HOPE FOR CONSUMPTIVES NOW

SIMPLE MEANS TO PREVENT OR CURE THE DISEASE.

Fresh Air First Among Them—Precautions Easy for Rich and Poor Alike to Observe—Medical Views Abouts Tuberculosis—To Reduce the Mortality.

"There is a chance now of a decrease in the tuberculosis mortality," said a prominent New York doctor recently. "The death rate from tuberculosis has been simply outrageous in the last fifty years and it's enough to make a man swear, to think of the number of lives that have been sacrificed to the disease just through sheer ignorance—crass idiocy.

"Why, if New York had lost 26,000 lives in five years through cholera or smallpox, everybody would have been up in arms to fight the disease, yet I remember that was the pulmonary tuberculosis record for five years. And was there any excitement? Bless you, no.

"I'm glad the world seems to be waking up at last, in regard to consumption, and that New York is rubbing its eyes along with the rest. We may bring down that death record in the next five years. We certainly will bring it down mightily in the next ten years.

"Of course, the positive determination of the nature of the disease was the first step. Nothing could be done until that was settled and all the doctoring was done under a false hypothesis.

"To-day we know the germ nature of consumption, know that a cold has nothing to do with it and we have no excuse for not fighting it to a finish. As long as there are people living in overcrowded, ill-ventilated quarters, people who are starved for air and proper food, people whose work is confining and tends to suppress the breathing capacity, there will be consumption, but even among that class, the percentage of the disease can be phenomenally lowered by common sense applied to daily living, and I believe there's little or no excuse for consumption among the classes privileged to breathe fresh air and having a simple but nutritious diet.

"Mind you, I don't say all cases of consumption can be cured. Some are too far gone when taken in hand, but I think that any incipient consumption may be easily cured under favorable conditions, and consumption may be avoided under almost any conditions.

"The trouble is that the average man, woman or child will not spend time or exertion on simple precautions. They will not believe they are in danger of the disease until they have a well-advanced case of it.

"Even then, they will not take rational, natural methods to check it. They'll take medicine. If they are poor they'll probably take patent medicine.

"They might as well eat soap as a remedy, unless they adopt the other common sense treatment. One hour of exercise in the fresh air is worth a gallon of any cough syrup.

"Of course it is absolutely proved to-day that consumption even in its advanced stages can, in a very large percentage of cases, be cured by the open-air treatment. Give me any sufferer from pulmonary disease, not in its worst stage, and let me take him to the mountains for three months and if I don't cure him, I'll pay all expenses and a big bonus.

"But the average consumptive can't knock off work for three months, can't afford three months' idleness in the mountains. Perhaps his chances aren't so good but he can do a lot of things to better them. Under ordinarily decent conditions, I believe he can cure himself.

"One of my confrères said that the human organism was like a savings bank and would accept even the smallest deposits. The man who can't go to the mountains for three months can at least get an hour's exercise in the open air every day.

"Let him walk at least part way to his morning work and part way home—brisk walking with shoulders back and lungs expanded by deep, full breaths. If he lives where he can, let him get an axe and a log in a back yard or shed and go to work with them, or let him put up a punching bag in a shed or in a room whose windows could be well open, and have a go at that bag every morning, or let him swing dumbbells or Indian clubs—always in the fresh air, mind you.

"Impure air is the big basis of tuberculosis. All of us have to breathe more or less of it, but let's make the amount as small as possible.

"One reason why consumption has increased is that our houses have grown air-tight. The windows now fit closely. The radiators take the place of open fireplaces. There's too little fresh air, I tell you—too little fresh air. That's one reason why we have 26,000 cases of tuberculosis in five years.

"People shut themselves in the house as soon as October is over. Nonsense! Winter is the time for people with weak lungs to be out of doors, provided they aren't getting wet.

"In summer doors and windows are open and the house is endurable, but in winter the tight shut house is a regular breeding ground for tuberculosis. Even inclement weather out of doors is better for consumptives than staying indoors.

"In very cold weather, below zero, it may do to stay in. The cold will offset the confinement, provided the house isn't overheated.

"That old night-air bugaboo has worked up more consumption cases than most things. You can't imagine how many people, even now, sleep with their windows closed and breathe impure air all night. It's suicide, but both poor and rich do it.

"I can make some allowance for the poor, because they are cold in winter, have little bedding and won't be able to warm their rooms the next morning—but it's suicide, all the same. Now, I'm going to talk about the poor first, the slum livers, because there is a world of consumption among them, and conditions are most against their throwing it off. They must do the best they can to fight it off, and here are some of the things they must do.

"First, ventilate their rooms as thoroughly as possible. Where seven or eight persons live in one or two rooms with windows opening on a small, dark court, good ventilation isn't possible, but at least they may keep the window wide open at night.

"Most of them shut it tight even when they sleep eight in a room, through the winter. They may open the window and let the air in several times a day, during the winter, too. Any outdoor air, even slum air, is better than foul indoor air, and cold is infinitely less dangerous than impure air.

"Then they must have outdoor exercise. They can get some brisk walking if nothing else. Too tired? Of course they are tired, but brisk bodily exercise in fresh air will do more to rest a man or woman dead tired from stooping over desk or work table in an ill-smelling factory or workshop than any amount of lying down will. I wish they could be made to understand that.

