HELENA Historical Association X

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Ph. Best's Milwaukee Beer ON TAP.
ALWAYS PLEASED TO SEE OUR FRIENDS.
839

GOOD-BYE.

Set the door open wide into the night,
Where the stars burn; sharp points of frosty light.
One that we know is bound afar, alone,
Into a distant land beyond our sight.
He came to us a child of gladsome spring,
A lusty youth in summer's garlanding,
And, with the ripening corn to manhood grown,
He toiled with us through autumn's harvesting.

Now all the golden fields lie plucked and bare,
The thin woods shiver in the winter air;
'Tis not a night to quit warm fire and friend—
Yet he must go and leave an empty chair!
Our talk runs high, with many a jest and song,
But still an undertone does laughter wrong.
Those laugh the best whose laugh is for the end—
And well we know that tears must come ere long.

Into a distant land beyond our ken,
Whither have passed the hopes of many men,
Fresh springs, full summers, autumn's garnered store;
Whence come no signs of life or love again;
He, too, must go! in vain we close him round,
Nor yet may follow whither he is bound;
We stand alone beside the open door—
And the toll'd church bell gives no further sound.
—G. B. Stuart in Argosy.

ABSORBED WITH THE SHOW.

Two Eastern Men Pause to Worship Minnesota Beauty.

A well-formed young lady, with very black hair and eyes, a pretty complexion and a pair of rosy cheeks, made her way along Third street yesterday. She was attired in a close-fitting white blanket garment of the redingote order, which displayed her figure to its best advantage. The garment was trimmed with red and blue, the capote being of white flannel, with red and blue. About her waist was twisted a red sash, and a toque of the same color was pulled down over her head and ears. Her feet were encased in small moccasins, and above their top was visible a rim of red stocking that encircled a very plump and shapely ankle. She walked along apparently oblivious of the fact that the weather was very cold. Her cheeks glowed from their contact with the cold air, but, aside from this, she gave no sign that the mercury in the thermometers had dropped to 28 degs. below zero. Two men—strangers to the city—passed her. They failed to notice her as she approached, and caught the first sight of her as she passed them. They were bundled up from head to foot. Just below their tall beaver hats they wore ear muffs; about their necks were mufflers. They turned as the gayly-attired young lady made her way by them. She had hardly passed out of hearing distance when one of the men, addressing his companion, said:

"Hello, Bill! What kind of a circus was that?"

"That's no circus, Charley," replied Bill. "She is a part of the ice palace."

"What are you giving us? That girl don't live in any ice palace."

"I don't mean that," retorted Bill. "You know the winter carnival, don't you? Well, that girl belongs to some carnival club. She is out in her club uniform."

"Well, she's mighty pretty, and don't you forget it for a holy minute," exclaimed Charley.

The last word had hardly been uttered when a very taking blonde, with fair complexion, light hair and blue eyes appeared just ahead of them in a blue blanket costume, with white and red trimmings. They craned their necks as she passed along, perfectly unconscious of their presence and existence. From that moment each one of the visitors had his eyes open for every woman in carnival costume. They traversed the entire length of Third street, and passed and observed representatives of nearly all the winter clubs in the city. They paid not the least attention to the male representatives of the club, no matter how well they appeared or how attractive their costumes. But the female members passed not by them without being duly inspected.

Throughout the afternoon the female members of the many toboggan and skating clubs walked through the public streets, all dressed in their club costumes. As long as the gayly attired club members appeared and continued to appear the two men from the east were unable to leave the street. As they were still intent on watching the passing female tobogganers and skaters a St. Paul man stepped up to one of them, and, reaching down for a handful of snow, applied the snow to the stranger's nose. The St. Paul man simply said, "Your nose is frozen."

"Your nose is frozen."

The unfortunate visitor and his friend, the latter feeling often and tenderly of his own nasal organ, were badly frightened. They forgot to take note of a passing lady in an attractive and novel uniform. They asked a number of questions as to what was the proper course of treatment for a frozen member, and immediately started for their hotel.—St. Paul Pioneer Press.

Mr. A. J. Pot.

There is a little private poker club in Chicago whose members meet at each other's homes and play a modest game, winding up with a jack pot, which is liberally sweetened until it is of good proportions. On a recent Saturday evening the final jack pot grew until it contained $128, and before the betting it was decided that the winner should put it on the contribution plate at church next morning. It was won by a regular churchgoer and rather liberal giver, who, fearing such a contribution would provoke comment, asked leave of the party to make it up in a package and hand it to the sexton. This was agreed to on condition that it was to be labeled "From a j. pot." This was done. The sexton took it immediately to the pastor, who was so highly pleased that he announced from the pulpit that "a munificent friend of the church—a Mr. A. J. Pot—whom it was not his pleasure to know personally, he was sorry to say, had that morning sent in a most generous donation of $128 to the church fund."—Chicago Mail.

High in Algebra, but She Couldn't Cook.

"John, dear, our Susie is fairly sick over her algebra. But she is getting along so nicely, and has ninety in her report this week, and ninety-five in Latin, and 100 in philosophy, the dear girl."

"Good enough, wife. But what is the matter with the breakfast to-day? Worst meal we have had in a month."

"Well, John, I felt out of sorts this morning, and the cook is away, and I let Susie attend to the things. The poor girl knows so little about housework, you know."—Boston Traveler.

Gen. Jubal Early Getting Old.

Jubal A. Early is described as a venerable appearing man, his long, white beard reaching to his waist, and his bent figure indicating the rapid advance of extreme old age.

