SWIFTEST BOATS AFLOAT.

ENGLISH BUILDERS ASTONISHED BY THE HERRESHOFFS.

Winning by Merit, and New Building in Rhode Island Vessels for Foreign Navies—A Story of Labor and Progress Under Very Adverse Circumstances—Future Plans

Within a few years past the English naval authorities have deemed it advisable to adopt a new form, size, and style of steam vessel possessed of greater versatility of adaptation than any previously in the service. Boats swift and safe were demanded which, in time of war, could be used for keeping off marauders from a blockading fleet, carrying a limited number of persons for any special duty, transmitting despatches and orders, &c., which in times of peace would readily, for all the purposes of large navy launches, take the place of the small torpedo boats formerly applied to such service, but poorly adapted to it. To this new construction in marine architecture the title of "vedette boats" was applied, and private builders were invited to compete in building them to meet all the high and specifically stated requirements of the Admiralty. Of all who entered into competition, the most successful was John Samuel White of Cowes, an experienced builder of torpedo boats, who constructed a vedette boat capable of a speed of 13.3 knots per hour, and in other regards suitable, so that thenceforth he acquired a monopoly over all other English bidders in the supply of these vessels to the navy. Information of the existing demand and the extent to which it had been met having reached John B. Herreshoff and Nathaniel G. Herreshoff—the Herreshoff Manufacturing Company—of Bristol, R. I., they made a proposition to the Admiralty to furnish vedette boats which should be superior, not only in speed, but in all other respects, to those which were then regarded as the perfection of English naval construction of that class. In January last they were notified that if they would present for trial in English waters two vedette boats of the same capacity as those built by John Samuel White, and capable of attaining a speed of 14 knots per hour, the boats would be purchased at a stipulated and satisfactory price. On the 16th of July last the Messrs. Herreshoff's two boats were landed in England, and immediately taken to the Portsmouth dock yard for trial. In competition with them appeared a new boat of the same class and power, built by John Samuel White for the occasion, and presumably the flower of all his six or eight years' experience in the construction of this style of vessel. The Herreshoff boats were each 48 feet in length, 9 feet beam, and 5 feet depth—the same size as White's, but, owing to the novel safety coil boilers and compound engines employed were much lighter. After a long and exhaustive series of trials, the English judges unanimously pronounced in favor of the Herreshoff boats. They had made not simply the 14 knots per hour required, but actually 15½ knots, while White had only been able to get 12.6 knots out of his boat, in finding capacity they were equally superior. With all their machinery, coal, and water aboard, they were filled with water, and then twenty men were put aboard each, that human load being just so much in excess of the Admiralty test, and even then they had a floating capacity of three tons. Finally the Examiners pronounced enthusiastically in favor of the Herreshoff safety coil boiler as unexplosible, less liable to injury from shot, capable of raising steam more quickly, far lighter, and in all respects superior to White's, which was simply the ordinary marine tubular boiler. They wanted at their highest speed with an indicated 1,110-horse power, so much smoke issued from the Herreshoff boats that they were promptly accepted. £25,000 was paid for them, and a larger order was given for two "navy pinnaces," smaller boats, previously an especial feature of John Samuel White's work, which were to be accepted on condition that they were found, on thorough trial, more agreeable for the service intended than those already in use. The two pinnaces, or launches, as they are called in American naval nomenclature, were dropped in Southampton Water on Dec. 5, 1881, a Sunday, a distance of seventy-five miles, with the Board of Examiners, composed of seventeen members, on board, on Nov. 2, and at Sheerness the trials were immediately begun. As before, John Samuel White, the vanquisher of all English rivals, was pitted against the Herreshoffs, a new boat, in reasonably the best he had been able to produce. The result of the trial, in the matter of speed at least, failed, however, to sustain that presumption, for although he has previously built pinnaces that made 7¼ knots per hour, he could only get out of this, the latest one, while, to his astonishment and disgust, the American boats easily made 9½ knots, working with only 24-horse power indicated. The pinnaces were of the same size, 33 feet in length, 8 feet 6 inches beam, and 4 feet 6 inches depth. Exhaustive tests were made in maneuvering, rough water work, flotation speed, &c., the result of which was the complete and unqualified triumph of Herreshoff's boats, which were accepted and paid for at a price of $10 each above that which White had received for the same class of boats. And not only that, but so pleased were the English naval authorities that to accommodate Mr. Herreshoff, who desired to return home in the Gallia sailing from Liverpool on the 12th of November, all trial trips were hurriedly set, and the trials were completed, the reports made and passed upon, the acceptance ordered, and the money paid, all within the short space of two days. The efficient report credited the Herreshoff pinnaces with greater floating capacity, greater speed, more available space than the next larger size of English pinnaces—thirty-eight feet in length—and specifically said of the Herreshoff safety coil boilers, which raised steam to a pressure of 100 pounds in from 3½ to 7½ minutes, that they possessed "a great advantage over the present type in regard to safety, weight, and in the economical raising of steam." Sir William Houston Stewart, Vice-Admiral and Comptroller of the Navy, personally wrote to Mr. B. Herreshoff, saying: "I have much pleasure in informing you that all the trials which have been made with the boats you have supplied to our navy have been very successful. The boiler appears to meet with general approval by the engineers and firemen, who, having become acquainted with its use, seem quite to appreciate its excellent and valuable qualities for our steam boat service." Having thus won his laurels, Mr. Herreshoff returned home in the Gallia, arriving here on the 20th of last month, and bringing with him an order for two launches for the Russian navy, which he has supplied to England. In France it is expected that his boats will be even a greater surprise than in England, for the speed thus far attained they leave away below the British. The French boats are well under way toward completion, and are to be delivered early next spring.

