AMERICAN ART IN PARIS.

THE EXHIBITION OF SCULPTURE A VERITABLE EYE OPENER.

Both Fine and Complete—The Collection of Miniatures Notable—The Exhibits in Architecture the Subject of Much Comment—Beautiful Etchings and Drawings.

PARIS, June 12.—In each of the six picture galleries of the United States section on the first floor of the Grand Palais des Beaux Arts there is a circular seat with a pedestal in the middle. On each pedestal a small bronze figure or group has been placed, all six of which form part of our sculpture exhibit. Two of these pieces are by A. Phimister Proctor, a splendid "Panther" with a long reach forward of one foreleg as the beast advances with stealthy gait, and "Indian Warrior," a figure on horseback in which the action and movement of both pony and rider are admirable. The other four are: "Last Act of the Moqui Snake Dance," a lithe figure of an Indian, running with a snake in each outstretched hand, by Carol Brooks McNeil; a good "Indian and Horse," by Solon H. Borglum (the red man as a subject appears to have appealed to several of our sculptors, and there are even some warriors of the plains and their steeds in the exhibition by German and other foreign artists); "Surprise," a well-modelled horse, looking down at a stray mud turtle at his feet, by Amory C. Simons, and a sympathetic group, "A Young Mother," by Mrs. Bessie Potter Vonnoh.

Out on the spacious balcony gallery, at the head of the wide stairway coming up from the great court, Mr. Saint-Gaudens's "Shaw Memorial" occupies the whole width of the wall between the piers of an angle. It appears with its architectural border or frame and is in plaster, colored to imitate grayish-green bronze. The tinting has been accomplished most satisfactorily under the eye of the sculptor himself, and the general effect is very fine. This, one of the most important works, executed by Mr. Saint-Gaudens in the past fifteen years, is so well known from the original on Boston Common and from numerous published reproductions that description may be entirely dispensed with here. Suffice it to say that it is one of the capital exhibits in our fine display of sculpture. On the left of the Shaw Memorial, at one side of the door leading into the picture galleries, is one of Mr. Saint-Gaudens's well known caryatides, "Angel With a Tablet," in plaster also, and agreeably colored, a beautiful creation, full of sympathetic feeling and fine in execution. On the right of the Shaw is a low relief, about the same sizes the "Angel With a Tablet," balancing the group of three pieces. It is "Decoration for a Concert Room" by Janet Scudder, and is graceful in composition and suave in treatment.

A number of pedestals have been placed along the balustrade of the balcony with green boxwood trees in tubs between them. On these pedestals, enjoying a good light from the glass roof high above, are several interesting and excellent busts, figures and groups of medium size. Among them are "Narcissus" by Alexander Stirling Caldwell; "Puma," by Mr. Proctor; a high relief with two figures in bronze with a circular placque of brown marble, by John Flanagan; "Portrait of Mrs. Grafly," a bronze bust, by Charles Grafly; Mr. Proctor's "Defiance," a buck with great antlers advancing with head erect; a group of three lion cubs drinking from a pan, by Eli Harvey; "Queen Elizabeth of Roumania," a marble bust, by Henry H. Kitson; a plaster bust of Oliver Wendell Holmes, by Richard E. Brooks, and "Danseuse," a bronze statuette, by Mrs. Vonnoh. A frame on one of the walls nearby contains half a dozen small low relief portraits in gilt bronze which possess considerable merit. They are the work of Victor D. Brenner. There are several new names in our list so far which are presumably those of young sculptors now studying in Paris, or who have at least not yet exhibited in New York. The catalogue gives their residences as in such places as Ogden, Utah; Ogden, Ohio; Charleston, S. C.; and Braintree, Mass.

Our fine little collection of miniatures is arranged in table cases in the balcony and seems to be the only exhibition of the kind made by any of the nations in the fine arts department. The cases are lined with black velvet and by a commendable refinement of taste they are numbered with black numbers, each figure being a separate object and laid together to make the "306," or whatever may be the catalogue number, on the velvet beside the miniatures. The exhibition is a pretty one and the little pictures are contributed by some twenty of our best-known practisers of the delicate art of miniature painting. Most notable among them for excellence are those by Laura C. Hills, Lucia Fairchild Fuller, Emily Drayton Taylor, William J. Baer, Isaac A. Josephi, Virginia Reynolds, Theodora W. Thayer, Martha W. Baxter and Martha S. Baker.

In the wide alcoves of the balcony where they may easily be seen by every passer-by, as the alcoves are very shallow, are hung our exhibits in engravings, etchings, drawings and architecture, save that some of the drawings, including some very good ones by Albert E. Sterner, J. Carroll Beckwith, N. A., William T. Smedley, A. N. A. and Carlton T. Chapman, A. N. A., are placed on a screen in the middle of the large picture gallery on the ground floor. The architectural exhibit is composed of five great frames filled with fine photographs of *travaux executés*, that is to say of buildings completed, but there is also one of a sky scraper in process of construction and three views of the lower part of New York taken from the water—one from the North River, one from the East River and one from the bay off the Battery. This exhibit attracts a great deal of attention from visitors to the Grand Palais and is the subject of much comment, appreciative and condemnatory, but chiefly the former. Mr. H. J. Hardenbergh's "Waldorf-Astoria," Mr. Bruce Price's "American Surety Building," Messrs. McKim, Mead & White's "University Club" and Mr. George B. Post's "Union Trust Company," are noticeable among the tall buildings, and others of less latter-day character are the Ponce de Leon Hotel and the Benedict house at Indian Harbor, by Messrs. Carrere & Hastings; Biltmore, by Richard M. Hunt, and various country houses, churches and schools, by Messrs. Lord, Hewlett & Lord; Shepley, Rutan & Coolidge; McKim, Mead & White; Wilson Eyre, Jr.; Cope & Stewardson, and Peabody & Stearns. The architectural exhibit given in this form is a popular rather than a professional one, but the limits of space had to be considered and the photographs give an excellent idea of our tendencies in design. It is also thoroughly "United States" in character for there are no Franco-American exhibitors. Our best architects, however, it should be noted, were all taught their art in the Paris Ecole des Beaux-Arts.

Our etchings include a group of beautiful proofs by Mr. Whistler and three by Mr. Joseph Pennell, one being a view of Paris from one of the towers of Notre Dame, a second, "The Most Picturesque Place in the World," a view of Le Puy or Montpelier, and the third a London street scene. All are remarkably clever. The engravings make an especially fine show and will do much to advance the reputation, already high in Europe, of American artists in this field. Directness in method and subtlety of effect mark such productions by Mr. Henry Wolf as the engravings after Mr. Alden Weir's "The Mirror," Dagnan-Bouveret's "La Bernoise," Mr. Harrison's "Twilight" and Miss Cecilia Beaux's "Cynthia." Mr. Timothy Cole's "William Pitt," after Hoppner, Mr. S. G. Putnam's "Princess Maria of Austria" (after Velasquez apparently) Mr. Harry Davidson's "Exercises at Wellesley College," from a drawing by W. L. Metcalf, and "The Golden Gate at the World's Fair," after Castaigne, Mr. Frank French's beautiful "Beggar Girl," after Louis Deschamps, Mr. Thomas Johnson's "Washington," after Gilbert Stuart and Miss Caroline A. Powell's "Gorilla and Young Circassian Girl," all merit high praise and are with the proofs from blocks by Messrs. E. Schladitz, Elbridge Kingsley, F. S. King and F. H. Wellington particularly prominent among the 110 separate exhibits in the American display in class 8.

