The Sun.

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HE CALLED BIRDS FOOLS.

FRANK JOHNNIE POWERS STAGGERED BY THE RESULT.

From All Over the World the Tender at Tomlinson's Drawbridge Has Had Letters of Protest, but He Stands by His Guns and Has an Object Lesson Waiting for the Bird Lovers

NEW HAVEN, Conn., Dec. 25.—"Johnnie" Powers is staggered. Everybody who drives over the old Providence pike for any length of time knows and likes Johnnie Powers, the ordinarily philosophical tender of the big electric swing draw at busy Tomlinson's bridge on the Quinnipiac River. Mr. Powers, although celebrated as a life-saver at the river side, and faithful servant of the public without an accident these many years, is being snowed under by remonstrances both verbal and epistolary in consequence of an impatient utterance made in the line of his work when he declared that "birds are fools." He made this remark one day last summer after he had swung the draw for the fourteenth time that day to stop a free fight between the large colonies of English sparrows and purple martins which tenanted the bridge. The birds nest in the ornamental iron posts which tower above the tender's lever room on the draw. This room is suspended over the narrow roadway.

Now, Mr. Powers is just a little sorry that he made the remark. There were several persons about at the time, including a magazine artist, and a month or so later Mr. Powers was surprised to find himself quoted as above in an article in that magazine upon the birds, and the artist had made him still further famous by portraying him in the act of swinging the big draw in order to stop the battle. But that was only the beginning of his troubles in the matter, for ever since he has been a shining mark for lovers of birds, who feel indignant because of his sweeping declaration.

"Of all the places to get into hot water, this here draw is the star," said Johnnie yesterday, "and of all the troubles that I've ever had on it, boy and man, this battle of the birds, and the attacks upon me which have followed, have been the worst by a long shot. Who's a-going to run this draw, them birds or me? When you get a lot of highly educated folks after you, like I have in this matter, it makes you feel as though bridge tending ain't what it was once. They've got me so mixed up on it that sometimes I'm in doubt as to which is right, them people or me.

"Why, its worse," said Mr. Powers, as he took a few whiffs at his pipe and then reflected, "it's worse, I say, than bearing up under the abuse of the river hogs that pass up down and through this here draw. Did you ever notice that pedestrians and teamsters will mostly give way quietly to the passage of traffic through a drawbridge and wait patiently, even in a driving rainstorm, but a river hog don't do nothing but kick and swear if he has to wait for one team to drive off the draw. He'll blow his whistle at three miles away for me to open, just as though he owned the river. I never let the river hogs trouble me much, though. I just make 'em think they're the boss, the same as you do your wife, and then there's no trouble.

"But here's them bird people a-writing me and a-blowing me up, as though I was a bird hater and a-egging the birds on to fight. Why, my boy, it's worse than monkeying with a draw hog. Don't know what a draw hog is, do you? Oh, I tell you, bridge tenders have their troubles. A draw hog is a man with a big loaded team who drives on to the draw just as you're going to open it and delays you until he's driven slowly across and kept the river men a-waiting. I repeatedly warned one fellow that was carting hay over the bridge about doing that thing, but he insisted on driving onto the draw in spite of the stop signal. Well, I cooked his goose for him one day when he'd driven onto the draw in this way, for I swung the draw, end for end, and left him hind side before, and moving back toward the east where he'd just come from. He had to drive back a mile to get a wide place to turn around with his load.

"A case like that you can handle yourself, but them bird letters beat me. They are worse than tending this draw on a Fourth of July, when everybody rigs a mast into some sort of a canoe and comes a-sailing down through here. Why, last Fourth they came down here in such showers that actually it seemed to me as though they'd been up to the cemeteries and loaded in their ancestors for seven generations back to go for a sail, just to keep me a-opening this draw."

Mr. Powers paused, refilled and relit his capacious pipe. "Why, I love the birds just as well as anybody, but I can't keep it up by wholesale forever. Ain't I been a-swinging the draw all summer to stop 'em from fighting? And don't I shelter more'n 500 of 'em every night now under the centre pier? It's a wonder them people wouldn't make more inquiries before they pitch into me. Why, they attack us worse than having a big funeral procession come down on ye all standing, and then having a three-masted schooner, towing to a hawser, pop up off the bridge and blow for me to swing the draw. Now there is one thing that I won't stop with this here draw, and that's a funeral procession. I've stopped everything in the world but one of them. I wouldn't cut a funeral in two if St. Peter himself was aboard of the schooner a-twirling the spokes at the wheel. Why? Well, I dunno. I always feel toward a funeral as though it was the last time the corpse was a-going to use the bridge and as if it ought to have the right o' way.

