A PROSPECTOR'S ROMANCE.

STORY OF ED SCHIEFFLIN, FOUNDER OF TOMBSTONE, ARIZ.

Many Hardships Endured for Years in Search of a Fortune—The Fortune Found at Last—Disappointment in It for the Finder—Schiefflin Buried as He Had Lived.

PHOENIX, Ariz., Feb. 20.—It seems likely that the glories of deserted Tombstone, down among the Huachuca mountains, may be revived. Ores of the low grade of the Tombstone ledges may nowadays be worked at good profit by up-to-date mining processes, and there is a prospect that a cyanide gold reduction plant may be established there and the mines reopened after lying idle for thirteen years.

There never was another mining camp like Tombstone, at least not in the West. A more prodigal and reckless lot of miners never lived than those at Tombstone. There is an element of romance and daring in the tale of nearly every Western mining camp, but the history of the finding of the silver ledges at Tombstone abounds in thrilling adventure. Edward Schiefflin, their discoverer, was pronounced by Gen. Nelson A. Miles to be the truest type of the restless, untiring, persevering and headstrong prospector the Southwest has ever had. He was born in the vicinity of Pittsburg, Pa. in 1848, and was taken to Oregon by his parents when a lad. His father tried to teach him farming, but the boy ran away and went prospecting for copper ore in Southern Oregan. Thereafter nothing could tempt him long from his love of prospecting. He endured hardship and solitude. He prospected over the Santa Margarita Mountains, in the Navajo Indian country, for a year, sometimes with a companion, and sometimes with only a jackass for company. He slept in snowbanks amid mountain tops in the winter and roasted in the fiery sun on the alkali wastes of the valleys in summer. A dozen times he believed he was on the lead to a vein of ore that would make him a modern Dives. He lay ill with fever once in his tent in a lonely canyon among the Santa Margarita Mountains for a week, until some painted Navajoes, wandering that way in search of game found him, and nursed him back to consciousness and finally to health. He managed to exist on the poorest, cheapest food; he dressed like an Indian, and with his long hair and matted beard he was an object from whom the average person would have shrunk. For seven years Schiefflin lived thus in Nevada, Idaho, Colorado and New Mexico. When he was short of money with which to buy bacon and beans to feed him while he prospected, he worked in mines. But he quit work whenever he had saved enough by grinding economy to carry him through another season of gold and silver seeking. He had hairbreadth escapes several times from hostile Navajoes, and once he was kept a prisoner in a Zuni pueblo for a week, while the chief was deciding what to do with the invader of the sacred tribal reservation. He had enough adventures with mountain lions, panthers, and catamounts in the mountains and foothills to fill several volumes. Once he had a foot frozen, and it was a wonder that amputation was not necessary. He never had possessions worth more than $150 at any one time, and seldom were his assets worth more than $50. Summer and winter, as long as he could endure the cold and ice of the upper mountain sides in winter and the scorching winds of the deserts in summer, he chased the fickle goddess Fortune with never a doubt of his ultimate success. He never complained. No matter how footsore, how hungry, lonesome, aching and ailing, he was never known to waver in his love for his chosen vocation.

"I remember seeing Schiefflin on his way to Arizona about 1876," said David P. Lansing recently. "He was about the queerest specimen of human flesh I ever saw. He was 6 feet 2 inches, and had black hair that hung several inches below his shoulders, and a beard that had not been trimmed or combed for so long a time that it was a mass of unkempt knots and mats. He wore clothing pieced and patched from deer skins, corduroy and flannel, and his hat was originally a slouch hat that had been pieced with rabbit skin until very little of the original felt remained. I have never known a prospector more confident of finding a big mining proposition than he was, yet he told me that he had prospected a good part of eleven years with no results, while he had had a frightfully tough time of it. He was then 27, but he looked like 40."

At Tucson, Schiefflin was warned to keep out of the mountains over to the southwest. The old timers said there were gold indications in that region, but the Apaches swarmed over the country.

"You are the cussedest fool I ever did hear of," said the Sheriff of Cochise county to him. "Why, you'll never get out of the Huachucas alive. You'll get no gold mine there, only your tombstone."

About this time the Apaches started on the warpath. Schiefflin's long experience among the mountains and on the plains of Arizona made him just the man for service as a scout. The risk and adventure of scouting charmed him, and he joined the army under Gen. Miles. That was the fall of 1876. From September, 1876, to April, 1877, he was a scout in the army. Then he was restless to resume his search for gold and silver ledges. While he was in the service his eyes were not idle. One day while the scouts were looking through the field telescope down the San Pedro Valley, where Apaches had been raiding and killing, Schiefflin remarked:

"I'm going to quit the army business and go to prospecting down that way. Look how stained that porphyry is over on that mountain. I'll bet there's a good ledge somewhere round the San Pedro Valley."

No one believed that Schiefflin was in earnest about hunting for gold mines in the San Pedro Valley. The idea seemed preposterous. Who but a madman would risk his life where savages perpetrated all manner of atrocities? "You'll find your tombstone, Ed, down in that country, sure as fate," said a dozen army officers when they heard of Schiefflin's plan to go prospecting. But the scout resigned from the service, drew his pay and began preparing for a prospecting season in the land of the Apache.

"I can't let such a fine chance to prospect go by, Indians or no Indians," said Schiefflin. "I tell you, boys, I'm going to strike it rich now, whether there's a tombstone in it or not."

A veteran prospector named Dawson joined him. Early one bright May morning in 1877 they were on the trail for the San Pedro River. Before night Indian signs were plenty, and Dawson grew nervous. By dark they knew that Indians were all around them. As morning dawned the old man begged Schiefflin to return, saying that he himself would not go on if he knew the hills were solid metal; but again Schiefflin refused to be dissuaded.

"But you don't know these Apache devils, Ed," said Dawson. "They will take you alive if they can, slice the flesh off you and feed it to their dogs before your eyes, and then burn your carcass."

Schiefflin looked him between the eyes and laughed. "Yes, I have met a few of them in the past ten years," he said, "but I believe the result will be worth the risk, and I'll take the chances. This is too big a mine to lose."

"You're a goner, sure pop," said his white-haired partner. "If you come back, let me hear from you; if you don't, I'll tell you where you went. You can have that grub of mine. I don't want to pack it back. Goodby, my boy, and luck to you." And heading his mule for Fort Huachuca the old prospector rode away.

Schiefflin lay hidden that day and travelled all night. He never camped at a water hole. One evening he left his hiding place among the rocks, went on to a spring, watered his animal, and filled his canteen and kegs. Three Mexicans were camped there. They begged him to stay there and camp with them. Indian signs were abundant, and in their opinion, for him to go on alone was to invite certain death. On his part Schiefflin tried to induce them to move away from the water and into the rocks, as they were almost certain to be attacked if they stayed where they were. They would not listen to him, and he went on alone. A few days later a squad of soldiers from Tucson found their scalped and mutilated bodies at the water hole. The Apaches had known just where to look for palefaces.

By stealthy advances during the night and artful progress among boulders and chaparral during the daytime Schiefflin reached the San Pedro River in safety. He used to say that he saw signs of Indians every day and night he was prospecting in the San Pedro Valley. It was eight miles from the river to the buttes which he desired to prospect, and, filling his water vessels, he slipped across the valley one night, and was secreted in one of the canyons before morning. There he camped for four days, not daring to make a fire for fear the smoke might be seen by Apaches, and not venturing into the open, except after nightfall. But he saw that he was in a country of mineral wealth, and he was glad he had taken such risks to discover a mine that he believed would be a wonderfully rich one. For a week he kept his mule picketed in a blind canyon among the foothills, while he crawled about, hammer in hand, among the rocks. He kept himself concealed by day and changed his location at night. He went all over that country, chipping away bits of outcropping rock in hundreds of places. A practised eye told him that at last he had found pay ore, and there seemed no end to it.

