

OLD BILL LEWIS.

NORTHWEST Missouri was a new country forty years ago. In the north-west county, Atchison county, lies a tract of broad, level valley, part of the great bottoms that stretch up and down the bank of the Missouri river from St. Joe to Sioux City, Ia. This vast tract is a series of fertile "gumbo" prairies, sandy hummocks, sloughs, cotton-wood forest and willow thicket. In high water it all overflows. It is a formation of sand, silt and decayed vegetation, that breeds bad water, big mosquitoes and malaria, raises great crops, but not the best citizens that the great state of Missouri could boast of. The native grass on these bottom lands grows to immense height—four to ten feet.

Old Bill Lewis was a pioneer on the bottom, gigantic in stature, raw-boned, six feet four in height, his smooth-shaven face was as angular and as devoid of beauty as a stump fence. Forty years ago Old Bill was the king of the bottoms. He lived in the northwest corner of Atchison county. His domain reached from the river to the bluffs, a good twelve miles, and Bill's land lay on either side of the Nishanabotana river, which here runs its sluggish course westward across the big bottom to join the muddy flow of the Missouri. Here, in sight of Nebraska and Iowa, Bill raised corn, cattle and hogs and considerable trouble, as anyone would find out who tried to stay on the bottom and failed to follow Bill's ideas of what were the duties of a good citizen. Bill first attracted attention beyond the confines of his own neighborhood about 1850, when he boarded a down-river steambot, and after inspecting her from boiler deck to pilot house, he approached her commander, Capt. La Barge, who stood on the hurricane deck, near the big bell western steamboats carry on the upper decks. As he slouched up to the captain and peered at him with his foxy little eyes, he said: "Say, Cap, what will you tax me to ring that bell from here to St. Louis?"

"Oh, I guess I could let you do it for about \$25, Bill, and I'd board you into the bargain," replied the captain, who supposed it was Bill's way of asking the fare to St. Louis.

"All right," replied Bill. "It's pretty high, but I guess I'll trade with you."

"You just go down to the office," said the captain, "and settle with the clerk."

By the time the boat had backed off, and had turned her wide bow pointing down the river towards St. Louis, Bill's tall form loomed up in front of the pilot house; he grabbed the rope that runs from the pilot house and is attached to the heavy iron tongue or clapper of the big bell. Bill began to ring out a strain that floated over the sand bars and willow thickets, and next, he had been starting to the frogs, catfish and mosquitoes.

"Here, what are you doing there?" shouted Capt. LaBarge from the pilot house where he was swinging the wheel first one way then another, in his efforts to keep his boat off the sand bars, and snags.

"Ringing this danged old bell," shouted Bill. "Didn't I pay that galoot down in the office \$25, and didn't you say yourself that was the price for ringing this bell to St. Louis?"

"The bell rang out louder and faster, each wave of sound that the captain was unable to hear what the engineer was saying up through the speaking tube connecting with the engine room below."

"But," said the captain, "you didn't mean that, did you?"

"Did I? Well, do I look like a man that's joking? Nary a joke, I meant just what I said, and all the time he was ringing the bell. The passengers had gathered around Bill, and they seemed to relish the joke, and were of the opinion that he had the best of the captain.

"Just let him alone," said the captain; "he'll soon get tired of that fun." But old Bill hung right on to the bell rope, and kept the bell going. When he got tired he lay flat down on the deck and kept on ringing. Night came on; the boat tied up to the bank on the rusted the restless leaves of the cottonwood, and sighed a mourning dirge Nebraska side, and while the wind among the willows, ding-dong, ding-dong, rang that bell, and ding-dong was echoed back from the prairie bluffs that rose to the west. Never was the sound of a "bell buoy" as sea more mournful and sleep-dispelling. The passengers began to lose interest in the fun, and threw out sundry hints to the captain, who in the meantime had grown stubborn and sullen, and they thought he owed it to them to do something to stop that infernal bell. He tried to bluff old Bill, threatened to put him ashore, but he soon found that he got no encouragement from the old frontiersman in doing that. The captain knew something of Bill's power inside Bill's domains again, he tried coaxing, and then as a last resort compromise. This won the fight for the captain. Bill's colors went down, and the bell was silent, but the old man had his \$25 back in his pocket, and \$25 more of the captain's money had come with it to keep it company, and as a further inducement he held the right

to passage, meals and state room to St. Louis, seven hundred miles away and back to his home.

GOOD MANNERS IN 1828.

Hints for Police Conduct of Up-to-Date Society Men.

