TERRORISM AT THE MINES.

STRIKE RECALLS THE DAYS OF THE MOLLIE MAGUIRES.

Gen. Gobin's Recollections of the Murderous Crew—Once He Told His Men to Shoot Detective McParlan, Who Broke Up the Gang and Hanged Its Leaders.

SHENANDOAH, Aug. 27.—Gen. Gobin sat by the corner window in his headquarters business office, the parlor of the Ferguson House, one day this week, looking meditatively out into the street where the usual congregation of "Hunk" and "Hike" strikers were lounging.

"I was up here in this very place just about twenty-five years ago and on a somewhat similar mission," said he, "only things were more exciting than they are now. It was in the most critical time of the Mollie Maguires and I was here in command of a regiment of the National Guard, for serious trouble was anticipated. The net which Detective McParlan had been weaving for a year about the Mollies was just beginning to be drawn in and there were some pretty big and some very ugly fish in it."

"You see that corner over there," continued the General, pointing to the opposite corner of the street, where a group of Lithuanian strikers were lounging and peacefully smoking their pipes. "Well, one day I pointed out a man who was standing there to some of my officers and said: 'You see that red-headed Irishman with the coon-skin cap on his head and his breeches tucked in his boot tops? Now, if that scoundrel gives you the chance by any act that will justify you in taking action I want you to kill him. Don't mince matters, just kill him. He is the worst of all this bloody-handed gang of murderers.'

"The officers took due note of the man and if he had given them the chance I have no doubt whatever that they would have obeyed instructions. Capt. Lindon was up here at the time. He was the representative of the Pinkerton Detective Agency with full authority, under the direction of his superiors at headquarters, of course. This was so generally known that there was hardly any disguise about it. Of course I knew it, and the same night after pointing out the man on the corner to my officers I told Capt. Lindon what I had done.

"'You know that red-headed blackguard with the coon-skin cap and his breeches in his boots that is always loafing around the streets,' I said to Lindon; 'he's one of the very worst of the gang and I've told my officers to kill him on the slightest provocation.'

"Lindon did not say a word for a few moments and seemed to be quietly thinking over what I had told him. Finally he said:

"'So you told them to kill him?' he said at last.

"'Yes; that's just what I told them,' and what's more they'll do it, too, if he gives them half a chance. When he's out of the way there'll be one of the most desperate of the dirty gang of murderers removed.'

"Capt. Lindon seemed to agree with me and changed the subject, talking about one thing and another for awhile and then he went out.

"That night the red-head with the coon-skin cap disappeared. I never saw him again in Shenandoah and I thought he must have had a suspicion that the climate here was rapidly getting unhealthy for him. I never saw him afterward until the trial of the Mollies at Pottsville.

"One day when I went into the court room I saw him in the witness chair telling in answer to the questions of the lawyers, the wonderful story of how he got into the blackest secrets of the Mollies. He was clean then and in the good clothing he wore looked quite a different man. But I recognized him at once and never until that moment did I dream that the red-headed reprobate in the coonskin cap known for a year or more all through the Mollie Maguire country as McKenna, was no other than McParlan, the Pinkerton detective who had lived all that time in deadly peril of his life in order to destroy the worst gang of murderers ever known in this or any other country.

"And he did destroy them, root and branch. Eleven of them were hanged in one day, six in Pottsville, four in Mauch Chunk and one in Wilkes-Barre. Twenty-one of them were hanged in all before the mills of the gods, grinding slowly but exceeding small, had their grist all in. Very many of them were sent to the penitentiary for varying terms. Among those who went to the penitentiary were several women, all of these for perjury.

"The defence in nearly every case where a Mollie was brought to trial, before McParlan took a hand in the game, was an alibi. When the Mollies in one of their meetings voted to murder some mine boss or mine superintendent or anybody else against whom one or more of them had a grudge, they drew on some other lodge of their infernal order for the assassins. There generally were four assassins in a murder party and they always came from some place remote from the scene of the contemplated butchery. Nobody in the place knew them and they knew nobody. They did not even know by sight, in nearly every instance, the victim they were designated to slaughter. They would hang around until he was pointed out to them by some of the local gang who would instruct them minutely in his habits and they would lie in wait for him and shoot him down in cold blood. Their murders often were done in broad daylight and the murders were frequently seen by many, but they could not be identified because they were strangers.

"And then a preliminary to all the murders was the preparation, well in advance, of an elaborate and detailed fabric of alibi evidence. Witnesses in great numbers were ready to swear they saw the accused in this, that, or the other place many miles from the scene at the time the crime was committed.

"They tried the alibi game several times too often in the general roundup which followed McParlan's evidence. It was thought McParlan's testimony might be offset by the abundance of other evidence or that he might be shaken in cross-examination. But he made a wonderful witness. His little notebook with time, place and circumstance carefully set down was too much for the cross-examiner and the alibis were bowled over right and left and many of the alibi perjurers sent to the penitentiary.

