AFTER JEFFERSON'S PLAN.

THE UNIVERSITY OF VIRGINIA'S ROTUNDA TO BE RESTORED.

Original Drawings and Specifications Sent to New York that the Architect in Charge of the Restoration Might Reconstruct the Beautiful Central Building.

It is a tradition of Charlottesville, Va., that Thomas Jefferson, sitting on an elevation at Monticello, four miles away, watched through a field glass the workmen who seventy-five years ago were slowly piling up the buildings of the institution of learning which he projected, and that if he saw a brick or a shingle put in contrary to directions he mounted his horse and rode over to order it removed and properly placed. His care and precision in the supervision of the work were not more studious than have been those of the faculty and the architects who have been engaged this spring upon the task of repairing with scrupulous regard for his wishes and memory the calamity of last fall, in which so much of Jefferson's accomplishment was undone. The University of Virginia, the first to be established in the United States and the child of the father of the Declaration of Independence, is to be rebuilt, after the fire which destroyed so much of its property, and is to come out of its trouble better off than ever, while still retaining in its structural aspect the characteristics of its founder's designs.

The chief building of the original group erected by Jefferson, the rotunda, which was wrecked by the fire of Oct. 27, 1895, is to be rebuilt as he built it. Certain marring additions that were added subsequent to his time will be done away with, and several new buildings, made requisite by the growing needs of the university, are to be put up also. The work on the whole is now going forward at Charlottesville under direction from New York city. The unique feature of the restoration enterprise is that the work of reconstruction is being carried on with plans made from the original pen and ink sketches of Jefferson, which have been preserved by the university and escaped the fire. These drawings, carefully made by Jefferson and his niece, on old-fashioned block paper, were sent on to the office of McKim, Mead & White here, where they now are, and the architects followed them in making the plans for the work of restoration. Theodore Skinner, representing the firm, has gone to Charlottesville to supervise the work, and he makes frequent trips between the campus and New York. The erection of the additional buildings will follow hard upon the restoration of the rotunda.

The rotunda will be ready for the opening of the college year in the fall, some of the other halls will be finished soon afterward, and all will be done before the next commencement. The new work is designed in the style adopted by Jefferson, and the additions to his group of buildings will be in harmony with his governing ides, although there will be one marked departure from his design.

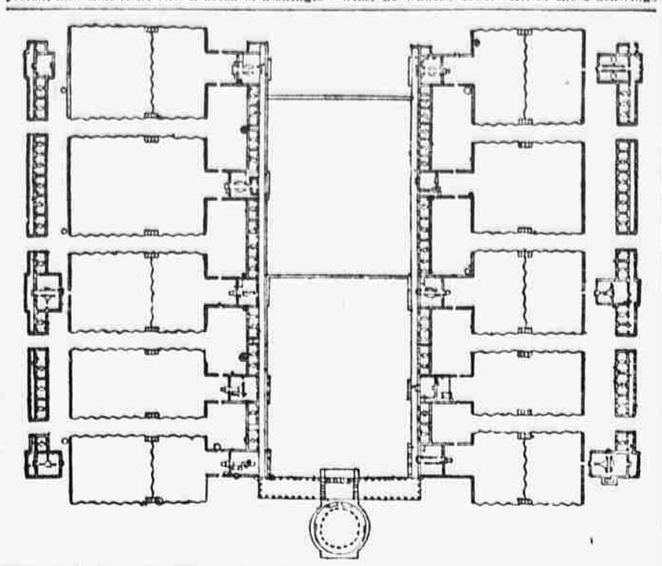
As plotted by Jefferson, the rotunda, which is modelled after the Pantheon, faced a long terraced lawn, at either side of which a row of buildings extended for about 700 feet. These two rows faced each other and the lawn. They were in part one-story high, this part used originally for lecture rooms, and at intervals the walls were raised to ordinary house height, these parts being made into dwelling houses for the professors. All the buildings were, like the rotunda, of classic design, along the lines of the unique development of Roman architecture, which is known as colonial; and down the front of the east and west lawns—as the buildings on the sides of the parallelogram are called—ran a colonnade, which was connected with the portico of the rotunda. A glance at the illustrations which are printed herewith will show both the general design of the "academic village" and the appearance of the graceful buildings which the great Democrat, who was prouder of his work on this institution and his authorship of the Declaration of Independence than he was of having been President, planned and carried to completion.

The buildings shown in the accompanying ground plan, which lie back of the lawns, are known as ranges. They were for dormitory use, and completed the "Jeffersonian group" of buildings.

The rotunda, as a matter of course, was placed upon a hill. It faces southward, and a person standing at the portico looks down the terraced lawn, beyond which the incline continues yet further, and off to open fields and woods behind them. On the other hand, one approaching the university looks up the green aisle of the lawn, the eye being carried along by the white colonnade that terminates at the portico of the exquisite rotunda, which from the crest dominates the whole.

The plans for all of these buildings were drawn by Jefferson himself and by his niece. He also prepared the specifications and made the estimates as to the building material, even the number of bricks. When he could not personally oversee the work of building he sent written instructions from Washington as to what he wanted done. All of these drawings and specifications, estimates and instructions, were saved by the university, and it is by means of them that the ravages of last fall's fire are to be repaired. The papers, valued by the university at thousands of dollars, were sent to Messrs. McKim, Mead & White, at whose offices they are now. From them the plans for the work of restoration were made, and after the general ideas expressed in them the plans for the several new buildings which are to be put up on the campus were prepared.