"A habit of deep breathing means a great deal. Any man, rich or poor, can acquire it. Let him fill his lungs while walking and see how long he can make the breath last.

"Let him go to the window of his workshop or factory and draw in five or six full, long breaths of fresh air once in a while, give his lungs an air bath. Let him avoid the habit of stooping and contracting his chest over his work, or, if his work absolutely requires that, let him counteract it outside of work hours by throwing his shoulders back, breathing deeply, walking erect and taking muscular exercise to expand his chest and broaden his shoulders.

"Anybody can learn such rudimentary gymnastic exercises and practice them without much expenditure of time and energy. Let a man keep an overcoat in the workshop, throw up the windows and work in the fresh, cold air for a while several times a day.

"Let every office, factory, workshop be well aired during lunch hour. Of course, the regular ventilation should be good, but it seldom is. I know a workshop where ten men work. The windows were nailed down on the first of November. They were not opened again until two weeks ago.

"Then there's the question of clothes. Poor people wear what they can get, but when they spend what little money they have they may as well get the nicest thing possible.

"Loose, warm clothing is, of course, the ideal winter wear. Wool next the skin is best, but light-weight wool and loose—everything loose. Let them sleep in wool, too—and in garments not worn during the day.

"Heavy clothing, tight clothing suppresses the lung action. Whatever suppresses breathing capacity breeds consumption. Working girls' corsets have had more to do with inducing pulmonary consumption than all their work. Fine ladies' corsets are quite as bad, but there aren't the other evil conditions there to help the corsets along.

"When you come to diet, there again the poor man is handicapped, but he can do better than he usually does. Fatty substances are the best lung food, the best nutriment against consumption. Cream is best of all.

"The poor man can't drink much cream, but he can drink some milk, and that's good, if it is pure. He'd better get it at some good place, even if it costs a trifle more and he has to put up with a little less of it.

"A consumptive should avoid all scorbutic diet, salt meat, pickles, indigestible made dishes, cheese, spices, all liquors. Usually, in the incipient stages of consumption, the consumptive is just the one who goes in heavily for such indigestible things.

"He has an abnormal appetite and he thinks nothing he eats hurts him, because he doesn't feel indigestion. As a matter of fact, he doesn't pay with his stomach because his diseased lungs are paying for everything, and he's making them pay heavily.

"Graham bread, milk, fruit, vegetables are all good. Plenty of water is a good thing too, and a thing few people have sense enough to take. A quart of cold water at bedtime will often prevent a consumptive's night sweats and induce easy breathing.

"Liquor and tobacco are both deadly to any one with a tendency toward consumption, but it's a rare man that will not take the chances of consumption, rather than give them up. Alcoholism will do more to put a system into a condition receptive of tuberculosis germs than any other one thing I know of.

"One vital point in the fight against consumption I've said nothing about. Consumption is infectious. Everybody knows that to-day. All the papers have discussed the fact and the necessity for isolation of consumptives.

"Now I believe in the isolation of consumptives in hospitals and public institutions, but I'm afraid a certain injustice is being done to the consumptive in this lively agitation. He's being made to feel like a pariah. People say they'd rather run the risk of infection than send members of their family into isolation and unhappiness.

"If they would only show some sanity there wouldn't be the vital need of isolation. A perfectly well person isn't going to contract consumption by occasional contact with a consumptive, but long-continued association with a consumptive is likely to breed infection.

"The sputum—that is the mucus expectorated—is the evil agent, the source of danger. People are criminally careless about it. I've known workshops where fourteen out of twenty men had consumption and all expectorated freely all over the place. The other four were doomed if they stayed. The fact that the first consumptive in the place distributed sputum carelessly around accounted for the fourteen consumptives.

"In a tenement where a big family lives in two rooms a consumptive will spit on the floor or in an open cuspidor or leave kerchiefs lying around. I know it's unpleasant to talk about, but we've got to talk about it. The sputum dried, pulverized, flying everywhere, is rank poison to every inmate of the tenement or workshop where the consumptive lives or works.

"If people would learn that common sanity demands the destruction of the sputum, isolation wouldn't be necessary, but not only the poor, but the rich also, are either criminally ignorant or criminally careless in the matter. A carefully covered receptacle should receive the sputum and be frequently cleaned and disinfected or rags should be used and burned as soon as possible.

"What I've said about precautions for poor people whose work or constitution threatens them with consumption or who have consumption applies to the rich; only it is easier for the rich to adopt safeguards and remedies. The rich man can have exactly the right diet, but he seldom takes it. In fact, he more often than the poor man eats the things that are worst for him.

"The rich man can go to a good climate. He can live out of doors for months of the year. He can have a fair supply of fine outdoor exercise all through the year. He can have well ventilated rooms and offices.

"Perhaps he doesn't have or do any of these things. More fool he! He's not to be pitied when he pays the penalty as a poor man is.

"If a man with a good constitution leads a rational life under fair conditions he'll never have consumption. If he has a poor constitution, but takes the right precautions, and can afford ordinary comforts, he will not have consumption.

"If he does have consumption and before it goes too far has proper treatment, he may be cured. That is to say, the tissue will not be replaced, but the disease may be arrested. But prevention is worth all the remedies going.