"I don't mind a-telling you that I'm so mixed up on this here bird trouble that I've made a solemn vow. You see the difficulty began early last summer. I begun to notice then that these fights between the sparrows and the martins were getting so bad as to attract a good deal of attention. Them hollow posts on the draw make the place for the birds to raise their families in. The martins came first and nested in the posts on the north side of the draw, and then the sparrows came and took the posts on the south side. From the very first I noticed that sometimes the birds would get into serious fights and then again all would be pleasant with them as a May morning, but I didn't make no account of it then, much less did I think that I was the innocent cause of the whole trouble. But when the colonies grew larger and the fights fiercer, then I concluded to look into the matter.

"Now come into the lever room," said the draw tender. "You see that starting lever there? Well, my chair always stands by it, you see, facing the West, toward New Haven, because my rush travel comes from that direction, and I want to be so I can overlook it. The draw almost always stands that way. Well, in probing the bird mystery, I found that when I'd swing the draw end for end and facing toward the east, or toward East Haven, the birds would go on one of their pitched battles, as though the devil had kicked 'em in end, and the battle would last as long as I kept the draw swung that way. As soon as I'd swing the draw back again, and turned myself round facing the west, I found that peace once more reigned in the camp and that the domestic life of the birds went on quietly again. So the next time I started for end I stepped out of the lever room and watched the birds. As soon as they felt the tremble of the draw in motion they all flew out of their nests in the iron posts and kept out, and circling around until I shut the draw again. If the draw was back as before, the birds seemed perfectly satisfied, but if I'd swing it end for end their nests would be half turned around, you see. Then the trouble would begin, for the martins would try to get into the sparrows' nests, which would now be on the north side of the draw, the martins not knowing enough to know that they were not their own nests. The sparrows would do the same thing to the martins' nests on the south side of the draw, both sets of birds looking for their houses, but being too ignorant to find them without coming to blows. And then would follow the fighting, which they would keep up with the air full of their chirpings and chatterings, and with their feathers falling down on the passenge s below, until the commotion was so great that I got ashamed of it and swung the draw back into the position in which it commonly stands. Then they quieted down once more. After this I had to right the draw every time I wanted to leave it standing the wrong way, in order to keep the birds quiet. And I've got tired of it. I had repeatedly said that 'birds are fools and haven't got any brains, because they don't know enough to find their own nest when the draw is turned,' and a lot more about them, when that magazine fellow happened along and printed what I said. I guess he's sent my name all over the world as a bird hater.

"The first I knew of the trouble he'd cut out for me was when two young school misses walked past me on the bridge one day last September, and I heard one of them say 'There's Johnnie Powers who makes the birds fight so's to get rid of 'em. He says birds ain't got any brains.' Since then I've been a-catching of it about every day, either by mail on personally, and it's getting to be an old story with me. I've had letters from men and women and from boys and girls, some suggesting remedies for the evil and all of them asking me not to be hard on the birds. Nearly every one gives me rats for saying that birds are fools. One little fellow up in Litchfield wrote me that if I was no much wiser than I seemed to think the birds was, I'd kill off the English sparrows and let the purple martins have the whole of the bridge. Here's one of the letters I've had. It comes from a country where they've got more time than we have up here. This is the letter:

AUDUBON SOCIETY OF JAMAICA,
RED HILLS, near Kingston, Nov. 9, 1897.

MY DEAR SIR: Your assertion that "birds are fools," as appears in a magazine article now lying before me, leads me to beg that you will undertake to reconsider that statement, and, where possible, correct it. Else it may be repeated by the thoughtless, and much injury done to our delightful little feathered songsters of the air.

Imagine for one moment, my dear sir, what the world would be without our birds. A dreary, profitless waste. Nothing should be said to create a feeling against them, but, on the other hand, everything to inculcate a love for the beautiful winged creatures in every breast.

Now, my dear sir, if you will try working your drawbridge by leaving it partially opened until the birds have become accustomed to it, and then by degrees turn it completely around, you will, I am sure, get the birds trained very shortly so that their unpleasant battles and consequent bloodshed will be averted.

I remain, my dear sir, yours with profound respect,
JOHN PARSONS JACKSON, Secretary.

To Mr. John Powers, Keeper of the Tomlinson Bridge, New Haven, Conn.

"Now," said Powers, after the letter had been read, "I suppose that man thinks that all we've got to do up here is to use drawbridges to educate birds with. But he's every bit as practicable as all the rest of 'em. About a week after I got that letter I was broke up even worse by a visit from three richly dressed ladies who drove out from New Haven to see me. And the eldest of the lot sends her footman up to call me out. I reckoned it was the old bird trouble, for I scent it in the air nowadays, and it was, for the minute she got her eyes on me she began.