"I forgot all about the danger from scalping and torturing Indians when I knocked off a piece of exposed rock there one afternoon, and I saw that it was chockfull of ruby silver," said Schiefflin afterward, when the Tombstone mines were making millions for their owners. "I turned the specimens to the sun to be sure I saw the metals there, and then in my excitement at having at last found what I had so dearly sought after so many years I sat down in the sun and cried for joy."

That night Schiefflin spent in setting up as best he could by moonlight the legal monuments on his mining claim. The following day he began retracing his steps up the San Pedro Valley to Tucson and civilization. The journey led across a trackless desert and among rugged mountains. He had in his saddle bags dozens of specimens of his find, but at Tucson no one would even look at them. The Apache raids took all the public attention there. Continuing his travel across the Territory, Schiefflin reached Maricopa, and then by a long, hard journey he went up the Verde Valley, past Prescott, over the San Lorenzo Mountains, to the little copper mining camp of Signal. It was a tremendous journey even for one so used to hardship and privation as Ed. Schiefflin was, some 400 miles over desert and sun baked mountain ranges, five days without seeing a human being, and travelling over dusty trails under a fierce blistering sun. For eleven days on that journey Schiefflin had nothing to eat but boiled beans. No one who has ever been in the mining regions of the Territories can have a fair idea of what mining prospectors must endure sometimes.

At Signal Schiefflin knew there was an old boyhood friend of his named Dick Gird, who came from Herkimer, N. Y., and was an assayer. Too poor to pay cash for his assaying, Schiefflin agreed to give Gird half of what he found in the way of a mine. The first assays showed poorly. Schiefflin felt downhearted for the first time. The next day the assay was made differently, and Gird was astonished to find that the ore in Schiefflin's saddle-bags ran $3,000, and even $7,000 a ton. Schiefflin thought at once of his brother Albert, and wanted him to come from San Francisco to share the fortune that was to be made in the ledges away down in the Apache country. At last Albert Schiefflin arrived at Signal with $3,000 in his pocket. That was the beginning of the Tombstone mining capital.

"We'll go down and make millions in that San Pedro Valley," said the always-confident Ed. "I'll show the army boys that I've not found my tombstone there yet. Say, Gird, what do you say to calling our camp Tombstone?" And from that hour the camp has been known as Tombstone.

Two months later, when the troops had driven the Apaches back in the Chiricahua Mountains and away from the San Pedro Valley, Ed and Albert Schiefflin and Richard Gird and two half-breed helpers started out from Tucson to make their legal claims to the ledges that Ed Schiefflin had found. But it happened that the very first night that they spent on the site of what soon became the wonderful town of Tombstone they had a fight with some Chiricahua Apaches, who had hidden themselves in the foothills. The superior weapons and marksmanship of the white men won. The three prospectors began their explorations. In a few days they ascertained they had a big thing, and staked off the Contention, Tough Nut, Lucky Cuss, Goodenough, Graveyard, and one or two other claims, all of which have since become famous. They constructed a rude arastra, and with the crude appliances at their command took out in a short time $10,000 in silver bullion. This they sent to San Francisco, and invested the entire amount in improved machinery for the reduction of silver ores.

By July, 1879, the three Tombstone miners were taking out every week silver that sold for sums ranging from $4,000 to $6,000. The news of the new mining strike went fast and far. An army of adventurers flocked to the camp. Thousands of locations were staked out, a city sprang into existence as if by magic, reduction works were erected, and a steady stream of bullion began finding its way out of the camp. The first stamp was dropped in June, 1879, and since that time the camp has produced nearly $40,000,000 in bullion. It is unnecessary to describe in detail the development of the camp into a well built city of 6,000 people in three years; of the rustlers who drove out the Indians, and the fights between the residents and the rustlers; of the almost daily hold-up of the stages, when the road agents doing the job, would often be back in the city, spending their booty before the stage arrived; all that is another story.

As for the three founders of Tombstone they operated their mines for nearly a year, and took out an immense sum in bullion, some of the ore having a value of $27,000 a ton, being almost pure silver. Albert grew nervous. In his opinion it was too rich to last. Ed held off. He had the utmost confidence in the permanency of the mines. An offer of $1,000,000 was made for a two-thirds' interest. Albert was eager to accept, but Ed refused. Dick Gird offered to sell and leave Ed in, as he was the finder. But the would-be purchaser would not have it that way. Gird knew the ore, had charge of the mill, and could get better results than any man in the camp. But Gird's offer was too much for Ed, and as his brother showed indications of consumption he gave in and consented to sell. Then the three old partners drew off, held a side talk, and Gird offered to divide equally any sum he might sell for above what they had accepted. The brothers sold, and six months later Gird sold for $600,000 more than either of them received, and at once gave his partners $200,000 each. A miner's word is mighty good sometimes.

Albert Schiefflin started for Europe. He never got farther than New York. He died of consumption in Brooklyn, leaving $450,000 to aunts, uncles and cousins all over the United States. Richard Gird bought the beautiful Chino ranch in Pomona Valley, and settled down to enjoy his $600,000. Edward Schiefflin hunted up all his poor relatives, and made each a present of several thousands of dollars. He gave his parents $15,000, and he sent $3,000 to each of four men who had shared his poverty and hunger in the San Rita mountains ten years before, and he gave $5,000 to a school teacher of his boyhood in Oregon. He bought a costly home in Oakland, Cal., for his sister and younger brothers. Then he married and started on a tour of America along with his bride. The couple lived in New Jersey for two years. Losses came thick and fast upon the prospector and miner, thoroughly unfitted for business ways. He lost $140,000 in unregistered Government bonds, and $40,000 of his brother Albert's estate, of which he was executor, by the failure of the Spring Garden Bank in Philadelphia. He was restless in the East for the western mountains and plains. He could not endure brick blocks and paved streets. So making good the loss to his brother's estate he came west. He always regretted the sale of the Tombstone mines, and determined to find others as rich. He has said that he succeeded, and that he had one covered up somewhere in Southern Arizona, which was richer than those in Tombstone, and that he intended to reopen it as soon as silver became more valuable.

He removed his family to Alameda, Cal., and went to prospecting with all his youthful ardor. One summer he went to Alaska. Previous to his going he had built in San Francisco a stern-wheel steamer. This he shipped knocked down to Alaska, and with it he navigated the Yukon. He remained there one winter, and becoming disgusted with the prospect, sold his boat and came home. He prospected in Oregon during the summer of 1897, and he believed he was on the track of rich mines. One day in July, 1897, he was found dead in a cabin near Canyonville, Ore. He had been stricken with heart disease.

When the will of the founder of Tombstone was opened it was found that Ed Schiefflin's thoughts were at the scene of his discovery of the silver ledges even in his last days. His will contained the following provision: "It is my wish to be buried in the garb of a prospector, my old pick and canteen with me, on top of the granite hills about three miles westerly from Tombstone, Ariz., and a monument such as prospectors build, when locating a mining claim, built over my grave, and no other slab or monument erected. And that none of my friends wear crape. Under no circumstances do I want to be buried in any cemetery or graveyard. Let those who bury me assemble, each have his say who desires, and leave me to rest with my first camp near the mines I discovered."