The black and white drawings include a group of characteristic English subjects in pen and ink by Mr. Abbey, several "French Cathedrals" by Mr. Pennell, and representative sheets by C. D. Gibson, R. F. Zogbaum, A. B. Frost and other illustrators almost equally well known.

SCULPTURE IN THE GREAT COURT.

The triple-arched doorway of the Grand Palais on the Avenue Nicholas II. gives direct access to the gravelled and sodded court, vast in dimensions with its central area and two deep wings, and very lofty with its glass roofs screened with vellum overhead. It is a fine place in which to exhibit sculpture, but it is very crowded. Almost all the large pieces in the Exposition except those placed in the Cours la Reine under the horse chestnut trees and in the gardens, and about fifty in the French Centennial Exhibition in the inner court of the Grand Palais, are here. In the middle of the whole space is the big monument to Victor Hugo by Barrias, but the position obtained for the American sculpture is a very prominent one. It occupies a very considerable area immediately to the left of the Victor Hugo monument as one enters from the Avenue Nicholas II. and is conspicuous from every place in the court by reason of the commanding height of Mr. Saint-Gaudens's "Gen. Sherman" and Mr. MacMonnies's two groups of rearing horses which are placed on high pedestals. We have the French, the British and the Hungarians for near neighbors, but, owing in large part to Commissioner Cauldwell's perseverance and tact, we are excelled in advantage of position by none. There can be no question that the exhibition of sculpture made by the United States is a veritable "eye opener" or the French and foreign visitors, and it will surprise our own countrymen, even those who follow our exhibitions, to find it so fine and so complete. There are no courtyards or galleries in New York where monumental sculpture may be exhibited, and such works when executed too often go to other cities, as in the case of the Gen. Grant monument at Philadelphia by Messrs. Daniel C. French and E. C. Potter, the Lincoln and the Shaw by Mr. Saint-Gaudens, respectively at Chicago and Boston; Mr. MacMonnies's Horses, which go to Brooklyn, and the Washington by Messrs. French and Potter which is here in Paris. Mr. George Gray Barnard when he came to New York a few years ago and wished to give an exhibition of his sculpture was obliged to hire and fit up the old Logerot garden in Eighteenth street, now torn down, in order to show his group "The Two Natures." This group is here in the Exposition in plaster, but it does not look big, while at the Logerot garden it appeared gigantic. The same artist's "Pan" looks equally unobtrusive in the garden just outside the north wing of the Grand Palais. There are over a score of pieces of sculpture in this notable group in the courtyard, the whole number of exhibits in this class being seventy, with the smaller groups placed in the galleries and some of the larger ones out-of-doors. At the United States Pavilion, under the porch and facing the Seine, is Mr. French's admirable equestrian statue of Washington (fully described by the present writer in the *Century Magazine* for April) and on the roof is Mr. Proctor's Quadriga, a stirring composition executed with fine vigor and possessing great elegance of movement. The same artist's eagles surmount the pediments of the pavilion. Mr. Dallin's "Medicine Man," in a commanding position in the Cours la Reine, has been mentioned in a previous letter as have Mr. Saint-Gaudens's "The Puritan" and Mr. MacMonnies's "Sir Harry Vane," which stand in front of the Petit Palais.

The "Equestrian Statue of Gen. Sherman," by Augustus Saint-Gaudens, N. A., was exhibited at the Salon a year ago and received at that time high praise from critics and artists. The General, sitting erect on his horse, but with a movement indicative of looking eagerly forward, holds the bridle reins in his left hand while the right, holding the military soft hat, drops to the knee. His cloak is blown backward in broad, simple folds. The horse's head is held high in the air. Preceding the horse and rider is a draped figure of Victory who extends her right hand with a gesture as if commanding the people to make way for the hero and in her left is a branch of palm. The Victory's flowing drapery is blown backward near the horse's front legs and her great wings pass his neck and chest on the left, thus to binding together the three principal elements of the composition. It is a noble work which does honor to its distinguished author. The figure of Gen. Sherman is severe but sympathetic, the horse is a nervous but powerful steed modelled with naturalistic fidelity and the figure of Victory is both graceful and imposing. Mr. MacMonnies's two colossal groups are each composed of two horses and a rider. The great beasts are plunging forward, resting for the moment on their haunches and the action in both groups, of the riders as well as the horses, is most spirited. For the purpose for which the groups are intended—to adorn, I believe, the principal entrance to Prospect Park, Brooklyn—the compositions are doubtless none too animated. For any other purpose but some such a one as this they might be thought a trifle noisy. They give evidence, however on the part of the artist of a splendid command of technical means and are altogether inspiring and impressive.

Well placed about these three works of great size are groups and figures in marble, bronze or plaster by some of our most celebrated sculptors (except that Mr. Ward and Mr. Adams have sent nothing to the Exposition), some like Mr. Barnard's "The Two Natures," very large pieces, with others, such as Mr. Karl Bitter' decorative figure for fountain of a boy with a struggling duck in his arms, by comparison small. Here are Mr. MacMonnies's much decried but beautiful "Bacchante" and his dignified Shakespeare. Here also are Mr. Karl Bitter's charming decorative group in bronze, "Dance of Children," Mr. McNeil's Indian warrior with a boy at his knee, "The Vow of the Sun;" "Magdalene," a marble figure, by Clement J. Barnhorn; Mr. Paul Wayland Bartlett's strongly modelled "Michael Angelo" which possesses with all its virility the very desirable quality of style; "Echo," a good nude female figure leaning forward in an expectant attitude, by Miss Mabel C. Herring; Mr. Brooks's "Statue of Gen. Cass" and his graceful "Song of the Wave;" Mr. Grafly's fine "Symbol of Life," a bronze group of two figures, and his "Vulture of War," a figure of a man stealing over a battlefield, and works by Johannes Gelert and J. H. Rondebust. Completing the collection is Mr. MacMonnies's "Venus and Adonis," an attractive composition carved in dark red marble with gray-tinted veins.

The Exposition, while not yet in full blast, is doing very well indeed. The daily attendance is about 130,000 and on the recent Sunday it was over 350,000. On Ascension Day, though it rained continuously from morning till night it was over 300,000. Nearly everything is finished and open. The fountains play at the Chateau d'Eau in the Champ de Mars though a week or more will yet be required to repair the damage done to the electric light apparatus by a small but expensive fire under the basins. The Rue de Paris, with its numerous attractions in the way of theatres, music halls and funny shows is thronged and is very gay and brilliant at night. There and in the Trocadero Gardens are found the most popular lounging places. The Palais du Costume with scenes peopled by wax figures, costumed in all epochs from the earliest times to the present, is a remarkable and very interesting show. The same may be said of the Palais de l'Optique where the great telescope is now ready. Everywhere, but especially about the Eiffel Tower and in the Rue de Paris, there are amusement houses. There are already many visitors here, English and German preponderating among the foreign tongues. It is easy to get cabs at any place and at any time at the usual rates except in the evenings at the Porte Rapp and the Trocadero, especially if it is raining. The restaurants in town where cheap or moderate prices prevail are crowded, but the service is expeditious, and places may be obtained by waiting. There are so many restaurants in the Exposition grounds that, so far at least, there is no difficulty in finding room.

