COULDN'T KILL STRONG.

MANY KENTUCKIANS TRIED, BUT THEY'RE DEAD AND HE LIVES.

A Sturdy Old Kentucky Unionist Who, After Going Through Feuds That Have Cost Fifty Lives, Is at Peace with the World—End of the Strong-Calahan Feud Two Weeks Ago.

JACKSON, Ky., May 1.—The ending of the mountain feud between Capt. William Strong and Ed Calahan last week has caused much comment all over eastern Kentucky, where Capt. Strong has been known as a successful mountain fighter for twenty-five years. The Captain is one of the most picturesque characters in Breathitt county to-day. He is 72 years old and 7 feet 8 inches high. His cold blue eyes are set wide apart under a full, strong forehead. He has black hair and full beard sprinkled with gray, and is as erect as a man of 40. He is as active as a man of 35.

He is the son of Col. Edward Strong of Virginia, who came to Kentucky early in the century and settled on the farm where the Captain was born and where he now lives. Col. Edward Strong died in 1869 at the age of 86; his widow died in 1874 at the age of 87. Capt. Strong's great-grandmother, Susan Calahan, was one-fourth Cherokee Indian, and the Indian characteristics crop out largely on the Captain. He has high cheek bones and a slightly reddish skin and the erect form of the Indian. He does not know what fear is. He enlisted in the Federal army at Irvine, Ky., early in the war, joining Company D, Sixth Kentucky Cavalry, Col. Munday. He served as corporal in that company in the Kentucky, Virginia, and Tennessee campaigns of Gen. George Morgan, and was with that commander when he captured Cumberland Gap. He was discharged on March 24, 1864, at Camp Nelson, Kentucky, and he immediately returned home and recruited the Three Forks Battalion of Kentucky State troops. He was then made Captain of Company K of the Fourteenth Kentucky Cavalry, Col. H. C. Lilly, this being a part

CAPT. WILLIAM STRONG.

of the Three Forks Battalion. He served with distinction under Gen. Wolford, and was mustered out on July 17, 1865. Returning to his home near Crockettsville, in Breathitt county, he began the mining of cannel coal, which he shipped by flatboat down the Kentucky River to Clay's Ferry and Brooklyn, and he sent several cargoes to Frankfort.

While in this business, in which he earned enough money to buy considerable land, Strong became involved in a dispute with the Amos family, several members of which had belonged to his companies in the war. Wiley Amos was the father, and his grown sons, John, Al, and Robert, incurred Strong's displeasure by stealing, so Strong alleged, several shoats from the Strong hogpen. The Captain's friends say that during the war Amos and his sons were noted poachers, and when the Captain thought that they had stolen his shoats he made very caustic comments as to the honesty of the Amos family. This was in the spring of 1870, and a few days after Strong had charged them with stealing the hogs Amos and his sons accosted him in his field while he was ploughing and began firing on him. The Captain ran to his house, got his gun, and shot John Amos through both thighs.

John Amos did not recover until late in August, and then he and his father and brothers began a warfare on Capt. Strong. They got a number of their friends and armed them with old-fashioned round-barrel revolvers and rifles, and one night early in September of that year they surrounded Capt. Strong's house. The next morning they began firing on the dwelling. The only persons in the house were Strong, his wife and little children, a mulatto who had served with him in the war, and a 17-year-old negro who was assisting on the farm. The Amos crowd shot the house almost to pieces. One bullet struck Hiram Freeman, the mulatto, in the thigh, badly wounding him. Capt. Strong was not well armed at that time and was unable to make a good defence, so the Amos party kept behind trees and knolls.

After the Captain had been besieged three days and his provisions and ammunition were getting low he concluded to put his little boy Jim on a horse and send him to Jackson for help. The boy started early in the morning and rode rapidly to this place, where he called on Edward Marcum, then Circuit Clerk and County Clerk, who had been Capt. Strong's Lieutenant in the army. Lieut. Marcum was also a nephew of Capt. Strong, and when he heard that his uncle was besieged by the Amos party he got together twelve or fourteen determined men, nearly all of whom had fought under Strong, and at their head rode to the scene of conflict. They arrived on a high hill about half a mile from Capt. Strong's house at 11 o'clock in the morning. There was a large cornfield between them and the house. The Captain was watching from a window for the reinforcements, and when they appeared on the hill he signalled them to come through the cornfield. Marcum deployed his men so that they would make a long line, and they dashed into the cornfield yelling like Indians and firing their revolvers. Amos and his men, seeing the long line of fire, supposed that the rescuing party numbered 100 or more, and beat a hasty retreat. When the reinforcements arrived Capt. Strong let them in, fed them, and early the next morning, with his entire party, left the place for his mother's home, some ten miles distant. After recruiting a few more men Capt. Strong placed himself at their head and went to look for the Amos party, but they had all taken to the woods and he disbanded his forces.

