'84 In the Coeur d'Alenes.

HOW "KENO BOB" KILLED JERRY LAFFERTY—"THE WIDOW" AND HER CLAIM.

A GRAPHIC description of a trip into the Coeur d'Alene country at the height of the mining excitement in 1884, is written by Cecile I. Dutor, in the *Overland Monthly*. After describing the perilous passage down the rapid current of the Coeur d'Alene river, he says:

Arriving safely at the terminus of navigation for even the smaller crafts, we were obliged to resort to other means of transportation to reach the camp. Here we found Billy Ennis, with his well equipped saddle and pack train, upon which we at once took passage; and as soon as flour, bacon, beans, whiskey and tobacco were in place, and the last lariat made taut and fast, we started on the trail, Indian file. We had traveled only a short distance when we halted at Messrs. Brown & Boarum's mill camp, where our arrival was most opportune.

Some hours before we left the Mission, h large canoe poled by two men pushed out from shore and headed up stream. It contained one passenger, "the widow," on her way to the camp to gain possession of the now valuable claim that had been located for her by Joe Pritchard, the discover of the Coeur d'Alene mines. Owing to her long continued absence, the claim had been jumped by Bill Keeler and others, who were taking out from 40 to 50 ounces per day of scale gold worth $18 an ounce. The widow was a woman of large proportions, tipping the scales at 360 pounds, therefore it was no small undertaking for her to go to the mines, but go she must if she expected to hold her claim. The boat ride up the river was successful, but not so the horseback ride. The animal that was to transfer her had gone only a short distance when it slipped and fell under its heavy load, throwing the widow violently to the ground, and dislocating her shoulder.

This was a serious matter, as there was no house near, and large, fleecy flakes were filling the air, making it dangerous for the injured woman to be exposed to the weather. The only habitation known in that vicinity was Brown & Roarum's camp, a half mile from the landing and about 100 yards from where the accident occurred. To reach this the widow had to exert every energy. With the excruciating pain of her shoulder and the condition of the trail, she passed heroically through what would have caused many to have fallen by the roadside.

Messrs. Brown & Roarum were taking a sawmill to the vicinity of Eaogle City, on a pack train. They had camped within a few miles of their timber, awaiting settlements of stumpage. In their outfit they had a small A tent, which they intended to use for a sleeping apartment, should a storm drive them under shelter. This tent they kindly offered the widow. Mr. Roarum invited her to a seat under the sheltering branches of the pines; and in a short time had the tent raised over her, the stakes driven and the impromptu house ready and occupied. Fortunately for her, we had a physician in our party, who offered his services, soon reducing the luxation and relieving the pain.

Owing to this delay our party concluded to tarry for the night, thinking the fair patient might again require the services of a physician. All hands going to work, we soon had a bivouac that protected us from the weather. The following morning, all indications of storms having passed, we paid our final respects to the queen of the forest, whom we found seated in the center of her A domain, and she assured us in her most pleasant tones that she was "happy and comfortable."

The widow was a pleasing woman to meet, gracefully complying with the old requirement of being "fat, fair and 40." Her voice was of a peculiar sweetness, her hair of the soft brown, fluffy order one often sees on babies, and she wore it in innumerable soft puffs, becoming to her shapely head. Her complexion was of the fair, rose-tinted style. As I looked and saw the smile of welcome on her well-preserved features I wondered if a rosy-hued, round-cheeked goddess of the woods had alighted from space, and was resting a while in camp to cheer the miner's lonely heart. She had changed the heavy traveling dress she wore on the steamer for a black sateen Mother Hubbard that clung in sparse gatherings close to her rotund form. There was an old gold girdle around her portly waist, and she had placed sprays of the evergreen cedar and balsamic fir in its confinings, which diffused their piny odors into the innermost recesses of the A tent. Roarum had gathered the branches for her in place of the rose blossoms of her California home she had so lately left to regain possession of the "widow's claim" in the snow-capped peaks of Idaho's "Pan Handle."

When the doctor considered it safe to leave the injured woman we broke camp and resumed our travels toward Eagle City. Arriving that evening after dark, we let Wyatt Earp lead the way, as he had promised all of us accommodations, something very desirable in that town of hotel corrals and gray-back bedfellows, who claimed possession by right of precedence. Dismounting in front of the White Elephant, Wyatt escorted us to the rear rooms of his large establishment, where everything was in readiness for us. Mr. Earp nailed from Arizona, where several brothers of them had been partners, and were cattle kings; but through the reverses of fortune and the crowding in of sheep men, he had left that country and cast in his fortune as a business man of Eagle City, where we were all struggling for the topmost notch in the ladder of wealth.

