NEW YORK STREET NAMES.

THEY ILLUSTRATE THE GROWTH AND PROGRESS OF THE CITY.

Eras Marked in the Nomenclature of the City's Streets—Wall Street the Oldest Surviving Name—Changes Brought by the Revolution—Great Men and Little Men Honored.

There have been several eras to the nomenclature of New York streets. They may be distinguished as the Dutch, the English, the Revolutionary, and the progressive periods. When the Duke of York's practical ownership of New York succeeded the Dutch ownership of Nieuw Amsterdam there were only twenty names to streets or thoroughfares on Manhattan Island; and to-day there are 956, exclusive of 220 streets known by numerals, 10 avenues named after individuals, and 17 avenues designated by numerals or letters.

Wall street heads the list as the oldest surviving name. The Dutch nomenclature is found exclusively below Wall, although there is a Dutch street by name running between William and Gold at Fulton street, which, however, owes its name to English choice. Streets below Chambers street strictly represent the colonial English era, and all northward of it the progressive era of nomenclature. In the course of time a few more than fifty original names of streets have been changed. The changes began at the end of the Revolution, when patriotic Aldermen erased names savoring of royalty and replaced them with names agreeable to republican ears. The English changed the then suburban street called Tienhoven (adopted from Rotterdam) to Crown; and in 1784 the patriots exultingly changed it to Liberty. Duke street became William; George became Spruce; King George, North William; King, Pine; Little Queen, Cedar; Princess, Beaver, and Queen, Pearl. But the patriotic Aldermen allowed Ann street (after Queen Anne) to remain. Trinity Church vestry had taken a hand at suggesting names, and naturally had adopted those of Trinity's clergy; and hence came Rector, Vesey, and Chambers. In after years, as streets intersected Trinity's well-known King's farm, that stretched toward Greenwich village, the vestry selected names belonging to church officers; and hence Charlton, Dominick, Hubert, Amos, Charles, Leroy, Clarkson, and Horatio streets. Columbia street was christened College place. Charlton had been Burr street, so-called because Vice President Aaron Burr lived on it at Richmond Hill; but when by a well-arranged duel he murdered Alexander Hamilton, the name became too odious. Trees growing in the rural lanes and paths gave them names—such as Cherry, Mulberry, Orchard, Pine, Cedar, Spruce, Elm, Oak, and Grove. The patriotic officials changed the names of even inoffensively sounding streets merely because borrowed from King George's London; and the names Strand and Cheapside disappeared—the Strand being a lane connecting State and Pearl streets. There were also a Fir street and a Locust, but Locust was changed to Sullivan in honor of a Revolutionary General, and Fir street was made Grand street between Gouverneur and Scammel. The name Fir was recently restored in the suburban street connecting Prospect and Tillotson avenues.

Revolutionary heroes were commemorated in street names, as Washington, Franklin, Clinton, Monroe, Madison, and Jefferson. Some early streets possessed malodorous or flippant names; thus Nassau street was in its inception Pie Woman's lane. Exchange place was once Oyster Pasty alley, for even 200 years ago it was noted for a good eating house. Marketfield street was once Petticoat lane, called after a famous one in London. Broad street was first Sheep Pasture street, and once between Wall and Exchange place was Smell Street lane. Some streets took names from the direction in which they ran, as Greenwich, connecting the Battery with Greenwich Village, and Chelsea—both of which localities took names borrowed from London in early York times. Warren, Pitt, and Chatham streets were allowed to remain unchanged in name because Sir Peter Warren had remained popular with New Yorkers, and Lord Chatham (the elder Pitt) had been friendly to the colonists. Broome street took its name from a merchant prince of the city, who was long Lieutenant-Governor of the State. Prince street was named after an individual in republican times, and not after a royalty. The same is true of the King street of the Ninth ward: the name merely commemorates the statesman Rufus King. Hamersley place, Beekman, Leroy, White, Lispenard, Pike, Henry, Doyers, Houston, Bleecker, Walker, Jones, Platt, Crosby, Desbrosses, Dey, Gouverneur, Pell, Barrow, Morton, Clarkson, Eldridge, Rutgers, Roosevelt, Forsyth, Chrystie, Gansevoort, Laight, Ludlow, Mangin, Goerck, Mott, Allen, Moore, Vandewater, Reade, Renwick, Rivington, Watts, Scammel, and Stanton, commemorate some notable Knickerbockers. In Mercer, Greene, Wooster, and Montgomery Revolutionary commanders are remembered. The gentler sex was not forgotten in street nomenclature, for is there not Maiden lane—early called Maid's path? Old Rose Hill had its Love lane. What is now Minetta street was once Bride street. And the names Elizabeth, Rose, Caroline, Jeannette, Rachel, Cornelia, Hester, and Jane attest that the officials in street nomenclature did not forget sweethearts, wives, or sisters. A Bishop was commemorated in Delancey street, the bar in Attorney street, and Governors in Clinton and Tompkins streets. Lewis street keeps green the memory of Francis Lewis, New York's signer of the Declaration of Independence. The Presidents, with the exception of Adams, for New York city was ever anti-Federalist, are all remembered in street nomenclature down to the time of Van Buren. Harrison street was named for a Trinity vestryman long before either of the Harrisons occupied the White House. Jay street at one time seemed also likely to commemorate another President. There is now a Lincoln avenue, running from Third avenue to the Harlem River, and near to it a Grant avenue, and lately there was named an avenue after the only New Yorker who became President—Chester A. Arthur. Doubtless in time Greater New York may possess a Cleveland alley and a McKinley avenue. Along with Bryant square and Irving place authors are commemorated in streets, for far uptown in the Bronx borough are Whittier, Longfellow, Halleck, and Poe avenues.

In their time Broad street and Broadway have masqueraded under various aliases. So have a score of other streets. For instance, Morton was once Arden street; Astor place was once Art street; Clinton was once Arundel street; lower Centre street has been variously called Augusta, Cross, and Collect; Duane was once Barclay west of Broadway, and Barley street east of it. Barclay street was early Berkeley street (a London copy), and on very old maps its name was spelled according to the English pronunciation of that word, Barkley. Morris street was once Beaver lane, and according to Indian tradition the industrious beaver thereabouts builded dams and was ignominiously trapped and skinned. Ridge street on the east side was once Bridge street, but inasmuch as there was another Bridge street in the Whitehall direction, the Aldermen struck off the capital B. Elm street was once Benson's lane and Bott street. Spring street was once Brannon street, but a delightful spring at the Sullivan street corner (veterans still remember the cool water pump once there) gave it the new name. Hancock street in the Ninth ward was once Brook street, after the Minetta stream purling through it; but the bold signature on the Declaration of Independence captured it, and unlike Tennyson's its brook did not run on forever. Vandam was once Budd street; Broome once Bullock; Duane was once Colden street. Commons street changed to Park row when the Colonial Commons became City Hall Park. Grove street had three former aliases—Cozine, Burrows, and Columbia; but the beautiful trees on each side interlacing their branches suggested the new name; old Crabapple street became Pike; Crown Point road changed to Grand because of its comparative width; west of Broadway Bleecker was once called David street; South William had the early colloquial unofficial names of both Dirty lane and Ditch street; Pike street was Division street west of St. Paul's Chapel, after being Partition street, and eastward was Fair street. Once William street, between Old Slip and Liberty, commemorated the ubiquitous John Smith. West of Broadway Canal street, while the canal stretched through the Lispenard meadows, was known as Duggan's Causeway, and only crossed Centre street by extension forty years ago; East Broadway became so out of Harmon street; University place was once styled Jackson avenue.