"'Mr. Powers,' says she, 'during all the time that I've been a-riding over this here bridge, which belongs to the public,' says she, 'I've heard you well spoken of, and I've always had the highest regards for your judgment until I've seen this remarkable statement of yours in the magazine. And now I must say, Mr. Powers, that I very much regret to see that you've interpreted the actions of the dear little birds in the way you have. You have made me very angry, Mr. Powers, by declaring that birds are fools. As between the two, mankind and the dear little birds,' says she, 'the birds have got the most intelligence,' says she. 'I've been interested in the dear feathered creatures,' says she, 'ever since I was a child, and the more I see of them the more I think of their intelligence. They are so thoroughly self-reliant,' she says, 'and so constant to nature,' she says, and a lot more of talk which was too flowery for me to get onto. Then she gave me a bundle containing three books written by Oliver Goldsmith on birds and animals, and she says: 'Mr. Powers, I've brought you down some works that you will please read and ponder over, and I think when you've got through them, you'll come to the conclusion with me that birds are no fools, but are the brightest and best creatures in our Father's Kingdom.'

"At that I thanked her, of course, and as soon as I could get a word in edgewise I tried to square myself. I says: 'Madam, if you'll just wait a minute I'll show you that I know what——'

"'Oh, no, Mr. Powers,' says she; 'you needn't try to convince me. You said the birds were fools and didn't know anything and had no brain capacity, and I'm very angry with you, indeed.'

"'But,' I says, 'madam, now just as soon as that steamer passes through I'll swing the draw, so it'll be reversed. Then this side'll be over there and that side'll be over here. Then you'll see how them birds will be mixed up.'

"'Oh, the dear little things,' said she, 'I can see that that would puzzle them.'

"'Yes,' said I, 'and then you can see them fighting.'

"'Oh, no! Mr. Powers,' says she; 'I wouldn't witness that for anything.'

"And I says, 'they'll fight and keep a-fighting till I let the draw swing back the usual way and then they'll stop.'

"'Oh,' says she, 'Mr. Powers, promise me that you'll always let the draw swing back the usual way then, won't you? Drive on, James,' and she bowed, and all three of them smiled at me so sweetly that I didn't mind the blowing up, even if they were just as impracticable as all the rest of the women that you ever come in contact with."

"What about your vow, Mr. Powers?"

"My vow? Why, the battle between the birds stopped in the fall when the martins left for south, and the sparrows are here by the hundreds waiting for 'em to come back in the spring. Then the fight will begin again, and I want them bird people to come down here and wait upon the birds themselves, for I'm so much at sea on the matter that I have sworn that I won't do it any more. No, sir, I like birds, but I'm going to attend to the public hereafter and let the birds go. I've had enough of this dispute, and if them people don't believe birds are fools they can come down here and see whether I am right or wrong."

WHO GOT THE EDITOR'S OVERCOAT?

Dark Mystery in the Gilt Dome and a Shivery Christmas Eve for Col. Eggleston.

An overcoat and $21 that were in the pockets of the same were stolen from George Cary Eggleston's office on the thirteenth floor of the Pulitzer building on Christmas eve. Col. Eggleston (who was a private in the Confederate army, but who is called Colonel, perhaps, because he is a member of the Southern Club), was engaged by Mr. Pulitzer several years ago because it came to the ears of the latter that some folks said that there wasn't any real literature in his newspaper. Ever since Col. Eggleston undertook the contract to inject a literary tone into the *World* he has worn a folled and careworn expression. But he never looked more folled and careworn than when he went shivering home on Christmas eve.

"The overcoat was almost new," he said yesterday. "It was a big frieze ulster that I bought two years ago to wear on a voyage to Europe. I have worn it very seldom since then; only, in fact, in the coldest weather. I wore it on Friday because Friday was cold. Late in the evening I went up to my office and handed it to the boy. He hung it up—I saw him hang it up—behind the door. Then I went down to the eleventh floor for about five minutes. When I came back the overcoat was gone. So was the $21 I had left in the pockets. A man with any sense ought to have known better," the Colonel added ruefully, "than to leave money up there that way. Might as well have thrown it away."

"Have you any idea who took it?"

The Colonel looked grim.

"To tell the truth," he said at last, "any one of fifty men might have taken it. They don't keep any account any more of the men who go up and down in that elevator." He pointed to the private elevator that runs to the *World* plant only. "There's no telling just who came down within half an hour after the coat was stolen."

There was a great stir in the office when Col. Eggleston announced his loss. All the unemployed sleuths in the place were set to work on the case. It was quite unnecessary to carry the investigation through the whole building. The thirteenth floor is in the gilt dome itself.

The sleuths took from its hinges the door on which the coat had been hung and examined its surface with a microscope. They swept up a little heap of dust from the floor to be sent away to a chemist and analyzed. Somebody suggested that everybody present go down to the photographic department and have his thought pictures taken. The suggestion met with disapproval, and the subject was not mentioned again. After an hour of careful sleuthing the sleuths looked each other in the eye and nodded morosely. It was easily seen that they had all come to the same decision—no clues.

Two hours later, when Col. Eggleston had gone out into the cold, the managing editor reentered the office with a private detective, said to be Charley Heidelburg, who has an office in the building.

"Looks like an inside job," said he.

THIS YEAR'S APPLE CROP.

Only About a Third as Large as Last Year's, but More Than an Average—Prices Double.