THE SUN has been permitted to reproduce from Jefferson's original drawings his plans for the rotunda. They are on old-fashioned block paper, carefully done, and the sheets, when put in use, are kept under seal. The ground plan here shown is taken from a reproduction of Jefferson's drawing published by the university many years ago. The wavy lines in it, standing for the side and rear walls of the lawn buildings, show the famous "serpentine walls" of Jefferson's planning. These walls are only four inches in thickness. That is, their thickness is the width of a single brick. Jefferson had to economize in bricks and could not put up regulation walls for the lawn buildings—at least in front, so he determined to make side and rear walls just one brick thick, and he had to curve them so that they should stand up. They are all right, it is said, except when some one gives them a very hard bump. If he collides on the convex surface the wall is not injured, but the story runs that if, after an all-night celebration, a student makes hard for the concave side in the mistaken hope that it will uphold him, the wall collapses. When a breach occurs the wall is put up again in the ordinary way, so that not all of the original serpentine walls remain, but it is not likely that little by little the old curves will disappear altogether. From bay to bay of the curves is perhaps about a dozen feet.



JEFFERSON'S PLAN OF THE UNIVERSITY OF VIRGINIA, SHOWING ROTUNDA, LAWNS, AND RANGES AND THE SERPENTINE WALLS. (LOOKING SOUTH.)

The single-story part of the lawn buildings was added to some years ago in order to give more sleeping rooms. The lower story is given to lecture rooms, and the second one to dormitory purposes. Otherwise the aspect of the buildings about the quadrangular space prior to the fire remained practically as it was left by Jefferson, although a swinging balcony was added to each one, to the great glory of the professors' houses. The beautiful rotunda, however, as has been the fate of perhaps most fine old buildings, did not wholly escape the hands of the "improver" during its three centuries of existence. What have been irreverently called pilboxes were put upon it at one time and because of the need of more room an extension was built at the rear. That was called the annex, and it was in there that the fire started, making its way to the rotunda in spite of all efforts to head it off. The flames ruined the annex and the roof of the rotunda, but the main walls were left standing. The elements having opened the way for the restoration of Jefferson's work to the condition in which he designed it to be, the Board of Visitors of the university resolved to follow therein, and the unsightly annex has been torn down and its site made into an esplanade.

The exterior of the rotunda will be after the restoration precisely as Jefferson designed it. The plans for the interior have been modified somewhat, but with the purpose only of making the inside of the building as its designer would have had it had he not been cramped for room. Having taken the Pantheon for his model, he would not have made what in his model was a single great room into a two-story affair had it not been necessary for him to utilize the space for lecture halls. This being evident, the architects, in making the plans for the new interior, have carried down the great columns a story further than he did, and throwa the whole interior under the dome into a great room for the library, making a circular gallery at the height of the great pillars that support the inner shell of the dome, and having heavy book racks in tiers, both below and above it, and between the columns and the walls.

In Jefferson's plans the dome of the rotunda was in section the upper half of a circle, tangent at its horizontal diameter to the upper ends of the walls, forming the main part of the building; that is, the great cylindrical drum that constitutes the body of the building. As restored the outer shell of the dome will still be such, but the inner shell, as may be seen in the illustration, will be the upper half of a stilted circle, the two shells touching at the zenith, but the interior one resting at the horizontal diameter upon the columns that form the peristyle, whose entablature supports the gallery before mentioned.

Jefferson, the first rector of the university, in a report to the President and directors of the Literary Fund on Nov. 29, 1821, said, speaking of the scale of the buildings:

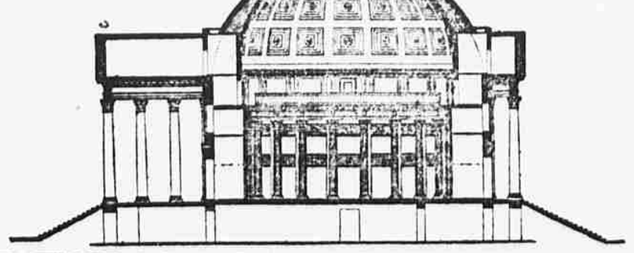
"It had no guide but our own judgments, which we have exercised conscientiously in adopting a scale and style of building, believed to be proportioned to the respectability, the means, and the wants of our country, and such as will be approved in any future condition it may attain. We owed it to do, not what was to perish with ourselves, but what would remain and be respected and preserved through other ages."

In the same spirit the work of restoring his building and preparing for the continuance of its influences has been approached and is being carried out. More room for the library is to be obtained by adding at the rear of the rotunda, which he left, in an unfinished state, two wings similar to those at the front, to be connected with them by a colonnade in keeping with that uniting the lawn buildings on either side with each other and with the rotunda. The new buildings are to be placed at the further end of the lawn, which is to be extended by means of another terrace for 200 feet, or to a total length of about 900 feet. The new terrace will be of the same width as the rest of the lawn, 300 feet. The new buildings, three in number, are to face three sides of the new terrace, as shown in the accompanying perspective view, making of the entire lawn an enclosed quadrangle of oblong shape. Because of the various terraces, however, this court will not have the shut-in appearance that would spoil the whole effect of the view either from the rotunda portico or from the approach to the university grounds were the parallelogram of buildings all at a level.

