CATTLE KINGS IN TEXAS.

COWBOYS OF THE PAST WHO NOW COUNT THEIR WEALTH BY MILLIONS.

Hands Rise from Poverty of the Richest Men in the State—Herds that Darken the Land and Fences that Enclose Whole Counties.

AUSTIN, Tex., March 19.—The cattle king of Texas to-day is the cowboy of ten years ago, settled down to a soberer and less dashing style of life, with a big bank account at Fort Worth, Austin, or San Antonio, and a big herd in the Panhandle or down on the coast. The enormous increase in the value and number of cattle during the last decade has created wealth among some cattle raisers similar to that of the silver kings. The Mackays, Floods, Sharons, and Tabors find many counterparts here.

The only difference is that cattle is a certain source of wealth, while mining is but a game of chance. Of all the drovers who bought small herds ten years ago, there is not one who has not accumulated money, excepting of course the usual number who have wasted their gains in riotous living, or, as the Texans say, "blowed their cows over the gambling tables." Many young men who came to this country after the war, or even during the seventies, without a dollar, can now draw their checks for hundreds of thousands.

The profits in cattle raising in this State averaged 100 per cent. from 1872 to 1882, and in many cases nearly double that amount, for a steer that could be bought for $12 then, now sells for $30, and a cow that could be bought for $10 is worth more than twice as much to-day. The natural increase in herds is 75 or 80 per cent. The extension of the railroad system has reduced the cost of transportation 50 per cent., and the difference goes into the pocket of the producer, and not into that of the consumer.

The Northwestern Cattle Raisers' Association, which holds its monthly meetings at Fort Worth, has 238 members, each one of whom owns more than 1,000 cattle, and all together represent an aggregate of 1,400,000 head. There are several members who have over 50,000 cattle, and twenty have over 20,000. Recollecting that it requires not less than ten acres of range for each head of stock, and that cattle are worth an average of $22 a head, the reader can make his own calculation as to the wealth of land and beef these men possess.

The richest man in Texas at the time of his death was "Old Maverick" of San Antonio, who came to this country in 1857 with nothing but a brindle cow and a dog. He was direct from Ireland, and, landing at Galveston, came up the country and settled near San Antonio. He was a thrifty old fellow, and claimed every cow that he found running loose without a brand. During the war, when most of the men folks went into the army and the women folks had all they could do to watch the slaves and keep the weeds out of the garden patch, little attention was paid to the cattle, and Maverick kept himself busy placing his brand upon every stray critter" he could find. He died a few years since, the richest banker in Texas and the largest real estate owner in San Antonio, leaving his large family of children more than $1,000,000 apiece.

Events now, not only in Texas, but in Wyoming and far-off Oregon, at the spring round ups, when a steer or cow is found without a brand it is called a Maverick as a testimonial to the old man's thrift.

The finest ranch in Texas, and that means the finest in the world, belongs to Charley Goodnight. It lies about the centre of the Panhandle, on the head waters of the Red River. Here are 700,000 acres surrounded by 250 miles of barbed wire fence, with the best grass and water and shelter in all the country. Col. Richard King, down in the southeastern corner of the State, near Corpus Christi, has fifteen miles of cattle than Mr. Goodnight, but his range is not so large, and the grass is not so good for beef.

Mr. Goodnight has improved his cattle by the importation of the best foreign breeds, and in the market, for beef or for stocking new ranches, his steers and heifers and cows bring from fifteen per cent. better prices than those of any other ranchman in the State. His range of 700,000 acres was bought within the last three years at prices varying from 50 cents to $1 an acre, and could be sold for double that money to-day. Considering that there are but 274,000 acres in the State of Rhode Island, it will be realized that Mr. Goodnight possesses what the cowmen call "quite a little spot o' land."

The experience of Mr. Goodnight has been quite remarkable, but no more so than that of many of his neighbors. He was once before a wealthy man, in the banking business at Pueblo, Col., but invested too largely in town lots, and the depression that followed the panic of 1873 ruined him. During his prosperous days he had given his wife a small herd of cattle, and her pin money came from beef. When he failed in 1876 he found himself penniless, but he had his wife's cattle to fall back upon, and drove them down from Pueblo into the Panhandle of Texas, where they could get a free range, and he could repair his shattered health by outdoor exercise. At that time the Panhandle was a *terra incognita*, and Goodnight was entitled to the glory of discovering its resources. His foresight taught him that the day would come when the land that was then as cheap as dirt would have a value, and going back to Pueblo he prevailed upon John Adair, an Irish millionaire, whose Colorado agent Goodnight had been, to loan him the money to purchase land and more cattle.

The result was a partnership arrangement, under which Adair furnished the funds, and gave Goodnight a third interest in the investments. Although it was but five years ago that the latter was "flat broke," he is now worth more than $1,000,000, and often says that there isn't enough money in all Texas to buy him out. Adair comes over from Dublin once a year to visit the ranch, and finds that the $500,000 he loaned Goodnight has quadrupled under the influence of Texas climate and sunshine. There are now about 60,000 head of cattle upon the Goodnight ranch, but it will carry 100,000 easily.