"With consumption as prevalent as it is, everybody, strong or weak, should live so as to avoid it. There's no such thing as inheriting consumption. All authorities agree on that now, but a child may inherit a constitution so frail that if consumption germs come along they will find ready lodging.

"Such a child should be taught from the start to form habits that will be absolute safeguards—deep breathing, thirst for fresh air, as much open air exercise as possible, sensible clothing and diet. He should preserve these habits when he grows older and becomes responsible for himself. He'll be sound as a good nut.

"The same thing holds good of the poor man and woman whose occupation and environment are conducive to consumption. They should begin the precautionary life before any sign of disease appears and the chances are that with all their handicap they will escape scot free.

"They must avoid excesses of all kinds. Those persons who have actually acquired consumption must take that rule to heart. Even excessive anger works havoc with a tuberculosis patient.

"On the whole the outlook is bright. I believe we'll stamp out consumption here. Our conditions are better than conditions in the old country. We have more room, better buildings, more comfortable life; but the slum conditions and factory and work shop conditions must be improved, and ignorant sufferers must be educated to reason before we achieve very phenomenal results in New York."

SECOND HAND PLAYING CARDS.

A Business of Which an Elderly Man Has a Monopoly in New York.

There is an elderly man residing on First avenue who has been earning a living for many years by buying and selling second-hand playing cards. He pays from one cent to four cents a pack for double pinochle decks and an average of two cents a pack for regular decks of fifty-two cards.

After buying the cards he takes them to his home where his wife cleans and scours them and puts them in the sun to dry. When they are dry he takes them around to the saloons of the East Side and disposes of them at prices ranging from four cents to nine cents a pack.

In this way he earns from a dollar and a half to three dollars a day. He has a monopoly of the business in New York.

Very frequently he gets hold of cards in good condition which have been discarded by poker players who change packs for luck. These cards, of course, bring higher prices than the old greasy ones of his regular trade.

GARDENING FADS OF WOMEN.

LOTS OF PLEASURE TO BE HAD IN MAKING A WILD GARDEN.

Its Plan and Cultivation—Herb Gardens Flourishing Again as of Old—Enthusiasm of Some Women on the Subject—Quaint Lore About Herbs.

Americans are rapidly cultivating a taste for country life. The rich build luxurious country homes and each year lengthen the proportion of their time spent in them.

Those who are not rich enough to indulge preferences for mountain, seashore or real country and who cannot aspire to estates, become abandoned farmers for part of the year, or content themselves with being suburbanites, to the joy of the comic papers, and to their own profit in health and wholesome living.

With the increasing vogue of country living has come a wave of gardening enthusiasm that makes seed men smile cheerfully and is bringing many professional gardeners to America to share profits with the native-born gardener; but the American woman does not yet appreciate the solid enjoyment and amusement to be found in gardening.

Occasionally some woman will go in for flower culture and make her domain a thing of beauty; and the old-fashioned garden has been a fad of late, the garden hedged with box and gay with hollyhocks, gilly flowers, wall flowers and the other homely flower favorites of olden time. There are beautiful old gardens to serve as models around some of the old Colonial homes of New England and the South; and the mistress of a brand new colonial mansion installs a brand new old-fashioned garden, but must accept with philosophy the fact that time alone can give the place its rightful flavor, can make the box what it should be and can give the old-fashioned flowers an air of being at home.

Still the old-fashioned garden is a good thing. The rose garden is a good thing, too, though rather more difficult to handle. Then there is the wild garden, particularly popular with English women, and to be found in rare beauty on many of the great English estates.

Any one can have a wild garden, and there's a deal of pleasure to be found in making one. The woman who does not know the secrets of her countryside is missing half the joy of country life. Fresh air and country views are not all the perquisites.

The owner of a country home should make acquaintance with trees and plants and flowers and birds and shy four-footed wood creatures. When that is done she has all-year entertainment provided for her and country life has lost its bugbear of dulness and loneliness.

Unluckily the average woman will not make the effort to enrich her days and enjoy their possiblities. She drives about the country roads unseeing, save for broad, aggressive sights, or she sits on her veranda and says she enjoys the view.

If she really wants entertainment let her set aside in the early spring a plot of ground that has a mixture of shade and sun and holds a few trees of a wild-wood kind, as well as a stretch of sward. A rockery should have a nook, too—not a monstrosity of artificial grottoes, but a careless, scattered pile of rocks packed in between with rich loam. If hydrants and water supply make a pool of running water possible, so much the better; but if not, the water and marsh plants must be barred.

When the plot is ready she should don a short skirt, stout shoes, loose blouse and a shade hat, take a covered basket in one hand, a trowel in the other and sally forth in search of spoils. Perhaps she knows something of the haunts and ways and appearance of wild flowers.

If she doesn't, any one of a dozen modern books will help her in her search, and as she grows familiar with woodland and meadow paths, observation will teach her a thousand things she never guessed about the growing and flowering things. She isn't going in for botany.

She doesn't care about Latin names and flower dissection, but she learns where to search for leaf and blossom, she learns the homely names of her new acquaintances, and their tastes and habits.

Each week, all the season through, from the time of the first arbutus and wind flower, until the last aster has died, she may make new friends. All that will stand transplanting she may take home to her wild garden and there give them as nearly as possible, the conditions in which she found them.