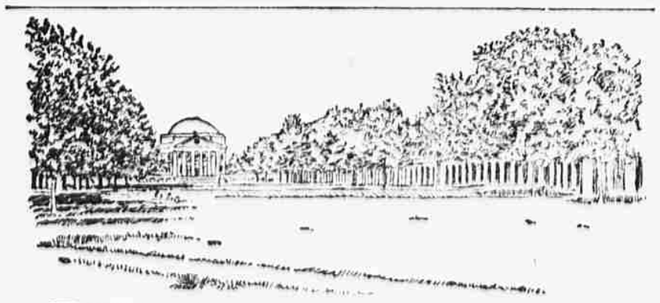
The level of the new terrace will be twenty feet below the lowest step of the rotunda portico. The grade of the several terraces is such that from the foot of the rotunda steps an observer will see the whole of the portico of the new building at the foot of the lawn, to be called the Academical building, but the building will appear to him to be only one story in height and will not, therefore, wholly cut off his view down the long slope of the countryside, which for so many years has delighted residents and visitors at the university. Although appearing to be only a single story high on the lawn front, the Academic building will really have two stories, the falling away of the land behind it permitting the construction of a second story where ordinarily a basement would be.

At either side of the Academical building will be the physical laboratory, the gift of Charles Broadway Rouss of this city, and the mechanical laboratory, these filling in the spaces between the Academical building and the last of the lawn buildings of the Jeffersonian group, and being connected with them and with the Academical building by a sort of continuation of the colonnade that is so prominent a characteristic of that group. In the valley behind the Academical building is to be built a power house, from which heat and light will be supplied to the new buildings and also to the rotunda, the connection being made through tunnels. Along in the hollow behind the Academical building the boiler house will not be in sight from the rotunda or the lawn.

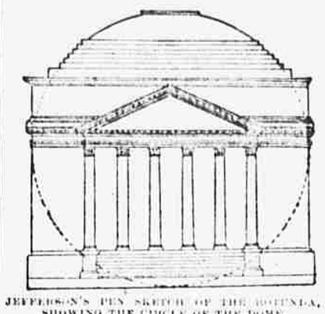
THE NEW BUILDINGS AT THE FOOT OF THE LAWN, THE CENTRAL ONE FACING THE ROTUNDA AND THE THREE COMPLETING THE PARALLELOGRAM ABOUT THE LAWN.



THE ROTUNDA RESTORED, IN CROSS-SECTION, SHOWING THE INTERIOR MADE INTO A SINGLE HALL AND THE VARIATION FROM JEFFERSON'S DOMINANT CIRCLE.



THE ROTUNDA AND (BEHIND THE TREES) THE EAST LAWN. (LOOKING NORTH.)



JEFFERSON'S PEN SKETCH OF THE ROTUNDA, SHOWING THE CIRCLE OF THE DOME.

The cost of the restoration and the new work is estimated at $250,000. The spirit of the architects is shown in this extract from their report to the Building Committee:

"We advise in the library the rotunda as well as in the new buildings, that cement be used in place of cut stones where possible, and that copper be used where it is impossible to use cement, and in place of wood. We consider that even if the university had at its disposal a larger amount of money, it would be more advisable to build in cement than in limestone, as in this manner the character of the old buildings can be retained throughout and the proper contrast with the brick work maintained."

Cement was used by Jefferson to get the effect of stone marbles. All the bricks used in the rotunda were brought from Europe, it is said, although those for other buildings were made near the spot. The bricks needed for the new buildings are to be made in the neighborhood. It is said that Jefferson used to bake his slaves assist in the work of putting up the old buildings. The new work is to be dropped, after the Guastavino process, a system of flat-tiling, that is said is almost the same as one followed by the Romans.

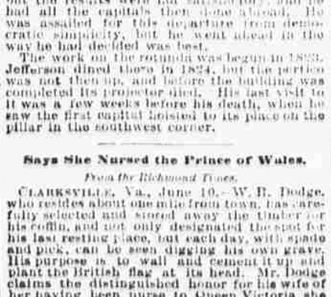
The care and fidelity with which the faculty went about the task of restoring Jefferson's work is seen in the recommendation of the Board of Visitors, which says:

"The faculty is deeply impressed with the propriety of following in these new buildings the lines of Jefferson's designs, and adapting them so as to create an harmonious combination with the original Jeffersonian group. As we examine the additions made in this spirit of Jefferson's successors we are almost tempted to say that no change had let one of them has added in the least degree to the harmony and beauty and magnificence of the original composition. We recommend, therefore, that the visitors adopt as their professional adviser a man not local nature only, but of broad and national consideration."

Preliminary survey work was done by a Kentucky architect, but the whole job was later turned over to the New York firm. The various alumni associations of the university of Virginia are working for the collection of money for the restoration and additions to the university. The New York association has promised $10,000.