Although Goodnight has the largest and perhaps the best ranch in America, Col. Dick King of Corpus Christi looms up above him as a meat merchant, for he has upon his ranch meadows, down in Nueces county, on the borders of the Gulf, more cattle and sheep and horses than were ever owned by one man before.

Col. Dick, as the cowboys call him, is every inch a King, and no monarch ever sat upon a golden throne that was prouder than he. He knows everybody, and everybody knows him. A Cattle Convention would not be called to order unless he was present, and the entire assembly always expects to taste of his money when their meetings adjourn. He has the largest income of any man in Texas, something like $500,000 a year, and spends it like a lord. There's nothing too good for him or his friends, and when he dies, they say, he wants to be buried in a solid silver coffin, with a gold doorplate on the lid.

But he wasn't born so, and his career has been that of a successful Irish adventurer. He came to America about '47 as a cabin boy or common sailor on a sloop, and landed at Charleston. Then he became mate on a river steamboat, where he remained until his discharge broke out, when he went to Brownsville, Tex., on a Government vessel. At Brownsville he kept a saloon and dance house for a year or two, but didn't like the business, and, selling out, joined a boatman named Kennedy in a contract for carrying Government freight to the military posts on the upper Rio Grande. There was a large profit in the business, which he and Kennedy invested in cattle and lands, so that in 1857, when they retired from the river, they had a fine ranch and a large herd of stock.

Two years later the partnership was dissolved, the land and cattle divided, and the men occupied ranches side by side in Nueces county. Last year Kennedy sold his original ranch for $2,500,000 to a party of Dundee (Scotland) capitalists, and bought a smaller one in the same neighborhood. This latter, quiet, untutored and unpretending man, seldom goes anywhere, and has a limited acquaintance. It is said that he has not been east of the Mississippi River since 1846, and doesn't know a soul in "the States."

But Col. King is a different sort of fellow, and has travelled the world over. Princes and dukes have been his guests at the Santa Gertrude ranch, and there is a legend that once upon a time he imparted to the Czar of Russia the secrets of the cattle trade. In summer he goes to Long Branch and Saratoga, and in the winter entertains at Santa Gertrude the friends he makes in the North.

King has two ranches, lying about fifty miles apart. In the one upon which he lives he has 160,000 acres under fence, and in the other 600,000 acres. This ranch has recently been enclosed by several miles of barbed wire. He doesn't know how much stock he owns, and lets the tax assessor make a rough guess at it; but well-posted men estimate his cattle at from 75,000 to 100,000, his sheep at 30,000, and his horses at 20,000. He employs between 300 and 400 cowboys and herders, and usually drives 20,000 head of steers and cows to market each year, and 3,000 or 4,000 horses and as many sheep. Not long ago he received an offer of $4,000,000 for his property by a Scotch company, but declined to sell.

Col. King's residence at Santa Gertrude is one of the finest in Texas, and a prince could not entertain more royally than he does. His house is surrounded by a circle of pretty cottages, in which his guests are lodged. Each visitor has a cottage to himself, unless the company happens to be large, and a well-trained colored servant is constantly at call to minister to his wants. The cottages are luxuriantly furnished, and each contains a sideboard laden with the richest wines and the choicest cigars. Carriages and saddle horses are at the bidding of the guests, and every attention that hospitality can suggest is offered. Col. King purchases all his supplies at New Orleans, and every steamer that lands at Corpus Christi brings him a car load.

Texas has a genuine cattle queen, who is well known all over the State, and is a woman of large wealth. Her name is Rogers, and her ranch adjoins that of Col. King. Her first husband was a cowman named Rabb. A distinction must be made between the terms cowboy and cowman. The latter is an owner of cattle, while the cowboy is the hired man who herds them. Cowman and ranchman are synonymous.

Rabb was one of the early settlers, and accumulated a fortune in cattle. When he died childless, a few years ago, his widow, a woman of strong mind and vigorous physique, took charge of the ranch, and, the neighbors say, proved to be even a better manager than her late husband. She lived alone in the ranch house. She was over 50 when her husband died, and not remarkable for personal attractions. Wooers came, but the widow's heart was stone. She was an ardent Methodist, and used to ride twelve miles on a broncho every Sunday to meeting. The preacher, Rogers by name, was a widower, young and handsome, with a reputation for oratory, and seven children. The widow Rabb took pity on the motherless Rogerses, and gave her heart and hand to the Domine. But she kept the late Rabb's property in her own name, and told Rogers she needed no assistance in the management of the ranch. He quitted preaching and took to politics, in which he has been quite successful, being now a Democratic member of the Texas Legislature, and an aspirant for Congress.

Mrs. Rogers has about 20,000 cattle on a pasturage of 200,000 acres, and is said to be worth a round million. She is devoted to her business, and never goes into society. Every week she rides twelve miles on horseback into town to purchase supplies, and generally wears on old waterproof cloak for a riding habit. She has no taste for dress, and notwithstanding her wealth lives with the greatest economy.