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When an advertiser has something of real value to dispose of, he first goes to THE SUN's advertising columns with it.—Ads.

BLACK BART ABOUT AGAIN.

WORK RESUMED BY CALIFORNIA'S FAMOUS HIGHWAYMAN.

Stage Robberies in the Yosemite and Elsewhere That Bear His Marks—Mystery and Romance of an Extraordinary Criminal—Captured Only Once—Limping Dick Practising His Profession Again Also.

LOS ANGELES, Cal., June 19.—Many persons believe that Black Bart, the most interesting bandit the Pacific Coast has ever known, is again at work. Down in Arizona there is almost positive proof that Limping Dick, admittedly the most desperate highwayman known there since the desperadoes of Tombstone mining camp days is back again from his refuge among the mountain fastnesses of Durango and Sinaloa, Mexico. Since last January six highway robberies of unusually bold character have been committed in central California and in southern Arizona, and all bear the earmarks of either Black Bart or Limping Dick.

Black Bart is far and away the most notorious highwayman of the West. Among the miners and the people in the mountain settlements of California there is quite as much romantic lore about him as there was about Dick Turpin. Black Bart's jingles, the bits of doggerel he used to post up at the scenes of his robberies, are known by heart by school children all over the Pacific Coast. No other bandit in America, possibly, was ever surrounded by such an air of romantic mystery as he has had for twenty years. His trial for highway robbery at Visalia, Cal., in May, 1884, revealed a mass of information about him. Although he was the lone performer in some twenty-five stage coach hold-ups in California alone, between 1867 and 1884, he was never once apprehended on the road.

His arrest came about in this way: In March, 1884, a stage coach going from a gold mining camp in the Sierras to Marysville, Cal., was held up by a masked lone highwayman, whom the driver and all the passengers recognized as Black Bart. When the coach had rumbled out of sight on its way down the mountain side Black Bart turned his attention to splitting open the wooden box containing the Wells, Fargo Express Company's treasure. Something must have disturbed him in the midst of his work, for when a party of officers hurried back to the scene later that same day they found among the papers, empty purses and wrappings of parcels dropped by Black Bart a linen cuff. The robber had evidently dropped it in a hurried flight to his refuge.

The cuff was turned over to the express company detectives. They found after weeks of inquiry that the laundry marks on the cuff were those of a Chinese laundry on Bush street in San Francisco and that the cuff belonged to one Charles E. Bolton. Then it appeared that Bolton was a quiet, unobtrusive, spare man of about 50 years. He lived in a modest boarding house, where sedate and old-fashioned business men had rooms, and every one there was his friend. When a detective went to live in the same boarding house he found that Col. Bolton was a studious man, lived a correct life, was a reader of new books, dabbled in poetry and every few weeks went away to visit one of the several little mines about California in which he had investments. Bolton was an expert whist player, and he had evidently travelled far and wide in his early life. His hobby was water colors and he spent whole days in painting pastoral scenes, alone in his rooms. After dinner he generally went to the theatre, where he took the least conspicuous seat. He never got any mail and he never sent letters, but he devoured the daily newspapers at times.

When Bolton was arrested in his room one day on a charge of highway robbery, the landlady boiled with indignation, and the other guests stormed. Col. Bolton's pastor wrote a letter to a local newspaper denouncing the blackening of an honest man's name. When it went abroad that Col. Bolton was accused with being no less an outlaw than the notorious Black Bart, the Colonel's friends were crushed. They began putting together facts about Col. Bolton's absences from his rooms and found that these absences occurred when robberies by Black Bart were committed. During Black Bart's trial it came out that he was born at Hannibal, Mo., in 1833; that he was educated for the law and had spent one year at Oberlin College, when he was expelled for gambling. He changed his name, went to Chicago and enlisted in a Wisconsin regiment in the Civil War. Next he went to the mines in Nevada, and drifted to California, where he made a first attempt at highway robbery by holding up the paymaster of a mine in Plumas county. The job was so easily done, and he got about $800 so quickly, that he gave his whole time thereafter to planning highway robberies. He confessed that he had gone as deliberately and studiously about his career in highway robbery as one goes about the practice of a profession.

For seventeen years he kept half the Sheriffs and constables, a lot of detectives and all the United States Marshals in California ceaselessly watchful for Black Bart. Like the wonderful highwayman he was, many a time he walked down to a local bank carrying a snug fortune in his gripsack, the proceeds of a recent affair out on the road, and passed hundreds of San Francisco people while they were excitedly discussing Black Bart's latest hold-up. He told how he had often met face to face in the parks and on the streets of San Francisco, men who were in the stage coaches he had robbed shortly before. Once he rode from Sacramento to Oakland and sat reading a book directly behind a Sheriff and several expert criminal catchers, who were at that time working up a clue to the arch bandit of the Coast.

Black Bart was convicted, and because of his confession and apparent determination to lead a new life, he was sentenced to San Quentin Prison for only eight years. He was a model prisoner and earned all the commutation of his sentence by good conduct. He was liberated in July, 1889. For a few weeks he lived in Sacramento, waiting, he said, until he got some money from Eastern relatives, when he meant to go to Seattle to earn an honest living. Then he disappeared. Several San Francisco constables say they have seen him leisurely walking the streets in that city during the last few years, but they did not know then that $1,000 would be paid for his arrest.

"Why, there isn't a shadow of a doubt that Black Bart is a highwayman again," said Sheriff John W. Hunter, who secured the robber's arrest in 1884. "He is an accomplished stage robber and pursued the business so long and successfully that we have no reason to believe that he would be willing to earn his living by actual honest work. The recent one-man stage robberies occurring in this State bear so many characteristics of Bart's artistic handiwork that we are fully convinced that he has resumed his former mining operations and is again prospecting for bullion in express company treasure boxes. He is too subtle and keen to risk suspicion by selecting any small town as a place of residence, for the reason that his frequent absences would be noted and discussed and he would naturally desire to avoid particulars in regard to his trips, his mine, &c.

"For these reasons we believe that he has selected some such city outside of California as Denver, Kansas City, Omaha, Salt Lake, or even Chicago or St. Louis, and without creating surprise or suspicion makes periodical trips for the purpose of cleaning up his mine and replenishing his exchequer and then returns to lead the same apparently innocent, blameless life which he pursued in San Francisco under the name of Col. Charles E. Bolton for over ten years, while police and peace officers chased over mountains and through cañons to get clews to his identity."

