THE CAREER OF SULLIVAN.

HIS EVOLUTION UNDER THE ASTUTE GUIDANCE OF BILLY MADDEN.

He Began with Great Strength and No Science—The Business of Knocking Out—The Mob of Miners who Made Sullivan Uneasy.

In the nomenclature of pugilism the verb "knock out," though a mere infant in point of age, has occupied the front rank, to the easy exclusion of all rivals, from the moment of its birth. If its inventor could have secured a patent upon it and collected a royalty from all who have used it, he might long since have retired upon a fortune large enough to satisfy even his gorgeous tastes. Necessity, as usual, was its mother, though Mr. John L. Sullivan of Boston was quite as necessary to its appearance, for without him the English language would not have been enriched by the term. But all the honor attached to the authorship, or at least the introduction of this prize compound verb should not be credited to Mr. Sullivan. Had he not, at an early stage of his prowess, fallen into the hands of a long-headed manager, the verb "knock out" might have lain dormant for centuries.

The man who discovered Sullivan is Billy Madden of this city. When Sullivan fell under the observant eye of Madden the latter was well and favorably known among the fancy. Since his seventeenth year, until within a short period, he had been engaged in the arduous occupation of putting up his hands in front of men who were possessed of a desire to make such a change in his personal appearance that his closest blood relations would be unable to recognize him. He was less than 20 years of age, and weighed only 124 pounds, when he did up Tom Hart in eleven rounds in the same ring in which Jem Mace and Joe Coburn fought, at New Orleans. He had been engaged in almost innumerable glove contests when he wisely concluded that his most profitable field was in preparing men for the fray instead of taking part in it as a principal. He spent many years in Canada, and in Quebec found a man whom he looked upon as the coming champion of the world. This was Ambrose Kearney, an artilleryman of Battery B of the British service. At the time Prof. Laboussiere called himself the champion of Canada, He was a big man, weighed 220 pounds, and had fought Billy Edwards and other men who were featherweights in comparison. He rasped Maddon's feelings by refusing to put on the gloves with him. He offered, however, to bear any Canadian Madden could produce for $100. In looking for a man Madden heard of Kearney. He had examined a lot of barroom knockers and found them no good for hard work. The barroom knocker, or the general tough, is only dangerous when he has everything his own way. Kearney looked like a good one, but he confessed that he had never worn gloves. Madden took him in hand, and, after six weeks of his tuition, Kearney met the Canadian champion, and, after dallying with him for six minutes, put him in such a condition that the services of two doctors were required to restore him to a semblance of his former self.

In Montreal, where Madden was anxious to make a reputation as a boxing master, he offered to select an inexperienced man and back him to fight William Muldoon, champion of the city. The offer was accepted, and at the appointed time Madden's novice vanquished Ryan in three rounds. These experiments satisfied Madden that he knew a good man when he saw him. Of Kearney he expected great things. He stood six feet three inches in his stockings and weighed 190 pounds; but Madden's hopes in him came to naught, as Kearney fell out of a boat and was drowned in the St. Lawrence River.

Madden first saw Sullivan at a sparring match in Boston. Sullivan was much too clumsy for the work that came his way, but, by dint of dogged determination, not to say ferocity, his features wore, as well as his immense muscular development, attracted Madden's attention, and he remarked to an old Boston sporting man: "There stands the coming champion of the world." The Boston man appeared to have some doubts on the subject, but did not strongly dissent on account of Madden's reputation as a judge. This was in 1880. Madden decided on the spot that there was much money in a partnership between himself and Sullivan. He hinted as much to the Boston man. Sullivan took a hint and closed with the offer. He was quite green as a pugilist at the time. He considered himself wonderfully strong, and knew so little about science that he thought strength was all he needed to fight his way to the top of the heap. Madden quickly showed him the fallacy of this notion, and Sullivan was very properly astonished to discover that in spite of his immense strength Madden, who looked like a stripling in comparison, could tap him where he pleased. Madden, with his pale olive complexion, made paler by its contrast with his jet black hair and moustache and piercing black eyes, his easy conversational style, carefully cultivated modest demeanor, was the exact opposite of all that constituted a "good man" in Sullivan's opinion when he first put on the gloves with his partner.

The coming champion changed his opinion when he found that his manager had physical strength as well as science and a foresight that shoved the Boston man's judgment away in the background. In undertaking to polish and manage Sullivan, Madden learned that he had undertaken a contract that would tax his mental as well as his physical energies. He found Sullivan possessed of a tremendous strength, and, for a man of his size, wonderfully agile. Sullivan at this time was a terrific hitter, but expended too much force on his blows. He had no scientific knowledge, and exhausted himself with exertions from which no adequate benefit was received. When he stood up to spar he planted his feet as if they were nailed to the ground. His argument was that it was more difficult to knock him down when he stood in this fashion than if he danced on his toes and made an effort to avoid his opponent's blows. He was a mere tyro in stopping and hitting, in fact had much to forget and everything to learn. His temper was as mild and equable as that of a Texan steer, and he had a pleasant habit of occasionally throwing all his strength into a blow when a mere tap was expected. He also had a kindness for stimulants which was apt to override every consideration at critical periods. Altogether Mr. Sullivan bore a striking resemblance to a corpulent dynamite cartridge, so delicately constructed that it was liable to explode under the most gentle handling. Yet the cartridge was handled without fatal results for two years by Madden, who, in that period, revolutionized the business and placed it on a basis that not only paid, but simply coined money for those who conducted it judiciously.