Many will die of homesickness, but a second or third trial may meet with success, and it is a queer woman who does not develop a keen interest in the work. If she perseveres a few seasons will be enough to give her a garden where she may see the season go by in a trail of color.

Each note will hint to her of the music bursting forth in the country world. Each blossom will call her out to the woods and fields, and if she can not follow the call, at least she will know what is going on under the touch of spring and summer and autumn—how the anemones are blooming and the trilium is opening and the buttercups are gilding, and the wild azalea is massing itself in banks of color, and the wild honeysuckle is running riot over stone fences, and the marsh iris is making the swamps royal, and the goldenrod and wild aster are ablaze.

No woman within hearing distance of woods and fields should try to live without making and keeping up a wild garden.

Wild gardening leads naturally enough to another form of gardening which just now is the latest fad. All through rural England and France, and in many corners of New England and the South the herb garden flourishes as it has flourished for hundreds of years, and boundless faith is placed in the medicinal properties of herbs; but these gardens are usually adjuncts of cottages and only recently has the great lady turned her attention to the herbs that were perhaps familiar to her great great great grandmother.

One of the noblest ladies of England says that her herb garden is her greatest pride, and many other women have taken up the idea with enthusiasm. In one of the most magnificent homes of England a wild garden overrun with tangled sweetness, leads by a terrace to a lavender garden given over wholly to sweet scented lavender that perfumes all the air and makes the reading bench under a spreading tree a nook in Araby the Blest.

Beyond the lavender garden is the herb garden, and the adding of a new herb to that garden gives its mistress more pleasure than the adding of a gem to her jewel casket. She is wildly enthusiastic on the subject and versed in the lore of herbs to a degree that would make old Culpepper himself, high priest of English herbalism, hang his head.

Neither she nor her sister herbalists go to the extent of compounding decoctions, ointments and philtres, according to the old herb formulas, but they know all the old superstitions about the various herbs, the sentiment and poetry and romance connected with them, the parts many of them have played in the making of history. Some of the enthusiasts can go out into the woods and fields and track the herbs to their lairs.

There are a host of foreign herbs that can be transplanted, and the fair herbalist already referred to has a flourishing lot of East Indian herbs whose names and traditions she has pat upon her tongue's end. She bemoans the fact that she hasn't faith in herb remedies and says she longs to have an oldfashioned still-room built, and to go in for distilling her herbs in the true oldfashioned style of what a poetic French herbalist called *la pharmacie du ciel*.

One New York woman has a famous herb garden at her summer place in New England, and is becoming almost as enthusiastic over the fad, as the English gardener. The garden was there when she bought the unpretentious old place, and through sheer ennui, several years ago, she started in to study herb lore.

Now she has an interesting library of herb books, many of them quaint and curious. Her garden has broadened far beyond its original boundary, and the pursuit of the herb is one of her favorite summer amusements.

A year ago last summer zeal and longing for a rare swamp root led her into a bog where she stuck fast and howled dismally for more than an hour; but, though her clothes were ruined, her enthusiasm wasn't even dampened.

There was a time when herbalism was astro-medical, when each plant was thought to be under the direct influence of some certain planet. Each planet had special control over some one part of the human body. The herb belonging to the planet would cure any disease of the organs controlled by that same planet.

The enthusiastic herbalist can tell you scores of anecdotes and traditions connected with that phase of her science.

Then there was the herb cure by signature. It was a forerunner of homœopathy, an illustration of like cures like, and its efficacy was vouched for by a multitude of believers.

Vervain, with its likeness to the human eye, was invaluable for eye wash. Certain spotted herbs were infallible in freckle lotions. Yellow herbs cured jaundice.

But it is the broad, general herb tradition that is most entertaining. What woman can afford to ignore cowslip water when it is warranted to produce beauty? Periwinkle tea will cure any husband whose affections wander and a bed of periwinkle should grow under the windows of every happy home.

Rue will quicken the inventive faculty and should be fed to all writers of fiction. Sage will strengthen the memory and do so much all-around beneficial work that, as one old English herbalist sighed: "The wonder lyeth in that a man who groweth sage in hys garden can dye at all."

A dose of mugwort will insure one against lightning. Ground ivy, which the English country folk call "gill go by ground," will drive away the bluest melancholy, a thing assured by the fact that it is really an excellent dyspepsia remedy.

Solomon's seal heals broken bones. There are many historic cases to prove its merits. Plantain and rue make a dose that will insure immunity from poison for twenty-four hours.

King Mithridates, so say the ancient herbalists, used an antidote of this kind daily until, when at last he tried to commit suicide by poison, the poison wouldn't work. He had made himself permanently immune.

Basil, ill-omened plant of romance and poetry, deserves its bad reputation, for all authorities agree that if bruised it breeds scorpions. The Duke of Genoa understood that long ago, for he sent to the Duke of Milan an envoy bearing a handful of basil.

"Why basil?" asked Milan.

"If handled gently it gives out fragrance. If bruised it breeds scorpions," answered Genoa.

Then there is mandrake. It will bring on madness and death if properly given; and it shrieks when pulled from the ground. We have the word of Shakespeare and old Chaucer for that as well as the word of the early herbalists.