A few weeks later the Captain and two or three of his friends were standing in his yard when Amos and his gang fired on them. The next day the Captain received word from the Amos family that they were determined to kill him. He came to Jackson and advised with the Circuit Judge and county officials as to what he should do. They told him they were powerless to protect him and it would be better for him to protect himself. The Captain secured twelve or fourteen men on whom he could rely, and armed them well, he set out to meet his enemies. The parties met one moonlight night in October, 1870, in an open meadow. The Amos force outnumbered the Strongs two to one, and nearly half of them were old soldiers, as were also Strong's. They began firing on each other at 300 yards. For a while both parties advanced, but the firing became so heavy that each side eventually retreated. Then Capt. Strong ran out in front of his men and urged them to charge the Amoses. They quickly responded. Al Amos fell dead, shot through the heart, and Robert Amos fell dangerously wounded in the leg. William Sandlin, also of the Amos force, was shot through both hips. Several others belonging to the Amos party were wounded. Capt. Strong's oldest son, Flint, who was the best marksman in eastern Kentucky, was the only one on the Strong side to receive a bullet. He suffered a flesh wound in the thigh.

After this battle the Amos crowd dispersed, and, as several of them were found dead with bullet holes in them, the others concluded that Breathitt county was not a healthy locality for them, and they went West. Capt. Strong then bought the old home place with the proceeds derived from the sale of cannel coal, and has lived there ever since. He was never indicted for any of the killings, as it was plain to the authorities that he was fighting to save his life. It is true a number of killings which occurred from time to time in Breathitt county were laid at Capt. Strong's door by his enemies, but there was never enough evidence against the Captain to cause a Grand Jury to indict him and he lived in peace until the trouble between him and Calahan broke out two years ago.

Soon after the war and after Capt. Strong had gone to work to pay for his home the Ku-Klux began to terrorize the community. It was conceded generally that the clan was composed chiefly of young men who were not old enough to enter the army at the breaking out of hostilities, but had grown up with a deep-seated prejudice against the Unionists. Capt. Strong was regarded as a leader among the Federal veterans, and he was a strong Republican. He was outspoken against the Ku-Klux, and is credited with having organized an anti-Ku-Klux party, which did much toward putting down the clan. About two years ago some of the men who had come into Breathitt since the advent of the railroad organized a band of regulators, patterned somewhat after the old Ku-Klux. Capt. Strong denounced them in unmeasured terms. The regulators whipped and robbed old Ed Spicer; hung old Joshua Neace to a limb, allowing his toes barely to touch the ground, keeping him in that position for hours; robbed Wiley Morris, and in going through farms shot down stock on Capt. Strong's farm. They tore down fences and shot stock. The Captain was loud in his condemnation of these acts of vandalism, and when he was told by persons who pretended to be his friends that Ed and Sam Calahan were at the head of the regulators he denounced the Calahans. Then the tale-bearers went to the Calahans, who are strong Democrats, Ed Calahan being Chairman of the County Committee, and told them what that arch-Republican, Capt. Strong, has said about them. This brought on the feud between Capt. Strong and the Calahans, and when Tom Barnett, who was known to be a friend of Strong, was found dead, Strong's friends declared the Calahans were responsible for the murder.

Not long after that Tom Sizemore, a friend of the Calahans, was found on the roadside dead, with a bullet through his heart. Realizing that Breathitt county was about to be plunged into another of those disgraceful wars which have earned for it the title of "Bloody Breathitt," County Judge Day and several of the leading lawyers and citizens of Jackson decided to use their influence to bring about a settlement of the trouble between Strong and Calahan. Accordingly warrants were sworn out by them against Capt. Strong and four or five of his friends to make them keep the peace, and similar warrants were sworn out for the Calahans and several of their friends. Both sides were cited to appear here on the same day, and last week they came in, each side under heavy guard summoned by Sheriff Tom Deaton. The men met in Judge Day's office and on comparing notes Capt. Strong and the two Calahan brothers found that they had been victims of tale-bearers. They shook hands, promised to bury the hatchet and let bygones be bygones, and returned to work.

Capt. Strong, when seen by a correspondent, appeared to be in a most cheerful mood. Soon after the settlement of the difficulty with the Calahans, Judge Barr of the United States Circuit Court at Louisville handed down a decision which confirms the Captain's title to a half interest in 400 acres of fine cannel coal land which is valued at $600 per acre. As the suit has been pending ever since February, 1893, Capt. Strong is highly elated.

It has been said that Capt. Strong was a moonshiner and had made a great deal of money by distilling whiskey surreptitiously and by selling logs from the lands of other people. A full investigation shows these reports are without foundation in fact. It has been said also that the Captain killed scores of his enemies. It is true that many of those who were seeking the Captain's life have died with their boots on, and the attempt to drive him out of the county or kill him has cost the lives of more than fifty persons. Capt. Strong, however, does not feel that he has committed a single murder, as he firmly believes that had he not protected himself as he did he would have been murdered.

TWO YEARS AND A BUTT.

The Man-of-War's Man's Queer Calculation and His Early Ambitions Aboard Ship.