Early in the century a commission mapped out the area of the island between Fourteenth street and Harlem River according to the present plan. With the exception of bow shaped Pearl street the city has now lost the picturesquely curved thoroughfares that are met with in London and Boston. There were several originally curved rural roads which had to yield to the maps of the Commissioners, and among them Abingdon road, that ran from Eighth avenue, between Twenty-first and Twenty-second streets, into Broadway, and then curving northeasterly toward Third avenue met it at Twenty-third street, with woodland and farm land on either side. Albany avenue, beginning at Twenty-sixth street, between Fifth and Madison avenues, curved northwesterly to the corner of what is now Sixth avenue and Forty-second street, and so northward to Ninety-third street. Then the Bloomingdale road assumed a few curves from the top of Broadway at Union square as it ran to Fifty-ninth street and thence upward, preparing a path for the Tweed Boulevard. Two or three picturesque and curving lanes existed through the early part of the century; on the east side, above Nineteenth street, What is now Avenue A was then known as Pleasant avenue.

It is estimated that twenty millions of dollars has been expended on the opening of streets within this century. A mania for cutting new streets according to the map plan of the Commissioners originated during the thirties, consequent upon a wild speculation in city lots. It was then a club joke that witty Simeon Draper—the Chauncey Depew of the period—who displayed a gastronomic corporation in his figure, met the Corporation Counsel one evening at a large stag party, and warned him away, saying, "Don't come near me or you'll be moving a corporation street through me." At that period this official received heavy fees for street opening, and three incumbents, always eager to open new streets, laid foundations for handsome fortunes.

About the same period another mania set in among property holders for calling parts of streets "place," and hence on a large scale Waverley, Clinton, and Washington places, and on a smaller scale Leroy place, in Bleecker, between Mercer and Greene; Carroll place, between Laurens and Thompson; on the next block De Pau place; Boorman place, on West Thirty-third street, between Eighth and Ninth avenues; Stuyvesant place and Brevoort place, on West Tenth, between Broadway and University place. The east side householders caught the infection, and established Albion place, on East Eighth street; Camden place on East Eleventh street, between avenues B and C; Tompkins place, near Twelfth street and Avenue A; Decatur place, in East Seventh street, between First avenue and Avenue A, and Wesley place, on Mulberry, near Bleecker. Then Lorillard place, on Washington street, between Charles and Perry; Millward place, on West Thirty-first, between Eighth and Ninth avenues, and Mansfield place, on West Fifty-first street, between Eighth and Ninth avenues, and Spingler place, on Fifteenth street near Broadway, came in time to west siders. Three localities claimed Cottage place as their own, and there were several other now forgotten places, such as Hamilton place, in West Fifty-first street, near Fifth avenue.

New York's nomenclature of streets has avoided the London confusion of having one thoroughfare take on in succession several names, although Broad street and Broadway have each masqueraded in their lengths under several aliases in the past. Broadway has been subjected to more upheavals and what may be called contractor earthquakes than any other city thoroughfare. It endured, for instance, in 1848 a widening from Twenty-first to Twenty-fifth streets; in 1860 from Fifty-seventh to Sixtieth; in 1872 from Thirty-fourth to Fifty-ninth, and in 1870 from Seventeenth to Nineteenth. It was a victim to the mammoth Russ block pavement during the fifties.

Lafayette place had birth in 1827, Irving place in 1833, and about the same time Lexington avenue, to be extended later to the Harlem River. Madison avenue, above Forty-second street, only dates from 1860. In 1852 a boodling Common Council that had undertaken to bleed old Commodore Vanderbilt upon a Broadway extension of his Harlem road at Union square—but was beaten because the wily old Commodore cornered its stock, of which the Aldermen had gone short—next undertook to blackmail Trinity Church corporation by extending Pine street through the Trinity graveyard to the North River. But instead of paying the Aldermen money to stop the proposed job, Gen. Dix, then one of the vestry, adroitly parried the spoliation by passing a resolution to build a monument to Revolutionary heroes precisely in the line of the proposed street extension, and at once laid the foundation of the proposed monument. Under those circumstances the Aldermen dared not persist. Hence is to be seen the noble brownstone monument at the northerly corner of the churchyard and close against Trinity building.

Wonderful changes have taken place in the character and surroundings of many streets. Along State street, where are now immigrant boarding houses, a Tory aristocracy once gave balls to colonial fashionables. The beerhouses of lower Greenwich street have been carved out of once fashionable mansions. Where passengers go now on the south side of Bowling Green to buy tickets for Europe were the dwellings of wealthy citizens. Wall street was once the residence of prominent Knickerbockers, and was as fashionable in 1797 as is West Seventy-second street in 1897. Roosevelt and Cherry streets were a hundred years ago inhabited by well-to-do merchants. The Grapevine public house, yet at the corner of Eleventh street and Sixth avenue, and the Willow Cottage, on Fifth avenue next to the Forty-third street synagogue, were once suburban roadhouses to which owners of horses who lived in Park place or White street rode or drove out for luncheons or rest. Where jostling crowds of shoppers now throng Fourteenth street, Knickerbockers came to view the Spingler manor grounds, rich with flowers and verdure, where now only a small garden and a majestic elm tree indicate the rural memories of the spot. Columbia collegians have played ball in vacant lots along Twenty-third street. Canal street was once a resort for shoppers and bargain hunters, as lower Sixth avenue is now.

Later Mayors have been remembered in Varian place, at Woodlawn road; in Opdyke street, that connects Oneida and Quail avenues; in Hewitt place, at the junction of Robbins and Westchester avenues, and Hoffman street, which connects Kingsbridge road with Pelham avenue. Harry Howard square, at Canal, Walker, and Baxter streets, brings to mind the name of an Alderman and receiver of taxes, once Chief Engineer of the old Volunteer Fire Department, who became paralyzed from overexertion at a big fire. Jenny Lind's vocal fame recurs to pedestrians in Lind avenue that runs between Devoe and Wolf streets. Marcy place, at Jerome and Mott avenues, reminds of New York's great Governor, and afterward a Federal Secretary of State. Martindale avenue suggests the name of a valiant Union General, who served as New York's Attorney-General. Mohegan avenue puts one in mind of Cooper's novel; Marmion and Melrose streets, of Walter Scott's poetry; Marshfield street, at Van Cortlandt avenue, suggests Daniel Webster's farming and fishing life; Lydig avenue takes its name from the former country farm of a great Knickerbocker merchant; it is crossed by Oriole avenue—name fragrant to Baltimoreans who are familiar with the plumage and song of their favorite bird. Adjacent Preble, Truxton, and Porter streets carry with their names a heroic naval flavor, and ornithology is remembered in the name of Audubon avenue—for the Audubon brothers were long popular New Yorkers, and the name also belongs to a park adjacent to Trinity cemetery, carved from the old Audubon estate. Barney street, near Spuyten Duyvil, commemorates a great lawyer, who became Lincoln's first Collector of this port, and Bristow street suggests one of Grant's Secretaries of the Treasury, who died as a New Yorker. Caxton street serves to remind of the discovery of printing. Craven street commemorates the brave Captain at the taking of Mobile by Farragut. The name Emmet avenue delights the eyes of Irishmen who remember Robert and Thomas Addis Emmet. Gerard avenue serves to recall the wit of James W., senior, who brightened court and drawing rooms for half a century. And doubtless as the borough of Bronx climbs northward new streets will further illustrate colloquial and heroic names for future generations.