State Senator Collins of Duval county is another wealthy ranchman who has taken up politics. He came to Texas after the war with only $200 capital, but now has 30,000 cattle and quite a bunch of sheep.

Henry Seeligson, a merchant of Galveston, is one of the largest cattle owners in the southern part of the State, having a ranch in Bee, and another in Nueces county, with about 12,000 head of stock.

Ex-Senator Lane of Ontario is a conspicuous figure in all the cattle conventions, and enjoys distinction because of his personal appearance, as well as his wealth and intellectual abilities. He is nearly seven feet tall, straight and slim as a rail, dark as an Indian, and can talk like a tornado. He began life as a cowboy, but is worth more than a million now, owning about 30,000 cattle and employing sixty cowboys. He is a great temperance advocate and moral reformer, and he has a rule, which is decidedly exceptional, that no cowboy or other person in his employ shall drink whiskey, play cards, use profane language, or carry a revolver. Any man on his ranch violating this rule is discharged without notice.

Another noted character in this country is Tom O'Conner, whose life has been a romance. He is a native of the north of Ireland, and was educated to the saddlery trade. Emigrating to this country in 1836, he worked at harness making for more than a quarter of a century, and was the inventor of the saddletree which is used by all the cowboys in Texas. Thirty years ago he used to peddle them over the State, driving a string of mules upon which the saddletrees of his own manufacture were laden.

As fast as he accumulated money he invested it in cattle, and, after the war he gave up the saddlery trade. He is now a banker in San Antonio, the senior partner of the well-known house of O'Conner and Sullivan, and is said to be worth $3,000,000. He lives in the plainest sort of a way, and is said to spend no more than $1,000 a year.

Shanghai Pierce, so called from his enormous stature, is a Yankee from Nashua, N. H., who drifted down here after the war as a sailor on a trading vessel, and began life in Texas as a cowboy, at wages of $15 a month. In a few years he accumulated a couple of hundred cows, which he drove out upon the free range. He now owns over 100,000 acres of land, 20,000 cattle, and has a big income. He goes Down East every summer to see the folks and tell them what a great man he is in Texas.

In the northern and northwestern parts of this State are the wealthiest companies and the largest herds. Capital is becoming concentrated, and the smaller owners are being frozen out. The fence-cutting agitation is simply a protest against monopolies which are securing enormous tracts of land and fencing them in, to the injury of the men with small ranches and few cattle. There are few roads in Texas. A man who owns one, two, or three counties builds a fence around the entire tract, and those who wish to cross it have to go 100 miles or so around, or cut the fences. They find the latter alternative more agreeable, and hence the trouble that has been perplexing the State. Highways will have to be established at certain convenient intervals of distance, but how it is to be done the Legislature is not yet wise enough to determine.

Until recently the entire northwestern part of the State has been what is called free range, and hundreds of thousands of cattle have been pastured upon it by men who do not own an acre of land, but have followed their herds, carrying their homesteads along with them on a pack mule. But the purchase of large tracts of land by wealthy capitalists has almost entirely destroyed the free range, as the new owners have been compelled to fence their property to protect their grass. The erection of fences hundreds of miles long looks like a big expense, but the tracts are so very large, and the interest upon the investment is more than paid by the reduced percentage of loss by estrays. The purchase of a couple of car loads of barbed wire isn't a great item when a man is investing $1,000,000 in a ranch.

The loss of the free range, however, keeps men who have no capital out of the cattle business, for a cowboy on the ranges or a clerk in country store cannot now buy a few cows and let them drift, as he could with great profit a few years ago, and it was in this way that the cattle kings of to-day got their start.

For example, there is John N. Simpson, a Tennessean, who served through the war as a member of Wheeler's Confederate cavalry. When the fighting was over he came to Texas to seek his fortune, and the best start he could get was as bookkeeper in a bank at $75 a month. As soon as he saved a few dollars he bought a cow, and when he got a few cows together he borrowed money upon them and bought more. He made friends, and won the confidence of moneyed men. Non-residents placed their investments in his hands, and he organized the Continental Cattle Company, a gigantic corporation, of which he is now the President and manager.

About seven years ago, two brothers named Harold came to Texas with $35,000 loaned them by Robert T. Strahorn, a banker at the Chicago stock yards. They bought cattle and run them over the free range. Their herds increased rapidly, and two or three years ago they purchased a considerable tract of valuable land at a price that was merely nominal. Last summer they sold their ranch and stock to Charles G. Francklyn, the Cunard steamer man of New York, for $1,500,000, and bought a cheaper piece of property further west.

E. G. Lugg of Gainesville is a young man who came to this country a few years ago without a dollar. Now he owns immense herds in the Indian Territory, and in Texas, and is worth more than $1,000,000. It is understood that Senator Plumb of Kansas, and John D. Miles, the Indian agent, are interested with him.

