

TAINTED THE SPRING

HOW WHISKY GAP, WY., GOT ITS PECULIAR NAME.

The Frontiersmen's Fable That the Mountain Stream Was a Fountain of Youth Dispelled by the True Story of the Blending Process.

One of the historic places in the west is Whisky Gap, Wyo. The old time dwellers of mountain and plain—the men who "fought Indians and hunted buffalo out west" during the overland train days of the early sixties—have shrugged their shoulders at the mention of Whisky Gap for nearly 40 years. This is the place, according to their belief, where real "firewater" gushed out of the rocks in a beautiful mountain spring to quench the thirst of a whole company of Uncle Sam's trained Indian fighters. "It was nothing but pure spring water," they say; "a veritable fountain of youth."

Colonel C. C. Contant, the author of a history of Wyoming and the pioneer days of the west, has learned the true story of Whisky Gap to be somewhat different from the fountain of youth fable. According to historical record of the early days along the government overland trail, Whisky Gap received its name in 1862 during the building of the overland stage route from Denver to Salt Lake City and the Pacific coast.

The people of Denver had long been working to secure the regular overland stage route, then connecting the east and the west. In 1862 Ben Holliday, a veteran stage man, became proprietor of the great overland line, and he agreed upon a route running through Denver to the west. He decided to discontinue that part of the road running up the North Platte and the Sweetwater rivers and across South Pass, Wyo. The many Indian difficulties experienced on this route were the inducements to abandon it.

The new trail led by way of Julesburg, Colo., to Denver, and on over the established wagon road to Fort Lupton, and north across Laramie plains, then due west through Bridge Pass, Wyo., joining the old trail leading across the country to the Pacific coast. The change was made during the summer of 1862. All the rolling stock, horses and other property of the company were gathered at the station just above Devil's Gate, in central Wyoming. Company A of the Eleventh Ohio cavalry, with Major O'Farrell in command, was the detailed escort at the time.

During the first day the long line of coaches, wagons, horses and mules made 11 miles from the station where the property had been gathered. The route chosen was directly south from the Sweetwater river. The camp selected was in a gap in the mountains where there were a fine spring and plenty of wood for cooking purposes.

Shortly after going into camp the major discovered that quite a number of his soldiers were intoxicated, and he at once sent for Lieutenant W. H. Brown, who was officer of the day, and informed him of the condition of many of the men and gave it as his opinion that some one was selling whisky in the camp. The command was doing escort duty not only for stage stock and stores, but also for a number of emigrants who had availed themselves of the opportunity for safe conduct over the plains.

Lieutenant Brown received orders to search all wagons, and if he should discover whisky to destroy it. Taking a corporal and three or four men, he commenced the search for the contraband article and found at last a barrel of whisky in an emigrant wagon. The officer ordered his men to roll the barrel out of the wagon, knock in the head and empty the contents on the ground. This was done, but it chanced that the spot where the whisky was emptied was just above the spring, and the fiery liquid went pouring down into the water supply of the camp.

The soldiers saw what was going on, and they rushed forward with cups, canteens, buckets and camp kettles to save what they could of the coveted "spirits." Many a man stooped over the spring and drank almost without breathing until he was drunk.

One soldier who had succeeded in getting a full canteen from the spring paid his respects to Major O'Farrell at the headquarters tent, assuring his commanding officer, with manifold men and many a "hic," that that was the finest spring he had ever seen and the very best water he had ever tasted. Major O'Farrell was apprehending an attack from the Indians that night, and the condition of his men fairly disheartened him. He saw at a glance that even a small band of savages could make a successful raid on his camp, consequently the sober and less intoxicated men were kept on the alert all night. Fortunately, no Indians put in an appearance, and by morning the debauched men had slept off their intoxication.

Thus the gap in the mountains where the camp was made received the name of Whisky Gap. For many years it was the favorite camping place for the more credulous of the old freighters and emigrants of the "trail days," but the little spring was never a "fountain of youth" as it had been in the old days, when "firewater" gushed up out of the rocks to quench the thirst of a company of United States soldiers.—Philadelphia Inquirer.

As He Put It. Planché told this story of an Irishman who was driving a mail coach. He observed him to be trying his neck up in the voluminous folds of his comforter and remarked, "You seem to be taking very good care of yourself, my friend."