BOSTON'S OLD PHOTOGRAPHER.

Famous Men and Women Who Have Posed for Josiah J. Hawes in the Last Fifty Years.

BOSTON, Aug. 7.—High above the noise of the street traffic that passes through Scollay square, in the top story of a Tremont row building, there labors daily a man who is probably the oldest active photographer in the country. His name is Josiah J. Hawes, he is 90 years old, and he has occupied his present studio for half a century. When he came to the place he could see from the queer, sloping windows in the roof the beautiful gardens of the Greene estate, where now the granite walls of the Court House rear themselves. There was little turmoil in Scollay square then, and Brattle street, with its historic church, was a quiet thoroughfare.

The rooms of the studio are as crowded with gems of the picture-making art as is the brain of Mr. Hawes with memories of his fifty years of work. He is an inventor, also, having patented many appliances used in photography. The first stereoscopic views seen in this country were made by Mr. Hawes, and the idea of the vignette was also his. He is loyal to the daguerreotype process, which helped to make him famous when a charge of $15 was made for a single picture and $5 for each duplicate.

In his rooms have posed many famous men and women. Hither came Daniel Webster on the very day when he made his stirring speech on the Fugitive Slave law from the balcony of the Revere House. He sat for thirty minutes, and the result was one of the best likenesses of him in existence. Rufus Choate, who had an office in the same building, rushed in one day, leaving a crowd of clients waiting, and seating himself in a mahogany chair, urged the photographer to hurry up and get over with it. Chief Justice Shaw was also a patron, and a copy of the original picture taken of him is now in the Public Library, and is said by experts to be a marvel of the photographer's art. Longfellow's face, beardless and youthful, is in the collection, as are also likenesses of Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes in his prime, Whittier, Ralph Waldo Emerson, Lyman Beecher, Thomas Starr King, Jared Sparks, Louis Kossuth, Charles Sumner, William H. Prescott, William Ellery Channing, Nathaniel Hawthorne, and Baron Rothschild. Charles Dickens used to drop in upon Mr. Hawes with his friend, James T. Fields, and loved to spend a leisure hour in a place that was to him even then a curiosity shop. Phillips Brooks posed here only a few years before his death, and Gen. Butler's picture is one that Mr. Hawes points to with pride. Among the women who visited Mr. Hawes was Jenny Lind, who came one morning with Otto Goldschmidt, to whom she was afterward married. The two were taken sitting hand in hand. Lucy Larcom and Celia Thaxter are also among those whose likenesses Mr. Hawes has preserved, and among the ones still living who have posed here are Julia Ward Howe and Mrs. Louise Chandler Moulton.

Among the group pictures is one of Free Soilers in which Gen. N. P. Banks and Anson Burlingame are prominent. The picture of the first surgical operation by the use of ether, recently reproduced in the newspapers, was taken by Mr. Hawes.

THE LONE TRAIN ROBBER.

AN ATTEMPT TO GET SAM WILSON OUT OF THE PENITENTIARY.

There Was a Mortgage to Lift on His Father's Farm, so Single Handed He Held Up a Train and Carried Off a Package of Money—The Record of a Unique Highwayman.

One of the most interesting men in the criminal history of this country is a man who held up a passenger train out in Missouri one night about three years ago. This man went about his work single-handed, and, single-handed, accomplished it successfully. He would even now be a free man had his subsequent action been guided by as much wisdom as that which characterized his lone performance in a Missouri hollow down on the 'Frisco railroad. Attention has recently been called to him again because an effort is being made to get Sam Wilson out of the penitentiary at Jefferson City, where his misdeeds took him. The term was fixed by the Judge at fifteen years.

When Sam Wilson first got himself talked of he was best known as the lone train robber. A 'Frisco train had been held up about two hours out of St. Louis. The Governor of the State was on board. He at once offered a reward for the conviction of "the men" who were guilty of the crime. The train crew, in discussing the robbery, said that a number of men had been concerned in it. It was even intimated at the time that the Governor himself fixed the number of robbers at seven. It was not many days, however, before it was fully established that one man had accomplished the stopping and robbing of the train. For a little time this story was not believed. It seemed much more reasonable that seven men had had a hand in the job. The detectives were not long in proving that Sam Wilson had taken the train at St. Louis, climbed over the tender at a point not far from Pacific, threatened the life of the engineer until he stopped the train, and then got a package of money from the express car.

It was at this time that the story took on a new interest. Every newspaper man of experience in the State had been accustomed to writing of the commonplace robber who, with half a dozen of his swearing, pistol-shooting companions, stopped trains, terrorized passengers, and robbed right and left. It was new to all of them to hear of one man who went about the job unattended. They admired the pluck of any man who would undertake such a job alone, although they didn't take much stock in his judgment. There was a good deal of interest, therefore, when it became understood that the detectives had arrested Sam Wilson down in the hills of the Ozarks. The fellows who had been watching the history of train robbing from the time Jim Berry's men took $50,000 in gold out of a train out in Nebraska up to the case of Sam Wilson, went to headquarters to see the man who had given trouble to the 'Frisco. They expected to see a powerful, dare-devil of a fellow, mighty of muscle, fearless as to eye, and exceptional all through. Instead of that they met a thin, gaunt fellow, with an honest-looking, frank sort of face. He looked like any gaunt country boy who had had a bit of experience in the large towns, most of which he had thrown away by going back to the country again. He realized that he was in trouble. He said as much; but all the time he kept up a mighty thinking, which formed itself later into one of the most remarkable propositions ever made by a criminal to an officer of the law.

"See here," he said to the Chief, "this case of mine has attracted a lot of attention, and I think that everybody'd like to see me. Ef you let me out of this I'll go into a dime museum an' divide the profits with you."

Wilson was not joking. When he made that proposition he was in the midst of one of the most serious periods of his life. That one sentence is a better index to the man's character than any column description of it. He was not under lock and key long before he came out with the entire story of his strange expedition.

For several years Sam had been away from his home in a little town at the foothills of the Ozarks, working here and there as a telegraph operator. He was not much of a success at the key, and after a time he found that he could not make a living for himself and family. He went to his father's home, where he found that the farm had been mortgaged. With this bad prospect ahead of him, Wilson set about to plan a train robbery as a way out. He explained to the detectives who arrested him that he had not intended to undertake the robbing of trains as a profession. He believed that the railroad and express companies could stand the small loss that would be entailed by one hold-up, and said he really needed the money to lift a mortgage and to provide for his needs.

