Were Tried Fifty Years Ago in Western Desert, but Experiment Failed—A Few Still Left.

The story of the experiment made nearly fifty years ago to utilize the Arabian camel as a beast of burden on the arid plains of Arizona, New Mexico and the deserts of Colorado, is one of the many unrecorded chapters in the history of the Southwest. A few fugitive locals in the newspapers of that time and the reminiscences of some of the camel drivers who survived the experiment are about the only records of a scheme that its progenitors had hoped would revolutionize travel and transportation over the American deserts. The originator and chief promoter of the project was Jefferson Davis, late President of the Southern Confederacy.

During the last days of the session of Congress in 1853, when the army appropriation bill was under consideration, Mr. Davis, then senator from Mississippi, offered a bill providing for the purchase and introduction of thirty camels and twenty dromedaries, with ten Arab drivers and the necessary equipment.

In advocating his bill, Mr. Davis alluded to the extent to which these animals are used in various countries in Asia and Africa as beasts of burden; and among other things stated that they are used by the English in the East Indies in transporting army supplies and often in carrying light guns upon their backs; that camels were used by Napoleon in his Egyptian campaigns in dealing with a race to which our wild Comanches and Apaches bear a close resemblance. Mr. Davis thought these animals might be used with effect against the Indians on our Western frontier. Drinking enough water before they start to last for 100 miles; traveling continually without rest at a rate of ten or fifteen miles an hour, they would overtake these bands of Indians, which our cavalry cannot do. They might be made to transport small pieces of ordnance with great facility, and in fact do here all that they are capable of doing in the East, where they are accustomed to eat the hardest shrubs,

and to drink the same kind of brackish water which is started to exist in some portions of our Western deserts. The bill was lost—19 years and 24 days. The appropriation of \$30,000 to buy camels with a reckless extravagance that the senators could not sanction.

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THE BEAST.

The first caravan to arrive in Los Angeles reached the city Jan. 8, 1858. The Star thus notes its arrival.

"A drove of fourteen camels under the management of Lieutenant Beale arrived in Los Angeles. They were on their way from Fort Tejon to the Colorado river and the Mormon country, and each animal was packed with one thousand pounds of provisions and military stores. With this load they made from thirty to forty miles per day, finding their own subsistence in even the most barren country and going without water from six to ten days at a time."

Again the Star of July 21, 1858, makes note that "the camels, eight in number, came into town from Fort Tejon after provisions for that camp. The largest ones pack a ton and can travel sixteen miles an hour."

It would seem that a beast of burden that could pack a ton, travel sixteen miles an hour, subsist on sage brush and go from six to ten days on one drink would have supplied most effectively the long-felt want of cheap and rapid transportation over the desert plains of the Southwest. The promoters of the scheme to utilize the camel in America made one fatal mistake. They figured only on his virtues; his vices were not reckoned into account.

Another mistake that was made was in importing Arab drivers with the camels. From the very first meeting of the camel and the American wild whacker, who was to be his driver, there developed between the two a mutual antipathy.

To be a successful camel driver a man must be born to the business. Indeed, he must come of a guild or trade union of camel drivers at least a thousand years old, and, better still, if it dates back to the days of Abraham and Isaac. The first disagreement between the two was in the matter of language. The vigorous, invective and fierce profanity of the quondam mule driver irritated the nerves and shocked the finer feelings of the camel, who never in his life, perhaps, had heard anything more strenuous than "Allah, el Allah," lisped in the softest Arabic.

At first the mild subsmissiveness of the camel provoked his drivers. They could appreciate the vigorous kicking of an army mule in his protest against abuse. But the spiritless dejection and the mild-eyed pensiveness of the Arabian burden bearer was exasperating; but they soon learned to pure meanness one lone camel could disport a whole herd of mules. His supposed virtues proved to be his worst virtues. He could travel sixteen miles an hour. Absurdly that was a virtue, but when

was struck in the evening and he was turned loose to slip off the succulent sage brush, either to escape the noise and profanity of the camp or to view the country, he was always seized with a desire to take a paserac of twenty-five or thirty miles before supper. While this only took an hour or two of his time, it involved upon his unfortunate driver the necessity of spending half the night in camel chasing; for if he was not rounded up there was a delay of half the next day in starting the caravan. His correct carry at-on—this was a commendable virtue—but when two heavily laden "ships of the desert" collided on a narrow trail, as they always did when an opportunity offered, and tons of supplies were scattered over miles of plain and the unfortunate camel pilots had to gather up the flotsam of the wreck; it is not strange that the mariners of the arid wastes anatomized the whole camel race from the beast the prophet rode down to the smallest imp of Jefferson Davis's importation.