Comparatively speaking Madden made nothing out of Sullivan's fight with Flood, and not a great deal out of his encounter with Ryan. When he brought New York friends to Boston, Madden had something over $100 in his pocket. Sullivan had little or nothing. There was no money in benefits and Madden knew it. How to raise the wind was the question that agitated Madden. It did not bother Sullivan. Nothing bothered him long. He was not allowed to go hungry to bed. Madden finally hit upon a plan and explained it to Sullivan.

"I'll offer $50 to any man who'll stand up before you for four rounds," he said to Sullivan.

"What's the use of that?" growled John. "I can't lick a man in four rounds; make it six anyhow?"

"No," said Madden, "four rounds sounds better. It will catch on, because it's something uncommon, and I believe you can 'knock out' any man in New York in four rounds."

Thus was the term "knock out" thrust upon an unsuspecting public, in company with the man who was to make it a reality. Madden's dictum settled the business. Sullivan believed in Madden's judgment; besides, Madden was risking his own money, and he began to appreciate the worth of Madden's argument that to astonish the world and make a pot of money he must accomplish something which others had failed, or had never attempted. The more Sullivan thought of Madden's plan the better he liked it, and he assured his manager that he would do his level best to keep that $50 in the firm's treasury.

The challenge was issued by Madden. It was at once accepted by Steve Taylor, who felt so sure of the result that he wanted to see the money before he went on the stage. Madden placed the amount in Harry Hill's hands. Taylor stood up before Mr. Sullivan and was promptly "knocked out," much to his astonishment and disgust, and to the surprise and delight of the crowd that witnessed the affair. For Taylor was accounted a good man, ergo Sullivan must be a wonder. The affair, though eminently successful from a pugilistic standpoint, was something of a financial failure, and when Madden counted his receipts on the eve of departure for Boston with Sullivan he found them of smaller amount than they had been a week earlier in the year. He saw that fifty dollar knock outs did not pay, except as futures. As stated, he did not make much money out of the Sullivan-Ryan fight, but on his return from it he picked up a variant tip in Philadelphia. Madden and Sullivan were in Arthur Chambers's resort when Chambers said he had a good man in waiting for Geo. Rooke. Madden asked whom he was.

"Tug Wilson, champion of England," replied Chambers.

"Why not stand him up against Sullivan?" suggested Madden.

Chambers had not thought of it, as he did not consider Wilson up to Sullivan's standard. That was of no particular consequence, Madden said, and he quickly outlined a plan that captured Chambers. It was to match the two men on their merits for four rounds, the fight to come off at Madison Square Garden, in this city. In the published announcements the winner was to take the receipts, but "on the quiet" the receipts were to be evenly divided into four parts. These were to be appropriated by Sullivan, Madden, Chambers, and Wilson.

The fight came off as advertised. Both men did their utmost to win. Wilson, by his peculiar tactics, was able to come to the scratch for the fifth round, and to him was awarded the fight. He had wisely foreborne to give the champion a chance to knock him out, and he pocketed, for his enemy's amusement, over $3,000. The receipts on this occasion have been always overestimated. Each member of the quartette received over $3,000, and the net receipts were $14,000. Madden engineered the whole affair, and his management has never been equalled. He paid $300 for the rent of the Garden, and his printing bill was just $20. Sullivan was satisfied with his share of the receipts, but felt very sore because he hadn't knocked out Wilson. He refused to be comforted until Madden promised to match him against Wilson for a fight to a finish for $5,000 a side. Sullivan promised to eat Wilson if he ever met him in the ring. Wilson did not propose to be eaten, and, with his $3,000 and odd in his pocket, he quietly slipped on board an outgoing steamer and was off for "home."

It has often been said that Sullivan doesn't know what fear means. The statement may be true, but, at least on one occasion, he felt anxious. It was after his victory over Ryan and when he was the big prize card of the country. The sporting men of nearly every city in the Union were clamoring for a visit from the champion and among other communities the town of Pottsville wanted him. Pottsville is in the anthracite coal region of Pennsylvania and in the heart of a great sporting region. The miners of the "hard coal region" when they attend a sporting event always buy return tickets, for if they failed to do so and fortune went against them necessity would compel them to walk home. They wager everything but their boots. Pottsville has a fire company for every two thousand of its inhabitants. It has seven companies, and they are all rich. Each of them makes an annual splurge, to which the region round about is expected to come and contribute, and the region always does. One of these companies held a monster picnic at Agricultural Park, and its members wanted an attraction. They wanted Sullivan. Madden wrote that they could have him for an afternoon for $300 and expenses for two. There's nothing small about Pottsville firemen, and they closed with the offer.

