# STORIES OF MOONSHINERS.

## THINNING OUT THE ILLICIT STILLS.

### Interesting Tales of the Hunt for Mountain Dew by the Revenue Men—Desperate Battles With the Crooked Whiskey Class.

WASHINGTON, Oct. 30.—The recent troubles with manufacturers of illicit whiskey in Georgia and Tennessee, the revenue officers say, were only small affairs, and do not indicate that the business has seen a revival. The moonshiner of the desperate kind may be said to have had his day, and the bloody adventures in which he has figured will soon be romantic episodes in the history of a bygone generation. The thrilling stories of whiskey smuggling along the Scottish coast, which Wilson compiled in his "Tales of the Border," do not surpass in bloody outlawry the annals of moonshine raids in the United States in the casualty period from 1877 to 1881, wherein twenty-five revenue officers were killed and fifty-four wounded. The collisions between the wildcatters and Government posses during those years revealed a startling clanship among mountain desperadoes. Persistent hunting of the illicit makers of mountain dew and the destruction of their stills finally indicated such a determined policy of suppression that recent years have not been marked by frequent recurrences of murderous resistance. So many were the objections urged to the often undue cruelty of the raids that amnesty became a feature in the policy of treatment for offenders. Yet the moonshiner revels in his mountain defile, and his dew is quaffed all over those southern regions where the native demands more exhilaration than even lofty scenery supplies. In the Carolinas, Georgia, and Tennessee the wildcat still abides in profusion and seclusion.

The "independent distiller" has a very simple establishment. No railroad line determines its location, and no improved machinery is introduced. In some mountain gorge, where the smoke from his still imperceptibly mingles with the atmosphere before it ascends above the summits, he rears his rude log cabin. Dense brushwood lines the solitary path that winds in toward the place. There must be a stream of water, and cold spring water at that, in which the worm may be submerged when the vapor is condensed into whiskey. The copper still has a capacity of but few gallons. Often it is so small that, when a raid is scented, the owner bears it away upon his back. A few mash tubs complete the outfit. Corn meal for the mash is obtained from trusted persons. The village storekeeper supplies his share and receives the "blockade" whiskey in return. But the thirsty native also contributes even the last peck that his family has stored for bread, and gets gloriously full on the untaxed juice. Sometimes the moonshiner raises his own corn, and finds that cheap labor can be paid from his illicit profits, and idleness secured for himself. He confides in his shiftless neighbors, and on days when the low wine is "doubled" into whiskey they congregate about, and indulge in the cheap decoction to whatever extent their very limited small change will permit. Mutual secrecy is natural. Informing is never from high motives, but only when insult impels a revenge that banishes the thought of the personal loss of whiskey, or when a Government reward captures cupidity. The moonshiner is wary. Not only does he hate the informer with a passion that forebodes eventual death, but he charitably seeks to save him from treachery. He gets him to chop some wood for the still, to carry water, or do something else connected with the illegal work, and then his poor, ignorant mind is filled with discourses on the penalty of being an accomplice.

The motive of the Government raid is the enforcement of law. If all the revenue out of which the Government could have been defrauded by these illicit stills had been collected, it would not equal the cost of their suppression. The raids are organized by Collectors, and only when some guide can be found who will lead the posse to the place. There is no promiscuous search for the moonshiner. Some informer is first rewarded, and the exact hiding place located. Former moonshiners have turned informers. In the Barker settlement in Georgia, a notorious old blockader, Hansard, gave as his only reason for betraying his neighbors that he had been on the other side long enough to find out that it did not pay. But the usual temptation is a $50 greenback. Woe betides the informer. He is marked for removal, and the execration felt for him is not less than that known among the Irish peasantry. He is waylaid at night, and his corpse tells no tale to the dawning sun. The Federal official during the storm and stress period of the revenue raids, fared no better. The aroused moonshiner vented his rage by mutilating stock, burning houses, and destroying farm utensils. If the officer could be decoyed into some remote spot he never left it alive. Even women, suspected of being guides, have been attacked by these disguised desperadoes and beaten nearly to death.

The chronicles of these raids furnish many a bloody chapter. The outlaws that figure in the encounters seem to fall short of true criminals in character. The illicit distiller always bases his avocation upon a natural right to sell the corn he chooses. He embraces the notions of the Pennsylvania rebellionist in earlier days of the nation. Ignorant of the reasons for an excise tax, he resists, and resistance with him is to the death. The wildcat distiller, standing defiant in his mountain pass, misses the highest qualities of a heroic. He makes cheap whiskey brings sublimity down. He feels that he is unduly oppressed. His distillation is measured by a few gallons, while in Northern cities he believes the illicit stills produce immense quantities. The Collector has a mercenary calculation of fees, and hence his arrests are as numerous as possible. He corrals an ignorant, poverty-stricken band, who are too poor to make defence. The moonshiner grasps all these oppressive features of raids, and they obscure the basic crime, which lies in his illegal making of whiskey.