A VIRGINIA ROMANCE.

A Dead "Future President" Made His Sweetheart "Mistress of the White House."

There is a White House in Virginia, not many miles from Washington, according to a Virginia department clerk at the national capital. There is nothing in its exterior to warrant the name, he says. It does not, in fact, get its name from its appearance.

"It never was white," continues the Virginian, "within my recollection, and I have known it for thirty five years. I reckon the people who live in it never thought to ask why it is called the White House. They are not people who would look up the reason. This is the story, and I know it is true, but if it ever was printed I never heard of it:

"The house become the property of a young woman after the death of her people. Her lover and affianced husband was a student at the University of Virginia. It was his ambition to be President, and as she believed he was deserving of the honor, and because she had high social aspirations, she encouraged him in his aspiration. They had some sort of vague idea that if they were sincere in their wishes and would pray for the honor they would succeed. They did not understand politics as we do. They used to come over to Washington and wander about the Presidential mansion and the grounds, and go up to the Capitol and sit in the galleries, and occasionally attend the public receptions. I have been told that the young woman confided her secret to President Johnson and that, doubtless to please her fancy, he told her that her young man had Presidential chances. It was quite natural, too, that Mr. Johnson should have believed this.

"When she returned to her home in Virginia she entertained after the manner of the President at his public receptions. Her young man, of course, had the post of honor. I do not know whether the people who attended the receptions understood that this young man and woman were rehearsing for White House receptions or not, but the young pair had that in mind. They prayed for a realization of their dream as earnestly, from all I have heard, as old Stonewall Jackson prayed for strength to whip the Yankees. There was an old black servant in the family who preached salvation to the darkies on Sunday and stripped tobacco during the week. His young 'missus' had great faith in Ephraim's influence with the Almighty and she used to call him in to exhort in behalf of her lover's ambition. Ephraim become so imbued with the idea that his supplications would win that he got to calling the young man 'Mr. President' when he visited the plantation.

"I reckon you have heard of the tournaments they used to have in the South? This young Presidential aspirant was a fearless and graceful horseman. He rode at a tourney one day for the last time. He was confident he would take the necessary number of rings to entitle him to choose and crown the queen, and of course there was only one woman in the world upon whom he would bestow the honor. She saw him in his saddle, lance couchant, start for the wire. Before he reached it his horse stumbled. There was the usual shout of horror. The Knight of the White House, for that was his title in the tourney, was carried from the course dead. In the fall he had broken his neck.

"The moment the young woman realized what had occurred her reason fled, nor did it ever return, in spite of skilful care. Her hair whitened but her face remained young, so I am told. Her derangement never took on a violent form. Instead she became the Mistress of the White House. She held levees and receptions and gave elaborate dinners. Her servants were her guests. A chair was reserved for the President who never came. In this hallucination she died. That is why the place was known as the White House."

MACKINAC ICE BREAKERS.

POWERFUL AMERICAN VESSELS COPIED BY RUSSIA.

Problem of Keeping the Straits Open for Navigation in Winter—The Solution Afforded by the Wheel in the Bow—The Great Ice Breakers Built in Russia.

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Vesselmen and shipbuilders who are interested in keeping the ports of the Great Lakes and the St. Lawrence open have been generally advised to study the great new Russian ice steamer Yermak. Without doubt she is the most powerful craft of her class ever launched, and she is certainly doing great things for the winter commerce of north European ports. But, though built on the other side of the Atlantic, under the direction of the Russian Admiral Makaroff, the Yermak is essentially an American invention.

From 1881 to 1888 the Straits of Mackinac were the scene of many desperate battles with the ice. Early in 1880 three railways arrived at the straits—two from the south and one from the north. Between Mackinac City, the northern terminus of the two southern lines, and St. Ignace, the southern terminus of the northern one, lay the strait's broad channel, six miles in width from wharf to wharf, and blocked with ice for weeks and months every winter and spring. A connection of some kind was absolutely necessary and the three roads co-operated in organizing the Mackinac Transportation Company, whose sole business was to keep a steamer running continuously, summer and winter, across the straits.

The Algomah, the first boat built for the service, was modelled on the tug Pilot of Cronstadt, Russia. The Algomah is only 135 feet long and 33 feet in breadth, but she is strong, heavy and substantial. Her hull is of wood sheathed with steel. She draws thirteen feet aft. Toward the bow her bottom rounds up out of the water in shape somewhat like the front of a sledge. Her engine is large for her size and her owners thought she could force herself up on the heaviest ice, and that her weight would crush it. Her arrival at the straits caused much interest, naturally, and her subsequent struggles with the ice were watched both at St. Ignace and Mackinac.

The first winter of the Algomah's service was comparatively open and for some time she had things her own way. But late in January a howling gale came down the straits from the west, bringing great quantities of ice, which blocked the channel completely. It took the Algomah a week, though helped with dynamite, to make her way across and her final victory over the ice was a hollow one, for clearly she could not maintain continuous navigation. She had little further trouble that winter, however, but in the middle of the next January a thirty-seven-mile-an-hour gale arrived at Mackinac, and the straits began to fill up with ice gorges, much as they had done the previous winter. The Algomah left St. Ignace at the height of the storm, and, after battling with the gathering ice for two days, succeeded in reaching her wharf at Mackinac City. Starting back, she worked along for two miles, and then ran up on to some very heavy ice and hung there. Supt. McCool of one of the three railroads was sent for and he came down from Marquette on a special train, bringing a dynamite expert along. They saw at once that the blockade was the worst they had encountered and that even with the aid of explosives it would be difficult, if not impossible, to open a channel from shore to shore.

But McCool remembered having seen a tug fastened to the bank on the Hamburg Canal at Buffalo, and working at full speed to make a current and carry off the sewage which drained into the ditch. Her wheel was making a tremendous disturbance, and McCool conceived the idea that a current produced in the same manner and thrown against the ice pack might loosen it and wash it to pieces. So the Algomah was turned around and the crew made her fast by lines and anchors to the solid ice that surrounded her. Then the engine was started ahead, and as she could not move forward on account of her moorings, the water was forced to move back. The big screw threw a cataract astern. It might not have had much effect against a wall of solid ice, but, like most ice gorges on either the lakes or the ocean, the frozen windrow in this case was composed of many layers, cakes and fragments, and the rushing water, penetrating every crack and cranny between them, swept them away as a spring freshet carries everything in its course. The problem was solved; McCool had hit upon the secret of the successful ice breaker. Out there in the ice pack of the Straits of Mackinac the Yermak was born.

But, though the secret had been found, the Algomah was not very good at making use of it. The current would not reach to any great distance, and every little while it was necessary to stop the engine, back the boat into the opening which she had made in the jam, take a new hold with the anchors and lines, and repeat the operation. But she kept at it, now stern foremost, now bow foremost, now pausing to give the dynamiters a chance, and after three weeks' work she steamed into St. Ignace. McCool then tried to get his principals to build a bigger ice breaking steamer of an entirely new type. Her principal feature was to be a screw in her bow, which was to throw a current of water forward and break up the ice, while another and larger wheel in her stern kept her moving ahead. But while some of the men to whom he submitted his plan were enthusiastic over it others held back, and so the matter was dropped for the time. McCool's idea was much talked over among vesselmen, however. One lake captain declared that he had once worked through the straits by lashing two propellers together, bow to bow, and causing one to push the other, stern first through the ice, thus making practically one boat with a wheel in each end, though his story cannot be vouched for.