The brawny miners heard that Sullivan was coming to Pottsville, and about 10,000 of them determined to descend on the town. When the train bearing Mr. Sullivan and Mr. Madden arrived at the station Sullivan looked out of the window, and could see nothing but heads and staring eyes. The reception committee managed to force a passage from the train to a carriage, and the driver succeeded in getting to the hotel without killing anybody. The Merchants' Hotel bar never did such a trade as on this particular afternoon. The hotel was simply packed with people, and the street in front of it was packed by a mob that simply glared in all directions in the hope of catching a glimpse of the champion. He was announced to spar three rounds with Madden at the picnic at 5 o'clock, but was to be on the ground at 3 o'clock. So he was, and so was a crowd such as he never saw before. It was composed of many elements, but the miners were in a vast majority. Sullivan took a seat where he could see and be seen. There were a number of attractions on the ground, but they were all neglected for Sullivan. Miners who had been compelled to work until 4 o'clock came to the picnic in their working clothes, with their faces smeared with coal dust, rather than miss the chance of seeing the champion slugger. Their grimy faces wore a wild and savage expression, it seemed to Sullivan. They crowded in front of him until they stood twenty deep. Those in the back rows were not so quiet. They made audible comments on Sullivan's personal appearance. Sitting down, and dressed like an ordinary person, he did not strike them as a wonder. Many of them were extremely powerful men. Some of them towered a head above him when he stood up. All of them were strong men, and none of them were afraid of anything that walked. A number of them intimated, in tones that could be heard by hundreds in the vicinity, that they didn't think Sullivan was such a wonder. Not a few said they would "like a puck at him." As they became accustomed to him the comments became more numerous and pointed, and he became uneasy. He didn't like their looks, he said to Madden, and hinted that he'd like to get away from the crowd. Madden conveyed the wish to the reception committee, which at once put Sullivan into a coach and took him for a drive. From this he did not return until it was time to have his bout with Madden. The three rounds were to be sparred on a stage that stood on a knoll, so that the crowd could see every motion made by the boxers.

When Sullivan sprang upon the stage, clad in tights, there arose a murmur of admiration that quickly grew into a roar that almost took the champion's breath away. The miners were great admirers of physical strength, and they saw at a glance that Sullivan was a perfect specimen of physical manhood. But for some reason the crowd had little affection for him. Perhaps it was because he had defeated Ryan, who had hosts of friends in the region. At any rate, the sympathy of the miners was with Madden, and there were frequent shouts of "Knock him out, Madden," "Kill him, Billy," and the crowd became so demonstrative during the wind-up that Sullivan brought it to rather an abrupt termination. He did not seem at all at his ease until he had left the ground and was quietly stowed away in his room at the Merchants' Hotel. Sullivan may not have felt afraid on this occasion, but he evinced a great deal of uneasiness.

Prosperity and Sullivan did not make a well-matched team. His temper became as uncertain as that of a two-year old colt. He developed a wonderful faculty for forgetting favors, and after a partnership of two years, in which he had been lifted from penniless obscurity and placed on a golden pedestal, he cut loose from Madden. The latter and the champion were not on speaking terms from the time Madden brought Mitchell to this country as the champion of England until within a year. One day nearly a year ago Madden walked into a sporting place and suddenly found himself among a party of acquaintances. Sullivan being one of them. Madden hardly knew whether to speak or to recognize the champion, but Sullivan settled the matter by holding out his hand and saying: "How are you, Billy?" They shook hands, the glasses were set up in the other alley, and the champion and his ex-manager were as happy over the reconciliation as a pair of girls who have fallen out about nothing.

THE TALE OF A TAB

Which Shows that Young Men Should Read the Labels on Their Coats.

From the Pittsburgh Dispatch.

Several weeks ago a gentleman, known in this transaction as Eugene Reading, bought a dark grey Norfolk sack coat while making a flying trip to Boston. On the inside of the collar of the coat was fastened the manufacturer's tab bearing the insignificant characters, "Lot 21,733. B. 38." When Reading tore the tab off his eye caught some writing on the side which had been next the coat. He read "Melissa Polley, West Bowdoin, Maine." He put the tab into his pocket, transacted his business, and a couple of weeks after his return to Pittsburgh decided to make a test of this gentle hint to mankind in general. He wrote a letter to Miss Polley, in which he told her that he had discovered her name upon the tab and congratulated her upon her successful workmanship, saying that one who could sew so neatly must, indeed, be a young lady of other commendable and lovable qualities. He emphasized his sincerity by calling her a "pretty tailoress," and professed the strange awakening within his breast of a sentiment for the fair skin to genuine regard, if not affection, for the lady who had made the garment.

The letter carried safely, and in due time came the following frank, yet modest, reply;

WEST BOWDOIN, Me., Aug. 13, 1886.