Picturesque tales of Black Bart's scientific methods of pillaging stage coaches are current on the coast. Almost every valley in California has its own characteristic tale of some romantic achievement of the famous road agent in this State. There are a dozen different stories of how, in his palmy days he used to rob a stage coach at evening time on a mountain trail, and how when the conveyance lumbered up to the inn a dozen miles distant, he himself would be there on the front porch to sympathize with the stageload of frightened passengers as they told their sorrows. Once at the country hotel near Monterey, Cal., he sat up with and helped to nurse an elderly man who was on the verge of nervous prostration because Black Bart had thrust the barrel of a rifle against his cheek and made him disgorge all his personal valuables. Bart's consummate nerve carried him through these ordeals as serenely as though he were a specially commissioned philanthropist sent by some relief society to console the newly robbed; and never in a single instance did his effrontery fail to place him utterly outside of the remotest possibility of suspicion.

He held up the stage between Fresno and Sanger one blistering hot afternoon in 1878. As the coach, enveloped by a cloud of dust, was running smartly through a narrow cut between the foothills, a masked man, wearing Black Bart's celebrated black sombrero, was suddenly seen standing at the curve in the road. He had several pistols at his waist and a Winchester rifle in his hands and levelled at the stage driver.

"Hold up, driver. Don't move a muscle, or you'll never wink again," called the masked man as the creaking big vehicle came to a stop.

Several women in the inside began to shriek. They knew they were in a hold-up. Then some one on the inside called out: "She's fainted!"

"What you got aboard?" asked the masked man.

"A consumptive woman from the mountains, and a preacher's wife and daughters from Porterville, and the express box hain't got a dime in it," replied the driver.

"Well, Black Bart never robs women, you know, and I'll take your word for the express box," said the robber.

Then with a significant glance at the driver, Black Bart lowered his rifle, and directed his attention to the women inside the coach.

"Oh, don't be so frightened at a poor road agent," said he jocularly. "I wouldn't hurt a hair of your heads. I'm risking more now than any one on this stage. Come, come, don't be so foolish. I wouldn't take your measly money for a gift. I just rode out here to tease the driver on top and to flirt with you girls."

Just at that moment the sound of an approaching ranch wagon was heard, and with a curse Black Bart ordered the coach to get along as fast as the horses could haul it, while he went over beyond the cut in the hill, where he leaped on his horse and was soon out of sight across the country.

As time wore on Black Bart became a bolder and more proficient highwayman. He found fun in writing bits of rhyme and pinning the manuscript to some object at the scenes of his exploits, knowing that the scene of a highway robbery is at once invested with a particular charm for most people. In July, 1875, the stage running from Sonora to Milton was robbed by a lone highwayman. The express box was thrown out and the stage was allowed to proceed without it. When a searching party went back to capture the robber the box was found broken open and empty in the roadway, and scrawled upon the lid was a verse affirming the robber's need of the stolen gold and attesting his cheerful willingness to have the matter thoroughly understood in its true light—that of a straightforward, unequivocal robbery. The verse was signed "Black Bart, Po8."

In August, 1877, the "Po8" disclosed, in the same way, his identity as the author of the Fort Ross and Russian River stage hold-up, and for six years thereafter he added a score of poems to the lids of as many broken express boxes in various parts of the State. He always performed these little details in precisely the same way; he would suddenly appear at the heads of the leading horses, level a shotgun at the occupants of the front seat and demand the stage's valuables. His poetry became philosophic. He used to expatiate in verse on the difference between his hard, venturesome life and that of the head of the corporation. Then he would tell in verse how honest and true he really was, while rich corporations were legalized robbers that demanded not only money, but poor people's lifeblood and bone and sinew. He never would take any money from women or veteran soldiers. "Oh, I'm a G. A. R. boy, too," he would call out at the sight of a Union soldier. His aversions were bankers and money lenders, and he chuckled when he found one of them in any stage coach he held up. A good deal of his peculiar verses dealt with joy at getting treasure from the express company.

The late George M. Hackett, who died at Marysville, Cal., was pointed out as the nervy guard of the Wells-Fargo express box who almost shot Black Bart to death in 1880. During the time that Hackett rode stages Black Bart won fame. Stages on the Oroville and Downieville routes were likely to be held up any day, and the messengers kept their eyes strained on every patch of chaparral, for out of such hiding places usually came persons of the Black Bart stamp. One day, when there was a large amount of treasure aboard in charge of Hackett, and the stage was swinging along through territory that Black Bart regarded as his own, that individual suddenly appeared. As usual, he went to the heads of the horses, as he depended upon the shelter afforded by them. A spike team was in use that day—that is, instead of a pair of leaders there was a single horse in the lead. Becoming excited, this horse plunged wildly, disconcerting Hackett's aim. However, he fired a charge at Bart, who sent a charge of buckshot in reply. Bart lost his grip on the plunging horse, and the stage went on. Hackett had received some buckshot in the face, one or two perforating his tongue. Black Bart as (was afterward ascertained) caught two buckshot in the top of his skull, along which they ploughed a couple of furrows. He thought his time had come. Rushing blindly into the chaparral he fell, and for some time lay as if dead. When he regained consciousness he was surprised to find himself in the land of stage coaches, but it was some time before he resumed operations.

While Black Bart lay senseless in the chaparral the spike team went whirling down the road. Hackett was not only wounded but indignant. For the first time in his career he had left his faithful revolver behind at a stage station. He was confident that if he had it to back up his shotgun Black Bart's depredations would have been ended. He reloaded his shotgun and kept up his lookout for bandits. Four miles beyond the scene of the first encounter was another thicket, and from behind a tree at the edge of it Hackett descried the flutter of a linen duster.

"There's more of 'em," he remarked to the driver, "give the horses the silk."

The horses jumped as the long whip touched their flanks, and they kept on running despite the command of the man in the linen duster. Hackett fired a shot in passing, and the charge tore the bark from the side of the tree just at the height of a man's heart, but the tree was a safe shield. So after being twice in one day subjected to the perils of the road Hackett reached the end of his run with his treasure intact. He did not think much about the achievement, but as soon as his wounds healed took to his duties again.

Once when the Oroville stage had been robbed Detective Hume started out to see if he could catch the robber. This was not on Hackett's run, but a little later the messenger happened to be in the vicinity and decided to do a little sleuthing on his own account. Prowling around through the chaparral, he came upon the spot where the robber had hidden the gold and part of his clothes. Hackett knew the man would be back soon after the clothing, and so he secreted himself nearby. He waited some hours and the robber appeared. Hackett made him throw up his hands, bound his arms securely, and took him to Downieville. When Hume arrived there was the malefactor with his booty ready for him. The robber's name was Liverpool. He went to the penitentiary and Hackett went back to his run.

Limping Dick, to whom nine highway robberies have been attributed, is a widely different sort of outlaw from Black Bart. He is a half-bred Mexican about 40 years old, tall, muscular and very dark skinned. He was shot in the right foot ten or twelve years ago while he was escaping with some plunder from Fort Bowie, and he has limped ever since. He is known as Limping Dick, the outlaw, all over the Southwest. The person who will give information causing Limping Dick's arrest will get some $2,000 reward from several sources. A year ago it was reported in Arizona that Dick was among the dead in the Yaqui warfare in Sonora, Mexico. He had fled to Mexico for safety after the hold-up of the Southern Pacific overland train at Box Springs station.