The former kings of illicit alcohol traffic in these Southern retreats have passed out of current history. Old Berrong of the Hightower River region in Georgia, the villainous Redmond in South Carolina, Campbell Morgan in Tennessee, Mull in North Carolina, have all abdicated. Morgan was one of the most desperate blockaders who ever defied a Federal posse. He had a distillery in Jackson county, Tennessee. It stood in a hollow, surrounded by densely wooded hills. It was fortified, and had a menacing appearance. The doors were double lined, and portholes were seen from every side. Early in 1878 Deputy Marshal Davis, with a heavily armed posse of eight, started to capture this stronghold. When the party came within 100 yards, Morgan halloed for them to halt, and threatened to kill the last man if they advanced. The posse pressed forward. Instantly the firing was opened, and volley after volley was exchanged. The contest proved an unequal one, and Morgan begged for quarter. He was ordered to come out, and quickly obeyed. One of his arms was broken, and two fingers had been shot from his left hand. His wounds were bandaged, and he was left alone while the work of destruction on the stills began. A perfect arsenal was found within.

An encounter with Jake Mull, near Block's Station, S. C., was as desperate. He had been a convict in the Albany penitentiary, and gone South to ply more safely some nefarious work. Moonshining had its fascination. One day Mull received information that a band of mountain dew near the Station, and started at once upon the trail. They found that Mull and a man named Smith were the venders who occupied the wagon. Some miles within the woods they were found encamped. It was nearly twilight when the officers came up. Without ceremony Mull raised his pistol when he espied the raiders and began firing. The first shot wounded Collector White, and his revolver was knocked from his hand. Then ensued a fierce hand-to-hand struggle with Mull. White's assistant was next shot and fled terror-stricken. The odds were now fearfully against White, for his own dog turned upon him and lodged his teeth in his leg. But the escape was miraculous. Smith, Mull's companion, rushed to the wagon for a loaded gun. White seized the moment and threw Mull, and fled. Mull and his team traced their way unmolested into some remoter region.

Probably, the most desperate battle between raiders and moonshiners was in Overton county, Tennessee. Campbell Morgan, who had been so badly riddled in a previous year, was the leader of the outlaw band. A posse had cut up the distillery during the day. As their jaded horses could travel no further, the party halted for the night at the house of James Peek, a centenarian. While some of the men were out in the garden chatting with the venerable host, a shot came whizzing from a brush-covered hill, about 100 yards distant. It penetrated the breast of Deputy Philips. Bullet followed bullet in quick succession, and from vantages becoming nearer. The assailants skulked from tree to tree until within thirty yards of the house. Meanwhile the party within the log cabin had returned the fire, and the murderous work was reciprocated. Deputy Ayres hid in a fence corner, and patiently bided his time. When Campbell Morgan exposed himself from behind his covert a steady aim was directed upon him. The ball sped home and the assailant fell back, and was seen no more. Three of the raiders were seriously wounded. How many moonshiners felt the cool lead of Federal rifles was never known. The posse held them at bay and retreated along the road to Nashville. Afterward Morgan became a Federal deputy, and did good service.

The Redmond gang, in South Carolina, long gave serious trouble. It numbered at least 150, and its precautionary signal system was widely extended. Strong detachments of regular troops were sent to quell the turbulent distillers in this region. In the "Hog Back" Mountain, near Greenville, a force found an eighty-gallon still. They had ridden over the top of the mountain, down through a narrow pass, and entered a ravine. As the destruction of the wildest outfit began, a band of women, who had watched the approach, gave a peculiar shout of warning. It aroused the whole neighborhood, and shot rained down upon the devoted party from rocks and trees along the mountain. Riding away, some of the bushwhackers were found and carried off to jail.

There were over 6,000 arrests made and 3,000 stills cut up in the years when resistance to internal revenue taxes was so rampant. Yet many a raid resulted in humiliating retreat. The mountain fastnesses, the codes of signals among the bushwhackers, and their desperate courage rendered attack at all times an almost blind risk of life. Attempt after attempt was abandoned in the Berrong settlement to subdue the league of seventy-five men who hurried to ambush when the horn of alarm sounded. This section was five miles from Hiawassee, along a road hemmed in by mountain slopes and laurel thickets, running through defiles as serpentine as the Ganges. The windings of the road were picketed. When the invader appeared yells proceeded from the knolls, and were caught up and sent on from point to point, like the signal fires once lighted from peak to peak. Finally old Berrong, a small and shrivelled old man, came to the Collector's office and surrendered.