DEAR FRIEND: I received your letter of congratulations, and thought I would tell you of it; and I know the coat is made nice. But I should like to know what kind of a coat it is—if it is a Norfolk. As to the "pretty tailoress," I never read the word in the book; but I do not know what the male sex would do if it were not for the old maids to do their tailoring. So I will close, with many thanks and lots of good wishes. Yours truly,

MELISSA POLLEY.

P. S.—You say you purchased your coat some time ago. Have you been thinking it over all this time? I thank you for being so saucy, but I hope you have got it settled.

MELISSA.

Mr. Reading had evidently "got it settled," and, if any doubt had remained in his mind, the gentle hint in the post-script had wiped it away, for the return mail carried a letter full of burning words and such other nonsense as a lover, or one ambitious for that position, is apt to use. A correspondence followed, and letters passed each other, going and coming between them, at an average of twice and then thrice times a week.

The conclusion finally reached by the young Pittsburgher, who had received ample encouragement in his suit, was that life would be burdensome without his "pretty tailoress," for she has really proven to be such from her picture, which he got one day last week; and, after all, the term "old maid," which she had applied to herself, was a ruse to test the interest of her Pittsburgh admirer. She has his picture, and from the dissertation she wrote upon it has certainly concluded that her strangely captured lover is a man of handsome face and kindly features, for she writes: "If you are just half as good as you look, I am proud of your professed admiration and interest in the object."

That sentence is what clinched the matter as far as Reading was concerned. He immediately wrote a proposal of marriage and asked that her acceptance or refusal be by telegram. Yesterday he received the following:

Eugene Reading. Yes, with pleasure.

MELISSA.

The overjoyed lover almost hugged the District boy who delivered the message to him, and, after reading it over and over, wrote the following with a trembling hand:

Good. I am coming as soon as I can get a leave of absence.

And just now there is a clerk about City Hall who is fretting under restraint, and every day he prays his chief of department for a vacation of two weeks to go to Maine.

Not a High Charge Either.

From the Boston Beacon.

When Boston was Fanny Kemble's home, and her aristocratic ancestors were still there in Massachusetts, she engaged a worthy neighbor to be her chariteer during the season of one of her country sojourns. The old man was kindly but garrulous, and, long to expiate on the country, the crops, and the history of the people around about, which Fanny remarked, in her imperious, dogmatic fashion:

"Now, Jedediah, I have engaged you to drive for me, not to talk to me."

The farmer ceased, pursed up his lips, and, ever after with his peace. When the vacation weeks were over, and the dame was about to return to town, she sent for her Jehu and his bill. Running her eye down its awkward columns, she paused.

"What is this item, sir?" said she. "I cannot understand it."

And with equal gravity he rejoined: "Sass, $5. I don't often take it, but when I do I charge."

A TALK WITH BRONCHO JOHN

WHY THE COWBOYS WEAR SOMBREROS AND LONG HAIR.

Why they Cover their Necks with Handkerchiefs—The Use of the Fringe on Buckskin Leggings—Usefulness of the Big Spurs and the Stout Horn Saddle.

"It is the general impression among the people of the East, as well as with tourists in the great West," said the clever cowboy lecturer and writer, J. H. Sullivan, who is known on the plains and elsewhere as Broncho John, "that the long hair, wide-rimmed hats, big spurs, fringed leggings, and other striking things in a cowboy's outfit and appearance are worn simply for show and bluster; but, like many other popular ideas about cowboys, that impression is entirely wrong. It was not a desire for picturesqueness of effect that led to our make-up as it is to-day, although that effect has followed. Questions of usefulness and necessity were the first and only considerations that prompted the adoption of our peculiar dress, from our big, cruel-looking spurs to our hair like Samson's before he was shorn. All these appurtenances may be ornamental, but their usefulness is many times greater than their ornateness.

"Take, for instance, the cowboy's big-rimmed hat. The fact alone that it has been worn without changing fashion for generation after generation is enough to indicate that use not vanity, dictated its origin. Until recent years, when the importance of these hats was recognized by hat manufacturers and wool, felt, and fur were turned to account in making them, we made our own hats. A hole, as near the shape and size of our heads as we could make it was dug in the ground. A large circular piece of raw hide, wet, soft, and pliable, was spread over the hole. With a bunch of grass or buckskin the centre of the rawhide was pressed down into the hole until it assumed its size and shape. The surrounding circle of hide, which was to be the rim was kept flat on the ground by constant patting of the hands all around it. When the hat was moulded it was left until it was well dried by the sun. Then it was taken to a place where smoke and heat scorched it so that it was perfectly water-proof. Then it was trimmed with strings and straps and was ready for use, and that use is often to throw a quickly spreading prairie fire back on the burned ground before it has a chance to gain headway; often to turn wild cattle and horses in the direction we want them to go. When the sun is scorching hot and there is a blister in every puff of wind, this great hat is much cooler than a straw hat. When the wind is blowing the sand like hot shot in our faces we would suffer greatly but for the protection afforded our eyes by the big-rimmed hat. When the mud is flying from the heels of stampeding cattle, or the terrible hailstorms of the plains are pelting upon us, these hats are the best friends we have. We wear leather bands on all our hats, because cotton, woollen, or silk won't keep the shape and that is why we use horn saddles.