It requires capital now to engage in the stock business, and to be successful a man must own his pasturage and raise his cattle. The wild Texas steer will soon be a thing of memory only, and a few years hence Texas cattle will go to market in a refrigerator car. The systems of slaughter and packing houses that are being established along the railroad lines will cheapen transportation and increase profits. The lack of ice is the only obstacle that stands in the way of complete success, and that will soon be removed, as the cars that take the beef to the Eastern markets will bring back ice as a return cargo.

A Woman of Business.

From the Boston Globe.

PORTLAND, March 24.—A young Portland man is said to have been ensnared into matrimony by a device which has the charm of novelty. He is a handsome fellow, and earns good wages at his trade and is a favorite with the fair sex. One of his young lady friends, who has always shown him special kindness for him, asked him point blank in the course of a recent sunday evening tete-a-tete: "Who are you going to marry?"

"You!" he said, jokingly.

"Really?"

"Yes."

"Shake hands on it," the business-like maiden demanded.

The young man did so, thinking it the most amusing incident he had ever borne a part in. The young lady, however, told her friends, she said Mr. Blank were engaged, and the young man was immediately waited upon by the interested parent, and has decided to marry the girl rather than stand a threatened suit for breach of promise.

It Must Have Been a Cold Day.

From the Chicago News.

"Did you lose this strap, mister?"

He was a small, ragged boy, with a clean, new school strap in his hand, who asked this question behind Mr. P——, of Aurora, near the Union depot in the city yesterday afternoon.

Mr. P—— glanced around to see if anybody was looking. "Ah, thank you my boy! Here's a quarter for your honesty," and he tucked the school strap in his spacious overcoat pocket.

"It's a cold day when I get left," said Mr. P—— to himself, as he walked away wondering who really had lost the strap.

"Dot vas a good sale," said the street fakir when the boy came back to buy another school strap for five cents.

It was the Spelling.

From the Detroit Free Press.

Not long ago a citizen of Michigan avenue had a small notion to paint his house a fine brown and shingle and hang out a sign reading, "To Wrent." Everybody who passed by had a smile at the orthography, but it was three or four days before the owner was moved to ask of a butcher:

"Say, what on earth makes everybody grin at the sign?"

"Why, it's the spelling that gets 'em."

It was explained that the word "wrent" was not exactly in accordance with Webster's latest, and the speller went to mumbling: "Well, if they are so very particular about it, I can change it."

And he did. Within two hours there was a new sign reading, "Two Let."

He Feared a Dreadful Fate.

From the Philadelphia Times.

A very little boy was called as a witness yesterday in the Quarter Sessions. He was all over trembling. "My boy," said Assistant District Attorney Kinsey, smiling like a good father, "do you know the nature of an oath?"

"Oh, yes, sir," answered the boy.

"Well, if you should tell a lie and die, what would become of you?"

"I would become a mummy, sir."

SORCERY AND A LAWSUIT.

MISS HILL'S ALLEGED ATTEMPTS TO CHARM SENATOR SHARON.

Burying a Bundle of Clothing in a Grave in Order to Exercise a Spell—Magicians and Voodoo Doctors Said to have been Consulted—The Young Woman's Denials.

SAN FRANCISCO, March 20.—All San Francisco, from Nob Hill to the Chinese quarter, is agitated over the revelations of the past two days in the suit of Sarah Althea Hill against ex-Senator William Sharon for divorce. It has been known in a general way for a long time that Miss Hill had resorted to sorcery in her attempt to regain the Senator's affections. She had made a confidante of a negro woman from whom she had purchased a "Voodoo," and she had indulged in various weird incantations both in public and in private. To the soothsayers, astrologers, mind readers, spiritualists, seers, fortune tellers, and clairvoyants of the city she has for some time been a source of great revenue. The developments in court, however, show that she has carried her superstitions much farther than was supposed.

When it became clear that Miss Hill intended to push her suits against the Senator his attorneys set about a most thorough investigation of her sorceries, believing that they could show that her ambition from the first had been to secure an unfair advantage over him, and that her attitude was very far from that which a woman, knowing herself to be a wife, would have taken. They ran down many of her clairvoyants and voodoo doctors, but failed to secure the expected sensational evidence. When they were on the point of giving up that branch of the case as about worked out they received a hint that George Gillard, the sexton of the Masonic cemetery, could give them some information that might prove valuable. He was promptly interviewed, and after much persuasion he told his story.

About a year ago Nellie Brackett, a young woman whom Gillard has known since childhood, accompanied by another young lady whom he did not know, called on him at the cemetery and explained to him that they had a scheme in which they wished his assistance. In the course of conversation it leaked out that they wanted to charm a rich man. The gravedigger laughed at them and expressed his unwillingness to have anything to do with the matter. Then the young woman whom he did not know and who seemed to be more interested than Nellie Brackett, said earnestly: "If helping us would make you rich, you would be a fool if you wouldn't you do it?" He replied in the affirmative, urging, however, that they mustnot ask him to do anything crooked. They then explained that all they wanted was the privilege of putting a few articles of wearing apparel under the corner of some grave, and burying them. This he assented to, though he told them it was nonsense. Promising to notify them of the next interment, they left him.