Limping Dick first became famous as the all-round bad man of Arizona by his scheme to rob Major J. W. Wham, Paymaster in the United States Army, of some $27,000. It was in the fall of 1890 that Major Wham and an escort of ten or twelve soldiers were proceeding from Tucson to Fort Grant, in Arizona. The Paymaster was going to pay the soldiers and contractors at Fort Grant and the money was carried in a leather gripsack fastened to the saddle of the Major's horse. The soldiers were riding along through a narrow cañon in Pima county. They came upon a boulder that blocked the passage of the cañon. Thinking the big stone had accidentally rolled there from the heights above the soldiers dismounted and put their shoulders to the boulder to move it to one side. Limping Dick and a gang of six or seven men, all armed, had rolled the stone across the floor of the cañon, while they had concealed themselves among the volcanic rocks about the rim of the cañon. While the soldiers were pushing and tugging at the boulder the robbers took deliberate aim and fired upon them. Two soldiers fell dead, and the frightened horses ran away. The unarmed soldiers and Major Wham knew it would be suicide to stay there. So they got away with all despatch, leaving the army money for Limping Dick and his half-breed gang to get. An extraordinary effort was made to catch the outlaws, but so far all in vain. The gang is in Mexico one year and in Arizona the next.

OWNERS OF THE NATURAL BRIDGE.

Thomas Jefferson Knew What He Was About When He Bought It Cheap.

From the Richmond Dispatch.

The fact that the Natural Bridge tract is soon to be sold has opened the way for some writers to romance about it.

It is stated that it was a part of the inheritance of Thomas Jefferson, but that is not our information. We have always thought that Mr. Jefferson patented the land—i. e., bought it from the Crown at about a shilling an acre.

Mr. Jefferson and George Washington both were far-seeing men and good judges of land and "took up" numbers of valuable tracts. Washington, particularly, owing to his personal knowledge of our western (Virginia) lands, was fortunate in his selections.

Mr. Jefferson acquired the bridge tract in 1774. Of the bridge itself, he wrote that it was worth a trip across the ocean to see; but for a long time its inaccessibility caused it to be seldom visited, even by our own people. The construction of the old James River and Kanawha Canal put it near a highway of travel. Later, railroad lines came within a few miles of it, and now thousands visit it annually.

Since Jefferson's time the bridge has had many owners. At one period it belonged to the Harman family. Col. Henry Clay Parsons bought it about 1881, and formed a stock company to "run" it. His residence there led up to his death at the hands of Conductor Goodman, at Clifton Forge, on June 29, 1894. To what extent he or his family held stock in the bridge company at that time we are not informed, but the amount held is supposed to have been considerable.

FROG CALLED THEM CHUMPS

SAD ENDING OF THE ROMANCE OF TWO IOWA WIDOWERS.

Answered the Same Advertisement in a Matrimonial Paper and Fought at the Fair One's Gate—Laughed At for Their Pains—Then the Frog Croaked, "Chumps, Chumps."

WEST UNION, Ia., June 17.—Lemuel Bicketts was a widower. So also was Emanuel Croster. It was but natural that there should exist between the two a fellow feeling.

The wife of Lemuel had arisen one day in a fit of ill temper—justified, perhaps, so far as ill temper is ever justified—and repaired to a lawyer's office, where she stated her complaint. Lemuel had not treated her with due consideration. He had expected too much of her. He was old enough to be her father. No woman, she said, could prepare from nothing three meals a day and still retain her self-respect. The lawyer admitted the truth of the statement. He inquired whether or not Lemuel had ever treated her with physical cruelty. Yes; he had made her split the wood. Very good. At the next term of the district court she was declared free of the bonds which had bound her to Lemuel.

But the case of the wife of Emanuel was a sadder one. She was of a long-suffering sort, and the thought of divorce had never entered into her blunted mind. She did the best she could for Emanuel. When nothing to eat was forthcoming she boiled dandelion greens and endured the harsh criticisms of Emanuel in silence. In the end she stretched herself upon the bedding which had constituted her dowry and peacefully repaired to another world. It was a severe shock to Emanuel.

When the funeral had been over for several hours, and the two children had been fed upon milk furnished by a kind neighbor, Emanuel strolled over to condole with Lemuel and to be condoled with. He found Lemuel sitting disconsolately upon the front step of his residence. The two older children were beside him. His wife had taken the baby.

"Good evenin'," said Emanuel in a tone of sorrow.

"Same to you," said Lemuel. He arose to the full limit of his awkward, ungainly 6 feet 4 inches and extended his hand—he had but one, the other having been removed with the arm at a Fourth of July demonstration. "Glad to see you. How're you feelin'?"

"Bad—bad," said Lemuel hollowly. "How're you?"

"'Bout the same," replied Lemuel. "The world looks mighty glum to a feller that haint got a woman."

"It does that," said Emanuel. "What're you goin' to do?"

"Dunno. What're you?"

"Dunno."

Nothing more was said for a time. Then Lemuel cast off the abstraction which was upon him and spoke.

"I reckon somethin's got to be did for the kids; they've got to have somebody to look after 'em."

"You're right," agreed Emanuel; "the—the kids must be took care of."

"And nothin' but a woman can do it," said Lemuel.

"Nothin' but a woman," repeated Emanuel.

"Then——"

"Yeah?"

"The thing to do's to get a woman."

"I reckon."

"Women is plenty enough in the world. We'd have no trouble, you and me, gettin' one if we was prettier. I'm lopsided, and you've got a impediment in your gait."

This was very near the truth. Emanuel by some prank of nature, had been gifted with knee action at the hips and with hip action at the knees, producing an effect at which some people laughed. It was a tender point with Emanuel, and he flared up a bit at Lemuel's words.

"You're a li——" he began, but Lemuel held up his great, over developed hand.

"Don't get excited, Man," he said. "Don't forget that she's only been dead a little while. You owe some respect to her memory—though I s'pose," he added reflectively, "she's 'bout as dead as she ever will be."

"I s'pose," sighed Emanuel.

Then Lemuel sent the children into the shanty and approached Emanuel, glancing about him cautiously as he did so.

"Man," said he in a whisper, "I've got the—the dangdest best thing you ever seen."

"What is it?" asked Emanuel suspiciously.

Lemuel drew a dirty, wrinkled paper from his pocket and unfolded it.

"Look at that!" he said triumphantly, holding up the sheet. "*Cupid's Dart.* More'n a hundred beautiful, wealthy ladies wants husbands—dyin' for 'em, Man, dyin' for 'em."

Emanuel gasped. "D-do they mean it?" he asked incredulously.

"Why, o' course they mean it—anyway as much as any woman ever means anything. I found this here paper kickin' round in the road yesterday. Dropped out o' some wagon I s'pose. I never knowed before that such things was printed. It's like—like manners from heaven, aint it?"