The apple crop of last year, 1896, on this continent, was by far the greatest ever known. It is now estimated to have amounted to 70,000,000 barrels. The apple crop of the present year will be, it is said, about one-third as large as that of last year; it is now estimated at about 20,000,000 barrels. This, however, is more than an average crop.

The production this year is well distributed, but it has been greatest in the newly developed apple-producing regions in the western parts of the United States. The apples in abundance have come from Missouri, Kansas and Arkansas. Many fine apples have come this year from Colorado, and a considerable quantity from Washington, most of these Pacific coast apples stopping at Chicago.

The apple crop in Virginia this year has been extraordinarily fine and heavy. Some of the very finest apples, fruit that has brought extremely high prices, have come from Virginia. There has been no failure in New England and New York, or in Canada, but the crop in these apple-producing regions is not large, compared with the western parts of the United States.

The prices of apples are now about double what they were last year. It is believed that producers this year will get more money for their apples than they did for the greater quantity marketed last year.

The exports of American apples to Dec. 20 were about 600,000 barrels, against 2,100,000 at the same date last year. The aggregate exports for this season are likely to amount to about 750,000 barrels, against 2,000,000 last year. The European apple crop this year is light.

LIKED TO CHANGE GHOSTS.

THAT, MR. ALLEE SAID, WAS WHY HE KILLED SO MANY MEN.

A Texas Desperado with a Sense of Humor and a Ready Pistol—Eight Ghosts in His Train—The Last an Editor Who Was Eloquent When Drunk and Repentant When Sober.

Once upon a time when Alfred Allee was half drunk and wholly good-natured a San Antonio man asked him why he had killed so many persons. Leaning with his back against the bar counter, with his hands thrust deep into his pockets and a queer look on his ugly face, he made answer:

"Because I like to change ghosts."

He is a ghost himself now. A year ago, in Laredo, three Mexicans who hated him found him in his shirt sleeves, weaponless and intoxicated. They set to work on him with knives. He was incapable of resistance, and said nothing more than:

"Don't do that! You don't know what you are doing. Don't do that!"

He had eight wounds on him when picked up, and every one of them went to the hollow. He was a thoroughly butchered man. Each of the knife stabs represented a life that he had taken. Allee was an accurate shot, remarkably swift with his pistol, and one of the most coolly desperate men the Rio Grande frontier has known. The passion for slaughter seemed to grow on him, and in the last decade of his life he killed four men in affrays. For each of these killings he stood trial in the courts and was acquitted, sometimes on the plea of self-defence and sometimes for no reason at all that any one could see. Occasionally he was drunk when making his record, but not always. He was a merciless man at all times, and whiskey did not make him any more or any less murderous.

Alfred Allee was born in southwestern Texas, and followed the business of all natives. That is to say, he was a ranchman. He had only a common school education, and early developed traits of wildness. He consorted habitually with the rustler part of the population and was a frequent figure at dances, horse races, and cockfights. He was a desperate gambler when once engaged, and those who dealt for him were careful to deal "square." More than once he was accused of standing in with the many gangs of cattle thieves with which the country was infested, but this was never proved. It is certain that he was a rigidly upright man in business, and his word was as good as his bond.

The first four murders with which he was charged were ordinary affairs of the ranch, the cow camp, and the cattle trail. The victims were Mexicans or cowboys of no prominence, and they brought their slayer no great amount of reputation. He was known as a man who would shoot quickly and well, and one upon whom it was hard to get the drop, but he was not classed with the gilt-edged killers, of whom something like a dozen owned the Rio Grande country. Allee was not brought into immediate contact with any one of them, which was perhaps a good thing for them, and he went along the even tenor of his way, killing an obscure person now and then, but exciting no special comment or remark.

About this time he moved to Pearsall, the county seat of Frio county, and engaged in shipping cattle. It was at the height of the "nester" excitement. Pasture fences were cut nightly, cattle were stolen by the hundred head, and the rough element was in the ascendant. The ranchmen of Frio county formed the Cattlemen's Protective Association, and made a business of running down the thieves. Some of them were tried and sent to the penitentiary, but a good many more quietly disappeared. It was given out that they had fled the country, and no one made particular inquiry for them. All through the months of October and November, 1885, however, it was noticed that the Mexican vultures were plentiful about the mesquite grown pastures of Frio county. Now and then a corpse with a good many bullet holes in it floated down the Frio River. Simultaneously the cattle business began to pay larger dividends. It was not known then but it subsequently developed that Allee was one of the most trusted and effective agents of the Cattlemen's Protective Association. His former intimacy with the rustler element gave him exceptional advantages, and he utilized them. A choice was offered to him, and he wisely decided to range himself on the side of law and order.