An interesting point in connection with Jefferson's work is that he modeled the rotunda on the fact that he had never seen the Pantheon. The rotunda is about 70 feet big's to the bottom of the dome, which rises 70 feet higher. The diameter of the body of the building is also about 70 feet, or one half that of the Pantheon. The lack of models at Jefferson's disposal led him to use brick and mortar in place of granite for the columns, and wood in place of marble for the pillars inside. Plaster and whitewash represented the marble facing of the interior, and tin took the place of the bronze covering the dome. Jefferson, however, made his rotunda imposing by having the approach of fourteen steps instead of five, and the height of the drum of his rotunda repeating the diameter is greater proportionately than that of the original. The rich Corinthian capitals of the rotunda are made of Italian marble, carved by Italian artists. Jefferson wanted everything to be American that could be, and he got some Italian artists over here to cut the capitals from American marble, but the results were not satisfactory, and he had all the capitals then done abroad. He was assailed for this departure from democratic simplicity, but he went ahead in the way he had decided was best.

The work on the rotunda was begun in 1823. Jefferson dined there in 1824, but the portico was not then up, and before the building was completed its projector died. His last visit to it was a few weeks before his death, when he saw the first capital hoisted to its place on the pillar in the southwest corner.



JEFFERSON'S DRAWING SHOWING HOW HE HAD TO DIVIDE THE ROTUNDA INTERIOR.

Says She Nursed the Prince of Wales.

From the Richmond Times.

CLARKSVILLE, Va., June 10.—W. B. Dodge, who resides about one mile from town, has carefully selected and stored away the timber for his coffin, and not only designated the spot for his last resting place, but each day, with spade and pick, can be seen digging his own grave. His purpose is to wall and cement it up and plant the British flag at its head. Mr. Dodge claims the distinguished honor for his wife of her having been nurse to Queen Victoria, she having suckled his Royal Highness, the Prince of Wales.

LIVES M'NALLY HAS SAVED.

THE GOVERNMENT TO GIVE A MEDAL TO A BOSTON HERO.

He Made His First Rescue When Seven Years Old, and Has Now a Record of About Sixty Persons Saved from Drowning—A Swimming Match in Which He Vanquished an Englishman.

BOSTON, June 13.—Peter S. McNally, a newspaper reporter of this city, has just received assurances from Washington that a national medal for life saving will be given him by the Government. Peter is 31 years old, a brother of John McNally, dramatic critic and playwright, and saved his first life back in 1872, when he was only 7 years old. He is a resolute swimmer and as brave as the Wawenocks of Maine, the Indians who were said to fear nothing save the wrath of the Great Spirit. His career as a professional swimmer several years ago was a brilliant one, especially in long-distance trials. He holds about all the honors that the Massachusetts Humane Society can bestow.

His most sensational rescue won for him a second service bar, which is attached to the silver medal won in 1884. McNally was on his way to the North Shore beach on the afternoon of June 29, 1890. He was standing on the platform of one of the cars and saw the fall of a boy who was knocked overboard from Wood Island bridge by the train. The train's speed was about thirty miles an hour. McNally jumped and struck the water a considerable distance from where the boy, whose name was Robert Rogerson, fell, but he reached him in time to prevent a drowning. Rogerson was so badly injured by the train that he died shortly after being taken from the water.

PETER S. M'NALLY.

The massive gold medal held by McNally was bestowed for the rescue of two men, James W. Dempsey and Thomas Kelly, May 23, 1891. Dempsey and Kelly were out rowing near the Warren bridge. Kelly lost an oar, and in trying to retrieve it fell out of the boat. Dempsey jumped in to save him, when both men lost their heads and grappled. There were hundreds on the bridge at the time. Seeing the commotion among the people McNally, who was on his way home to Charlestown, rushed to the rail and jumped in. He had a desperate struggle with the men, but managed to get hold of them in such a way as to prevent their clutching him, and kept them up until the arrival of a boat.

His first rescue, when he was 7 years old, was of a boy named John O'Neill, who fell from Gates wharf, in Charlestown, and would have drowned had not Peter, who was playing with him, jumped in and pulled him to a raft moored close by. He saved a boy named Goodrich, when he was 8 years old, and when he was 9 he himself picked up about twenty-five persons by diving to the bottom near the Chelsea bridge and bringing up the body of a Boston man named Walsh who had been drowned while bathing. In this same year he saved the life of his brother John, and also rescued a companion named Thomas Wall.

Two more lives were saved by McNally in 1880. He pulled from certain death Dennis Casey, a bridgeboreman, and jumped from the Charles River bridge to save a fellow "Cruise," who was about to sink for the last time. In 1881 he came near losing his own life in an attempt to save a party of four whose boat had been upset by the swash of a ferry steamer. The accident to the boat happened just off the navy yard, but Peter was about fifty yards away, in another boat. Jumping in he swam the distance, righted the capsized dory, and helped the four into it. He was so badly exhausted that the four whom he helped ashore had to almost wait on him assistance. At Oak Island, Revere Beach, in 1884, he rescued a Walden woman named Lena Campbell, and worked on her for about an hour before she showed signs of life. There were no physicians at hand, and the only help he got was from some of the pleasure seekers, whom he directed in the work of reviving the woman. He saved two boys at Nantasket the same summer, and late in November of that year went into the water near Rutherford avenue, Charlestown, for five-year-old Willie Sylvester, who had struck and Mr. Nally had to dive for him. He saved seven lives in 1885.