Mr. J. B. Herreshoff, grandson of an eminent Prussian scientific engineer who came to this country in 1848, was born near Bristol, R. I., in 1841, was educated in the public schools, and made it his home. From his boyhood he evinced great fondness for boats and machinery, finding most pleasure in his leisure hours, when boys of his age usually think only of play, in inventing new models and in working out the shapes on paper, bound any things were done, and reading what had been achieved elsewhere in those branches of industry, beyond his field of observation.

At the age of 11 years he was studying the "rudiments of mechanics" and "steam engines," and three years later he began building yachts. His brother, Nathaniel G. Herreshoff, seven years his junior, at an early age shared his serious disposition and fondness for mechanical pursuits. At the age of 15 the elder brother met with an accident which totally and forever destroyed his sight. This terrible affliction has, however, never seemed to weaken his self-reliance or turn him aside from pursuing the chosen pursuits of his life. On the contrary, it has fixed his attention to it and the capacity for its concentrating his faculties upon it. His many years of blindness have given him not only the serious, patient, intensely practical common sense so well suited to his affliction, and indicating the energy and force of character which, in all his other faculties to such a extent as to greatly reduce the missing sense. He reads and understands the most delicate intonations and modulations of voices addressing him, as others read and understand facial expression. He appreciates the least differences in metals and follows, as if with a gift of perception, the lines of models submitted to him, and his mind sees even more clearly than physical sight could discern the intricacies of the most complex machinery intelligently described to him, or over which, if he sees fit, he is allowed to go. Hearing him address, direct, and explain things within his province, it is not easy at first for a stranger to realize that he cannot see. From the age of 16 until he was 20 years old Nathaniel, the younger brother, studied assiduously in the Boston Institute of Technology those branches of science having especial application to the industry preferred by the brothers, and with this practical knowledge to aid him, his occupation was of the highest value. Spending with the elder brother said in a tone of tender affection: "We have been always together from boyhood, had the same pleasures, the same purposes, the same aspirations, have almost been one, and we have achieved nothing in the line of success for which a full share of credit is not his just due. Nothing has ever been done by one without the other. Whenever one found an obstacle or difficulty the other helped him to remove it, and he, being without the disadvantage which I have, never missed a mistake."

In 1862 the Herreshoff brothers began, at Bristol, the construction of sailing craft and small boats. A great proportion of the vessels turned out of their yard were fancy sailing yachts of from ten to fifty tons burden, and these speedily acquired an enviable reputation for seaworthiness, swiftness, and durability. The brothers were then studying and experimenting on the best lines for the hulls of vessels—a primary consideration which has had no little influence in their later successes when their knowledge was applied to the building of boats to be propelled by steam. They were also building up their present high reputation for the employment of the most unexceptionable materials as well as the nearest approaches to perfection in their application. "We have never," the elder brother said, "aimed to make cheap boats of any kind, but the best boats of all kinds, applying consistently not only the best results of our own careful and consistent our experiments, but the proved knowledge which we are able to glean from the much information of the progress in scientific work made by other builders in all parts of the world. In 1869 we began the manufacture of steam launches, and six years ago, having perfected our first safety coil boiler, which I believe I am justified in considering the greatest progressive step of the age in the science of steam, much extended it and advanced its reputation, increasing the facilities for our business as the demands upon us warranted. In recent years we have reached the eighty-ninth in our list of yachts, vedette boats, navy launches, &c. We did not, however, abandon the construction of sailing vessels and confine ourselves exclusively to our present class of work until a little less than four years ago. Of other craft than those propelled by steam we have built about 2,000, large and small. The first steam vessel which we constructed, twelve years ago, was a yacht, sixty feet long, which made 8½ knots per hour, since then we have built, with the exception of a torpedo boat for the Russian Government of exactly the same length as that yacht, which has attained a speed of 15½ knots per hour. These contrasted facts give some idea of the progress we have made in construction. And our facilities for turning out work have kept pace with it. Instead of the two men we began our steam work with, we now have in regular employment from seventy-five to a hundred, and our shop room and yards are of such extent as would enable us to put in the hundred, or even more, and work them in a manner to meet any requirements. With our present force we have built a torpedo boat complete, sixty feet long, in nineteen days. That was for Peru. We could build two such boats per month, and of large yachts, were we confident of men, we could turn out twelve of fifteen per annum. That is simply with our present force of men, you understand. Our works are larger than those of Thorneycroft in England, and he has thirty or more boats in course of construction at the time we write, and employs, altogether, steel for the frame and plan for the one-eighth inch skin. These torpedo boats, although not intended to be used to fire torpedoes out of on anything like the Thunder class, as it is understood, but to carry the Whitehead or Ferris torpedoes, must be very strong, for they may have rough work before them. The Whitehead torpedo, you understand, is sunk five or ten feet when launched, and, being a boat in itself, drive a big engine with its propeller, goes straight in the direction it is pointed for a half or a quarter of a mile, and then is discharged. Its working and mode of firing are Government secrets. Admiral Porter's torpedo is on the pocket principle, goes on the surface, and is controlled by a wire attached to it, I believe, exploded by percussion. The latter is, I think, destined to be the torpedo of the future."