The recent fatal collisions with moonshiners in Northern Georgia and in Grundy county, Tennessee, are sporadic manifestations of the former turbulent disposition. The fiscal year of 1884 was stained by but one casualty in the revenue service. Grundy county has been the scene of a former raid. A few years ago a distillery was located near Tracy City. It was in a cave, the approach to which was through a rugged ravine. Two officers essayed its destruction. As they entered the still house the operator departed on the double quick, but at the same instant a band of men appeared upon a bluff overlooking the spot. Two of the mountain guardians were killed, but the officers were glad to retreat, leaving the still undisturbed. The still was then owned by a Tipton, and it is one of the same family who fell mortally wounded in the affray last week.

Revenue seizures have not been confined to the South. There the ignorance, which bred defiance, was only associated with the idea of paying a tax. The moonshiner could never perceive why he could not distil liquor from his grain, without dividing the profits. In Brooklyn the illicit distiller was a deliberate criminal; fraud was the precise intent of his mind. There were numerous raids in Irishtown, along the river front, in the last decade. One of the most famous of the revenue expeditions was that against the Brady brothers, whose still was near the water's edge, along the Palisades. Rum was the manufacture, and black strap molasses the material. Suspicion had become attached to them from their earlier complicity with illegal distilling in New York city. One night an old battered sloop was seen slowly hovering around below Brooklyn, stopping at Hoboken for coal. Her cargo was molasses. The revenue men followed her up the Hudson in a rowboat, and ten miles away surprised the operators of the still. Convictions followed. In their detective work about New York city the revenue men became experienced smellers, and often in the dead calm of the night caught the aroma of fermenting mash. The shrewd distiller learned this clue, and the favorite place for his forbidden work became the bone-boiling establishment, where the pungent odors overcame the oil-laden fumes of whiskey. The ears of these special agents also grew attuned to the melodious sounds of driven bungs.

There was one remarkable phase of the Government policy. Not only did revenue officers relentlessly hunt out the wildcatters of the South, and assess fines by wholesale arrests of destitute and illiterate accomplices, but they were the proselytizers of a whiskey gospel. By official circular they were instructed to encourage the starting of legal distilleries. The Government policy was not only to lay an excise upon the fiery product, but that the revenue might be larger. It was a national recognition that John Barleycorn is immortal.

## HAIR AND HIDE.

### A Wyoming Hunter's Dogs—Their Fight With a Mountain Lion.

*From the Chicago Tribune.*

Jack Gaylor, a noted hunter of the Wind Mountains, has a breed of dogs famous for their fierce courage and active strength. They are a cross between the bloodhound and the best English bulldog. Many bear, elk, and mountain lion have these dogs brought to bay and assisted in slaying. Hair and Hide are the two foremost representatives of the gallant and efficient breed.

Not long since Mr. Gaylor was aroused from sleep during the night by a piteous bawling in his calf pen and an uproar among his dogs. Hastening out, he perceived by the light of a brilliant moon two lions making off. They had come for veal, and had nearly succeeded in getting it. The next night Mr. Gaylor watched his corral, but the wary brutes did not come. The following night there came from the snowy summits of the Wind Mountains a light snowfall. The old hunter was now sure of his game. Taking Hair and Hide in the early morning he sallied forth. In a short time his course was crossed by the trail of the whole lion family. The dogs at once sped along the freshly tracked snow, and soon the game was found in a leafy covert of pine and quaking aspen. Pushing his way through the snow-laden boughs the hunter came in close sight of the family. The lion was standing on the trunk of a huge fallen pine, his long tail swinging from side to side, while his eyes flashed with a green fire. The lioness was crouched a short distance off at the foot of another huge tree, in the forks of which could be seen two active whelps. Hair and Hide at once sprang for the lion, and a savage fray at once began. With a long leap the lioness came to the aid of her mate, but a ball from Gaylor's rifle broke one of her shoulders, and she retreated, spitting with pain and rage, to the vicinity of her whelps. The combat between the royal brute and his fierce and active foes now became terrific. Gaylor were fearful the lioness and the fight. He was sure of his dogs and wanted them to kill their enemy alone. Even if he had been disposed to lend a helping hand, such was the fierce confusion of the struggle that he would have been as liable to have hurt his faithful friends as their savage foes. After a few minutes' struggle the deep growls of the lion became more faint; soon they ceased entirely, and the proud hunter beheld his two brave dogs, one at the broad muzzle of the mountain king and the other at his wide haunch. The lion was dead and fairly riddled with lead, to use an expressive Western idiom. Hair and Hide were dripping with gore from a dozen different wounds, both deep and sore. They were on the fight still, however, and wanted to attack the lioness at once, but Gaylor would not allow them to do any more, and a ball from his rifle stretched the lioness in death. Each of the whelps demanded a bullet, and the whole royal family had paid the stern penalty of their tyrannical customs.