Meanwhile the Algomah fought her feeble way through the ice fields for years. Sometimes she would be weeks getting across the straits. Several times her steel sheathing was torn off. Her screw was twisted out of all shape by the ice repeatedly. One winter she was laid up for weeks, the ice being so thick that attempted navigation was apparently equivalent to shipwreck.

It took patience and perseverance, courage and energy, to run the Algomah. Sometimes she did not seem to make an inch of headway from one day to another. Sometimes she moved a few lengths in a day. But there came a time when McCool's idea was put to the test.

All through the winter of 1888 reports kept coming up from Detroit of a wonderful steamer which was being built for the Mackinac Transportation Company, and was to be capable of demolishing all the ice in the Great Lakes. There was an unverified rumor, indeed, that if desired the new boat could dig a canal across the upper peninsula. She was to be named St. Ignace, and was to be 100 feet longer than the Algomah, half as broad again, and very much deeper, with railway tracks laid upon her deck so that she could carry a train of cars across the straits. The feature which interested people most was the screw in her bow. There has been a good deal of discussion as to who first suggested this feature. Some say that it was McCool, others that it was Capt. James Millen of Detroit, and still others have said that Capt. George C. Ketchum, of Mackinac Island was the real inventor.

The new boat was completed in the early spring, and Capt. Boynton went down to Detroit to take command. She left Detroit April 7 and Port Huron on the 8th. A morning or two later she hove in sight, fifteen or twenty miles away to the eastward, and surrounded by solid fields of ice from twenty-four to thirty inches thick. All day she drew steadily nearer, munching her way through the ice fields as a darkey goes through a slice of watermelon. Five miles to the eastward she was met by a crowd of men, women and children, some on foot and some in sleighs, who walked and drove beside her and in front of her, and escorted her in triumph up the channel. For many years it had been the custom for Fort Mackinac to fire a gun as a salute to the first boat that reached the island after the ice went out in the spring, but the St. Ignace received three guns. She reached her wharf at about 10 o'clock in the evening, and the cheering and shouting of the welcoming crowds were heard a mile away.

The best testimony to the prowess of the St. Ignace is the manner in which she has been copied. After a few years she was found to be too small for the increasing traffic at the straits, and in 1893, the Ste. Marie was launched. She resembles the older boat and operates in exactly the same way, but is much larger and more powerful.

Early in the 90s the Russian Government was in need of a steamer that could transfer cars across Lake Baikal, on the line of the Trans-Siberian Railway, and its attention was drawn to the work of the St. Ignace and the Ste. Marie. Russian officers came from time to time to report upon the boats, and at last their designer, Frank E. Kirby of Detroit, was invited to go to Russia and submit plans for an ice breaker. He accepted the invitation and his plans for the Lake Baikal ferry, with a wheel in her bow, were adopted. It was expected that the ship would be built in Detroit and delivered knocked down, but the terms offered were unacceptable and the contract finally went to an English shipbuilding firm. The vessel is a little shorter than the Ste. Marie, but somewhat broader, and very heavy and substantial in her build.

Since then several ice breakers of the St. Ignace type have been built in Europe, one of the most noteworthy being in the service of Finland. She is comparatively small, 202 feet in length by forty feet beam, and is used principally in keeping the port of Hango open through the winter.

The Yermak is the latest. Her winters were to be spent in the Baltic, and during the spring and summer she was to cruise northward to the Kara Sea and along the northern coast of Siberia. The task laid out for her was the hardest ever allotted to any ship, and Admiral Makaroff, her designer, was evidently determined to profit as much as possible by the experience of previous ice breakers. Not satisfied with reports made by subordinate officers, he came himself, and spent some time in personally inspecting the Ste. Marie, watching her movements in the ice and consulting with her commander, Capt. Boynton. The result of the Admiral's investigations and his skilful planning was the most perfect ice breaker ever built. The Yermak is the same length as the Ste. Marie, 305 feet, but considerably broader, deeper and heavier. In her stern are three propelling screws, each fourteen feet in diameter, and in her bow is a fourth wheel, thirteen feet in diameter, for breaking ice. All are of nickel steel, and tremendously thick and heavy. The engines aggregate 12,000 horse power, and they with the propellers, are made so strong and substantial that they can be brought up all standing by striking heavy ice, without danger of serious injury. One of the Yermak's most interesting features is an arrangement for pumping hot water so as to allow it to flow through suitable valves and run down the outside of the ship's skin, melting off any ice that may have accumulated on her bow in freezing weather. Another peculiarity is a V-shaped recess cut in her stern, into which the bow of another vessel can be lashed, thus enabling the Yermak to tow a consort, or the consort to help the Yermak in pushing through an unusually heavy ice gorge. But the great secret of her success lies, not in the features which Admiral Makaroff may have added, but in the wheel under her bow.

THE BOER CAPITALS.

Defences the Boers Have Reared at Bloemfontein and Pretoria.

Pretoria is the objective point which Gen. Lord Roberts has in view. Bloemfontein is on his direct route to the Transvaal capital and is also an important prize which he hopes to seize on his journey. It remains to be seen how effectively the Boers will contest his efforts to capture these cities.

Bloemfontein stands all exposed on the high plain or veldt with no natural barrier to the west between it and the advancing British forces. The surrounding country is dry and unfertile. Stones thickly strew the plain outside the town and clumps of grass and low brushes somewhat relieve the monotony of the almost level plain. In the town are many trees that partly hide from view most of the low, white buildings forming the larger part of the city. The official residence of the President is a fine building, but it is only two stories in height, with room enough above, under its hip roof, for an expansive attic. No gunner outside the town can make it his special target. The capitol, on the contrary, has an imposing tower and this building, with two or three schools and other structures similarly adorned, are the only edifices that attract attention as the city is approached from the direction whence the British forces are coming.

A little stream, at times almost waterless, flows through the city on its way to the Modder River. The streets are laid out with much regularity and the town covers quite a large area considering that its population is less than 4,000.

Though the town is naturally wide open on the side which the British are approaching, it is overlooked on the east and northeast by a long ridge 200 or 300 feet above the level of the plain. This ridge is one to one and a half miles from the outskirts of the city; and a little beyond the northern end of the ridge rises a kopje, a little lower in altitude. From these points of vantage the only good view of the town may be obtained; and on these elevations were reared the fortifications which the burghers of the Free State constructed, long ago, during the period of their serious differences with the British Government.

We have only recently heard that the Boers have built an elaborate system of earthworks for the defence of their town, but very little information on this matter has come to hand. There is every reason to suppose that the old fortifications on the ridge and the kopje have been placed in the most effective condition possible. If the Boers of the Free State intend to make a hard struggle to keep their capital, the guns on the ridge may be used most advantageously to keep the British from closely approaching the town; but with guns of equal range the British may easily throw shells into the town and be out of reach of the cannon on the ridge behind it. In brief, the line of defence around Bloemfontein must be mainly a system of earthworks such as those that kept the Boers out of Kimberley during a siege of nearly four months.