"Kind o'. Are you goin' to write to one of em?"

"Am I? Well, you bet your life I'm goin' to write to one of 'em. I've got her picked out."

"How're you goin' to do it? Goin' to learn how to write?"

Lemuel smiled shrewdly. "No, I aint goin' to learn how to write, but I've got it figured out clear enough. You know young Spriggs—him that I pulled out o' the crick last spring, just when he was goin' down the last time?"

"Yeah."

"He's the s'lution of it. He can write like a house afire, that boy, and can spell like a almanac. I'm goin' to have him do the writing for pay in part o' what he's owin' me. He can do it for you too if you want, Man. Hey? What do you say, old feller?"

Lemuel slapped the mourning Emanuel on the back, and chuckled. Something suspiciously like a chuckle came from Emanuel in return.

"I—I s'pose somethin's got to be did for the kids," he said, "and a woman's the only thing that can do it proper."

"You're right," said Lemuel. "Now, look here, Man." He spread the paper upon the ground, and indicated a dirty spot in one column with a dirty forefinger. "Here's the one I've chose. 'A young lady called pretty by her friends, and possessed of $150, would like to correspond with some honest man—no dude. Object, matrimony. Address B1772, *Cupid's Dart.*' You see, that hits me to a dot, Man. I ain't no dude."

"No, you aint, that's a fact," said Emanuel promptly.

"It costs only ten cents to get started. The letter goes to the paper and they send it on to the lady, and she answers back, and there you be slicker 'n grease."

"Looks all right," said Emanuel.

"Tis all right," said Lemuel. "Now, Man, you take this here paper home with you and pick out one for yourself. I aint no hog. I feel real sorry for you, Man. She—she was a fine woman."

Emanuel gulped. He felt that it was incumbent upon him to say something—something to show his friend that his kindness was not unappreciated.

"S—so was yours, Lem," he said softly.

"Don't you b'live it," said Lemuel with sudden gruffness. "Mine's a vile snake, Man. But never mind; I know how you meant it. Good night."

"Good night," said Emanuel, and went teetering home.

He sat late that night spelling out laboriously the advertisements in *Cupid's Dart*, but found none that satisfied him—none excepting the one chosen by Lemuel. None of the others appealed to him. Most of them were impossible. They laid down conditions to which he was quite unable to conform. They insisted unreasonably that the gentleman have wealth or good looks or brilliancy of mind. The few exceptions insisted that the gentleman be willing to work hard in return for the affection of an honest, earnest heart. This was not impossible, but it was unpleasant. Emanuel shuddered at the suggestion.

Time after time his finger returned to the advertisement of the "lady who was called pretty by her friends and who was possessed of $150." She yearned for an honest man—no dude, and Emanuel's heart was drawn to her. It pained him to think that Lemuel had chosen her first. Lemuel had treated him with great consideration. It was not entirely right for him to covet Lemuel's choice, but he could not help it. Finally he went to sleep.

In the morning he returned the paper to Lemuel, but his eyes fell before those of his friend and he talked mostly in monosyllables.

"Find one?" enquired Lemuel with a wink.

"No."

"Ain't you goin' to get one?"

"Can't."

"Why?"

"Ain't none to suit."

"Sho, now! Well, I'll tell you; I couldn't find none either, but the one I picked out. Still, I done the best I could for you, Man."

"Uh—huh."

"And I've been figgerin' some. I reckon I'll tell her she's got to take me quick if she wants me, 'cause there's a great demand for me. I aint goin' to sign my name to the letter. I don't want to get into no breach o' promise suit. Course, the lady's probably all right, but there's nothing like bein' on the safe side."

"Uh—huh."

"So I'm just goin' to have young Spriggs write me down as a gentleman who's honest as daylight and who aint no dude. I'm goin to have him tell her 'bout my bein' a prop'ty owner and all that and explain that I don't give no name 'cause I want to be dead sure she's square. I reckon she'll be reasonable if she means business."

"Yeah." Emanuel shifted uneasily from one foot to the other. "Guess your heads' level. Hope you have luck, Lem."

"Thanks," said Lemuel. "I'm goin' down to see young Spriggs now."

He turned into the shanty to get his hat, and Emanuel spring-halted away down the road to attend to a little business matter of his own.

The friends, for some reason, did not see each other again for a week. At the end of that time Lemuel appeared at the shanty of Emanuel. His face was flushed by excitement. He held a letter in his hand.

"I've got her, Man," he called, "I've got her!"

Emanuel quickly stowed a letter into his trowsers pocket.

"Have, hey?" said he.

"Yeah. Got this to-day through the office o' *Cupid's Dart.* She says for me to come up, to Tunkerton—lives up to Tunkerton, Man, where I growed up—the first o' next month. She says to come by the Milwaukee road, so's she'll know I'm comin' when she hears the train whistle. She tells me how to find the house where she's stayin'. She says she knows I'm a good business man 'cause I'm so cautious. She says she dotes—whatever that is—on good business men. Congrat'late me, old feller!"

"Wait till you get her," said Emanuel dryly.

When Lemuel had gone he drew the letter from his pocket and spelled it over carefully. A friend had read it to him that afternoon, and he was able to follow it with something approaching accuracy. He had done little else but study it since its receipt. It was from a young lady at Tunkerton. It told him that she believed he was precisely the sort of a man she wanted. It told him to come to Tunkerton on the first day of the next month over the St. Paul road, so that she would know he was comin' when she heard the train whistle, and gave him careful directions for finding the house where she was staying.

"I s'pose," thought Emanuel, "that she wants to compare us and take her pick. It 'pears, we've both struck her pretty favor'ble. Well, I reckon"—arising to look at himself in a cracked mirror—"that I can hold my own, and more, too, with Lem."

On the last day of the month Lemuel came over to say good-by. He found Emanuel washing his neck.

"Goin', are you?" said Emanuel. "Well, good luck to you."

"Thanks," said Emanuel. "I wish you was goin' to get a wife—some sweet creature to love, cherish and protect. I wish——"

"O, don't mind me," said Emanuel, scrubbing hard, his face well down toward the basin. "I'll make out to get along. Good-by to you."

"Good-by," said Lemuel.

In the village of Tunkerton there is a long street running from one end of the village to the other. At one extreme of this street is the station of the Milwaukee Railway; at the other extreme is the station of the St. Paul. At a point nearly midway between the stations is a small brown house.

Lemuel knew the place well. As a boy and as a young man he had visited it often, and he was much impressed by the coincidence that was bringing him to visit it again. He stopped behind a tree at the corner to wipe his face upon a bandanna handkerchief and to draw a long breath before taking the final plunge. He wondered if she was peeping coyly from the window, and peered furtively around the tree. There was no sign of life about the small brown house. But beyond the house, down the street where the heat was rising and falling in waves, he saw that which caused him to catch his breath sharply. He dashed his hands across his eyes, and looked again. It was no delusion. Emanuel Croster, gently springing up and down, was coming from the opposite direction. There was a smile upon his face, and a white stand-up collar upon his neck. His eyes were upon the small brown house. There was no doubt as to his purpose.