TERRIFIED OTHER ANIMALS. The army horses and mules shared the antipathy of the drivers for the Arabian desert trotters. Whenever one of the hump-backed burden bearers of the Orient came trotting along past a corral of horses and lifted his voice in an evening orison to Mahomed or some other Turk, every horse of the caballada was seized with fright and broke loose and stamped over the plains.

All of these little eccentricities did not endear the camel to the soldiers of Uncle Sam's army. He was hated, despised and often persecuted. In vain the officers urged the men to give the camels a fair trial. No

one wanted anything to do with the mishapen beast. The teamsters when transformed into camel drivers deserted, and the troopers when detailed for such a purpose fell back upon their reserved rights and declared there was nothing in army rules and regulations that could compel American soldiers to become Arabian camel drivers. So because there was no one to load and navigate these ships of the desert their voyages became less and less frequent, until finally they ceased altogether; and the desert ships were anchored at the different forts in the Southwest.

It became evident to the army officers that the camel experiment was a failure. Every attempt to organize a caravan resulted in an ineffectual mutiny among the troops and teamsters. No attempt, so far as I know, was ever made to utilize the camel for the purpose that Davis imported him—that of chasing the Apache in his stronghold and shooting the Indian full of holes from light artillery straddled on the back of a camel. Instead of the camel hunting the Indian, the Indian hunted the camel. In some way poor Lo's untamed appetite has been mistaken for camel steaks and stews. So, whenever an opportunity offered, the Apaches killed the camels; but the camel soon learned to hate and avoid the Indian, as all living things learn to do. Some were allowed to die of neglect by their drivers; others were surreptitiously shot by the troopers sent to hunt them up when they strayed away—the trooper claiming to have mistaken the woolly tufts on the top of the twin humps of the camel as they bobbed up and down in the tall sage brush for the top-knot of an Indian, and in self-defense to have sent a bullet crashing, not into an Indian, but into the anatomy of a camel.

A FEW STILL LINGER. At the breaking out of the civil war, some thirty-five or forty of the camel herd were herded at the United States forts—Verde, El Paso, Yuma and some of the smaller posts in Texas. When the Eastern forts were abandoned by the government, the camels were turned loose to take care of themselves. Those at Yuma and Fort Tejon were taken to Benicia, condemned and sold at auction to the highest bidder. They were bought by two Frenchmen, who took them to Reese river, Nevada, where they were used in packing salt to Virginia City. Afterward they were taken to Arizona and for some time they were used in packing ore from the Silver King mine down the Gila to Yuma. But even the Frenchmen's patience gave out at last. Disgusted with their hunch-backed burden-bearers, they turned the whole herd loose on the desert near Maricopa wells.

Free now to go where they pleased, instead of straying away beyond the reach of their masters, the camels were seen lingering near the haunts of men. They stayed near the line of overland travel and did mischief. The appearance of one of these ungainly beasts suddenly loomed up before the vision of a team of mules frightened the drivers and scattered freight and drivers over the plains. The mule drivers, out of revenge, shot the camels whenever they could get in range of them. In 1862 several wild camels were caught in Arizona and sold to a menagerie, but a few have survived all enemies and still roam at large in the desert regions of southern Arizona and Mexico. The international Boundary Commission that recently surveyed the line between the United States and Mexico reported seeing wild camels on the alkali plains amid sage brush and cactuses. These are probably descendants of the imported ones, as those seen appeared to be in their prime. Occasionally the soldiers in the garrisons of New Mexico and Arizona catch sight of a few wild camels on the alkali plains. All reports agree that the camels have grown white with age. Their hides have assumed a hard, leathery appearance and they are reported to have hard prone hoofs, unlike the cushioned feet of the well-tamed camel. Whether these are some of the survivors of the original importation brought into the country nearly fifty years ago, or whether they are wild beasts, virtues proved to be his worst virtues. He could travel sixteen miles an hour. Absurdly that was a virtue, but when

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