All of us were greatly rejoiced to think we had made the hazardous trip from Coeur d'Alene City to the mines without accident, and now, miner-like, we proposed to take in the country and see the sights before settling down to hard work.

After a night of rest and refreshing slumber I arose early next morning and went to the postoffice. I could only get within two blocks of it for three mortal hours. When my turn came, and I had the pleasure of receiving several letters, the back postage was 25 cents on each, although the regular 2-center was in its accustomed corner.

About a week after my arrival Teddy Guthrie, sheriff of Shoshone county, in which the mines are located, invited me to take a ride over to Murray, a newer camp, five miles distant. There had been a ripple of excitement in the town all day, but nothing sufficiently serious occurred to startle the nerves of either sport or miner. Several days before a little passage-at-arms had raised the hopes of those who enjoyed having a man for breakfast, but as yet their blood-thirsty appetites were appeased by other excitements. The evening before, which was the night of the election, Hank Noble had swung his pearl-handled six-shooter through the tangle-juice-heated atmosphere at the Band Box saloon, threatening to "let daylight through heart and lungs" of Roulette Frank, who stood his ground like a blood, coolly telling Noble to "pocket ze liddle wepen," as he drew a bead line on Noble's only remaining leg, promising to "shoot ze ting off iv he move a muzzle." Hank was always "grit," but he had no desire to part with his only means of locomotion.

This was the heralding of the "planting" of the first subject on the hillside of the camp. It was 7 o'clock in the evening, the lamps were lighted, the miners had all suppered and were lazily lounging around over their pipes. The chinook had reached the canyon camps of the Coeur d'Alenes, causing the eaves to give out a continued drip, with often a thud of sodden snow falling into the already deep banks surrounding Dan's place. The saloon was crowded, many of us whiling away the hours betting on two pairs or three of a kind. The many barkeepers were busily engaged in the mixing of cocktail and the brewing of punch, when above the clinking of glasses loud talking caused a turning of heads in the direction of Keno Bob's stud poker table. Jerry Lafferty had been betting dust by the ounce, but now was standing up striking the table with his brawny fist, and calling Keno a swindler. Swearing he would get even, he turned around and walked out of the saloon.

Keno Bob, the stud poker dealer, as he was known in camp, was a general favorite among the boys, always having a piece to give a partner out of luck, and the first to head a subscription list for a sick or disabled miner. He was a native of Illinois, 28 years of age, above the medium height, chuncky build, clear, dark olive skin, straight black hair, and eyes large, brown and uneasy looking, smoothly shaven, with the exception of a long, drooping mustache. He was of pleasing address, and wore a suit of stylish black. A large solitaire diamond on the small finger of the left hand, which was as white and soft as a woman's. He was a thorough professional of the upper class, and although our traveling companion, not one of us suspected his vocation as he claimed to be a stockman, and intending to open a market over in Murray.

A murmur of suppressed surprise at Bob's quiet way of accepting Lafferty's angry words passed through the room, those who knew him best exchanging incredulous glances. As he contined dealing, nothing more was thought of it until about 11 o'clock, when Lafferty re-entered the saloon. Bob's eyes rested on him immediately, but he gave no sign, shuffling the cards with an air of insouciance worthy a better cause. Bob's eyes were hardly off the man when shot after shot whizzed through the room until six had spent their fury flying around Bob's head, sinking in the wall behind him.

Before the echoes of the last shot had died away, Bob placed his right hand under his coat, raised himself on the inner circle of the table, so that he could see over the heads of such of the excited crowd as had not yet taken refuge on the counters or under the tables. There was a glisten, a flash in the lamplight, and a forty-four Colt's revolver had sent its death messengers of two successive shots into Lafferty's heart.

There was a rush, a crowd gathered around the fallen miner, and a physician present was called, who tore open the blood-stained gray flannel shirt, showing a space the size of a silver dollar, where two clean-cut bullet holes had entered the heart. Bob leaped over the table, and stepping to the doctor's side, said: "How is it, Doc?"

"He is dead," answered the doctor.

"All right, partner," said Bob.

Without a quiver in his voice or a falter in his step he walked out of the saloon, many of his friends following him. They hunted up a justice of the peace. Bob gave himself up, had a hearing, was acquitted on the score of "justifiable homicide," and by 1 o'clock that same night he was back in his seat, his brilliant solitaire throwing out light, while he shuffled the cards with an air of nonchalance known only to "bloods."