Marjoram will heal friendships. Rosemary keeps lovers true.

Oh, there is a wealth of sentiment and tradition clinging around all herbs. A woman in need of a fad could do much worse for body and mind than go forth and plant bryony and wakerobin, spearmint, lavender, rue, rosemary, saxifrage, hyssop, bergamot, thyme and their kindred. They are not so beautiful as roses and violets, but they have their charms.

ONE ON COL. SHERIDAN.

An Incident Indicating That Army Officers Should Study Naval Uniforms.

The officers of Rear Admiral Evans's special squadron which was assembled off Tompkinsville to receive Prince Henry are asserting that some officers of the United States Army ought to have somebody tell them what the uniform of a United States naval officer looks like, so that they may be able to recognize it on state occasions at least. And thereby hangs a tale which the officers of the squadron have been telling with great glee for the past week.

A few hours after Prince Henry arrived it became necessary for him to return the official calls made on him by Major-Gen. Brooke, commanding the Department of the East, and Admiral Barker, Commandant of the New York Navy Yard. The Prince left the Hohenzollern attended by a personal aid and Rear Admiral Evans and the Admiral's two aides, Lieut. Chapin and Ensign Evans, the Admiral's son.

When the party reached Governor's Island and were taken up to Gen. Brooke's house to have a smile a number of the army officers stationed on the island were presented to the Prince and those who had come with him. Among the army men were Col. Michael V. Sheridan, Adjutant-General of the Department of the East, and Capt. Dean, one of Gen. Brooke's aids.

According to the story that is now going the rounds of the wardrooms of the squadron, Col. Sheridan, in making himself agreeable to the visitors, sauntered up to young Evans and engaged him in conversation. Finally the Colonel said:

"It is wonderful, sir, how you Germans master the English language. Do you know that you haven't a trace of German accent? To me it's wonderful. Any one would suppose that you were an American."

Ensign Evans inherits some of his father's directness of speech. When he became assured that Col. Sheridan was not joking he bridled up a bit and said:

"Why the devil shouldn't I be taken for an American? I happen to have been here a few years before I went to the Naval Academy. I was there six years and I've been kicking around the country pretty much ever since."

Col. Sheridan looked at the young man a moment and then quietly said:

"I don't think I quite understood your name. May I ask what it is?"

When he found who the young ensign was the navy men say he looked away off toward the parade ground for a moment, and then remarked:

"Young man, tell your father to come up and see me and we'll settle this as one should be settled which is on me. You're too young to accept my apologies, liquefied as they should be."

Nothing more would have been thought of Col. Sheridan's little break had not Lieut. Chapin told of his experience at the island when he got back to the Illinois. He ran up against Capt. Dean, so the story goes, and was promptly mistaken for a member of the Prince's suite.

When Ensign Evans heard about Lieut. Chapin he told his story, and now the officers of the special squadron hold that the War Department ought to buy a batch of plates showing pictures of United States naval officers in full uniform, so that officers of the army may hang them in their rooms to look at until they have at least a bowing acquaintance with the official toggery of the other branch of the service.

Only Frye and His Pages Present at Prayer.

From the Washington Evening Star.

When the President of the Senate pro tem. rapped for order in the chamber this morning not a single member of that body was present.

The Rev. Dr. Milburn, the blind chaplain, began his opening prayer, and after he had begun Senator Deboe of Kentucky appeared at one of the doors. He took in the situation of morning prayer being offered in the Senate with only empty chairs and the pages there. It is a part of the duty of the pages to be present during this exercise. They stand in front of the first row of Senatorial desks with bowed heads while the chaplain invokes the Divine blessing. As soon as the prayer had been finished half a dozen Senators entered the chamber, and within ten minutes twenty-five or thirty of them were present.

This incident recalled the occasion when Senator Frye, as President pro tem., called the body to order when only Senator Platt of New York was in the chamber.

"The Senator from New York will be in order," said Mr. Frye on that occasion, as he took in the humor of the occasion. To-day he could not even have called a single Senator to order. Usually there are present eight or ten Senators in the chamber at the time for calling the Senate to order.

MURDER IS A PASTIME HERE.

BARBARISM IN WEST VIRGINIA LUMBER CAMPS.

Clay County's Record of Homicides—No Conviction for Murder Ever Obtained—Camps of Fugitives From Justice—Vendettas in Which Children Join.

Down the winding mountain path a small boy of apparently 10 years stepped with the briskness of one about some important business. We were going up to the lumber camp whence the boy had come, the writer and the superintendent of the camp, one of the biggest camps in Clay county, W. Va., which is noted for its vast timber cuttings and its murder record.

"Hello, Billy Judd," the superintendent hailed the lad in friendly greeting.

"Howdy, Mistah Blair," said the urchin, in the soft mountain drawl.

"Where are you off to, Billy, this busy time of day?"

"Jus' down the road a piece."

What's the matter with your head?"

A neat white bandage circled Billy's head in the place where his hat should have rested.

"Sib Turley," said Billy laconically.

"You and Sib been fighting?"

"Wa'n't no fightin' to it, Mistah Blair. Sib snook [past tense of sneak] up behin' me an' beat me up right peart with a blackjack. Ben abed foh nigh onto a week."

"You're up now, why aren't you at work?"

