

RUNAWAY TRIP TO HOP FIELDS NEW YORK BOY IN CHERRY VALLEY.

After Being Beaten and Robbed by Yeggmen He Was Glad to Get Home.

"Cherry Valley is white with the harvest," said a business man last month. "Through the length and breadth of it the feathery pale green masses stand in forests fifteen or twenty feet high. For two weeks the clans have been gathering in Cherry Valley, and very soon they'll begin to pick the hops. It's a pleasant job, all day in the open air in the bright sun. They sling all day in the hop fields, quartets, duets, choruses. You can hear it all along every country road from fields where a thousand pickers are stripping the vines. I kind of wish I was there."

"What do you know about hops?" asked his listener. "The other laughed. "You didn't know me before I became the slave of Mammon and his hours," said he. "Just a few years ago I was a very wild kid. I had a difference of opinion with my father, and ran away from home. More boys do that every year than you would imagine. My father had promised me a lickin' if I did a certain thing again. I did the thing, but I decided I was too big to get a lickin' from a man who was my father. I fell in with 'Jimmy,' one of the bad companions who had caused the difference of opinion between my father and me. 'Jimmy' was running away from home, too, but it wasn't his father he was afraid of; it was his wife. He was married, although he was only three or four years older than I. He had just come off a but, which had kept him away from home for several days, and he was afraid to go back. 'Jimmy' suggested the hop fields. I had never heard of them before, but I was willing to go, and we pulled out of the Harlem yards one dark night on the top of a freight train. I had a little money, but it was not enough to take us to our destination, and 'Jimmy' said it was foolishness to spend it for travelling expenses, about the middle of August. On the way we picked up a companion about thirty-five years old. Cherry Valley is simply a local name for eight or ten miles of farming country round about Cooperstown and Milford. All the farmers raise hops. Some only a field or two; some give up their whole place to them. There are only a few places in the United States where hops grow, the best being a very sticky vegetable. Cherry Valley is one of them. It's a lovely country of lake, river and wooded hills, but we found it very inhospitable. We were two weeks too early for the hops, and the farmers stood out at their gates with pitchforks and dogs to keep us off. Two weeks later they'd all welcome us and tell how they couldn't farm because they couldn't get anybody to do their work. The country was full of hoboes, ready for the picking, and all were so afraid of the yeggmen that they doted in their hands. They couldn't get a chance to ask for work. We starved for three days. "One day while we were hunting blackberries we found a deep, shady gully, where the big bushes were loaded down with berries as long and as fat as my thumb. Boston—we called the oldest member of our trio Boston because he was always mentioning that place—told me to go to the hotel at Milford and see if I could sell some berries. So I filled a big basket and went to the hotel. I made a good contract. On our side we were to furnish twenty quarts of berries every morning. The hotel was to lend us pails, take twenty quarts of berries and pay us a dollar every morning. We filled that contract for ten days. "We would spend our dollar for grub and make for the tramps' camp under a big tree across the Susquehanna. There was a good fireplace there of stones built up so that kettles and coffee pot would sit nicely on top. There was a trying pan there, a kettle, a coffee pot, a tin pail and several tin cans. They were hung on nails driven into the cement of the foundation and we never found them dirty. We always washed them through the day washed them, too. That is the rule in a tramps' camp. The violent antipathy of the tramp for water is an invention of the funny men. Of all the crowd I met that summer I never saw one that didn't have a piece of soap in his pocket, and they used it both on