Returning to Eagle City the following day, we took a look at the place, which during a lapse of two months had grown beyond my knowledge. What a busy place it was! new buildings in all directions, the whiz of the axe, the buzz of the saw and the striking of the many hammers on all sides making a bedlam of noises almost deafening. What a difference now! The buildings are removed to the surrounding towns, which have distanced Eagle in rich discoveries and continued developments, leaving nothing but old tin cans to indicate a once densely inhabited camp, with mounds of well-washed gravel as sentinels at the mouths of tunnel and shaft, each and every pebble acting as silent evidence of the injunction, "In the sweat of thy brow shalt thou earn thy bread."

How different is a mining camp from all other places! Its mixed inhabitants are seldom strangers to each other. With those of only a few hours' acquaintanceship it is, "How are you, old Sock?" or "Hallo, Shorty!" in a tone of easy familiarity, born of a social sentiment that is strong indeed in those who are filled with similar hopes and ambitions; and as all are interested in the success of their neighborhood, it becomes a principle to have a personal acquaintance with each other. There I was, one of 5,000, in the cosmopolitan mixture of all classes, men of all descriptions drawn together for a common purpose. The promise of a rapid fortune, love of adventure, the hope of suddenly acquiring high position, the exciting life, were the lures that drew. Only those who have known of this exhilaration are competent judges of the noble natures and generous hearts of the boomers of a mining camp in the zenith of its rich developments. It matters not if they never know each other's correct names; should they ever meet on the boulevards of Paris, the busy thoroughfares of New York, or on the streets of their more congenial city, San Francisco, the same bond of friendship would exist. The millionaire put out his elegantly gloved fingers for a "shake" with the sticken-soiled hand of the miner, and a "How are you, old pard?" will come from the lips of both in the same cordial tone it did in bygones of the rugged canyons of the Pacific slope. How often do we hear, "Why, I met an old mining friend to-day, whom I knew in '49," "spring of '50," "winter of '52," or later of "'84 in the Coeur d'Alenes!"

Who is Running the World's Fair.

From the New York Press.

Congress appointed a committee at the recent session to inquire into the management and expenditures of the money appropriated for the World's Fair commission. Congressman Flower, of New York, who is a member of that committee, announces his intention to ascertain who is running the fair, how the commission is spending its money, the size of the salary list, and other particulars in which scandal has already been created. No doubt there should be rigid inquiry into these matters, but if Mr. Flower pushes the investigation it will be charged up in Chicago to New York jealousy, whereas it is a mere matter of common honesty. The government appropriations should not be squandered or misappropriated, whether made for a World's fair, a gunboat or a public building. Moreover, the country wants to know who is running the fair.

EMBALMING OUT OF DATE

A Parisian Scheme to Electroplate the Bodies of Deceased Persons.

PRESERVED AS STATUARY

Interesting Experiments With the New Process—Equaling Some of the Masterpieces of Ancient Sculpture.

UP TO a week since only one perfect method of preserving bodies was known to the world of science. It was only in rare cases where attempts were made to keep the remains nicely preserved, and these attempts were almost always defective and results hideous, so that the faces of our beloved dead only vaguely preserved their natural features. Embalming at best is, in reality, only a vain simulation, no matter how much care be taken. Embalming merely delays the gradual process of decomposition. Antiseptic substances injected into the arteries of the cadaver do not prevent the tissues from softening, while the skin contracts and blackens, says *Le Figaro*.