Wilson set about his expedition in a serious manner. He went to St. Louis, carrying a large grip, which he thought would be necessary for carrying away the results of his hold-up. In the city he thought he would find some one who would undertake the job with him. After a study of the history of train stopping he concluded that it would be best to undertake the enterprise without the aid of a confederate. He feared that the other fellow might weaken and make a confession if hard pushed. One of the first things that Wilson did after reaching St. Louis was to invest a few dollars in dynamite. Three dollars was invested in two small, worthless pistols. These were purchased at a pawnbroker's. Wilson had had no experience with dynamite, so he set out for the outskirts of the town one morning and there exploded one of the sticks as an experiment. On this occasion he narrowly escaped arrest, but he explained that he had dropped the explosive accidentally, and that was the end of the matter. After all his St. Louis plans were concluded Wilson took a 'Frisco train for the scene of the hold-up that he was about to personally conduct. He decided that a point near Pacific, where the train would stop at midnight, would be best suited to his plans. In the woods, not far from the town, he placed his grip, which was empty save for half a dozen letters which had been addressed to him while he was in St. Louis. Close to the satchel he placed a stick in the ground and at the top of this stick he fastened a cotton handkerchief.

"I done that," Wilson told the detective, "so I'd know whur to make the engineer stop 'er."

Then Wilson returned to St. Louis. He went to a small station west of the city and there he got on the "blind baggage" of the train that left the Union Station at 9 o'clock in the evening. Once or twice at stops a brakeman looked at the "blind end," but Wilson managed to escape observation. After the train reached Pacific the robber began to be anxious. He examined his small, worthless weapons, and braced himself for the effort of his life. As the train sped along through the darkness Wilson began to look for his white flag. When he fastened the signal to the stick a day or two before, in broad daylight, it had not occured to him that it would be a difficult matter for him to make it out from his place back of the tender, the train speeding at the rate of forty miles an hour through a midnight wood. Now he realized that he would have to take chances about stopping in the neighborhood of the place of his plans. After a minute or two of this sort of consideration, Wilson concluded that he was not far from the flagged grip. In ten seconds he had climbed over the coal and down into the black pit before the engineer and fireman. In another instant he had shouted out a command to stop the engine. Neither the engineer nor the fireman stopped to do any thinking about the make of Wilson's pistols. They only knew that the train was being held up. How many desperate men were back of this uncanny figure with the two revolvers was no matter to them. The train was stopped.

"Git down," the robber commanded.

The engineer and fireman climbed down and stood on the sod of the right of way. The robber fired a few shots in the air, and a porter who had run out to see what the trouble was, hurried back into the train and told everybody, including Gov. Stone, that seven men were shooting the train crew to pieces in front. There was no one to dispute his word. More shots were fired, and in another minute a terrific explosion shook the train. The porter had no one to doubt him after this. Somebody who looked out of a car window saw the door of the express car fly off. There were more shots, then a dread silence, in which hearts thumped and the cautious ones stuck their valuables into out-of-the-way places. It was only a minute or two until the train started up again. Pretty soon every newspaper office in the country and the detective headquarters of the near-by cities knew that a body of masked men had held up the train and taken several bags of money from the express messenger.

When detectives got on the ground they found Wilson's gripsack with its telltale letters in it. Then they found the cotton handkerchief at the end of the stick, fluttering away, half a mile from the spot of the hold-up.

"I floundered around a while lookin' fer the valise," said Wilson when they got him, "but it was too dark fer findin' anything. I was afeared to wait till mornin', although I knowed that them letters would give me away."

The detectives were not long in getting on the trail of at least one man. It led south and then was all but lost in a corn field. One of the searchers pushed on and found a lot of silver dollars among the little hills from which the tall stalks grew. Then the trail was lost. The detectives concluded that the quickest way to get their man would be to go to the little mountain town and keep an eye on the house where his people lived. They expected that he would creep into the place some night and leave before morning. In this they were mistaken. Wilson made no effort at concealment. In a few hours after his arrival he was under arrest. But he was longer in coming than the officers had thought for. He had walked every step of the way, and it must be sixty-five miles as the crow flies. When somebody asked Wilson why he had left so many of the silver dollars in the corn field, the robber said that the stuff got too heavy for him.

"I left the train with two of them bags," he said, "but I dumped one of them back on the car floor. It was too much fer me. Then, as I was goin' through thet fust field the string on the other'n busted. I grabbed it at the middle. When I hefted the thing I thought that there was jest 'bout enough left to lift the mortgage on the place, and so I come on with it. I didn't want to pick up none of the stuff when I had enough."

Wilson went to the penitentiary soon after that. It was never learned whether the express company got all of the money back or not, but it was the impression that the mortgage was lifted.

CONNECTICUT'S GREAT TREES.

The Colonial Giants Among Oaks, Elms, and Chestnuts.

HARTFORD, Conn., Aug. 7.—H. L. Reade of Jewett City has been rousing public interest in this State's old trees. He has found that the elms furnish the most attractive group of trees in point of historical interest. There is a weeping elm on Mr. Reade's lawn which, although it has a very small trunk, is a wonder as regards the space it covers. Its trunk is not over two and a half feet in diameter. Its branches nearly touch the ground, making a shade, when the sun is directly overhead, of 69 feet in diameter, or large enough for 2,500 men.

Some of the oldest elms in the State are at Stratford; a number there are known to be over two centuries old. The McClellan elms in South Woodstock were planted on June 17, 1795, by the grandmother of Gen. George B. McClellan. The fine elms of East Hartford were set out, with one or two exceptions, by the French troops under Rochambeau. The matchless elm trees in South Windsor were planted by British prisoners of war in revolutionary times. There are two monster elms in front of J. L. Judd's place in Litchfield which are shown to visitors as the Calhoun elms. They were set out by John C. Calhoun while he was a law student at Litchfield in 1805. There is another elm at the corner of North and West streets in Litchfield, the finest in the village, which was the village whipping post in the old days.

One of the largest elm trees in the State stands on the land of Miss McKinney of South Windsor. Its trunk is 30 feet in circumference. Southington has the Barnes elm, which was admired for years by Henry Ward Beecher, and he knew something about elms, too, for he was born among the elm-clad streets of Litchfield. On the estate of Francis A. Stiles in the white oak district of Southbury there is a gigantic weeping elm which seems to be right in its prime to-day and ready to branch out for the twentieth century. Six feet from the ground its trunk measures 21½ feet around, and its branches spread out 119 feet. Hartford's famous Ledyard elm was set out by John Ledyard, the traveller, in 1765.

Norwich has some storied elms. They are unusually large and each of them casts a shade more than 100 feet in diameter. Two of them, at Norwich Town, were mentioned by Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes in his "Autocrat of the Breakfast Table." The third is the Bean Hill elm written about by Whittier. This tree is known as the Gospel Elm, for under its broad shadow the famous old-time revivalist, Lorenzo Dow, used to hold his peculiar religious services. Under this tree, while lamenting the loss of his faithful wife "Peggy," who had recently died, he suddenly announced himself as ready and willing to put on the matrimonial yoke, adding: "If any woman present is willing to become the wife of Lorenzo Dow I will thank her to signify her willingness by rising." Whereupon Miss Lucy Dolbeare, a prim Bean Hill spinster, arose and announced her willingness to take "Brother Lorenzo for better or for worse." "So be it," thundered Lorenzo Dow in reply; "the Lord's will be done." And they were married.

The most famous of the many New Haven elms stands at the corner of the Green, at Church and Chapel streets. It is the Franklin elm. Jerry Allen, a poet and pedagogue, brought it into that city on his back from near by Hampden Plains, and sold it to Thaddeus Beecher for a pint of Santa Cruz rum. It was planted on the day of Franklin's death, April 17, 1790. Its girth 2 feet from the ground is now 16 feet and its height is 80 feet. Most of the numerous New Haven elms were set out in a tree-planting fever between 1787 and 1796.