McNally's hardest bout with drowning persons was in December, 1881, when he jumped from the Warren bridge to save Hattie Hutchinson, an inmate of the city hospital, who had attempted suicide. He struck a log in the leap and smashed in his nose. The blow stunned him for a moment, but the woman's clothing buoyed her up and when his mind became clear he sighted her floating out toward the bridge. It was night. The woman was of powerful frame, and she fought like a wild cat when Peter had hold of her. She bit his right thumb to the bone, and he was obliged to use his fist to subdue her. He swam with her to the nearest wall and brought assistance to that quarter by shouting as he swam. He was badly cramped when helped from the water, and was not himself again for two or three days.

There is no record of all the lives he has saved, but he thinks he has pulled at least sixty persons from jeopardy. He is one of the best swimmers in the country. The longest load he ever swam with was a 230-pound woman who floated away out of her depth at Crescent Beach. He once managed in a novel match with an English swimmer who one day at Crescent Beach announced that the Americans were no good at the game. Some of McNally's friends who had heard the boast said they had a man they would back against him for $50 or as much more as he would like to strip for. A Boston saloon keeper, who was known some time back for his liking for everything English, furnished the money for the man from the other side and a match was made for $100. The conditions were that the men should swim straight out to sea, no boats to follow, and the first to turn back to be the loser. There was a tremendous crowd at the beach, and those who knew McNally's make-up placed their money on him. McNally set the pace, and a lively one it was. The men were very close together, and nothing was said until about three miles out, when the Englishman, who was falling behind, said:

"Yo-ooay, Yo-ho."

"Well, what is it?"

"Where th' bloody 'ell yer goin' ?"

"Liverpool."

"Well, blime me, but yer can keep on, olm goin' back."

Peter loafed on the return, and the English swimmer had only this to say:

"Yo was up against a bloomin' porpoise; 'e'd stay in the water a week."

HITS THE POLICEMEN SOMETIMES.

One Effect of the Habit of Sticking Your Elbows Out of Cable Car Windows.

Broadway Policemen complain of the habit which many cable car passengers have of sticking their elbows out of the windows. The policemen have to stand sometimes in the middle of the street between the car tracks. There is room enough for even a big man to stand untouched when two cars are passing each other, but there is no more than room enough. Consequently when a passenger sticks his elbow out of a cable car window, a policeman often gets it in the neck, literally.

Even in a less vulnerable place, the blow is apt to be violent enough to bruise badly. When the cable car, out of which the elbow projects, is moving rapidly, the blow is sometimes sufficient to knock the policeman within range down. In the course of time a policeman will probably be knocked in such a way that he will fall under the car on the other track and be badly injured, if not killed. At any rate, the policemen endangered by the protruding elbows are in fear of such a result.

"We are put here to save people from cable cars," said one of them, "and the cable car passengers are doing all that they can to kill us. Even if we are not killed or badly hurt, I for one don't like to be prodded by the sharp bone of some living skeleton. I have got so many bruises already that my back and arms look as if they were tattooed."

All men should read Thomas Slater's offer on page 4, main sheet—adv.

MONEY SCARCE AT CRIPPLE CREEK

Gamblers and Variety Show Managers Lamenting the Flush Days of the Past.

CRIPPLE CREEK, Col., June 11.—One of the earliest arrivals in Cripple Creek after the discovery of gold was announced was Joe Wolfe, who opened the first hotel in a big tent. Later he built a frame hotel with muslin partitions separating the guest chambers. The bar, gambling tables, and dining room were conveniently arranged on the first floor. In one corner of the room he rigged up a small sink with a water barrel adjoining, and there the guests might wash the dust from their faces in tin basins if they chose, though it was not deemed necessary to present a clean face when entering the dining room. This structure burned down, and another and better equipped hostelry was quickly erected. This was the Palace Hotel, which was the business centre of the camp during the boom of last year. In Joe Wolfe's "Bull Pen," as the railed-in enclosure about the great mantel and grate in the office was designated, many a mining deal was consummated. Wolfe made piles of money in the hotel business, but when the recent disastrous fires swept the entire business district of the town out of existence, and the Palace Hotel was consumed to ashes, he was left penniless. Not only the fires but also a series of disastrous speculations had depleted his pocketbook, and to add to his collapse the municipal authorities ordered him to tear down the frame supports which he with great pluck was rearing upon the site of his hotel on the morning succeeding the last fire. Fire limits had been established, and Wolfe was not permitted to put up another frame hotel with muslin partitions. As he could not secure sufficient credit to build a brick structure, his project to continue in the hotel business was at an end.

There was one resource left. He might run a gambling house. The gambling tables in his hotel had always been liberally patronized, for he always ran a "square game," and there was, therefore, no reason why he should not try his luck at that business. He accordingly secured a big circus tent and set it up on the site of his burned hotel. The furnishings of this gambling place, which Joe calls the Palace Club, are gorgeous in the extreme. Rugs of gaudy patterns, upholstered divans, easy chairs, and brightly hued draperies give a decidedly Oriental effect, while electric lights spread a noonday light over the whole. The gaming tables occupy about one-half of the interior space, and they are similar to those found in Nolan's sheet-iron structure farther up town and in the several other gaming houses of the camp. With this equipment Wolfe expects to retrieve in a measure his shattered fortune, but the games are extremely light in the camp just now. There is little money coming into the camp, and pay days have not been very regular nor large for several months. The reopening of a number of the big mines, however, and the extra amount of wages paid to mechanics engaged in the work of rebuilding the town make the outlook somewhat encouraging.