It came to Lemuel like a flash that Emanuel had been false to him. Emanuel had repaid his kindness by vile treachery. Lemuel's blood boiled within him. He went forward quickly, his face darkened by a frown, his huge fist doubled. At the gate they met. Lemuel spoke not a word. Emanuel opened his lips as if to speak, but Lemuel's fist chugged the words down his throat. The blow was sufficient, had the distance been better judged, to have sent Emanuel into a long sleep. As it was, it merely jarred him. He grunted, and raised one of his feet, implanting a kick upon Lemuel's Sunday trousers. Then they clinched, rolling in a cloud of dust.

The door of the small brown house opened suddenly, and a woman ran to the gate.

"Gentlemen!" she called to the twisting, writhing widowers, "gentlemen!"

The dust settled gradually. There was a sound of puffing and blowing. Then two perspiring, dust smeared, bloody faces became visible, each smiling grotesquely. Lemuel retained his hold upon the collar of Emanuel. Emanuel's hand was clutching Lemuel's hair.

"Gentlemen, I——"

The woman was unable to control herself longer. She broke into a laugh that sounded in the dust filled ears of the two widowers like the cracking of a number of dooms. They sat as if paralyzed, their mouths open. At length the woman spoke.

"Gentlemen—O, you fools! Didn't you think I knew 'twas you, Lem Bicketts, and you, Man Croster? Bill Spriggs told me all about it. Him and me's goin' to be married next week. O—you—fools!"

She laughed again, and Lemuel rose dazedly to his feet. Emanuel arose also. They gazed speechlessly at Lemuel's divorced wife for one long minute. Then they gazed at each other. Involuntarily their hands met.

"Come on, Man," said Lemuel.

"You bet!" said Emanuel.

And they trudged briskly away through the dust, the sound of laughter following them. In a secluded place near the railroad they stopped, and threw themselves upon the ground. Lemuel broke the silence.

"Her," he groaned. "O, Lord! She's got $150, made while she was subsistin' on my bounty. She's a thief, Man. She stole the money she got for washin' and ironin'—stole it from me."

Emanuel groaned sympathetically.

"Woman is a delusioner and a snarer."

"She are," affirmed Emanuel.

A frog crawled from a puddle at a little distance from them, and blinked wisely.

"Chump!" he croaked, "chump, chump!"

"He means us," said Lemuel.

"He do," said Emanuel.

HERMIT OF THE STONE YARD.

John Galvin's Queer Life Under a Heap of Stones in a Municipal Lot.

In the middle of all the rush and bustle of the waterfront traffic on West street, between Fifteenth and Sixteenth streets, deep down in the city stone yard, is situated the cave of one John Galvin, hermit, cynic and friend of the river rats. The average wayfarer might pass by the big pile of flagstones, cobbles and paving blocks fifty times a day and never notice any signs of life in it, save for the two shanties that serve as city offices and the "Little Delmonico" restaurant at the lower end. At 7 o'clock every morning, however, an old grizzly-bearded man rises, apparently out of the very stones themselves, and scrambles down on to the street. He walks slowly up Fifteenth street, poking into the garbage cans with the stick he always carries and ransacking every odd nook and corner of the block in search of food. After this trip he returns to his home in the stones, where, as a rule, he remains until it is time for the next day's foraging excursion. This has been John Galvin's life for over fifteen years.

Galvin's home is a cave-like hollow in the cobblestones kept open by an ingeniously arranged lining of flag stones. A piece of rusty tin, about five feet square, serves as a roof. The entrance of the hole is about two feet square, and the tenant always enters feet first in order that his head may be near the air, for there is no room to turn around with comfort in Galvin's home. To sit erect would be an impossibility. From time to time charitably inclined people have tried to befriend old John with offers of food and money, but he will have none of it. He long ago lost faith in human beings, and now his only friends are the river rats that scamper in and out among the stones at night. He feeds these in his cave, and they have come to know him so that they run about him fearlessly and without doing him harm. He says the king rat and the queen rat are his friends, and that the others would not dare touch him against their will. Several years ago some did rebel and gave him trouble, but he set a trap and caught the offenders and is now on good terms with the whole rat kingdom.

According to persons in the neighborhood there is good reason for Galvin's lack of faith in mankind. Twenty years ago he was a laborer in the employ of the Manhattan Gas Company at Eighteenth street and Tenth avenue. He was industrious and lived happily with his young wife. His brother, whom next to his wife he loved, and trusted better than any one else, was a frequent visitor at their little home. One night upon returning from work he found his wife and all her belongings missing. He went to his brother's to seek advice in searching for her, but the brother, too, was missing. Galvin never recovered from the shock. The next morning he went to the gas house and asked to see the superintendent.

"I ain't goin' to work any more," he announced quietly. "If you can't trust your wife and you can't trust your brother, you can't trust no one."

From that day Galvin has been a hermit, living on nothing and trusting no one. He pays no taxes, earns no money and accepts no charity. He has no cares except to toss aside a stray cobblestone occasionally that some thoughtless city carter has let roll against the entrance of his hut. The police say that on account of the man's mode of living he is a menace to public health, but that they are powerless to take any action, as there is no way of proving it.

Another eccentric old man lives in a wooden shanty in the rear of the "Little Delmonico" restaurant, but as his home is a wooden "house" and he occasionally turns an odd penny at snow shovelling or chimney sweeping he has little respect for Galvin. Galvin has little respect for him for the same reasons.

ATLIN'S SCENIC BEAUTY.

CY WARMAN A BELIEVER IN THE REGION'S MINERAL WEALTH.

Peculiarities of the Boats That Ply on the Yukon—A Three-Room Hotel at Taku City—Inspiring Picture Presented by Lake Atlin—Mining Prospects Are Improved.

Copyright, 1900, by Cy Warman.

At White Horse Rapids, homeward bound, we had our first rainy day since we left Chicago. Even at Seattle and all the way up the sound the sky was blue for us. Jim Thompson, my travelling companion, said it was not that the region of the north was so favored, but because we were good that the sun shone always on our trail. Well, somebody must have been bad at White Horse, for it rained furiously for an hour. Furthermore, we were comfortably tucked away on the Australian, and while we were enjoying a hot dinner she pulled out for Bennett.

All that afternoon she trembled up the Yukon, idiotically called Fifty Mile River here. All the water from the summit of White Pass, from the chain of lakes that make the connecting links of the river from Taku Arm and the Atlintoo River, that drains Lake Atlin, come rushing down the Yukon, which at this point is only about half as wide as the Missouri is at Omaha. At Miles Cañon it is as narrow as the Arkansas is where it rushes through the Royal Gorge. So it makes the Australian, with her powerful engines, quiver to go up against the current. At first you think she will shake her seams all open, but she is made of steel, and, if we except the butter on the Victorian, is the stoutest thing on the Yukon. That butter deserves more than a passing notice. It is the same material that Sampson, Sr., used on his hair, being a part of a crock that Delilah held out when she and the strong man broke up housekeeping. It was purchased at the Sheriff's sale by the house of Dunraven, brought over on the Valkyrie and presented by Lord Dunraven to Mr. H. Maitland Kersey of the Canadian Development Company, which owns and operates these splendid steamers. Jennings, the chief engineer on the Victorian, has been trying it on his engines. He finds that a few drops in each of his lubricators will increase the speed of his boat by two miles an hour up stream. It would appear, therefore, that the fact that the Victorian makes better time on less fuel than the other boats is not due to her equipment, nor to the care or efficiency of her crew, but to the strength and vigor of her butter.