The conditions are very different at Pretoria. Nature and science have made the capital of the Transvaal a very strongly fortified town. Unless the Boers have had enough war by the time the British come within view of the hills around Pretoria, there is little doubt of their ability to make a stubborn last stand at the capital. The hills that hem in Pretoria on all sides are crowned with seven forts of much strength all built under the expert advice and direction of European military engineers. Two of these forts were completed between 1894 and 1896 and five of them have been built since the Jameson raid. They command every approach to the city. It may perhaps be unfortunate for the Boers if the British are acquainted with all the details of these forts and it is said that complete plans of them were in the possession of the British war office before the war began. There was a great deal of mystery about the work, but according to British authority two English engineering officers worked as navvies in order to get an opportunity throroughly to acquaint themselves with the construction and plan of the forts; and information was also obtained from other sources. However this may be, the British have no doubt that the forts were elaborately and strongly constructed. They are all alike in their chief external features. They were built of masonry with earthworks on the outer faces and their armament includes much heavy ordnance and all the fifteen centimetre Creusot and rapid-fire guns that the Boers desired to place in position. The *London Daily Mail*, in some recent appreciative remarks on these fortifications said:

> The forts are certainly elaborately furnished with all the requirements of modern warfare. Piles of sandbags are stacked up to the level of the enclosing walls. A powerful searchlight in each fort is capable of sweeping the surrounding country for many miles. Telephones are laid between the forts and the Government buildings in Pretoria. There are large stocks of mealies (maize) ready for the eventuality of a siege. There is said to be communication by means of underground passages between the forts and the ammunition stores and magazines. Lastly, it is presumed that the approaches to the forts are mined in various directions.

Events will show whether the forts were despoiled of their armaments to meet the needs of the Boer cause in their investment of Ladysmith, Kimberley and Mafeking. For all that is known to the contrary, every gun that was mounted around Pretoria is still in position, and there is no reason to doubt that this beautiful little city among the hills is prepared to stand a prolonged siege.

BEEFSTEAK CAMPAIGNING.

It Is Thought by Politicians to Fulfil All Present Requirements.

There have been more beefsteak dinners, so-called, since the last election than during any other like period within the memory of contemporary politicians, and it is explained by some that this form of social fraternity must inevitably supersede the chowder, the party banquet, the ball, the military drill, the reception, the target excursion and the moonlight festival. All these have been utilized as political exigencies required, and some of them with conspicuous success, but they are now rivalled by the beefsteak dinner, a form of entertainment which offers many advantages to politicians, and many attractions to their friends in and out of office.

A beefsteak dinner, as politicians understand it, is not, in fact, a dinner at all. Several hundred pounds of beef are bought at wholesale and, after being cut into small square slices about corresponding with the size of the meat in a roast beef sandwich, is briskly broiled over a quick fire, and is served between slices of bread dipped in butter. With these hot beef sandwiches is furnished beer, and this constitutes the dinner, with the addition, in some cases, of celery. With ordinary judicious handling, several hundred persons may, in a hall not equipped with any of the requirements for cooking except a range, be supplied with beef and beer in abundance and within a few hours several thousand persons may be thus fed without friction, without confusion, and at relatively small expense.

Some of the advantages which politicians find that beefsteak dinners offer are these: No elaborate preparations are required; no waiters, except volunteers, are needed; where beer only is drunk there is little danger of the disorder which often follows whiskey drinking at a political function of the kind, and unlike the ordinary course dinner, it is by no means necessary that all those in attendance should be served at the same time.

Following the dinner, or more properly the beer and sandwiches, there is usually a vaudeville or musical entertainment, the expense of which is not an important item, and at its close, the members separate, ready, most of them, to attend another. Chowders and excursions take place usually in summer time and while advantageous as a means of establishing closer social connections between a political leader and his constituents, have some detrimental features, one of which is that they take place at some distance from the district and moreover offer a coveted opportunity to gamblers, card sharps, and disorderly characters generally, and lead, sometimes, to breaches of order. A banquet, whether of the $10 or the $1 variety, requires the attendance of all the guests simultaneously, and a ball or reception to be successful must be participated in by the feminine friends and relatives of the members, and while thus highly enjoyable to many of the guests it appeals more strongly to those of them who like dancing than to those who have an eye singly for politics. Moreover such entertainments involve expense to those taking part in them, whereas a beefsteak dinner is organized on the free for all basis, being a complimentary affair. The expenses of it, which are modest in amount, are supplied from the contributions of the office holding members of the club which gives it, and as it is exclusively of the stag order, it attracts only those who have votes and usually votes in the district in which the club is situated.

It is the opinion of some well informed politicians that the beefsteak dinner as a vote making project has come to stay, that it will gradually supersede other like forms of diversion when a political campaign is not pending, and that as each new function surpasses or is intended to surpass its predecessor in this line, new features will be introduced and perhaps larger cuts of beef and bigger glasses of beer furnished to the guests.

IN A LOUISIANA BAYOU.

OTHER THINGS TO INTEREST THE ANGLER BESIDES FISH.

The Swamp's Inhabitants of the Water and the Air—Where the Mocking Bird Is Wild—Fishing of the Hawk—Four-Footed Visitors—Half-Inch Long Mosquitoes.

ALEXANDRIA, La., Feb. 15.—Two kinds of bayous are in Louisiana. One is a clear stream, deep for the most part, still of surface, flowing between low banks back of which lie acres upon acres of level cane fields and rich corn lands. The magnolia grows along it, the huge waxy blossoms distilling the sweetest of perfumes, the sun rests ever on its waters, flags, broad leaved and dark, fringe its edges and all of the thousands of Southern birds come down to it to drink. Perhaps now and then the lazy paddles of a little steamer may disturb it or, borne on its broad bosom, a raft of newly cut timber floats along. The other bayou is long and dark and pulseless, running through gray-bearded trees deep in the heart of the swamp. It is shaded always. Even at noon the sun's rays reach it only by plunging straight downward. Seldom a breeze ripples it. It makes a long avenue winding through, or between, the great trunks. It is filled with cypress knees, which grow under the water and approach sometimes within six inches of the surface. If it has any current it is not shown by the swaying of the weeds which clog it, or the motion of such chips or leaves as may be upon it. It is dead of look and smell. That is the kind of bayou which holds the perch, the catfish, the jack and the sluggish bass. In the more open, clearer streams there are few finned things, comparatively speaking, so few that their pursuit is hardly worth while. There is scarcely a noisome swamp bayou in the State, which does not teem with delightful swimmers, of delicate flavor, too, in spite of the ill looks of their home.

Of perch alone there are enough locally classified species in a Louisiana bayou to drive a naturalist to playing the trombone. These are the pan fish of the bayou, satisfactory for the inside of man, but not furnishing any sport at all to the fisherman. The bayou contains, however, more than one variety of swimmer which will give the man with rod and reel an exciting half hour, if his tackle be not so heavy as to make capture a certainty.

The jack fish is one violently pugnacious individual that will furnish fun whenever it attains a weight of so much as two pounds and is hooked. It is really a small pike, or pickerel, having the long snout which marks the members of that family, the same carnivorous instincts and the same ability to get food at the expense of those weaker or slower than itself. It is active, hot-tempered, takes either bait or lure gamely and puts up a fight that wins the respect of its adversary, even if it does not achieve freedom, which it often does. Because of the character of the water, filled as it is with flags, lilies, cypress knees, stumps, snags and what not, the advantage lies rather with the jack and one that has attained years of discretion asks only a little slack of the line before saying farewell to its intending captor. If so much as a yard be given, the silk is wrapped instantly about some obstruction, there is a slight tug at the business end of it and the swimmer is away. The jack, however, while it does its best cannot compare with fish in Northern waters pound for pound and this is true without exception of all bayou fish. The water is too warm to permit of their continued exertion and its temperature appears to take a good deal of the game qualities out of them.