### Story of a British Officer's Disgrace.

*From the St. James's Gazette.*

A romantic story just brought to light, regarding the flight of the Fourteenth Dragoons at the battle of Chillianwallah, is exciting great interest among soldiers in India. The accepted legend relates that the order, "Threes about and canter!" which originated a retreat that, under pressure from a fierce body of Sikh horse, speedily became an ignominious flight, came from a native cavalry regiment, who, nursing a deep spite against Col. King, used a remarkable ventriloquial powers in simulating the voice of his commander. But the suicide of Col. King at Lahore removed a material witness, and the grave has closed over most of those who were engaged in the Sikh campaign.

Now, however, on the authority of an old soldier of the Fourteenth Dragoons, another and more romantic cause is furnished for the fate of Col. King. A private named Robert Wilson, sentenced to fourteen days' heavy marching drill by his Colonel, declared that his punishment was unjust, and that he would appeal to headquarters against being judged by officers who were soldiers "rather than submit to a sentence from a coward." For this Wilson received fifty lashes, which he took without a murmur; but when he was unstrapped from the triangles he called out, "Considered! I have been unjustly flogged for calling the Colonel a coward, and I call him so again, and I will maintain it in the face of the British army, that if we (the Fourteenth Dragoons) had been properly led at Chillianwallah we would never have shown our backs to the enemy." Wilson was marched back from the punishment parade to the guard room, and an application was sent to the Commander-in-Chief for a general court martial to try the culprit for his gross insubordination.

At that time Sir Charles Napier had succeeded Sir Hugh Gough, and on the evening of the day following the arrival of the Commander-in-Chief's camp at Lahore, a drunken private of the Sixty-first Regiment (which under Sir Colin Campbell saved the day at Chillianwallah) staggered up to the guard room of the Fourteenth Dragoons and jeermily called out, "Threes about and canter!" For this he was ordered to be tied up to a gun, and the prisoner Wilson, Wilson, being a general favorite in the regiment, was allowed to enter into conversation with his brother prisoner; and more than that, the stranger, fast sobering, was suffered to inquire minutely into the circumstances of the disastrous retreat of the regiment. At daybreak the guard officer dismissed the now sober and apologetic "ranker."

A few hours later the commanding officer of the Fourteenth Dragoons received from Sir Charles Napier a letter refusing to sanction a general court martial on Trooper Wilson, and directing his immediate release and transfer from the regiment to the Tenth Hussars. His Excellency added that he had seen the Fourteenth Dragoons on many a hard-fought field, and he believed, with the men, that had they been properly led they would not have broken before the Sikh horse at Chillianwallah. On reading this letter Col. King ordered the orderly room, and, retiring to his own quarters, put an end to his life. A few days afterward the Commander-in-Chief reviewed the Fourteenth Dragoons, and the men who were on guard on the night when the drunken private of the Sixty-first Regiment was a prisoner recognized him in the person of Sir Charles Napier.

# GOLD MINES IN MICHIGAN.

## A STORY OF DISCOVERY AND ADVENTURE ALONG THE PENOKEE RANGE.

### Railroad Surveyors at Work in Unexplored Wilds—Finding Silver and Iron Ore and Gold Bearing Quartz—A Forest Fire.

ONTONAGON, Mich., Oct. 28.—George Bromwell, chief of a party of men who are locating the lines of the Milwaukee, Lake Shore, and Western Railway between this point and Eagle River, and between Rhinelander and Ashland, reached this city to-day after three months of wandering through the wilderness on both sides of the Penokee range. These wilds extend southward from the shores of Lake Superior nearly one hundred and fifty miles, and their boundaries are marked by the small hamlets along the line of the Wisconsin Central Railroad on the west, and perhaps three hundred miles to the eastward by the path cut through the woods by the Chicago and Northwestern Railway. Until these surveyors pushed into this region, its recesses had been visited by but few white men, and even the Indians knew little of its characteristics.

The Penokee range consists of a mass of rock running across the northern portion of Wisconsin into the northern peninsula of Michigan. Without apparently a break in their continuity, these embryo mountains seemed to preclude the building of railroads from Chicago to the greatest of the fresh water seas. But the Wisconsin Central's explorers found the gap made by the Bad River, and after bridging that stream seven times within a few miles, and building the highest trestle in use on a railroad, they crossed the divide. Mr. Bromwell's party have been looking for a similar opening in the ridge's crest, and he says he has found one.

While in the woods one day last month the chain bearer called to his attention what seemed to be an opening in the forest ahead of them. Pressing forward, Bromwell and his companion soon came to the edge of the opening. It was about a mile to the other limit of the cutting, but they were unable to cross. Signalling to the others to come up to them, the two men sat down on a log and awaited the arrival of the Indian axemen, expecting them to cut through the brush that seemingly was all that blocked the path. The Indians sent one of their number up a tall pine tree to take a survey of the proposed route. When he had reached a sufficient height he shaded his eyes with his hands and looked out over the scene. He at first seemed startled, and then really frightened. Quickly descending, he at once divested himself of his trappings, and, pointing out over the opening, said, to his tribal companions, "Manitou!" and "Nanish!" and started on a run to retrace his steps to their last camp. The other Indians were at once thrown into a state of great excitement, and it was evident that they, too, would bolt. Bromwell fired a bullet over the head of the retreating Indian, who fell to the ground when he heard the whistling of the piece of lead. When commanded to return he hesitated, but Bromwell threatened to shoot him, and his order was then obeyed.