themselves and on their clothes. They went in swimming frequently and each washed his shirt once a week regularly. "AT WORK IN THE HOP FIELDS. "About September 1 the hop picking began. We got a job at one of the small places. There were only thirty pickers there. Some places had a thousand. Half were women and half men. The women were all natives—wives, sisters, cousins and aunts of the farmers round about. There didn't seem to be any foreigners. They were a young lot in the field. The women kept strictly to themselves. They never once spoke to one of us, seeming to regard us all as sons of Babel. The contempt of the Cherry Valley native for the foreign hop picker is complete and abysmal. These women brought their own lunches and lived at home. They were a dour kind of a lot, but my world was made up of them. They were a young lot, and so companion in which the eternal feminine was superior. Their fingers worked like lightning and they picked faster and cleaner than any of us could. The greenhorn always thinks he has an easy job, merely to strip the poles into the boxes. When he finds that leaves are not paid for—that no pole can be stripped, but every hop must be picked off separately—it isn't so funny. "I was picked up at a big farm. This box is divided into four compartments, each holding two bushels and a half. You get 25 cents for filling this compartment—with hops, not leaves. The man who can fill it twice a day is a good man. They settle all the time. You don't notice it while you're picking, for you're piling it up all the time. But leave it for a moment, and guess it was in all of the boxes. We often discussed as to whether the farmer didn't come out and press them down while we were gone. I don't think he would have been above it at all, but I guess he wouldn't have dared. He would have had to fight a field full of infuriated men if he had been caught. I've always found everywhere I ever went that certain rules of conduct have to be observed. There was one fundamental rule in the hop field: 'Don't jar the box.' The first time you jarred it you got a scowl; the second time a cuss, and the third time you had a fight on your hands. All hands would stop singing and go to fighting. "They sang all day long; howery ditties and the old songs. In our field 'Home, Sweet Home' was a great favorite, and guess it was in all of the boxes. There was too much of a kid to think of it, but it was rather pathetic, for to most of them, 'any old place they hung their hat was home, sweet home.' We slept in a barracks, with boards nailed along the walls for bunks. We were well fed, excepting that there was no butter's meat. They gave us fresh vegetables from the farm, salt pork and milk gravy, and once or twice a feed of eggs. We had griddle cakes for breakfast. Supper was like the dinner, only less of it. There was plenty to eat, the work was healthy and we were all happy. We were all a pretty decent lot of our place. In the evening the farmer's wife would play the organ and get us to sing 'Moody and Sankey' hymns. Some of the big places were pretty wild. In Albany and all the towns round about they make a practice throughout the summer of sentencing petty offenders so that they will get out just as the picking begins. Then tramps of them pour into Cherry Valley, women and men. Every Saturday night throughout the season there was an open air dance on a big platform near Cooperstown, and five thousand hop pickers would flog together there. There was nothing to drink but cider, black as ink, that would make a man climb a telegraph pole and jump over it. The dance finished up in a cutting of some kind of a row every Saturday night. "There were three fellows in the crowd from good families in Jersey City, out for a lark. All the rest were wanderers. I think very few names were used. A nickname was instantly fastened on some personal peculiarity. 'Shorty,' 'Long,' 'Blackey,' 'Whitey' and 'Red' were most common, and there was 'Chicago Red' and 'San Francisco Red.' One tall, sedate looking man, with gray side whiskers, was called 'Professor.' He told me he was never called anything else. Each new gang instantly