There has never been a boat on Choctaw Bayou and all fishing is done from the bank. There is little casting, the overhanging limbs interfering. The fisherman simply drops in his hook, baited with either an angle worm or a live minnow, and takes what chance may bring. If he has no reel and gives a strong backward heave to his prey, he is apt to land it in the trees behind him. If he does not care for the science of the art, and merely wishes to kill time in a perfunctory manner, he will find plenty to see and listen to. Fifty yards away the black water will lift into a hump, which will roll along the surface for twenty yards or so. Then the black snout and shining back of a seven-foot alligator will come into view, and, if the saurian does not scent a strange presence, he will be apt to open his jaws wide and emit a horse strident bellow not unlike the loudest calling of the bull frog. A wide swift swirl within ten feet of him will betray the presence of a gar in no wise afraid of him, or of anything else that swims, and this swirl will be followed by a curious pulsating dimpling of the surface near to the bank made by the perch and minnows frantically endeavoring to climb out on dry land.

If it be winter time the still dankness of the swamp will be stirred now and then by the silver song of the hermit thrush, far south for the cold season. It will have trilled, possibly, a dozen bars of its ravishing song when its lay will be taken up, note for note, by an impudent mocking bird, perched high upon the branches of an oak. The hermit thrush will cease when it hears the mocker and that minstrel is likely then to go on and favor the listener with an astonishing lot of thrills, roulades, mordentes, cadenzas, a tremendous appoggiatura done in the bravura manner and eminently to his own satisfaction. Long before he has finished the hermit will have flown deeper into the solitudes, recognizing its master and ashamed that it should have sung at all.

Slow flapping around the bend in the bayou, where it curves away between the walls of woods there will come a great ungainly creature, flying only as high as the tops of the trees and dropping at every ten yards or so a funereal croak. Its colors are dull black and yellow. Its scrawny neck is as long as its body, its body is as long as its legs and its legs are as long as a crane's. That is the water turkey, not good to eat, not good to shoot and not good to look at. It is of some value, however, as a target in that when resting upon the water it will take the conceit out of any rifle shot who fancies himself because, whether at twenty-five, fifty or one hundred yards, it will dive and disappear before any bullet can get to it every time. High above the water turkey, every sharp curve of forked tail and pinion outlined against the blazing blue sky, white and black fishhawks sail round and round. They are 300 feet up, but their microscopic eyes are noting every ripple of the bayou and piercing its waters to the depth of a foot. Suddenly, without any apparent checking of its circular progress, one of them will curve its elbows far forward and plunge downward with the speed of light. The rush of it is audible 300 yards away and when it strikes the water the drops fly high. Curving upward, it will be seen to have a fat shining perch in its large bill, caught, in accident, by the tail, an insecure hold. Mounting still upward to a height of fifty yards, the hawk will drop the fish, plunging after it and catching it ten yards from the water, this time squarely across the body. Then it will fly to the top of some dead cypress, alight, throw its head upward, tossing the perch six inches in the air. The long scissor like mandibles will open and the perch will disappear forever.

In endless succession the birds of the woods—dark hued little fellows mostly—will come to the bayou's edge, dip in their bills for a drop or two and fly away. If the perch fisher be still he may hear a soft footfall, with a good deal of stamp lost in some of its softness, and see a brown deer stealing down for a drink. Much more common is the almost inaudible scratching made by the claws of a raccoon on a dead log which runs into the water and down which he will clamber in preference to getting his feet damp in the mud, though when fishing at night the 'coon gets wet and dirty from nose to tail without appearing to mind it. The fox, too, will frequent the bayou, not for water, but on the chance to snatch a drinking bird or two and the wildcat, bobtailed and dirty brown, is on the same errand. A half dozen varieties of hawks will favor the fisherman with their presence toward the noon hour and gray squirrels will chatter at him from every bough. There are no red squirrels in the swamps. On dozens of rotting logs iron backed turtles are basking in the sun, which will beat straight down upon them for an hour, and if anything should disturb them they will roll off in a succession of sullen splashes. Nothing that swims is able to harm the hardbacked turtle of the South—an alligator would as well try to eat a piece of boiler plate—but it seems timorous nevertheless, constantly on the alert when it is not asleep and fearful of a life that is of little value to itself and of no value to anything else.

Seated upon a huge fallen oak, with a limb upspringing behind him and furnishing him with a back to his chair, a man may pass a very pleasant hour or two on the bank of Choctaw Bayou. He will land a fish every ten minutes or so, if it be near the middle of the day. If he waits until the sun is setting he will haul them out as fast as he can rebait and drop in his hook. The perch, like many other fish, seems to get hungry at breakfast and supper time. It will not bite on days which follow a moonlight night, for the reason that when it can see it is apt to feed all night long. Whatever the hour of the day or season of the year in which the perch fisher invades the stillness of Choctaw Bayou, the mosquitoes he will have always with him. They are worse after a rain, because before a rain they will not fly away with a horse, but they are agony to the unprotected at all times. The man who has been there before will wear mosquito netting on a steel frame as a guard about his head and neck and he will have thick buckskin gloves upon his hands. Even so mailed, however, he is not exempt from certain varieties of the pests. There are eight different kinds of mosquitoes in the Louisiana swamps and the most ferocious, though not the most poisonous, of them is the huge insect commonly called the gallinipper. This drinker of blood is a half inch long and its bill is as long as its body. It has an intricate arrangement of files, saws and chisels in this bill, all driven, it would appear, by superhuman power. It will sink its proboscis through a glove of ordinary thickness, if left undisturbed, will bore easily through a shirt sleeve and woollen undershirt to the arm beneath and will bite the feet through thin boots and the socks under them. The pain of its attack is due almost wholly to the insertion of its bill, as it leaves little or no poison behind it and there is not often a swelling or discoloration of the skin near the puncture. A very small mosquito, light gray in color and common in the swamps, will, on the contrary, if it gets a fair chance at an unacclimated man, raise a bump on him as big as a filbert and of an angry red, having a pale spot in the centre to mark the active spot of the poison.

MIXED DRINKS ABROAD.

Weird Decoctions That Shock the American Sense of Taste.

"You can hardly realize the strange attempts which are made to imitate the American mixed drinks in the European hotels and drinking places which are frequented by American tourists," said a New Yorker who makes it a practice to take a tour through Europe every summer. "In London, Paris, Berlin and other European capitals you will find in every large hotel or in a place by itself over which is a sign bearing the legend 'American Bar,' and a long list of drinks that are supposed to be dear to the hearts of Americans. The Manhattan cocktail heads the list and the bartender or barmaid invariably professes to be especially expert in its decoction. Up to last summer I avoided these 'American bars,' preferring, selfishly I suppose, to be guided by the experience of others who had tried the mixed drinks they dispensed.

"Last summer, however, I decided that I would see for myself how Manhattan cocktails were made in foreign lands. My experiences in Germany and Austria I will pass over. In London I found plenty of places with 'American bars' and a formidable list of mixed drinks containing many names I had never heard of in America. One day having an intense longing for a cocktail I decided to hunt up an acquaintance who had travelled in this country and invited him to join me. He piloted me to a big hotel where he assured me there was a barmaid who could mix a Manhattan with any bartender in New York.