"What are your present engagements for future construction?"

"We are now building for a wealthy New Yorker, who does not wish his name made known at present, a steam yacht 125 feet long and 17 feet beam, of composite construction, which is to have an indicated 250-horse power, and be guaranteed to make sixteen knots per hour, and to cost nearly $50,000 when completed. Then we have in hand another yacht 90 feet long, to cost about $25,000, for Mr. H. H. Warner of Rochester, N. Y., one in which special attention is needed for the comfort of comfort and elegance. For Col. J. J. Astor of Rhinebeck, N. Y., we are building a yacht which will be 76 feet long, with 12 feet 6 inches breadth of beam, and must have a speed of 17 miles per hour. It will not be so elegant a yacht as that for Warner, and will cost only $15,000. The latter two are for use in inland lakes and rivers, and are consequently not to be considered. Then we have the two vedette boats for the French navy, each 48 feet long and 9 feet beam, already mentioned, which are now rapidly nearing completion. In addition to these, we have some good reason to expect that we may be called upon to do a good deal of work for the United States Government at no very distant day. The Naval Advisory Board convened by order of Secretary Hunt to consider the question of the navy and its future, in its official recommendations to the present Congress reported on Nov. 7, in favor of the immediate construction of ten steel cruising torpedo boats, 150 feet long, with a speed of not less than 21 knots per hour, to cost $75,000 each; and twenty steel vessels of the type known as the Herreshoff harbor torpedo boat, almost 70 feet long, to have a maximum speed of not less than 17 knots per hour, and to cost $25,000 each. The figures seem to be made upon the recent boats which we were requested to assign in October last, and with our knowledge of the record and appreciation our boats are held in by the engineers of the navy, we do not fear that we will not have our share of whatever work is given out. Whatever the demands upon us may be, we think that we can confidently calculate upon supplying them with the facilities now at our command."

The hulls of the French vedette boats now in one of the construction houses are models of perfection in marine architecture, sharp in front, with long, gently curving lines for them and shapley stern, and a general symmetry of proportion that indicates to every experienced eye the possession of remarkable capability for speed.

A Noose Sent to Guiteau.

WASHINGTON, Dec. 17.—A package received by Mr. Scoville, for Guiteau, and consigned to his back yard under suspicion of containing some explosive, was cautiously opened and found to contain a coil of rope with a noose on its end. It also contained a note saying: "With the compliments of the Garfield and Arthur Club of Venango Pa." Mr. Scoville has received a postal card dated March Chase, Pa., signed, "Dick ex-Molly." Guiteau's friends think it is an idiotic attempt on Guiteau's life by members of the Home Guards.

The police have been received a communication from O'Neill, Nebraska, saying that a "Frank" named Utey has started for Washington for the purpose of killing Scoville. A photograph of Utey accompanied the communication.

The Sun of Nov. 11 "The police, investigating the mystery concerning the communication from O'Neill City, Nebraska, to Mr. Scoville, have discovered that it was a practical joke on the Postmaster. What joke, who is here, or that it is intended to injure his chances of reappointment."

ASTHMA IN PIKE.

The Old Settler's Diagnosis of the Disease as It Takes Hold in the Hoopole Country.

MILFORD, Pa., Dec. 15.—Some one from the hoopole regions drove into town the other day with a team of mules and a load of poles. He tied the mules to a tree box, and went into the Crissman House barroom to see how the thermometer stood. The breathing of one of the mules was a cross between a cracked dinner horn and a clogged up blacksmith's bellows. Every time the mule caught a breath it bumped its back as if it was a cat with a chair on its tail.

"That mule acts to me," said the Sheriff, "as if it was threatened with the heaves."

"Heaves be golliswizzled!" said the Old Settler. "That mule's got a giniwine case o' the asmy, so you can make up your mind that it was worth sometiin' when it was took, for the asmy don't tackle nothin' that ain't o' some account. That's one reason why asmy is so durn scace in this yer neighborhood. They ain't no material fur it to work on."

Then said the Sheriff to the Old Settler:

"But you have the asthma yourself, old man. How's that?"