"'Muff' Lawlor, one of the worst of the Mollies, lived right across the street there. He was a bodymaster, as the heads of the Mollie Maguire lodges were called. 'Muff' got his nickname from the fact that he was a great game chicken fancier and had a breed of fighting cocks called 'mufflers.' He and McParlan became great friends and it was through him that McParlan, then always travelling under the name of McKenna, was taken into the Mollie organization and thus was enabled to get at the Mollie secrets. 'Muff' escaped hanging and got off with a term in the penitentiary, I believe, because he at one time saved McParlan's life. They became suspicious of the detective along toward the last and finally, just before he disappeared, to reappear soon after on the witness stand, the suspicion became a certainty. He narrowly escaped being murdered on several occasions and I think it was 'Muff' who saved him on one of these.

"The man was in deadly peril from all directions. He had played his part so well that the citizens, who were aroused to the lynching pitch by the villainies of the Mollies, picked him out just as I did as one of the worst of the gang. Once when his life hung by a thread at a village meeting, at which he was present and where suspicion was strong against him, a crowd of citizens was lying in wait to lynch him as soon as the meeting broke up. He was saved by one of the Mollies—and it strikes me 'Muff' was the man—getting him out for a moment on some excuse and hurrying him away, dodging both the lynching party and the infuriated Mollies themselves.

"Jack Kehoe was the head devil and the brains of the Mollies. He lived only a few miles from Shenandoah and his drinking place was the general headquarters of the gang for miles around. I have been told that Kehoe was educated for the priesthood and went wrong. He was a man of decided natural ability, and I have believed that love of power was the secret of his interest in the Mollies. He aspired to political power, as well as power over his murderous order and over the lives and fortunes of all persons within the Mollie dominions. Jack was hanged. A man who saw him hanged once asked me if I believed in the potency of a dying man's curse. I asked him why.

"'Well,' he said, 'Jack Kehoe cursed by name just before he went to the scaffold those who had been most active in prosecuting him and with horrible imprecations predicted that not one of them would die in his bed. Now, do you not recall that the three most active in prosecuting Jack did meet with sudden and tragic ends? Gen. Gowan, then president of the Reading and the lawyer most active in exterminating the Mollies, committed suicide in Washington. Another was killed in a railroad accident, and still another met a violent end.'

"All this was true enough. There were rumors that Gen. Gowan was not a suicide, but that he was murdered by avenging Mollies. These rumors gained great currency, and I should not wonder if there were many still who believe them. But Capt. Lindon made a very careful investigation, and he told me that there was no doubt that Gen. Gowan killed himself. Capt. Lindon traced all his movements the day before the night of the tragedy, and found out where and when he bought the pistol found by his hand after he had shot himself as well as a number of other facts which left no doubt that it was a plain case of suicide, although the motive for the deed is still a mystery. It was in Chamberlin's Hotel, Washington, when that hostlery was in the full flush of its fame that Gen. Gowan shot himself.

"Jack Kehoe had a wife who was a magnificent specimen of a woman physically, and just his mate in point of iron resolution and relentless disposition. She made you think of a tigress. She married again after Jack's death.

"It is a good many years now since those dark days here in the anthracite region, but their horror was so great that the memory of them is still as vivid in many persons' minds as though they were but yesterday. Talk about the dark and bloody ground of Kentucky—this little group of counties in which anthracite coal is mined has seen more tragedies and wanton murder probably than any other foot of the country. There is hardly a place to which you can go anywhere about here that is not historical for some deed of darkness."

Gen. Gobin is quite right about the memory of the Mollies being still fresh in the minds of people here in the coal country. Every strike like the present one revives the stories of assassination done by that organization of thugs—the Mollie Maguire Murder Trust. Some of the old Mollies still survive and are living hereabouts, as well as in nearly all the coal country towns. But the subject is not a pleasant one for them, and is generally avoided by people speaking in mixed assemblages. Only the other day a party in a Pottsville restaurant that got to talking in frank, loud voices about the Mollie Maguires came in, unconsciously to themselves, for some scowling looks from a couple of other customers near them, and the proprietor, with bated breath, whispered that the two in question were relatives of Mollies and that the subject was still a ticklish one. Even some of the newspapers in the coal country avoid the use of the name of the old organization as much as possible.

The Molly Maguires were an inside circle of the Ancient Order of Hibernians, but of its villainies the order in general was in no way responsible for or cognizant. By a literal reign of terror they sought to, and for many years did, make their will law in the conduct of nearly all the coal mining industries. If a foreman or superintendent displeased one of them his name was brought before the secret conclave and he was sentenced to death. And murder followed the sentence with appalling certainty. Their boldness increased until their assassinations were not confined to those connected with the coal mines, but were extended to anybody and everybody who ventured to denounce their cowardly crimes or who in any manner incurred their enmity.