The first burial was on the 1st of May, 1883, being that of A. S. Olin, an old and highly respected citizen. A few days before the young women due warning, and at 10 o'clock in the forenoon of that day they arrived at the cemetery. Going to the new-made grave, they jumped into it, and pushed a small package, done up in a newspaper, under the head of the pine box into which the coffin was to be placed. After they had made sure that the package was properly located they climbed out of the grave, and the unknown woman offered to pay Gillard for his services. He declined compensation of any kind, but the women insisted that he must take something, or the charm would not be strong. They pulled a bundle of bank notes from their bosoms, and, forcibly thrusting it into his pocket a silver dollar, which the unknown woman gave to him. The corpse of A. S. Olin did not reach the cemetery until 2 P. M., but Nellie Brackett and her companion did not leave until after the funeral services were over, and the grave had been filled up.

Gillard was taken to court one day recently and asked if he could recognize the unknown woman in the crowd. He immediately pointed out Miss Hill, the plaintiff, saying she was the companion of Nellie Brackett. Finding that they had struck an important trail, the attorneys for Sharon stated their case to Dr. Mears, the Health Officer, and from him obtained permission to open Olin's grave. Early last Sunday Dr. Mears, two or three of Sharon's lawyers, and the superintendent of the cemetery repaired to the place, and directed the excavations of four gravediggers who had been engaged. The men made quick work of the excavation, and when the coffin was reached it did not take very long to raise the head of the coffin and pull out the bundle, so very large, and the package on this package on the floor between the chairs occupied by the witness and the Judge and opened it there. The last wrapper having been removed, those in position could see a bundle of mouldy clothes.

Picking up the pieces very gingerly one at a time, Mr. Evans asked Miss Hill if she ever saw them before. She blanched perceptibly, but answered in each case in the negative.

"Did you not on May 1 last go with Miss Nellie Brackett, and get down into a newly-made grave and place these articles under a rough box in which a coffin was to be placed?"

"I did not," gasped Miss Hill, whose agitation was painful.

"Did you not tell George Gillard, the man in charge of that grave, that if those articles could rest under that box with a body it would work a charm, and draw a rich man to you?"

"I did not."

"Did not Gillard refuse pay at first, and did you not prevail upon him to accept a silver dollar, as the charm would not work unless it was paid for?"

"I did not. I do not know such a man."

"Don't you know that he is a friend of Nellie Brackett's?"

"I do not."

Sharon's attorneys say they will proceed against Miss Hill for perjury after this trial.

Sapp's Relatives.

From the Nebraska Journal.

The marriage of J. W. Sapp and Miss Amelia Carman of Superior is announced. The groom is a stepson to his stepmother and mother-in-law. He is a stepbrother to his wife. They are stepsisters and stepbrothers in the same family. The stepmother is his mother-in-law and his father is his wife's father-in-law and at the same time is the stepfather to his wife, and as his father is the stepfather to his wife, he is the stepfather-in-law to his own son. And by reason of being stepmother to the son who married her daughter, the mother is stepmother-in-law to her own daughter.

MILES UNDER THE SEA.

Fishes that Carry Lanterns and Light Up the Ocean Depths.

Many curious forms of fishes have recently been found in the deep sea. One fish, dredged from a depth of nearly three miles from the surface, shows a complete modification of structure. At this distance from the surface the pressure can hardly be realized. It is estimated that this fish has to contend against a pressure equal to 2¼ tons to every square inch of surface. A sealed glass tube, inclosed in a perforated copper covering, has at two miles been reduced to fine powder, while the metal was twisted out of shape. Yet, the fishes are so constructed that they withstand the pressure. Their bony and muscular systems are not fully developed; the bones are permeated with pores and fissures. The calcareous matter is at a minimum, and the bones of the vertebrae are joined together so loosely that in lifting the larger fishes out of the water they often fall apart. The muscles are all thin, and the connective tissue seems almost wanting. Yet, these fishes are able to dart about and capture prey.

Sunlight penetrates only about 1,200 feet below the surface of the sea. At 3,000 feet the temperature lowers to 40° Fahr., and from about a mile from the surface to the bottom, four or five miles, the temperature is about the same the world over—just above freezing. How do the fishes and other forms that live here see?

Their eyes are modified as well as their other parts. The fishes that live 600 feet from the surface have larger eyes than those in the zone above them, so that they can absorb the faint rays that reach them. In a zone below this many forms with small eyes begin to have curious tentacles, feelers, or organs of touch.

Many of these deep sea fishes have special organs upon their sides and heads that are known to possess a luminous quality. Other organs are considered accessory eyes, so that the fishes have rows of eyes upon their ventral surfaces looking downward, while near are luminous spots that provide them with light.

One of the largest of these deep sea torch bearers is a fish six feet long, with a tall dorsal fin extending nearly the entire length of the body. The tips of this fin are luminous, and also a broad patch upon its head. Along the sides of the body are a double row of luminous spots.