There are at present 1,128 window-glass pots in the United States, of which 882 are in operation.

ON THE HALF SHELL.

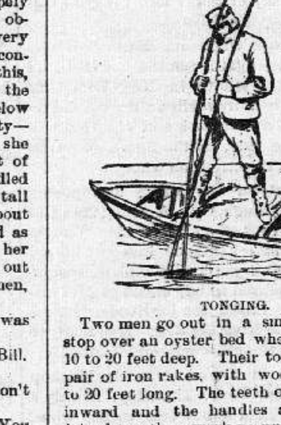
AN ILLUSTRATED DESCRIPTION OF OYSTER FISHING.

Dredging, Tonging and Nipping, Till Nine Billions a Year are Dragged Up. Workers that No Man Need Envy.

[Special Correspondence.]

Et us say nine billion oysters are caught and eaten every year and of these more than five and a half billions are fished up in North America. Such is the fact. The next thing to be said is that by far the largest proportion of those are obtained up and down the waters of Chesapeake bay. It is a familiar sight, the oyster and fishing boats, to all who have stopped at that pleasant vanity fair—Old Point Comfort. Chesapeake bay is 200 miles long and 40 miles wide in some places, but the oysters caught all along its shores are simply called "Baltimore oysters." The bivalves are shipped to every part of the world from this city. In cans and tins they go to the interior, as far west as Dakota, Arizona and Utah. It is one of the sensations of persons who have been born and reared in those regions that they taste their first fresh oysters when they visit the Atlantic coast. One pities them. They have some advantages in the way of cheap living and getting rich rapidly out there, but when one remembers that they never taste an oyster on the half shell, they are welcome to all the rest. Give us our poverty and our half shells.

Oysters eaten here in Baltimore are the largest, most delicious in America, if not in the world. That is because the home market is supplied by that process of fishing which is called "tonging." Oystermen are divided into dredgers and tongmen.



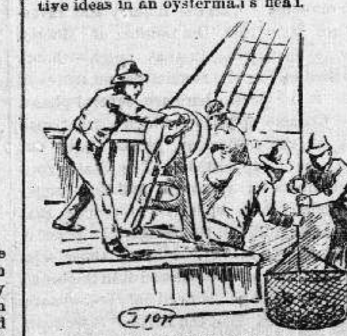
TONGING.

Two men go out in a small boat. They stop over an oyster bed where the water is 10 to 20 feet deep. Their tongs consist of a pair of iron rakes, with wooden handles 15 to 20 feet long. The teeth of the rakes open inward and the handles are crossed and joined together, working upon a pivot like a pair of scissors. The fisherman puts his long handled implement down into the water and grabs up as many oyster shells as he can hold between the rakes, not more than half a peck at most. A tongman can gather no more than half a dozen bushels a day.

The dredger, on the other hand, hauls them up almost without limit. There are really three ways of oyster fishing, if it can be called that—dredging, tonging and with nippers. By the last method the bivalves are picked up one by one with long-handled pincers from the clear water. Those thus caught are the choicest of all oysters from beds that have been planted, and are superior to the rest. It is encouraging to know this.

The dredging vessels are ordinary two-masted fishing sail boats. The dredge is an iron arrangement which rakes along after the boat and scoops in its load of rough shells. It is against the law of Maryland for any steam vessel or steam machinery of any kind to engage in oyster catching. This is because steam machinery would disturb the waters and destroy the beds.

Along the Maryland shores 50,000 persons are occupied in this industry, and the crop amounts to $10,000,000 a year. The consumption of oysters increases every year, and there is no limit to what it will be if the oyster beds hold out. There is apprehension that they will not, although new ones are being planted constantly. To protect them a law was passed by the Maryland legislature that no dredge should be worked inside of a certain imaginary line drawn between specified points. This throws the dredges into deep waters. That is to say, it is supposed to do so. As a matter of fact the bold oyster pirates mind the law no more than western settlers do the act against cutting timber on public domains. They take oysters whenever and wherever they can. There are as many ways of evading the police sloops that patrol Chesapeake bay as there are inventive ideas in an oysterman's head.



RAISING THE DREDGE.

The dredge holds about two bushels of oysters. It is a bag made of a sort of network of iron rings. On its lower edge is an iron rake with long, firm teeth. The dredges are let down and lifted by windlasses, of which there are two to each vessel. They also are made of iron. The rail of an oyster boat is cut away amidships, and it is here that the windlasses are fixed. Each is worked by four men, two at each end. The dredge is allowed to descend of its own weight. To wind it up again, "this is the labor, this the task." Sometimes it happens that the windlass handles are not unshipped before the rapid descent of the dredge takes place, then they strike the hapless oysterman a sounding blow, and knock him forty ways for Sunday.

The work is very hard. It is said the tramps that used to overrun Baltimore were given their choice of whether they would go to jail or go down the bay to work on oyster vessels. After a few of them had tried oystering for a while the fellows said "to jail" every time. In freezing water and in violent winds they must work day and night. The dredge hauls up about 200 pounds at a time. The boats hold from 500 to 2,500 bushels each. The men must not only haul these up, but also separate the masses of oysters. The bivalves come in great chunks, or lumps, stuck fast together by masses of the shell material. They must be broken apart, one by one. The fisherman squats upon deck and does this by hand. It is a back-breaking process, and often freezing rain and snow fall upon the worker hour after hour.

