SLAVERY OF A PRINCE.

A ROMANCE FROM OUR DIPLOMATIC AND WAR HISTORY.

Abdul Rahman Captured by Pirates off Tangier, Sold Into Bondage in This Country, and Released Long Afterward at the Instance of Morocco's Sultan—His Son's Story.

During the siege of Vicksburg a contraband came to my quarters one day and said he desired to obtain some information and advice as to what course he should take to get to Missouri or Kansas. He added, "General, I cannot tell you how anxious I am to get there, for I believe my wife and two children are in St. Louis or Kansas City. I was separated from them two years ago this month, but within a few weeks I have providentially heard from them, and now, thanks to the good Lord, it appears to me that my prayers will be answered in due time." The poor old man completely broke down with the intensity of his emotions. His whole appearance and manners, and his language—for he spoke good English, entirely free from the broken idiom of the ignorant colored people—impressed me at once that he was a person of far more intelligence and education than would be expected in one who had passed his whole life in bondage. I became interested in him and requested him to give me a sketch of his life, as there was a little leisure that afternoon, the contending forces on each side being quiet for a few hours. Said he:

"I will, General; but tell me first, can you give me any hope of getting up to St. Louis?"

I replied that I would endeavor to procure transportation for him, and thought there would not be much doubt about it. Then he broke forth in profuse expressions of gratitude, and began:

"My name is Jacob Rahman, and I am the son of Abdul Rahman. I was born 57 years ago last May, near Bolivar, Tenn. But before I proceed further with my narrative I must tell you something of my father's history. He was a native of Morocco, whence he was stolen away by a slave ship when he was 16 years old. He was a Moorish Prince in that country. He had been thoroughly educated for one of his years, according to the customs of his country, and was raised in luxury, for his family were the possessors of great wealth as well as of rank. He and a companion went down the harbor of Tangier one summer afternoon for a sail, when a squall coming up suddenly, their boat capsized and the companion was drowned. Father clung to the keel till a boat put out from a ship lying at anchor close by and rescued him.

"On being taken aboard he was informed that, as it was so near evening, he would have to remain on the ship till the next day, when he would be sent back to the city. He suspected nothing wrong and was satisfied to remain. When he got up the next morning he was amazed to find the ship out in the ocean with no land in view. As he often expressed it, he was overwhelmed with despair. He begged the officers of the ship to send him back by the first vessel they should meet, but his entreaties were of no avail. The officers and crew were hard-hearted, and they only laughed at his pleadings. He soon learned that he was on a slave ship, bound for the west coast of Africa for a cargo of slaves. He then realized that he was to be sold into slavery. He often told me of the terrible agony he endured in thus being torn away from his family and country, with nothing to look forward to but hopeless bondage. Once, in his despair, he attempted to jump overboard, but was caught.

"He was then kept in confinement. The vessel reached her destination on the African coast, and after securing her cargo of slaves set sail for Savannah, Ga. On her arrival at that port the Africans were sold at auction, he among the number. As he had the dark skin of the Spanish Moor he readily passed for a mulatto, and as he could not speak a word of English he could not make known who he was or where he was from, and if he had been able to tell his story no attention would have been paid to it.

"He was bid off to a planter named Johnson in the northwestern portion of Georgia, near the Tennessee line. Here he remained a few years, working in the cotton field, subjected to the hard treatment of slaves, but never forgetting his kindred and country, or its language. He was in the habit of talking with himself in his native tongue when alone, so as to retain it in memory. He remained here a few years, and then he was sold to John Western and moved to Bolivar, Tenn. Mr. Western treated him with marked kindness and permitted the governess of his children to teach him also. He married a mulatto girl belonging to his master, who was maid to Mrs. Western. Here I was born and was one of seven brothers. As we grew up our lives passed pleasantly, for the family were all together, and we were happy and contented. Our master allowed us the same privileges for obtaining education that he had given to father. Father was able to teach us all the common branches of education, and we had an hour each day, after our work was done, for that purpose. But those pleasant times were soon to end. Things seemed to darken. Master Western appeared sad and melancholy and walked about speaking to no one. We began to hear the white folks speaking of his having met with heavy losses, and that he was in great trouble. It was not long before he sickened and took to his bed, from which he never got up again. We all helped to lay the good master tenderly away, for we realized our best friend was gone. Mother said she knew there was trouble coming now, for she could see the shadows on the wall. In a few weeks the administrator came to the place and reported that Mr. Western had been ruined financially by the betrayal of others in whom he had put his confidence, and that his plantation and the slaves must be sold, for the estate was insolvent.

"The news came with crushing force. From that time on we were sobbing and mourning most of the time. The day for the auction was fixed, and the night before our family were all together in our cabin, which was really a comfortable house. We were all crying as if our hearts would break. Father tried to comfort us by telling us our Father in heaven would not forget us, and then we all knelt down and he prayed, and, oh, such a prayer; seems as if I can hear him now, his voice coming back from that far-away time pleading with the good Lord that our family might all meet again, if not in this land, then in the heavenly kingdom where no separation could come.

"It was some consolation the next day to see that father and mother were purchased by the same man, Charles Merwin, a planter from Natchez, Miss. My five brothers were sold to persons living in the vicinity of Natchez, while I was bid off by George Woodford of Bowling Green, Ky. The parting scene the next day I can't attempt to describe. We clung to each other till the men tore us apart, and then, saying a last good-by, I went my sad and weary way.

"I found my new master was a man of great wealth, the owner of several tobacco plantations and conducting a large business. I determined to make myself as useful to him as I possibly could, trusting thereby to secure kind treatment from him. He soon discovered that I could read well and write a good hand. He did not put me in the fields with the other hands, but kept me employed about his office and the mansion. After trying me thus for some months, he appeared to be convinced that I was thoroughly honest and faithful, and made me his trusty attendant. After I had been with him about four years I fell in love with a mulatto girl on a neighboring plantation, and married her. My master thought so much of me that he purchased her and brought her to his own establishment, and gave us nice quarters to live in. I had told him about my father and mother having been sold to a planter living in Natchez, and my brothers sold to different parties in that vicinity. One morning he said to me: 'Jake, I am going to start for New Orleans in a few days, and shall stop a week at Natchez on my way down the river. I shall take you with me, and while stopping there you can look around and see if you can find out anything about your parents.'

"I was overjoyed at the thought of seeing them again, and yet I was afraid I would not be able to find them, for thirteen years had passed since we were separated, but there was hope. On our arrival at Natchez I immediately inquired for Charles Merwin, who had purchased my parents, and learned that he lived on his plantation, two miles out from the city. Thither I went, filled with hope and dread. I readily found Mr. Merwin, and made myself known to him. After listening to my statement he informed me that all my family were set free some eight or nine years before, and were sent to Morocco. He said my father claimed to be a Moorish prince, and with his permission wrote to the Emperor of Morocco a letter in Arabic, stating who he was, how and when he was taken away from his native country, and that he was now held as a slave, and where, giving his owner's name and address, and asking him to secure his release and that of his family.