"The barmaid's fingers moved so quickly that they looked like a white streak. She tossed into a tumbler a little of nearly everything in the bar, shook the mixture up in a shaker and poured it into two cocktail glasses, each alleged cocktail having a stiff froth about half an inch thick. All I could say about it was that I had tasted worse drinks, not wishing to discourage my friend who evidently had the mistaken idea that he was drinking a real Manhattan.

"In Paris I found an American bar in every hotel of any pretension. I ordered cocktails at one or two of them and found that while they were not the genuine article, they approximated the American drink more closely than anything I had tasted outside of America. After I had been in Paris a week I was strolling one evening in the Boulevard des Italiens and turning into the Rue St. Honore I ran up against a well-known New York jurist who had lately been much talked about and whom I knew very well. Of course we were mutually pleased at meeting and the first words he said after we exchanged greetings were: 'I wonder if it is possible to get a Manhattan cocktail here.' Opposite to us was a big hotel and he suggested that we try it. We found the usual American bar and behind it was a bartender in his shirtsleeves. He was a square jawed fellow with a twinkle in his eye and when we asked in French for the manager of the hotel he pointed him out. The manager talked English as fluently as we did and we explained to him our intense desire for a real Manhattan.

"'Your desire shall be gratified,' he said, smiling while the bartender looked at us as if he was reading our thoughts.

"'Can he mix a Manhattan cocktail?' I asked, pointing to the bartender. The bartender placed his hands on the counter, thrust his head forward and said with an unmistakable Bowery accent:

"'Yah betcher boots he can.'

"He nodded his head several times and looked amused at our astonishment. Then he began tossing into the tumbler the ingredients for two genuine Manhattans. While he was pouring them out, the real thing this time, he told us he had been a bartender on the Bowery. Leaving New York for Europe about two years before he had drifted to Paris. He managed to find employment in this hotel at the 'American bar,' and he made a such success of it that he not only had a good salary but a share of the profits besides. We had several Manhattans and then the bartender insisted, Bowery fashion, that we should have 'one on the house.' These cocktails were the first and only of the real article I had tasted outside of America."

MEMORIES OF BERIAH BROWN.

An Editor Who Was the Friend of Greeley and His Great Contemporaries.

Beriah Brown, who died recently in Anaconda, Mon., of pneumonia, was at one time one of the best known editors in the United States, and had a personal acquaintance will all of the prominent men of his time from Maine to California. For two years he and Horace Greeley were roommates at the old Graham House in this city, and both being men of sharp wit and differing opinions, their debates were constant and neither ever succeeded in convincing the other of the error of his ways. They never had a personal quarrel, and when their ways separated they kept up a correspondence until Mr. Greeley's death. Brown had the greatest respect and admiration for Greeley and thought he was the most indefatigable worker he had ever known.

"I never went to bed so late," he said, "that I did not leave Mr. Greeley studying, and I never got up so early that I did not find him reading or writing."

Lewis Cass, the famous Michigan politician, was another friend of Brown and had such a high regard for him as to establish him in the newspaper business at Niles in that State. James K. Polk, Franklin Pierce, James Buchanan, Stephen A. Douglas and Horatio Seymour were all close personal friends of Mr. Brown. For more than twenty years Mr. Brown was identified with the political and educational interests of Wisconsin, and during that time he ran for Congress against John F. Potter, later known as "Bowie Knife," owing to his choice of bowie knives when challenged by Representative Roger A. Pryor of Virginia. Carl Schurz made an active campaign against Mr. Brown, his chief argument being that he was a Christian and senior warden of an Episcopal church, while the Potter party was composed of Germans and known as "Free Thinkers." Potter was elected.

In 1855 Mr. Brown retired to private life and began the building of a railroad from Milwaukee to Superior, with the expectation of pushing it through to the Pacific. The main work slipped through Mr. Brown's hands, but he received $60,000 in second mortgage bonds which he brought to New York and sold to Helmbold, the "Buchu" man, at par. Mr. Helmbold gave him a check for the amount and sent it by a boy to have it cashed. The boy returned in a few minutes, saying that the bank had closed its doors. Then Mr. Helmbold hurried him over to Jersey City, where he arrived five minutes after that bank had closed, and this was the beginning of the great panic of 1857, when every bank in the city closed its doors.

In 1862 Mr. Brown moved to California, and when Lincoln was killed, his office, the *Democratic Press*, was sacked by a mob, and a priceless library of 20,000 volumes, which he had been years in collecting for the purpose of writing a political history of the country, was piled up in the street and burned.

In 1867 Brown went to Seattle and issued the *Dispatch*, the first daily paper in that city. It was of such merit that THE SUN, in answer to a correspondent, said: "If you want to find out anything about Washington write to the *Seattle Dispatch*." Mr. Brown made a great fight against the Northern Pacific when it selected Tacoma as the terminus of the road, and his editorials on the subject day by day were transmitted to THE SUN by wire. That Eastern investors kept away and that Jay Cooke and the Northern Pacific went into bankruptcy are matters of history.

Brown was several years past the four-score point and although his hearing was defective, his mind was keen and he was interested in public affairs to the last. He was an honest man and though he made enemies they respected him.

JENNIE CREEK'S INVITATION.

An Indiana Girl Bidden to the Paris Fair as a Guest of the Legion of Honor.

From the Indianapolis Journal.

HARTFORD CITY, Ind., Feb. 10.—Miss Jennie Creek of Millgrove, who is the youngest member of the National Humane Society of France, has been invited to attend the Paris Exposition this year at the expense of the Legion of Honor.

Miss Jennie is an orphan and still lives with her foster parents in sight of the spot where her heroic act averted a wreck which would have cost the lives of many people. It was the afternoon of Sept. 10, 1893, that Jennie, then but 11 years old, was playing along the ledges and in the ravine of her uncle's farm. She came to the Panhandle Railroad and to her great surprise found the railroad bridge which spanned the deep gulch at this point almost burned away. It had taken fire from the burning grass which had been set fire by a red hot cinder from a passing engine. In the distance she heard the World's Fair train coming. There was no time to summon help, and as the train drew nearer a happy thought passed to her mind. Trembling with fright she tore off her red petticoat, and, standing in the centre of the track, waved it valiantly above her head. Engineer Frank Williamson, who had charge of the train, reversed his engine and stopped on the brink of the flaming bridge.

The story of the little girl reached the passengers who picked her up and carried her through the coaches and showed their appreciation by presenting her with no small purse. Among the passengers were many from France, returning home after a visit to the World's Fair. When they reached their native country the Society of the Legion of Honor was told of America's little heroine. President McKinley, then Governor of Ohio, was asked for the child's address, and a month later little Jennie received a five pointed gold star, an emblem worn only by those who have performed exceptionally brave deeds.

The French Legion of Honor was founded by Napoleon. At first he excluded women as recipients of decorations, but through the solicitation of Josephine this order was rescinded. But one other American girl has been thus honored, it being the Iowa school teacher who saved her pupils in a cyclone by tying them together. For months after the stopping of the train the little girl received hundreds of letters. One of the school readers used in the primary grades of Indiana has the story of her act. Each year she has been urged by the officers of the society to attend their meetings in Paris, the society offering to pay her expenses.

A few weeks ago Miss Creek, who is now 18 years of age, began a term at the Marion Normal College. The badge of the Legion is still proudly worn by her, and it is more than probable that she will accept the invitation.

A ROCK CANYON EPISODE.

STORY OF A CRIME TOLD BY MARKS ON AN ARIZONA TRAIL.

The Solitary Teamster, the Stranger He Befriended in the Wilderness, and the Murder—Swift Punishment Executed on the Murderer by a Party of Apaches.