"Nowadays our hats are made in the East, and made of the best fur of the best water animals. We can wash them or soak them in water for that matter, after they have been exposed to all kinds of weather, and they hold their shape as if they were just out of the factory. They will do service for many years. The Stetson hat is the most commonly used in the West. They cost from $8 to $30. If made to order they cost a great deal more. I have seen hats that cost $500. Buffalo Bill has had many hats of that kind presented to him from people who had to be guided safely across the great plains in times of danger from hostile Indians and Mormons. These fur hats have taken the place of the old home-made rawhide hats, as they answer every purpose.

"As to our long hair, there are good reasons why we wear it. Our business is out doors, rain or shine, and in many changes of climate, and we have found from experience that the greatest protection to the eyes and ears is long hair. Old miners and prospectors know this well. Hunters, scouts, trailers, and guides let their hair grow as a rule. Those who have been prejudiced against it have suffered the consequences of inflamed eyes, sinus troubles, and loud ringing in the ears. A peculiar result of exposure without the protection of long hair is loss of hearing in one ear, caused by one or the other of the ears being exposed more when the plainsman is lying on the ground. Healthy hearing in both ears is of the greatest importance to a scout, hunter, or herdsman. When we see an object at a distance we want to know whether it is a cloud burst coming upon us, a prairie fire, an enemy in the neighborhood, or what it is. The longer we look at it the more distinct it becomes, if our eyes are good. It won't do for them to be weak or watery, and, having found that the growth and wearing of long hair not only preserves but strengthens our sight and makes our hearing more acute, we let nature have her way in the matter, and profit by it. There are some white men whose hair grows as well as any among the Indians, and it is a fact that by letting their hair grow long they gain favor with the people they live among, and get along much better.

"I have often heard people say that they should think the cowboy had enough things about him to attract attention without wearing a great big handkerchief about his neck instead of carrying it in his pocket, and yet if it wasn't for that handkerchief we would frequently be put to much inconvenience if not actual suffering. Many a time have I had my face and eyes covered and filled with mud while at full speed in the midst of a stampede or other danger. With my big handkerchief ready on my neck I have but to seize it and clean my eyes, without relaxing my horse's speed for a second, as I would have to do if the handerchief were carried in a pocket. Then it is frequently called into use is a veil during the fierce sand storms we encounter in crossing the country, and that is why it is made so large. Being of inestimable service in the sand storms, we can't be too careful of the safety of our handkerchief. Tied about the neck it is handy and secure. Many times when it is being used by the cowboy the stumbling of his horse at full gallop will pull into use both hands, and the handkerchief must be dropped instantly. There is no time to fumble for a pocket, and if it were not secured as it is, it would be lost.

"Another thing that worries the Eastern people is our dress. The fringed buckskin clothing of the cowboys. 'Why don't they wear garments like other people?' they say. In the first place, buckskin is much more durable than cotton or woollen goods, and at the same time a great deal cheaper to us, for we kill the deer that furnish the skin, tan the skin ourselves, and then make our suits, doing a fringe in a majority of cases. In making our buckskins the seams are tied together with strings of the same material, and the ends of the strings are left hanging on the outside to hide the big knots made by tying them and to cover the spaces between them. That makes the so-called fringe people think it is superfluous. The leather loggings or straparajos—straps, we call them—are worn by the cowboys to protect their clothes and limbs from the wear and tear of the heavy saddles, and also as protection against brushes with thorns, cactus, and other cruel, sharp things. There are no useless ones in our outfits.

"Our bolt cartridges, open holsters, and revolvers are not worn to scare or bulldoze people with. We wear them when crossing country because it is absolutely necessary. We have great herds of cattle in our charge, and many times we have to cross hostile regions, where there are horse thieves, Indians, and other marauders. We must be very determined in all our fights. We never give nor ask quarter. We fight until we are all killed or the enemy are killed or forced to retreat. We never desert our stock, even in the face of death. We keep well practiced in handling our guns. We can do better shooting at long or short range with our heavy pistols than many soldiers can do with rifles. We have them in open holsters, all ready for use. There are times when we have to cripple cattle to save our horses in a stampede, and we must be constantly ready to our hand. If there are reports of hostile Indians on the trail, we double up and extra arm ourselves—generally two revolvers and a Winchester carbine, 44-calibre, to each man.

"Take our cowboy boots. Many persons ask me why the cowboys wear such high heels on their boots. Some say to make their feet look small. We have our boots made to order, and made well. They cost from $18 to $40 a pair. Sometimes we have the tops stiff so they will not wrinkle, because we have our trousers legs in the boots, and if the tops were limp they would work out. The heels on our boots are often four or five inches long sloping greatly toward the sole of the foot. This is to keep our feet from slipping through the stirrup in times of danger. They are also kept in a comfortable position when riding. Our boots are made to ride in, not to walk.