The Indian said it was evident that Manitou, the great god, was displeased with the white man's intrusion into the country, and to stop him had sent Nanish, the god of the winds, to mow down the trees and lay them across the path. The other Indians were awaiting the decisive moment that death awaited any one who went forward. The white men laughed at the fears of the Indians, and climbed into the trees to see what had excited them.

As far as the field glass could reach to the southwest or northeast not a tree could be seen standing. A tornado had there swept down on and across the foot hills of the Penokee range and levelled all the timber. The giants of the forest all lay prostrate with their heads pointing in the direction which the wind had followed. Not a stick of timber worthy of the name was left. Most of the trees had been simply blown over, and their roots were sticking out high above the ground, while great holes, half full of water, marked their former resting place. The limits of the storm's destruction were as sharply defined as if wrought by a gigantic scythe.

Bromwell at once established a camp, and, dividing his party, sent half to the westward, and with the others went to the eastward to define the length of this strange path through the wilderness. For two days each party went its way, walking about ten miles between sunrise and sunset before reaching the ends of their journeys. It was found that for forty miles the wind had hurried along the southern boundary of the mountains, and in its mile-wide path thrown everything prostrate. Bromwell said that for three miles at the eastern end of his journey the earth was as bare as if a garden rake had been used over it. The storm seemed to have gathered additional force just there. Where the tornado went up into the air again a spur of the range, composed chiefly of sand, jutted out at right angles to the main hills. There a most singular phenomenon was discovered.

A forest fire had swept through the timber, and all the pine trees had been killed and their tops were, of course, as pointed as a pike. The wind had torn these trees out of the ground, and, as it carried them along, it drove the sharp ends into the spur hill. Some of the trees were driven in to a depth of twenty feet, and stuck out there like a boiled ham on a tree lunch table filled with cloves, or a woman's pin cushion, and Bromwell remained there a day to make investigation. Trees with boughs had been taken high into the air and dropped on the further side of the eminence. Nearly eleven hundred such trees were found in this titanic pin cushion. The earth which once clung to their roots had been washed out by the rains, and on some of the smaller trees which had retained life cones had grown on the exposed branches.

Upon Bromwell's return to the starting point he discovered a trail of his way across the waste made by the winds. Waiting until the wind was blowing strongly from the south he started several fires about noon one day. There was nothing to do but wait. That night when all were asleep but one of the Indians, whose turn it was to be the sentinel, the wind gradually changed around to the northward. The first few puffs brought back the peculiar aromatic odor of burning pine, and then smoke began to drift along. The Indian awoke Bromwell and told him they were in danger from the fire which they had started. The chief of the party said they had nothing to gain by retracing their steps, as the fire would travel faster than they, and if it caught them in the depths of the wood there could be no escape. The only alternative was to move out into the open space which had been cleared by the flames in front of the camp. Everybody was awakened and the camp outfit packed in readiness for instant removal.

The wind began to howl, and great clouds of smoke nearly stifled the little band. Coals of fire as large as a man's hand were blown over their heads, and numerous little heaps of brush began to burn brightly. As the flames became better the wind increased in velocity, and seemed to be blowing in every direction. The fire spread laterally, and soon a new danger became apparent. All the bears and other wild beasts and reptiles began to hurry to the little stream that ran by the camp. From all directions they poured into the place by ones, in their terror, fought as they ran for the advantage in the pathway. Bromwell gave the order to move, and told the men to be especially careful of their ammunition, and to place it at the edge of one of the pools of water caused by the uprooting of the trees. They moved about a quarter of a mile, and then found a spot free from debris. Ogauchee, one of the Indians, told Bromwell that they must get behind what remained of a big tree which had been reduced to a bed of coals. Bromwell wished to know the reason, but the Indian's only response was: "You see presently." As he was busily fagged for calling the Colonel a coward, and I call him so again, and I will maintain it in the face of the British army, that if we (the Fourteenth Dragoons) had been properly led at Chillianwallah we would never have shown our backs to the enemy." Wilson was marched back from the punishment parade to the guard room, and an application was sent to the Commander-in-Chief for a general court martial to try the culprit for his gross insubordination.