Re-established in the good graces of the wealthy men of that section and well paid by them, his desire to kill somebody not a rustler got the better of him. The affair brought him into State prominence. The victim was named Rhodes. He was shot on the public square of Pearsall. He reached for his pistol, but Allee had him covered before his fingers touched the butt and he went dead in his tracks. Rhodes was well connected in the lower counties and his slayer was bitterly prosecuted. Self-defence was the plea and justifiable homicide the verdict. This affair cost Allee all the money he had made from the cattlemen and he went to drinking.

Boarding an International and Great Northern passenger train at Cotulla, La Salle county, one night, he quarrelled with a negro car porter. Not knowing his man, the negro attempted to put him off the train. Allee killed him, of course, was arrested, and gave bail. Once more his name got into the papers, and people began to look upon him as worthy to wear the mantles of Mike Thompson and Bill Longley and Sam Bass and a host of other worthies who had gone before.

At that time train robbery in Texas was a thriving industry. The gentlemen of the road distributed their favors impartially among the various lines. If a Gould train was held up one week, it was a certainty that a Huntington train would be held up another week. Several humorous features were introduced which marked the crimes as the product of one master mind. A conductor noted for his pride in good clothing was forced to render his overcoat, vest, coat, trousers, shirt, cap, and shoes, and bring in his train clad only in his underclothing. An express messenger proved obstinate about opening his safe, and his ears were cut, inverted in the right and fork, and slope in the left. An ancient maiden lady of prudeness and propriety was made to play a guitar accompaniment to a song never intended for the drawing room. Gradually it came to be known that the fun-loving leader was a former cowboy named Brack Cornett. His band was the well organized. Its members called him Capt. Dick. The country is thinly settled, covered with chapparal and broken, offering many hiding places to outlaws. Capt. Dick's operations increased in boldness and frequency until rewards aggregating $3,000 were offered for his capture, dead or alive. An entire company of State Rangers was put upon his trail, as well as a hundred special officers. They made it so hot for him that he quit train robbing and devoted all his time to dodging about in the brush. In this extremity he took refuge at the ranch of Allee, whom he had known well in the old days. He could not have made a worse move. Allee told him that he could camp in the ranch yard. The next morning he went out to Cornett, who was preparing his breakfast, and took a seat on the opposite side of the fire. The two talked pleasantly for awhile. As the train robber stooped to lift a pot of coffee from the coals Allee shot him through the brain, and he fell with his face in the ashes. This assassination brought the Frio county man still more fame. He was congratulated upon having rid the country of a very desperate villain, and collected the rewards.

A man named W. C. Bowen ran a weekly paper called the *Ledger* in the little town of Cotulla, twenty miles from Pearsall. Bowen was of a type not infrequent among country editors. He had ideas about attaining the forefront of the battle for the rights of man; he regarded the press in general, and the *Ledger* in particular, as the palladium of our liberties; he thought it his duty to act as censor of the public, and he would write things when drunk that would turn him pale to read when sober. He got into his head that Alfred Allee needed a write-up, and he wrote him up, much inspired with rum. He said that the desperado had been run out of the lower counties, that he was a thief and murderer, and that his removal would be for the country's good. The paper was out on Sunday, and Bowen, who was sober, shivered when he read his editorial. The people of the town offered bets upon how long the editor would be allowed to live. A week was the uttermost limit set. Allee, who was always a man of very quiet manners, called at the *Ledger* office and walked up to Bowen's desk. He told the editor that he knew whiskey was responsible for the leader, but that it must not occur again.

"Every man in La Salle and Frio counties," he said to the trembling writer, "knows that you have abused me. I am the only one who hears you apologize. If you mention my name again I'll kill you." Then he walked out.

Things were quiet for a day or two. Bowen got drunk again. He wrote an editorial ten degrees more savage than the last. The paper caused a sensation all through the State. Bowen became sober and went to San Antonio, deeming himself safer there. He was accompanied by his brother, who was the County Attorney. The two remained in the city for three days, but business forced them back to Cotulla. When they boarded the train each of them had a pistol. These pistols they laid on the seat facing them and covered lightly with a shawl. The train passed through Pearsall, which was Allee's town, without incident, and the brothers breathed more freely. At a little station five miles further on Allee got on board. He entered the coach at the further end and immediately caught sight of the Bowens.

These wretched men grabbed frantically for their pistols on the seat in front. W. C. Bowen was the first to fire. His bullet went through the roof of the car almost above his head. Allee advanced slowly toward them, with a set smile on his face, and firing, as was his custom, so rapidly that the shots could not be counted. At the fourth discharge County Attorney Bowen was crouched between the seats, with his right arm shattered between the elbow and wrist, and Editor Bowen was doubled up in the aisle, with three bullets through the body. Allee stood over him a moment with the same fixed smile, deliberately emptied two more shots into the corpse, glanced at the cowering brother with contempt, walked into another car, and took a seat. The dead man had fired but one shot, and the weapon of his brother had not been discharged at all. Allee was tried for this murder and acquitted. Public sentiment was divided. But for his record it would have been wholly with him.