"The great, heavy, strong spurs that we use have been called useless and cruel, and yet, singular as it may seem, the light spurs used in the East are much more cruel. They cut the horse. Our big spurs, our spurs serve a great purpose. Upon them our life depends very often. Many times our horses will not get up and out of the way of a wild steer dashing down upon us during a stampede unless he is severely spurred. If we had small rowels we could not reach the skin through the long hair and natural scurf nature has provided our horses with to protect them from the severe winters of the plains. Then we want our spurs strong so they will not break down in times of danger, and we don't want them to wear out before we reach our destination. It is far better for a horse to be prodded with the spur than to lose a foot or more of horns run into him, resulting in the throwing of his rider to be trampled to death, and the loss of several hundred of cattle.

"We ride the same horses for many years and put them to the hardest work in the world. It is no uncommon thing for our horses to live in this hard service for from twenty-five to thirty-five years without a blemish. Buffalo Bill has several horses that have been from the Gulf of Mexico up the trail to Washington Territory and back again many times, travelling from fifty to sixty miles a day on trails and in the brush after crazy steers. Bill has one horse that is known by most old-time trailers as old Jim Lawson. He has travelled thousands of miles, and was the best roping horse I ever saw. He is thirty-five years old, and still a fine specimen of the cowboy's good judgment in using their horses.

"The first time we break a wild horse to saddle we use no bridle or bit. We use a kind of a halter called a hackamore. Our point is to get the horse to run away. The sooner he does so the better, as he will have less of a chance to learn to buck. If we should put a bit in his mouth at first, the chances would be that he would rear up and fall back, and at once form the habit. As soon as we have a horse broken to saddle, we begin to train him to drive. Training and breaking are two different things. It sometimes takes a long time to train a horse to drive so that he will be safe to do roping with. It is not a pleasant thing to rope a steer, and while he is at one end of the rope, and the other end is fast to the saddle, to have the pony turn and run away, or perhaps take a couple of quick turns, tangle the rider in the rope, and cut him in two. We have seen many a poor fellow hurt and killed in that way. Consequently we train our horses to work according to our motion and mind. If they are trained well they will know what to do as quick as thought, just by the motion of the rider's body in the saddle and by his signs. A man beside the rider can see the signs as quick as the horse, yet we have to use the large bits that are so severely criticised by Eastern horsemen. But as severe as their bits look, we never hurt our horses' mouths with them unless our lives are in danger. When crossing a dangerous country, and there are several thousand head of cattle in the bunch we are trailing, we have to be mighty quick. There may be sloughs, gulches, and cañons in the neighborhood, and on a dark rainy night, with the winding howling a gale, away go our cattle in a raging stampede. Our horses know as well as we do that if we are not successful in turning the herd and get them milling, it will take days and perhaps weeks of hard work to round them up again, and then not without the loss of many head; for the wildest and strongest keep on going, and the weakest drop off and form into bunches, which scatter all over the country. The horse and his rider know all this, and go rushing rapidly about in the darkness in their efforts to get the better of the stampede. We may be going down hill, no shoes on the horse, the grass short and wet. We may not notice a gulch, or washaway, or something dangerous until we get within ten or fifteen feet of it. It will be impossible for the horse to stop quick enough to save himself and rider. Then is when our severe bits come into play. When we jerk on our lines our horse is bound to drop as if he were shot. So you see we have great use for our severe bits. We know how to use them, and but few of our horses can be found that show the marks of these bits.

"Many men say that they can't see why we use such heavy saddles. Our saddles are not made for pleasure. We have to do very heavy work with them, and many times our lives depend on them. When we are roping cattle the saddles must be very strong and made of very good material. We fix them on our horses so they will not be torn off while doing such hard work. We use two girths, and we keep the middle from pitching forward when there is a steer or anything else on the end of the rope. The other one secures the saddle in the usual way. We never have our saddles way up on the withers of the horse, and we take particular care how we put them on. We always have the best of saddle blankets, and our large saddles cover a large portion of the horse's back. We have a heavy load to carry most all the time besides our own weight, but the burden is so distributed that it is easier on the horse than if we used one of the small short-horn saddles."

SHED SHOOK'S FISHING PARTY.

Clint Wheeler, Bob McCord, Charles E. Coon, and Others in Fresh Water.

ALEXANDRIA BAY, Aug. 26.—A great fishing party has recently returned from a breezy trip in Canadian waters. It sailed from here in the steam yacht Minnie, commanded by old Bill Westcott. The champion fisherman was ex-Police Commissioner DeWitt Clinton Wheeler, better known as Clint Wheeler, and as expert in catching fish on dry land as in water. Sheridan Shook, sometimes called the "Sage of Barrytown," headed the squad. He supplied the prime requisites—ice and bait—for the company. Besides Shook there was handsome Bob McCord, whose daily clean shave, curled moustache, and natty dress were the admiration of all the fair Canadians. The giant of the party was ex-Assistant Secretary of the Treasury Chas. E. Coon. He is a baby in bass fishing, but he developed an unlimited capacity for fish dinners and bait.