For instance, Yost, a policeman of excellent character, whom every decent person in the community respected, was shot down at his own door and in the presence of his wife, simply because he had had to arrest a scoundrel named Duffy a number of times for brutish drunkenness in the streets of Tamaqua. Duffy, with five others, was hanged at Pottsville, June 22, 1877. On the same day a bodymaster named Alexander Campbell was hanged in company with three others at Mauch Chunk. Campbell lived and was buried at Lansford, where the recent strike disturbances have occurred.

The Mollies were furious at these convictions and hangings and there were all sorts of rumors about uprisings and rescues and there was even a plot to blow up the court house at Pottsville and so kill Judge, jury and everybody else who happened to be in it while the prisoners themselves were safe in the jail. The Pennsylvania National Guard was called out and with bayonets, bullets and even artillery was ready to inflict chastisement on any mob that might arise.

But no mobs arose. Bluster and threats soon gave way to abject terror as the convictions and the hangings and the processions to the penitentiary increased. Great numbers of Mollies fled the country, never to return. One of them who sat far back among the spectators in the Pottsville courtroom during the first trial, took one good look at McParlan, whom he had long known as McKenna, when the detective took the witness stand. Then he quietly got up and left the courtroom, and the last heard of him he was in Australia.

Father O'Reilly, of this place, who recently aroused the ire of the strikers by bitterly denouncing the labor agitators from the pulpit, was here during all the Mollie times and denounced them in his church with a power of invective which raised the goose flesh on many of them who were in the congregation and heard him.

"I suppose," said Father O'Reilly, the other day, "in fact, I know that that detective was in my congregation scores of times, yet with all that I heard of him I never saw his face, so that I could have recognized it if I saw him again. Every time I met him by some hook or crook he would hide his features from me."

McParlan is still in the Pinkerton service and at last accounts was superintendent in the agency's Denver office.

NEW YORK'S "CENTRE."

The Application of Village Principles to the Metropolis.

"In any small place," said Mr. Cityman, "what was meant when people spoke of going down to 'the centre' would be plain enough, 'the centre' describing that part of the town where the stores were; the centre of life and activity. It was my old and valued friend Brindleback, now making us a little visit here in the city, who first brought it home to me that the big city has a 'centre,' just the same, too.

"'William,' he said to me, one night after dinner, 'I think I'll take a little run down to the centre to-night.'

"'The centre?' I said, his words bringing up to me recollections of main streets with stores along, and trees and hitching posts.

"'Why, yes,' he replied. 'I think I'll take a little run down to-night. I haven't been around much to-day.'

"And where do you suppose Brother Brindleback located what he called 'the centre' here? Why, in that section of the town, with the contiguous territory, extending along Broadway from Union Square to Long Acre.

"Not so far off for Brother Brindleback, hey? No; and bringing clearly to mind that every big town has its 'centre' just as the little one has, and, really, differing from it only in manner and degree."

REAL "PIGEONGRAM" SERVICE

AUCKLAND HAS IT AND DOESN'T WANT A CABLE.

Not to the Nearby Islands Which the Pigeon Service Covers—Four Hundred Birds in the Loft, and If One Doesn't Keep Up to Schedule Time It Is Killed.

The value of the pigeon as a swift and sure messenger is well known, but that its unerring home instinct and magnificent power of flight have been utilized to form a complete, thoroughly systematized and absolutely trustworthy mail service is probably not known at all in this country. But such is the case and so successful is the enterprise that its patrons have refused to adopt any other proposed means of communication.

This service has been in use for several years between Newton Roads, Auckland, New Zealand, where the main loft is, and the Great Barrier and Maro Tiri islands, on each of which there are three agencies. These agencies are known locally as post-offices, though their system of operation is as near like that of the telegraph or cable office. The Original Pigeongram Service is the name given by S. Holden Howie, the youthful inventor and owner.

Mr. Howie is now 22 years of age. He is the senior marksman in one of the troop organizations of New Zealand, is the president of the Homing Association, and the superintendent of a large manufacturing concern. But he was only thirteen when he began to dream of the possibilities in the wings of his little friends, the pigeons. He did not think of financial gain, but only of the pleasure of experimenting and perhaps accomplishing something great with them.

There were many interrruptions to his chosen pastime. He shirked school and put in his time watching and making friends with all of the pigeons around his home. When he was caught—and it occurred often—his punishment was severe. But that didn't make any difference. Young Howie stuck by his feathered friends. And he has since proved that his childish perversity was wiser than all of his parents' and tutor's admonitions. One day his opportunity came.

The Great Barrier Island is about seventy-five miles, as the pigeon flies, to the northeast of Auckland. It is not a large island, but its rough soil holds a store of copper and other mineral wealth, and there are extensive forests of gum trees. Between the miners and the gum cutters and others necessary in a settlement of these two classes there are enough inhabitants to make several fair-sized little towns. Three of these are Whangapara, Port Fitzroy and Oroville. The population is drawn largely from Auckland and the surrounding country, of which that city is the metropolis. Formerly there was no means of communication with home except by a little steamer, which made weekly trips. This would not have been so bad, only the boat began its return trip the same day that it arrived at the island, and the replies to letters from relatives and friends could not be sent until the boat came again.