adopted the same name. He might have been a professor some time. He talked well. The natives called us 'hoboes,' but that only showed their ignorance. In the vocabulary of the real hoboes, actors such as the Barberian pastries given by Mrs. W. F. Cole, and the mosaic serenos and altar beneath which Bishop Potter's body is to lie, which were presented by Mrs. Celia E. Wallack. About \$2,700,000 has been spent on the cathedral up to the present time, there remaining an endowment fund of approximately \$200,000 and a sum of \$100,000 available for the completion of the work. It is estimated that the finished structure will cost not less than \$12,000,000.

"Among the 'gay cats' one finds many honest, poor fellows who are out of work through no fault of their own, by reason of industrial depression and unemployment. There are others who never can hold a job because they are inferior workmen or drink too much. In every such gang there are a few boys like me—attracted by the adventure of the thing. And last, there is the workman class like my friend Boston, a competent workman and a perfectly decent man, who is cursed with the wandering foot. Boston told me his story one night lying in the moonlight on the banks of the Susquehanna. He was a prosperous, skilled workman with a good job when his wife and little baby died and were buried in the same grave. After the funeral he couldn't bear to go back into the house. He gave his mother the key, told her to take home the furniture and start up the place. Then he wandered off. The wandering habit grew on him, and now, he said, he guessed he would never do anything else.

"In fact, I could not see that the crowd I was with was essentially much different from that in any other walk of life. The 'professor,' for instance, was as good a talker as I ever heard. He had read a lot; he had been all over the United States, Canada and New Zealand next. I don't know where it was, but somewhere in his make-up there was a screw loose, so that he couldn't succeed in the ordinary walks of life. It must have been in character or temperament, for he had brains enough.

"But there are no interesting characters of this kind among the hoboes. The real 'ho' will not work. It is a matter of pride with him, and he despises the 'gay cat' as much as the Cherry Valley natives do. He looked down on us and addressed us with all the scorn of a superior being. He prides himself on getting three square meals a day, and he replenishes his wardrobe regularly by begging. He puts up a good front, for that is what he lives on. He almost always carries a cheap watch in his pocket, as well as a piece of soap, and cleans up regularly. He always travels by rail and carries a pocket full of maps and fresh timetables. He knows all the best and fastest trains; he knows every junction and cutoff as well as any drummer. The 'Weary Willie' of the funny artists is the turnpike tramp, who never cheap travels, and I had \$13 in my pocket. It was the first money I ever earned in my life, and I was anxious to reach home and show my father that I could take care of myself for six weeks and get back with money in my pocket.

"Well, when our job was done Boston and I started out alone for Ontario, to strike the main line between Albany and Buffalo. I had decided to go home, and was determined to get there without paying anything. I was packed with the pride in my chest, and I had \$13 in my pocket. It was the first money I ever earned in my life, and I was anxious to reach home and show my father that I could take care of myself for six weeks and get back with money in my pocket.

NO MORE RUNAWAYS. "At Ontario I got into an empty box car. As the train started two men climbed in. I shrank back in the dark, hoping they wouldn't see me, for I had been warned of the 'yeggmen.' But they struck a light and came straight for me. They had seen me get in. They knocked me senseless. When I came to myself I found they had taken every cent I had, my coat, my shirt, my belt, my hat and my shoes. All I wore were trousers, undershirt and stockings. I tried myself to sleep.

"When I woke the train was still, and I could see that it was daylight outside. The thieves had fastened the door behind them with the hasp and staple outside. I pounded and yelled, and finally a 'brake' opened the door. He called the 'yard bird,' that is, a policeman, who arrested me. "As we went along I told the policeman my story. He believed me. 'You were mighty lucky to get off as well as you did,' said he; 'those 'yeggmen' lie in wait to rob the hoppers and harvesters when they come out of the fields with money in their pockets. They throw a man off a Lake Shore freight not long ago stark naked, took every stitch on him; then they've thrown men off and killed them, and I can tell you that I took it a good deal more submissively than anything of the same kind I ever took from my father. "The policeman took me to jail and got me some breakfast. The judge read me another lecture and discharged me. My friendly policeman spoke to a missionary woman who was around the court, and she got me a jacket, a pair of shoes too large for me, a fur cap and a pair of suspenders. I was more thankful for these than anything. Then my policeman took me to a day boat and spoke to the man that had charge of the trunk room, and he stowed me away and let me go down the river for nothing.

"I got home a sadder and wiser boy, but the experience was a valuable one, both for me and for my father. I guess the old man had been more worried than he ever let on. Anyway, he seemed changed to me, and I guess there isn't any doubt that I seemed changed to him. I never ran away from home again."