WASHINGTON, May 1.—On the day after his enlistment for a period of three years the American man-of-war's man begins to figure on the amount of time that is to intervene before his discharge. He has "two years and a butt" to do, the "butt" being the remaining eleven months and twenty-nine days of the first year. On the day following his completion of the first year of his enlistment he has only a year and a butt to get through. No matter if the butt is only a single day under a year in length, the bluejacket contemplates the term with the blandest complaisance; it is, at any rate, not a whole year, even though it be 364 days, and this fashion of throttling each year of his service makes him happy; it seems to bring his discharge, and the more or less tempestuous joys he carefully maps out long before his discharge, within closer range. When he has put in eighteen months of an enlistment he breaks out the homeward-bound pennant; he is going down the hill; and when he has finally achieved two years and has only thebutt to accomplish, joy fills his cup.

"Once a sailor always a sailor" is not strictly true of men-of-war's men of the American navy. Only about one-half of the men who complete one enlistment ship for another three-year cruise. But about nine-tenths of the men who put in two cruises settle down to a lifelong continuance in the service. Six years of navy life seem thoroughly to inoculate them with what the Germans call *wanderlust*. When a bluejacket passes a few of his summers in the latitude of the North Cape and a couple of winters down among the Bermudas or in the salubrious South Pacific, he is likely to acquire a dislike for the climate of the United States, and this dislike has more weight than anything else in forming his decision to remain in the navy. Moreover, after a few years in the navy the bluejacket seems to become possessed of the odd idea that he is really doing nothing aboard ship to earn his pay—that the perpetual scurry in which he is kept from all hands in the morning until pipe down at night is really not work, and with this quaint notion he also acquires an exceedingly exaggerated idea of the terrific amount of grinding labor a man has to perform in order to gain a livelihood ashore. Put to a bluejacket who has put in a couple of naval cruises the direct question, "Are you going to take on again when your time is out?" In nine cases out of ten he will look you in the eye with an expression of stupefaction and inquire: "What the devil do you think I'm going to do—work?"

Out of all the resignation with which he in time comes to regard a lifelong career in the navy, the bluejacket gazes forward at first with a wistful eye to the arrival of the day of his discharge, and when that day finally approaches within clear view, is only about a month in the perpetuity for forward looking, he presents a singular picture of nervous anticipation, and is not worth a water-rotted rope yarn for work. He moons about his ship like a man in a dream, consuming great quantities of tobacco, that he finds flavorless, and during this period he is pretty likely to miss a few ship's calls in his abstraction, and get himself jumped upon at the mast for the delinquencies. His shipmates with comparatively long periods still to serve on their enlistments regard him with the jaundiced eye of envy, which they show by picturing to the short-time man the most gloomy things that await him as soon as he steps over the gangway, beach-bound, with his bag and hammock.

Overtime men being shipped back to this country on a man-of-war are not compelled to do any of the heavy work; they simply stand the military calls, eat their meals, and smoke their pipes, watching the while with lazy happiness the daily round of labor of the less fortunate bluejackets attached as members of the crew of the ship on which they themselves are practically passengers. The overtime men occasionally emit arrogantly humorous directions to these temporary shipmates, the ship's company of the boat that is hauling them home. "Gwan, now, and shine up that bright work, you long-time dub," they will shout to a deckhand when the officer of the deck is aft and out of hearing, and "Get down to your bunker, ye grimy flat-foot and rake out your coal," is the kind of thing the man of the black gang below hears from the passengers whenever he tries to smoke a peaceful pipe on the forgallant forecastle.

One of the immemorial customs of the navy jacks is to secrete in the ditty-bag of the discharged shipmate who is about to go ashore a can of corned beef, a few potatoes, and perhaps one or two other articles of sea food. This is done in order to remind the discharged man when he opens his bag ashore that in the opinion of his shipmates he will be unable to earn enough to eat on land if he takes it into his head not to ship over, and that they have, therefore, taken a small measure to shield him from starvation with a little navy grub when he has spent his pay-day. Discharged men try all sorts of schemes to keep this stuff from being placed in their bags, but nevertheless they nearly always find it there when they get ashore.

KEEL KITES IN ACTION.

New Features of the Kite Flying at Blue Hill Observatory This Year.

BOSTON, May 1.—The kite-flying experiments at Blue Hill Observatory, which have been watched with much interest by the scientific world for the last two years, are to be continued this year with improved appliances in the way of kites and recording instruments. Just at present H. H. Clayton is making experiments with a keeled kite, which he hopes will be available in a light wind and self-adjusting to the range of the wind. The Eddy and Hargreaves kites, which have been used largely in the past, are available only in certain winds. The light forms are too fragile for heavy winds and the strong ones too heavy to rise in light winds.