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The railroad as located passes a mass of hematite iron ore that towers 200 feet above the bed of the line. It seems to be a solid mass of mineral. Bromwell also says he found a network of small quartz veins well charged with gold and silver. He says they are of igneous origin, and evidently lead up to a mother vein not far away. The spot where last discovery is located Bromwell refuses to divulge, as he wishes to preserve the secret for his own benefit. He says, however, that he found with the eruptive rocks sedementary beds of dolomite and talcose and chloritic schists, together with eruptive diorite and quartzite. Talcose schist is the gold repository in all the richest gold fields in the world. The beds of schist in the gold field found by Bromwell stand at a very high angle, the talcose, in which the network of veins referred to occur, being much broken up on the surface. The rocks outcropping in the vicinity are diorite, feldapathic granite, (pyritiferous,) schistose limestone, pyritiferous talcose and quartz, and massive dolomite. Bromwell says free gold and silver in the quartz is often visible.

## FLORIDA FRAUDS.

### New Paper Towns Being Started to Swindle the People.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—*Sir:* Florida's land boom has taken on a new course, and in a way to advertise her many attractions and inducements to the people abroad. No doubt you have noticed flaming advertisements of new towns being located in Marion county. The circulation of these advertisements of bogus towns has caused considerable excitement, and many have already purchased lots from the companies, while others are desirous of doing so, and are asking for information concerning them by letters to our people.

Having taken the trouble to make a thorough investigation of this matter, I am prepared to lay it before the people through your widely circulated newspaper. As an illustration, take a town near Ocala. Recently Silver Spring, famously known in history and books as the most beautiful spring in the South, was purchased by a company represented by Mr. Brigham Bishop of New York. Soon after this a new town started some time ago three miles from Silver Spring changed its name from Garden City to Silver Spring Park. Circulars, maps, and other information concerning it have been distributed, informing the people that it was Silver Spring proper. Silver Spring Park is three miles from Silver Spring, and the land is too poor to grow anything except black jack and gophers. Already a large number of lots have been sold to parties who live elsewhere, and who have not even seen their purchases.

Grant Park, Parkersburg, Marion City, and De Witt, all new towns, have recently been located in this county, and each place claims to possess the best land, convenient to railroads and water navigation, and in good neighborhoods. Not one of them is near a railroad, and most of them are on poor pine land not fit for the culture of any kind of fruit or vegetables. These places have been started by speculative parties who live outside of the State and have made their purchases through agents. They paid about $1.25 per acre, and are offering lots 40x200 feet at $5, $10, and $15 per lot.

These schemes are the talk of our people. The result will be that these lands will be purchased by parties living in the North and West. When they pay the State a visit and see their purchases, they will become dissatisfied and return home disgusted with our people and State. These schemes are the work of Northern capitalists who are bent on reaping many thousands for their investments. Our State authorities ought to take action on such schemes.

Here is a letter printed in one of our local papers, and written by Mr. H. W. Long, a resident for thirty years in this county, and a man who knows every foot of land in it:

> Grant Park touches the dividing line between Marion and Levy counties, covers an area of one mile square, upon high, dry, black-jack lands, supposed by the old settlers of the country to be worthless. It is one and a half miles from the nearest lake and eight miles from the nearest railroad.
>
> Parkersville is situated upon similar land, and is about three miles from the nearest railroad.
>
> De Witt covers two sections of 640 acres each, and is located upon a fair grade of soil as to fertility, is surrounded by pretty lakes, and is about four miles from the nearest railroad.
>
> Marion City is located west of and adjoining Cotton Plant district, upon black-jack lands, and embraces an area of another section, and is about four miles nearest point to the railroad being about three miles distant.
>
> The above is not written with a view to retard immigration or the development of the western portion of Marion county, but is written with a view to benefit the county of thirty years' residence as a matter of information to any who may desire to cast their lot among us. We stand ready to cooperate with any legitimate move to bring immigration into Marion county and the State, but cannot countenance, aid, or abet any move that must necessarily bring reproach upon the fair name and brilliant prospects of our State, and result in the end in discontent on the part of new comers.

The above towns are not the only ones that have been started in our State. I know of several others that were started to swindle the people. Belmore City, in Clay county, and Barram, in Levy county, are also embryo towns which have already caused considerable comment.

Florida invites all classes of people to her domain, and extends a welcome hand to all, but we do not want any to come who will return because they have been duped. We have plenty of good land and honest real estate agents to represent us. The *Free Press* of this town has already begun to explode this fraud, and will continue in the good work.

OCALA, Oct. 26. ARDELL.

## A POINTER FOR CANDIDATES.

### The Respective Weaknesses of Voters in the Different Wards.

The successful politician is to a greater or less extent conversant with the failings of his constituents. The New York city constituent expects a pretty frequent "falling off." He has his preferences, and if a beverage is produced that does violence to his taste the chances are that he will start out on a prospecting tour and will sooner or later be snapped up by somebody who understands him. If a candidate in the First ward puts a barrel of something on tap that contains about seventy-five per cent. of fire and fight he is apt to hit the nail on the head, and be the most popular man in the ward until after election.