HOW HAIR GROWS. A single hair, which can support a weight of two ounces, is so elastic that it may be stretched to one-third of its entire length and then regain its former size and condition. Dr. Pincus has measured the growth of hair by cutting off circles about one inch in diameter from the heads of healthy men, and so comparing the growth of the patches with that of the rest of the hair. He found that the growth rate generally became slower after cutting; that in some cases the hair on the patches grew at the same rate as the rest, but that it never grew any faster.

recommended that these be used to represent the history of Christianity in America. Every phase of religious work and type of religious thought would have its representative, as well as every section of the country. It is expected that the shell of the choir and the four great arches which are to support the 425-foot central tower will be finished in the course of two years. The massive arches will be filled in with a temporary masonry wall and roofed over. This will provide an auditorium with accommodation for approximately 2,500 persons and make it possible to begin the use of the cathedral. With the completion of this section more than half of the walls will be in place. It will produce a building 300 feet



COMBATING THE CHOLERA IN ST. PETERSBURG WITH AMULETS. A force outbreak of cholera has been ravaging St. Petersburg for some weeks, and between three and four hundred fresh cases have been reported daily. In combating the pestilence the authorities find their difficulties immensely increased by the gross ignorance and superstition of the lower classes, who trust rather to the virtue of charms and amulets than in preventive measures, belts made of old copper coins rusted green being considered particularly efficacious and commanding a large sale.

AN AMERICAN WESTMINSTER ABBEY

Continued from third page. and probably the decoration of the west front, will provide places for many more, so that the statues to be placed in the choir will consist only a small proportion of the entire number in the completed building. Sixteen statues are to be placed upon each of the piers of the great arch over the entrance to the choir. The committee has



JAPAN FIGHTS THE PLAGUE INTELLIGENTLY. Officers of the law act as housemaids; the contents of Japanese shops and homes are turned to the streets while the buildings are cleaned by the authorities. Japan takes the greatest possible care to prevent plagues spreading within it, and in Kobe, at all events, every house is cleaned under the supervision of the sanitary authorities twice a year. A street is dealt with at a time, and everything is taken out of the buildings and piled in the roadway. Dust and refuse are carted away and burned, and the houses and their contents are thoroughly cleaned. In six months 58,013 homes were cleaned in Kobe alone.

needs of the people to whom they have been dedicated. The Belmont chapel, in the centre and exactly behind the altar, which is completed with the exception of the windows, is known as St. Saviour's Chapel. Here the liturgy will be known as the Oriental rite. The chapel on the left, the construction of which was paid for by Mrs. Edward King, is the Swedish Chapel, in which the liturgy will be the Scandinavian rite. Adjoining this chapel will be the Holland Chapel, with the German rite, and the Scots' Chapel, with the British rite. On the other side of St. Saviour's Chapel, in order, will be St. Ambrose's Chapel, with the Italian rite; the Huguenot Chapel, with the Gallican rite, and the

Spanish Chapel, with the Mozarabic rite. These liturgies have not been worked out as yet, although the backgrounds for one or two are estimated at \$120,000. Up to the present time approximately \$2,700,000 has been collected, and the Barburian pastries given by Mrs. W. F. Cole, and the mosaic serenos and altar beneath which Bishop Potter's body is to lie, which were presented by Mrs. Celia E. Wallack. About \$2,700,000 has been spent on the cathedral up to the present time, there remaining an endowment fund of approximately \$200,000 and a sum of \$100,000 available for the completion of the work. It is estimated that the finished structure will cost not less than \$12,000,000.

Some of the features of the construction were very expensive. The sum of \$250,000 was spent in getting a good foundation for the great arches which are to support the central tower, which, it is expected, will weigh 15,000 tons. Before the exact site for the cathedral was selected borings were made at regular intervals all over the parcel which had been chosen. Then surface rock was cut away to a depth of seventy-two feet before rock of sufficient density was reached. The eight granite pillars surrounding the central tower are not solid, but are intended to have these 60-foot columns shined stones, but it was found that no machinery could be devised for turning such long, heavy columns, and it became necessary to cut them in two pieces. Each pillar weighs in the neighborhood of 120 tons. Moving these pillars from the river front to the cathedral was a task that taxed engineering to its utmost. A Vermont woman, the partner of the maker, directed their erection. The great arches which are to support the tower represent a large sum of money.