The keel kite invented by Mr. Clayton resembles the ordinary kite with a trussed frame brought forward and lying vertically up and down the axis of the kite. The cloth which covers the frame fits loosely under ordinary conditions, but under the pressure of the wind draws itself tightly over the frame and resembles closely the keel of a boat. The kite flies keeled side to the wind, and the cloth falls back, forming curved surfaces like those of sails. This is the most promising form of kite yet evolved, and with a spring inserted in its leading strings is able to take on a different angle as the wind increases, and thus automatically adapt itself to conditions of air that have a large range as regards velocity.

Besides this new type of kite, an instrument is being constructed by which Mr. Clayton hopes to be able to record simultaneously the barometric pressure, the temperature, degree of humidity, and the wind velocity. This instrument, with its extremely delicate mechanism, will not be completed for about a month. A steam power windlass is used this year in flying the kites, and the strings are of the finest steel piano wire.

BEAU HICKMAN'S HOLD-UPS.

A NEW CROP OF STORIES ABOUT A NOTED SOCIAL HIGHWAYMAN.

The Most Famous Borrower That Washington Has Ever Known—His Art of Living with Dignity on Nothing a Year—His Eclipse Started by a Billy Goat—Skill in Borrowing.

WASHINGTON, May 1.—The fact that a play has been written around the queer life of "Beau" Hickman, whose personality was expensively familiar to public men in Washington more than a generation ago, has brought out a lot of reminiscences of the dignified and unsqueichable "Beau." It requires a man pretty well along in years to remember much that is characteristic about Hickman, for, although he only died twenty-four years ago, he was on the crest of his national fame as the most irresistible and oleaginous of borrowers back in the later forties, and had about reached the end of his tether when the war broke out.

For ten years before his death he had been gradually degenerating into one of the numerous tribe of decrepit hangers-on, a few of the last remaining members of which still drag on their existence around the corridors of Washington hotels. Yet up to the last year of his life he preserved a remnant of the singular dignity of the purely theatrical sort that had always marked him. A few days before he was stricken with the paralysis that killed him he was standing in a hotel rotunda when one of his old-time standbys for a "touch" came along. The Beau, who was hungry and looked it, asked his man for a dollar. He had timed his request for the loan unfortunately, however, and it was gruffly refused. Hickman, with a look of pained surprise, turned and swung his stiffened old frame over to another of his almoners who was standing at the other side of the rotunda, and, without any preliminary beating about the bush, preferred the same request for the loan of a dollar, and got it out of hand. Just then one of the little flower girls who used to be common figures around the Washington hotels passed along in tears. The Beau asked the child what ailed her, and she gave him a tale of woe about not having sold any flowers, the prospect of a beating when she got home, and so on. Hickman handed to the little girl the dollar that had just been given him, and she went out, drying her eyes on her apron. The man who had first refused the Beau's request for a dollar was looking in Hickman's direction when the incident occurred, and it moved him.

"That must have strapped you," he said to Hickman, walking up to him and holding out a hand containing a five-dollar gold piece. "This will compensate you."

The Beau clanked his heavy cane on the stone floor and drew himself up.

"Suh," he said, "when I asked you for a little sum of money a while ago you told me you did not have it. You either lied, or you have come by this money dishonestly. In either case I would not accept it." Then the old man spun around and walked away.

A couple of years before his death he came into a sum of money, a little more than $1,000, which he dissipated with his usual prodigality in less than a month. He was walking along Pennsylvania avenue shortly after he got this money, and passed the jewelry store of a Washington man who knew him well. The jeweller pointed Hickman out to one of his out-of-town customers, and, presuming too much upon the Beau's hardness of hearing, remarked:

"That's the famous Beau Hickman, who used to keep this town awake o' nights with his extravagance twenty years ago; but he's way down in the ditch now, and hasn't a cent in the world."

"The Beau must have heard me," said the jeweller to THE SUN reporter in describing the incident, "for he wheeled around and walked up to us. It happened that a great trotting race was to be run off in New York on that same day. Hickman calmly dug into his right hand trousers pocket and hauled out a roll of bills as big as my leg.

"'I'm looking for some gentleman to bet this pile with on my horse,' he said to me. 'Can you accommodate me?' The thing made me feel pretty small."

For twenty years after Hickman's arrival in Washington, back in the thirties, he gave every evidence of having solved Thackeray's famous problem of how to live well on nothing a year. He belonged to a fine Virginia family, but from his boyhood his life was so tumultuously irregular that his father finally concluded he could stand him at home no longer, and shipped him off to Washington with the outfit of a gentleman and $10,000 in cash. This was only a couple of years after Hickman had attained his majority. He had received a first-rate collegiate education, was of handsome and distinguished person, was skilled in horse manship and the use of arms, and possessed all the graces of the gallant of his day. Upon his arrival here he immediately began to set a pace for the swift set of men who at that period were startling the more staid folks of the capital with their wild idiosyncracies in dissipation. It was a time when young men used to flush with gratified pleasure when their young women friends would clip them with their fans and call them "bad dogs" with mock mournfulness. Of all the tales we have read of the throws of the *Bell's Life* period, with its dicing, cockfighting, and apotheosis of six-bottle men, and Hickman found the atmosphere that suited him precisely in Washington. He was a munificent patron of the theatre, if hovering about and spending money in generous ways may entitle him to such a denomination; he could drink great men under the table, and appear on his horse a pattern of all that was spick and span, with a clear eye and a clear head the next morning; and he had a large recklessness at hazard that won him many parasitic friends even if it made his pockets yawn. In less than a year after his auspicious entry into the Washington vortex his $10,000 had disappeared; he was not only broke, but badly in debt.