"Mr. Merwin took the letter to the Spanish Consul at New Orleans, who forwarded it to its destination. In about two weeks Mr. Merwin received a letter from the American Consul to Morocco, stating that the Emperor had caused an investigation to be made, and it was found that the statement contained in Rahman's letter was true—that a prince named Abdul Rahman disappeared about the year 1787, and his fate was never known until his letter was received. He also received a communication from Henry Clay, Secretary of State, making inquiry about one Abdul Rahman, a slave, who claimed to have been a prince in Timbuctoo, stating that the Emperor of Morocco desired his emancipation, and to have him sent home, and asking if that could be brought about. Mr. Merwin wrote back that he would set Rahman and his wife free if the Government would secure transportation for them. After a while it was so arranged, and they were sent to Timbuctoo. In the course of two years, through the intercession and aid of the Emperor of Morocco, the rest of the family living about Natchez were emancipated and sent to the same place. He said father told them of another son, Jacob, but they could get no intelligence of his whereabouts, and he was left behind. This information was a dreadful disappointment to me, for it banished all hope of ever seeing my kindred again; but it was a satisfaction to know they were all free, and that my good father was restored to his country and to his rights again.

"I returned with my master to my Kentucky home, and lived there happily with my family till the war came on. Master Woodford joined the Confederate Army and took me along with him. He was in the Quartermaster's department, and we were with Johnson's army at the battle of Shiloh. After serving at different places we joined Gen. Joe Johnston's army, which is trying to help Pemberton, and is now at Jackson. A few days ago I met a gentleman, an old resident of Bowling Green, who knew me and my family well. He had just returned from a furlough, during which he visited his home in citizen's dress undiscovered. While there some of his colored people told him that the 'Feds' had carried off a lot of colored folks, among them my wife and two daughters (I had but two children, having buried four), to St. Louis or Kansas City. From that moment I determined to make my way into the Union lines, and to go up the river if possible. In escaping through the picket lines of the rebels I was shot at three times and was wounded once. Here is my wounded arm, not yet dressed. I have now told you all, and, oh, sir, if you will help me to get to St. Louis I will never cease to pray for you."

His appearance and manner and evident sincerity convinced me he was honest and truthful. I sent him to the hospital to have his arm dressed, and the next day secured transportation for him to St. Louis on one of the Government transports, and supplying him with ten days' rations bade him good-by. He started on his way rejoicing, and I never expected to see him again.

In 1865, after the close of the war, walking along Fourth street in St. Louis one day, I was accosted by a mulatto man who manifested a great deal of pleasure at meeting me. Looking at him for a few moments, I told him I could not recall him. He then asked me if I did not remember Jacob Rahman. Then I recognized him. In answer to my inquiry if he found his wife and children, he replied: "Oh, yes, I found them after a long search. They told me that word came back from the army to Bowling Green that both my master and myself had been killed. Not knowing what to do in their great distress, but being anxious to get as far away from the war as they possibly could, they were advised by the Federals to go to Kansas, and they were given transportation, with several others, to St. Louis. On their arrival there they fell in with Mr. Wilson—at whose place I found my wife—who was looking for female help, and took them to his home, and found places for our two girls in the neighborhood. They were sent for, and in a little while we were all together. It was a joyous family reunion. I was employed by Mr. Wilson and we are with him yet. I assist in cultivating the farm, and bring the produce to market. I came in with a load to-day, and it has given me the opportunity to see you again, and to again thank you for aiding me in coming to this city."

In looking over the memoirs of John Quincy Adams a few months ago, I was quite surprised and pleased to find the following entry in his diary in May, 1828:

"Abdul Rahaman is a Moor, otherwise called Prince of Ibrahim, who has been forty years a slave in this country. He wrote two or three years since to the Emperor of Morocco, in Arabic, in consequence of which the Emperor expressed a wish to our Consul that he might be emancipated and sent home. His owner, residing at Natchez, Miss., offered to emancipate him on condition that he should be sent home by the United States, which we accordingly determined to do. He has now come on from Natchez with his wife and met Mr. Clay at Baltimore. [Mr. Adams was President at that time and Mr. Clay Secretary of State.] He came in while Mr. Southard [Secretary of the Navy] was with me, and we had some consultation how and when he should be despatched to his home, which, he says, is Timbuctoo. He says he has left at Natchez five sons and eight grandchildren, one of them only four days old when he came away, all in slavery, and wishes they might all be emancipated and be sent with him or to him. He says he is 60 years old and assumes to have been the lawful Prince of his country."

This is found in Volume VI. or Volume VII. of Adams's Memoirs. JOHN M. THAYER.

SEEKING VETERANS AS HUSBANDS.

An Industry Near a Soldiers' Home Imperilled by the Government.

TOGUS, Me., Nov. 13.—The large colony of women who have come to Hallowell and Gardner to prey upon the inmates of the Soldiers' Home at this place are in a state of panic over the recent suggestion of Pension Commissioner Evans, who has recommended to Congress that no pensions be granted the widows of soldiers who are married hereafter.

Many veterans who live at the Home are trapped into marriage every year by women who seek the $12 a month pension which will come to them on the death of their husbands. Most of these women have had reputations and no character. Having led gay lives in the cities until their beauty is gone, they seek marriage with the old soldiers for the sole purpose of inheriting pensions. After capturing husbands most of the women go back to the cities and cause no more trouble until death carries off the veterans and the widows' pensions may be obtained.

There are a dozen places near the Home, all of which do a thriving business by luring the veterans inside and filling them up with liquor until they fall an easy prey to the women who are waiting for husbands. In case a man refuses to drink and shows resistance he is quieted with a club, or anything else that comes handy. Last spring an inmate of the Home was killed in a free fight in one of these dens.

Commissioner Evans's declaration strikes at the root of the evil, and is causing the women to redouble their efforts. Unless they get husbands before Congress meets, they fear their prospects of pensions will fade. New women are coming here from Boston and New York, and the dives are wide open. A man who wears a Grand Army badge can stay drunk for a month and never spend a cent. The local police are making efforts to close the places, but as fast as one is shut up others are started, and the business goes on as briskly as ever.

SKUNK FARMING FAILS.

The Skins Cheap, the Oil in Less Demand, and the Business a Failure.

WALLAGRASS, Me., Nov. 13.—Pierre Soucci, the only man in Maine who ever attempted skunk farming on a large scale, offers his place, stock, and fixtures for sale at a bargain, and says he is going to the gold fields of Alaska, where he hopes to make money more rapidly than by skinning skunks and trying out their oil. Though Soucci had plenty of minnows and whitefish to feed to his pets, and could catch all the rabbits he wanted with two spools of copper wire, he has abandoned the business and confessed that skunk culture doesn't pay. Last year he took off 200 pelts of his own growing and caught about 120 wild skunk. All that time an average skunk skin sold for $1.15, while a good black one was worth from $2.50 to $3. Skunk oil was selling for $4 a gallon, so when Soucci went into winter quarters with 600 skunks in stock he fell as if he was right in the middle of the highway which leads to wealth.