A boat's crew consists of a captain and eight men. The men are paid $15 to $20 a month and their "grub." Like all men engaged in severe labor, that is attended with unusual hardships and extremes of weather, they are very improvident. They work during a trip in order to get money to spend during an idle spell. They spend what they earn—every cent. The captains of the crews sometimes save money, and become part owners of small boats on their own account. But the common men's money goes—just where all seafaring men's does—to rum shops and boarding houses so called. They lie over and rest every other trip. The hardships and hard work which they must endure in order to provide us with our choicest food delicacy are almost enough to make one feel uncomfortable. Eighteen hours' work with the sleet falling upon their fingers and the freezing salt spray dashing over them and into their faces is not a job that the most industrious man out of work would be apt to regard with longing.

The vessel goes with the wind in oyster dredging, and pulls the dredge along after it. As it sails on the captain pokes a long, slim rod down into the water from time to time to ascertain whether they are over an oyster bed. If they are he shouts "heave" to his men. They catch up the dredges and throw them overboard. When the captain thinks the bag is filled he calls, "wind up." This is done, and the mass of oysters and debris dumped upon deck, while the dredge is heaved overboard again.

An oyster has not much sense. In truth, it is an unconscionable idiot, and begins to grow in a small limey secretion, about the size and shape of a fish scale. This little deposit fastens itself to any solid substance within reach upon the ocean bed—another oyster, old hats, old boots, bottles, pieces of iron, the timbers of piers and any sort of unutterable rubbish. As funny a sight as I ever saw was a bunch of oysters grown firmly to a huge old boot.

The boat sails on with the wind until the captain with his pole finds he is getting out of range of the oyster bed. Then the little ship is put back again, to commence working up anew.

Nearly 1,500 schooners are engaged in the oyster business off the coast of Maryland alone. The largest part of the bivalves meant for cooking go to the unfortunate western people, but hundreds of barrels of shell oysters are also shipped weekly to Chicago, St. Louis and Cincinnati. There are houses in those cities that order seventy to eighty barrels a week each.

The boats dredge in company, like fishing boats, along the coasts. Sometimes there are hundreds of them in one fleet. If they are in forbidden waters they always keep a lookout for the approach of the police sloop. When it comes to them it finds every boat lying idly at anchor, not a windlass working. Of course, unless the men are caught at work they cannot be arrested. The boats are owned by business men on shore and in the towns usually. The captain takes for his pay a share of the proceeds when the cargo is sold. The owners of the vessels are often boarding house keepers, and the crews lodge with them on shore. So they make a good thing of it all around.

The oysterman seldom eats oysters. I suppose he has to work so hard for and stay up nights with them till he gets disgusted with the whole subject. And small blame to him. A. J. LOTHWELL.

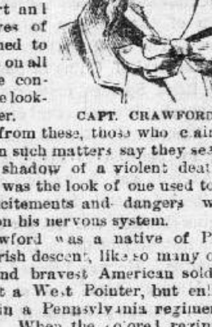
BALTIMORE, Feb. 24.

THE MAN WHO CAUGHT GERONIMO.

Was It a Mistake, the Shot Which Killed Him?

[Special Correspondence.]

SANTA FE, N. M., Feb. 16.—A singular interest invests the portrait of the man who hunted down the Apache Geronimo and met his death in so doing. There is something in the expression that fascinates the attention. If ever man bore his fate in his face, brave Capt. Emmet Crawford did. His eyes are alert and keen, the eyes of one accustomed to glance about on all sides, and be constantly on the lookout for danger.



CAPT. CRAWFORD.

But apart from these, those who claim to possess lore in such matters say they seemed to trace the shadow of a violent death in his face. It was the look of one used to tremendous excitements and dangers which told at last on his nervous system.

Capt. Crawford was a native of Philadelphia, of Irish descent, like so many other of our best and bravest American soldiers. He was not a West Pointer, but enlisted as a private in a Pennsylvania regiment in the late war. When the colored regiments were formed it was with difficulty men could be found to officer them. Crawford was given a subordinate command in one of them. He thus became a member of the regular United States army. He was at length appointed to a captaincy in the Third United States cavalry. After the war he was assigned to duty out on the border, which most officers hate like death. There this brave soldier, who rose from the ranks, has remained ever since, fighting Indians. He was never a "feather-bed" soldier. He has taken part in the Indian campaigns in Montana, Dakota, Idaho, Nebraska, Colorado, Arizona and New Mexico. When the savage Geronimo broke out of camp in New Mexico, in May, 1885, Capt. Crawford asked to be assigned to the duty of hunting him down. It was a task whose difficulty few persons east can understand. It was like hunting foxes in mountain fastnesses. The capture of the treacherous chief would have been the greatest feather of his life in the cap of Capt. Crawford. His services to his country would have been recognized handsomely. But he laid hold on victory and died with it in his grasp.

The circumstances of his death are peculiarly melancholy. Our readers know already that he fell dead with a bullet in his head, a ball fired by hands ostensibly friendly. Geronimo was run down at last in Mexico, 200 miles south of the New Mexico border. The spot was in the mountains of western Mexico, in Chihuahua county, very near the 108th meridian of west longitude. Mexican soldiers were pursuing the red enemy, too. He was accustomed, after committing depredations in one country to flee over the border into the other. Capt. Crawford had numbers of Indian scouts with him. It is claimed that the Mexicans mistook these for hostiles and fired on them. An attempt was made to signal the Mexicans and bring them to a parley but before this could be done another volley was fired, and the dashing, untiring Indian fighter fell dead. There are those who believe that this firing was not wholly accidental, but that the Mexicans knew what they were about. It is hoped there will be an investigation. MORTIMER WARREN.