About oak trees, too, an important chapter in Connecticut history might be written. The famous Charter Oak tree in Hartford was an old tree when the colonists first came into these parts, and the Glastonbury oaks, of about the same age, are now held to be over three hundred years old. The Poetry Oak of Pachaug stands in front of Pachaug meeting house. The tree was alluded to in the agricultural papers of the country half a century ago because of its enormous size. C. Edwards Lester, author of the "Glory and Shame of England," mused under its shade; George D. Prentice wrote his first poems beneath its shadow, and Galusha Grow passed many of the study hours of his youth under it. Mr. Reade says of this oak:

"It has heard fifty-two sermons a year for 177 years, and political speeches from the settlement of this country down to the present day. One foot from the ground its trunk is 19 feet and 10 inches in circumference and its longest limbs extend each way 119 feet."

On the farm of James B. Palmer of Lisbon is an immense black oak that measures around the trunk 1 foot from the ground 22½ feet. This, Mr. Reade calculates, must be at least 500 years old.

On Bozrah street in Bozrah, a correspondent writes Mr. Reade, there is a chestnut tree that measures 18 feet and 9 inches around the butt and stands 58 feet high. But the giant of chestnut trees stands in Mansfield. It has a butt 54 feet around, its branches spread over a shade diameter of 200 feet, and its vast green cone is reared to a height of 90 feet. There is another chestnut in Hampden that has a trunk 20 feet around.

The tallest and stateliest white birch tree in the State is believed to be on the farm of Calvin Wilcox in Griswold.

As nearly as can be ascertained, the largest sassafras tree in Connecticut, and presumably in the United States, is on the grounds of Levi M. Read in Union. Its trunk measures 11 feet in circumference 10 feet from the ground.

There is an immense willow on the lawn of Mrs. W. C. Noyes in Litchfield which was originally a riding switch and was stuck in the ground by her grandfather Col. Benjamin Tallmadge, who was on Washington's staff during the Revolutionary War. Delos Hotchkiss of Cheshire has an apple tree 140 years old that has borne repeatedly 100 bushels of apples in a season. It has a girth of 14½ feet. George D. Colburn of the same town has an apple tree that was planted in 1750 by Mrs. Samuel Strong, herself a centenarian. The original Seek-No-Further apple tree is still standing in Hebron. It was planted by Elisha Marvin.

Interesting Connecticut trees that have fallen to the dust recently include the Sentinel Pine in Griswold, which was 130 feet high and could be seen from twelve towns, and the Woodbridge Oak, which Prof. Abbott of New York and Oliver Wendell Holmes estimated to be 2,000 years old. This oak was a watch tower for the Indians and for Goffe and Whalley and Dixwell, and some of its wood has been made into chairs for the Quinnipiac Club of New Haven.

TEA MARKET WON'T BE GLUTTED.

Big Shipments to Avoid Increased Duties Said to Have Created a False Impression.

Recent dispatches from Tacoma have said that owing to the slack demand for tea since July 12 in China and Japan the prices there have fallen and the manufacturers in Osaka have suspended operations. Other stories from the Pacific coast ports have been to the effect that the United States market is likely to be glutted by the immense shipments of tea which have arrived at these ports within the past month or two.

The Japanese tea merchants here say that the people of the Western coast and many others have conceived an altogether erroneous idea of the amount of tea which is likely to reach our markets during the year because of the large quantities which were hurried across the Pacific between May and July to escape any duty which the new Tariff bill might place upon tea.

Millions of pounds which ordinarily would have been sent to the Atlantic ports through the Suez Canal were sent directly across the Pacific. Not long ago two ships arrived on the Pacific coast with 7,000,000 pounds of tea aboard. The ship Glen Shiel took 3,300,000 pounds of tea into San Francisco, and the ship Mogul took 3,775,000 pounds into Tacoma. No such amounts had ever before arrived on that coast at once, the tea merchants say, and it set the people there to guessing as to how it could all be used. Other shipments made early in the season brought the total receipts from Yokohama and Kobi up to 20,062,638 pounds, as against 12,984,593 pounds for the same time last year.

This is said, however, to have no significance. The real basis of estimates is said to be the settlements made by factors and curers with the tea farmers, and these for the first six months of the year amounted to about 28,000,000 pounds. This is about 4½ per cent. more than for the same time last year.

The biggest merchants say that the tea crop from Japan is likely to be less than the average this year. The average supply from Japan and Formosa is 45,000,000 pounds out of a total for the world of about 90,000,000 pounds. This year the amount is estimated at 40,000,000.

At the office of the Japan Tea Traders' Association, 85 and 87 Front street, it was said yesterday that one reason that there would be a smaller output this year was because the association had advised the farmers in Japan to cease picking the second crop, and this advice, it was said, would be followed.

A MONSTER COTTON RANCH

IT IS IN MEXICO AND COVERS 175 SQUARE MILES.

How the Dry Beds of Extinct Lakes Were Made Fertile by Irrigation—A Plantation's Canals, Railroads, Electric Lights, and Telephones—The Most Improved Agricultural Tools.

From the Two Republics.

What is probably the largest individual cotton plantation in the world is located in the republic of Mexico, within the Tlahualilo cuenca or cotton belt that lies between the watershed of the Rio Grande and the Bolson de Mapimi. There are 175 square miles under cultivation, covered with the snowy blossoms for miles.

The great plain of northern Mexico, in which rests this immense cotton-growing district, embraces almost the entire States of Chihuahua and Coahuila. This immense plain is 400 miles in width by 600 in length, and although broken here and there by mountain ranges it maintains a general level of about 4,000 feet above the sea. The Bolson de Mapimi has much the same formation as the basin of the Great Salt Lake of Utah, and is one of watersheds, while the other is that of the Rio Grande. The Bolson receives the drainage of all the eastern slopes of the Durango sierras and the western slope of the Coahuila range, but it possesses no outlet. Hence the rivers melt into little lakes, whose waters are lost by evaporation in the dry season.

Like a broad sword of silver, the river Nazas pierces the Mapimi Bolson. This river, which has a course of nearly three hundred miles from its source to where it is lost in the shallows and swamps of the dusty desert, is a very mischievous river, and during the rainy season it frequently overflows its banks. Sixty or seventy years ago the Nazas discharged its waters into a series of extensive lagoons, occupying what is now known as the Laguna district of Durango and Coahuila. About that time a phenomenal rainfall so overcharged the bed of the Nazas as to cause it to open a new course, and leave the lagoons into which the river had drifted, and which were known as the Cayman Lagoons, thirty miles to one side. In the course of years these lagoons were converted into a mezquite wilderness, almost dead level and composed of a deposit of the finest detritus of unknown depth. This desert waste of hot drifting sand, under a sky of brass, ran north and south surrounded by a parallelogram of mountains. The area thus comprised was about 210 square miles of purely vegetable loam locally known as the Lake of Tlahualilo. There was nothing to break the vision on the broad desert waste but the scrawny mezquite bushes, about whose roots swarmed the rattlesnake and its strange companion, the prairie dog, possibly the only living things that could exist under a tropical sun and far from water. Such was the cuenca or bowl, chosen about six years ago for the establishment of the great irrigation enterprise that so far has made the desert to blossom as the rose, the greatest irrigation enterprise attempted in the republic of Mexico.