"Och, to be sure, I am, sir," answered the driver, "what's all the world to a man when his wife's a widdy!"

THE RED SHIRTS.

Convicts Who Wear Them in the Penitentiaries of California.

There are men in the penitentiaries of California who are favored with red shirts, but they are not made particularly happy thereby.

When a convict has once worn the crimson shirt, he hopes as ardently as a convict can hope for anything that the warden will never make him wear it again. It means that he has tried to escape and failed.

But that is not all. Henceforth he is a degraded man in prison circles. His time credits are gone. Solitary confinement, dungeons and bread and water may be his portion. He is watched, suspected by the officers, pointed out and "explained" to visitors and newcomers. Among the 700 convicts in the jute mill his red back may be distinguished at a glance. If he be away from there a moment, the guards know it. Then the prison bell rings, the officers assemble, bloodhounds are unchained, and the hunt begins.

Some of the red shirts at San Quentin are among the most daring fellows that ever scaled a prison wall, and every man of them has run the gantlet of guard and Gatling gun. Anybody in stripes who breaks for liberty is liable to be riddled with lead within 60 seconds. The convicts know this, but they also know that beyond the gray stone walls there are green hills and deep ravines and—possibly—freedom. The man who is sentenced to die on a prison cot is willing to stake his life for liberty. His days and nights are spent preparing for the game. If he wins, the "cons" he leaves behind are jubilant, and many are the tales of pluck and luck they will tell in memoriam. As a rule, no class of people stand by each other like veteran "cons."—San Francisco Call.

THE SQUIRE'S DILEMMA.

He Adjourned the Case to Find Out Where He Was At.

A justice of the peace in one of the west end boroughs issued a warrant for the arrest of a west end woman for slander. Squire S. J. White happened to be present at the hearing. The prosecutor testified that the defendant had called her an "old vingo" and that she had added, "I don't know what that means, but whatever it is that's what you are." The witness admitted that she did not know what the meaning of the word was, either, but she knew it had no good meaning or the other wouldn't have made use of it.

"No matter what it means," said the squire, who is an intensely patriotic American, "it's a foreign name, and she had no business calling you it. I'll fine her for it."

"Squire," whispered Squire White in his ear, "you have no jurisdiction in slander suits. They must be entered in court."

"Well, I'll hold her for court, then," the squire declared.

"But there's no law under which you can do that," he was told.

"Well, I'll hold her anyhow," he replied, "and test the constitutionality of the act."

"But there is no act," persisted Squire White.

"Get out of this office!" commanded the squire, turning on him. "Do you think I'm going to allow you to come in here and learn me the law?"

"You uns go, too," he said, turning to the women. "You're both released on your own recognizance until this court finds out what the duration to do with this case."—Pittsburg News.

A Land of Many Thirsts.

The Egyptian never travels without his goolah. He fills it with filtered water and in the morning can command a pint or more of water cooled by evaporation through the unglazed clay. This precious fluid he does not waste on unsatisfied thirst. Taking off the long white wrap and the piece of cloth that covers his head during sleep, the native pours the water over his head, neck and hands. The European, with all his instinct for cleanliness, seeks first to relieve his overmastering thirst.

There are in Egypt as many thirsts as plagues, but the dust thirst is the worst. Every pore is sealed; the throat is a lump of dry clay, and one feels what it must be to be a mummy.—London Standard.

Her First Thought.

Mildred—Have you ever thought that your last moment had come? What an awful feeling it is that comes over one at such a time!

Gertrude—Yes, I had that experience once when I was out riding with a fellow and his horse started to run away. It seemed as if we would certainly be dashed to pieces.

Mildred—And what was the first thing you thought of when death seemed to stare you in the face?

Gertrude—A hole in the toe of my left stocking. I have never since then run the risk of being found dead in such a condition.—Chicago Times-Herald.

Power of Deep Sea Waves.

In a high gale, mile long waves, 200 feet from trough to trough and 40 feet high, roar along the sea at 20 miles an hour, with a weight of 80,000 pounds for every foot of their length. Upon these a 600 foot ship, such as the New York or the Paris, will rise like a floating leaf, but if the ill fated ship drifts upon a lee shore blows of 100,000 tons, delivered with remorseful fury, crush it like an eggshell.