No one alive when the idea of the cathedral was born in the mind of Bishop Horatio Potter, more than thirty-five years ago, expects to see the great structure completed. Many vicissitudes have marked its growth. The project received a blow almost immediately after the cathedral was incorporated. Three persons had pledged \$100,000 each. Two of them failed in the panic of '73. One by one the incorporators were reduced in number until only nine of the sixteen remained. The time came when there was danger of losing the charter because of this fact. This was when Bishop Horatio Potter lay on his deathbed. His death would have made it impossible to increase the list to the number required by the charter. A meeting was held in Bishop Potter's sick-chamber and other trustees were named. It was not until 1872, almost twenty years after incorporation, that the corporation was reorganized. The new charter was adopted, and the Belmont Heights marking the site was one arch of the crossing and the beginning of the Belmont chapel. Then money began to come in larger quantities and the structure to take coherent form.

RECOVERS HIS GOLD. Helena, Mont., Oct. 16.—Of all the thrilling stories told by visiting pioneers one of the most interesting is that of Helena, Mont. In 1865 Liscomb was a member of a party of fur hunters who operated in this section of the state. Early in January of that year they were camped near the "gap." One day Liscomb rode several miles away from the camp after some other skins which he believed could be obtained at a small creek out from the "gap." When some distance from the camp he met an Indian who manifested interest in the destination of the white man. He asked questions which caused Liscomb to grow suspicious. He wanted to show his friendliness by shaking hands with his white brother. Liscomb reached out and shook hands, but as he brought his hand back he pulled the Indian's revolver from the belt. A moment later the Indian exclaimed "Indian!" and pointed back of Liscomb. The hunter looked back, but at the same time he divined the object of the redskin and threw his hand up over his head. As he did so the wagon spoke with which the aborigine intended to brain his victim came down on the upraised hand, and as a result Liscomb has a stiff finger. The fur hunter sent a bullet into the Indian, who in toppling off his horse caught one arm in the surcingle on Liscomb's horse. Thinking he was not dead and was holding on, the white man put another bullet through the Indian's throat. The weight of the redskin's body finally broke the surcingle and Liscomb's horse ran away. Fortunately, the Indian's horse did not run away. About that time another Indian got within firing distance and began to shoot. The Indian's horse was wounded, and using the body of the animal as a breastwork, Liscomb began to do a little execution. He laid low an Indian with each of the first six shots. It finally became so warm for the Indians that the four or five of them who were still alive rode away. But the white man did not escape without wounds. He made his way back to camp. "Old Man" Buchanan, who still lives out near Kendall, attempted a bit of surgery, using a bullet flatter in his effort to get a bullet which had been flattened against one of the bones in Liscomb's leg. Later the camp in which Liscomb was lying was attacked by Indians and he buried gold in a hole. He supposed that some member of the party had hidden it up until Buchanan a few months ago told him that, so far as he knew, the gold dust was still there, but was buried. Accordingly, in May of this year, forty-two years and four months after it was buried, Liscomb went to the old camping place in the night and uncovered the gold dust. The powder box and shamash bag in which it was buried had disintegrated, but all the gold dust was there. Liscomb is now a well known stockman of Custer County. He carries thirteen scars, made by arrows and bullets, which speak eloquently of the vicissitudes through which the trail blazers passed while wresting this state from the redskins.