"Travelling from our claims in the Buenocampo district toward Tucson we took the Rock Canyon route," said Otto Harstadt of San Francisco in speaking of his mining experiences in Arizona when that Territory was new. "The Apaches were thick as pods in a pea-field in southeastern Arizona in those days, and they were bad all the time, so our party of four men, all well armed, was no bigger than it should have been for our safety. When on the second day out from our camp we struck into the Rock Canyon trail, which was little travelled, we saw the tracks of a wagon and team of horses which had passed about a day ahead of us. Later along we came to where it had halted at noon, and at night, and we saw by the footprints and other signs that only one man was with the outfit. At about noon of the second day after striking the trail we came to where the teamster, in making his nooning for the day before, had been joined by another man who had come on foot from the direction of some wooded hills in the east. That the newcomer was not an Indian, or a Mexican of the humbler class, was plain from the fact that he wore boots and not moccasins, and the shape of the boots, as indicated in the tracks, particularly at the heels, made it evident to our minds that he must recently have come from a town. The teamster had taken him into his wagon and they had travelled on in company, had camped together the at night and had gone on together next morning. We had kept a day behind them, regulating our stopping by the facilities for obtaining grass and water, but, being in a hurry to get to Tucson, we on the third night, made a forced march that shortened the distance between us and the outfit ahead by one half. Making our start as usual the next morning, we at noon came in Rock Canyon upon the place where the two men with the wagon had camped the night before.

"A man travelling the Arizona trails in those days, thirty years ago, learned to take notice and to read every sign on the earth and in the air. An hour before we arrived at the place we had spoken to one another of the way the buzzards were gathering from every quarter of the sky and dropping, one by one, down into the canyon. We had an instinct that this might something wrong with the wagon outfit, our first thought naturally being of Apaches' work. But when we got to the place we saw that the wagon had started away that morning, seemingly with everything packed on board, and there were no signs of Indians to be seen around. It did not take more than a brief examination, however, to show that there had been foul play on the spot only a few hours before. There were blood marks on the ground over which earth had been scraped and trampled, showing that care had been taken by some one to prevent their being detected by whoever might come afterward on the trail. The settling down of the buzzards and the trail of blood and bits of torn garments through the bushes, which we presently found, were guides enough after that and we found the teamster's body where it had been dragged by his murderer, the man whom he had taken into his wagon two days before. He had been shot in the back at close quarters, apparently after the horses had been harnessed and everything made ready for the start in the morning.

"This was black murder, but there was nothing for us to do in the matter save bury the victim, mark the grave and place big stones on it to keep foxes and coyotes from digging up the remains.

"The murderer had clear six hours' start, with an extra horse for a remount if pursued and forced to leave the wagon behind, so there was no hope of overhauling him. We could do nothing more than hurry on and report the case at the first settlement we came to, and we made our start after a nooning as short as we could make it with what we had to do. An hour's ride brought us out into view of the thirty-mile-wide stretch of plain beyond the canyon, and every one of us clutched for his shooter as the first man to spy it shouted out, 'Injuns!'

"They were not very near—a band of twenty or twenty five mounted Apaches, some five miles out on the plain, riding, not toward us, but for the distant mountains beyond the plain. With our field glass we could see them very distinctly while they could not discern us against the rocks and shadows of the canyon walls. They were driving two loose horses and were travelling in haste. One of our party climbed up among the rocks to a point where he could command a wider view of the plain with the glass and, after looking intently a minute he called out to the rest of us:

"'There's a wagon stalled off to the north, no team in sight, and a dead man on the ground alongside it. It's the Apache's work, sure enough, and I believe they've got the man that did the killing.'

"We all climbed up and looked through the glass at the wagon and dead man and the story was as plain as writing to our eyes. The murderer had not gone far with his booty. What the story was of chase and attack we could not tell, except to surmise that the Apaches, seeing him coming on the plain, had waited among the low mountains in the range cut through by Rock Canyon, and had dashed out on him as he came opposite. After the Apaches had passed from view, and we resumed our journey, we saw on the plain, beyond the canyon, the place where the wagon had left the trail, turning off to the north. The wagon and the dead man were full ten miles from the trail, too far off for us to go out of our way to identify them. At Tucson we made a full report of the matter to the sheriff and he sent a deputy and posse out to hold an inquest and bury the dead robber. The man's body was torn by buzzards, and had been mutilated by the Indians, but it was identified by two in the Sheriff's party as being that of Nevada Mike. He was a hard character, who had been run out of the Cuchacha Negra mine camp a few days before, and had resorted to murder in the way I have told, as the means to raise a stake. His punishment had been swift and terrible, for the Indians undoubtedly had tortured him before his death. His victim was an inoffensive ranchman named Murdock. I talked with his two brothers at Tucson afterward and a headstone and a white paling inclosing the grave which they put up, for years marked his last resting place, and were a landmark of travel in the Rock Canyon trail."

PICTURE FRAME MOULDINGS.

Thousands of Styles Now and Additions Made to the Variety Yearly.

Picture frame mouldings, such as are manufactured and sold by wholesale in strips to be cut up as may be required in the making of picture frames, are produced in lengths of twelve feet. They are produced in pretty nearly all natural woods. There are also produced cheaper picture frame mouldings in imitation of some of these woods, as of oak. These various mouldings are made in many widths and many thicknesses, and in great variety of form; great numbers of them with no ornamentation whatever, and many of them ornamented with a beading or other design, which may be carved in the wood by the machine in which the moulding is made, or pressed or stamped in the wood. Sometimes this beading is gilded, or so treated as to look like oxidized metal, and sometimes a straight, smooth line or division of a wood moulding is finished in the same manner.

Many picture frame mouldings are finished in white; some in white with another color; some are made in combinations of colors, and some are made in single colors, and these last may be made in many shades. Then there is a variety of mouldings in black. Many of these colored mouldings are plain in design, and there are among them many that are odd. And then there are many of the colored mouldings that are highly ornamented.

Of gilded picture frame mouldings the variety produced is very large. Some are gilded with gold, some with a lacquer laid on over silver leaf, and some are gilded with a cheaper material.

Picture frame mouldings, taking them altogether, are produced in thousands of styles, and new styles are constantly being added, these being put on the market twice a year, for the spring and the fall trade. A picture frame moulding manufacturer producing mouldings in literally hundreds of styles would still produce more or less new styles, twenty, perhaps, or forty, each season. But for all the great variety offered there are certain kinds and styles of picture frame mouldings that are staple goods, and that sell steadily; just as there are staple lines in all kinds of merchandise.

There are big factories devoted solely to the manufacture of picture frame mouldings. Some manufacturers make a specialty of gilt mouldings, some of natural wood and other mouldings, and in some factories all sorts of mouldings, and frames as well, are produced. Formerly picture frame mouldings were all made in the East, and mouldings are still made here, but the great bulk is now produced in the West, where the factories are nearer the sources of supply of the wood used in their manufacture.

As compared with twenty years ago, picture frame mouldings are now made in far greater variety, and there are produced a far greater number of artistic mouldings than ever. And with the use of advanced modern machinery in their manufacture picture frame mouldings are much cheaper than they were in old times, so that it is nowadays possible to get from among the great variety of mouldings offered suitable and handsome frames at low prices. As compared with a year or two ago, the wholesale prices of picture frame mouldings are now a little higher than they were then, this being due to the present increased cost of the lumber and other materials entering into their manufacture.