There came a day when some of the directors of the Great Barrier mines found it necessary to make an extended trip of inspection to their property. One of them, who was very desirous of communicating every day with his household, bethought him of young Howie's pigeons. He requested the loan of a few birds. The boy had several that were good homers and he gladly loaned them. They performed their mission to the director's and their owner's satisfaction. Howie had thus demonstrated the utility of the scheme he had so long harbored to a powerful and interested friend. As a result of that loan came the Original Pigeongram Service.

Howie built a loft at Newton Roads, his suburban home. Meanwhile he arranged his plans. Every effort was made to secure good birds. By purchasing and judicious breeding they were obtained, though for a time the increase in his loft hardly kept pace with the growing demands for their services. He installed agencies in the three Great Barrier towns named and trained the birds to home both ways. Then he established another pigeongram line to the Maro Tiri Islands, which, translated, means the Hen and Chickens Islands, arranging three more agencies, making six in all. The Maro Tiri Islands are a few miles northwest of the Great Barrier.

There are now 400 birds in the loft. This is a new and elaborate structure, built with every convenience, electric and otherwise, for homing and housing the pigeons. There are three divisions in the loft. The main one is a two-story building containing the office and the homing traps. The traps are electric, so constructed that the bird may enter without trouble, automatically closing to prevent egress, and ringing the signal of the entry on an electric clock in the office. Opposite this building is another smaller one—the pigeon house—and between the two buildings and several feet above the ground is a large aviary. Leading to the aviary is a stairway and around it is a walk, for the convenience of both the workmen and visitors.

The operation of the service is elaborate and minute in detail. A record is kept of the time of departure and arrival of the birds, which are sent out in rotation, according to their numbers. The name of the sender of the message and the person to whom it is addressed are also registered.

The manner of fastening the message to the bird has been improved with experience. At first, ordinary fine paper was used and the message was carefully tied to the bird's leg with a string. The cord often slipped out of place, injuring the bird, and the paper was too bulky and not durable enough. The first improvement was in the paper. The kind now in use has demonstrated its durability and perfect adaptability to the needs of the service. The sheets are 8 by 12 inches in size, of the lightest, toughest, Japanese tissue. The color is a light yellow-white. At the head of each sheet is printed a cut of the two most prized birds in the loft, Te Uira, and Velocity; the business announcement of the enterprise, the names of the stations and agents and the date line.

Six of these sheets may be included in a message, postage for which is one shilling, or 24 cents in our money. As one may write on both sides of the paper it readily may be seen that the capacity of the message will meet the demands of even the most voluminous love epistle. When the message is written the sheets are placed together and folded lengthwise into a strip about an inch wide. This is wound tightly around the leg of the bird, as one would wind a strip of paper around his finger in making a paper ring. Then the loose end of the strip is fastened with a postage stamp.

This stamp is a novelty in itself. It is published by Mr. Howie and is not in any way the seal of the Government. It is light green in color and of the same shape, though a little smaller, than our Columbian stamp. On it is engraved the name of the enterprise and a likeness of one of the carriers. It has the perforated edges and the gummed back of the regular Government mail stamp, and is in the usual demand with collectors, by whom it is regarded as a great curiosity.

Thousands of messages have been sent and not one lost. Every precaution is taken that none shall be. This is insured in the careful breeding, training and supervision of the birds. If the slightest fault is found in one of them, the bird is instantly shot. If a bird alights between the lofts it pays the penalty. If it comes in behind the maximum time scheduled set for its passage it gets one more trial, and if it fails again is killed.

A year ago the Government announced its intention of laying a cable from Auckland to the Great Barrier. The project was abandoned, however, as the residents of the little island decided unanimously that they were very well pleased with the pigeons and that a cable would not be patronized. So the Government turned its attention to Howie. It offered to buy his whole mail outfit. He refused both that offer and one of a good-sized subsidy. He asserted that he was making money on his venture, and that he was too much in love with it to give it into other hands. Mr. Howie's brother, J. R. Howie, is the manager of the service. He has his headquarters in the main loft and has two assistants. They are busy all of the time, as there is an average of more than forty messages sent each hour and as many received.

The loft is a great point of interest to visitors, many of whom send messages for novelty's sake. The Prince of Wales while he was yet Duke of Cornwall and York, with the Princess and a party of friends, spent several hours at the loft. Mr. Howie knew of their visit in advance and made elaborate preparations. Streamers of red, white and blue were attached to every bird used that day. The result was almost disastrous, as the pigeons arrived at their destinations in all sorts of entanglements. Decorations will be dispensed with in the future.

Several lives have been saved with the "pigeongrams" where expedition in getting medical treatment was needed. Their utility has been demonstrated in every possible direction. Every departing ship carries a few of the birds with it, releasing them at intervals on the voyage out. They are of inestimable service to the newspapers, and every war vessel going out for target practice or manœuvres takes along several of them. Fifty of them have been trained to home for 500 miles in any direction.