"Let us try to make our lives like songs, brave, cheery, tender and true, that shall sing themselves into other lives and so help to lighten burdens and cares."

It takes 72,000 tons of paper to make the postal cards used in the United States each year.

THE DOOR THAT OPENS.

Times When It Sends the Cold Shivers Down Your Back.

"Ever sit," said Mr. Goblinton, "late at night alone in a room, reading or studying, everybody gone to bed long ago, the house, the whole city, quiet, and see presently across the table on the other side of the room a door opening slowly? That's a hair raising experience. You don't know by what means the knowledge that it was opening was first conveyed to you, but you see it now, opening slowly and steadily and silently, and you get up and grasp the chair in which you have been sitting and stand up, with the table between you and him for further protection, and wait for him, but he doesn't come."

"Then you go around to the door. It has stopped now and is standing dead. It yields with no resistance except that of its own weight when you open it wider, and, holding to it, you look around the door jamb into the hall. Silence there, perfect and complete; nobody there; those were ghostly fingers, if any, that turned the knob. And so you shut the door securely and go back to your reading."

"Presently you find the door open again, but this time there is an air of vacancy about it, and now you realize what it all means. The back of the catch bolt that you turn with a knob is worn off a little, rounded, or the metal frame around the socket into which the bolt enters may be worn, or both. Or it may be the door has shrunk or the jamb has drawn away from it, so that only the tip end of the bolt catches in the socket and has a constant tendency to work free. The slightest shaking or jarring starts it, and gradually it works itself clear of the socket, and then, if it happens to be hung just so, the door slowly opens."

"And there you are, and it is all very simple when you come to know about it, but it's never altogether agreeable. You never really get used to the door that opens."—New York Sun.

THE HEATHEN CAN WAIT.

A Squatter's Idea of Where Charity Should Begin.

The other day an old squatter came to the city and attended divine services at a fashionable church. The old fellow listened with rapt attention to the sermon, occasionally nodding in approval or shaking his head in uncertainty. When a man with the contribution box approached, the squatter asked:

"What's up?"

"We are taking up a collection for the heathen, and as you seemed to be so much interested in the sermon I didn't know but you would like to give a few dimes."

"What's the matter with the heathen?"

"Why, he doesn't know anything about the gospel, and we want to raise money enough to send it to him."

"Well, I tell yer, I don't think he'll spile afore mornin. I've got a hoss swap on han, an ef I ken get 'nuff boot come aroun arer the swap, fur I don't think the heathen will spile afore mornin."—Arkansas Traveler.

Fishing For a Drink.

A guide who has done more or less plug fishing on Mooselookmeguntic lake says he can get a drink of nice, cold water when he is anchored on a lake, provided the water is deep enough. For deep fishing it is customary to sound for a clay bottom before casting anchor, and our informant claims that he can sound to secure a cool drink. He ties a weight to the bottom of his coffee bottle, and with the string tied also to the cork he drops it to the bottom; then by a quick jerk pulls the cork, the bottle fills with cold, clear water, and he has only to pull it in.—Phillips Phonograph.

To Get a Vacuum.

Professor Dewar's achievement in liquefying hydrogen has led to the discovery of an easy method for obtaining an almost perfect vacuum, and that in a single minute. When a glass tube, filled with air and closed at one end, has its open end dipped into a cup of liquid hydrogen, the intense cold condenses the air into a kind of snow which settles to the bottom. If, then, the upper part of the tube, from which the solidified air has fallen, is removed by heating and sealing it off, it becomes a vacuum chamber so free from air that it is difficult to force an electric current through it.

Strong Bank Notes.

So firm is the texture of a genuine Bank of England note that burning can hardly destroy it. The authorities have in a little glazed frame the remains of a note which was in the great fire of Chicago. Though completely charred and black, the note is sufficiently legible to establish its genuineness and be cashed.

Eddystone.

The smallest inhabited island in the world is that on which the Eddystone lighthouse stands. At low water it is 30 feet in diameter. At high water the lighthouse, whose diameter at the base is 28½ feet, completely covers it. It is inhabited by three persons.

The Ink Plant.

The juice of the ink plant, which can be used as ink without any preparation, comes out on the paper at first a red color, but after a few hours it changes to black.