"Never had it a minit sence I have ben in this town! Never a minit. I don't think the asmy kin stan' the kind o' rum a feller drinks here," said the Old Settler.

"An' talkin' o' asmy," he continued, "don't you know that the cussed thing knows jest what it's doin' of, jest the same as a human bein' does? Ye may think it's queer, but that's as true as a plumb bob, all the same. I kin give you a leetle statement of all-wool facts to prove it. The wust I ever had the asmy—an' I usety have it more than bad—was down in Monroe County one winter. I had it straight that time, boys. It come to me warmented a yard and a quarter wide, fast enough, an' the remnant throwed in. One night, leesdaity, it set down on me like a ton o' lead. I was settin' in my big chair, for I couldn't lay down no more'n a dead man could stan' up. Thinks I, 'I'm gunned fit I put up with this no longer.' I went to the bureau an' took out Old Belcher, which was my hoss pistol that I always keeps loaded up to the muzzle. I'd ben ridin' it to the county seat.

"'I s'pose the one woman'll feel pooty bad,' says I to myself, 'but patience has quit settin' on my monument any more.' An' I'm bound for Jur tan's stormy banks, whether or no,' says I.

"I sat down, took a look at the old woman asleep away in the bed, an' thinks I, 'I won't so much in thing as asmy this side o' Greenland,' an' clapped the pistol to my head. Boys, quicker'n lightnin' could skin a sapling, that asmy was gone. I got kinder skeerd, the change was so sudden. I dropped my pistol in my lap. Boys, I hope to die if I wouldn't, yours, an' have the asmy every minit of it, if that asmy didn't strike me agin, kerplunk, quicker than a catamount's spat. It drove me clean out crazy, an' I shoved the weapon 'gainst my head again. 'Fore I could pull the trigger that asmy was out as if I had put my hat ben round the corner. I took the pistol down, an' fur up to see if I was a-dreamin'. I hadn't more'n got on my feet 'fore the asmy hit me agin and knocked me plumb back in the chair. Then I saw plain 'enough that I was n't dreamin' no more nor a deep snuff when thug a snapin.' It hasn't not more'n thirty paces shed it. An' I keeched the idea o' the bu'n business at the same time. That infernal asmy knowed if I killed myself it couldn't have no more fun with me, an' so it just quietly let up on me in time to stop my fizzin'.

"Solid," says I. "Here's a bully good way for me to kill two birds with one stone. I'll just keep that pistol clapped to my de cranium and breathe like white folks the rest o' the night," says I.

"So I clapped Ole Belcher to my forrid, an' away went the asmy. I tell ye that my arm not durn near broke off! I'm a big man, boys, an' I'm the agent'l grabbing, an' can 'do the pistoling agin. An' that's the way we kep' agoin' for nigh on to three hours. Sim'd on the pistol to my ole head, an' away the asmy'd skip. Then down di some the pistol, an' away I'd go. The wust I ever had the asmy. I'd ben a-settin' there jest as I was for the last Rocky Mountain stage driver.

"When Frank had regained his seat I asked him if he had taken ben delayed by teams ahead with their loads.

"Oh, yes," he replied; "that little affair was nothing. Sometimes we have to cut out a new road to get around obstructions. Tremendous roads have been drawn over those mountains. Your Commissioners West of New York, for instance, can't a smelter up here, which we will pass this afternoon. The road is at least twice as long as it should be, and it winds around nearly or quite 150 miles, by-ways, to its present height of 11,000 feet. One piece weighed 8800 pounds. It took twelve yoke of oxen alone three months to drag it from the city to Ruby Camp. The freight on the machinery in that stag was more than five cents a pound."

"Are you fond of driving?"

"Yes; I like to be around horses."

"You must have had some adventures?"

"Now," replied Frank, quietly.

"Would you mind regaling us with one?"

"In the East, I drove from Liverpool, N.Y., I used to drive Dutch Dan Mace! He remembers Frank Reagan."

Just then we passed an encampment by the side of a living stream from the mountains.

"Oh, yes," said Frank, in a tone of delight. "You can always tell them by the water barrels strapped to their wagons. The Mormons help construct the railroads. They are frugal and save their money. They adopted the water-barrel precaution after once crossing the Forty-Mile Desert, where water is 40 miles apart and the cascades. There is no water to drink the entire distance. Before the river and railroad was built, all the trails crossing it were lined with bleached bones of cattle and horses, and dotted with graves of immigrants. In winter it was invariably death to cross this desert waste."

"You must have had some cold rides."

"Yes. I've been chilled to the marrow on several occasions; once on the road over the ground we are now travelling. It was two winters ago, when the Deseret was there. Significant legend of a place in the world. Mail sometimes undergoes any hardship to reach the mountains. One morning I had a stage load for Ruby Camp. From signs in the air I made up my mind that before night a blizzard would roll down with frost sharp enough to bite off your ears. I put on my breast pocket. I put on six layers of clothing. First silk underwear, then woollen, next buckskin, a suit of woollen clothes, a thick ulster, and finally a big bearskin coat that covered all up to my ears. I wore three pairs of woolen socks, a pair of arctics and high flannel-lined rubber boots over them. I wound a flannel bandage around my head and forehead, and pulled my fur cap down to my eyebrows. A pair of goggles protected my eyes, and a muffler, which I managed to breathe through, covered my mouth and nose. Heavy for gloves, encased in rubber mittens, protected my hands. One of the members of the stage company had to go up on business, and he started off with me in the seat you occupy. He was pretty well buckled up, and said he would carry any of the men to ride where he would stop.