Each man had an attendant oarsman, whose duty it was to find the best fishing places, bait the hooks, unhook the bass, and draw corks. There were eleven persons in the party. The stores would have stocked several country groceries. The first stop was at Stave Island. Each man put out in his boat eager to catch the first bass. A drink was taken after the hooking of each fish. As the fish were biting furiously the supplies were rapidly depleted. It took three gallons of whiskey to wash down a pound of fish.

At various points on the river camps were made, and steaks, chops, and fish were cooked and served in the open air. No one but a fisherman knows the deliciousness of black bass broiled half an hour after being taken from the water. You must inhale the fragrant air and assist in cooking them to fully appreciate them.

The nights were spent in lovely games of poker and "Boston," in which Clint Wheeler had Cleveland's luck. His luck fell off, however, when the Bald Eagle of Westchester joined the group at one of the Thousand Islands. Gen. Husted brought the latest news from the busy world. With dilating eyes, Shook, McCord, and Wheeler listened to the story of the indictment of Squire and Flynn and the revelations made before Mayor Grace. A council of war was held and the case thoroughly reviewed by the men who have for years been behind the scenes in politics. After the council was ended fire water was produced and the Bald Eagle plumed his feathers. The fire water developed his skill as a raconteur, and he beguiled the time until the first blush of morn with political reminiscences and stories. The next morning he caught his first bass and made as great a time over it as he did later on when he caught "three of a kind," much to Clint Wheeler's mortification. Shed Shook ventured the remark that Husted must have got the "wrong hand."

When the party was staying at a little hotel on a small island in Canada, an event of great psychological interest occurred. One morning Clint Wheeler astonished everybody by declaring that his night's rest had been disturbed by a huge black cat with flaming eyes. He asserted that the cat had entered his room through the window, and that he had driven it out by shying pillows at it. Inquiry developed the fact that there was only one cat on the island—a snow-white kitten of great beauty and meekness. In the discussion that followed it was agreed that this was the first case on record where phantasms engendered by an over-excited brain had taken the form of cats. It was therefore voted to forward a recital of the facts to the New York Medical Society, which was done by Mr. Coon.

The party averaged about seventy-five black bass daily. Everybody regretted that there was no express office in the village to send fish to friends at home. The "Sage of Barrytown," however, sent by special messenger a wagon load of them to his acquaintances at the Morton House, on Union square.

The party had a narrow escape from a Canadian cruiser in Gananoque, where they put in many times we have to cross hostile regions, where there are horse thieves, Indians, and other marauders. We must be very determined in all our fights. We never give nor ask quarter. We fight until we are all killed or the enemy are killed or forced to retreat. We never desert our stock, even in the face of death. We keep well practiced in handling our guns. We can do better shooting at long or short range with our heavy pistols than many soldiers can do with rifles. We have them in open holsters, all ready for use. There are times when we have to cripple cattle to save our horses in a stampede, and we must be constantly ready to our hand. If there are reports of hostile Indians on the trail, we double up and extra arm ourselves—generally two revolvers and a Winchester carbine, 44-calibre, to each man.

"Take our cowboy boots. Many persons ask me why the cowboys wear such high heels on their boots. Some say to make their feet look small. We have our boots made to order, and made well. They cost from $18 to $40 a pair. Sometimes we have the tops stiff so they will not wrinkle, because we have our trousers legs in the boots, and if the tops were limp they would work out. The heels on our boots are often four or five inches long sloping greatly toward the sole of the foot. This is to keep our feet from slipping through the stirrup in times of danger. They are also kept in a comfortable position when riding. Our boots are made to ride in, not to walk.

"The great, heavy, strong spurs that we use have been called useless and cruel, and yet, singular as it may seem, the light spurs used in the East are much more cruel. They cut the horse. Our big spurs, our spurs serve a great purpose. Upon them our life depends very often. Many times our horses will not get up and out of the way of a wild steer dashing down upon us during a stampede unless he is severely spurred. If we had small rowels we could not reach the skin through the long hair and natural scurf nature has provided our horses with to protect them from the severe winters of the plains. Then we want our spurs strong so they will not break down in times of danger, and we don't want them to wear out before we reach our destination. It is far better for a horse to be prodded with the spur than to lose a foot or more of horns run into him, resulting in the throwing of his rider to be trampled to death, and the loss of several hundred of cattle.

"We ride the same horses for many years and put them to the hardest work in the world. It is no uncommon thing for our horses to live

CAPE COD GOING TO CANADA.

THE SEA CARRYING SLICES OF YANKEE LAND TO GEORGE'S BANKS.

A Lighthouse on Wheels Chasing a Recreant Harbor—The Sea Wins After a Four-Mile Race—Uncovering the Wreck of the British Frigate Somerset—Footprints of a Race.