For nearly two years after his money was gone he made no change whatever in his mode of life. He still remained the dictator of proper form in men's attire, the creator of haberdashery, for a considerable portion of this continent. He was never required to pay for anything he wanted in the way of wearing apparel, and on the periodical visits of the men's outfitters who at that time made a practice of coming to Washington from New York, Philadelphia, and Baltimore to get the trade of famous men here, they would all look up Beau Hickman, and offer him anything he wanted for the sake of the advertising his wearing of their goods would give them. He lived at the best hotels in the city, holding their best suites of rooms, without ever paying a cent for his accommodations. When he would finally carry the thing too far for a landlord's submission at one hotel he would calmly remove his effects to another. The hotel men relied that since he was different from wine, they are to-day, and they hesitated to dun a man who spent all his time chock by jow, with the most famous men in the land. Hickman during this period was never lacking in pocket money; he had not yet degenerated into the sponger, but was the recipient beneficiary of the scores of noted men on his list of intimates. The newly arriving senators and Congressmen made a practice of greeting the Beau with a gilded palm when they came to Washington; the younger public men, flushed with political success, and ambitious for distinction among the rapid all-night set among whom the Beau introduced them here, considered it rather an honor to put so eminent a speeder as Hickman in their debt, and responded willingly to the taxation.

But this roseate period of the Beau's life came gradually to an end. A billy goat was the cause of the beginning of his eclipse, for the goat caused him to be laughed at—and the doom of a famous man may be presaged when his friends fail to see a smile at his expense behind his beards. Hickman was in the act of making a sweeping bow of the most approved Chesterfieldian character to a lady of his acquaintance who passed him in her carriage on Pennsylvania avenue when a notoriously disrespectful goat, which then terrorized Washington, plunged up behind him and butted him with a force that sent him sprawling a distance of ten feet, where he was stretched supine in the mud until some passers-by picked him up. He made a humorous picture of grief and before night Washington was chuckling over Hickman. He afterward killed the goat, but for the remainder of his life he always maintained that the incident marked the beginning of his decadence.

Once he began to slide the downward scale his decline was rapid. He was compelled to make his collections a matter of business, instead of a matter of social patronization. He never, however, put his demands in a begging or dependent manner, but approached his men in the spirit of one asking his just deserts for a valuable consideration. In time he came to consider himself a social pensioner for services rendered in his better days, when he contributed to the mirth and enjoyment of his friends.

He made a practice of taxing members of Congress and other officials around Washington for a regular and specific amount, which he would collect in the most businesslike fashion. When he first began this sort of thing they generally humored his demands on account of his brazen effrontery, and he would receive the money with a smile at the absurdity of his demands. Every three months he would present to these friends his "bills for quarterage," and few of them succeeded in mustering sufficient ingenuity to escape the rapacity of his demands. He had such an exact knowledge of human nature that he rarely made a mistake in selecting the proper time and place to present his "bills." He would generally choose some public place in which his "debtor" happened to be surrounded by friends. In truth, it was at one time considered a slight not to be "patronized" by Beau Hickman, and the man who refused to humor his pretensions was accounted stingy. Occasionally his victims would pretend to protest against his frequent assessments, or complain of excessive charges. Once he presented his "bill" to a wealthy Southern gentleman, a member of Congress, who courteously intimated that he thought the "quarterage" excessive upon looking at the slip of paper upon which the assessment was regularly made out. The member suggested a compromise by paying half the amount. The Beau assumed the dignified attitude of a legitimate dealer, and unyieldingly declined any compromise.

"No, suh," he said, "your assessment is strictly in proportion to your means; and, suh, knowing that I am no damned money shaver you should not expect me to compromise myself by entertaining such an unbusinesslike proposition. All or none, suh." He got all.

This sort of thing came to a natural death in time, and then the Beau, still a frequenter of hotels and saloons, became a teller of stories for a consideration. He was an ingenious story teller and a good mimic. At the conclusion of a yarn, related to a party some of the members of which happened to be strangers to him, he would remark that the story was worth a specified sum of money. The stranger among his listeners would laugh and unsuspectingly reply, "It certainly is—it's a mighty good yarn," whereupon the Beau would startle him by saying, "All right, then; pass over the chips." The victim would be seized with blank amazement, and look quizzically at the Beau as he paid over the conceded value of the story amid the grins of the men present, who had seen the thing done before.