"Jus' heard that Sib was down to the river," explained the boy. "I'm goin' to git him if he is."

"What would your father say to your knocking off work like this?"

"Paw? Oh, he give me his gun [here Billy produced a revolver half as long as his arm] an' he says: 'If you don' git Sib Turley I'll bu'st the other side of you' head in,' he says."

That boy was a legitimate product of the West Virginia lumber camps. Along the hills of the Alleghanies' western slope there lives and works a barbarian race, to whom murder is an ordinary occurrence and vendetta the only law worth considering.

Men who have been in all parts of the country, who know the slums of the great cities and the wild frontier towns of red-eye liquor fame, say that for sheer brutality and ferocity the lumbermen of the little mountainous State are preëminent. It is a fact that Clay county, the great lumber centre, has a record of more brutal murders mile for mile than any other locality in the United States. It is also a fact that up to the present winter no conviction for murder was ever obtained in that country.

The lumberman of that district is unlike his brother of the great Northern woods. He has no taste for the craft. He is an indifferent workman and draws indifferent wages.

Generally his apprenticeship is due to one of two things: Either he is a fugitive from justice on account of some killing in which he has participated in a neighboring State or county, or the lumber camp has established itself so near to his home that he has been drawn into it by a natural tendency to do what every one else about him is doing.

His one idea is to get through the week with the minimum amount of work and blow in his accumulated wages on a grand spree. When he is drunk he wants to kill somebody; mostly he succeeds, sooner or later.

In the summer the mountain lumber camp is beautiful because lavish nature covers everything on those verdurous slopes with her lovely fancies of climbing vine and blowing flower. But intrinsically the camp is as hideous and hopeless and bare a spot as imagination can picture, the true outward expression of its inhabitants.

To see it in its true aspect one must go there in winter. Picture to yourself a narrow-gauge railway, the private transportation plant of the outfit, twisting and turning through a hill-top clearing.

At one point in its course there is a little cluster of bare, one-story buildings surrounding a larger shack. This large building is the centre of the town, the company's store, the focal point in the life of the place.

From it, as far as the eye can see along the track in either direction, stretch the wretched little houses, sometimes only a few rods apart, sometimes divided by a quarter of a mile of vacant space. Enter one of them and you will find two small rooms; in one a huddle of rags for a bed, in the other a tumbledown stove, a table, and a few battered and greasy utensils.

From the platform of the store you would guess the population of the settlement to be perhaps 120 or 125 souls; in reality, it is from 800 to 1,200. Those wooden hovels extend for five miles in both directions, and some of them harbor incredible families. The writer has seen one house of two rooms inhabited by father, mother and eleven children of all sizes and both sexes; not to mention several dogs.

Their mode of life is absolutely without amusement or change except on Sundays, when they get together for a drunk or a church service, the chances being in favor of the former, as liquor seems to be always attainable, though the country is no-license, whereas it is not once a month that a wandering preacher comes within walking distance of the camp.

In all that settlement you will hardly find half a dozen persons who would not be considered barbarous by the dwellers in Cherry street's toughest tenement. The half dozen would be made up of a superintendent, the head foreman, the lumber inspector and the store men.

These are always in peril of their lives from the jealous hatred of the lumbermen who recognize their superiority. But they are a fearless lot, and, on the whole, if trouble ensues they are rather more likely to kill than to be killed.

Where the enmity is openly avowed they can take care of themselves, but the lumberman has a puerile habit of fancying himself offended at some trivial thing and of treacherously planning the death of the offender. Two years ago a mountain storekeeper told one of his customers that he was all out of a certain brand of tobacco.

Later in the evening he found, on a back shelf, some of the brand and sold it to another man. The first customer, finding this out, conceived the theory that he had been insulted and that night when the storekeeper went out to put up his dog he was mortally shot. This is a typical case.

The owner of a large tract of timber land in that region told the writer that one of his minor settlements was entirely made up of fugitives from justice. The storekeeper of that camp entertained the writer one evening with a running commentary on the customers who came in. It sounded like a string of fancies at the time, but later enough was verified to convince the most skeptical that it was all true.

"Here comes Turner and his three boys," said the store man. "All sober to-night. I'm always glad to have my gun in reach when they come in.

"They're from Kentucky way. Got into trouble with some neighbors there and got chased out, but not till they'd burned the other fellow's house and the old woman in it.

"Evening, Sam. Pain killer? There you are. Can't drink it here, you know. One dollar. That's right.

"Is he sick? No more than you are. That's booze, that stuff; only kind they can get here. Ever seen a pain-killer jag? Well, you don't want to unless you're up a tree.

"There's a worse kind, though. Cinnamon. They drink the alcohol the cinnamon's kept in when they can steal it. We lost six men that way last year. All died within twenty-four hours. Yes; I've heard of cinnamon drunks getting over it, but all I ever saw went crazy first and then turned up their toes.

"See that cross-eyed kid near the door? Looks mild, don't he? He's a mean one. Got a grudge against a man named White over the range in the Big Sandy district.

"White was a decent enough fellow. This cuss goes over there one day, doesn't find White, but finds his three kids keeping house. Oldest kid not more than 10.

"He kills 'em all, but one of 'em must have fought back some, for he comes back with a cut in his shoulder. Do anything to him? No, not in this country.