Because of the conflicting reports of the Atlin district, and because Garland, after three months of the terrors and tortures of the trail, grew rapturous over the scenery of that region, I determined to make a side trip to that camp.

Capt. Ritchie, the superintendent of the steamboat line, graciously offered to hail whatever craft we chanced to meet in Lake Marsh bound for Atlin and throw me aboard. It was away along toward midnight when the whistle sounded and a little screwboat with a lamp like a lightening bug came out of the shadow of the hill and lay rolling on the gentle waves in hailing distance. She proved to be the William Ogilvie, bound for Atlin, and after hastily bidding Thompson good-by I went below where the ever watchful Ritchie stood waiting to hand me over to the master of the Ogilvie.

After a few hours, when I had become hardened to the petrified mattress, I fell asleep to wake at the elbow of Taku Arm. The sun was blazing over the brown, broken, splintered or snow-capped hills. The rain of the day before had washed the earth and the air all clean, making a morning as fine and fair and glorious as I have ever known. The air was delightful, the water calm and clear. While I walked the scant upper deck, revelling in the grandeur of the scenery, the Japanese gentleman, who was the czar of the kitchen, served breakfast so stealthily that I knew nothing of it until it was all over and we were making fast to the floating wharf at Taku City. The purser was the only person who took any interest in me. He took $8 for half a sleep.

A three-room cabin, called a hotel, faced a wharf. Here I ordered breakfast. The man brought me a beautiful fish, half cooked, real Canadian bread, also half cooked, and coffee that I could not swallow. I asked for a cup of tea and got a weak solution of concentrated lye. Seeing that I could not eat, the boss charged me only 75 cents, misdirected me and let me go. I took his advice as a point against the wagon road that he recommended, walked the tow path on the tramway and found the walking not only good, but the run about a mile shorter than the other route. The man was a concentrated liar, "One of a series," as Mark Twain would say, "and alone."

A low ridge separates the waters of Taku Arm from Lake Atlin, and over this ridge runs a fine wooden railroad, but no cars. Atlintoo River, deep, narrow and swift, cuts through the ridge, connecting Atlin Lake with the Yukon through Taku Arm. Taku City is at the mouth of the river, which rushes out so swift that the ripples and wake of the current can be seen half a mile from the shore. The moment you reach the crest of the low divide you begin to get glimpses of beautiful Lake Atlin.

Two steamers were waiting at the wharf, Capt. John Irving's Scotia and a little battered tub called the Ruth, which had been hauled up over the rapids of Atlintoo only the day before. This was to be her first trip across to Atlin, which we could see sleeping in the sun, six miles away. The Scotia was not going until the afternoon, but Capt. Spencer, who knew me, offered to cast off and take me over if I had any doubts about the Ruth's reaching the further shore.

I thanked him and strolled over to the Ruth. A lady in a Nile-green dress, trimmed in fur, was putting crimps in a freight agent.

"If you hadn't lied to me," she was saying fiercely, "I wouldn't a-went to Skagway at all."

"Ida, I didn't mean to lie," said the man meekly. "I thought it was a piano; but it turned out to be a bureau."

"Oh, you idiot! Can't you tell a piano from a burro?"

"I said bureau."

"Oh, well, nobody'd take you for a bureau; you're an ass, plain as the moon at midnight."

Atlin Lake is about one hundred miles long and an average of six miles wide. From the upper deck of this little limping steamer I had, on this glorious summer morning, the grandest, wildest, most imposing, awe-inspiring picture spread before me that mine eyes have ever seen. Far to the north, thirty miles away, Mount Minto rises out of this limpid little sea, lonely and grand as Shasta. A veil of fleecy clouds, blown across her shoulders, hung down and trailed in the water. This mountain marks the boundary between British Columbia and the Northwest Territory. To the south, six miles away, another island hill rises rugged and grand, pushing her ice-capped crest into the clouds. The steamer Scotia has sailed around the island and found the distance to be eighty miles.

The town of Atlin is beautifully situated on a gentle slope, overlooking the lake. Although the place was supposed to have been dead for many moons, there were many signs of life. A man had just brought in a slab of copper, almost pure copper, so rich that some men pretended to know said it was worthless. It could not be smelted, they said. Business was fair and living cheap. You could get a cocktail or send a telephone message to a man for 25 cents. At the British-American Corporation's store bacon was 35 cents a pound and flour $10 a hundred. A telephone line was in operation in Pine City, eight miles up the river, where 4,000 people were pounding away, cheerful, hopeful and happy. Here the B. A. C. people, who are taking an active part in the development of the whole Northwest country, were putting in hydraulic machinery, which will hasten the opening of this important mining district.

It is impossible to walk anywhere on the creeks or in the hills without stumbling over a stake, and the stampeders who drove them had no more mining sense than ground mice have. The whole career of one of these prospectors in the Atlin district, who came in a tramp and went out a beggar, reveals about as much intelligence as is displayed in the wild caperings of a bumble bee under a straw hat.

And these penniless adventurers were the gentlemen who damned the Atlin country. Half a thousand of them left good jobs on the White Pass grade, jobs in which there were three meals, as many dollars and a warm place to sleep, and trekked away to the new diggings between the rising and the setting sun. These "Cheechawkos" have nearly all tramped out as they tramped in, leaving the country in the hands of practical men. Mining companies with large capital are becoming interested in the district. The litigation, which for a time threatened the very life of the camp and country, had been greatly lessened by the honest efforts, plain common-sense and fairness of Judge Erving, who has been sent out by the Dominion Government to try to settle the disputes over claims which were causing war in some of the New York papers almost every Sunday. All the people with whom I talked, British and Irish, Americans and Missourians, were loud in praise of the Judge, who, as they put it, had jumped on the jumpers. He pleased the old miners by recognizing, first of all, the right of the discoverer, and did much to remove the cause of friction that was becoming annoying to the district, as well as to the Governments at Ottawa and Washington.

FIREPROOF SAFES.

A Modification Due to the Construction of Modern Fireproof Buildings.

"For city use in modern buildings," said a safe manufacturer, "safes are nowadays made thinner walled than formerly, thus giving them more room inside in proportion to the space the safe occupies. The modern building is fireproof, or substantially so, and in case of fire the safe does not fall down through the burned floors into a mass of burning debris in the cellar, but it stays where it has been placed, supported by the steel floor beams of the room, and, with less around it to burn, subjected to comparatively less heat.

"Under such conditions the thin-walled safe is as fireproof as the thick-walled safe would be under the conditions in which it is used in the old-style buildings, for use in which the thick-walled safe is still commonly sold."