NATIONAL GUARD NEWS. Brigadier General George Moore Smith, commanding the First Brigade, will review the 1st Regiment in its armory on November 10, and the 2nd Regiment will follow. Colonel Bates has appointed Dr. Karl Connel an assistant surgeon. Colonel Stokes of the 2d Regiment has appointed a committee consisting of Major F. A. Martin, Captain Bangs and Captain Walker to see what arrangements can be made for a trip to Washington to attend the inauguration of the President. The armory will be open hereafter to members on Sundays from 9 a. m. until 5 p. m. General John Eddy will review the regiment on Saturday night. The 22d Regiment will hold an Olympic indoor meeting in the armory on Thanksgiving eve. Some of the athletes who took part in the Olympic games in London will participate. General McCookery Butt has returned from Europe. He attended the French and German military manoeuvres, compared with which, he says, the military manoeuvres in the United States are like a kindergarten. General Butt denied the rumor that he was looking for the adjutant generalship of the state. He will return to Europe in January or February. In the 3d Battery Second Lieutenant George H. N. Hornby has been elected first lieutenant and Sergeant Julian C. B. Stokes has been elected second lieutenant. It is said that both Squadrons A and C may attend the inauguration in Washington in March. Members of the 4th Regiment will parade for divine service in the Ross Street Presbyterian Church, Brooklyn, on Sunday night, October 25. The 13th Regiment will parade on November 14 at the dedication of a monument in Fort Greene Park erected to the memory of the prison ship martyrs. The 4th Company will hold a dinner on Saturday night at the shore house of the Crescent Athletic Club. MEMORY OF ANIMALS. "The elephant's memory is proverbial," said P. Martin Duncanson, Z. S., at the New Gallery photographic Exhibition, "but that of other beasts of the jungle is hardly less noteworthy." Tigers in captivity are said to remember a kindness and recognize a friend, even after the lapse of months. Lions which have been in a zoological garden in captivity are said to remember the signs of abject fear when visited by native hunters from the country where they had their early home.

OBTAINING FRESH WATER IN A NITRATE COUNTRY: A USE FOR THE SUN IN A RAINLESS LAND. The Boquete Nitrate Company, Antofagasta, Chile, which has its works in a rainless country where the sun shines continually, uses an ingenious apparatus for obtaining fresh water of the region into sweet water. It consists of a series of frames containing twenty thousand square feet of glass. The lenses of glass are arranged in the shape of a V, and under each pane is a shallow pan containing brackish water. The heat of the sun condenses the water upon the sloping glass, and this fresh water then runs down into a little channel and is carried away into the main canal. Nine hundred and fifty gallons of fresh water can be collected daily.

ARMY'S VALUE IN PEACE TIMES FIGHTERS OF FIRE AND FLOOD. Its Tents Shelter the Homeless, Its Kitchens Feed the Hungry—Many Calls for Its Aid.