Last winter after the ponds had frozen so deeply as to make the fish seek deep water he began to give his skunks a diet of raw rabbits. For a few weeks they did very well, and then they developed cannibalistic tastes and started in to eat one another, until half of his herd had been killed and devoured by the other half. This spring he raised about 400 young skunks, all of which did well. He was hoping to retrieve his ill fortune and get rich in a few years, and had good grounds for his hope until he saw the fall bulletins of the fur trade. Skunk skins, which have been fashionable for ten years, are no longer in demand, mink, muskrats, and otters having taken their place. The best pelts that would bring $3 each a year ago are now selling for $1.50 each, and poor, white-marked skins are only worth the taking off. Skunk oil has gone down $1 on the gallon, making rheumatic patients feel very happy, but cutting into the earnings of the skunk farm. Soucci could find no profit. He will wait a reasonable time for somebody to come and buy him out, and then, if he gets no offer, he will kill off his stock.

Lot of the Game Warden in Maine.

EDDINGTON, Me., Nov. 13.—Game Warden Herrick is confined to his house. He wears heavy bandages over his eyes on account of a wicked joke which some boys played on him out at Lake Chemo. They have been dogging deer around the lake all the fall. When Herrick heard of it, he went out to shoot the dogs, carrying a rifle which was made for .38 short cartridges. While he was in camp eating his dinner, the boys extracted his box of .38 short cartridges and put a box of .38 long in its place. That afternoon Herrick saw a hound come down to the lake on a deer's track, and hastily threw in a cartridge to shoot. When he snapped his rifle together the .38 long cartridge stuck and exploded, filling Herrick's face and eyes with burned powder and fragments of the brass shell. He will not be able to go out until next year. Meanwhile the dog owners are laughing, and the dogs chase deer nearly every day.

GAMBLING ON THE LINERS.

TRICKS BY WHICH ENGLISHMEN ARE STILL CAUGHT.

Lord Lonsdale's Experience with a Card Sharper on a Transatlantic Steamship—Fewer Swindlers Working the Liners Now Than Formerly—Some Practical Advice.

WASHINGTON, Nov. 13.—An Englishman who travels a good deal was generalizing at one of the clubs here last night on the subject of the card sharpers who devote themselves exclusively to the ocean steamers.

"It's a marvel to me," he said, "that the American steamship people, or the police, or somebody, can't drive these sharpers off the American steamers. It's nothing short of disgraceful. Must be something wrong somewhere. Can't be collusion, I don't suppose, or——"

"Oh, come now, stow that, mate," said an American who does a bit of travelling himself. "If they're not worse, and more of them, on the English transatlantic steamers, I'll turn British subject, take the Queen's shilling, put on a red coat, and fight all the naked blacks from Dahomey to——"

"Humbug! We don't fight naked blacks. We only subdue them, that's all. Punitive expeditions, you know. But about these card sharpers on the American ships. Why, it's simply barbarous, you know, to permit them to mingle with gentlemen as they do. And the worst of it is, the cads get themselves up like gentlemen, so how's a man to know——"

"Must have been hit yourself last trip over, old man," put in the American.

The Englishman got red and flustered, as Englishmen will when compelled to admit that the universe is not entirely an open book to them.

"Well, yes, I did," he admitted gamely. "Not very hard, though. I think twenty guineas would about cover it. But it wasn't the money so much. It was the way the thing was done—positively beastly, I say. Man was introduced to me on sailing day on the other side by an American I know well. Good fellow, too. Man had been introduced to him by somebody else, and so on, so that it would take a Scotland Yard man to trace how he came to know and rob most of us coming across. Worst of it was, I myself presented the chap to any number of fellows I knew on the ship, and all of 'em got bit more or less, and all of 'em looked at me reproachfully when it came out after we landed that the chap was a sharper, just as I looked reproachfully at the man who——"

"Sort of endless chain, wasn't it?" put in the American.

"Well, if you want to put it that way," said the Englishman. "And worse still, the man got my guineas at my own game. If it had been poker, now, I wouldn't have minded so much, for I never could master that queer game, and I don't believe there's anything in it, anyhow. But nap! Chap beat me clean at nap, that I've been playing ever since I was at Harrow. Odd, too, that I beat him easily at first and had all the luck, and was probably fifty guineas ahead of him. Then suddenly the luck changed, you see——"

The American smiled.

"What the deuce are you grinning at? The luck changed, as I say, and, by Jove, the fellow positively couldn't lose. If my daughter hadn't become ill on the fourth day out, I dare say I might have lost quite a bit of money, and——"

"Unquestionably you would have," put in the American. "So that in one respect your daughter's illness—which I trust was not serious—was really a blessing to you. It's queer to me that no Englishman I have ever met in ocean voyaging is able to perceive that when he is playing at cards with a stranger who permits him to win easily and heavily at first, it is time for him to make his devoirs, more or less respectful, to the stranger, and proceed to take a constitutional on the main deck, henceforth abjuring cards with said stranger. Now, an American is able to see into that game right away. If he is playing with a friend, and the friend is a winner from the go-off, as we say over here, all well and good. The American voyager who is up to snuff puts his friend's initial winnings down to the chances of the game. But when he gets into a game with a stranger, and the stranger simply shoves money from the outset over to his side of the table—well, do you know what the American of to-day does under those circumstances? He simply awaits the moment when the luck begins to change, and then he has an imperative appointment with his wife in the cabin. He thus picks up quite a bit of cigar money from a man who he instinctively knows is a sharper."

"Fancy now," said the Englishman. "If I had only known that——"

"But you didn't know, and, as I say, I never came across the Englishman who did. Why, the ocean voyaging card sharpers have become so well aware of this little shrewd habit of American passengers with whom they sit down to a game that of late years they have altogether abandoned that old, old trick of permitting their victims to win with ease at the outset. They only work that trick nowadays on Englishmen. Fact is, I think there ought to be a rule on all transatlantic steamships, English and American, absolutely prohibiting British subjects from playing cards at all aboard ship."

"Tommyrot!" said the Englishman.

"Not so much so as you might imagine" said the American. "Of course, I don't mean that literally, and yet I don't know but what, after all, it might be a good thing. I have watched the wake of a steamer on the trip across the Atlantic fifty-two times—that is, I have made twenty-six round voyages—and I suppose that on these voyages I have seen as many as a thousand men plucked at cards. I will venture to assert that 80 per cent. of them were Englishmen. So you will perceive there is some justification for what I said about your countrymen playing cards aboard ship.

"I've seen some clever men of your country badly done by the ocean-going card sharpers, too. At the time your Lord Lonsdale came to the United States—Violet Cameron incident, you know—he was a pretty clever young man, even if he did at that period of his life stand in urgent need of a guardian with a heavy club. Well, amid the newspaper uproar over his landing in this country with the Cameron, the fact did not come out that Lonsdale was plucked of $12,000 on the trip over by Ned Turner, one of the most notable of the older clique of steamship sharpers. But it's a fact all the same. I was not only aboard the steamer at the time, but I was one of a number of men who endeavored to pound some sense into young Lonsdale's head while the plucking was going on. But he was a stubborn chap and would listen to no one, and even when he was quite convinced that Turner was a sharper, at the end of the voyage he stood for his big loss like a little man, and became genuinely angry at some of his English friends aboard who recommended him to stop payment on the checks he had given Turner to cover the greater portion of the plucking.