Mr. Howie has been in the United States for some time, in the course of a long trip around the world. He has neglected no opportunity to learn more about pigeons, and has picked up many valuable birds here and in Germany and France to add to his stock. He regretted very much that he had not taken advantage of the present naval manœuvres to instal a "pigeongram" corps.

AT THE OLD BOOK STORE.

Bulk, Not Quality, Counts With Many Purchasers—Market for All Books.

"Did you notice that man got a strangle hold on the fattest volume in the collection?" said the dealer in second-hand books as a customer walked away with his bargain tucked under his arm. "Well, that's one of the funny features about this business. A certain type of buyer always goes in for size rather than quality—gets as much for his dime or quarter as he can.

"It doesn't matter in the least whether the book appeals to him or not, if only it is bulky. Slim gems are passed by for worthless truck in imposing sizes. The other day, though, a woman overreached herself in her greediness to get all that was coming to her. She picked out a huge book on the ten-cent counter and went away, her bargain instinct gratified. But the next day a small boy with a note presented himself. Here's the note: 'Ples giv' this boy a book I ken read.' The tome which the woman had snapped up on account of its size, without glancing at the title, was in German. I sent her two moth-eaten novels.

"In job lots like this you'll always find books of a religious nature predominate," he went on as he arranged a collection of fat-looking volumes in rows. "For instance, in this bunch marked 10 cents each are 200 books. Of these 125 are religious. All are hopelessly out of date. Men may laugh at the way women chase up every freakish fashion, but that isn't in it with the changes that are rung in on religious books. Religion is one of the most faddish things in the world. Who would take any stock in some of those theological books now or sing the hymns in these battered hymnals? Not the same class of people who bought them in their prime, anyway. In weeding out libraries people seem readiest to part with books of that kind.

"We lump off a batch of books, and perhaps only one or two are of any value, yet in time the others are worked off. It's getting hard for buyers, though. People have heard so many tales of apparently worthless books turning out to be rare that they purchase any old thing.

"Another class of books which are weeded out and passed over to the second-hand man in embarrassing numbers is Letters to Mothers, or Advice to Young Ladies. Books frankly admitting on the cover that they are filled with Beautiful Thoughts come down upon us in avalanches, too.

"Who buys the pious books and hymnals? Well, there are old-timers who want the old theology instead of modern ethics. I have one customer who buys every book containing vivid descriptions or gruesome illustrations of hell, which he believes exists for his enemies.

"The hymn books are bought by colored people. Almost every book you can find at a darky campmeeting has been through the hands of the second or third or the fourth-hand bookman. Such books are sold for a few cents. In the typical colored church when the minister announces the hymn the number of the page is rarely given. Just the name is announced, for the hymn is probably on a different page in every hymnal in the congregation. But that causes no delay, for every one has studied his or her hymn book so thoroughly that anything in it can be found instantly."

A woman who had been peering at the books in the shop approached.

"I'll give 15 cents for this," she said, holding out a worn volume.

"I think not, madam," replied the dealer.

"It's not worth ten," argued the woman.

"The price is $25," announced the dealer coolly.

When the woman recovered her breath and controlled her outraged credulity she snapped: "I can get a brand new one at the department store for 69 cents! For that old thing $25? I don't see it."

She walked away scornfully. The dealer smiled wearily.

"That's another funny feature of our business," said he.

ORIGIN OF "FIT MIT SIGEL."

An Ex-Reb Who Thinks the Phrase Started in a Missouri Court.

"The poem of Grant P. Robinson, 'I Fights Mit Sigel,' reproduced in THE SUN of Aug. 22, in connection with the death of Gen. Franz Sigel, reminds me of the time when the name of Sigel was despised in Missouri," said an ex-Confederate living in New York who was chased by the men who "fit mit Sigel" in that State. "It was the belief in old Missouri that Pap Price, as his soldiers called him, was invincible. When we heard that a Dutchman named Sigel was in the field on the Union side we Johnny Rebs laughed until we were too sore to march. Anything in camp that was no good was called Sigel. Whenever we got into a county where the people were wavering between the Secesh and the Union we brought the hesitators around by asking them how they liked a country that had to hire a Dutchman to fight its battles. This started the laugh and often won a recruit.

"Finally we went up against it in the battle of Pea Ridge. It was the first square-toed fighting we had done and, according to history, we were not in it. We didn't sit up in camp much after that singing songs and cracking jokes about Sigel.

"But the saying, 'he fit mit Sigel' originated, I think, in the court of a Justice of the Peace in Missouri who was a Union man. An old soldier was arraigned before him on the charge of stealing hogs. The evidence was going against the prisoner pretty hot and the old J. P. was scratching his head and biting the ends off his whiskers until his beard looked like a hedge fence after a rabbit chase. The soldier, who couldn't speak much, if any, English, was put on the stand, and muttered something the Justice didn't understand.

"'What's your client trying to say?' asked the Justice of the country lawyer.

"The lawyer replied—of course the lawyer did not know—'he says he fit mit Sigel.'