The voters in the Seventh and Thirteenth wards are of a different stripe, and as long as there is plenty of it around they will be as enthusiastic as the most sanguine candidate could wish. The Eleventh ward is a little more complicated. Beer may win the fight, but if the candidate wants to make his election a dead sure thing, he scatters a few bottles of whiskey around where it will do the most good. The Fifteenth ward constituents want gin as a general thing. Gin was never known to do a Fifteenth ward constituent any harm. It soothes them as a drink of milk soothes a thirsty child. A candidate in the Twenty-ninth ward, if he knows his business, will provide a free supply of anything that will make men drunk. He should sacrifice quality every time to quantity.

The Twenty-first ward constituents complicate matters by requiring everything that can be found in a liquor store except champagne. This ward, during election day, produces every phase of intoxication that can be imagined. The singing, fighting, silly, helpless, and interrogative drunken men are thicker than bees in a hive. There is a small portion of the Nineteenth ward where no other kind of political enthusiasm, except that produced by champagne, is ever heard of. The constituents living here always show to good advantage in public because the first effect of their beverage is prevalent of good nature and cheers. There is just as much fight in champagne as there is in whiskey, but this characteristic does not appear until the next morning, when it is carefully concealed in the bosom of the constituent's family.

Take it all in all, the most fortunate men during a political campaign are those who, like Mr. Davenport, make intoxicants, but do not drink them.

## THE NEW LEAGUE RULES.

### Members of the New York Club Will Not Play for Reduced Salaries.

Nearly all of the players of the New York Club have gone to their homes in different parts of the country. Several of the higher-priced ones, before going, expressed a doubt as to whether they would play in this city again, unless they could get more money than the new rules allow. Joe Gerhardt said, "I do not think I will play in New York next year; certainly not for less money than I received this year. If I cannot get my release from the New York Club I will stop playing ball. I consider my reputation worth more than money, and therefore I would not break a contract, nor jump the reserve list, but there is no use of playing ball for fun."

Capt. Ward says that he "will practice law next season, and will play ball no more. So, as far as I am concerned, I do not care what is done with salaries."

He says that one of the other high-priced New York players will go with him.

Deasley said that he would never have come to New York had it not been for the $300 difference in the salary. Many of the players of the New York Club are well educated and capable of doing other business than playing ball.

President John B. Day, in an interview yesterday, said that no club in the country felt the force of the new salary rule as much as the New York Club, and he received his share of the blame for its being made. But he was against the rule from the start. He wanted to protect his players, and was willing to continue paying the same salaries as heretofore. The public gave the club good support, and he was willing that the players should get the benefit of it. Mr. Day and his players will no doubt come to a satisfactory understanding before next spring.

# LIFE OF THE NEWSGIRLS.

## TINY MITES AND WELL-GROWN LASSIES WORKING RAIN OR SHINE.

### The Little Amazon who Thrashed a Bad Boy—An Italian Girl's Device for Winning Pennies—Preferring the Street to a Home.

Sitting in comfortable down-town restaurants on these chilly autumn evenings, with the grateful fragrance of a good dinner perfuming the atmosphere, the man of business witnesses an occasional sight outside of the doors and windows, in the cheerless street, that sometimes fills his heart with pity, and perhaps takes away some of the exuberance of his appetite. It is the sad and wistful face of one of the innumerable little newsgirls who sell papers in the lower part of the city, and who now gazes wistfully and hungrily from the outside cold at the picture of good cheer within that she may not share. Perhaps, if the waiters are not near the door, she ventures to open it, come inside, and offer her papers to the men at the tables; but she is generally driven into the street again before she is able to effect a sale. But he is a hard-hearted man, indeed, who, coming out well fed and contented, can resist the appeal, "Mister, please buy a paper. I've only got two left."

Down at the ferries, about Park row and the Post Office, in Nassau, Wall, all the down-town business streets, and in Broadway, scores of little girls are engaged afternoon and evening in the sale of the papers. They are in all degrees of rags and tatters, and they represent almost every nationality furnished by the tenement-house population, with a majority of Irish and Italian children among them. They are of all ages and sizes, from tiny mites of even 4 and 5 years, up to well-grown lassies of 16 and 17 years. Many of them are careful and tidy in dress and person, and some of the older ones compare favorable in appearance with the pretty New York shop girls; but there are others who are dirty, careless, and abandoned. Not a few of them are gentle, sweet, and pretty when they begin their career as newsvendors, but contact with the others and the life they are forced to live in the streets, soon rubs off the bloom, and in most cases hardens them into premature little termagants. They are obliged to take their own part in the struggle with the rough boys of their own class; they fight their own battles, regardless of sex; they frequent saloons and barrooms late at night, and listen to the vile jests of brawlers and roughs. No wonder that they lose their gentle manners and girlish traits and become unsexed and depraved; that their faces lose the innocence of childhood, and oftener than not become impressed with the unmistakable stamp of low cunning and vice. Nevertheless, there are exceptions to this rule, and a few of the little newsgirls retain their pretty faces and modest manners through all the years they run about the streets.