What is probably one of the oldest books on deportment in existence was discovered in Paris the other day, says an exchange. It was published in that city in 1828 for the collé of the Jesuits of La Fleche, and is entitled "Good Manners in Conversation Among Men." The text is in French, with a Latin translation. Deportment in public is first touched upon. "In yawning do not groan," this ancient guide to politeness says, "and do not gape even when speaking. In blowing thy nose do it not as one would sound a trumpet, and afterward regard not fixedly thy handkerchief. Avoid wiping thy nose as the children do with the fingers or upon the sleeve. When listening to some one speaking do not wriggle about, but keep thyself in thy skin the while." It must have been hard to obey this latter injunction, judging from what is said a little further along: "Kill not fears or the like in the presence of others, but excuse thyself and remove whatever torments thee." Three hundred years ago gentlemen did not wear such adorned costumes as they do to-day, and one cannot help feeling that a little pride and swagger was excusable in a dandy of those days when he donned for the first time a particularly fetching costume of high-colored silken doublet and hose. Yet this "guide" remarks severely: "If thou art well bedizened, if thy hose be tightly drawn and thy habit well ordered, parade not thyself, but carry thyself with becoming modesty. Demean not thyself arrogantly, neither go mingly about. Let not thy hands hang limply to the ground and tuck not up thy hose at every turn."

"Do not embellish thyself with flowers upon the ear," is another injunction which sounds curious to-day, but the advice, "When speaking raise not thy voice as if thou wert crying an edict," is just as pertinent now as when the budding young gentlemen of La Fleche had it drummed into them. Table manners in those days must have been rather more primitive even than those of some of the 50-cent table d'hotels in this city, for the book says: "Being seated at the table, search not thyself, and if thou must cough or spit or wipe thy nose, do it dexterously and without a great noise."

"Stuff not thy mouth with food when eating and drink not too much of the wine if thou art not master of the house. Show not overmuch pleasure, either, at the meals or wine."

"In taking salt have a care that thy knife be not greasy; when it is necessary to clean that or the fork, do it neatly with the napkin or a little bread, but never with the entire loaf. Smell not of the meats, and if by chance thou dost put them not back afterward before another."

"It is a very indecent thing to wipe the sweat from thy face with thy napkin or with the same to blow thy nose or clean the plate or platter."

It wasn't a Scoop. At Red Creek the stage stopped for half an hour for the passengers to get dinner and the driver to change horses. As we drove up in front of the shanty hotel from the west an army paymaster in an ambulance drove up from the south. With him was a guard of six cavalymen, and while the paymaster entered the inn with us to take dinner the soldiers ate their bacon and hard-tack in the shade of the stables. We had been eating for about ten minutes when there was a sudden hurra shout. Five men on horseback and a sixth in a hackboard drawn by a mule dashed out of the thicket a quarter of a mile away, and sweeping down on the safe to the hackboard before one of us reached the door. One outlaw had been killed by the fire of the soldiers and two soldiers had been wounded by the fire of the outlaws. The fellows were off at full gallop and the score of shots fired after them only hastened their speed. The paymaster was the last one to leave the table, and as he came out an excited stage passenger called to him:

"Yes, I see 'em!" quietly replied the officer.

"And they've got your safe?"

"Yes, I expect so."

"Great Scott, man, but are you going to let 'em git away with all that money?" shouted the half frantic passenger.

"All of what money?"

"Why, in the safe?"

"There isn't a shilling in it!" said the major as he returned to the dinner table. "One of the door hinges was out of order and so I was carrying the money in this carpet bag."

He reached down and lifted up the bag and opened it to show us \$10,000 in crisp greenbacks, and as he snatched the look he sighed and said:

"Sorry for the fellow out there and his gang, but perhaps they'll have better luck next time."

The Blacksmith's Anvil. "It is not generally known," observed a prominent blacksmith, "that nearly all of the anvils used by blacksmiths in this country are made by one firm in Brooklyn, N. Y. All kinds of substitutes have been invented and put on the market, but after using them the blacksmith generally goes back to the prounght iron anvil, which is handmade. There are plenty of cast-iron and steel anvils for sale, but they find but little favor from blacksmiths, who prefer an anvil that sings. The cast iron anvil has no music about it, and does not give any more response to the hammer than if one was hammering on a stump. It is music, or singing, as smithy calls it, that is wanted. A blacksmith does nearly all his talking to his helper by the sounds made on the anvil by his hammer. As far as the village blacksmith is concerned, singing by the anvil is his constant advertisement. Ordinarily an anvil will last from ten to twenty years, that is, if it is handled carefully, though there are many anvils that are now used by some which were used by the fathers during their entire lifetime."—Washington Star.

Most of the canal barges in the south of England are worked by women.

THE LATE W. H. SMITH.