Cripple Creek never has been a very good town for the gamblers. Few stories of big plays have come to light here. Last fall a Philadelphian dropped seven or eight thousand dollars one night, but he paid his losses in bank checks which he subsequently had stopped, so that that winning was not profitable to the gambling house where the big game was played. Sometimes when evenings are dull an occasional player will be seen who attempts to show the modern knights of chance that he is used to play in Leadville's palmy days, but these survivors of more plutocratic times are generally without large resources, and their efforts are soon ended by the exhaustion of their original stakes. Occasionally Jimmie Doyle, John Harrington, Jimmie Burns, the three lucky owners of the great Portland, will drop in and enliven things for a time, but though they spend a thousand dollars or so in an evening, no others drop into the game on a similar liberal basis, and the incident is soon forgotten. The games will go on in the aggregate and the entire sporting fraternity spend listlessly around lamenting the decadence of the sports of the modern mining camp.

Neither do the variety theatres of the camp succeed in drawing much money into the coffers of their managers. The theatres charge no fire used to charge an admission fee, but now the only request is that visitors patronize the bar before entering. The entertainment is given upon a stage set up in the rear of a great tent with a board floor, and is of a quality to suit the cheaper grade. The old timers contrast these slow times with the days of early Leadville when Kiralfe's "Black Crook" used to draw immense crowds for weeks and when silver dollars used to be thrown upon the stage to the footlights and the games were in the highest extravagant waste of money these days, and there is even a reluctance shown by many to patronize the bar before entering the Topic.

In former days the restaurateurs used to state newspapers in their bills of fare to appeal to the taste of the sporting element of the mining camps. The managers of the country had standing orders from Leadville for the choicest of viands. All sorts of delicacies, fruits, game, salt-water fish, and the best cuts of meat were to be had in the camps one is satisfied if one gets but an ordinary meal. Since the fires meals have been served in tents and hastily improvised sheds, and the guests have not found it convenient to seek a lavatory before sitting down to their meals. Water is scarce, plenty of it when opportunities to quench thirst in this camp, one must search for some time before finding a place to wash the dust from one's face and hands.

Visitors have complained of difficulty in finding a place to sleep. Every available room, even a frame residence, and family tent is crowded. Several enterprising men have purchased long tents, which they have fitted up with cots and blankets, and a reclining place is offered at reasonable prices. Even a hundred men are accommodated at night in the tents, and the foundation alone, blasted out of solid rock, cost over $25,000, and the tenant who has leased the basement for gambling purposes wonders if it will be possible for him to pay the high rental out of the proceeds of his business.

SHOT A BIG COUGAR.

She Had Just Picked Up a Colt and Carried Him Off Tiger Fashion.

From the Seattle Post Intelligencer.

An eight-foot female cougar until day before yesterday had been committing wholesale depredations near Wilkeson, but she was more unlucky when she killed four calves and a colt in a single week. The great strength of the marauder may be estimated when it is known that she bounded down into a pasture, picked up the colt by the back of its neck like a tiger does his prey across her back, and then sprang lightly over a high fence into the thicket.

When the bonnie became so bold, Pearl Ames, the 13-year-old son of J. O. Ames, ferryman at the Snoqualmie River, resolved to put a stop to her ravages. He gathered up a pack of nineteen trained deerhounds, put them on the track of the cougar and followed them with his rifle. There was great music when the dogs struck the trail, and the woods resounded with their cries, which they had once opened up. Away they went, like racers upon the course, their noses close to the ground and their agile bodies speeding along in the centre of the chase.

The pack swept out of sight, and in a few seconds they came back, and Ames knew they had sighted the cougar. Then there was terrific outcry of the hounds as they closed in with their fierce antagonist. Ames hurried forward, and as he caught sight of the cougar at bay, and savagely striking her claws at the dogs, the beast sprang into an adjoining tree. The hunter's rifle was levelled in an instant, and a second after he pulled trigger the gaunt, tawny body slid down the tree trunk, and back into the midst of the waiting pack. Watching his opportunity, Ames sent a bullet through the cougar's brain, and she fell dead.

An examination of the carcass showed that the first shot had entered far along the back, ranged up the spinal column, and had come out in the mouth. Some of the dogs fared badly, their ears having been sliced to shreds.

The cougar's mate is still in the woods, and an effort will be made to run him to earth.

Indian Secret Orders.

From the Chicago Record.

The recent report that the killing of T. B. Madden, a prominent merchant of Braggs, Indian Territory, was instigated by the Kee-too-wah, a Cherokee secret society, has led to an investigation of the secret tribunals. It has been asserted that in every large tribe in the United States there are such organizations, varying in name, but similar in purpose. The members are bound by the most solemn oaths not to reveal the secrets of the society, and, in addition, each is strongly outlawed to carry out the wishes of the majority, even to the extent of committing murder.