"'Then he didn't steal the hog,' said the Justice. 'Prisoner's discharged.'"

NAVIGATORS OF THE SKY.

WHAT HAS BEEN DONE RECENTLY BY THE AIRSHIP FOLKS.

Santos-Dumont's Successful Use of Motors to Overcome Head Winds by No Means Conclusive—Voyages of French and German Officers on Upper Currents.

The recent attempts of Santos-Dumont to travel in a dirigible balloon across the western basin of the Mediterranean, along the line of Monte Carlo, Corsica and Sardinia, toward the coast of Tunis, a total distance of about 500 miles, and the voyage of Captain M. Sigsfeld from Berlin over Antwerp, a distance of over 400 miles, in less than five hours, have again attracted popular attention to the work of the aeronauts. The great problem in ballooning has always been to be able to go at will from place to place, and to accomplish this, two distinct methods are in use. The first endeavors to make the balloon independent of the direction and strength of the wind by means of motors, the second tries to utilize the currents of air known to blow in different directions at different elevations.

The distance to be travelled offers no serious difficulty, since 700 to 1,400 miles can be covered in from twenty to thirty hours with one filling of the balloon, but the meteorological conditions, such as the direction, strength and steadiness of the wind, have a great effect, and this important factor is the one Santos Dumont attempted to eliminate by the use of motors.

Santos-Dumont attracted the attention of all the world by his successful voyage around the Eiffel Tower in Paris. Other attempts to use motors on balloons have been made. At Meudon, the French practice ground, Krebs and Renard had storage batteries to furnish the power; on Lake Constance, Count von Zeppelin employed motors with his immense balloon; and Schwartz and Wölffert tried benzine motors. All these experiments proved without doubt that motors could give balloons velocity sufficient to overcome moderate winds, and the required manœuvring to reach the desired direction; to rise or to fall could easily be attained by the use of ballast or gas. The prize of 100,000 francs for the utilization of the light petrolum automobile motors in balloons tempted Santos-Dumont to make his trials.

Santos Dumont did not approach his task unprepared, but was specially trained to meet the problem he set for himself. As a mere boy he ran the locomotives of the workmen's trains on the immense plantations of his father, the coffee king of Brazil. He was well versed in mechanics from childhood, early interested himself in ballooning and soon learned how to manage a balloon perfectly. He was, therefore, well fitted to correct the mistakes of his early attempts at dirigible ballooning and improve his material, until he finally succeeded with his balloon No. 6, on Oct. 29, 1901, in solving the problem and winning the prize.

His balloon No. 1 was launched in the Jardin d' Acclimation in Paris in 1898, but was injured in the process. After it was repaired an ascent was made on Sept. 20, 1898, but defects in the pump caused the balloon to collapse. The aeronaut fell with the balloon about 430 yards, the drag ropes alone saving him from destruction.

His No. 2 was an anchored balloon for experimental purposes to obtain independent lateral motion by means of his motor, and it led to the construction of No. 3, about 65 feet long and of 24.5 feet greatest diameter with 500 cubic meters capacity. The position of the motor and propeller in front of the basket proved impracticable. In No. 4 the basket was replaced by a basket-like chair, the pedals of which served to put the motor in motion. Steadiness was obtained by a deep longitudinal keel. The results were satisfactory, but suggested improvements which were embodied in No. 5. The latter again had the basket, which was balanced by a powerful motor. Its length was nearly 112 feet, its greatest diameter nearly 16½ feet, its capacity 550 cubic meters.

With balloon No. 5 the aeronaut made his ascent on July 12, 1901, to win the Deutsch prize, but some defect in the rudder compelled him to land on the Trocadero. After repairing the damage he set out in the direction of the Eiffel Tower, encircled it and returned to Longchamps. On the following day he repeated the experiment, sailed around the tower, but could not return to his starting place on account of some trouble in the motor, compelling him to land in M. Rothschild's park. As early as Aug. 8 he tried once more, but a new trouble in the motor caused his balloon to go to pieces on the buildings of the Grand Hotel Trocadéro.

Without losing any time he built No. 6, with which on Oct. 29, 1901 he left Longchamps, sailed around the Eiffel Tower, and returned to his place of departure in 29 minutes and 30 seconds. The Commission awarded him the prize because his experiment proved that his last balloon had the power of overcoming the force of the wind (it was about 16½ feet a second in the trial), sufficiently to enable him to move independently of it. It is quite another question whether this balloon could overcome the uncertain action of wind currents under all the circumstances likely to arise.

Many experiments with the other method for the solution of the same problem have been made. Major Hirschauer of the Balloon Battalion at the camp of Châlons, France, during a heavy fog on Oct. 22, 1901, observed that the direction of the wind for 330 feet above the surface of the earth was northeast. Above this he found a layer, extending nearly to 3,300 feet elevation, in which the wind was from the south, and above this again the clouds were moving from the northwest. These facts induced him to order Lieut. Le Comte to make a trial trip, returning to his place of starting.