"White's been kind of looney ever since.

"He'll likely get this kid some day.

"Now, there's old Branch with his feet against the stove. Pedler came along a couple of years ago and put up at his house. Nobody ever saw the pedler again.

"Branch went around wearing fake jewelry for months. The notion got around that he'd buried the pedler under his floor, but when they wanted to find out Branch got some of his kin down there and they swore they'd kill any party that came near the place. Of course, that ended it.

"There's a lot of the murderers that ain't around to-night. Old Beebe, that dynamited the boatmen's cabin; Slason Morey, that killed the miller down Elk for refusing him credit; the Perrin boys, that shot the two revenue officers; the Vances, that used to work in with the Hatfield gang; the Rebards, from Tazewell county, that poisoneds that gypsy outfit there and a lot of others.

"Oh, there's a heap of 'em in this camp. You couldn't hardly shoot a man here without making a killing that the law had ought to have made long ago."

If the lumbermen are brutalized there is nothing in their lives to reclaim them from still worse depths. Their life is a bitter one, particularly in winter.

They must be up at 5 o'clock to take the train over the mountain where the cutting is in progress. By 6 they are at work. With an hour at noon for lunch excepted, they cut and haul all day and come home so wearied that they can hardly crawl.

Most of them are too far from the store to come down except on Saturday nights; they tumble into their filthy beds and sleep until the early call.

The women are much of the same type; frowsy, old before their time, chewers of snuff, drinkers of vile liquor when they can get it, degraded in thought and speech.

The strange part of it is that these creatures are descendants of the best blood of the Virginias. You will find the fine old Virginia names there; the faces of the men are often fine in profile, with high foreheads and well-set eyes, but with the lower part of the face hopelessly slack. You can read there the gradual descent into barbarism, the degeneracy of constant intermarriage among a few families.

But to return to Billy Judd. The writer met him some two weeks later. He wore a satisfied smile.

"Did you get Sib Turley?" he was asked.

"Naw," responded the scion of the Judd race. "I didn't git Sib, but I got his brother. Old Turley shot Paw's ear off last night. Reckon we're goin' to have a right peart feud."

"The one redeeming feature about it," said the superintendent, "is that the more these people 'git' each other, the better it is for the State of West Virginia and civilization in general."

COLORADO SNOWSLIDES.

Many Instances of Loss of Life in the Tracks of Avalanches.

From the Denver Republican.

Tourists passing through the mountains of Colorado frequently ask what has caused the bare streaks on the mountain sides, so noticeable in the summer when the great slopes are covered with verdure. On every side the growth may be luxuriant, but extending straight down the side of a high hill will be a bare, brown streak from which every trace of vegetation has been removed. Mountaineers recognize these pathways, from which even the rocks are gone, as the scars left by snowslides, and there is hardly a camp in the State that cannot add its quota to the long list of victims who have perished in disasters of this kind.

One of the worst snowslides in the history of the State occurred on Feb. 13, 1899, at the town of Silver Plume. A great amount of snow had fallen during the winter and hung in huge masses about the crest of the mountains towering above the little village. The inhabitants, realizing the danger, abandoned a schoolhouse which stood in the course it was popularly expected the avalanche would take when it started. The miners kept at work, however, trusting to good fortune to protect them. It began its descent at 8:30 o'clock on Monday morning and ploughed a furrow 500 feet wide and two miles long down the side of the mountain, culminating in a great mass of snow, ice and rocks at the bottom of the gulch. A few minutes later another slide started further up the gulch, and ere it had settled ten lives were lost and \$50,000 worth of property was destroyed. It was the work of many days to recover the bodies of the men buried under the snow and débris, and it was only by the united effort of all the citizens of the village that it was finally accomplished.

In 1885 a snowslide swept the side of Homestake Mountain, near Leadville, and carried with it eleven men, the occupants of small cabins in its path. The day on which the slide occurred is not known. The country was seldom visited during the winter, and it was only when friends of two of the men who were camped there went to them with provisions and were surprised to find that the side of the mountain was bare that the truth dawned on them. A rescue party from Leadville was obliged to run three tunnels through the snow and ice before the bodies of the men were located.

March 10, 1884, saw an entire town carried away by a snowslide. It was the little town of Woodstock, on the South Park Railway, and consisted of a saloon, a store, several cabins and seventeen inhabitants. Two slides from different sections of the mountain untied to crush the settlement and but three of its inhabitants escaped alive. Rescue parties worked for two days and nights before all the victims were located.

Smaller slides have occurred all over the State, and the loss of life has been great. It is probable that many of the deaths are never reported and that scores of prospectors and others have disappeared in this sudden, tragic manner, leaving only their skeletons to be stumbled upon during the summer after the snow and ice melt away.

Yachting Notes.

The Beverly Yacht Club recently decided to abolish time allowance in all the regular races of the club, including championship races.

C. C. Clapp, secretary of Thomas W. Lawson, is having a knockabout built by Linnell of Savin Hill, from designs by Fred Lawley. This boat will be for the 18-foot class.

Alfred Rowell of this city is having a 27-foot water line cruising yawl built from designs by Small Brothers.

The yawl Taormina, formerly owned by Count von Colleado, has been purchased by Col. Cornelius McLean, who will have the yacht rigged as a schooner.