What Threatened the Brooklyn Bridge.

Thick mists were drifting over the East river the other day, when, at about noon, a train was crossing the bridge from Brooklyn to New York, and the passengers were pressing their faces against the windows, watching an object that looked something like Cleopatra's Needle, greatly elongated and sailing for home.

"It's a waterspout," exclaimed an old gentleman emphatically. "I know 'em well. I've seen 'em in all parts of the world, though not often in such high latitudes as these. A waterspout drifting down the East river! It'll strike the bridge and burst. See if it don't."

"What will happen if it strikes the train?" asked a passenger who seemed to be frightened.

"I don't think it will do more than half drown you," was the reply. "But I can't say accurately. You see, the nature of a waterspout is to—hello! Where is it?"

It had suddenly disappeared.

"It was the steam from the funnel of that tug boat," said another passenger, "joining that mist overhead. That wind has blown it away, but that is what it was."

"Yes," said the old gentleman, "that must have been what it was. God bless my soul!"—New York Sun.

He Found One.

Bagley—Great Scott! it's 12 o'clock! I must home to my wife.

Persomby—Let me give you some advice, Bob. Just take home a fry in a box. That will mollify her.

Bagley—I don't believe it will. I'll probably find a stew awaiting me.—New York Mail and Express.

GOUGH'S LAST WORDS.

THEY WERE: "YOUNG MAN, MAKE YOUR RECORD CLEAN."

He Knew How to Reform Drunkards Because He Himself Was a Reformed Drunkard—Eight Thousand Six Hundred Lectures.

[Special Correspondence.]

WORCESTER, Mass., Feb. 24.—Here on Saturday last was laid to rest the body of John B. Gough. There is one very remarkable incident connected with this sudden taking off. Early in the season he had an engagement to lecture in the Frankford Presbyterian church, Philadelphia, but was obliged to give it up on account of ill health. Another date was made for him, that of Monday night, Feb. 15. He arrived at the church on time and began his lecture on "Peculiar People." But he seldom spoke on any subject without sooner or later touching on the topic which was ever nearest his heart—temperance.

JOHN B. GOUGH.

On this night, after speaking not quite three-quarters of an hour, he glided into a talk on the deadly effects of drunkenness. He was never more fiery, never more eloquent. He gesticulated abundantly, and threw all the dramatic power of his nature into his words. His audience was magnetized and thrilled as seldom in their lives. He adjured young men with all the intensity of his soul to abjure the serpent of alcohol. He raised his tones, and in a fervid, powerful voice exclaimed:

"YOUNG MAN, MAKE YOUR RECORD CLEAN."

Immediately after it was observed that he threw his arms into the air, and that his head dropped upon his chest. He was always intensely dramatic, and the audience thought this was mere gesticulation. Some were even still deceived when the orator fell forward upon the platform. But he did not rise. Some of those present lifted him and carried him to a sofa. There was intense excitement among the overwrought audience then. A physician present came forward, examined him, and said that Mr. Gough was stricken with apoplexy. His left side was suddenly paralyzed. He lingered two days, unconscious, and died. Death came to him in the way that all warriors who fight the good fight would choose—suddenly, in battle, with his armor on. But the last message he left his fellow man is strangely significant. When he uttered the words his feet were already upon the borders of the invisible country.

"Young man, keep your record clean."

It is John B. Gough's message from the other world.

His history is familiar to almost every child in America. He had been lecturing on temperance as far back as many of us can remember, so long, indeed, it almost seemed that, like Tennyson's brook, he had been going on forever. Yet we find that he was only 68 years of age—not so very old, after all, in these times when people live to be 110. But he had spoken in public more times than any other man living, probably than any other man dead. In one year he lectured 386 times, 21 times more than there were days. In all he had delivered at the time of his death about 8,600 lectures, and had traveled half a million miles. It is not too much to say either that he permanently reformed hundreds if not thousands of drunkards. He did this all the more effectually because he was a reformed drunkard himself. Those cold, rigid purists with a turnip in their breasts instead of a heart, who sit calmly back and lecture the drunkard on the enormous sin of inebriety, little know the molten fire of craving that consumes his soul. But John B. Gough knew how it was himself. The snakes, the scorpions and the burning-eyed demons of delirium tremens had lashed him in the midnight watches. His final escape from alcohol is one of the most magnificent triumphs of the human will on record, if it was indeed simply that, and not also a power outside of and beyond himself.

John B. Gough seems to have been raised up to do a great work. He himself always felt it to be so. His gifts and the money they brought him were alike used for the good of his fellow man. His birth was English, his origin so poor and humble that when he was 12 years old his father apprenticed him to a family coming to America. He sent the boy away from him and across the water, in the hope that in the new world he might rise above the poverty and lowliness from which there was no hope that he could emerge in the old. Poor people cannot afford to have feelings.