The Bowen ghost accompanied him to the tomb. He did not change it. Previously he had been pursued by the shook of Cornett. Talking to the acquaintance mentioned in the opening paragraph of this story, he said that he would rather be followed about by an editor than by a train robber, anyhow. It will be seen that Alfred Allee, eight times a slayer of his kind, had also the saving sense of humor.

A DEFERRED METROPOLIS.

Hopes on Which Bonds Were Issued by a Kansas County.

TOPEKA, Dec. 25.—A Kansas official received a letter a few days ago from a dealer in municipal bonds in New York city asking about an issue of bonds made by a certain western Kansas county in 1884. The official recalled the circumstance of the voting of these bonds and the influences which were used among the voters. The Missouri Pacific Railroad wanted to extend its line into the county and desired $50,000 in bonds to aid in its construction. The bonds were voted on condition that they were not turned over to the company until the road had been completed to the county seat.

Repeated efforts were made to induce the County Commissioners to surrender the bonds so that the company could sell them and get the money needed in the construction of the line, but they were fruitless. Finally the officials decided to try a new tack, and sent Jim Orr, a Missouri Pacific attorney of Atchison, to the county to see and talk with the people. Orr reached the county seat by stage one Sunday evening in time to go to church. When the contribution box was passed around he threw in a handful of silver. On Monday he fell in with the town boomers and made himself agreeable. When the bond subject came up he remarked that he had heard something about the voting of some bonds, but didn't care anything about that, as his business was to select a site for division headquarters somewhere out there, and he was simply going to look over the situation at that point; he wanted forty acres of ground where water could be had, that was all.

This caused everybody to warm up to Orr, and the town company offered him a whole section. Orr said it wouldn't be right to take so much, and forty acres was all he needed. In the afternoon he expressed a desire to go jack rabbit hunting and the village sports rallied to accompany him. He laid in a fair supply of beer and cigars and the party set off on the hunt. Every one in the party killed more rabbits than Orr, and it was the unanimous verdict that he was the best-natured and most liberal sportsman they had met, though he couldn't shoot much. That night he played a little game of poker with his new friends, letting them win his money with the remark that if he located there he would learn the game and try and get even.

On Tuesday he started a force to dig a big well and at night attended a Populist rally, making sure to have a fellow call on him to speak. His speech was a powerful arraignment of monopolies and the concentration of wealth in the hands of a few. On Wednesday Orr surveyed the forty acres of land and made a big plat of the ground, indicating the location of the roundhouse, general offices, and machine shops, and that evening went to a church social, where he spent money right and left, especially patronizing the daughter of the Chairman of the Board of County Commissioners, and showing marked courtesies to the wives of the other members of the board. Thursday was spent in the town drug store, where Orr got acquainted with the leading men from the country. On Friday water was struck in the big well, and Orr was particularly delighted and enthusiastic. He dictated a telegram to one of the head officers of the Missouri Pacific Company in the East, announcing that this was the best place for division headquarters, and gave it to the Mayor to send. That night a town meeting was held and a banquet spread. Orr was the central figure, though retiring and modest. To the toast, "Our Future City," he responded so eloquently that those present could almost hear the whistles and bell of the shops, and when he wound up with the assurance that in that Western metropolis he expected to enjoy the pleasures and responsibilities of a citizen, the applause shook the old frame hall.

On Saturday Orr knew every man, woman, and child in the town, and most of the people in the county. He had patronized the three barber shops, ordered a suit of the local tailor, taken a share or two of stock in the creamery, hired all the livery teams in town, bought his sister a hat of the milliner, paid each of the well diggers $3 a day, promised the Post-Office to half a dozen fellows when Cleveland was elected, contributed to the County Commissioners' churches, and was the good fellow of the town. Then, taking the Chairman of the Board of Commissioners aside, Orr remarked that since the bond had been voted, it might expedite matters if there was no delay in issuing them, but that it was a small matter and he merely suggested it. That afternoon the Commissioners held a short and hurried session, and signed the bonds and brought them to him, saying it would be a favor if he would deliver them to the company for them. It is he consented to do in time to catch the stage for the nearest railroad station.

Years have gone by since that eventful week. A little spur of a road does the business of the "metropolis," with an every-other-day mixed train, and the 150 villagers refer to the vacant tract of ground with the old well as "The Orr forty." And the New York broker still holds the bonds.

Another story is told of Orr which the politicians declare is gospel truth. At least, Orr has never denied it, and when it is told in a crowd of his friends, he enjoys it as much as they do. Orr is a Democrat, and although the Democratic party has never been able to do much business in Kansas, he manages to get into every National Convention as a delegate. In 1892 the Democratic State Convention to select delegates to the National Convention at Chicago was held at Salina, distant 300 miles from the east line of the State. Orr was ambitious to represent his party in the National Convention from Kansas. He notified the delegates from a half dozen counties in the east end of the State to meet him at Kansas City, where he would provide them with transportation to the convention. When the train was ready to leave the station Orr was surrounded by fifty men who were ready to accept his favors. He herded them in a car, and when the conductor came through to take up the tickets he transacted business with the politicians and not with the delegates. The return stubs of the passes were retained by the candidate for national delegate, because he knew as between supporting him and walking home his guests would choose the former. That bunch of passes not only elected the young politician a delegate to the National Convention, but it also saved the day for his father-in-law, former Gov. Glick, who lived in the same county, in the same ward, and, in fact, in the same house.