HIS BUSY LIFE WAS BENEFICIAL TO THE NATION.

Entered Upon His Work When a Mere Boy—Descended From Dutch Revolutionary Stock—His Connection With the Associated Press.

THE death of William Henry Smith ended a long career of usefulness and honor. He was descended from two old New England families. His father, William DeForest Smith, who was born in Litchfield county, Connecticut, in 1805, was a grandson of the Rev. Henry Smith, a clergyman well known in the Connecticut valley. His mother was a daughter of Deacon Story Gott, of Spencertown, Columbia county, who was a lieutenant in the army during the Revolutionary war, and was descended from Daniel Gott, who settled in the Connecticut valley prior to 1690. The family was of Dutch origin and came to America on account of religious freedom. The parents of Mr. Smith emigrated to Ohio and settled on the Darby claim, in Union county, in 1835, when he was about two years old, he having been born in Columbia county, N. Y., December 1, 1833.

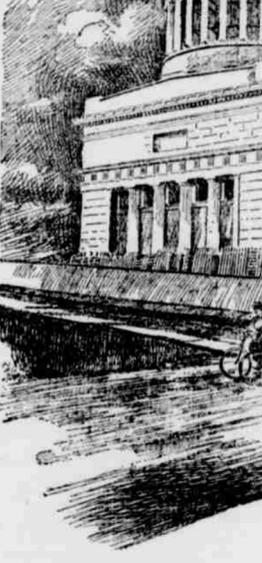
Being of a studious turn of mind, Mr. Smith had the best educational advantages the state afforded. He was a

retired from the management of the Associated Press in March, 1893. In May, 1892, Mr. Smith and his son-in-law, Mr. Charles R. Williams, with W. J. Richards, purchased the interests of John H. Holliday and his two brothers in The Indianapolis News, and Mr. Williams became editor-in-chief of the paper, which position he still holds. Mr. Smith, since his retirement from the management of the Associated Press, devoted much of his time to literary work, particularly political history. During his earlier and busier life he had found time to do much work of this character. He had been a close student of early life in the Northwest, and as a historian of the Northwest Territories was probably without a peer. His crowning literary achievement of this kind was his edition of the "St. Clair Papers," embodying the career of General and Governor Arthur of St. Clair, a work in two royal octavo volumes which is recognized by the best critical authorities as one of the most important contributions of the present generation to the early history of the Republic. For Mr. Smith's patriotic labor in the preparation of this work the legislature of Ohio unanimously voted him a resolution of thanks. He was also the author of the biography of Charles Hammond, wrote several pamphlets and had contributed frequently to American periodicals. While Secretary of State of Ohio, he founded a department of archives, a matter which had been wholly overlooked since the admission of the state, and he succeeded in recovering many valuable papers, which are now on file in the State House at Columbus. By his investigation in the British Museum, he brought to light many unpublished let-

ters from the management of the Associated Press in March, 1893.

Grant's tomb at Riverside Park is slowly nearing completion. The dome has received its topmost cap, which is 165 feet from the ground.

It was thought that the monument would be ready to receive Gen. Grant's



body on the anniversary of his birthday, in April. Ground was broken for the foundation in 1891, but it is safe to predict that another year will not see the tomb completed. The above picture is from a recent photograph.

school-teacher for a time, and next a tutor in a Western college. Later he became the assistant editor of a weekly newspaper in Cincinnati. At the age of twenty-two he had risen to the position of editor. At that time he was also doing work for the Literary Review.

At the beginning of the civil war he was engaged on the Cincinnati Gazette, and took an active part in raising troops and forwarding supplies, and through the medium of the press, did much to strengthen the Government. Largely instrumental in making John Brough Governor of Ohio, he afterward became the Governor's secretary, and later was elected Secretary of State.

Mr. Smith also wrote a "Political History of the United States," and recently had been engaged on a life of Rutherford B. Hayes, as the literary executor of the dead president. His association with Mr. Hayes, and the combined relations between them, political knowledge, enabled him to do this work probably better than any other man could have done it. The work, which, unfortunately, is probably not a complete as Mr. Smith would have made it, had he lived, was not only a carefully prepared and interesting account of events in Mr. Hayes' life and career, but was incidentally a review of the political history of the country, particularly that part of it connected with the reconstruction period in the south. Advance sheets of Mr. Smith's book were recently sent to Senator John Sherman of Ohio, who said that the book promised to be the most valuable digest of recent political history ever written.

Mr. Smith lived at Lake Forest, near Chicago, where he had an ideal suburban home, "The Rocks," a house of the colonial style, in beautiful grounds. His library was one of the largest and most valuable in the country, and was probably more complete in works on the political history of this country and England than any other private library. In all he had about 7,500 volumes, besides innumerable pamphlets and public documents.