He worked on a farm at first; then became a bookbinder in a Methodist publishing house. He was of a warm, genial nature, with marvelous dramatic talent. He never had more than the rudiments of an education. The power he possessed came wholly by nature. He sunk, in youth, to the lowest depths of degradation. He was discharged from one situation after another. He married, but lost his wife and infant child by death. It was said that his drunkenness partly caused the death of his girl wife. He felt as if it was so, and drank deeper to drown the sting of it. A Quaker, Mr. Stratton, found him reeling crazy drunk through the streets of this city in 1842, and induced him to go to a temperance meeting and sign the pledge. After that came a terrific struggle of a week to keep the pledge. The struggle nearly killed him. He came out of it weak as an infant, but he triumphed. Shortly afterwards he began lecturing. The chapter of his autobiography in which he described the horrors of that week is almost blood chilling. He had a power of language which put things with the vividness of a lightning flash. He went to lecture in England on temperance early in his career, and the students of Oxford university hissed and egged him, so unpopular was his cause in the land of porter and brown stout.

Once after signing the pledge he relapsed, but only for a short time. An English writer says it is mainly to John B. Gough that the United States owes its comparative freedom from drunkenness. He lectured over forty years, and never overcame his stage fright. He always wanted to run away the first moment when he faced an audience. This feeling grew on him of late years. He never wrote out a lecture or made a note of his speeches beforehand. A neighbor of his told me last fall that Gough was a poor man. His charity was as large as his earnings. He had a beautiful country home near here. He was much beloved by his neighbors. The principal treasure of his home was a very fine collection of the art works of George Cruikshank, the teetotalist painter and friend of Gough. Among those whom Gough's bounty supported in recent years were the widow and children of Mr. Stratton, the good Quaker who reclaimed him from inebriety. It is good to leave such a record as his behind one. ELIZA ARCHARD.

Bitting a Kentuckian's Vanity.

A man from Kentucky consulted one of our physicians the other day for a bad case of indigestion and the doctor advised him to try the hot water cure, handing him at the same time a glass of that popular remedy. Taking it in his hand the patient began to pull on a wry face and brace himself for the ordeal. "Is it very nasty?" he asked.

"O no" said the medico; "not very, but some people have tender throats—can't stand anything strong. I'll dilute it a little if you like."

The Kentuckian's vanity was hit hard. He turned in the steaming liquid without flinching, recovered his breath, and said, with affected indifference:

"Bah! I could take it cold."—San Francisco Wasp.

HARVESTING ICE.

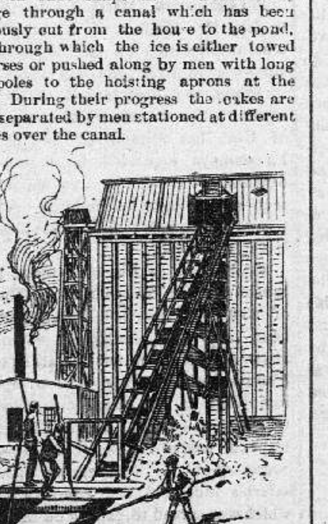
An Industry of This Century—How the Crystal Cakes Are Gathered.

The gathering and storing of ice is a Yankee invention. It was Frederick Tudor who thought of it, and could he have known at the same time the amount of highway robbery in the shape of everlasting ice bills he was bringing on our modern civilization he likely would have buried the idea at once; or had he known the amount of this pressed material that is consumed annually over the bars of our land or in the deadly ice cream, his name would be associated with that of the inventor of whisky itself in the memories of our people. But the inventor believed he was devising a scheme that would be a boon to mankind, and taking all in all, maybe it has. His endeavor to develop his enterprise was met with obstacles of every kind, of which the following is a brief summary: Beginning in the smallest and most modest manner in the winter of 1805 he gathered ice from Fresh Pond, a lake near Cambridge, Mass., improvising implements that would amuse a modern iceman to look upon. But ice cream had not yet been invented, the demand for the novel product was small, few became attracted by the new business, and Mr. Tudor continued to monopolize the ice trade for twenty-seven years. Then, in 1832, the grand ice total gathered amounted to 4,352 tons, which is now exceeded by some private ice houses. But, as will be seen, even this small stock proved an ample supply to satisfy both the local and foreign trade. Just about this time Mr. Tudor became impressed with the feasibility of shipping ice to tropical ports. He tried to find a vessel to carry his crystallized product, but ship owners demurred. They feared rapid melting on the way would endanger the vessel's safety, the protective properties of hay, sawdust, etc., being then imperfectly understood. Undaunted by this, however, he purchased an old brig, which he hastily refitted, loaded with ice, stepped on board himself and sailed for Havana. Without stopping to recount the details of a somewhat eventful voyage, except to note the heavy loss by melting, it must be observed that Tudor's safe arrival at Havana only brought him new tribulation for a time. He knew the people had never seen ice and knew nothing about it, and he expected to be obliged to teach them its uses. But he found they were afraid of it. Thus while the remnant of his perishable cargo was rapidly running away into the hold of his old brig, he labored ingeniously and incessantly to create a demand for it. He put pitchers of ice water on the hotel bars, paying for the privilege, but charging nothing for the cooling beverage. The natives tasted it cautiously and quickly spit it out at first, but at length finding it harmless they began to drink it freely. Then Mr. Tudor took away the free pitchers and opened a shop where he sold the ice, charging only a small sum at first. His first cargo was thus of little direct pecuniary profit, but it made a foreign demand for ice, and subsequent cargoes brought handsome returns.

He afterward secured a large contract from the British government to furnish ice for the army at Calcutta, the paper bearing the royal signature of Queen Victoria. This he held for several years, making large sums of money thereby. The ice business was then developing slowly, and in 1847 about 75,000 tons were shipped from the port of Boston, nearly all having been gathered from the ponds and lakes in the vicinity of that city. Soon after that the business increased more rapidly; new uses and adaptations of ice became apparent, until to-day it is one of the permanent profitable industries.