The newsgirl is differently situated from the newsboy. Not a few of the latter are homeless and fatherless little Nomads who drift about from one city to another, living at the newsboys' homes, or sleeping in the streets. But most of the little girls have homes to go to, squalid and humble though most of them are, and a few even attend school in the morning and leave in time to begin the sale of the afternoon papers as soon as the first editions are issued. From this early hour many of them remain out until midnight, in storm or sunshine, heat or cold, until the last paper is sold.

The hackneyed story of the little girl who is beaten when she returns home without having disposed of her stock in trade is generally pooh-poohed when it is mentioned; but it is true, nevertheless, in many cases, and it is not an infrequent occurrence for a little girl, out late at night to find a little girl, with one or two papers under her arm, sobbing in a doorway or under a gas lamp because she is afraid to go home. Ask her what is the matter, and when she tells you the tale will sound so familiar that you sorrowfully think it is the same story that has been played out and go on your way, and notice how uncomfortable you feel when you consider that it is barely possible that her tale is true. Then sneak back stealthily, as if you were about to commit a crime, buy her papers and give her a coin you can always easily afford to spend. It will sicken you if you do not, and you will be glad you did. A few of the little newsgirls are well known to down-town business men. One little Italian girl, not more than 7 or 8 years old, has a pretty little trick of her own, which very often proves effective in selling a paper or bringing forth the present of a coin. The hurried pedestrian meets her coming toward him. Surprised to feel a soft little hand close upon his finger, and when he looks down a pretty but dirty little face is turned smilingly up to his, and the child who trots along beside him holding to his finger asks: "Please buy a paper, mister?" Even a hard man finds it hard to break away from the gentle grasp of the small fingers, and the confiding smile and soft voice of the child almost invariably effects a sale. Most of the newsgirls, however, make sales by sheer force of endurance. They will follow a possible customer for a block, wiking so close in front of him that he can scarcely make a step, and implioring him to make a purchase. If the victim argues that he already has a paper and does not desire a duplicate, the girl will say: Well, you didn't buy that one of me, mister. Please buy one of me!"

What becomes of the newsgirls is a question almost as abstruse as the problem relative to the disappearance of pins. One who frequents the same localities down town notices the same faces year after year, until they suddenly disappear entirely from his observation, and others take their places. But they never seem to grow up, and as their newspaper selling does not lead to advancement, they cannot be imagined to have climbed out of sight on the ladder of prosperity. One little girl who for several years sold papers in front of Nash & Crook's restaurant in Park row, had sufficient reputation to study telegraphy in her spare moments, and now she holds a position as operator in the Western Union building. Another newsgirl who came under the writer's notice had one of the opportunities that are usually offered only in Sunday school books, but she failed to take the right advantage of it. It happened in this wise:

About five years ago a newspaper reporter was passing along Park row, near Ann street, in the afternoon, when he observed a particularly gloomy small boy moodily counting a few pennies at the edge of the gutter with a bundle of papers under his arm. The boy was well engrained in a tattered and ragged urchin, several years older and many sizes larger, swooped down upon him, seized his pennies, and bolted across the street toward the Post Office. The gloomy small boy seized him by the coat tails—or that portion of his coat nearest where the tails would have been if they had not been torn off—and was wafted with him across the street through a labyrinth of horses, wagons, and street cars, screaming meanwhile at the top of his voice. The depraved urchin was so much annoyed by the little fellow's attentions that he proceeded to confer upon him a scientific thrashing, and all the other newsboys and girls in the vicinity became interested, and came over to observe and admire. But before the thrashing had been entirely administered a tattered damsel of perhaps ten or twelve years appeared upon the scene, and, from the manner of the reception, it was obvious that she was a person of some distinction and importance in affairs of a similar nature.

"Wot's the row?" she inquired, elbowing her way toward the centre of the throng. A score of voices informed her. At the sound of her voice the depraved urchin suddenly ceased his pugilistic pastime, turned pale, and made a violent effort to break through the crowd. The tattered damsel caught sight of him.

"Take my papers," she cried, handing them to a conscienceless small boy, who at once bolted and sold them at Fulton Ferry, to his personal aggrandizement.

The little fighter made several fruitless efforts to get out of the ring, and then began to wail in anticipation of his approaching doom, though he was older and taller than the avenger. The little Amazon grasped him by the hair and delivered a series of right-handers upon his countenance with so much fervor that the life blood streamed from his nose, and his bellowings might have been heard six blocks away, while the group of small spectators howled with delight.