She Kept Cool.

She was a young woman with a vivid imagination and a rapid fire vocabulary.

"Oh," she said to a young man recently, "I did come so near seeing a dreadful accident yesterday! It was just too shocking!"

"How did it happen?" queried the youth.

"Why, you see, it was like this: There was a horse coming along at the corner of Prospect and Case—a horse and a buggy—and they didn't see the motor was so close—that is, the people in the buggy didn't see it—there was a woman driving—a woman and two children. I think—and she tried to drive the horse across the track—the buggy had a top to it, and she didn't hear the bell—and the motor came right up and pushed against the buggy and pushed it along, and the horse jumped a little, and the woman screamed, and the children—well, I couldn't hear the children—but the man wasn't strong enough to stop the motor, and it pushed the buggy right off the track!"

"And where were you all this time?" inquired the interested youth.

"I stood by the curb."

"Yes."

"I was so nervous, you know."

"Yes."

"And I ate chocolate creams just as fast as I could and prayed."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Uncle Sam's Only "Tip."

Tips given to Pullman car porters by government employees while performing official duties are considered legitimate charges against Uncle Sam. They are the only tips which are accorded this distinction. This interesting fact has just been gloomed through the display by a government official of a bill of expenses which he intended to present for a recent trip which he made in the service of the government. He exhibited the statement as an evidence of the close manner in which the government did business. He had to present a receipt for every expenditure made, even a receipt from the Pullman car conductor for his berth.

The only item for which there was no receipt was "Tips, 50 cents." When asked what the tips were for, the officer said: "They were tips which I gave to Pullman car porters. The government allows those, but they are the only tips which are allowed. If I tip the waiter at my hotel or the man who carries my bag, the tip comes out of my pocket, but the tipping of Pullman car porters, a quarter for each journey made on a sleeper, is such a recognized custom that the item for such tips is always allowed by the government to officers when traveling on government business."—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

How Emery is Quarried.

Emery comes from the island of Naxos, in the eastern Mediterranean, whence it has been exported for the last two centuries or more. The beds are in the northeast of the island, the deposits descending into some of the neighboring islands, the emery being found in lenticular masses, resting on layers of schist in limestone almost identical with Parian marble, the finest marble known, which comes from the island of Paros, close by.

There are about 300 men engaged in the trade, all of whom have to be married before they are admitted to the fraternity. The material is much too hard to be dug out or even blasted. Great fires are lighted around the blocks till the natural cracks expand with the heat, and levers are then inserted to pry them apart. This system is continued until the blocks are reduced in size to masses of a cubic foot or less, and they are then shipped as if they were coal. There are said to be 20,000,000 tons yet available at Naxos, and the last reported year's export was 3,350 tons. It is one of the hardest substances known.—Ironmongery.

Don't Put a Bird in the Window.

"Never put a bird in the window," said a bird fancier to the reporter the other day. "I rarely go into the street in summer, or even on a mild day in winter, that I do not see unfortunate canaries hung in the windows. Even if the sun is not broiling the brains under the little yellow cap, a draft is blowing all the time over the delicate body. People have been told a thousand times that they must not put a bird in the draft, yet how few remember that there is always a draft in an open window?"—Berlin (Md.) Herald.

Ink Blots on Paper.

To remove ink from paper pour enough water over a teaspoonful of chlorinated lime to cover the stained portion. Moisten a clean piece of linen and rub it lightly with the mixture. If the stain is not of too long standing, it will disappear. If more than one application is required, let the paper dry before wetting the second or third time. If the spot is rubbed, the texture of the paper will be spoiled. Dry it gently with a piece of dry linen.

A Hen Hunt.

An English paper says that the hat of a certain shortsighted master at Eton blew off one day, and as he started in pursuit a black hen dashed out of the gateway. The schoolmaster saw the hen and thought it was his hat, and all Eton was electrified by the spectacle of a haues and breathless reverend man hunting a black hen from one end of the street to the other.

Young Mothers.

Croup is the terror of thousands of young mothers because its outbreak is so agonizing and frequently fatal. Shiloh's Cough and Consumption Cure acts like magic in cases of croup. It has never been known to fail. The worst cases relieved immediately. Price 25 cts., 50 cts. and \$1.00. Sold by Chapple Drug Co.

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