"Before we passed Castle Mountain the blizzard was on us. It came shrieking over the bare rocks and through the stunted trees louder than if a million Deseret were swooping down after our scalps. It whistled around the coach and over the horses, fairly raising the harness from their backs. Icicles formed fringes from their mouths, and their sides were white with glistening frost. They lowered their heads to the storm and plunged heavily on with their load. 'Are you cold, Frank?' inquired the boss with chattering teeth. 'Warm as toast,' says I. The point of my nose was the only sensitive thing about me; that tingled as if a pack of fiends were pinching it with red-hot pincers. We came to a bend around the mountain, where we had a biting shelter.

"'Pull up a minute, Frank,' said the boss. 'I guess I'll get in with the passengers.' Every man inside was stamping his feet and blowing his nose in a fierce manner. Old Bowery pit. A fearful howl arose when the passenger opened the door and dove in among the half-frozen, cramped-up travellers. Between their cursing guess I heard the lively latter keeping quiet was fun climbing the high ranges in Ruby Camp. Then every all towards the stage received my ears. When we arrived at the station I had to help every man out of the coach. Nearly all had their feet, hands, ears, or noses bitten, requiring vigorous applications of snow to restore a healthy circulation. Some of the men thought I was an angel. I'm all right (Frank's nose is redder long and thick) and when I entered the barroom at the station, after seeing that my team was properly attended to, I was in a comfortable glow of warmth.

"'Frank,' said the proprietor, 'I don't see how you got up the mountain without freezing to death. I should have fallen off if I had remained outside another half hour. Then turning to the landlord the boss inquired: 'What time did the coach from the other side get in?'

"'The coach isn't in at all yet.'

"'Then she is nearly three hours behind time,' said the boss, looking at his watch. 'Some accident has happened. I'll give fifty dollars to any driver who will go out and help them in.'

"'Who's driving?' I inquired.

"'Buffalo Hank,' growled a lazy kicker, who was roasting himself near the stove.

"'Hank was a pard of mine, stranger,' said Frank in tones of tender regret. 'Not two minutes I was on the road with a load of boxes, I came up to a strong covered wagon. I came up to the stage three miles from the station, at the top of the range. 'My God, Hank, why don't you drive in?' I shouted.

"'I can't,' he answered, huskily. 'My hands are frozen, and the passengers are paralyzed with cold. If I should start the team down the range I would inevitably smash or upset them, and every mother's son inside would be killed, as well as myself.'

"In two minutes I had my team fastened to the back of the stage, and Hank inside the wagon with his sick. In an hour. Then I mounted the box and brought in the passengers.

"'Were you ever stopped by road agents?'

"'Yes, by the Allen gang. They were down in Texas, I think. We had a coach full of passengers, a heavy mail, and a big package of money by express. I had the money under my cushion and the mail bags piled in behind me. We were stopped in a place where the horses had to walk, so generous the case.'

"'Do you drivers always stop when ordered?'

"'Yes; if we didn't we'd get bullets through our heads, or maimed for life, without receiving any compensation from the company or passengers.'

"'How did the gang operate?'

"'Allison stood at the heads of the leaders with a pistol pointed at me. His confederates ranged alongside of the coach, covering the passengers. Allison knew me by sight. He shouted, 'Hands up, Frank!' 'If you won't unhitch any of my horses,' I replied. 'All right, we don't want your horses.' Then I held up. The passengers were ordered out in line, with hands up, and thoroughly searched. The robbers went through the baggage in the boot, taking some parcels, and then asked me to throw down the mail bags to them. 'I can't do that; if you rob the mail you will have to get the bags yourselves.' They then climbed up, tossed the bags down, cut them open, and took such letters as they wanted. 'Have we got all?' asked Allison. 'All that's worth having, I guess.' The thousands of dollars I was sitting upon fairly burned me at this time, but I looked the robber coolly in the eye.

"'One of the gang now began unhitching my leaders. 'Stop that,' said Allison, 'no one shall touch Frank's horses.' Then turning to me he said, 'We are going now, Frank; in ten minutes you can drive on.'

"'Did you ever meet with an upset on these mountain roads?'

"'Not but I had a terrible close call near Grand Cañon a year ago the 10th of August.'

Here Frank grasped the butt of his whip and curved his eyes of the lash over the leaders' heads. The handle of the whip was highly ornamented. There were about a dozen silver bands on it. On the broad band at the butt there was an inscription of several lines.