Hickman lost his good looks and became leathery-faced from dissipation while he was still a comparatively young man, and the poverty and hardships of his later years made a sad-looking wreck of the once distinguished Beau. Towards the end he was pinched for the actual necessaries of life. He was buried in Potter's Field, without the knowledge of any of the friends who had encouraged him in his brazen way of living in former years by yielding to his hold-ups. Some of these got together the day after his interment in Potter's Field and made up a purse to give him decent sepulture in the Congressional Cemetery.

HIS RIDE AT BALAKLAVA.

A Bugler's Story of His Part in the Famous Charge.

DENVER, April 20.—The news of war in the East stirs up the fighting blood of Alexander Sutherland, living in retirement in this city, for, though 87 years old, his memory is still keen, and he delights in relating again and again the part he took in the famous charge of the Light Brigade. There may be other survivors of that desperate race down the valley between hills bristling with guns, but Alexander Sutherland insists upon being credited with the honor of blowing the bugle that started the Light Brigade upon its ill-fated mission.

"The 600 men who were selected for this charge," said he, "were divided into three platoons, two companies to each platoon. Each company had its own bugler, making six in all. As I was with Lord Cardigan in the first platoon, I was the first bugler to receive his orders. I sounded the charge of that eventful day, and, following my bugle, the others repeated the call. We had been idle spectators of the general engagement that day, and were waiting for orders from Lord Raglan. The order came after a time. It was to Lord Lucan to order up about 600 light cavalry and hold them in readiness to take the guns which the Turks had lost on Causeway Heights. Lord Lucan awaited support from the infantry before advancing. A second order came from Lord Raglan, brought by Capt. Nolan, directing the cavalry to charge to prevent the Turks carrying away their guns. Lord Lucan asked what guns to attack, and Capt. Nolan replied:

"'There, my lord, is your enemy, and there are your guns,' pointing with his hand to the left and toward the end of North Valley, and not toward the Causeway Heights.

"Lord Lucan then rode over to Lord Cardigan to give orders for the charge. I was near by on foot, holding my horse's bridle rein, and heard the conversation between Lord Lucan and Lord Cardigan. They did not seem to interpret the order of Lord Raglan in the same way. Lord Cardigan explained to Lord Lucan that there were guns in the valley ahead as well as on both sides of us, and he thought that there must be some mistake, but Lord Lucan replied that that was the order of Lord Raglan, and there was no choice but to obey.

"Lord Cardigan assented. I was about eight or ten feet distant from him, and, turning, he gave me the first order, the blew 'attention' and then 'mount.' The first, second, and third platoons were formed, and then, facing his men, Lord Cardigan briefly addressed them, telling them of the dangers of the charge and the probability of death to all. The men cheered him vigorously. Turning to me he said, 'Trumpeter, sound the forward,' and we set off at a fast walk. A little later, turning his head, Lord Cardigan shouted, 'Trumpeter, sound the trot,' and I blew the call.

"We rode directly down the valley with the Causeway Heights on the right and the Fedioukine hills on the left, and for a distance of a mile and a quarter we had guns on three sides of us. While we were still on the trot Capt. Nolan was seen riding at furious speed across our front and bearing his course across the track. He was waving his sword and shouting to our command. His words we could not hear distinctly, but we afterward knew that he was trying to correct the blunder. Lord Cardigan shouted out: 'In God's name, what is Nolan doing there?' Some one in the middle platoon shouted back: 'Your lordship, I think he wants you to charge toward the Causeway Heights.' 'It is too late to change now,' said Lord Cardigan, 'for we are too near the enemy.' Then turning in the saddle he shouted to me: 'Trumpeter, sound the charge.' I blew the blast and was swept like a whirlwind down the valley.

"It was the first shell, I think, that was fired that exploded some distance in front of Lord Cardigan, and a piece of that shell struck Capt. Nolan, tearing a great gash in his left side. His horse, at once missing the guiding hand, turned to form with our advancing platoons. Capt. Nolan still held his sword aloft and he uttered a shriek that made us shudder. Then he wavered in his saddle and fell to the ground near our charging column.

"It was no time to think. I followed close to Lord Cardigan, who rode ahead, turning often to urge his men forward. When we finally reached the enemy so that we could return some of the blows we received we found ourselves in a state of fear. The smoke became so thick that I lost sight of Lord Cardigan, but I could hear his voice shouting encouragement to his men. Running against a Russian artilleryman I struck him with my sabre, but the stroke was short and he warded me off with a cutlass. My horse was plunging ahead, and before we could fight out our duel I was carried beyond the battery and among the Cossacks. A cavalryman made a lunge at me, but I parried the thrust. The smoke was so thick that objects were indistinct.

"I was trying to find Lord Cardigan, so as to be near to receive his orders. For a time this was impossible. Finally I heard his voice shouting to his men to fall back, and at the same time I saw the white hind leg of the horse he rode. I lifted the bugle to my lips and tried to sound the retreat, but my horse was plunging madly about, and I could scarcely play the notes. I was slightly wounded in each thigh and was weak from loss of blood, and my horse was suffering more than I. The blast from my bugle indicated to the Russians my position, and as I again attempted to sound the call a shot tore away the bell of my instrument. At the same time I received a lance thrust on my head. Dazed by the blow, I fell forward, clasped my horse about the neck, and scarcely realized what was passing. My horse followed the troopers moving away in small squads through the dense smoke, and somewhere near where Capt. Nolan's body lay the animal fell dead. I hobbled back to our place of starting. At the roll call, out of 673 men, only 195 were left alive and many were wounded so badly that they died afterward."