"I think Turner had it in mind to do Lonsdale when he got aboard at Liverpool. Turner had been working the ships for fifteen years, in spite of the efforts of the steamship companies to keep him off their vessels, and at this time he was a man of 40 or thereabouts. Lonsdale was pretty liberal in the use of wine at this time, and it was at the buffet that Turner, who was a fine-looking, insinuating and accomplished man, found young Lonsdale on sailing day. The two men struck up a friendship from the very first day of the voyage, and it was Lonsdale himself who first suggested, as he afterward acknowledged—for he was a manly fellow—the poker game. Lonsdale had only recently learned the hands in poker—which is about all any man ever learns about it, if the truth were told—and he had the poker initiate's enthusiasm for the game to an exaggerated extent. Before going any further, I ought to say that Turner always maintained afterward that in his play with Lonsdale he was perfectly on the level.

"'The young fellow insisted on playing,' said Turner, 'and he couldn't play any more than my aunt in Connecticut. I played with him, because that's my business. But I didn't have to play crooked—and I don't admit that I ever did play crooked, understand—to get his $12,000.'

"Well, at any rate young Lonsdale and Turner started the game on the first day out, and kept it going almost until the steamer passed Fire Island. Of course Turner beat him right along. He made no effort to let Lonsdale win from him at first. He simply played poker and raked in the young man's money and checks. A lot of us aboard knew Turner, and those of us who had met Lonsdale in England got him aside on the second day out and diplomatically put it to him that he was engaged in a pretty difficult encounter—that, in brief, Turner was a professional player of cards. For our pains we were told that we were too confoundedly officious, that he was more than 7 years of age and knew what he was about, and all the rest—you know the talk of a boy; and this boy was flushed, too, you understand.

"At any rate, when the steamer was drawing near this shore Lonsdale decided that he had had enough—not that he would not have gone on playing for another seven days, had the voyage been protracted to that extent, but he had to get ready to land. Several of us were in the cardroom when the last hand was played. Turner won the hand and Lonsdale scribbled a check on his American banker for the amount the hand represented. Then he looked up at Turner for a minute and said:

"'Some of my friends here estimate you a little unkindly, Mr. Turner.'

"'How's that?' inquired Turner, looking not a whit surprised.

"'Well,' said Lonsdale, 'they maintain that your skill at cards affords you something better than a livelihood.'

"'I never denied that,' said Turner coolly.

"'In playing with me on this voyage you have employed skill alone?'

"'At your suggestion, I have played draw poker with you for seven days. I understand draw poker, and I have $12,000 of your money. Do you want it back?'

"You see, that was a magnificent bluff on Turner's part. The young chap, he knew, would not welch.

"'Oh, if you choose to be insulting——' said Lonsdale, flushing hotly, and he rose from the card table and left the room.

"Well, a couple of elderly Englishmen aboard who knew Lonsdale and his father before him went to him then and told him that it would be perfectly proper and right for him to stop payment on the checks he had given to Turner, who, they told him in so many words, was nothing short of a swindler.

"'Mind your own damned business,' said Lonsdale. 'I'll do nothing of the sort,' and that was the end of it. It must be confessed that you folks over there have a wonderfully game fashion of sticking to a bad proposition; but I, for one, think it is pure vanity. Turner was kept off the ships of all the lines after that, and I don't know what became of him.

"How they contrived to keep Turner off the ships unless he really wished to remain off is something that I can't explain, for it is simply a plain statement of fact to say that the steamship companies have always found, and probably always will find, it impossible to prevent the card sharpers from running on their boats. They have often tried it. They tried it on one notable occasion, as I remember, with George McGarrahan, in 1881. McGarrahan was the Nestor of the steamship card sharpers, and all the steamship companies knew him. The President of one of the most prominent transatlantic lines sent for McGarrahan—who, by the way, has since died in New York—and told him that he would not be permitted to travel henceforth on the vessels of the line.

"'The deuce you say!' replied McGarrahan. 'How are you going to stop me?'

"'Refuse to give you passage,' answered the President.

"'You will, will you?' said McGarrahan. 'Well, if you do that, I'll get enough damages out of your line to make it unnecessary for me ever to touch a card again as long as I live.'

"His position was correct in law, as the President of this line found out upon investigation. The steamship company, you understand, is not the regulator of the habits of its steamers' passengers. If the passengers don't know any better than to play cards with sharpers, that is their own lookout. And a steamship company cannot decline to sell passage to a man because it claims he is a short-card player. It devolves upon the company to prove that the man is a card sharper, and the steamship people know that this is practically impossible, for no man who is done at cards by one of these men on an ocean steamship is going to rise in his seat and make announcement of the fact to the world.

"Observation tells me that there are not nearly so many of these men on the ships now as formerly. The short-card players who make a business of travelling have found the trains much more profitable, since the officers of the steamers got into the habit of going quietly among the voyagers of a card-playing turn and warning them of the danger of getting into games with such and such men. That was the system, and a pretty effectual one, too, adopted by the steamship companies to squelch the ocean card sharpers. The result has been that the sharper can now only make a general campaign of all the big steamers—and the big steamers are the only steamers they consider worth working—before the officers know them, and then their game is dead practically. So that they find it more profitable to take to the swell trains on the swell runs, making the same trip rarely, and thus preventing their countenances from getting too familiar to the railroad people."

"How the deuce do you know all this?" inquired the Englishman.

"Well," replied the American, "you may be pretty certain that I haven't dreamed it. Besides, I figured it that you required some consolation for the loss of your twenty guineas. Didn't you?"

THE GHOST DANCE.

Cause of the Indian Uprising of 1890 as Told by Chief Little Wound.

SIOUX FALLS, S. D., Nov 12.—"Indian logic has always been difficult to overcome by the whites who have to deal with the Government wards," said Dr. McGillicuddy, ex-agent at Pine Ridge agency, "but the most embarrassing position I was ever in was when we representatives of the Government sought to treat with the Indians in their religious uprising at Pine Ridge in 1890. The story of the outbreak has never been told with such clearness as at one of our conferences.

"There were assembled at Pine Ridge agency in December, 1890, a few days prior to the Wounded Knee battle, several Government officers and the Kiyaksa war chief, Little Wound, now leading chief of the Sioux Nation. Little Wound was asked if he blamed the agent for the coming of the soldiers to stop the ghost dance. He answered no, and then said:

"'My friends, over sixty winters have passed over my head; I am too old to dance. Now that you have asked me about this thing I will tell you. The holy men have for many years been telling us that ages and ages ago you white people became very wicked; you lost the right road and denied your Great Spirit. He finally took pity on you and sent His Son from the happy hunting grounds to save you and bring you back and show you the way to live. He was called the Messiah. We are told that He lived with you over thirty years and worked hard to save you from your wickedness, but you had lost your ears; your brains were in a whirl and you would not think right. You threw Him away from you and finally nailed Him up on a great wooden cross, stuck a spear in His side and killed Him, and He returned to the happy hunting grounds with a tired heart. It was told at the time that He would come again some time, and that when He did come the hearts of the people would be good. That would mean plenty to eat and there would be no more war.