"I seldom handle this whip without thinking of that day," said Frank. Seeing that I was interested he continued:

"We had a load of nineteen passengers inside and outside the coach, and ten heavy trunks in the boot. We were going from Silver Cliff to Cañon City. I had the best six-horse team on my coach, and felt pride in driving them. I knew the load was too heavy for the coach in some places. At my side sat a pretty little lady, and on the end of the seat was the wife of one of our directors. The director sat behind his wife. All went well until we came to the top of Greenhorn Range. The drive down the range for two miles and a half is one of the most perilous in the Rockies. In places there is scarcely six inches to spare to keep you from going over the precipice, and on the other side is a wall of rock. About half way down is a hairpin turn. The road has been built out around the rocky point, and the turn is so sharp that when the leaders of a six-horse team have rounded the rock they are out of the driver's sight. This place is the dread of all the drivers and teamsters on the road. The descent is a steady look to the mile, and when once you start there is no stopping until you reach the bottom.

"'Of course, I felt a little anxious when the leaders went over the brow of the range; but my wheelers were powerful and game, and I trusted to them. I had my mind wandered a touch of the whip, while the others were secured and fast enough to keep out of harm's way. As the coach began the descent I placed my foot on the brake with a firm hold. The heavy load required extra pressure, and I leave it steadily. We had gone down two-thirds of the way when the brake broke! In an instant the coach was on the wheelers, and they were on their haunches, snorting and using their fore legs like ploughs. It was no use. The leaders went in the air like wild horses, and to save themselves from a terrible smash-up I let go the reins to their feet and joined in the race. One yell came from the men on the coach, pierced by a simultaneous shriek from the women. After that they remained silent as death. The little woman grasped me round the waist at the first plunge of the team, and I felt her hot breath on my face. 'For God's sake, woman,' I exclaimed, 'let go of me and take hold of the rails by your side. Our only hope of safety lies in my being able to guide the horses.' She unwound her arms, and I handled the reins as best I could.

"'Down we plunged, the coach swinging and rocking like a toy. There wasn't a place wide enough to gallop, for the road ran along the edge of a precipice.

"'I turned my head for an instant toward the director. His wife had fainted, and he had all his attention to bestow her in her seat. There were places where the outer edge of the roadway had been crumbled off, and, in hauling the load, the wheels had cut into it to some extent. Times, fairly bouncing and bounding the stage on two wheels. At last the horses dashed around Cape Horn, and there I saw up the stage as last. These dogs are so built that when they overturn, a pin drops out that opens the hook and allows the pole to drop from the doubletree, so as to save a mass of splinters drawn off by the horses. When the leaders were out of sight around the rock it flashed through me that I might save the little woman. So I took a firmer grasp on the three with my left hand, and, with my right, I began to lean out around her body. The stage swerved and actually made the turn on the two outside wheels. Then, thank God, it also settled down again and went on bounding down the range. It seemed an age before we reached the level, where the horses could be brought to a halt. I knew I could stop them. When I did finally get at their heads to caress and encourage them for bringing us down safely, the perspiration was pouring out of every pore of my body, although it was a cold day in the mountains.

"'When we reached Rosedale I related the incidents of the ride to other members of the company, they asked. 'What shall we do for Frank?' 'Give him a check for $100,' replied the director. They gave me the check and the passengers clubbed together and presented me with $150 and this whip, which I shall carry as long as I drive.'

While Frank was with our party two occasions occurred when coolness and courage were called for, and Frank responded handsomely. Based upon inquiries in Denver, I am sure that Frank is the equal of any in his imagination while relating his exploits on the stage box. W. Y.

Another Habeas Corpus for Mr. Chamberlain.

A new proceeding was begun yesterday in the Supreme Court to vacate the decree of insanity announced against Daniel Drew Chamberlain by the Putnam County Court. It is based upon the act of 1874, which provides that the Supreme Court may vacate a decree made by a court having concurrent jurisdiction, upon showing that the person adjudged to be insane has recovered his reason. Mr. Chamberlain's counsel bases the proceeding upon the statement that he is now sane and able to conduct his own business affairs. Mr. Chamberlain, in the complaint of his husband's present, to produce him in court on a Saturday morning.

SPORTING NOTES.

Young Prof. Arnold is a fine amateur billiard player.

Kentucky Willie has reported permanently injured from a runaway.

Harry Kenne and John G. Heckscher place Bolero as the coming horse to beat.

Tyler Wyatt and Hart race in Memphis is reported to have been a financial success.

Albert Garner's eight tables in the Grand Hotel, Brussels, are in constant demand.

The Chicago Trotting Association reports a profit of $19,275 from last season's meetings.

Jim Mace has arrived in Boston and is at billiards. He says that it is pleasanter than slaughtering beeves.

The American Pioneer imported Dewar Brothers' strain of racers at Shawsheen last day recently.

Charles Price and James Wilkes are to run a four-mile race on the level for $1,000 a side on Jan. 2.

Jim Mace's boys are Jim Mace, Jr., who is a paper chase in Boston, and Frank, who is at Island on Dec. 20.