In 1889 a project was formulated for carrying a ditch across the desert to the head of the Tlahualilo cuenca and converting the whole area into a huge hacienda. Mr. Juan Llamedo, a Spanish capitalist of Mexico City, undertook the enterprise, in which he was aided by the Federal Government of Mexico. A preliminary survey showed that the lowest level of the basin to be irrigated was about one hundred feet below the point on the River Nazas which it was proposed to dam; that the main canal would require a development of thirty-nine miles, and that the slope of the land within the basin was such that about one hundred and seventy-five square miles out of the two hundred and ten composing the basin could be advantageously irrigated. Since then, by the aid of modern engineering and American machinery, 175 square miles have been placed under cultivation. This required money and men and a high degree of engineering capability. The plan of irrigation was intrusted by Mr. Llamedo to Mr. José Farjas, a Spanish engineer. An estate of 20,000 acres lying on the River Nazas and controlling the water supply was purchased and riprap was thrown across the river at a point where it is about 1,500 feet wide at the flood. This constituted a dam, and from the dam the line of the main canal was traced to the entrance of the Tlahualilo basin, thirty-nine miles. The canal was made 72 feet wide at the base, 6½ feet deep, with a grade of from 18 inches to 3 feet to the mile, except as to one particular section. This canal terminated in a distributing tank to the entrance of the irrigable area, from whence it bifurcated, one arm clasping the western side of the basin and the other the eastern, and both having the same average grade. One of them was 15 miles in length, 30 feet wide at the bottom, and with a depth of 5 feet, while the other subcanal was 13 miles in length, with a width of 36 feet at the bottom and a depth of 6 feet.

Transverse ditches, at right angles to the side branches, were then laid out and all the land thus laid open to irrigation was set out in blocks of uniform size, each containing a Mexican sitio, a conventional area measuring a Spanish league on each side and measuring nearly 4,500 acres. The total ditching called for under the plan included the main canal of thirty-nine miles, the first and second branch canals, respectively, of fifteen and thirteen miles; twenty-nine miles of transverse canals, fifty miles of parallel ditches, and 100 miles of distributing ditches. The total excavation called for was about 3,780,000 cubic yards for the main canal, and for all the other canals and ditches on the first section about 3,400,000 cubic yards. The first section involved ninety square miles. From 2,000 to 3,000 peons were employed on the work, and a little over a year was occupied in digging the main canal. For twenty-five miles of the distance all the water required for the laborers, as well as the animals, as well as all of the supplies, had to be taken on mule back over the wild waste. Most of the excavation was done in Mexican "tepetate," which is an indurated clay, a soft stone that forms a consistent and permanent bank for ditches. The "tepetate" prevails in all portions of the country, hence the immense ditches were dug at comparatively small cost in preference to the tubing or piping of water. About twenty-five miles from the river the ground dropped off rapidly in the direction the canal was taken, and the grade was increased for precaution, sake to eight feet to the mile. About half way down its length the canal cut the line of the Mexican Central Railroad, and a bridge was necessary. The intake of the canal on the river was built of masonry with massive walls. The gates are ten in number, each six feet wide and their framework of iron. The distributing tank at the end of the thirty-ninth mile is likewise substantial. When this latter point was reached work was pushed upon the two subcanals, and as fast as they were completed the transverse canals, parallels and distributing ditches were opened up between them. The most approved agricultural implements and utensils had been imported in advance from the United States. Upon the completion of the ditches, each of the sitios was placed under the management of an administrator, and the general administration was located on the hacienda of Zaragoza, some eight miles down the basin from the distributing tank, and nearly in the centre being prepared for cultivation. Extensive buildings were also erected, consisting of a steam cotton gin and oil mill for handling the cotton seed oil, a soap factory for utilizing the oil product, a cotton press, and an electric light plant.

A system of wagon roads following the lines of the main canals were first laid out to connect all of the villages with the central administration, and telephone communication was established between the several administrations and the general manager at Zaragoza. However, the exigencies of this fast increasing enterprise soon overleaped wagon roads as the latter in their turn had swept past the humbler and narrower mule trails. Therefore, the people engaged in the developement of the Tlahualilo cotton belt found it necessary to undertake the construction of steam railways to connect the distant portions of the estate with Zaragoza. The larger part of the railroad material ordered by the Tlahualilo Cotton Company from London arrived quite recently at Zaragoza, and the company hope to have the railroad in working order before the cotton harvests are taken in. The track is being laid on the dikes of the large canals as far as possible, thus avoiding the lands overflowed at the time of irrigation. So far contracts have been let for forty-one kilometres of plantation railroad; the latter will be laid with steel sleepers on a sixty-centimetre gauge, and the traction will be steam.

Such is a sketch of the big cotton fields in Durango made possible by modern irrigation engineering. The rainfall in the Bolson de Mapimi is confined to a few days of heavy showers about the beginning of June and the beginning of December. But up in the mountains of Durango, where the Nazas is born, the rainfall at the same season is heavy and protracted, resulting in high water in the river, which lasts several weeks at a time, and it is during these freshets that the lands of the Nazas district, and only then, receive any water benefit. In the Tlahualilo basin a week or ten days of irrigation is all that is needed in the course of a year, the water soaking easily and quickly through the almost impalpable silt and the hot sun forming a protective crust that checks evaporation and retains the moisture in the subsoil. Owing to their long roots, cotton plants strictly require irrigation only once every other year, although corn and wheat must receive it at each planting. Cotton fields of the Tlahualilo belt after the spring irrigation resemble tracks of new-born rye, so modest are they in their size of plants, but the same fields after the fall irrigation, when they have blossomed in snowy white, show cotton plants so tall as almost to conceal from sight a man on horseback. It is said that the cotton during those few months can almost be seen to grow. At all events, the finest cotton in the country is now being produced upon tracts of land, league wide, which only a few years ago were deserts of sand.

The question of fuel at Tlahualilo is an important one, as at present more than 300 horse power are in constant use and the amount is steadily increasing. The main supply of fuel is from the mezquite brush cleared from the new lands as the process of ditching advances, and the hull of the cotton seed also makes a hot, quick fuel for some of the larger stationary engines. The wheat straw and cotton bushes are utilized for brick burning. The engines and fixed machinery as well as all the agricultural machines are operated by peon labor, these native workmen being found quick and efficient in acquiring mechanical knowledge. During the period of greatest activity, when the cotton crop is coming in, the water service by irrigation is calculated at about six hundred and sixty cubic feet per second, a remarkable improvement over the waterless, rainless condition that prevailed but a few years ago. The company during the cotton crop season run their gins and presses and oil mills day and night, and keep up a large electric light plant for that purpose. The products of the hacienda are shipped direct from the station of Zaragoza; the cotton, wheat, corn, and soap being marketed in this republic, and the oil cake being shipped to the United States. Most of the machinery and implements employed are of American origin, and their aggregate is very large, there being at present some 7,000 American ploughs of different types upon the estate.

A branch line, recently constructed from the Mexican International Railroad at Matamoros across the plains to the central Tlahualilo property, has made it possible to extend cultivation to the remainder of the basin, and it is estimated that by the end of 1899 nearly 200 square miles will be under ditch and producing.