CHATHAM, Mass., Aug. 28.—"God didn't create Provincetown," was the apparently profane remark of an aged Cape Codder to a group of his neighbors as they lounged on the Wellfleet platform, according to daily custom, waiting the arrival of the afternoon train from "the city." It evidently wasn't a new theme that the old man expounded to his group of attentive listeners.

"Do you know," said he, hitching up his trousers and squaring himself for a discussion on his pet topic, "this world is more'n six thousand years old, 'n I can prove it."

He waited until the ignorance of his auditors concerning so vital a point had been demonstrated by silence, and then proceeded to enlighten them.

"You see, God made Truro and Wellfleet when he made the rest of the earth, but there wan't no Provincetown then. It all washed there afterward from the upper towns, every bit of it. How do I know it? Why, in the hull town you can't find a stone as big as your fist. In Truro, now, there are rocks, big ones, too, but Provincetown is nothin' but sand. So you see it must have been washed there by the water."

The aged philosopher waved his fore finger in the air, by way of intimating that he had arrived at the point of his argument, lowered his voice almost to a whisper, and with the air of one imparting a profound secret, made the startling announcement:

"My friends, all that sand couldn't have been washed there in no six thousand years."

We may accept the old man's deductions in regard to the earth's age, or not, as we choose, but that he was correct in his view of Provincetown's post-Adamite origin there can be no reasonable doubt. The original Cape Cod must have terminated with the highlands of the peninsula, about where the Highland Light now stands, some five and a half miles back of the present tip end of the Cape. The ocean is responsible for a great deal of change in the coast lines of the continent, but on no spot in the perpetual warfare between water and shore is the onslaughts of the waves more successful, or their encroachments more rapid than on the peninsula of Cape Cod. The long arm, bent at the elbow and wrist, extending into the sea from the southern line of Massachusetts, as if it would sweep all the treasures of the deep into her lap, is so prominent a feature in the outline of the old Bay State that a New Englander would not recognize his home were the peninsula omitted from the map. Yet, from the nature of the soil and the ocean currents, it is being gradually swept away, and in all probability at a time not remote, geologically speaking, Cape Cod will be a thing of the past.

A notable and recent illustration of the great changes in the coast was the shifting of the sands near Provincetown Harbor, by which was revealed the wreck of the old English war ship Somerset, which so annoyed our forefathers in the Revolution, until she was finally stranded on a bar off the cape in 1778. In the course of years the sands piled higher and higher about the unwieldy old war vessel, until it was entirely buried from sight and forgotten. For nearly a century it thus lay; the bar upon which it was wrecked finally became a part of the main land, and the location of the Somerset's grave was lost. Last May, in another struggle of winds and waves, the sands were lifted and swept away, and wonder lovers of the old frigate projected above the beach. Man then went to the aid of the ocean, and by the combined action of shovels and waves the ancient wreck again appeared to view, like a ghost of the past, to gaze about for a moment upon time present, and then slowly sink again from sight. Fellow-townsmen, who live weeks that the wreck was visible, relic hunters made good use of the time, and from far and near, with axes and knives, chopped and hacked and carried away until there is hardly a State in the Union which has not a chip or a board—an ignoble end for one of England's most famous men of war. The following letter, by which the vessel was obtained from England, at the time of the discovery, by a resident of Provincetown:

ADMIRALTY, S. W., 28th May, 1886.

SIR: In reply to your letter of th 12th instant asking for information respecting the British man-of-war Somerset, which was wrecked off Cape Cod, I am commanded by my Lord's Commissioners of the Admiralty to inform you as follows, viz.:

The Somerset, 64 guns, 1654 tons, was laid down to build in H. M. Dockyard at Chatham on 5th May, 1746, launched on 16th July, 1748, and fitted as a guard ship. She appears to have been employed as a guard ship and on home service until 1774, except during time she was under repairs at Chatham, apparently between 1768 and 1770.

She left England in October, 1774, for the North American station. She returned to England in 1776, and appears to have been fitted again as a guard ship. She left England in March, 1777, and was lost on Cape Cod on the night of 31 November, 1778. I am, sir, your obedient servant,

EVAN MACGREGOR.

In a similar manner the wreck of an old ship was revealed at Orleans, further up the Cape, about ten years ago. This, from its position, size, and general appearance, is supposed to have been all that was left of a vessel sent with supplies to the little struggling colony in 1620.

The cause of such sudden and remarkable changes in the coast of Cape Cod may be found partly in the sandy nature of the soil and partly in the fierce ocean currents or undertow. The heavy ocean swell, striking the back of the peninsula in its greatest force, or direction, about eleven miles north of Chatham lights, forms two great currents, diverging from that point. Many tales have been told of this undertow, and many lives have been lost through ignorance of its nature. Its effect upon the Cape has been wonderful. It is estimated that at least five feet of main land are washed away each year along the whole length of the peninsula. A part is carried along the coast to Provincetown, but by far the greater amount is deposited on George's Banks. In fact, the whole peninsula seems bound for George's Banks, and have such been the case from the time when the northern part of the banks lies a hill of sand fifty miles long and over five hundred feet high, all apparantly