After 10 o'clock Lieut. Le Comte made the ascent, moving at first in the direction of Epernay, W. S. W. from the Châlons camp, thence toward Reims, that is, utilizing the south wind, and back to camp on the northwest wind. At 3 o'clock he came in sight of camp and manœuvred the balloon by means of the drag ropes so as to reach the centre of the campground, where he was lowered by the same detachment that assisted him in his ascent.

Lieut. Le Comte thus solved the same problem as Santos-Dumont, only at far greater distances, by utilizing favorable wind currents without a motor and finally, by means of drag ropes, showing that even the spherical balloon, under favorable winds and proper guidance, can reach predetermined places.

In October last year a Prussian officer, accompanied by two assistants, made a similar ascent. He started from the Tempelhof field, near Berlin, in foggy weather and little wind, and passed over the Stern hunting lodge (near Drewitz), Potsdam, Döberitz (north of Potsdam), and back to the Tempelhof field. The filled balloon was left overnight in the balloon shed, and next day was again used by the same men, under similar meteorological conditions, the route being over Teltow, Potsdam, Lehnin (13 miles west of Potsdam), Döberitz and back to Teltow, where a landing was effected. Here on two successive days, with a change in the wind, practically the same course was covered, with one balloon filling, the balloon remaining in service for forty-one hours in all.

There is, therefore, in ballooning a contest similar to the old one at sea—that is, between motors and wind—and only extended experiments and improvements can determine which will be the method ultimately adopted.

All Intelligent Women

should read the Knickerbocker Girl, published Wednesdays and Fridays in THE EVENING SUN. Society and fashion are leading features.—Adv.

ODD FATE OF RUM.

General Disappearance of a Tipple Whose Qualities Are Praised.

Many a sensible old fellow who enjoys life will tell you that a Santa Cruz sour is the finest of all summer drinks; but he is apt to add with a sigh:

"But where are you going to find any genuine old Santa Cruz rum nowadays?"

Perhaps, by way of tantalizing you, he will make references to some acquaintance who still has a jug of the nectar hidden away somewhere and who deals it out to favored friends on red-letter days.

In truth, Santa Cruz rum, like rum generally, seems on the surface of things to be far along on the road to extinction. In most barrooms the stuff served to the few customers who still call for it may be almost anything except genuine Santa Cruz. There is, indeed, a legend that they don't make any more rum on the island.

As a matter of fact, it is asserted by those who should know that about as much rum as ever is produced on the Santa Cruz sugar plantations, and connoisseurs, for Santa Cruz rum rises to the dignity of having connoisseurs, declare that its quality is as high as of old. The esteem in which it is held by its remaining friends may be judged from the fact that the best brings in this city as much as $10 or $12 a gallon at retail. Now, pretty good whiskey may be bought for half that price.

The disappearance of rum from the general market is one of the curiosities of drinking. Half a century ago it was a standard tipple. Its admirers will tell you that it has every quality to endear itself to man.

Old rum drinkers will put themselves in evidence to prove that it is a wholesome drink when used with discretion. They will also tell you that there is something about it which appeals to the palate and satisfies as no other liquor does.

Why, then, has rum drinking passed away so largely? First, the Civil War gave it a blow by imposing a tax which increased its price enormously. Then came the rapid rise of whiskey. This was followed by the still greater boom in beer. Between the two rum was a good deal crowded out of fashion, for there are fashions in drinking as in other things.

Rum drinking is somewhat of an acquired taste. The old rum drinkers who appreciated the liquor's good qualities continued to drink it; but the younger generation took to beer and whiskey.

Then the evil reputation attached to the name of rum, however undeserved, undoubtedly hurt it. Rum was at the height of its popularity when the temperance movement began to be vigorous. Being the most conspicuous liquor it received the brunt of the attack.

The rum demon and the rum shop and rum itself have been made synonyms of intemperance and all its evils. Naturally enough the man who wants to drink but does not want to run himself by drinking fights shy of rum and thinks prudently to compromise by sticking to beer or whiskey. That is another reason why rum drinking has decreased.

Yet old rum drinkers declare that if a man is going to drink at all there is no drink which will do him less harm than rum. Besides satisfying his material needs, they say, it will stimulate his æsthetic nature.

Take Santa Cruz, for instance. It has a bouquet subtle and varied and inspiring. You can linger and reflect over it. Samples of a dozen different rums all made on the same plantations and in the same season may all present differences to the palate of the connoisseur.

The high quality of the Santa Cruz sour has been mentioned. Its delicious flavor is due to the property possessed by this rum above all others of harmonizing with and setting off the flavor of fruits. It is this same quality which makes a strawberry omelet with Santa Cruz rum seem to its admirers the very apotheosis of the strawberry.

Santa Cruz has by no means a monopoly of fine rums, though its product is generally put first on the list. There are those who prefer the red rum of Jamaica, even if most connoisseurs put it in second place.

Our own Medford rum is classed as only third in quality by judges; yet it is a third place not very far removed from first. To those who imagine that New England rum deserves the attention of only the heathen of Africa it may cause surprise to learn that some of it is of so fine a quality that it costs $10 a gallon at wholesale.