THEY WILL DEMAND THE BRIDGE.

And That May Involve the Erie Railroad in an Erie Railway Complication.

HARRISBURG, Aug. 7.—In 1871 the State of Pennsylvania, through its then Attorney-General, began proceedings against the Erie Railway Company, citing that corporation to show cause why its rights and privileges in the State should not be declared forfeited, because of alleged default in its contract giving it entrance and right of way through the State. The suit was begun on the complaint of citizens of Pike county, and was based on the plea that the railroad company had neglected to maintain a bridge across the Delaware at Matamoras, that county, in violation of the act of the Legislature of 1848. The building and maintaining such a bridge forever, and connecting, by means of that bridge, the Erie track at Port Jervis, N. Y., with any railroad that might be built up the Delaware Valley, were the conditions demanded by that act in giving the Erie entrance and right of way for its railroad into Pennsylvania.

The bridge had been built, but it was blown down in 1870. The Erie Railway Company refused to rebuild it on the ground that the company had sold all its right, title, and interest in the bridges to the Lamonte Railroad and Mining Company. This was found to be a mythical company, its charter having been smuggled through the Legislature a few days after the Matamoras bridge was destroyed. It was to have this charter set aside, and the railroad company compelled to replace the bridge or forfeit its rights in Pennsylvania that the suit was brought against the Erie.

Pending the proceedings in court, the Lamonte Railroad and Mining Company sold all the rights and franchises it was alleged to have purchased of the Erie to a newly incorporated private bridge company, which obtained a charter from both New York and Pennsylvania to build a bridge across the Delaware a short distance below the site of the bridge in dispute. On the understanding that this company intended to fulfil the conditions imposed on the Erie by the Legislature, the sponsors of the suit against the Erie Railway Company withdrew it, and although the private bridge company did not build a bridge according to the Erie's contract with the State, a wagon and foot bridge only being provided, proceedings were not renewed, and the rights of the Pennsylvania in the matter have never been insisted on.

The main reason for this is that in all these years no railroad company has demanded a crossing of the Delaware river at Matamoras and a connection with the Erie at Port Jervis by a bridge at that place. It is now highly probable, however, that such a demand will be made in the near future by a railroad company recently incorporated for the purpose of constructing a line, the survey for which has been made, from a point in the Lehigh coal regions up the Delaware Valley to Matamoras, to connect with the Erie at Port Jervis.

This company is composed of New York, Philadelphia, and eastern Pennsylvania capitalists, and a firm of Philadelphia lawyers has had a representative in this city looking up the record in relation to the Erie and the Erie-Lamonte companies and the abandoned lawsuit of 1871. It is held by the attorneys that the incorporation of the Lamonte Railroad and Mining Company was a palpably fraudulent proceeding, as there is no record of who introduced the bill in the Legislature or who voted for it, and that consequently there was no legality in the transfer to it by the Erie Railway Company of its rights and franchises in the Matamoras bridge, and that the Erie Railway Company is thus still responsible for the replacing of the bridge and maintaining it, under the penalty of losing its rights in Pennsylvania for refusal.

On the other hand, the lawyers declare, if the transfer was legal, then it carried with it from the Erie Company to the Lamonte Company all the responsibility as well as the rights of the former, which, in turn, became the burden of the private bridge company to which the Lamonte Company sold the Erie franchises. When the railroad up the Delaware Valley, which is to be begun this fall, reaches Matamoras, the demand will be made for the bridge across the Delaware and the connection with the Erie at Port Jervis, and refusal to provide it will be followed by a reopening and review by the Pennsylvania courts of that questionable legislation, by which the Erie Railway Company got rid of its obligation to the State nearly thirty years ago.

THE BEARS OF ALASKA.

There Are Several Varieties of Them at the Service of Sportsmen.

In Alaska there are several varieties of the bear, including the polar or white bear, the brown bear, and the grizzly bear (*Ursus horribilis*). THE SUN has learned from a member of the United States Coast and Geodetic Survey, who has spent much time in Alaska, that, in the colder months of the year, droves of polar bears may be seen as far south as St. Matthew's Island in Behring Sea, but that, when the ice begins to break up there, they strike out for the furthest north, as far as the Arctic Ocean. Their habits are of a maritime character; they are great swimmers; "they do not mind a swim of from 150 to 200 miles if they can find an occasional iceberg to rest on. They are ferocious, and have no fear of any enemy, so that the sportsman who is fond of adventures with a spice of danger in them can find genuine happiness in hunting the polar bear, which, however, it must be said, has a habit of killing and devouring such persons as may seek sport at its expense."

The brown bear of Alaska is a huge and shaggy bear, varying in length from six to twelve feet and weighing from 800 to 1,500 pounds, and is a dangerous adversary, the terror of the natives. It is an expert fisher, with a good appetite for salmon in its season; and when the year's run of that dainty fish is over it takes to the hills, where small game awaits consumption. The brown bear has been particularly useful as a road-maker in Alaska, treading the river banks and plains in a purposeful manner, so that the traveller, by following its footsteps, will find the easiest routes to the hills and to the best fording places. Its habitat is believed to run as far north as the Arctic Ocean. As to its ferocity, the natives do not possess a monopoly of the stories. Yet there is an authentic report that some time ago two men killed seven brown bears in one day upon the mainland adjacent to the island of Unga, and exhibited the skins in proof of their good faith. This story ought to give encouragement to those sportsmen who like a spice of luck as well as of danger in their sport.

It is hard to tell whether the grizzly bear of Alaska is more ferocious than the polar bear or the brown bear of that part of America. But some of the men who have travelled near Mount St. Elias say that the grizzly found there is unequalled for ferocity, being fiercer even than the Rocky Mountain variety. The Indian will never attack it; he takes to flight at the sight of it. It has no fear of bullets. It is happy when it lays eyes on a human being; humanity is but provender for it. The natives believe that it possesses supernatural powers, and can hypnotize the man who goes out to kill it. Yet, it is related that upon one occasion a party of two Americans in the Mount St. Elias region saw a grizzly at a distance eating fish upon the banks of a stream and determined to try conclusions with it. They got reinforcements by which their party was raised to the number of six. The six men raised their rifles and poured a volley into the body of the enemy, which thereupon rushed toward the firing party. As the animal approached they peppered it with their bullets until its life was extinct. The skinning of it was the next thing; and it was one of the members of the party of six who said: "When the skin was stretched out it looked to me bigger than the biggest buck hide I had ever seen!"

That was an adventure for sportsmen who have no fear of danger, but rather like it. In truth, there is no part of the American continent where an adventurous hunter can get livelier experiences in bear hunting than those which are to be found in Alaska. He can take his choice between the polar bear, the brown bear, and the biggest grizzly on earth. He can hover about Mount St. Elias, take observations upon the mainland near Unga, or go stalking among the ice fields which border the Arctic Ocean, some distance this side of the North Pole. There are yet lots of chances for sport in this country between Florida Strait and Point Barrow.

BOOTH-TUCKER'S COLONY.

INTENDED TO MAKE CITY PAUPERS OVER INTO FARMERS.

With $250,000 to Start the Enterprise, He Expects to Realize the Dreams of Old Political Economists and to Achieve a Mathematical Settlement of the Social Problem.