One of the most ferocious of these deep sea forms is the Chaulliodus. Its mouth is fairly overflowing with teeth that protrude in a most forbidding manner. The fins are all tipped with flaming spots, while along the dorsal surface extends a row of spots that appear like so many windows in the fish, through which light is shining.

The little fishes called Bombay ducks are luminous over their entire surface, and when numbers are collected together they present an astonishing spectacle. One of the most interesting of these light givers is the Chiasmodus, a fish that attains a length of only thirteen inches. The top of its head is the principal light giving organ, and this fish will the phosphorescent light. It is not alone remarkable as a light giver. It has a jaw so arranged that it can seize fish twice its size and easily swallow them. Its stomach has the elastic quality of India rubber. It stretches to enormous proportions, and appears like a great transparent balloon, hanging under the fish and containing its prey.

The last expedition sent out by France brought to light some remarkable forms. The dredge off Morocco brought up from a depth of over one and a half miles a fish that appeared to be all heads or mouths. It was of small size, and the length of the mouth was about four-fifths of the entire body; so that, if the body had been severed behind the head, it and two or three like it could have been stowed away in the capacious pouch. It probably moves very slowly, engulfing mud and ooze into its mouth, sifting out the animal parts and rejecting the rest.

CROSSING SWEEPERS.

An Englishman Thinks Them a Nuisance in New York, But a Fine Thing in London.

An Englishman, carefully picking his steps over a very muddy crossing on Cortlands street, was surprised to see a boy hastily tap the stones before him with a short broom, and then petition for a reward for his labor. A few steps further on he was amazed to find the performance repeated by a second boy, and just as he was about to step upon the opposite sidewalk he was astonished to witness the same performance again.

"Now, this," said the Englishman to a friend, "is not the right sort of thing at all, you know. Not only are three boys trying to make a living out of one short crossing, but they hardly make even a pretence of doing their work. Now, they manage these things better in London. There, a good crossing yields a handsome income to its sweeper. He works steadily on all day, keeps his crossing very clean, and never asks anybody for a penny. Of course, for one who gives him anything, 200 cross the street without putting their hands into their pockets, but he has his regular every day patrons, who give him a halfpenny, and at night he has made more than the average clergyman earns in the same time.

"A good crossing could hardly be bought for £100, but a purchaser has it for life, and need not be afraid of any interference or rivalry, for it is an unwritten law among the crossing sweepers that one shall never encroach upon another's beat under any circumstances. They buy firm and sell to each other, and the corporation has nothing to do with the matter.

"The owner of a crossing cannot bequeath it to his heirs. His right to it dies with him, and the first person who touches his broom after his death can claim it and take his place and profits. As crossing sweepers, like other men, usually die in their own beds, the brooms are apt to be first touched by their sons, or other near relatives; but it has more than once happened that a stranger, picking up the broom fallen from the hands of a sweeper who was killed or dropped dead at his crossing, was surprised to find himself in possession of a handsome property."

Ben Butler's Nerve.

From the Cleveland Leader.

Butler would have made a duellist of himself had he been born in a State and at a time when the code of honor is good. Southern gentlemen of Massachusetts never fights duels, and Butler's nerve has had to be expended in other ways. A notable instance of this occurred in 1856, when Ben Butler was a young practitioner at Lowell. The Buchanan campaign was in full progress, and a great meeting was being held in the largest hall of the city. Rufus Choate, the great lawyer, was addressing the meeting, and his eloquence had thrown them into the wildest enthusiasm, when a jar was felt and a crash was heard. The story went forth, "The hall is sinking!" Every one turned pale, and the audience rose for a stampede, when Ben Butler came to the front of the platform beside Mr. Choate, and, calling the audience to halt, said there was no danger; that the architect of the building was present, and that he would go with him and examine the building, and report to allay their fears. This quieted the audience.

Butler and the architect made an immediate examination of the hall, and found the danger very great. But, lar at one moment, and seeming to realize that the audience there was no present danger; but, as the hall was overcrowded, he advised them to quietly adjourn to the public square, and there Mr. Choate would finish his speech. The crowd did so, without a rush, and the catastrophe was averted. As Butler stepped on the platform he had whispered to Mr. Choate with a half laugh in order to deceive the audience: "This is what he said: "Mr. Choate, I must clear this house or we shall all be in hell in five minutes."

Where Water is Scarcest.

From the Insurance Times.

Mr. Van Cott said: "The dry goods district is not so much in danger from the inadequate supply of water, as from the insufficient arrangements to meet a great and sudden emergency, liable at any time to arise through an accident to the existing main running through Church street. Should the supply from this main be interrupted or cut off the whole district would be left a helpless prey to the flames."

"How do you propose to guard against this perilous contingency?"

"My proposition is that an additional main of 12-inch diameter be laid in Church street, from Fulton to Canal, and that a number of hydrants be connected therewith."

"Do you consider the dry goods district, with its $50,000,000 worth of merchandise, a greater danger to the city than any other?"