DEAD AT THE OARS.

A Fort Lafayette Watchman Perishes with Cold in the Narrows.

The pilot of the tugboat John Fuller, while approaching the Narrows about 7:30 o'clock yesterday morning, noticed a rowboat drifting along with the tide with a man holding the oars in his hands but making no attempt to use them. When the little boat had been boarded it was found that the occupant was dead and frozen stiff at the oars.

The boat was towed to the Fort Hamilton shore and the dead man was soon identified as Lawrence McCarthy, 50 years old, who lived in Fifty-eighth street and Third avenue, Brooklyn. He was one of the watchmen at Fort Lafayette, and he had obtained permission to remain at the lonely old fort during the night and about 4:30 o'clock each morning row back to the foot of Fifty-eighth street for his breakfast. He did not been in good health for some time, and must have been overcome by the extreme cold while rowing against the strong tide. It is supposed that he had been dead for several hours before his discovery by the pilot of the tugboat.

Le Boutillier Brothers, 14th Street.

Christmas is Past. Now for Bargains in Muslin Underwear, Linens, Men's Shirts, Curtains, &c.

Muslin Underwear.

GOWNS.

Superior Muslin Gowns, Empire style, trimmed with embroidery, at } **49c**

Torchon Lace Trimmed Gowns, Empire, also embroidery trimmed, good value at $1.00 } **79c**

Ladies' Outing Flannel Short Skirts, fancy colored stripes } **19c**

Outing Flannel Gowns, extra quality material, full size, worth 85c } **59c**

SKIRTS.

Superior Muslin Skirts, umbrella shape, deep embroidery, full size, $1.00 quality } **79c**

Magnificent Torchon Lace, or embroidery trimmed, Muslin Skirts, full size, $2.00 quality } **1.29**

DRAWERS.

Muslin Drawers, deep hem and tucks } **19c**

Superior Muslin Drawers, umbrella shape, embroidered } **39c**

Very Fine Drawers, umbrella shape, deep embroidery, regular $1.00 quality } **69c**

And hundreds of other styles in Gowns, Drawers, Skirts, Corset Covers and Corsets, in goods extra well made, full sizes, direct from the factory, saving all middle profits.

Greatest bargain ever offered. Boucle Cloth Jackets, Franklin fronts, silk serge lined, actual value, $7.00; to close. **3.98**

Boys' two-piece Reefer Suits, in mixed Cheviots, navy, and black, 3 to 14 years, $2.75 quality. **1.98**

LADIES' BUTTON SHOES, direct from factory, **85c** Warranted Perfect.

KID GLOVES

16 button Long, Evening Gloves, all sizes, 5¾ to 6¾, chiefly white, some colors, $1.69 quality. **1.19**

20 and 24 button Evening Gloves, in size 5½ only, have been $2.50 and $3.00; to close at once, per pair, **69c**

Men's Shirts.

Great Sacrifice of Men's Unlaundered Dress Shirts, made of good strong muslin, 3-ply Union linen bosom, reinforced front and back, double stitched, felled seams, cut full, well made, all sizes, at } **39c**

Men's fancy trimmed Night Shirts, "Utica" muslin, imported trimmings, cut 52 in. long, value 75c } **49c**

TABLE LINENS.

60-in. Silver Bleached Damask } 50c

8-4 Bleached Satin Damask } 75c

8-4 Bleached Double Damask } 1.00

Fringed Sets—Cloth and Doilies, colored borders } 2.69

Damask Cloths, Napkins to match, per set } 3.50

5-8 size, all-linen Napkins } 1.00

3-4 size Dinner Napkins } 1.50

TOWELS.

Hemmed Huck Towels } 12½c

Extra size all-linen Huck towels, plain white and colored borders } 25c

LACE CURTAINS.

Scotch Lace Curtains, regular width and length, ecru and white } **65c**

Nottingham Lace Curtains, elegant choice of patterns, were $1.50 per pair, now } **98c**

Arabian Point Lace Curtains, exact copies of the real lace; this purchase will be closed out, at, per pair } **2.98**

Imported Velour Table Covers, 1½ yards square, were $4.50, each } **2.98**

BALANCE OF ALL HOLIDAY GOODS AT A SACRIFICE.

Le Boutillier Brothers, 14th Street, Between Union Square and 5th Avenue.

B. Altman & Co. will show to-morrow—Monday—their advance shipments of COTTON DRESS GOODS for Spring, 1898. Also in Embroidery Department, French Nainsook, Cambric and Swiss Edgings, Insertions and All-overs, Novelty Flounces, Robes and Circular Skirts.