Alexander Sutherland is the son of Major Alexander Sutherland of the Seventy-ninth Regiment, who was one of the officers of the guard over Napoleon at St. Helena. He was born in Sutherlandshire in 1810. He served in the Sixty-sixth Regiment in England, Ireland, Scotland, and the West Indies. He received his discharge at Quebec in 1852. He at once re-enlisted for the Crimean war, and owing to a scarcity of trumpeters he was transferred to the Eleventh Hussars under Lord Cardigan. He was at the siege of Sevastopol and at Inkerman and Malakoff. After a few months in the Chelsea Hospital he came to America and married in St. Joseph, Mo. He came to Colorado several years ago, and now lives with his two daughters.

GENEVA AWARD CERTIFICATE.

An Interesting Document in the Hands of a Boston Custom House Clerk.

BOSTON, April 30.—Henry W. Berthrong, liquidating clerk in the Custom House here, has a document once worth $15,500,000, but now valuable only as a relic. It is the original certificate of deposit of the amount of the Geneva award in the famous Alabama claims case.

The sum mentioned above was sent in gold to this country by the British Government to the banking firms which were its financial representatives. The amount of gold was so large that the bankers did not care to assume responsibility for its safety, and it was deposited at the Treasury Department of the United States, and the certificate of deposit was given to the British financial agents. They in turn indorsed it over to the British Minister at Washington and acting English Consul at New York, by whom it was made over to the United States authorities in due form. It finally was returned to one of the banking firms which had indorsed it. Through his acquaintance with that house Mr. Berthrong got the original certificate.

CHIEF JOSEPH'S WARFARE.

THE WONDERFUL CAMPAIGN OF THE NEZ PERCE IN 1877.

A Glorious Fight for Freedom in Which He Led the United States Armies a Chase of 1,500 Miles Along a Bloody Trail—Only 87 Survivors of the 400 Warriors Who Started.

"Chief Joseph's campaign of 1877 is not to be dismissed with a word," said a veteran of the plains when the picturesque Nez Percé visitor passed in the line of parade at the Grant celebration. "I got my nickname 'Scarfaced Jack' in that affair, and as I shall carry a souvenir of it to the grave there is satisfaction in knowing it was given me by foemen of mettle and in dignified warfare. A soldier dislikes to be mangled and marred in a commonplace border rumpus.

"No man whose exploits are recorded in history ever made a more glorious fight in defence of freedom, lands, homes, wives and children, than did this same savage General when he led our armies a chase of 1,500 miles along a bloody trail stretching from the Salmon River to the Missouri, through the blind passes of the Rocky Mountains, along wide exposed valleys and across their foothills, with enemies, thoroughly equipped and of tried courage in front of him, behind him, to the right and to the left of him. Defeat was his certain fate, and the annihilation of his tribe probable.

"Joseph's people were not turbulent Indians, nor was he a hot-headed leader. The quarrel came about through the revocation of a treaty grant, followed by the murder, at the hands of a white man, of a brother of Joseph. The Indians demanded that the murderer be tried. It was not done, and yet the peacefully disposed Nez Percés settled upon lands allotted them by the Government. Then one of those unfortunate border episodes stirred up a war. During a common brawl between whites and Indians, four of the former were killed, and their slayers were known to be Nez Percés. Past experience taught the tribe that it would have to suffer for the guilt of the few, and under the leadership of one of the war chiefs known as White Bird, the discontented young bucks declared that they would not stay upon the reservation which had been allotted them in western Idaho, between the Salmon and Clearwater rivers. Unfortunately, at that juncture Gen. Howard sent Capt. David Perry to the scene with two companies of cavalry. This act was interpreted by the excited Indians as a declaration of war on the part of the Government. White Bird called upon his braves to take to the warpath, and Chief Joseph was dragged in by the enthusiasm of his fighting men. Capt. Perry attacked the two bands at White Bird Cañon and was repulsed after the slaughter of thirty-three of his troopers. This bloody victory was turned to account by the war party of the Nez Percés, who made the people believe that their entire tribe would be punished for the death of so many soldiers, and the only thing left to do was to go to war in self-defence.

"The Government had the best of the situation from the start. The regular troops on the plains were led by experienced soldiers of the civil war. Strong forts and camps had been established throughout the region and were strongly garrisoned. On the other hand, the Nez Percés, having been Christianized and having learned farming, were not ready for a campaign.