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WEDDING GIFTS A SPECIALTY.

LOOTED THE ERIN, TOO.

Souvenir Hunters Raided Sir Thomas Lipton's Yacht Like the Hohenzollern.

The Kaiser's yacht Hohenzollern is not the only one that has been looted by the army of souvenir hunters. Twice Sir Thomas Lipton has visited these waters with his handsome steam yacht Erin, and each time the yacht has left with many small articles missing.

Sir Thomas is the most hospitable yachtsman who has come in quest of the America's Cup. He spent money lavishly to win the Cup, and he entertained royally on board the Erin each time he tried for the famous trophy.

When he came first in 1899 he issued many invitations to friends to witness the races from the deck of the Erin, and some days he had as many as 150 guests on the steamer. His hospitality was grossly abused, but he never complained about the way he was treated.

All who were on board were not invited by Sir Thomas. Some who received invitations brought friends with them. One man appeared one morning with fifteen others who had never met the Irish knight before. All were welcomed on board and treated with the utmost cordiality.

Every one on the Erin could do just as he or she pleased on the yacht. The company was too large to be entertained in the dining saloon, and so tables were arranged on the decks under awnings, where breakfast and luncheon were served every day.

The Erin, like other big steam yachts, has a large stock of china, glass and silver, and each piece is enamelled or engraved with the name of the yacht and with the private signal of the owner and the club flag. The cut glass has these emblems neatly etched, the china has them enamelled in colors and the silverware is engraved, with some pieces enamelled.

These pieces at once attracted the eyes of the souvenir hunters. After the first day the steward, Mr. Nobbs, in taking stock at the end of the day found that the stores had been seriously depleted.

After-dinner coffee cups and saucers were missing; so were liquor glasses, small spoons and many other small articles that could be easily slipped into pockets. Many larger pieces were broken, but the breakage was thought to have been caused by the yacht's rolling in the seaway.

The next day the loss was still larger and Steward Nobbs set his assistants to watch and try to find out where the things were going to. The stewards soon reported that some of the guests were putting them into their pockets.

This was reported to Sir Thomas, but he would not believe the stories and forbade any steps to stop the depredations. Before the series of races was ended, however, Sir Thomas had to station some of his servants in the staterooms and cabins to see that things were not disturbed.

When the small articles could not be taken some of the guests dropped larger pieces on the deck to break them and then carefully picked out the piece of china or glass that had the enamelling on, and this they carefully preserved.

Some of the guests lost scarf pins and Chevalier de Martino, who had come over to paint the scene off Sandy Hook lost a handsome pair of marine glasses which he prized very highly. Cigarette holders, match safes, ink stands, pen holders, bonbonnières, trays and everything portable received the attention of the souvenir hunters.

Sir Thomas did not complain until a silver tray on which stood a cigarette holder and match safe disappeared and then he got angry. These things were given to him by a friend and the loss annoyed him very much. After that the yacht's stores were put away and a caterer furnished the dishes, glasses and silverware for each day's entertainment.

Last year the Erin was here again and Sir Thomas entertained as he did on his former visit, but he profited by his experience and a caterer stopped a great deal of the plundering. Still he lost many small articles that were in the saloon and staterooms.

Twice each winter the New York Athletic Club gives what it calls "ladies' day." The members can issue invitations to women who enjoy the privileges of the clubhouse for a few hours. The stock of small china, glass and silver is always much smaller after one of these days than it was before.

A Thrifty Barber.

From the Baltimore Sun.

It has been the daily custom of an eminent jurist of Baltimore to visit every day the same establishment for his morning shave. The barber who habitually shaved him manifested a desire to elevate himself and decided to read law in his idle moments. To order to encourage him the Judge loaned him law books and daily inquired into his progress.

Before many weeks the barber began propounding legal problems for solution by his patron and mentor.

"Now, Judge," he would say, "suppose such and such a question arose, what would you do in that case?" And with much care and deliberation the Judge would enter into the pros and cons of the case and set forth his reasons and decision.

Several months elapsed before a friend of the Judge apprised him that the opinions he had been handing down to the barber were in reality upon parallel cases brought to the thrifty barber by friends, who set great store by his sound judgment and acumen, and who gladly paid a small fee in return.

At first the equilibrium of the astute jurist was sorely disturbed. When he visited the shop the next morning the conversation opened up in much the same manner.

"Judge," said the barber, "I've been thinking of a most interesting case." He then proceeded to relate the circumstances and asked, "Now what would you advise?"

After a long pause the Judge replied:

"What would I advise? Well, let me see. Why, I'd advise that you come to my office and bring a certified check for \$100 and I will be glad to let you know. Good morning."

Odds and Ends of Sports.

J. S. B.—To wheel or drive to Ridgewood, N. J., the shortest and best route is to cross the Fort Lee ferry, climb the big hill (the trolley carries bicycles) and ride straight ahead through Leonia and Bogota to Hackensack, 5½ miles. Take Passaic street out of Hackensack and ride past Arcola to Paramus, 8 miles, where you turn to the left and go a mile and a quarter into Ridgewood, 14½ miles from Fort Lee.

After Reading "The Sun"

there is little, if anything, left to be learned on the leading subjects of the day.—Adv.