W. Frenke walked eight miles in 59 minutes 57¾ seconds at Dolphin's Grove, Long Island, on Dec. 10.

C. S. D. Rice has bought three Shetlands for Mr. D. D. Withers. One is to be ridden by two of Mr. Withers's children.

Tom Kirkman intends, it is said, to drive 8-50 with Lady Kate in the hope of setting the fastest trotting team.

Mr. Edwin Thorne, for four years Vice President of the National Trotting Association, has retired from the organization.

Preliminary meetings have been held in Richmond, Va., which would not be surprised to see the revival of a spirited jockey club.

George Leary, the shoeblacking expert, having won the championship at Tammany Hall recently, now holds the champion belt for all comers.

Mr. E. A. Goldsmith's chronometer has been awarded the second prize of silver or gold at that value, as the best performer in the Hall of Science.

Jerry Cox's Nancy Hanks, Lady Jacquelin and Gerald are said to be in training very well and show a great speed. Jerry intends to send them very hard to beat next year.

James H. Hackett of Cincinnati, R. Franklin Richmond, is ready to back his mare against the National Guard for $1,000 a side, for the championship and a purse worth $500.

Bruce Dickey Hunt wouldn't pocket Frank McLaughlin, the billiard player, when he was in Boston last week, but he did pocket from the cheaper class $200 that he had left around for bets. The stage sarcasm and actually made the turn on the two outside wheels.

Then, thank God, it also settled down again and went on bounding down the range. It seemed an age before we reached the level, where the horses could be brought to a halt. I knew I could stop them. When I did finally get at their heads to caress and encourage them for bringing us down safely, the perspiration was pouring out of every pore of my body, although it was a cold day in the mountains.

"'When we reached Rosedale I related the incidents of the ride to other members of the company, they asked. 'What shall we do for Frank?' 'Give him a check for $100,' replied the director. They gave me the check and the passengers clubbed together and presented me with $150 and this whip, which I shall carry as long as I drive.'

While Frank was with our party two occasions occurred when coolness and courage were called for, and Frank responded handsomely. Based upon inquiries in Denver, I am sure that Frank is the equal of any in his imagination while relating his exploits on the stage box. W. Y.

Another Habeas Corpus for Mr. Chamberlain.

A new proceeding was begun yesterday in the Supreme Court to vacate the decree of insanity announced against Daniel Drew Chamberlain by the Putnam County Court. It is based upon the act of 1874, which provides that the Supreme Court may vacate a decree made by a court having concurrent jurisdiction, upon showing that the person adjudged to be insane has recovered his reason. Mr. Chamberlain's counsel bases the proceeding upon the statement that he is now sane and able to conduct his own business affairs. Mr. Chamberlain, in the complaint of his husband's present, to produce him in court on a Saturday morning.

SPORTING NOTES.

Young Prof. Arnold is a fine amateur billiard player.

Kentucky Willie has reported permanently injured from a runaway.

Harry Kenne and John G. Heckscher place Bolero as the coming horse to beat.

Tyler Wyatt and Hart race in Memphis is reported to have been a financial success.

Albert Garner's eight tables in the Grand Hotel, Brussels, are in constant demand.

The Chicago Trotting Association reports a profit of $19,275 from last season's meetings.

Jim Mace has arrived in Boston and is at billiards. He says that it is pleasanter than slaughtering beeves.

The American Pioneer imported Dewar Brothers' strain of racers at Shawsheen last day recently.

Charles Price and James Wilkes are to run a four-mile race on the level for $1,000 a side on Jan. 2.

Jim Mace's boys are Jim Mace, Jr., who is a paper chase in Boston, and Frank, who is at Island on Dec. 20.

W. Frenke walked eight miles in 59 minutes 57¾ seconds at Dolphin's Grove, Long Island, on Dec. 10.

C. S. D. Rice has bought three Shetlands for Mr. D. D. Withers. One is to be ridden by two of Mr. Withers's children.

Tom Kirkman intends, it is said, to drive 8-50 with Lady Kate in the hope of setting the fastest trotting team.

Mr. Edwin Thorne, for four years Vice President of the National Trotting Association, has retired from the organization.

Preliminary meetings have been held in Richmond, Va., which would not be surprised to see the revival of a spirited jockey club.

George Leary, the shoeblacking expert, having won the championship at Tammany Hall recently, now holds the champion belt for all comers.

Mr. E. A. Goldsmith's chronometer has been awarded the second prize of silver or gold at that value, as the best performer in the Hall of Science.

Jerry Cox's Nancy Hanks, Lady Jacquelin and Gerald are said to be in training very well and show a great speed. Jerry intends to send them very hard to beat next year.

James H. Hackett of Cincinnati, R. Franklin Richmond, is ready to back his mare against the National Guard for $1,000 a side, for the championship and a purse worth $500.

Bruce Dickey Hunt wouldn't pocket Frank McLaughlin, the billiard player, when he was in Boston last week, but he did pocket from the cheaper class $200 that he had left around for bets.