"Gen. Howard's troops were alert at once. Scouts and couriers alarmed the posts around the Nez Percés' reservation, and every avenue of escape was filled with armed soldiery before the Indians had time to get their families and ponies together. Chief Joseph announced it as the intention of the tribe to go upon their annual buffalo hunt along the Missouri, but Gen. Howard's cavalry, armed with Gatling guns and howitzers, seized and closed that route.

"Joseph then made a circuitous march south and west across Salmon River, then north and eastward to the Clearwater, where Howard headed him off and gave him battle on July 11 and 12. The Indian village was in the shelter of a ravine, but not out of reach of the howitzers and Gatling guns, which the soldiers placed on the surrounding bluffs. Howard's force was about 400, besides rear guards, scouts, &c., and the Indians also numbered 400 fighting men, but their movements were hampered by the presence of women, children, baggage, and a herd of extra ponies. About 300 braves had left the village. The men claimed that the squaws acted as reserves and fought as well as the male warriors.

"The savage General made use of every form of tactics possible at the battle of Clearwater. His warriors sometimes charged on their ponies and sometimes on foot. They erected barricades of stones and timbers at every point exposed to attack. Their sharpshooters were always at the front, acting as skirmishers, and although the Gatling guns and howitzers kept up a steady fire, they held the position two days, and finally cut their way out. The losses were about equal. Howard captured 23 Indians and found 23 dead warriors on the field. His own loss was 13 killed and 23 wounded. The wounded Indians were left behind, carried off by the tribe.

"Clearwater was only the beginning. The Rockies lay between Chief Joseph and the promised land of his people, the buffalo trails of the upper Missouri. Every pass through that great barrier was guarded by soldiers, and every foot of the valleys, the fastnesses of the streams and in the gaps in the mountains were armed posts, some of which could be called forts, and all of them were connected by telegraph. Not alone were the soldiery in arms against the Indians, but also the citizens. Nevertheless, Joseph struck out for Missouri through Lo Lo Pass with his squaws and children and ponies and wounded braves. The trail has long been known as the hardest ever trod by man or beast. The order of march was that of a skirmish guard well to the front and a rear guard following up and blocking the trail by cutting down trees and rolling rocks from the mountain side to choke up the narrow passages. The last was so successful that Howard was baffled and gave up the pursuit.

"The first obstacle met with was an army post near Missoula pass, where Capt. Rawn was stationed with a small company. The post was as defensible as Thermopylæ, and Capt. Rawn thought that he could bring the Indians to terms. He refused to allow them to pass unless they surrendered their arms. This they refused to do, and the Captain adopted a ruse to detain them until Gen. Howard's troops or another force under Col. Gibbon, which was moving from the East, should arrive. But Chief Joseph was equally wily, and he flanked the barrier by having his people climb the hills and scatter in all directions, meeting at a rendezvous in Bitter Root Valley. Meanwhile Gibbon's forces reached Missoula to find the Indians gone eastward, and after five days of terrible climbing over the rugged broken country they came up to the Indian village at Big Hole Basin in Montana. The soldiers made their way in the dark across through the herds of ponies without alarming the savages, and lay down close to the village and in sight of the tepees to watch for the dawn of day. At daybreak the line moved forward in silence, and as a signal opened fire upon the tepees where the Indians were sleeping. The startled braves rushed from their lodges in every direction, and finding cover in the brush as well as behind the bank of a creek, poured a terrible fire into the troops the moment the soldiers got out into open ground. In twenty minutes Gibbon's men were in possession of the camp and had set fire to the lodges, but the officers and soldiers fell rapidly and Gibbon gave orders to retire for shelter in the timber. The fight continued all day, and soon after nightfall Gibbon's men gave the troops a parting volley and disappeared.

"From the battle of Big Hole Basin Joseph marched on across the main divide of the Rockies. He left behind him eighty-nine dead Indians, while Gibbon's loss was only sixty-nine killed and wounded. The Indians crossed the Rockies, then turned and recrossed, closely pursued all the way by Howard's troops and a detachment from Gibbon's command. Howard had telegraphed eastward and called into the field the command of Col. Sturgis. Sturgis set out, first sending couriers to Col. Miles on Tongue River, notifying him of the course the Nez Percés were following, in the belief that he might, by a rapid and direct march, intercept the hostiles further to the north. Sturgis marched from Yellowstone Lake and came up with the Indians at Cañon Creek. The Indians occupied both the cañon and the high ground on each side of it, but they were steadily driven off in an all-day fight, losing twenty-one braves killed and about 1,000 ponies captured. Then followed a running fight of 100 miles, but the soldiers were without rations and the limit of endurance of both men and animals had been reached. Sturgis gave it up and waited for Howard to join him.

"Col. Miles first learned of the trouble afoot on the night of Sept. 17, and marched rapidly northwest. His command consisted of portions of the Second and Seventh Cavalry, five companies of the Fifth Infantry (mounted), two pieces of artillery, and a detachment of white and Indian scouts. I was placed in command of the scouts. We struck the trail of the Nez Percés on Sept. 30, and the whole column advanced at a rapid gait. The Second Cavalry made a detour to the rear of the Indians and