BINGHAMTON, Aug. 7.—Commander Booth-Tucker's visit attracted the biggest crowd to Bennett Park since the beginning of the Salvation Army camp meeting. During his address on "The Social Problem" he said that there are 3,000,000 of people in this country who are in a chronic state of want. This estimate is based on the number who daily apply for charity.

"My blood fairly tingles sometimes," he said, "as I look at the great buildings and luxury of the big cities. When the city of Chicago offered employment to men in shovelling snow from the streets, thousands of starving men fairly fought for a chance to work out in the cold, without suitable clothing, for the munificent sum of $1 per day. A poor girl dying in an attic said, 'Never mind, mother, there will be one mouth less to feed.' Another poor woman I know said on her death bed, 'Well, thank God, there will be no shirts to wash this week.' This condition ought not to exist. It ought to be wiped out from our nation. I think the system of gathering our poor into big institutions is wrong. I think the inquisitorial system is wrong. We should not ask, 'Is he worthy or unworthy?' but 'Is he willing or unwilling?' When we see a horse fallen on the street we do not ask is he worthy or unworthy; we help him on his feet. I know a city not far from here where so much money was spent looking up the character of the people who applied to the society for aid that there was little or no money left to help them with."

The General then went into a discussion of the proposed colonization plan, which he said was the Salvation Army's remedy for existing evils. In an interview after the address he told of his recent trip to find a suitable place for the proposed colony. During this trip he said he saw what appeared to be an ideal place. This was in Arizona. He called it the poor man's paradise. He has not decided definitely on a spot, however. He expects to carry the investigations further. He has interested the railroads, and they have offered him transportation to search for a location along their routes. He says he will not begin the colony until he has $250,000. On his recent trip he went to the upper Arizona Valley first. This is along the Santa Fé Railroad, and some of the officials of the road accompanied him. He said:

"We were royally received everywhere. People said, 'Come and locate your colony here.' We went to Garden City, then to Pueblo, to El Paso, and also into Arkansas as far as Holbrook. In all we covered about 1,500 miles. I saw thousands and thousands of acres of the most fertile soil you ever laid your eyes on, and it was spread out like a billiard table. When I asked them if they used fertilizer they laughed at me. An irrigation system has been introduced there by outside capital. I believe in irrigation. I saw its benefits in India, where I formerly lived. With irrigation the farmer does not have to depend upon rain for his crops.

"One of the most important parts of our plan will be the establishment of a banking system similar to that now in use in Germany. This we believe would revolutionize agricultural affairs. The trouble with the banker under the present system is that he sometimes lends to the farmer when he ought not to, and refuses when he ought to lend. He is not in a position to judge accurately. Then the mortgage is often foreclosed when times are hard, just the worst time for the farmer. Under our system the farmers themselves would form the bank, and they would lend no money outside of the association. They begin at once to form a reserve fund, laying aside about a quarter of the capital.

"If a man wants to borrow money for a cow which he doesn't know how to take care of, if the association thinks he has not got to that point where he needs one yet, they tell him so. They say, 'Jones, you can't have the money for a cow yet; you are only worth a pig.' They lend him money enough to buy a pig, but after a time, if he proves that he is capable of taking care of a cow, then they let him have the cow. If the cow dies, the bank stands the loss, and it will not feel it. If the man had to stand the loss, it would prove severe blow.

"We intend to run our colony on business principles. If we cannot interest capital, we do not intend to take it up. It is proposed to build the colony on the plan of Paris and Washington. From a square mile of public buildings for creameries, egg warehouses, &c., we would have roads running in all directions to the borders, like the spokes of a wheel. We will send out men to collect the produce, whether it be much or little, every day, and sell it to the best markets we could get. When the colony is established, we intend to go to the almshouses and take the pick of the inmates. Those left behind would be taken later, if they behaved themselves. The land would cost each colonist about $1 per week, which would insure the capitalist a fair rate of interest on his money. It will pay 5 per cent. on an investment."

THE BLAINE-BOND CONVENTION.

Whiteway Thinks London Will Ratify It—Canada Indignant.

QUEBEC, Aug. 7.—Canadians are discovering that while they have been pluming themselves so complacently upon the action of the imperial Government in denouncing at their request the German and Belgian trade treaties, a strong demand has been pressing in London for the approval of a convention whose provisions are likely to be of much more serious import to Canada than those of Sir Wilfrid Laurier's preferential trade policy. Sir William Whiteway, the Premier of Newfoundland, is in London urging upon the imperial authorities the ratification of what is known as the Bond-Blaine convention of 1890, regulating the trade between the colony and the United States. By the terms of the agreement arrived at between Mr. Blaine on the part of the United States and Robert Bond, acting for the colony, Newfoundland secured free entrance into the United States markets for her fish and fish products, while the United States received preferential terms for the admission of American goods into Newfoundland. The feature of this arrangement, hitherto successfully protested against by the Canadian Government, was that to the British colony of Newfoundland a foreign nation was to obtain a preference over a neighboring British colony, namely Canada.

So far the imperial Government has withheld its assent, but Premier Whiteway is said to be confident of obtaining it eventually. Ottawa, however, protests as strongly as ever, contending that for the British authorities to give effect now to the Bond-Blaine convention would be to draw Newfoundland toward the United States and away from Canada, and would tend to defeat all the late efforts of Mr. Chamberlain and the imperial Government, as well as of colonial statesmen, to strengthen the ties that bind the empire together. In support of the present Canadian protest, Canada impugns the good faith of the Government and people of Newfoundland. The attention of the British Government is being directed to the operations of the Newfoundland Bait act of 1889. Because the terms of this act did not discriminate against Canada, the home Government was induced to allow it, on the assurances given by the Newfoundland Government that Canadian vessels and fishermen would be placed upon the same footing as those of Newfoundland. This assurance being considered satisfactory both by the Canadian Government and by the Colonial Secretary, the act was allowed, but subsequently the regulations issued for the direction of magistrates and customs officers discriminated, according to the Canadian contentions, in favor of the United States. These directions said:

"No license for the purchase or taking of bait fishes shall be granted except to Newfoundland and United States fishing vessels."

The Canadian Government complains that under these regulations Canada "found herself positively excluded in British waters from participation in the bait supply under any circumstances, while citizens of another foreign nation are heartily accorded free licenses, although the same ostensible reason for refusal would apply with equal force." Evidence is afforded thus that Newfoundland realizes how much more important to her interests is trade with the United States than trade with Canada. Many Canadians despair of preventing the imperial Government from ratifying the Bond-Blaine convention. The British authorities have already done so much for Canada, both in the Behring Sea matter and in the denunciation of the Belgian and German treaties, that it is believed the demands of Newfoundland will now be considered as entitled to some consideration. If they are not there will be trouble and dissatisfaction in "Britain's oldest colony."

Mouse Utilized as a Flycatcher.

From the New Castle Ky. Local.

Mr. J. T. Caplinger has in his store a mouse which has done much to remove the odium attached by humanity to his tribe and species. This little fellow first saw the light in Mr. Caplinger's drug store, and aside from an occasional nocturnal visit outside, has passed the greater part of his life in that repository of the healing arts. Not wishing to be simply a traditional addendum to the establishment like the "store" cat, this mouse resolved upon being useful to his house, and at almost any time in the day he can be seen industriously catching flies, which he devours with great relish.