Williams and Hyde are practicing with Joseph Dion for his coming match with Slosson, and Slosson is practicing with Dion for his coming match with Sexton, and is quite a fancy.

Meachin's cottage at the late New Orleans exhibition is to be moved, every piece of it, some day soon, to Mr. Meachin's home in Hoboken, and the best, material and workmanship, will be used.

Jim Mace, who was the leader Frank Fick to Mr. I. H. Hall, of Hall and Hyde, Frank Fick was backed against Mr. Morrissey. They filled one game apiece, the first time in 2-34.

The last game of billiards at the Maxwell and Great Connecting Saloons, which closed recently, Twenty-three years ago, Mr. Maxwell was in England, with the Prince of Wales, playing billiards.

Dealers in cigars are delighted that he was overrunning the Havana market with Bloch's cigars, one Happy Jack and half of the Bower favorite cigar to will, but a million and a half of the Bloch cigars, in addition to a million.

The Pinkerton detectives have arrived in a few days and for the American Team of Sportsmen, who are to race against the Canadians, the stewards are chilled to keep out the detectives, and, regardless, one of the Bowl matches is to be decided in the Pinkerton Hall.

Hall, Slosson, Howard, and Frank, with some fresh men on hand, are among the entries for the coming Tuesday billiard tournament night. Frank offers Hotel if he wins the title, but he gave money after expenses are paid.

The remains of Hassan, Ali Schumoff, who died at Sebastopol recently, were buried with the preparation of a Mussulman, and the remarkable rites performed at the time of his death, were in accordance with the Koran. Hassan was a native of Russia. He was an intimate friend of A. Sullivan.

The Gilmore three-mile race for the championship is to be run in the Gilmore Garden, and the stakes are to be overcome. Wallace Ross, the champion of England, the sculler, Charles Lee, the champion of the Lower South, Ed. Hanlan, Ed. McCullough, the champion of Canada, Frank Hamill of New Jersey, and Jack Hanlan of New York, are the contestants. Ross, Lee, and Hanlan are to row a mile race.

The Gilmore three-mile race for the championship is to be run in the Gilmore Garden, and the stakes are to be overcome. Wallace Ross, the champion of England, the sculler, Charles Lee, the champion of the Lower South, Ed. Hanlan, Ed. McCullough, the champion of Canada, Frank Hamill of New Jersey, and Jack Hanlan of New York, are the contestants. Ross, Lee, and Hanlan are to row a mile race.

COLORADO STAGE STORIES.

TOLD BY THE MOST FAMOUS DRIVER IN THE ROCKY MOUNTAINS.

Encountering a Blizzard—Rescuing Passengers at a Critical Moment—"Hands Up!"—A Terrific Race Down Greenhorn Range.

News comes from Colorado that there is three feet and a half of snow in the western tier of mountains. This means untold hardships to teamsters and stage drivers.

Late last summer a party of gentlemen from New York started on a coaching trip from Gunnison to Ruby Camp, in the Elk Mountains.

"Climb up on the box seat," said Mr. Buck of the *Spirit of the Times*, "if you want to enjoy the ride and see some clever driving."

We rode over a level, sandy trail for a few miles before striking the foot hills. Only a few monosyllables passed between the driver and the writer. On reaching the first rise of ground we met a teamster stuck in a rut with a load of coals from a neighboring hillside, where it crops out in a solid wall of black richness. The teamster had worked his mules for some time in useless efforts to extricate his wagon. The wheels on one side were sunk to the hubs in the yielding sandy ground, while the coal was badly canted. The road was so narrow where the mishap occurred that it was necessary for the coal wagon to pass us before we could proceed on our journey.

Our driver took in the situation, nod, handing the reins of his four grays to the writer, said: "I'll try to get him out of that hole."

Swinging his six foot of bone, muscle, and well-hardened flesh to the ground with but one touch on the wheel, in an instant he was at the head of the leading pair of mules, speaking kindly while arranging the harness. He did the same to the wheelers, and then, gathering the lines carefully in his hands, took the teamster's seat and straightened out the double team to the apparent limit of its strength. It was of no avail; the mules barely twisted the front wheels an inch or so, and that was all. Leaning over the team, the stage driver then curled his whip over the leaders' head, chirped cheerfully into the ears of the wheelers, started them in unison, and then fairly whooped them out of their load.

While our driver was returning to his stage I heard a gentleman inside remark, "Frank is the most popular driver in Sanderson & Co.'s employ, and I believe the best four or six-in-hand whip in creation."

Wells, Fargo & Co. do a great deal, for Sanderson & Co. are the proprietors of the most extensive stage lines the world has ever seen. Before railroads crossed the plains and climbed the mountains their headquarters were in Kansas City. From this point lines branched out to Denver, Salt Lake, Santa Fe, El Paso, Los Angeles, and other portions of California. As fast as pioneers scared Indian or buffalo trails through the Territories Sanderson & Co. followed them up with their Concord coaches. At one time 5,000 horses were required to do their staging. They gave their stock 2,500 feet as a fair all