Eighteenth Street, Nineteenth Street and Sixth Avenue.

LONG'S VIEW OF THE NAVY.

"Part of the Education and Progress of the People," Says the Secretary.

WASHINGTON, Dec. 25.—The November number of the *Hebron Semester*, published at the Maine college which Secretary of the Navy John D. Long attended when a boy, contains the following letter from him:

"NAVY DEPARTMENT, WASHINGTON.

"DEAR MR. EDITOR: You asked me to write something about the navy for the newspaper which the boys are publishing at Hebron Academy. I am always at the service of that institution, for it is associated with my youth and start in life.

"When I was a little fellow, 10 years old, I remember my father drove to Hebron, taking my older brother and myself to go to school there. The little old brick building was then standing, and as we drove up in front of it there were two gentlemen conversing together on the doorstep. My father asked them if they could inform him where he could find the principal of the academy. One of them, not a very large man, but instantly straightening up and erecting himself into what seemed to me to be the size of the Bunker Hill Monument, answered in a Webster-like manner, very much as the monument itself would have replied: 'He stands before you.' I have no idea that it entered into his head, as it certainly did not enter into mine, that I was ever to be Secretary of the Navy, nor can I, with the utmost exercise of ingenuity, recall anything in my career from that day to this that has fitted me for the place. The fact is, the supreme qualification of a Secretary of the Navy is that the incumbent of that office, before entering upon its duties, should have absolutely no knowledge or experience in that line.

"To be serious, the navy is by no means a mere war function of government. It is really one of the great departments of the affairs of state. It very rarely has anything to do with peppering anybody with shot or shell; and about all the anxiety I have ever felt in connection with it is that, with its enormous guns and projectiles and means of destruction, somebody might possibly get hurt. Thus far, however, all these things have been rather more harmless than the ordinary Fourth of July firecracker, which once in a while does put out an eye or maim a finger.

"For nearly twenty years after the war we had no navy to speak of. For the last fifteen years we have been building some of the finest battleships in the world, making cruisers of tremendous speed and force, and creating a flotilla of torpedo boats that are capable of infinite mischief, and would think nothing of dropping in under a battleship of 11,000 tons displacement, and of a cost of some six million dollars, and sinking it and its crew of 360 men, 60 marines, and 32 officers quicker than you can say Jack Robinson.

"The interesting thing to me is that in all this development there has gone along with it so much activity of human brain, so much wonderful inventive genius, and so beneficial an employment of human labor. There are not only the officers who command and the men who serve at the guns, but there are the artisans, who do the most stupendous and ingenious work of construction, and the skilled mechanics and engineers, who develop and apply all the forces of hydraulics, steam, and electricity. So that our navy is really at once a product and an impulse of modern civilization. It has to do with the survey of our coast, with making the path of the mariner safer, with extending the interchanges of foreign commerce, with astronomical studies, and with bringing our trained and educated officers and seamen into intercourse and communication with our people. In other words, like every other part of the Government, I like to think of it as a part of the education and progress of the people. Very truly yours,

"JOHN D. LONG."

MEMORABLE TRIP OF THE OAKES.

A Bronze Medal for Mrs. Reed for Steering the Ill-Fated Ship to Port.

HAVERHILL, Mass., Dec. 25.—Honor has come to Capt. and Mrs. Reed of the ship T. F. Oakes, which arrived in New York from China last March, when Capt. Reed was ill with most of the crew. Mrs. Reed steered the vessel safely into port, only to meet charges preferred against her and her husband by the crew. Of the charges they were both acquitted. A letter came to Mrs. Reed to-day bringing with it a certificate from Lloyds of an honorary acknowledgment of meritorious service and a bronze medal for that service.

SANITARY SCIENCE SHOW.

A Novel Exposition to Be Held Here in the Spring.

There's going to be a new kind of exposition in New York early next spring. It is a big international health exposition and will open in the Industrial building (Grand Central Palace) on April 25. The promoters of the exposition are working in coöperation with the New York Household Economic Association and a large number of kindred organizations, and they propose to make their show practical, scientific, and educational, covering everything that relates to health, indoors and outdoors, and showing the sanitary and hygienic progress of the century.

Charles F. Wingate, the sanitary engineer, is the supervising director of the exposition; E. B. Greene is the Secretary, and Montgomery Maze the Treasurer. Mr. Wingate says that the scheme has grown beyond all his expectations, and that it gets bigger and bigger every day.

"The time is ripe for just such an undertaking," he said to a SUN reporter. "No attempt has heretofore been made to gather together under one roof the wonderful variety of objects which illustrate the immensely wide and important field of sanitary science and the marvelous progress which has been made in that respect of late years. An extraordinary revival of interest in sanitary matters is being shown these days, partly because of recent epidemics in one city or another, and also as a result of the recent municipal reform movements which have led to an active discussion of street cle