The Government agents and the troops stationed among the Indians find these "dog soldiers," as they are called, exceedingly troublesome, and every possible effort is being made to suppress them; still the secret lodges of the "dog soldiers" flourish and continue to receive accessions from the ranks of the young braves. No sooner does a young brave attain the age of 18 than he is straightway initiated with the most solemn and bloody rites into the hidden mysteries of the Kee-too-wah or other secret order. One of the rites practised on these occasions requires great courage on the part of the candidate, for while all the oaths are taken on bloody knives, this supreme test of heroism, according to the Indian standard, requires that the knife upon which the oath is taken be crimsoned with his own blood from a self-inflicted wound.

The novitiate stands in the centre of a group of six, who hold six bloody knives crossed above his head. The candidate is given a new knife that must be innocent of human blood, and while the weird chant is sung he cuts a long gash in his breast, or more than one if he aspires to special distinction, and allows the warm blood to gush over it. He then takes the oath and is formally accepted into the brotherhood. The purpose of these societies is similar to that of the Highbinders or the Mafia—to avenge the real or fancied wrongs of the members and to otherwise further the interests and execute the will of the majority.

MILITARY MUNITIONS FOR CUBA.

No Ground for Complaint on the Part of Spain so Far as We Are Concerned.

WASHINGTON, June 11.—The Spanish agent here who keeps a record of the arms-bearing ships that sail from American ports in the service of the insurgent Cubans has been very busy during the last two months. There is a long list of these vessels, which are spoken of at the Spanish Legation as filibusters or pirates.

"It is a strange thing," said a Spanish official, "to see a renewal of buccaneering at this time and to know how little has been done by the American Government for its suppression. It is true that neither Spain nor the United States assented to the Paris declaration for the abolition of privateering in time of war, but that has nothing to do with existing circumstances, for Spain does not admit that there is war in Cuba, and the Washington Government has not granted belligerent rights to the Cuban insurgents, and the ships which carry arms to the insurgents are not privateers, but are merely filibusters. Spain had expected that the decision of the Supreme Court in the Horsa case would put an end to these hostile expeditions directed against Spain in Cuba; but it has not, and several of them have been fitted out at American ports since May 25, when that decision was rendered."

The Spanish Minister at Washington has been much troubled about this matter, and has made representations regarding it both to the Secretary of State here and to the Madrid Government. He has to acknowledge that the American authorities have striven conscientiously to prevent the shipment of arms to Cuba, have prevented the departure of several military expeditions, and have enforced, as far as practicable, the statutes applicable to such cases; but for all that, the Cuban insurgents often have been able to boast of receiving supplies and munitions of war from the United States. It is estimated that more than 20,000 of the rifles in the hands of the enemies of Spain were slipped from this country.

Among the vessels on the Spanish black list here are the Bermuda, the Three Friends, the Lagrada, the Horsa, the Eureka, and the Competitor, besides eight or ten others with names kept out of sight, which have been reported as departing from Galveston, Mobile, Wilmington, New York, and other ports, some of them professing to be bound for Hayti, the British West Indies, or Central America, but believed by the Spanish agents to be laden with arms or ammunition for Cuba.

The only capture of any importance made by the Spanish cruisers has been that of the Competitor. The Spanish navy has been successful, however, in preventing several expeditions from reaching any point upon the Cuban coast or from landing their supplies; and in two or three cases, in which Spanish naval ships pursued the adventurous enemies of Spain, the arms and ammunition carried by the filibusters have had to be thrown overboard. The lookout kept by the Spanish naval Captains has been far more vigilant of late than it was during the earlier period of the war, and the instructions of the Admiral commanding in Cuban waters have been followed with results frequently favorable to Spain. There are honors and decorations for every naval Captain who may engage in a chase and there are prizes for with the utmost eagerness. By far the boldest deed performed at sea, however, have been those of the adventurers and patriots serving Cuba, and the records of the voyages of some of them are calculated to rival those of the sea rovers of olden times who haunted their flags in the Caribbean Sea.

The watch kept by the American Government for unlawful expeditions has extended along the whole Atlantic seacoast of the United States, in most cases it has been exceedingly difficult for an arms-bearing ship to get off to Cuba. Last year, when ships of that kind sought to depart from points in Florida or Georgia their way was so effectually barred that they had to give up their attempts. The Gulf coast also has been well guarded, as has been also the coast north of Savannah and along up to New York. The Bermuda was seized in the harbor of New York when about to set out upon her first voyage to Cuba, and there have been perhaps twenty other cases in which anti-Spanish ships were prevented from leaving our seaboard. It has not been possible in every instance for the Government to put a stop to the surreptitious departure of arms-bearing vessels, but no man can deny that, as far as its power extends, it has maintained its obligations toward Spain. Nearly all of the Spanish complaints have been unjustifiable. When the Horsa case was before the Supreme Court, it was contended that under the statute the vessel was not engaged in a military expedition or enterprise; but the court decided that she had on board the elements of a hostile expedition, and her Captain was sentenced to a term of imprisonment. The judgment was satisfactory to Spain, and the opinion is widespread that it will be the means of preventing the departure of any other expedition of a similar character. Of course, the Cuban sympathizers in the United States may find ways of filibustering across the line which the American Government cannot interfere, and it is more than likely that shipments will be continued, through unknown agencies, regardless of the wishes of the American naval authorities and the decision of the Supreme Court. This country will maintain both its treaty obligations and its statutes. It is for Spain to exercise more vigilance in Cuban waters.