In the majority of instances the features of the dead are so changed in a few months as to be unrecognized by the nearest relatives. Indeed, it is only the bony skeleton, constituted of mineral substances, that escapes the work of destruction for even a reasonable length of time. Such embalmed bodies are usually consigned to mother earth—a pasture field for the microbe and poisonous germ—for, as if by secret instinct, no one dreams of daring to open the caskets in which our dead sleep their eternal sleep. As regards embalming, we are far the inferior of the ancient Egyptians, but our modern Dr. Variot, a young hospital physician well known for his daring and original researches and scientific experiments, now proposes to revolutionize the undertakers' business. Thanks to Variot's method, bodies need be no longer embalmed, but are now metalized. If we may judge by the specimens placed in our editorial hands, and which are taken for metallic casts of bronzes by experts, Variot's work is incomparably perfect. His metalized bodies, one tragic head in particular, with grand forehead, large open eyes and finely formed lips, equals the most effective work in artistic bronze we have ever seen, while a newborn babe seems to sleep like an angel in glowing metal or rarest gold. There is nothing horrible about this metallic body preserving. The dead in their realism resemble chaste and beautiful works of art, and so exact is their resemblance that photographs in relief bring out the slightest details as to muscular projections and all the curves of real anatomical beauty. The very luster of nails and the softness of skin even seem to be perfectly preserved. These metallic bodies are exact copies of the modern realistic school of sculpture, so great is their perfection, and might serve when preserved in the nude for ornaments for the porches of Gothic cathedrals. It is a hard matter to make one believe that such artistic productions, such magnificent statues, are cinerary urns and anthropomorphous sepulchers, containing in their interior the organic remains of a human being whose heart once beat with a million emotions, and whose flesh once trembled at the contact of passion, a being that once breathed, wept, loved and suffered. It is electricity, that marvelous agent, which produces such effects; it is that miraculous agent that performs this seeming miracle. We can now metalize bodies like we plate a spoon, a medal, a piece of jewelry, a leaf of a tree, a flower or a butterfly. The body to be metalized is immersed in a chemical bath, consisting of soluble salts of copper, nickel, silver, or even gold when one can afford it, and the electric current passed through. Under the influence of electrolysis the salts are decomposed and the metal is deposited, layer by layer, on the surface of the dead body until sufficient thickness covers the cadaver. All the contours of the body are thus brought out and the remains are covered from head to foot in a rigid metallic envelope.

This is the first step in the process. In making the anthropoplastic casts, for that is the name such mummies are known by, much care must be taken. Variot, in his investigations and experiments, had the assistance of such a savant and mechanical expert as Dr. Charpentier of the School of Histology of the Faculty of Medicine. The inquiry may be made: How is the liquid contained in this metallic cast removed? How is the escape of noxious gases and odors of decomposition prevented? Nothing is more simple than the second step in the process. The metallic cast, which is a very hard metal, is drilled full of small holes on its posterior aspect; these perforations permit the free discharge of all liquids, vapors and gases in a few months, or, if haste is required, the cast is placed in an oven heated up to 1,000 degrees Fahrenheit. When the contents of this metallic effigy are completely incinerated the perforations can then be soldered up and replated, and the image of the dead person is complete and indestructible as the ages. In from eight to 10 days, at a price varying from 300 to 3,000 francs ($60 to $600), you can have the life-size statue of your mother-in-law, should she happen to luckily die, as an ornament for your parlor; she can be cast in Florentine bronze, after nature—a charming sight for any appreciative man of the world.

Assuredly, from a scientific standpoint, such as will be realized under irreproachable hygienic conditions, the metalization of bodies is the wonder of the age. The sculptor of the future will find his occupation gone, for the bodies of great heroes and statesmen may be duplicated from plaster casts in all attitudes, while commemorative monuments will give the new art all the truth of history.

The little new-born babe, metalized, that I saw the other day in Dr. Variot's office has a calm and beautiful smile on its face, galvanized, it is true, but nevertheless beautiful. The modern Cleopatras may now smile in their last moments, knowing full well that their beauty will be handed down to future generations, instead of perishing in the midnight of the tomb. In nine cases out of 10, however, anthropoplastic art exactly reproduces with impassible fidelity the ravages of disease, emaciation and deformities; the convulsive movements of death, when it comes in that form, are all perfectly depicted. The possession of such a body would be like a horrid nightmare, a perpetuation of agony in metal. Finely formed bodies of dead women would be in demand, however, for they would serve as ornaments for fountains and statuary for public parks; they could be used as caryatides; perhaps even the artistic lamp post of the future may be the metalized body of today's belle preserved in the nude and posed in an attractive position. Be that as it may, Variot to-day is a greater man in Paris than either Louis Pasteur or Brown-Sequard.

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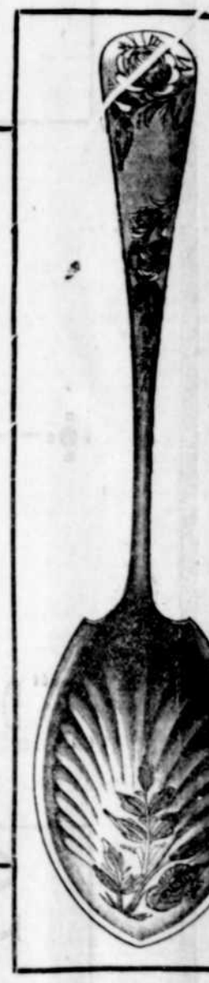

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