Washington, Oct. 17.—The military establishment is not solely employed in strategic movements, in working out war games or in solving the problems of battle. It does duty in a variety of ways, of which most people know nothing unless they have been the objects of the protection and relief furnished by the United States army in localities beset by flame or disturbance beyond the control of the neighborhood, its facilities for maintaining peace and preserving property. One of the New York newspapers recently printed an editorial which aimed to show, in connection with the great forest fires in the Northwest, that the army might be usefully employed in extinguishing those monster conflagrations or in establishing a method of preventing their spread. It was evident to a new idea to the author of the proposition, but it by no means suggests anything new to the military authorities. The army has frequently been called on to put out forest fires, and has worked valiantly in that particular office. The military body is admirably adapted to such employment on account of the splendid discipline which the enlisted force lends itself at all times, and on no occasion is greater than in a time of emergency, where a fire has gone beyond the control of the local and usual means of extinguishment. The use of the army in connection with fire finds an example in the devastation wrought by the flames following the earthquake in San Francisco in April, 1906. The work of the army was prompt, and without the perfect discipline of the soldiers it would have been impossible in a time of such general panic and terror to accomplish any such general, rapid and efficient work. Thieves were promptly shot when they appeared or with their booty. The homeless were sheltered by the army tents, and the camp of the refugees was supplied with the needed sanitary measures which prevented the added catastrophe of epidemic. Transportation was furnished, when and where all the regular means were paralyzed. The government maintained a long as a soldier, under conditions that anticipated the necessary request of the services of the army which later came from the California authorities. THE TROOPS AND GOLDFIELD. The War Department is careful not to require the use of troops unless they are called for, and one of the great questions which meet the army people at every turn is which will lead to the protection of the gold fields. It is a matter of contemporaneous history that President Roosevelt late in 1896 and early in 1908 had a spirited set-to with Governor Sparks of Nevada because that state official was responsible for retaining in Goldfield, then a mining camp in the throes of labor war, an eleven companies of infantry from San Francisco. It speedily developed that the Governor was playing into the hands of the employers, and President Roosevelt discovered that an improper use was being made of the presence of the soldiers, who were sent back to their garrison in San Francisco, but not until there had been between Washington and Carson City letters which form an important part of the official record of the employment of an army in time of peace. It was when they landed in Goldfield that they first saw the mine owners and their tents. They camped on the glittering desert, and allayed the alarm of the apprehensive, restored the confidence of the mine owners and brought the disgruntled and obstreperous laborers to a realization of the businesslike intentions of the government. The use of troops to protect property in connection with labor troubles had its original demonstration in the railroad riots in Chicago when President Cleveland, ignoring the protest of Governor Altgeld of Illinois, sent troops to the railroad yards to protect interstate commerce and the facilities for carrying the United States mails. The point was well taken and political demagogues had a formidable setback then and there. SUCCOR IN FLOOD TIME. In addition to the appearance of the army in time of great fires and in disturbances caused by aggravated labor, the army has in recent years given its valuable services for succor and protection in these sections visited by floods and storms. It was the army which went with alacrity to relieve the sufferers in the Mississippi valley some years ago, at the time of the earthquake, when the local means of recuperation were inadequate. Again, the army appeared on the scene at Galveston, Tex., while the wind and waves were still wrecking homes and sacrificing human life. The examples of individual courage on such occasions are too numerous for official publication. The army by virtue of its stored supplies in the way of food, shelter and transportation is generally able to meet the emergency promptly than any other mechanism of relief maintained by state and municipal authorities. This was illustrated in the last year in Tennessee and other Southern points, where great floods and high winds wrought destruction. The army was on the ground before the winds subsided, and established under canvas public kitchens where started and those without shelter were furnished with a place of refuge. It is not possible to comply with all the requests for the use of the military, as when it becomes necessary within the last few weeks to decline the furnish army marksmen to kill the wild horses of the Southwest, the residence of which animals was greatly desired by the residents of that section. The request came from the Forestry Bureau, where it was desired that the public lands should be relieved of these unwieldy vicious beasts. The War Department took the position that it would be a delicate matter to undertake any such work with the army, since the killing of horses would unquestionably lead to the loss of some of the animals owned and highly prized by ranches that had been destroyed. It was foreseen there would be many questions involving claims for damages, and the War Department on this occasion refused to allow the use of the army for the purpose indicated. The military authorities also within the last few months found it necessary to warn the army officer in charge of troops at St. Louis not to overstep the bounds prescribed by the Constitution in employing United States troops on police duty at a public gathering. This was on the occasion of the international balloon contest, when the presence of the troops was requested by the managers of that affair with the idea of protecting property and keeping in check the curious crowds. It was all right to employ troops to protect property, but the situation was fraught with grave menace to the War Department in case some soldier should find it necessary to use force in handling a crowd. Then, under the circumstances, without a formal call for United States troops on part of the state officials, the War Department would have found itself in a most embarrassing position. It is a situation of this kind which the military authorities must continually guard against in the employment of troops for other than the duties for which the army is primarily maintained. THE ABSENT MINDEDNESS OF GENIUS. The absent mindedness of great thinkers is a well known phenomenon. When Morse had completed his wonderful telegraphic system he was supposed to be so utterly absorbed in his work that he was most insouciant. "As long as poles can be erected," he said to a friend one day, "I will be content." But what must be done when we come to a bridge? We cannot use poles there, and the wire support, break of its own weight without some other "well" support. Morse looked at him thoughtfully for a moment, and then exclaimed, "This is the thought of that. It's the very thing." The absence of mental concentration on one leading to the exclusion of all others is also a well known phenomenon, as that of Sir Isaac Newton, who cut a hole in his study door to allow his favorite cat to come and go freely, and then cut a hole in the door of his study to allow his favorite cat to come and go freely, and then cut a hole in the door of his study to allow his favorite cat to come and go freely. "Did Caddybury have much luck fishing?" "Remarkable luck! Why, every one believed he had caught a fish." —Illustrated Bits.