Nature to Stephen Girard. J. Massey Rhind, the well known New York sculptor, has been commissioned to model the statue of Stephen Girard, the philanthropist, which is to be erected in Philadelphia. Thirty artists competed for the work, and out of the models submitted, five—those by J. Massey Rhind, H. G. Elliott, C. H. Niehaus, A. M. J. Muellen and Henry Manger—were selected as being particularly meritorious, and these modelers were requested to engage in a final competition. This was done, and the five new models were placed on exhibition in Girard College a short time ago, when the statue committee unanimously selected the model submitted by Mr. Rhind. The work of the four unsuccessful contestants was also highly praised, and each of them will be given \$125 for his model.

Mr. Smith retired from office, he became the managing editor of the Evening Chronicle. He was obliged, however, to desist from such active work, on account of ill health.

In 1870 he became manager of the Western Associated Press, with headquarters in Chicago. Several years later, upon the personal request of President Hayes, who had been his close personal friend for many years, he accepted the office of collector of customs at Chicago. During his term of office he was instrumental in bringing about many reforms in the customs department. In 1883 he again became actively engaged in Associated Press work, and in January of that year he effected a consolidation of the New York and the Western Associated Press, taking the general management of the united systems, and became thus charged with the responsibility of the new service of the entire Western continent, and the guiding power in a new organization which, with its working allies, encircled the globe. Mr. Smith

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Will Soon Marry Mr. John Hobbs Lately Chosen King of Ilkians—A Very Remarkable Romance—Will Be Idolized by the Savages.

IN the well appointed living apartments of a New York city tailor who stitched his way into fortune and sewed his savings in a cambrie bag, is Mr. John F. Hobbs, the King of the Cannibal Islands. The tailor's name is Mr. P. Collin, a gentleman of rather advanced age, who hails from Sweden. Mr. Collin has a beautiful daughter whose name is Ella and the King of Ilkians is in New York to marry her and take her back to the Southern seas to place her by his side on the throne of a semi-savage land. Miss Ella is simply charmed. She often dreamed of being a princess, or a queen, and her father, who is a comely matron of perhaps 40, said that fate had destined her daughter's life to be one of luxury and power. She thinks that as the queen, Ella, the young lady, will exert a powerful influence over her subjects and eventually lead the savage bands, over whom King Hobbs rules, to Christianity. The of this wedding of royal proportions has not yet been definitely fixed. It probably will occur within two months. To make it the more patriotic the engagement was announced on July 4 last. Early in the afternoon of that day the Emperor of the Cannibal Islands called upon the mother of the future queen and asked for the fair Ella's hand in marriage. He said he wished to make her—the fairest creature on earth—his queen and bride.

The comely Mrs. Collin smiled and asked for the King's credentials. They were promptly produced and included all manner of newspaper clippings from different parts of the world. After a careful examination of the royal scrapbook, Mrs. Collin gave her consent to the crowning of her daughter, but stipulated that the future queen should have a couple of months in which to think for herself. Ella is only 18 years old and King Hobbs is 34. She has a face of the most classic character. Her eyes are large and lustrous. Her hair, of which there is a vast profusion, is of a most beautiful Titian hue, and reminds one of Mrs. Leslie Carter's tresses.

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Mr. Smith, since his retirement from the management of the Associated Press, devoted much of his time to literary work, particularly political history.

During his earlier and busier life he had found time to do much work of this character.

He had been a close student of early life in the Northwest, and as a historian of the Northwest Territories was probably without a peer.

His crowning literary achievement of this kind was his edition of the "St. Clair Papers," embodying the career of General and Governor Arthur of St. Clair, a work in two royal octavo volumes which is recognized by the best critical authorities as one of the most important contributions of the present generation to the early history of the Republic.

For Mr. Smith's patriotic labor in the preparation of this work the legislature of Ohio unanimously voted him a resolution of thanks.

He was also the author of the biography of Charles Hammond, wrote several pamphlets and had contributed frequently to American periodicals.

While Secretary of State of Ohio, he founded a department of archives, a matter which had been wholly overlooked since the admission of the state, and he succeeded in recovering many valuable papers, which are now on file in the State House at Columbus.

By his investigation in the British Museum, he brought to light many unpublished let-

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that he met Miss Collin. She had been from school but a year, and her pretty face, as well as her Titian tresses, sent him into raptures. After a brief courtship they fell madly in love with each other, and the engagement followed. King John says that his subjects will look upon her as a goddess. As the press of the Ilkians, she will be called "