"By no means. The pressure of the water in the mains of that section is from six to fifteen pounds to the square inch, but in the great manufacturing district bounded by Bleecker street, Broadway, Canal and Orchard streets, it is much lower, and in some places there is no pressure at all. You may remember the fire in Chrystie street, on which occasion we had to try two or three hydrants before we succeeded in getting a supply sufficient for one engine. When the manufactories are in full blast their drain upon the pipes is very exhaustive. Without a full supply of water, the steam boilers would explode, and make as much havoc with life and property as a great conflagration."

What's in a Name?

From the Detroit Free Press.

"Have you any fair Florriddy oranges?" asked a regular customer at a Woodward avenue grocery. He received them in the rear, and by and by came in: "Ma wants a dozen of nice, sweet Flowerdie oranges." The grocer did them up.

"Gimme a couple of Flo'rider oranges for the children," said a workingman, laying down 10 cents. "Call these yeah wanges Floridahs!" asked a tall customer in a slouch hat.

"You ought to know, Colonel," said the grocer, turning the palms of his hands outside of his arms.

"Tha' didn't come from Injun Rivah! Y'ought to see 'em on mah plantasion——"

"Four dozen Florida orange," said the caterer of a hotel, dancing a haste-jig as the grocer counted them out.

"It's a good season for Floradears," said the grocer, calmly.

"Y'ought to see——" recommenced the Southern Colonel.

"Any Rus'ts or Injun River Flodys!" interrupted a new customer.

"There's a good deal in a name," said the grocer.

Improving the Namesake.

From the Boston Herald.

I ran down to Southampton the other day, and, walking along the quay, I saw James Gordon Bennett's yacht, the Namouna. He has had a steel deck added to her, with various new pieces of machinery. You see, as Americans will not permit a craft to sail under the stars and stripes unless built under the flag, the Namouna had to be built virtually at home, while, in point of fact, she has been practically made entirely at intervals on this side the big pond. He is about to start on a six weeks' tour of the Mediterranean in her.

JIM JACOBS, BEAR HUNTER.

THE LAST FULL-BLOODED DESCENDANT OF THE SENECA INDIANS.

His Exploits in the Forests of Western Pennsylvania Since 1812—Why he Wore Three Suits of Clothes—His Old Age and Death.

BRADFORD, Pa., March 27.—"In the death of Jim Jacobs the once powerful and famous tribe of Seneca Indians loses its last full-blooded descendant," said P. L. Webster, Bradford's oldest inhabitant, to a SUN reporter. "Jim Jacobs was, in his prime, the king of bear hunters, and during the many years of his reign in McKean, Potter, and Elk counties he caused the death of scores of bears, and was a tireless hunter of all wild game.

"When or where Jim was born is a matter of conjecture. He looked as if he might have been 100 years old, but I am satisfied that he was not much beyond the eighties. Jim told me on various occasions that he was an eyewitness of the burning of the then village of Buffalo in 1812. To use his own words, he was big enough to carry a tomahawk and a bow and arrows. While the rude huts of the early settlers were burning he danced and yelled in childish glee. He was possibly at the time 10 or 12 years of age. A few years afterward he was on the Seneca reservation at Red House, Cattaraugus county, and made that his home up to the time of his death, which occurred on the railroad at Steamburg on March 10. For forty years he lived at Red House, and he was regarded by his tribe as the most powerful hunter of the Senecas.

"Early in his career Jacobs married the daughter of the chief of the tribe. She died twenty-five years ago, leaving him childless. About the same time his younger brother was killed by a falling tree in a thunder storm. Jacobs took upon himself the guardianship of his brother's children, and cared for them until they grew to manhood."

"I have known Jacobs for forty-five years," continued Mr. Webster. "In that time he has passed through Bradford several times each year on his way to the mountains in this and adjoining counties. Forty-five years ago Bradford was not the lively town it is now. It was then a howling wilderness. My father was the pioneer settler, and the only cabin besides ours in the valley was a day's journey to the west. I became intimately acquainted with the shrewd and daring hunter. He was one of the strangest characters I ever met. He was reserved in speaking about his own affairs, and it was with the utmost difficulty that I could draw stories from him. To strangers he would hardly speak. One of his peculiarities was his dress. It was no uncommon sight to see Jacobs wearing three ragged and dilapidated suits of clothes, one over the other. My father once gave him a pair of corduroy breeches. Jim's eyes sparkled as they viewed the treasure. With the remark, "Jim is a bully Indian and wears the duds," he stripped off his leather breeches, which were heavily fringed with beads, and then in succession removed two pairs of well-patched pantaloons. He wore the corduroys next to the skin and the other garments over them. When asked why he did this he said, "Heap easier to carry 'em. Keep 'em from rubbin' saddle."

"The country roundabout was then covered with a dense forest. One mile from here he built a hut and made that his headquarters while in this section. He was short and thickset, weighing perhaps 170 pounds. His height was about five feet, and he was one of the best built Indians I ever saw. He was invariably accompanied by a dirty white dog. I never knew the breed of the animal, but he was a good hunter, and was highly prized by his eccentric master.