MARKING AND PLOWING THE ICE FIELD.

The present method of ice harvesting is the same the country over, but as it takes place in the most severe of weather and in regions necessarily remote from populated localities, a brief description will be found interesting. In the first place, practical ice men select the ice field, and with a straight edge and square mark off two lines at perfect right angles to each other, on two sides of the field. Then a "marker" drawn by a horse, as shown in the illustration, is run straight across the pond, one side having sharp cutting irons, the other simple guide bars that run in the grooves made by the cutters at the previous cut. These grooves are then intersected at right angles in the same way, 22x36 inches and about an inch deep. Then follows an ice plow, having a deeper blade with a series of chisel points. This sinks the groove to a depth of from three to five inches, depending upon the depth of ice. Then a gang of men with heavy chisel bars bar off rafts of these blocks in such shape as to admit their passage through a canal which has been previously cut from the house to the pond, and through which the ice is either towed by horses or pushed along by men with long pike poles to the hoisting aprons at the dock. During their progress the cakes are again separated by men stationed at different bridges over the canal.



LIFTING THE ICE INTO ICE HOUSE.

At the end of the canal near the ice house rises an endless chain of buckets operated by steam power, on which the ice is floated, each bucket catching a cake and drawing it up. Thus the ice ascends this incline in a continuous stream, from whence it is run on galleries, and then is slid into the various rooms by its own gravity on descending "runs," where the blocks are stowed by men versed in the work, it being necessary to leave spaces between for circulation of air and escape of water. These endless chain elevators were a great invention, and they entirely revolutionized the process of housing ice. Before their advent each block of ice had to be hoisted separately by horse power and it took most of the winter to fill the house, whereas now, twelve or fourteen working days will fill the largest house. When the house is full salt hay is spread thickly over the ice and all is tightly closed until wanted for use.

The houses are truly immense ice boxes, capable of holding usually 100,000 tons of ice. The total storage capacity of these houses on the Hudson river alone is nearly 3,000,000 tons. The cost of gathering and hording ice is estimated at twenty cents per ton.

A Drummer's Hit at St. Louis.

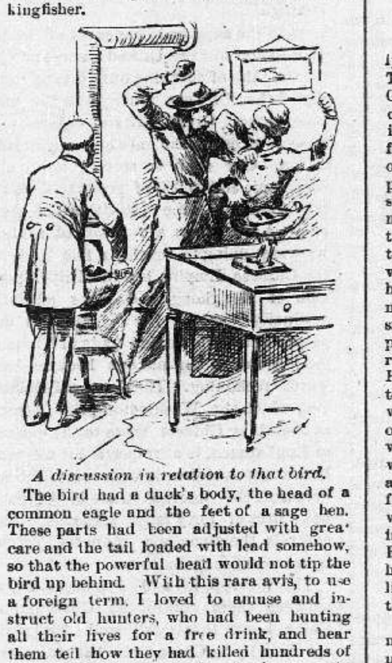
Some "drummers" were sitting about the Palmer house rotunda the other night swapping chestnuts, when a local man "roasted" the following: A Chicago drummer sold his last bill of goods, died and went to the infernal regions. There he was shown about the place by Lucifer himself. He was shown the pits of molten lead for New York drummers and the sulphurous caves designed for the torture of Minneapolis drummers, and the lakes of fire awaiting his own clan. Then he was taken to a room of great heat, where a number of drummers were suspended by the necks. "What's this?" said he. "This is the drying room." "The drying room?" asked the drummer. "Yes," responded the other; "these are St. Louis drummers. They are too green to burn at first, so we hang them up to dry."—Chicago News.

TAXIDERMY.

A Stuffed Bird That Brought Bill Nye Both Pleasure and Profit.

This name is from two Greek words, signifying "arrangement" and "skin," so that the ancient Greeks no doubt regarded taxidermy as the original skin game of that period. Taxidermy did not flourish in America prior to the year 1828. At that time an Englishman named Scudder established a museum and general repository for upholstered beasts.

I also had a stuffed bird for a long time, which showed the cunning of the stuffer to a great degree. It afforded me a great deal of unalloyed pleasure, because I liked to get old hunters to look at it and tell me what kind of a bird it was. They did not generally agree. A bitter and acrimonious fight grew out of a discussion in relation to this bird. A man from Vinegar Hill named Lyons and a party called Soiled Murphy (since deceased) were in my office one morning—Mr. Lyons as a witness, and Mr. Murphy in his great specialty as a drunk and disorderly. We had just disposed of the case, and I had just stepped down from the bench, intending to take off the judicial ermine and put some more coal in the stove, when the attention of Soiled Murphy was attracted to the bird. He allowed that it was a common "hell diver with an abnormal head," while Lyons claimed that it was a kingfisher.



A discussion in relation to that bird.

The bird had a duck's body, the head of a common eagle and the feet of a sage hen. These parts had been adjusted with great care and the tail loaded with lead somehow, so that the powerful head would not tip the bird up behind. With this rara avis, to use a foreign term, I loved to amuse and instruct old hunters, who had been hunting all their lives for a free drink, and hear them tell how they had killed hundreds of these birds over on the Poudre in an early day, or over near Elk mountain when the country was new.