"'A few moons ago a young northern Cheyenne warrior came to us. He said he had come after many days' journey from the far West; that near a great lake shore he had met the Messiah, a tall white man with golden hair and beard, blue eyes and a good tongue. He said he had again been so sent by the Great Spirit; that all the people would be happy now, for the Great Spirit had taken pity on the world; there would be no more war; the buffalo would come back and we would be persecuted no more, but would all live together, and when the green grass came in the spring he would visit the different tribes of men and teach them how to live. But he said that many people had denied him and at last killed him. Now he had arranged certain signs and a dance by which, when he should come to a tribe, he would know whether they would receive him. Those signs he taught to the Cheyenne and told him to teach the people.

"'Now, whether this old story of the holy men and what the Cheyenne told us is true, I do not know, but I got my young men together and told them that if it was a good thing we should have it, but if it was not, it would fall to the ground itself, and I told them to learn this dance, so that if the Messiah does come He will not pass us by. My friends, this is all we know about the Messiah and the ghost dance.'

"After a few moments the old Chief turned to me and said:

"'You lived with us many years. We trust you. Will you tell me if this that has been told us about the Messiah is true; that He will come, and by His coming will bring back the buffalo, make us a strong people to live on the land the Great Spirit has given us? What is the white man afraid of? Why has he brought the soldiers here to deprive us of the dance? After robbing us of our game and lands does he now want to rob us of our Great Spirit and our religion?'

"A few days later came the battle of Wounded Knee, resulting in the death of two officers and thirty-five men of the regular army and 145 Indians. Two days subsequently the Brulé Sioux, under the leadership of Little Wound, surrounded Gen. Forsyth and the famous Seventh Cavalry in the cañon of White Clay and held them until they were rescued by the Ninth Cavalry under Col. Guy V. Henry. The 'second coming' was again deferred."

SAT DOWN ON A FIRE PLUG.

Then He Arose and Wavered in the Air Like a Dancing Ball in a Shooting Gallery.

From the Atlanta Journal.

A man evidently tired from waiting or from an overdose of work walked up to a water plug at the corner of Alabama and Pryor streets this morning and sat down. The man sat down slowly, as though his limbs were tired of him and he of them. His legs acted as if they had been working overtime and did not like the job. As the man took the seat on the plug he gave a sigh as though of relief, immediately followed by a yell.

This yell was of distress, and it echoed and re-echoed up and down the street. The man shot into the air and distanced the echo in his ascent. The huge pressure of water against the plug had caused it to break so suddenly that a stream as large as a barrel came out with the speed of a cannon ball. The top of the plug was knocked out and the man sat astride of it as he made his rapid trip into space. Of course, he had to come down, and when he did he fell into a stream of water such as he had never seen before.

There was water everywhere that man tried to fall, and the more frantic his efforts to get out the more he got in. For an instant it looked as if he would be drowned, but with a mighty spurt he cleared the big spout of water and gained his freedom. Once out he did not turn to look about him, but made a run down South Pryor street that broke all records.

The drenched man disappeared, but the water did not, and it continued to flow for fifteen minutes in immense quantities.

FOSSILS FROM PATAGONIA.

STORY OF A PRINCETON MAN'S LONG DESERT JOURNEY.

Well-Defined Rivers of Mud—Skeletons of Hitherto Unknown Beasts Discovered—Rare Collections of Desert Flora and Fauna—A Successful Expedition in South America.

On Feb. 29, 1896, as was told in THE SUN at the time, Prof. J. B. Hatcher of Princeton University, with O. A. Petersen, who was for a long time employed as a collector by the American Museum of Natural History, sailed for South America, intending to explore the deserts of Patagonia and make a collection of such objects of scientific interest as the region afforded. Everything from the living Tehuelches, the guanaco, and the berberis brush to the bones and shells of the most ancient geological formation to be seen on the desert was to be studied and collected.

The two collectors reached Buenos Ayres in the usual course by steamer, and then, taking one of the Argentine national transports, went down the coast as far as the capital of Argentine Patagonia, Gallegos, on the Gallegos River, which is but a day's sail north of the Straits of Magellan. Here they met the Governor, Gen. Edelmiro Mayer, who, as THE SUN told some years ago, when a correspondent visited the region, was during the American civil war the Colonel of the Fourth United States Colored Infantry, and an efficient fighter. The Governor fully appreciated the fact that Prof. Hatcher was the first thoroughly trained scientist to explore the region since Darwin had a glimpse of it from the stern sheets of a cutter that failed to reach the head of the Santa Cruz River. Accordingly, every facility that the scanty resources of a Patagonia desert settlement could offer was placed at the disposal of Prof. Hatcher, and after a short stay with the officials of the settlement the professor and his assistant were carried across to the north side of the river (Gallegos is on the south side) and landed at the headquarters of a big sheep ranch that stands there.

The actual work of the expedition then began. The outfit would have seemed very small to a tenderfoot, for it consisted of a single cart and four horses, with tools for making excavations, scientific instruments for observations, a few books of reference, with such provisions as an abstemious prospector would carry when bound on a long search for mineral. With this outfit the two men started away alone on their journey, their course lying to the northwest from the mouth of the Gallegos. The Coy River having been reached, a stop was made and considerable time was spent in the work of examining the bluffs where the various layers of alluvial deposits have been exposed by erosion.

From this stream the journey was continued to the Andes at a point east of the Pacific coast bay of Penas. A number of salt lakes were passed—lakes that seem to have been portions of the south Atlantic itself, which once rolled its surges to the very feet of the cordilleras. Here a river, unmarked on the map, but in the Santa Cruz watershed, was found and named Mayer River in honor of the Governor. It was traced to its source in an Andean glacier. Here the most remarkable discovery of the whole journey was made. This consisted of a number of mud creeks and rivers—streams of mud so substantial that the explorers on more than one occasion started to walk over them, not noticing that the ground was of a plastic nature, and so they sank in, sometimes waist deep, and with difficulty and not without great danger escaped. On examination these mud streams were found to have as well-defined channels as any river of water. The largest was from fifty to sixty yards wide and of unknown depth, the only soundings made being the involuntary ones when the explorers inadvertently plunged in. The current was, of course, very slow. To cross them it was necessary to search along the channel until a place was found where the current was sufficiently obstructed to enable the sand and wind to dry the surface into a crust and the low temperature to freeze the mud.

While on the Coy River a lone Tehuelche visited the camp, and from that time on not a single human being was seen for five months, at the end of which time the explorers returned to the settlement. The journey to the mountains was made during the southern summer. It was found that March was the only month during which work could be done with any degree of comfort. During all other months the weather was like March in the northern part of the United States—cold, raw and in about every way disagreeable. During the worst of it the high bluffs near the seacoast were explored, and with excellent results.