"Jacobs was a member of a church established on his reservation by a missionary named Hall. He attended services regularly when at home, and for a time taught a class in the Sunday school. He told me that he would not hunt on Sunday; that it was wicked, and that bad Indians would go to a warm place some distance below the equator. One afternoon I surprised Jacobs as he was coming out of the woods with a pair of fat coons thrown over his shoulder. I reproved him for his conduct. In his defence, he said: 'Injun know it not right to shoot on Sunday. Jim saw coons' tracks in the woods Saturday, and dou trace 'em to a tree. Jim said some one else got 'em if he don't; better go.'

"Although the distance from Red House to Bradford is nigh on to forty miles, Jacobs, who had a horror of cars and other means of transportation, always walked. He had a regular route, and I know of only one occasion when he was lost in the forest. That was perhaps fifteen years ago, during a heavy snow storm. Jacobs lost his way, and, with his faithful dog, passed the night under a big hemlock in the woods. When he struck Bradford he came direct to my house, and, as his custom was, ate. Turning to my servant, he said: 'Boy, tell massa ole Jim is here; awful hungry; no supper; Jim is here—dam ole fool, lose his way in the woods, sleep in snow all night; awful hungry, dam ole fool.'

"Jim was a great favorite, when his prowess as a hunter was fast leaving him, he became an inveterate beggar. He always had a partiality for me, and when in want made the long journey overland to this place. His principal plea was, 'Guess Jim wants some leather to make moccasins, wants some blankets to keep him warm.' I always supplied his wants, and he never passed through here without calling on me. I remember his last visit. It was about two weeks ago. The old man had on three suits of clothes, and wore on his head a faded silk hat, the band of which was fastened a long goose feather. His leathery and wrinkled face lighted up when he saw me. Coming forward, he grasped my hand, saying: 'Poor Jim finds it hard winter; not much fish; not much meat; hard on ole folks.' He remained two days and slept in the office, and carried up wood and did a tremendous deal. He complained of the journey and said that he was not as lively nor as spry as he used to be, and intimated that he would soon be gathered to his fathers. I gave him a bag of flour, some meat, and other provisions, and he started off on his weary tramp a happy and contented man.

"The newspapers say that Jim was run over by the cars at Steamburg while drunk. I know that in the past Jim was a heavy drinker, but to my certain knowledge he had left fire water severely alone for a long ten years. Liquor cannot be sold on the reservation, and if Jim was killed while drunk he must have secured the whiskey at Steamburg or Salamanca. He was the only full-blooded Seneca surviving in the tribe, and was a most honest fellow.

"About ten years ago, Jacobs, while returning from a deer lick a few miles from the town, was assaulted and nearly killed by a drunken railroad contractor. At that time a branch railroad was being built from Carrolton to Bradford. The railroad man, whose name I cannot recall, knocked Jim's gun from his hands and broke the stock over his back, knocking him senseless. He then picked up a heavy stone, striking the prostrate man on the head, cutting a deep and ugly gash. For weeks Jacobs's recovery was despaired of. It was then a long way to Bradford, and the unprincipled fellow and locked him up. His friends tried in vain to drive Jim from the country, but the Indian laughed at them. When the trial came off the court room was packed. The Indian was called to the stand. He started his story by saying that he left Red House to go hunting. He went up to old Foster's lease to watch a deer lick, but killed no game. While coming home he was attacked by the prisoner. At this point he was interrupted, and asked where the assault occurred. He repeated his story over again. All attempts at cross-examination were futile. Finally the Judge told the counsel to let him tell his story in his own way. Jim concluded his testimony by saying: 'Was coming home with gun on shoulder; white man hab gun; hit me on back; hit me on head with a stone; kick me in the belly; hurt Injun. Injun go home; white man go to court. Jim's assailant was discharged, after serving five months in the county jail.

"On several occasions the papers announced the death of the old hunter. One sensational account had it that Jacobs, while chasing a huge white bear, was attacked by it and badly wounded, and that, crawling into a cave, he was frozen to death. Shortly after this appeared in print Jacobs wandered into my house on one of his periodical visits. I was naturally surprised to see him resurrected so soon, and remarked that I had read in the papers that he was dead, having frozen to death. Jim turned to me, with a sly look in his dark-brown eyes, and said sarcastically: 'Yes, I heard so in the newspapers. They say ole Jim is dead; but Jim can't believe it.'

"The stories of his exploits, which have been printed and copied very extensively, have been colored by the vivid imaginations of sensation writers. For more than sixty years, however, Jacobs has trailed wild beasts through the dense forests of McKean, Elk, and Potter counties. He was certainly a remarkable hunter, and was apparently never quite happy unless he was on the trail of a bear. It is said of him that he averaged from twenty to thirty bears a year. He was as brave as a lion, and had many close and fierce contests with his sworn enemies. His body was covered with the scars received in various desper