So Lyons claimed that he had killed millions of these fowls, and Soiled Murphy, who was known as the tomato can and beer remnant savant of that country, said that before the Union Pacific railroad got into that section these birds swarmed around Button's lakes and lived on horned toads.

The feeling got more and more partisan till Mr. Lyons made a pass at Soiled Murphy with a large red cuspidore that had been presented to me by Valentine Baker, a dealer in abandoned furniture and mines. Mr. Murphy then welted Lyons over the head with the judicial scales. He then adroitly caught a lump of bituminous coal with his countenance and fell to the floor with a low cry of pain.

I called in an outside party as a witness, and in the afternoon both men were convicted of assault and battery. Soiled Murphy asked for a change of venue, on the ground that I was prejudiced. I told him that I did not allow anything whatever to prejudice me, and went on with the case.

This great taxidermic masterpiece led to other assaults afterward, all of which proved remunerative in a small way. My successor claimed that the bird was a part of the perquisites of the office, and so I had to turn it over with the docket.—Bill Nye in New York Mercury.

A Dakota Man's Mistake.

A man from Illinois got off the Northwestern train at Estelline the other day, and met an old friend now living in Dakota.

"How's old Jim Stanford prospering out here?" asked the Illinois man.

"Jim's gittin' 'long poorly, very poorly. You see, Jim made a mistake, and it set him back. He set his house on the ground with no underpinnin' under it."

"Well, s'posin' he did. I don't see what hurt it would do."

"Of course you don't—you live in Ill'noise. Why, hang it all, pardner, this Dakota sile is so darned fertil' that the house took root and growed!"

"It did! Well, admittin' it's so, I should think it would have been better he'd had a bigger house."

"Yes that's what Jim 'lowed at first. He had a nice two-story house, then a three-story one, and pretty soon a five-story one."

"I don't see anything bad about that."

"No; course not; but when it got up there, instead of headin' out with a French roof and a lightnin' rod, the blamed house took to branchin' out with bay winders and piazzers, and pretty soon the whole thing blowed over and killed a yolk of brindle oxen for Jim. I tell you, you can't build houses in Dakota without underpinnin'."—Estelline (D. T.) Bell.

The Horse Will Know Better Next Time.

It was eight degrees below zero and the frost was nipping hot. A horse belonging to a city official was hitched to a post on the west side of City hall, and although he was covered with a buffalo robe and a blanket he humped himself together to keep warm, and had a look of disgust on his face.

Presently a bootblack came along. At some time in this boy's life he had touched his tongue to a lamp post on a cold morning. Seeing the horse's nose within a foot of the iron post made him forget the cutting wind and the cold flag stones. He was chewing away on a big hunk of molasses candy. He removed it from his mouth and held it to the horse's nose. Out came the animal's tongue for a lick, and the boy then rubbed the hunk over the top of the post and skipped across the street into a doorway. He was hardly in the place when the horse slipped six inches of his tongue out after more sweetness. It hit the post and stuck there. For a minute he thought there was some mistake, but then came the realizing sense that he had been played for a sucker and caught on a blunt hook. He set back and pulled, lurched forward and squealed, and then lifted his heels and made splinters of everything within reach. Pedestrians ran to stop him, but with a terrible wrench he loosened his tongue and set off at a gallop, slewing the cutter bottom up and knocking it to pieces as he went down Fort street.

The boy went up the street, saying to himself:

"If I was a horse, do you suppose anybody could get me to lick molasses off an ax on a cold day?"—Detroit Free Press.

Some Rather Queer Culinary Items.

The Germans, who have always been celebrated for heavy eating, furnish us with some curious culinary items. In the middle ages the goose was the grand dish among them, but they also ate crows, storks, cranes, herons, swans and bitterns—these last named dishes being arranged in a circle of honor around the goose. The geier or European vulture, the dogfish, the dolphin, and even the whale were eaten, while a roast guinea pig was considered a very great delicacy. All their foods were highly spiced, and sauces endless in their variety, three or four kinds being served up with each dish. In these sauces pepper, mace, cinnamon, cloves, ginger, garlic, saffron and pimento contended for the mastery, and the more decided the flavor the better the cook.—Chicago Herald.

Proof That Blood Will Tell.

Out of twenty-four horses that have trotted in less than 2:20 during this year, seventeen are direct descendants of Hambletonian. Blood will tell.—Inter Ocean.

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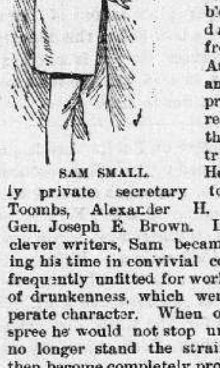
Remittances by draft, check, money order, or registered letter, may be sent at our risk. All Postmasters are required to register letters on application.

Sam Small, the Evangelist.

[Special Correspondence.]

CHICAGO, Feb. 24.—Sam Small, his wife and four children have been in this city for a week. The head of the family has come to assist Sam Jones in waging war on the devil, and if they do not break up some long standing friendships between Chicagoans and the evil one it is not because they are not painting him black enough. The career and style of the Rev. Sam Jones is familiar to most readers, but it is in no way more interesting than that of his associate.