While in camp in the wilds a horse by a sudden jerk of its head struck Prof. Hatcher on the head, inflicting a wound with a bridle buckle from which the professor almost bled to death. Following this, erysipelas set in and compelled a return to Gallegos. There the professor suffered from an attack of pneumonia, and on recovering found himself so weakened as to be obliged to return to the United States after an absence of something more than a year.

Although he returned sooner than he wished, Prof. Hatcher had the satisfaction of bringing back eight tons of fossils, including specimens of all the genera of the Santa Cruz beds and a lot of the invertebrates of the Miocene and super-Patagonian beds. A new marine horizon was discovered overlying the Santa Cruz beds—a matter of very great interest to scientists. In addition, a geological section was mapped from the Cordilleras to the coast line.

Among the discoveries in fossils were the bones of a diadiaphorous, a beast that is described as having a frame of the size and something of the shape of a horse, but it was a five-toed beast, and was not a horse nor like one save in size and general shape. Another was the nesodona, and this can be compared as a whole to nothing that walks the earth in these days. It had a body four feet long and four feet broad through the ribs—a body "shaped like a barrel and had legs like a saw-horse," to use a simile applied by a Princeton man who examined the skeleton, while its head and snout were like those of a rhinoceros. It was a grass-eater. The full skeleton of this animal was obtained.

Another uncatalogued geological curiosity was the skeleton of an animal that was plainly the progenitor of the modern deer. It is called the icochilus.

Of the other fossils it may be said that while they are not new they are full of interest, and make for Princeton a most admirable and instructive collection. They include the bones of the prehistoric marsupials—kangaroos, &c.—that roamed Patagonia as they now roam Australia; the huge armadillos, from six to eight feet in diameter; the monkeys and parrots that once sported in a tropical verdure where now there is a climate fit only for such animals as are called fur bearing; the shells of oysters so large that a man who swallowed one whole would have needed a gullet of enormous size, for the shells average nearly a foot in length.

In addition, the skins of 800 different mammals and birds of the present era and complete collections of the flora of the region were safely delivered at the college. When these have been properly prepared, the opossums of the size of mice hanging by their prehensile tails to the branches of knee-high desert trees, while their young cling to their fur, will be one of the sights of the Princeton Museum; while the curious water beast that have their mammilary glands along the backbone instead of on the breast will float in a make-believe tank with their young upon their backs or swimming close alongside.

Furthermore, there is a complete collection of the relics of the great Tehuelche tribe of Indians—the bolas with which they kill their game, the huge spears with which they make war, the tobacco pipes with which they intoxicate themselves, the wooden spurs with which they prod their ponies, the luxurious guanaco robes that serve every purpose of bed and clothing.

It was a most successful exploration, but one that was by no means satisfactory to Prof. Hatcher. After remaining in this country long enough to recruit his health and arrange his affairs he sailed on Monday last to resume his labors on the desert, which, inhospitable as it may seem to the ordinary tourist, has, for those who love the earth as God made it, an indescribable and irresistible charm. He was accompanied by A. E. Colburn, a young man accustomed to life in the wilds and skilled as a taxidermist. He expects to remain there three years if his health will stand it, but those who know the region and its climate look for his return within two years at the most.

A Friend of the 'Possum.

From the Columbus (Ga.) Ledger.

The Hon. J. C. F. McCook of Chattahoochee head is level on the 'possum measure. We, too, are "'possumists," but no pessimists, and we tremble with wrath and sadness at the present "sloration" of this king of meats, and pray for the time to come when the law will cloak him with better constitutional franchise and privilege at the festive persimmon tree—a longer lease on life and liberty, as in case of the dove and quail. "Equal rights to 'brer' possum and no special rights to the bird." Let the 'possum family increase and develop, and Christian religion and the democracy of our fathers do the same thing. The 'possum favors the most distinguished writer, William Shakespeare, the world ever produced, and this fact alone ought to be sufficient for our civilian to honor in some degree him and his whole family. The "last, loveliest and the best" plea for this "brer" is, he is bashful, timid, unassuming and sweet like the winsome girl, and God bless your soul, we are "'possum rights" folks over here in Russell, a world without end. Free 'possums at the rate of sixteen in the future to one of the awful past, is our platform and sentiments.

CAN A SKUNK CATCH A MOUSE?

The Question Over Which Farmers and Hunters in Maine Are Disputing and Betting.

AUGUSTA, Me., Nov. 13.—The $100 bet regarding the ability of an average Maine skunk to catch an average Maine mouse is still unpaid, and until the question is definitely settled the advocates of the proposed law prohibiting the trapping of foxes can make no headway against popular prejudice. Last spring THE SUN gave an outline of the dispute. It was intended then to settle the whole question by an open field trial between a skunk and any number of healthy mice which the fox trappers might choose to produce. Since then three tournaments have been held, and though every one was largely attended and much money wagered on the result, the referees have been unable to render a decision in favor of either side.

At the first trial the skunk was shy and so frightened at the crowds of men that he wouldn't pick up a mouse when it was placed under his nose, though it is claimed that he caught and ate two mice after the men had gone away. While this answered the demands of science, it was far from satisfactory to the bettors, who insisted on seeing the skunk catch and eat a mouse before they paid over their money. At the second trial held in Sidney in October a tame skunk that had been kept hungry for two days was introduced into the pen among the mice. This skunk had no trouble in catching three mice, all of which he devoured in the presence of the spectators. Before a decision could be given the men who had wagered money against the skunk declared that the mice had been caught recently, and were in a dazed condition, which unfitted them for trial. Upon hearing this argument the referee refused to declare the skunk the winner, and appointed a third trial, which came of in Randolph early in November.

Ten tame white mice were turned loose in a tightly fenced area two rods square, and when the guests had assembled and the bets had been made the tame skunk of the previous meeting was put among them. The skunk was not hungry and paid no heed to the mice that scampered about at his feet. A mouse was killed and fed to him to sharpen his appetite, after which he seemed to have no trouble in catching all the mice he wanted. When he had killed four without making any attempt to eat them, the men who had bet on the skunk demanded a decision, claiming that the skunk had fulfilled his contract; but the fox champions demurred, say that white mice were not so agile as the wild field mice, and asserting that that the two rods' limitation of the pen gave the skunk an advantage which he could not get in the open field. For these reasons the referee declared all bets off and appointed a fourth meeting, to be held in Chelsea next May.

Members of the Brunswick Fur Club and others who hunt foxes with dogs say that the welfare of all the apple orchards in Maine depends upon the result of this contest. They say that by using a new bait, which has a peculiar fascinating smell for foxes, the trappers are killing off all the foxes in Maine, and taking them at a time when the fox is practically worthless. One trapper who passed two weeks in the Aroostook county last February came home with more than 300 pelts. In Kennebec county the new scent has been used with such effect that a man may travel all day in newly fallen snow and not see a fox track. It is further asserted that no sooner did the foxes disappear from their haunts than the mice began to girdle the apple trees, killing whole orchards in a single winter. For these reasons the men who hunt foxes with dogs asked the State to put a stop to trapping, and came before the Legislature with the names of more than 5,000 orchardists attached to their petitions. In the debate which followed Secretary McKeen of the Board of Agriculture said that skunks killed more mice than foxes, and as foxes killed skunks, the hunters were trying to preserve the wrong animal. This assertion was disputed by all the hunters, and supported by a good number of the farmers present. Then a member of the Fur Club offered to bet $100 that a skunk couldn't catch a mouse in an open field. This was grabbed up by a farmer, and before the committee adjourned more than $1,000 had been wagered on the result.