DOGS WERE HIS TEXT.

A Chicago Clergyman Talks About the Fidelity of Man's Faithful Friend.

From the Chicago Daily Tribune.

The Rev. Jenkin Lloyd Jones preached his annual humane sermon at Oakland Music Hall (All Souls' Church) yesterday morning, taking for his subject "Dogs' Faithfulness." Among other things he instanced the following achievements of dogs made in history and in song:

"Perhaps the most developed skill and conscience in the canine world is found among sheep dogs. One of these belonging to a Cumberland farmer, on the sick and cruel bet of the master, took a flock of sheep from Cumberland to Liverpool, a distance of over 100 miles. The master won the wager, but lost the dog, who died soon after the feat was accomplished.

"Ristone, in his book on the dog, tells of a Fifeshire dog driving a flock of sheep seventeen miles, returning at intervals to bring along her whelps, which she had brought into the world on her way.

"What of that Pompelian dog who was found stretched over the body of its young master? He wore a collar upon which was inscribed the heroic story that he saved the life of his young master three times from the sea, once from robbers, and once from the wolves.

"Coming to the sublime fidelity of the Newfoundland dog and the St. Bernard, I have time for but two illustrations. The Newfoundland dog who in 1788 escaped to the shore from a shipwreck off Yarmouth with the Captain's pocketbook in his mouth. He kept it until he had picked a man whom he could trust, and to him he offered up his precious burden.

"The story of old Barry, the great St. Bernard whose stuffed body is the attraction of the Berne Museum, has gone around the world—he who had been the means of rescuing forty-two persons from death on Alpine heights and then fell a victim to his benevolence, being killed by a traveller who mistook his approach for a wolf.

"Turn through English poetry in search of dogs, and by what a delightful company you find yourself surrounded. Beginning with poor Tom's curs in 'Lear' we find Burns's 'Two Dogs,' Cowper's 'Dog Beau,' Wordsworth's 'Little Music,' and that other dog of Wordsworth who was found in the neighborhood of his master's skeleton, who had lost his life three months before. A sadder fate awaited the faithful dog of the geographer Mitchell, who lost his life in the Alleghanies, and the dead body of his faithful dog was found months afterward lying near the body of his master.

"Mary Howitt has given us the story of 'Kee perie.' Mrs. Browning her faithful little dog 'Flush.' Timothy Titcomb his 'Dandy,' and Mrs. Barbauld, Sir Walter Scott, Mrs. Sigourney, Thomas Campbell, Lewis Morris have all had their dogs. Matthew Arnold has given us 'Geist's Grave' and 'Kaiser Dead.' While Trowbridge has given us 'Roger, the Faithful Vagabond,' and Hans Breitman tells us that the one thing 'vonnot aint dog dat's not for sale, 'tis the vag of dat dog's tail.' Robert Browning had his dog 'Tray,' which suggests Stephen Foster's 'Old Dog Tray.'

"We cannot take leave of these dogs of literature without noticing the two greatest of them all. Argus, the faithful hound of Odysseus, who, neglected and dying on the dung heap, alone of all the waiting friends in Ithaca recognizes his master in his own personality, and then, after twenty years' waiting, died in the great king of the Hindu epic, the Mahabharata. The dog followed the Prince earlier all his human companions had fallen out by the way, clear up to the gates of heaven, and there when the great god bade refuse the dog admission the Prince refused to enter without him."

Bad News for Colic Victims.

From the Chicago Daily Tribune.

DECATUR, Mich., June 10. Reports from peppermint growers in all parts of southwestern Michigan say that grasshoppers are doing great injury to the crop. In some localities the insects have eaten the entire foliage of large fields, the older planted tracts suffering the most. Nearly one-third of the world's crop of peppermint oil is produced in this region, and it is claimed by the growers that notwithstanding the largely increased acreage devoted to peppermint culture this season the yield of oil will be considerably less than last year.

DR. HALLETT

CURES All secret and private diseases of men in a few days, no charge unless cured; a sacred, structure, blood poisoning, ulcers, skin diseases, youthful errors, nervous debility; lost vigor and manhood restored; suffer no longer; cure is certain; bear in mind, practice makes perfect; thousands cured yearly. Go to Dr. HALLETT, the celebrated specialist, 216 East 16th st., near 3d av.; best advice free. Write or call.

HUNTING THE APACHE KID.

THE ARMY'S VAIN SEARCH FOR TWO BAD INDIANS.

A Sort of Trocha Established in the Southwest to Capture the Kid and His Companion, Masse—Cunning of the Indian Renegade—Supposed to Be Over in Mexico with the Yaquis.

DENVER, June 8.—Assistant Adjutant-General Volkmar, who recently came from Governor's Island to the headquarters of the Department of the Colorado, has been planning a comprehensive campaign against two bad Apache renegades, who have troubled the settlers and the peaceable Apaches on their reservation for several years. Col. Volkmar is no novice at Indian fighting, he having been in the cavalry service on the Western plains for years following the civil war. He rode with Buffalo Bill, boot to boot, on many a hot trail, and he once saved that noted scout's life and scalp.

The Department of the Colorado is now the only division of the army bothered with the Indian question. On all other reservations the Indians are at peace with the whites. The Apaches are the last of the great Indian fighters to submit to the inevitable. The younger members of the great