Sam Small comes from an old and honored Louisiana family, was born in New Orleans, and received his education in the best colleges of this country. He is not yet 35 years old, but has had an eventful career. Journalism was his first choice as a profession, and he wrote many original and forcible articles that drew attention from all quarters. As a stenographer and penman he is proficient, and has reported some of the most noted trials in the south. He was successively private secretary to Gen. Robert Toombs, Alexander H. Stephens and Gen. Joseph E. Brown. Like many other clever writers, Sam became fond of spending his time in convivial company, and was frequently unfitted for work by long periods of drunkenness, which were often of a desperate character. When once started on a spree he would not stop until nature could no longer stand the strain, and he would then become completely prostrated. During these times of recuperation he wrote the verses and negro sketches of "Old Si," that have made him familiar everywhere to newspaper readers. His speech is singularly smooth, polished and entertaining, and he possesses in a very marked degree the natural eloquence of the educated southerner. He was in constant demand in political contests, and often when in a maudlin condition would astonish his hearers by the brilliancy of thought and aptness of expression. Once, when in Washington with a delegation, he was so overcome by dissipation at a banquet as to fall asleep. He was nudged by a friend, who said: "Come, Sam, they are waiting for you to speak." "What about?" inquired Sam, in a drowsy sort of way. Being told the subject, he rose and braced himself against a corner of the table and delivered such a breezy and graceful speech that it was voted the success of the evening.



SAM SMALL.

His conversion and reformation are the most remarkable things in his career. One night he suddenly left his dissolute companions and went home, never again to be seen in their company. It was done with the suddenness of a flash of lightning, and for a long time his former comrades did not know what had become of him. He had stopped his course of debauchery as though struck dead in the midst of a feast. He is now an inveterate cigarette smoker, and defends the habit.

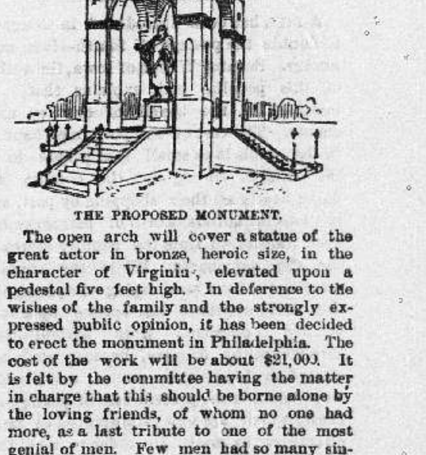
It is remarked by any one who listens to Small that he is a wonderfully gifted offhand speaker. It took him some little time to accustom himself to the applause with which our audiences greet his remarks. Their religious fervor does not prevent them from knowing a good thing when they hear it, and then showing their appreciation.

FRANK FELL.

The McCullough Monument.

[Special Correspondence.]

PHILADELPHIA, Feb. 23.—The design for the monument to be erected to the memory of the great actor McCullough has been definitely decided upon, and steps are now being taken to raise the necessary funds to defray the expenses of the memorial. The committee have adopted a design in the simple style of the Roman republic, of which a sketch is given above. It is proposed to construct a crypt for the remains, and the superstructure is to be of granite thirty-two feet high, surmounted by a statue of Fame.



THE PROPOSED MONUMENT.

The open arch will cover a statue of the great actor in bronze, heroic size, in the character of Virginius, elevated upon a pedestal five feet high. In deference to the wishes of the family and the strongly expressed public opinion, it has been decided to erect the monument in Philadelphia. The cost of the work will be about $21,000. It is felt by the committee having the matter in charge that this should be borne alone by the loving friends, of whom no one had more, as a last tribute to one of the most genial of men. Few men had so many sincere admirers while alive; few men could be heartier friends or more genial companions, and few men had a smaller number of enemies than the late John McCullough. Therefore it is confidently expected that the small sum necessary to erect a visible monument to the man whose genius will ever be a tower of fame, a monument such as no sum of money can buy, will be promptly forthcoming as a loving tribute from the host of friends who mourn his loss.

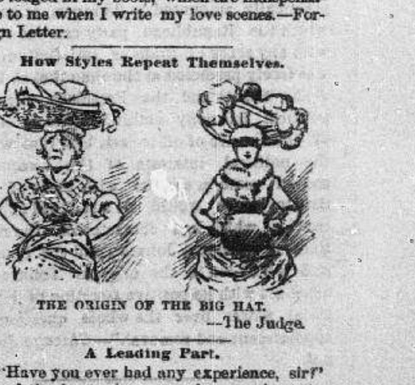
WALTER YOUNG.

Wagner's Visit to Alexandre Dumas.

Richard Wagner generally received his visitors in medieval costumes, such as he always wore when composing. Alexandre Dumas, calling on him one day, was highly amused at the masquerade. "You are all dressed up to play Gessler," said Dumas, with his good-natured laugh, which rather hurt the feelings of the author of "Tannhauser," who nevertheless returned M. Dumas' visit when next he was at Paris.

After some considerable delay M. Dumas appeared at last, dressed magnificently in a dressing-gown with a large flower pattern, a hemlet with flying plumes, a life belt round his waist and enormous riding boots. "Pardon me," said he majestically, "for appearing in my working costume. I can do nothing without being dressed in this manner. Half of my ideas live in this helmet and the other half are lodged in my boots, which are indispensable to me when I write my love scenes."—Foreign Letter.

How Styles Repeat Themselves.



THE ORIGIN OF THE BIG HAT.
—The Judge.

A Leading Part.

"Have you ever had any experience, sir?" asked the dramatic agent who was about to book an applicant.

"Yes, sir. I used to play the leading part in Uncle Tom's Cabin."

"The leading part, sir! What part do you mean by that?"

"Why, sir, I was the man who had to lead in the dogs."

His name was not taken.—Lowell Citizen.