No law was passed last winter, the Legislature thinking it best to wait and learn the result of the field trial. Meantime both factions have been busy in soliciting support. The fox hunters declare that unless the trapping by scented meat is stopped all the orchards in Maine will be ruined and nobody can raise any hard cider. The farmers are equally confident that the foxes are ruining the poultry business of the State and killing off all the skunks, which keep the mice in check. Though the Legislature does not meet again in regular session until January, 1899, the fox hunters have obtained nearly 10,000 signatures to their petitions, and have wagered $5,000 that a skunk cannot catch a mouse, and offered a reward of $500 to any man who ever saw a fox kill a skunk. From the present indications the controversy promises to become one of the issues in the political campaign of 1898.

ONLY ONE WAY TO TRAP COONS.

This Way Was Discovered by an Observant Pochuck Mountain Hunter.

CHESTER, N. Y., Nov. 13.—"If any one ever told you he trapped a coon in the woods he told you what never happened," said a Pochuck coon hunter. "Coons can't be trapped except in one way, and I never found a coon hunter yet who knew how it was done. You may track a coon to his home in some crevice of a rock, which is a favorite retreat for him if he can find one; place your trap in front of the hole and disguise it as much as you may—cover it a foot deep with leaves if you like—but that coon will never leave that hole as long as that trap is there. He will starve first. The coon has the keenest scent of any animal. He can smell the iron of that trap, and he seems to know the danger it threatens him with. He knows it will be death to leave the hole, and he prefers death by starvation to being trapped. I have tried iron traps and snares and all sorts of devices, but never could succeed in fooling one of these little beasts into getting caught by any of them.

"It isn't often you see a coon in the daytime, but you may if you know where to look for them. If there is a creek anywhere in which crawfish abound, you may see some epicurean coon fishing for them almost any day, along in the afternoon, if you hide at the side of the creek and keep very quiet. The coon is particularly fond of crawfish. The way he fishes for them is to wade in the creek, generally going down stream. The crawfish live under the stones on the bottom. The coon feels with his forepaws under each stone he comes to, thrusting one paw under from one side and the other paw from the other side. It is a comical sight to see a coon fishing for crawfish. He keeps his head high in the air, moving it up and down and to and fro, his eyes evidently gazing at nothing, every sense seeming to be concentrated on the business beneath the water. You can tell instantly when he has fastened on to a crawfish, for the expression on his face changes at once from the dull, vacant stare to one of brightness and animation. He draws the crawfish out of the water, and, standing erect on his hind feet, rolls it smartly between his paws. This crushes the shell and claws of the crawfish and makes the sweet meat accessible. The coon eats his capture with great relish and then begins the search for another one.

"While watching a coon fishing in this way one day I got the idea of trapping coons. I thought that by placing a steel trap on the bottom of the creek where coons found the crawfishing good they might be deceived, and, more than likely, caught. I made the experiment. I sank two traps at different places on a favorite crawfishing route for coons, and the same afternoon found a coon in each trap. I have trapped hundreds of them since then, and that is the only way you can trap a coon."

BRUIN TRAPPED WITH BUCKWHEAT.

Bears So Hungry in Maine That They Are the Victims of Many Kinds of Bad Luck.

CLIFTON, Me., Nov. 13.—The total failure of the beechnut crop has brought the Maine bears to the verge of starvation, so that many sly old animals are coming out to the clearings and getting shot while looking for something to eat. Ben Kingsbury, who lives in Tilden village, lost four sheep lately from a pen attached to his house, and the tracks in the yard showed plainly that a bear had committed the deed. Last week a two-year-old cub was shot and killed among the shavings and rotting timbers of an abandoned shipyard in Bucksport village, the bear having gone there to pick the fat grub worms from the decaying wood. Two bears went into a deserted camp near Norcross, and in gnawing the spilled fat from the floor closed the door and were compelled to stay there until they starved to death. Louis Francis, an Indian, found their bodies last week, and was angry at the County Treasurer because he could not collect the bounties.

Jack Gilpatrick, an aged bear hunter, who occupies a camp on the side of Chick's Hill in this town, gave up the hunt and took in his traps a month ago, and went to shooting and poisoning bobcats because he could find no bears. Late in October he went out for more wildcats, and in passing through a beech wood saw recent traces of a bear that had been scratching up the fallen leaves and eating what few beechnuts of last year's crop he could find. The next day Jack went down to the store and bought a bushel of a new kind of buckwheat, which had a large kernel. A grain of buckwheat bears the same relation to a beechnut that a snowball does to a satellite; they are shaped alike, but one is infinitely larger than the other. But Jack boiled his buckwheat all right, and when he spread it among the beech trees the next morning a bear that wore magnifying glasses might possibly mistake it for beechnuts. Some hunters came along while Jack was setting his bear traps among the buckwheat and covering them with leaves, and when they saw what he was doing made fun of him and told about him at the Post Office, so that everybody heard of it, and the story got into the newspapers.

Two days later Jack took a big fat bear to Bangor and sold it for $30. Since then he has caught two smaller bear from the same lot, and is looking for more. As the bushel of buckwheat cost but 75 cents, Jack thinks it was a good investment.

RANGES BOOMING AGAIN.

MORE QUICK FORTUNES BEING MADE BY CATTLE AND SHEEP.

A Revival of Prosperity in the Southwestern Territories After Years of Depression—Rise and Decline of the Industry—Higher Prices Obtained Once More for Steers and Wool.

FLAGSTAFF, Ariz., Nov. 10.—The rapid revival of the sheep and cattle industries is delighting the Southwestern Territories and there is a general feeling that the glories of the range may come back in a few years more. The cowboys are returning to the ranges. The towns in the regions of the ranges are once more busy and prosperous and everywhere there is talk of restocking ranges. The rains have been plentiful for two summers, and such fat, sleek stock has not been sent to market in a long time. The rise in the value of cattle alone is worth more than $1,500,000 to Arizona. At any time in the last half dozen years yearling steers have been sold at $6 and $7; two-year-olds at $7.50 and $9, and three-year-olds at $11 and $13. There was a slow market even at these prices. Since last May the prices on all grades of cattle have been steadily advancing; to-day yearlings bring from $11 to $12; two-year-olds, $15, and three-year-olds from $18 to $25.