Montana Pioneer Finds Treasure Buried Forty-four Years Ago. Helena, Mont., Oct. 16.—Of all the thrilling stories told by visiting pioneers one of the most interesting is that of Helena, Mont. In 1865 Liscomb was a member of a party of fur hunters who operated in this section of the state. Early in January of that year they were camped near the "gap." One day Liscomb rode several miles away from the camp after some other skins which he believed could be obtained at a small creek out from the "gap." When some distance from the camp he met an Indian who manifested interest in the destination of the white man. He asked questions which caused Liscomb to grow suspicious. He wanted to show his friendliness by shaking hands with his white brother. Liscomb reached out and shook hands, but as he brought his hand back he pulled the Indian's revolver from the belt. A moment later the Indian exclaimed "Indian!" and pointed back of Liscomb. The hunter looked back, but at the same time he divined the object of the redskin and threw his hand up over his head. As he did so the wagon spoke with which the aborigine intended to brain his victim came down on the upraised hand, and as a result Liscomb has a stiff finger. The fur hunter sent a bullet into the Indian, who in toppling off his horse caught one arm in the surcingle on Liscomb's horse. Thinking he was not dead and was holding on, the white man put another bullet through the Indian's throat. The weight of the redskin's body finally broke the surcingle and Liscomb's horse ran away. Fortunately, the Indian's horse did not run away. About that time another Indian got within firing distance and began to shoot. The Indian's horse was wounded, and using the body of the animal as a breastwork, Liscomb began to do a little execution. He laid low an Indian with each of the first six shots. It finally became so warm for the Indians that the four or five of them who were still alive rode away. But the white man did not escape without wounds. He made his way back to camp. "Old Man" Buchanan, who still lives out near Kendall, attempted a bit of surgery, using a bullet flatter in his effort to get a bullet which had been flattened against one of the bones in Liscomb's leg. Later the camp in which Liscomb was lying was attacked by Indians and he buried gold in a hole. He supposed that some member of the party had hidden it up until Buchanan a few months ago told him that, so far as he knew, the gold dust was still there, but was buried. Accordingly, in May of this year, forty-two years and four months after it was buried, Liscomb went to the old camping place in the night and uncovered the gold dust. The powder box and shamash bag in which it was buried had disintegrated, but all the gold dust was there. Liscomb is now a well known stockman of Custer County. He carries thirteen scars, made by arrows and bullets, which speak eloquently of the vicissitudes through which the trail blazers passed while wresting this state from the redskins.

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OBTAINING FRESH WATER IN A NITRATE COUNTRY: A USE FOR THE SUN IN A RAINLESS LAND. The Boquete Nitrate Company, Antofagasta, Chile, which has its works in a rainless country where the sun shines continually, uses an ingenious apparatus for obtaining fresh water of the region into sweet water. It consists of a series of frames containing twenty thousand square feet of glass. The lenses of glass are arranged in the shape of a V, and under each pane is a shallow pan containing brackish water. The heat of the sun condenses the water upon the sloping glass, and this fresh water then runs down into a little channel and is carried away into the main canal. Nine hundred and fifty gallons of fresh water can be collected daily.

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