Other rum may be bought for as little as 30 cents a gallon in bond. Add the Government tax of $1.10 a gallon and the price is brought up to $1.40. This is rum to be avoided. It is fiery and harsh. In it are riot, arson and sudden death. It is the rum sent to the heathen.

A century and a half ago various firms were formed in New England to make rum. Some of them are still in business to-day at the old stand.

PLACING THE RACE HORSES.

How Judges McDowell and Pettingill Make Their Rulings.

Two men sit in a little covered booth opposite the finish line or imaginary "wire" at local racetracks and decide the positions of the first three horses in each race and on their rulings depend the fortunes of the betting ring. They are the judges, Clarence McDowell and C. H. Pettingill. Mr. McDowell's duties are confined to the first two horses while Mr. Pettingill picks the third horse in each race.

When the horses are nearing the finish the judges stand together behind an iron rod which is in a straight line with a similar rod on the other side of the track. This line marks the finish and governs the official result. In many instances the rulings are made easy by the way the horses are strung out at the end of the race, but more often the finishes are so close that it requires a pair of the sharpest eyes to make the correct decision. Several dead heats were run at the recent Brighton meeting. In each instance Judge McDowell caught the two leaders as they passed his line of vision, and, as he said afterward, their noses were together, not a whisker separating them.

When it comes to a matter of inches however, Judges McDowell and Pettingill show such keen sight that their rulings are seldom criticised. In order to be on the alert and to avoid mistakes they have learned to know every owner's colors at a glance. From the moment the horses leave the post both judges watch the race, narrowly, following the movements of the leaders and those close behind so that before the horses enter the stretch the judges have in mind those that may be in the money. It is when the field enters the home stretch, however, that Judges McDowell and Pettingill exercise the most care. They must keep an eye not only on the horses close to the rail, but also on those in the middle of the track and on the extreme outside. When, as is often the case, half a dozen horses, neck and neck, rush down to the wire, the judges watch them like hawks. It is impossible to see the numbers on the saddle cloths, but that makes little difference as the colors worn by the jockeys tell the tale.

At Morris Park, when races are run down the Eclipse Course the judges' stand is moved on wheels so that the rulings may be made at the correct angle. This has often confused spectators who have forgotten about the angle and try to place the horses as if they were finishing on the Withers course. Because of this error there often has been uncalled for fault finding with the decisions at the Westchester course, but racegoers have more recently appreciated the fact and have displayed unmistakable satisfaction.

That mistakes are made by the judges now and then there is no doubt, but the errors are excusable in every instance. Messrs. McDowell and Pettingill enjoy the confidence of the race going public and their work this season in particular, behind the wire, has been of a high order of excellence.

THE WORLD'S BIGGEST NUGGET

MAN WHO FOUND IT DIES POOR IN A LUMBER CAMP.

Samuel Hawkins Napier's Story of the Discovery of the "Blanche Barclay," a $60,000 Lump of Gold—His Fortune Lost Almost as Quickly as It Was Won.

OTTAWA, Aug. 27.—One day last week the body of a man who discovered the largest nugget of gold the world has ever seen was brought down from a lumber supply station 200 miles up the Gatineau country, in the pine woods, and buried at Desert. Samuel Hawkins Napier ended his days in a miserable cabin after having once amassed a fortune and become the lion of Great Britain's capital.

When in 1852 the world was startled by the reports of fortunes won in Australia by inexperienced miners, Napier was purser on a clipper ship plying between Liverpool and Melbourne. He withstood the temptation for five years, but in 1857 gave up the sea and joined his brother, then at the Kingowar diggings, not far from Melbourne. Their claim was just 36 feet square, but beneath the surface lay a hunk of treasure that made the eyes of Kings and Queens sparkle when they saw it.

Napier and his brother worked their claim with varying success until Aug. 15 of that year, when they unearthed the nugget that made them famous throughout the world and yielded them a fortune. Samuel returned to Bathurst, New Brunswick, where he became one of the leading men and was elected a member of the Provincial Parliament for his native county of Gloucester. The fortune which came so easily slipped through his hands almost as quickly, and before long Napier was glad of the chance to earn his bread by working at any job he could find. Three or four years ago the man was sent into the pine woods by a lumber company, with only a dog as his companion, and there he died sitting at a rough table.

Napier once told the story of his great find, and it was written down by John Lambert Payne, secretary to the Minister of Railways here. Napier said:

"We had got down to the pipe clay bottom, which marked the bed of an ancient river and was the chief characteristic of all alluvial diggings in Australia, when my pick struck something hard. I knew at once it wasn't boulder, for there was not the same ring to it. It struck dead. Scraping the dirt away I caught sight of the bright yellow of pure gold. It was then about 10 o'clock in the morning, and I immediately called to my brother. My first thought was that some one would come along and see what we were digging out, so we tried to keep it partly covered while we dug away with pick and shovel