The palmy days of the cattle business in Arizona and New Mexico were from 1882 to 1888. Those were days when full-grown steers brought $35 and $40. The West abounds in men who by an investment of a few hundred dollars in calves, and by taking up Uncle Sam's free ranges, have become independently wealthy in a few years. From 1883 to 1889 hundreds of young men, fresh from college and full of love of excitement and adventure, came West every year and engaged in cattle ranching. The majority of them had a father or an uncle to draw on for capital to invest in a range and a small herd. Cattle ranching had a peculiar fascination for young Englishmen, and English capital to the amount of fully $2,600,000 went into ranges and herds in Arizona in a few years previous to 1889. One company, of which the late Lord Randolph Churchill was a chief stockholder (the San Miguel Company), invested $300,000 in Texas long-horns and 16,000 acres of land in Avapai county (near Prescott, Ariz.) in 1887, and sold out its increased herds, in the deepest depression of 1893, for $90,000.

Dozens of new towns sprang up along the line of the Santa Fé Railroad. The largest cattle companies in the Southwest were organized in 1884 and 1885, and several of them had a capital of more than $400,000. The Aztec Cattle Company at one time had a range of about 23,000 acres and 58,000 cattle. It was capitalized by New York and London men. Several herds of 15,000 and 20,000 were brought down from Wyoming and Colorado and put on the cheaper ranges and in the warmer climate of Arizona and New Mexico. The Benson Cattle Company (composed of Philadelphia and St. Louis capitalists) expended more than $300,000 in new ranges in New Mexico in 1885 and brought there some 30,000 cattle from Kansas and Wyoming, while four companies of cattlemen from Omaha and Chicago invested more than $500,000 altogether in land and steers in the region of Los Cruces, Benson, and Deming at about the same time. There never were so many large individual holdings of grazing lands and herds as in Arizona and New Mexico in 1887 and 1888. At the height of the cattle industry in the Territories it was estimated about $14,000,000 was invested in ranges and cattle. The cowboys got top-notch wages, there was a constant demand for cattle at big prices, and agents for the stockyards and packing houses in Kansas City and Chicago went among the cattlemen seeking shipments of steers. Many cattlemen and companies made 10 and 15 per cent. a year clear profit on their investments, and some of them made even 30 per cent. It was the easiest, freest, and most satisfactory way of getting rich, and it is no wonder the cattle barons of the Southwest became known for their prodigality.

The decline of the industry began in the winter of 1888-89. That was a hard winter for the herds everywhere in the Territories, and when the value of full-grown steers went down $5 a head it was believed they were not up to the standard of the fastidious taste of the Eastern beef buyers. In the following year the price of cattle still declined, and when local agents for Eastern buyers packed up their belongings and went back East it was realized that something was wrong with the cattle business. In 1890 the price for the best steers went down to $20 a head. Hundreds of men who were in debt for their ranges and calves were crowded to bankruptcy. Word went forth among the cattlemen that there was an overproduction of beef, and that no prospect of a revival of the cattle industry was in sight. The years 1891 and 1892 were still harder for cattlemen throughout the Southwest. Cattle went down, down, down. The rains were very slight and infrequent, and vast areas that had been the best of grazing lands a few years before became as dry and barren as a desert. The decline in the value of cattle in Arizona was estimated at more than $1,500,000 in 1891 alone. Several large cattle companies failed in that year, and individual cattlemen everywhere in the Territories went out of business with heavy losses, while cowboys went into railroading or travelled back to their homes in the Eastern States or England. In 1893 and 1894 it was no better, and more cattle were sent to market at the lowest prices, and more cattlemen went to the wall. In 1895 there was a slight revival, followed by a sudden slump in the cattle market.

But in 1896 a decided revival in the business was felt, and in the fall of that year cattle of all grades went up 10 per cent. The heaviest rains for several years fell in the Territories in 1896, and last winter was exceptionally good for grazing. Last spring came another advance in cattle, and last June the value of steers began to go up by leaps and bounds. There have been fears that the revival was only temporary, but now that the most abundant rains in ten years have fallen all over the Territories during the past season, and the old-time demand for cattle has continued for months, joy is felt by the men who have managed to hold on to their herds and ranges through successive years of depression, and all over Arizona and New Mexico plans are being made for a restocking of the vast tracts that have been vacant for a half dozen years.

The sheep and wool industry has revived much more suddenly than that of cattle. Go where one may in Arizona and New Mexico this season he will hear of men who have made small fortunes by investments in sheep and wool during the last year or last few months. New Mexico is more distinctively a wool-growing region than Arizona. The ranges are smaller there than in Arizona because of the many old Spanish land grants that dot the map. The smallness of the ranges renders them more suitable for sheep than for cattle. It is estimated that the advance in wool since last July has been worth close to $2,300,000 to New Mexico, and about $1,600,000 to Arizona. The Navajo Indian tribe, which has some very large flocks of sheep on its reservation in northeastern Arizona, has had an increase in wealth of more than $200,000.

Ten years ago the annual wool clip of New Mexico averaged $4,200,000. Those were days when wool was wool, when flocks of 15,000 sheep were not uncommon, and there were bands in the Raton Mountains of upward of 35,000 sheep. At the time the cattle industry began to decline the sheep business also went down. In 1887 sheep were worth $2.50 a head, and in 1893 the best sheep were worth less than $1.25 a head. The most rapid decline of the industry was in 1892, when free wool was an issue in the Presidential campaign, and when wool was put on the free list sheep went down to less than $1. The Santa Fé Railroad Company hauled solid trains of sheep to market for mutton, and wool buyers who had been in the business for years went into other pursuits. In San Miguel and San Bernardino counties, in New Mexico, the reduction of flocks was more than 40 per cent. in two years. Wool went down to five, then to four, and at one time to even three cents a pound. Many herders did not even shear their flocks in 1894, but sent the carcasses with their shaggy pelts to the butchers.

The revival in the industry came last June, and so fast has it gone on that many men predict that a reaction must come before spring. From a slow market at 4 cents a pound last winter, wool has gone to 10 and 11 cents a pound. Some of the finer grades have sold lately at 13 cents a pound. Holbrook has sent to market more than 1,200,000 pounds in four months, and Las Vegas 2,600,000 pounds. Wool buyers are travelling all over the Territories now seeking purchases of wool and sheep, and one cannot travel on any Santa Fé train without meeting men from some Eastern cities out looking for wool. The zeal with which the wool clip has been bought has created a sheep craze in some parts of the Territories, and sheep on foot there have never been quite so high as now. One firm at Las Vegas, N. M., bought wool with every dollar it could spare in the past four years, convinced that the era of free wool would not long continue. It built a large storehouse and packed away tons of wool, varying in value from 3 cents to 5 cents a pound. In last August the price of the product went to 8 cents a pound, and a month later it was at 10 cents, and two weeks ago the firm sold out all its wool at 11½ cents a pound, making a profit of $80,000.

"I knew of several men," said ex-Congressman Burkhardt of Santa Fé, N. M., the other day, "who went about two years ago begging some one to buy their flocks at ninety cents and $1 a head, so that they, the herders, could quit a losing business for which there seemed no hope of a revival in at least a generation. The men found people everywhere as desirous of keeping out of sheep herding as they were to get out. So they had to remain in the industry. Several of them have sold flocks for $18,000 for which they asked $6,000 and $7,000 a year ago, and besides have disposed of their recent wool clip at $3,000 and $5,000 and $7,500, whereas they got but one-third of those sums in any of the previous five years."